

The Flying Gopher

NOVEMBER

1942

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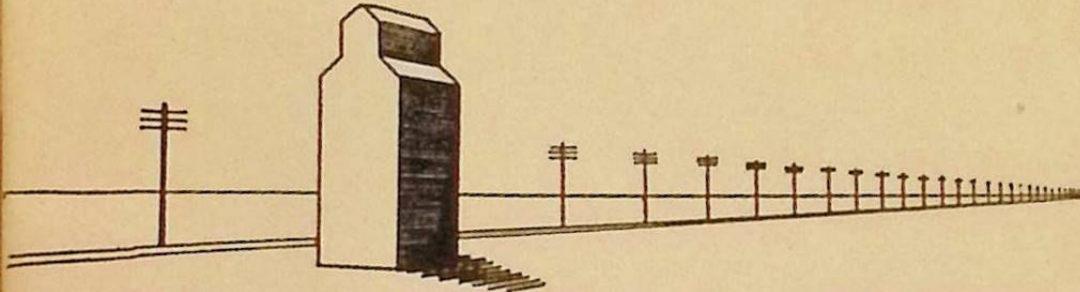
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The Flying Gopher

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

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VOL. I.

NOVEMBER, 1942

No. 6



Editorial

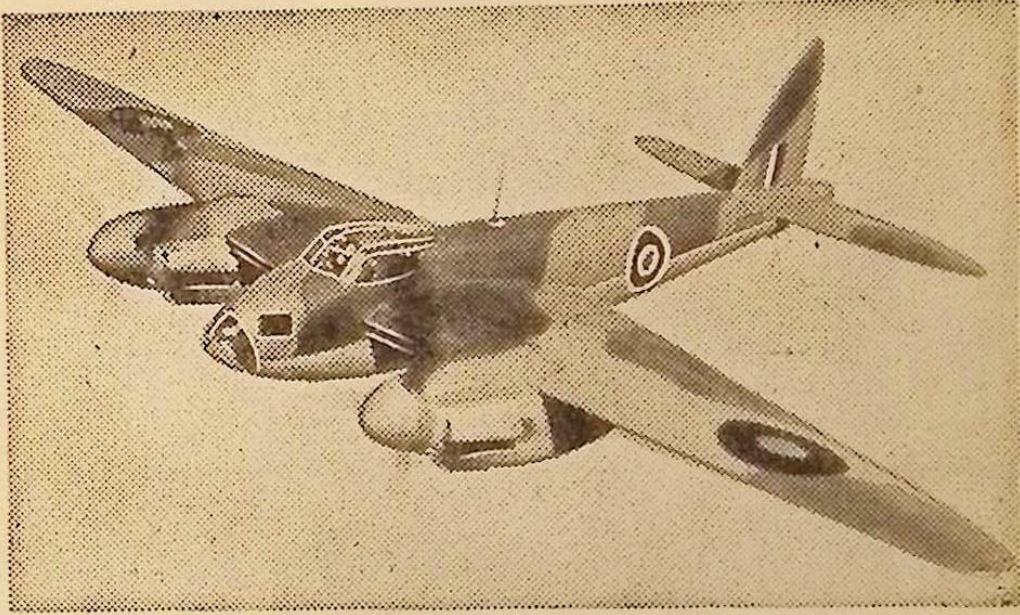
THIS month the Flights bewail the disappearance of their gardens beneath the beginning of what is for most of us our second Canadian winter. Greatcoats are the order for most of us, and only Mary Anne continues in her summer undress, but so long as she doesn't take pneumonia we are not going to complain about that . . .

We publish on page 25 our first contribution from England, in the form of a poem from the sister of one of our fellows who lives in Southport. We hope that this will be the first of many contributions both from this lady and from others of our English readers.

We are already at work on ideas for our December issue, which will mark the completion of the first year of Canadian service for many of us who came here with the First Echelon, and also will be a special Christmas number. We want your ideas and your contributions right away.

We are still not receiving the support we need to keep the "Gopher" Flying. The officers in particular disappoint us by their lack of interest and we may soon be compelled to revise our views of them as paragons of wit and class them as one with those hundreds of the rank and file who are equally apathetic.

This is your magazine. If you want it to continue, you must help.



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WEYBURN

The Chief Ground Instructor

THOUGH the title may not be in the best "pupes" vernacular, and though the last word of said title may be a gross exaggeration, the Editors insist on a screed to accompany the "analysis" which appears with this; and so shall it be.

The main work of the Chief Stooze of the G.I.S. is very nerve wracking. It consists in seeing to it that instructors believe in what they are saying, and that they do their saying at the prescribed intervals, including evenings. And there is also the bother of trying to convince pupils that they should listen to and inwardly digest the sayings of these instructors and that if they don't, they will be given, completely gratis, by a very generous government, a trip all the way to that playground of clots, K.T.S. Trenton. As a sideline, there are always monthly Inventory Checks (with three days rest in between each check).

From the Chief Stooze we descend into that hive of industry, the Orderly Room, from which issue the strains of individual band practice. From this room . . . which is ruled by that purveyor of chairs, the secretary of the Corporals' Club . . . comes reams of that ever useful (?) commodity, BUMPH. Its inmates also supervise the ONE and ONLY telephone.

We now proceed to the other various parts that go to make up the whole. First Navigation, where this noble art becomes progressively more and more difficult. As trains are infrequent occurrences in Canada, and are invariably late anyway, this subject must be taught for the personal safety of the members of the Navigation Flight. Next we have Armament, where promotions are quick and babies are the chief topic. This Section has a very varied life, through the serious business of guns and more guns, to handling P.S.I. doings and goings-on. Nor must we forget Signals, whose members are housed in so many parts of the camp. These people have a most beautiful room, full of gadgets which can do the most amazing things, even to injecting music on to the telephone system.



In addition there are other bodies, such as Maintenance, who overcomes all workshop difficulties, and Airmanship, when he can be dragged back from the Duty Pilot's Rest Room. We even involve Meteorology, who tell us all about yesterday's weather. Also the Photographic Section, to develop those pictures you took on your leave.

Last but not least come those brewers of such excellent tea, and the Discip. Department, which tucks the boys into bed and keeps those waist lines the same diameter as one's best blue.

It is easy to see what a mental strain it is, supervising such a hive of industry . . .

Runner ! ! ! ! Where's my dam' Tea?

J. Greenwood

THE G.I.S. STAFF



Back Row: AC1 Fidoe (Runner), Sgt. Brown (Photo.), Sgt. Handley, (Arm.), Sgt. Jones (Sigs.), Sgt. Carr (Discip.), Sgt. Close (Arm.), AC1 Ford (Photo), LAC. Tull (Clerk), Cpl. Court (Clerk), Sgt. Blacklock (Sigs.).

Middle Row: AC2 Harrison (Sigs.), Sgt. Blazey (Nav.), P/O. Tarling (Nav.), P/O. Everett (Nav.), W/O. Campbell (Nav.), P/O. Higgins (Nav.), P/O. Iosson (Nav.), F/Sgt. North (Nav.), F/Sgt. Charters (Nav.), Sgt. Jackson (Nav.), AC1 Walker (Runner).

Front Row: Cpl. Roberts (Photo.), F/Sgt. Lloyd (Arm.), W/O. Miller (Arm), P/O. Mayhew (Sigs.), F/O. Dowsett (Airmanship), S/Ldr. Greenwood (C.G.I.), P/O. Ryley (Arm.), W/O. Clamp (Arm.), F/Sgt. Payne (Photo.), Mr. Scott (Met.).

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233 W

MEDITATION IN PROSE

What will be said in the following paragraphs won't be sublime, and what the rest of this estimable publication says isn't ridiculous, but at the risk of life and limb we should like to interject a graver note into this medley of lightheartedness.

We have in our vocabulary the word "tolerance." It sounds like a nice word. It is the kind of word that causes a faint glow to be felt in the inner man as it is rolled about on the tongue. Is it not a great thing to have the enlightened mind which can banish all dark prejudices and look with mild indulgence upon all the theories and activities of one's fellow men, be they good, bad or indifferent? To "live and let live" has a nice, broad-minded ring to it. That is until we begin to stir up the old grey matter a bit. And when we laboriously do that, it occurs to us that if all men had been tolerant we might be now standing in some slave market with a few chains around our necks waiting for the highest bidder to drag us off. Or, again, our ten-year old Johnnie might even now be buried in the bowels of some giant factory, working his young life away, instead of enjoying the freedom of play. It suddenly strikes us, in this pondering, that all progress is dependent upon the activity of forthright men who refuse to be tolerant. We begin to see that tolerance can easily become a cloak under which hides indifference to all that is wrong and unjust, a camouflage to obscure one's liking for the easy way.

Well, where does that get us to? It would seem then that we should discontinue bowing the knee to the

god of broadmindedness and start taking unto ourselves a few ideas which by dint of much hammering and fashioning we might call our own. But again we discover that ideas which are worth anything can't be just pulled out of thin air as a zealous naturalist would go after butterflies. A shallow-minded person can't suddenly become a person of conviction any more than a barren tree can suddenly begin producing fruit. Since like begets like, it follows that solid and reasonable conviction can only arise out of a solid foundation. If there be not that foundation then an attempt to forsake easy tolerance is likely to result in hide-bound narrowness, and you have an individual who knows only one way, and that is his own.

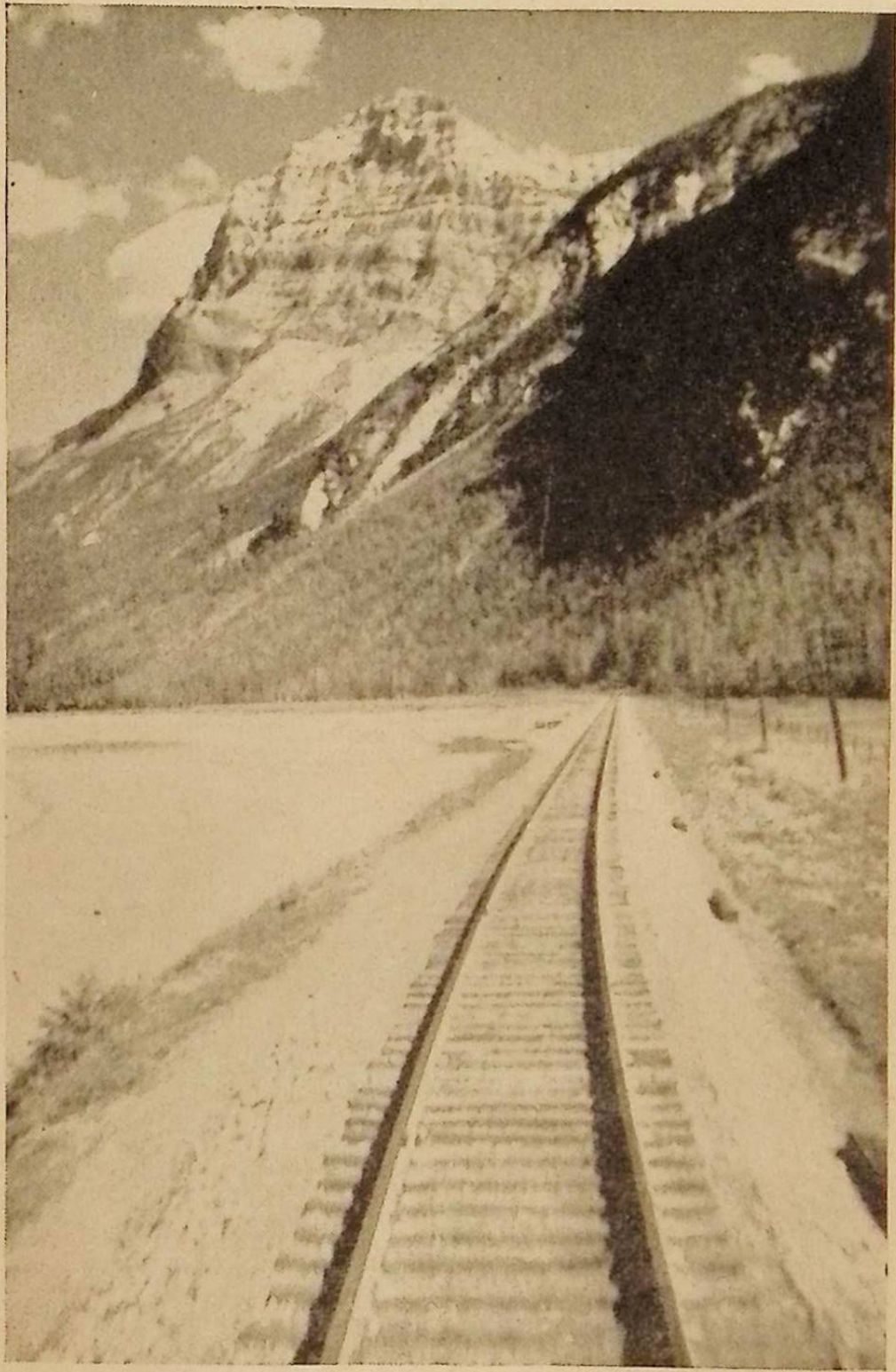
We seem to be getting into deep water, but we have our eye on the shore, so let us not give up the struggle yet. Our mental pilgrimage has led us back to ourselves, the most important people in the world. We have begun to see that to be men of conviction there must be a reshaping of our total outlook upon the things which are around us, and this suggests a dynamic force which can give new drive and new direction to our minds and spirits. But who wants new drive and direction? We're getting along quite all right, thank you. Well, that's up to you. But if you do happen to want these, remembering that all real progress depends upon them, we might make a suggestion. We suggest that you honestly, not half-heartedly and insincerely, but honestly and perseveringly, try the Christian faith. It has worked for others—it might for you. Who knows?

THE BEAUTY OF CANADA

On the opposite page is the first of a series of photographs taken by personnel of the Unit and showing the beauty of Canada which many of us have discovered whilst on leave.

If you have a good photograph which you think is worthy of enlargement and reproduction in this series, bring it along to the Orderly Room next time you're passing.

This month's photograph was taken from the observation car of the C.P.R. Transcontinental train just east of Field in British Columbia.



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(Reading time 6 minutes. Slow readers 7½ minutes.)



ROMANCE IN REGINA

(A Tale of the Wild West, by Prairie Oyster.)

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:

Mary Anne Svenson, glamorous bewitching beauty, is a student at St. Agatha's School for the Daughters of Prairie Gentlefolk in Regina (Queen of the Prairies). Finding herself in a whole heap of trouble she ran away from her studies and obtained a job in the Dominion Hotel, only to be quickly discovered by her beau, Patrick Alexander, a fearless aviator from the Old Countrie. The pretty girl's parents, searching for Mary Anne, also stay the nite at the Dominion Hotel.

After a nite of most complicated situations which involve Penelope Picklove, Mary Anne's confidante, and an-

other aviator, Snakey Weissengruber (Mary Anne's ex-steady) the whole bunch meet at breakfast. Patrick shoots a colossal line to the Svensons, who are so impressed that they invite him to their farm the very next week-end.

Meanwhile, Weissengruber loses no time in trying to rekindle the fiery love which the beautiful Mary Anne once lavished on him. On returning to camp, bitter disappointment came to Patrick for he had boomed his Ground Examinations and, what was worse, Weissengruber was top of the class.

Read on at once.

Poor Patrick's mind was in a whirl. A failure. It seemed impossible. How could he look upon the face of his loved one again? Was it those nites of bliss spent at the Silver Dell which had caused his downfall? He wondered. It was a very dejected Patrick who, next day, was summoned to the C.G.I.'s sanctum. "Well, Alexander," said the C.G.I. "What have you to say?" For once, Patrick had lost all his Old Countrie glibness. Then the

C.G.I. smiled (he was a kindly man), "I see that you failed on account of Domestic Science. If you will write that subject again, I will fix it all up." Patrick, with hope shining in his eyes, said he would do this and, with a smart salute, he left the room. For the next three days he scorned the company of his fellow pilots in the "Y" and studied hard for the fateful examination. The day came. With his handsome young face showing signs of the anguish of the past few

days, Patrick worked with a will at "Domestic Science for Pilots." At last he was finished and he glanced with pride at the many neatly-written sheets and a perfect diagram of the Bulometer (Sect. 13B, Ref. 22.). As he made his way to the "Y" to rejoin his friends, Patrick felt confident that a tiny pair of silver wings would soon be his. To his joy he soon learned that he had passed. With the horror of failure gone, the young pilot's thoughts turned to his forthcoming "48" when he would travel to Expanse, the Svensons' and . . . the beautiful Mary Anne.

At dawn the next day Patrick beat the Orderly Sergeant to it by a clear ten seconds, nipping smartly out of his double decker at 0600. It was a matter of minutes for him to prepare for breakfast, get his ticket punched and his hot cakes burned. Arrived at the guardroom he was booked out by a smiling S.P. and he was on his way at last. As Patrick sat in the train he looked far into the distance. "Never," he thought, "have I seen so much with so few," and then—Expanse. The young airman stood looking for someone of whom he could ask the way when, suddenly, with a great deal of noise, a jalopy drew alongside the roadway near the depot. A figure was running towards him—Mary Anne! Patrick was about to greet his loved one in the approved manner when she held up a forbidding hand. "We are not alone," she whispered. Patrick looked towards the aged vehicle and, forgetting the Old Countrie, he exclaimed "Well, what d'you know about that?" There, seated in the driver's seat, was none other than Snakey Weissengruber. There being no time for further comment at that moment, Patrick seated himself in the car. He was greatly puzzled at this new turn of events but, ever a man of action, he decided to treat the situation with the care that it obviously needed. "How did you manage to get away so early?" he asked Weissengruber by way of conversation. "That was easy, I just got a chit. Jolly good things, Old Boy, chits."

Patrick was glad when finally they arrived at the Svenson farm. He was given a hearty welcome by Mary Anne's parents and he cheered up a little as he sat next to his loved one at the dinner table. The conversation

was kept very light and Patrick decided to refrain from line-shooting on this occasion. At the conclusion of the meal, however, Papa Svenson led Patrick away and, before he knew where he was, the young aviator was shooting an enormous line about his flights over Berlin. So engrossed was he that he failed to hear Mary Anne's remarks as she left the house escorted by the Snake. Presently Mrs. Svenson entered the room. "Aren't you going to the dance with the others?" she enquired of Patrick. Then the pilot realised he had indeed boomed. He had let Weissengruber get away with his own Mary Anne. "I wonder what she said as she left the house?" he thought. He realised that an answer was needed and said "Yes. I am going along later, Mrs. S." The conversation continued only to be interrupted by a knock on the door and the appearance of Penelope Picklove, Mary Anne's bosom sorority chum from St. Agatha's. "It was too bad that Mary was not at the depot to meet you," said Mrs. S. "Well, I guess the train was a little late anyhow," said the new arrival. Meanwhile, Patrick had decided on a plan of action. "You are in time for the dance at any rate," he said. And so it was arranged that the two should go along together.

As they made their way to the dance hall, Penelope told Patrick how much the lovely Mary Anne worshipped him. Patrick was not impressed, as he felt that his love was worth better treatment than it had been receiving during the past few hours.

The dance was in full swing. Patrick immediately caught sight of his Mary dancing and jitterbugging in fine style with that very low type—Weissengruber. How he hated that bloke! He would show him! Just let him wait!

The evening passed quickly. Only on two occasions did Patrick dance with Mary Anne. Even then she would not discuss those things which were puzzling Patrick. What annoyed him more was that Weissengruber was always ahead of him whenever he approached either Mary Anne or her chum for the next dance. The dance over, the four young people walked under a starlit sky back to

the Svenson abode. "A most unsatisfactory evening," thought Patrick as, a little later, he was preparing for bed. As he slept he dreamed of the evening that he had anticipated. Suddenly he awoke. He could hear voices. Yes, he could smell smoke! Fire! The bedroom was lit up as if it were day. Rushing to the window, Patrick saw that the stable was well alight. Without hesitating a moment he pulled on his pants (Note: English readers please read "trousers"). Rushing from his room Patrick made for the stairs. There, standing below, was Mary Anne in a frightful panic. "Oh, the poor dear," she sobbed. "Who?" said Patrick. "Snakey," replied the frightened girl. Ever a man of action Patrick kissed her and dashed into the open. Mary Anne stood aghast as the plucky pilot entered the flaming inferno to rescue the man he hated.

You must not miss THE FINAL instalment of this thrilling Prairie Love Story. What will happen to Patrick? What was Weissengruber doing in the stable anyhow? Does Mary Anne still love the young pilot from the Old Country? If so why has she treated him so badly this time? December's Flying Gopher tells all!

NOTE.—The characters in this story are fictitious. Any reference to persons or places, either living or dead, is purely coincidental.

Copyright throughout Weyburn.



Mary Anne stood aghast . . .

KIDDIES' CORNER

Once upon a time there was a Generous Officer. He was so generous that one day he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out ten cents, with which sum he bought a copy of the "Flying Gopher." And, having read the same, he left it, in the generosity of his heart, lying around in the Officers' Mess, so that his brother officers might read it without having to buy copies for themselves.





Key Men

No. 3

THE SPORTS OFFICER

You want to know how I do it?

That's easy! Up in the morning early for a sprint five times round the camp, back to the Mess for a cold shower and a brisk rub-down, and then breakfast—a plate of nourishing, health-giving Vita-food. Two bits a package at your favourite store! Eat it fried with onions at noon! Serve it baked and garnished with orange peel for supper!! I eat nothing else!!! And it helps you keep your inventories right!!!!

So, folks, that's my formula. All you have to do to build a healthy body is eat Vitafood. Follow my plan, and you can have a body like mine in six months. . . .

ORGANIZED CHAOS

Our inventory is not correct,
We need to make another check,
Last month we were two tables
down,
Which caused the S.E.O. to frown.
But since then things are getting
worse,
And soon we'll need a mental nurse.
Circular letter number one
Tells us what is to be done,

Circular letter number two
Puts us in an awful stew,
Circular letters circle round,
Making us so rigid bound;
The sixteenth letter comes along,
Couched in language far too strong.
We feel like getting quite annoyed,
Instead we say "Thanks, Mr. Lloyd."

WHY DO WE DISTIL OUR WATER ?

YOUR KETTLE TELLS THE STORY!



You know what happens to your tea kettle. It becomes encrusted with scaly mineral deposits from the water. That's why we DISTIL every drop of water used in brewing PILSNER, NUT BROWN ALE and ROYAL STOUT. And remember, PILSNER IS THE ONLY SASKATCHEWAN BEER BREWED FROM DISTILLED WATER. That's just one of the reasons why, year after year, PILSNER remains Saskatchewan's most popular and fastest selling beer.

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NO WONDER

IS SASKATCHEWAN'S FASTEST SELLING

BEER

THE REGINA

BREWING COMPANY LIMITED

THE TRIPE OF RAF

ON my return to these pages I must first point out to the Editor that I resent the appellation "tame archaeologist." Secondly, I must inform the public that far from being Sick of a Surfeit I was actually investigating a most remarkable find, a find which was so amazing that I will devote to it the whole of the space allotted to me in this month's issue.

I have often reminded my readers that research into the life and activities of the Men of Raf is necessarily an arduous business. So many moons, nay years, nay centuries, have passed since this epoch making Era in the Life of Man that original records are hard to find, and research must of necessity consist largely of surmise. Nevertheless I have managed to unearth data of sufficient authenticity to substantiate the theories advanced in my previous notes.

It was, therefore, with extreme consternation that I read a Tale of the Tribe of Raf entitled "The Book of Binder." The similarity of certain habits detailed in this Book to those enumerated in my own records impelled me to enquire into the circumstances. For the information of my readers I give the results below.

The Wilderness of Estev must obviously have been in the Land of Can, and particulars of its topography convince me that it must have been part of the vast plain of Wey, maybe a little further south. This accounts for the similarity in the habits of that Tribe of Raf mentioned in the Book of Binder and the Men of Raf who are the subject of my research. I had intended later to acquaint my readers with the Tribe of Raf, but in view of the misleading information published in the Book of Binder, I will bring this episode out of chronological sequence in order to clarify certain points.

We have studied the organization of the Men of Raf and the system of Caste, including as it did the Klans of Lak, Sarj, Korp and the lesser beings, Sprog and Erk. We have also enquired into the various practices, such as Karrying the Kan, first introduced to the Klan of Korp by the Klan of Sarj.

The actual origin of the custom is enshrouded in mystery, but it is shown by the oldest records of the Klan of Erk that a strange disease, known as Bynd, did smite the Klan of Sarj, and in an endeavour to propitiate the Gods they did endeavour to impose on the Erks the Order of Jankah. This ob-

viously did not appease the Gods, so as a last desperate resort they formulated the practice of Karrying the Kan and passed the Buck on to the Klan of Korp. This was much more successful and many of the Klan of Sarj were spared from a terrible fate.

There were some, however, who were in such ill favour with the Gods that no device could secure their release from the affliction. Nor was this the whole evil, for the affliction did spread into other Klans. Yea, even the Klan of Sprog was not spared. The Men of Raf so afflicted became known to their fellow men as Bynders, and the worst cases were compelled to leave the society of their Klan and sit under the Kuvven Tree. Thus we have a custom which persists in a mild form today when a man is sent to Kuvven Tree.

It should here be mentioned that this peculiar disease affected the stricken in such a way that molehills were to them as mountains and the slightest disturbance did make them surly; at these times they were prone to perform strange practices such as Werk. Their mutterings became so incessant that the men of Raf came into the habit of replying "Tripe" each time they were addressed by an afflicted one. Some were known to shout "Bullsh."

As the years went by and the nuisance was not abated, all the Klans did go into Council and as a result of their deliberations did decide to gather all

those afflicted with Bynd and banish them to the farthest tip of the Plain of Wey.

The manner of selecting the afflicted ones was indeed ingenious. All suspects were placed in a long line from the House of Gard to the Tower, where dwelt the man of Wach and the all seeing See Eye. Then Eswo, High Priest of the God Bullsh and mightily versed in the Art of Dissip, approached each man and whispered in his ear the customary reply "Tripe." If he did immediately commence to mutter, or Bynd, then he was set aside in a Kompownd under the surveillance of an especially vicious pack of Espeas.

Eventually, when all had been submitted to the test, the "Tripe" in the kompownd were gathered together, placed in Wagons and carried many leagues to the south and there abandoned. Maybe due to their exposure the "p" in tripe became hard and so was born the Tribe of Raf.

This explains their presence in the Wilderness of Estev, very close to what was known as the Line. From this arises another peculiar custom of the Men of Raf. Naturally the Tribes who had the misfortune to be afflicted with the disease Bynd did rid themselves of those anected as quickly as possible, and imposed a ruling that their names should not be mentioned in the Coun-

cils of the Klan. Instead of referring to them aloud it was the custom to take some sharp pointed instrument and draw a Line along the Ground to indicate their whereabouts. Thus arose the custom of "Drawing the Line."

Thus to consider the records of such a Tribe as typical of the Men of Raf is unwise. I therefore ask my readers if they should find statements in the Book of Binder which conflict with those contained in these notes, immediately to set their minds at rest and accept what I give to them as the only authoritative statement in existence regarding the Men of Raf.

I had wished before I closed to deal with the "eminent historian" who had the presumption to continue my story. However, I have only space to say that, whereas admittedly his treatise contains certain elements of truth, his imagination has contributed largely, in fact too largely, to the dissertation. I intend, in my next article, to dispel any misconception which may have arisen in the minds of my readers, and to give an authentic account of the musical life of the Men of Raf.

I will now leave my readers with a profound apology for my absence and the confusion which has ensued, and assure them that I will spare no effort to put in order the Story of the Men of Raf.

AROUND THE G.I.S.

Dear old Jimmy, decent fellow,
Frightens pupils with his bellow
When they lean across the table,
And tell him that they are not able
To understand the rules and regs
That rule their world with threats of
pegs.

Now old Bill Roberts works upstairs,
And with the negs his prints compares.
He plays with hypo far from clear
While dreaming of his popsie dear.

Our Corporal Shy in G.I.S.
Has found the A.P.s in a mess;
He works from dawn till midnight hour,
Which makes his dreams extremely
sour.

And then, of course, there's Bill the
Weir,
Who tries so hard to inferfere
By barging in, in midst of work,
And acting like an untamed Turk.

And we've a Squadron-Leader, too,
Who, when he hasn't much to do,
Coats his moustache with candle-
grease,
His grim appearance to increase.

The prairie boys are all the same,
They find their life so very tame;
It really is a blooming shame;—
That's why they all are free from blame.

Of course I've written quite a lot,
And I admit it's rather rot;
But then, you blokes, it's up to you
To find me something else to do.

Early Mailing

Avoids

Crowded Sailing

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THE ART OF CANOEING

What could be more enjoyable for a prairie-weary airman than a leave spent on the rivers of North Saskatchewan, exploring by canoe the little known wilds of the province. May I urge you to give serious consideration to such a trip for your next spot of leave.

Perhaps a few notes on the art of canoeing . . . canoing . . . canooing . . . travelling by canoe would be of interest. First, then, as to equipment.

The first essential for a successful canoe trip is a swimming costume; any other form of clothing tends to interfere with one's progress when engaged in the Art of Floatage (see below). Secondly, you must obtain a canoe. This, for the benefit of the uninitiated, is a queer sort of boat differing from most other sorts of boat in that both its ends are sharp. In some ways this is an advantage; thus if your Pushage (see below) becomes a little confused, as may very well happen, with the result that you find yourself going in the opposite direction from that which you intended, you can explain convincingly to the admiring natives on the bank that you are a Trinity man, and that all 'Varsity oarsmen row that way. It is also very useful in that you have no longer to remember that the left-hand side when your back is toward the blunt end is called the Port. (In point of fact, it is de-

sirable to line both sides of your canoe with this or some other suitable beverage.)

The third essential is a pair of Paddles—a long stick with a wooden scoop on each end. With this implement you remove quantities of water from each side of the canoe in turn, and pour the water carefully over yourself, your camera and your sandwiches.

This briefly is the Art of Pushage. I proceed to a brief vocabulary of the other terms most in use among devotees of the Art of Canoeing.

Portage: The Art of removing oneself voluntarily from the canoe, and carrying the craft on one's back. A very safe method, particularly in shark-infested waters. By way of a tip from an old hand, I may remark that I invariably paint on the bottom of my canoe the words, "I am a tortoise," as protection against the wild life of the countryside. At the end of the day, the resemblance is considerable, and even the most discerning gophers and leopards will be deceived.

Brinkage: The Art of balancing on the edge of a waterfall, using with great vigor the Art of Pushage.

Wastage: Unsuccessful termination of Brinkage.

Floatage: The Art practised by the canoeist who wishes to see what his craft looks like from the outside. Usually indulged in every few minutes.

Oldage: Never experienced by canoeists.

Temporary Duty, Winnipeg

Flight Lieutenant name of Lloyd
Made us very much annoyed.
Woke us up times without number
From our honest, hard-earned slumber,
Asked us seven times if he
Could travel on the L.N.E.,
Raising in a verbal torrent
Queries re his railway warrant . . .
But we'll shoot him down in flames
When he submits his travelling claims.



**XMAS
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THE PADRE PONDERS

It is the Eve of All Saints Day and I have just received a chit from the Editor of "The Flying Gopher" reminding me that the magazine serves a useful purpose, and has a place in the life of the Unit, etc.

"Useful purpose" . . . "A place in the life" . . . hence my pondering on what I call "The Great Multitude."

For tomorrow the Christian world celebrates the memory of All Saints, those people who have appeared to stand out above their fellow men by virtue of some rare quality. Their names are legion.

But we need to remember that the day after All Saints Day has been given to the memory of All Souls, of all men and women. It is right that we should call to mind the lives and actions of great men, that we should reverence

their memory and recall their actions, but there are some who, while they speak well of men whose names are household words, speak lightly of the great multitude. It is true that it has often been the great and illustrious who have shown many the way and have led them upon it; but it is the great multitude which has carried through what the leaders have seen and taught.

It is the prerogative of the artist that he sees in each man something of the infinite reality of their separate and distinct personality. He can see the plain simple man as a being of an immense majesty.

It is under such terms that you and I, in the rebuilding of a world, must think "of the great multitude."

Sincerely,
THE PADRE.

THE PADRE ACTS

By the time this issue is in your hands, "French Leave" will have been produced, and from all accounts it is going to be a good show. We hope to give it a write-up next month.

But we gather that the Padre is not going to rest on his laurels when the play is off his chest. Already he is talking about producing another play, although when we asked him what, he wouldn't even give us a hint of what he had in mind. In any event, soon after you read this an appeal will be made in D.R.Os. for people to come forward who would like to take part in the Dramatic Society's next production. Probably most of the caste of

"French Leave" will want a rest; all of them will deserve it, and it is up to all of you who have acting or producing experience to come forward and offer your services, for your own amusement as well as for that of the other fellow.

And that isn't all by any means. Towards the end of the month, after the Padre has had a spot of leave (perhaps we had better not ask whether it will be French leave or not) we hope to get organized on a male voice choir, with a view particularly to a bit of carol-singing around Christmas. Again volunteers will be wanted—anybody and everybody who can make a reasonably tuneful noise.

THE PADRE SLANDERED

Flight Lieutenant Padre Clarke
Regularly goes to spark
With a paragon of beauty
(Calls it "Temporary Duty").

SOCIETY NOTES

Officer Westcott visited the Regina Recruiting Centre Wednesday.

Lieutenant Lloyd visited the Equipment Office Friday.

Sergeant Close, who has been down east for the past two months, has now returned to Weyburn. Anyone wishing to contact him should apply to the Mental Hospital.

Flying Sergeant Ayres spent a quiet weekend at the office Saturday morning.

Corporal P. D. Court visited in Regina last weekend. We believe his visit had something to do with the purchase of red paint for the decoration of the city.

Adjutant Delaney was taken for a ride Wednesday.

Pilot Higgins has returned from the east, apparently none the worse for his recent ordeal.

Padre Clarke has taken a lot of French leave lately.

Leader Cox visited Regina to buy furniture for his large offices.

Corporal Stephens left for Chicago Friday, following a busy week in the city bootlegging American dollars.

Lieutenant Delaney took a photograph Wednesday.

Chief Arnold was sober Thursday.

Lieutenant Ross gave the 'bus driver a cheque for 15 cents Tuesday.

A Boating Club is being formed at the Weyburn airport. Squadron Leader Chips was busy Friday superintending the making of the craft, which will accommodate a large volume of equipment and passengers.

Editor Ridgeway is leaving Wednesday for a few weeks at the Banff Springs Hotel. Editor Smith is buying a car.

Bandmaster Churton had a hair cut Thursday.

Foreman Hartviksen plans to visit the Regina Recruiting Centre Monday.

"MAC"

My first word to you is one of hearty appreciation for the splendid welcome you have given me to No. 41 S.F.T.S. Coming from the B.C. Coast where I have been working on operational bases, out to the bald, cold prairies, I imagine I share somewhat the same reactions that most of you must have had coming from beautiful old England. However, so many of you have introduced yourselves and offered wholehearted friendship that already I know we will have a great time together here.

Please feel that I am here to be of service to you in every way I pos-

sibly can through the organization which I represent. If you have any personal problems or problems regarding places to go on leave, or if you have any ideas on how we can make this Station a happier place in which to live, come in and talk them over.

Then, just a word regarding the lounge rooms. The games room, the main lounge room and Canteen, and the writing room in the Corporals' Club building are all at your disposal. Come in and use them and enjoy what comfort they afford, for they are the entertainment rooms of our home while we are here.

"MAC."

MORE FROM WEYBURN'S LIBRARY

After the appearance in the "Flying Gopher" of the first article from the W.P.L. it was made very clear to me that I should have to try to reinstate myself into the good graces of that particular group known as the "airmen." As the days went by this fact became increasingly evident. My offence was due to the fact that in my ignorance I had referred to all members of the camp as "airmen," little knowing that my remarks would be construed as being directed at one particular group. Honesty compels me to make amends, for, as a matter of fact, it is not the airmen who are most accomplished in the art of trying to evade their fines. This honor, if such it be, belongs to that group known as "officers." In fact, the remark referred to in my previous article about my having a good time at the Fair on his fine money was made by a Pilot Officer, whose name I shall not at this time divulge. However, any further such insinuations will bring forth a full disclosure of identity.

Then there was the officer of rather portly build (I should hasten to insert here that this was not the Group Captain) who, when told the extent of his fine—which was not inconsider-

able—glared at the poor librarian, thumped on the table, and yelled, "I'll never take another book from this place." But let it be said for the undying courage of the librarian that the fine was paid.

Then there was the Flight Lieutenant who sent his pal in to report that he suspected me of only allowing him one week on a two week book. Nice, trusting people, these Englishmen.

* * *

And now, though I realize that by so doing I shall be accused of all manner of things, chief of which, no doubt, will be inconsistency, I'm going to break down and confess that there are certain things about you Englishmen which are very admirable—from the point of view of a librarian.

I like the way you come into the library with poise and assurance as though you have known books and libraries for so long that you feel at home and at ease even in a strange library. I like your reading habits, the regard and the respect which you have for books, your knowledge of good books and your familiarity with poetry and classics. Lastly, I like your courtesy.

G. N. G.

THE OLD FAMILIAR THINGS

With all the world in turmoil, and the days
Strange cluttered lengths of clamour and of strife,
I like to think old fundamental ways
Still hold their rhythm in the scheme of life . . .

That, with a sweet insistence through the years,
Love lifts unflinching a dauntless song;
That laughter lifts a stronger note than tears,
That right is clearer-throated far than wrong.

The music of the wind and of the rain
Still runs light-hearted down the ancient fields;
There is a flowing melody in grain,
And praises rise above the loaves it yields.
This is the poetry that sings
Through all earth's old familiar things.

E. R.



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SELLING THE CAR

THE place was Palestine, the time about noon. The sun was hot, and I was tired but contented as I stretched under my mosquito net. It was cool in the house and I was just up to the 798th sheep when a "rat-tat-tat" sounded on the door.

To say that I was annoyed is a wealth of understatement, but my iron self control asserted itself, and I directed my weary limbs doorwards. On opening the door, a sight met my eyes which, even after several years, is still indelibly engraved in my mind.

It was an undersized shrimp of worn out humanity. He had a front on his head—I cannot bring myself to call it a face—hard to distinguish from a heap of bad fruit recently salvaged from under a steam roller. It was the color of an underdone pork chop, and I hate pork. He looked like death—slightly thawed.

He proved to be a greaser from that yellow stocking in the Mediterranean. I remember reflecting at the time that a photograph of a creature like this would establish Darwin's theory as an undeniable fact, or at least it would prove that abortion can occasionally be justified. The world could never stand the shock of a second face like that.

In broken English he informed me that he wished to see me about my car, which was for sale. Now it's difficult, even under ideal conditions, to sell an eighth-hand car, as many ex-owners in poor law institutions will confirm. However, selling one to a wretch who doesn't speak English very well is a task comparable to stopping a Matilda tank with a pea-shooter—if you're a rotten shot. £5 was the price I was hoping for and, thinking I'd grasped some "selling psychology," I decided to ask a nonchalant £10 to start off. It followed, I thought, that by hard fought steps up and down, we'd eventually reach the happy medium of £5. I led the way to where the car would be if the rubbish boys hadn't collected it again by mistake, boldly unlocked the garage door, and ushered him in. There we stopped. He made querulous gestures as to the whereabouts of the car, whilst I took the precaution of relocking the garage door.

After pointing for some minutes at the conglomeration of tin, wire, string and various other oddments that go together to put an eighth-hand car in

running order, it dawned on him that he was leaning on it. With this revelation came an ashy pallor, presumably starting at his moth-eaten toe nails, working up until it enveloped the mule's kick that passed for a face, and then petering out among the perpendicular reeds of his hair. (These reeds incidentally were such that they reminded Mrs. Car-seller that she needed a new scrubbing brush).

There was a momentary silence after the pallor had passed while this information was digested.

Then he stiffened, looked at the car, gave a peculiar convulsive shudder, stiffened again, then gazed wide eyed at it, blinked, shut his mouth, blinked again, shut his eyes, then quivered from head to toe. Quite suddenly, and with an alacrity never before witnessed in this type of greaser, except in retreat, he turned and bolted for the garage door. This move, however, I anticipated, having, by my trusting nature, allowed other prospective buyers to escape. The key lay snug in my pocket. The garage door suffered some slight damage under the onslaught of his frantic wrath, whilst I looked on as a spider watches the ineffective efforts of a fly ensnared in its web. After giving him some time to beat himself into a weak and therefore more pliable state, I went and dragged him back.

Stuttering incoherently, he slumped on to the solitary running board, which promptly collapsed under him. Having him now in a state of abject submission, I proceeded to describe the car's good points.

First I told him how small the petrol consumption was, and I was quite honest about it. Of course, I didn't tell him that the reason it had only used three gallons during its six months' lodging with us, was because



I'd only been able to start it twice, and really most of the petrol had evaporated. He was impressed by this point, and actually opened his eyes! Next, I showed him the new back tyres, which some poor, misguided, benevolent fool had given the car shortly before I got it. He became almost normal then. With shrewd, discriminating eyes he glared at the bodywork, became disgusted, and administered a savage kick to the near wing. My heart floated up to the tip of my tongue, for that particular wing had dropped off more than once before, and without the aid of a kick. My luck, two safety-pins and a lot of bent wire held this time, however, and the other wing stayed on. Pushing my

heart back down my throat with the aid of a plug spanner, I grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and dragged him back. He would, I felt sure, have made another cruel onslaught on a vehicle which had in all probability witnessed the spawning of the last three generations of his family.

At this moment a knock was heard upon the garage door which caused a glimmer of hope to appear in his eyes. His hope soon faded, however, for when I opened the door, I beheld my better half with the whiskey and two glasses. "Thanks, m'dear," said I, "I'm afraid I'm going to need this." After locking the door again, I increased my weight with a glass of "Lauder's milk." Seeing this, the para-

lytic lobster eyed me with envy. Realizing that he needed a drink more than I did, I poured him a stiffer one out. After drinking, I noted by his eyes that it had revived his cunning so, not to be out-cunned, so to speak, I swallowed the remainder of the liquor. My offer that he could have the three cars brought only a sigh of sympathy from him. He continued his interrupted inspection by firmly gripping the radiator cap and shaking the whole car.

Now no car is expected to stand up to this treatment, and the net result was that he was left with the radiator in his hands, whilst the remainder of the car jibbed back and forth with many squeals of protest. Mutual apologies followed, the radiator was replaced and adhesive tape applied, making it stronger, I thought, than the makers had originally intended, for it hadn't one to start its life. After this he entered the car and sat at the wheel. After turning it several times with no apparent effect on the front wheels, other than squeals, he looked up at me with a whisky-bred giggle, and then toddled out again.

Here began the sale.

"How much?" he asked.

"Ten lira," I remarked, solemn-like.

He swooned, and after I had revived him he queried "You maka the joke, yes Meistair? You mean ten piatres, No?" "No," I replied coldly, at which he shook his head sadly. Then I beheld a look of apprehension mingled with cunning in his beady eyes. He was just beginning to realize that exit from the garage was an impossibility, unless a sale was made. Casting a look around him in desperation his eyes at last rested on the battery. "Looka

Meistair," he wheedled, "I giva you wan lira for these! Yes?"

Well, thought I, wearily, anything is better than nothing. So I nodded in agreement, trying hard to keep the look of achievement out of my eyes as I did so. We shook hands on this. Then, as I was wiping the grease off my hand, he tendered a further ten piastres, or roughly two bob.

"For the rest," he remarked with child-like simplicity.

We haggled loud and long over this doubtful "bargain," but at last I agreed. Opening the garage doors I told him to get into the car, then gave it a hefty push to carry it down to the main road. Glancing over my shoulder whilst locking the garage, I noted with deep satisfaction that one of the rear wheels had come off when the car was astride the highway. I gave a chortle of delight. "That'll cost him a two lira fine for obstruction," I sniggered. My smug contentment had a rude awakening, however. When I proudly showed my wife the money, she coldly pointed out that the note was a poor fake.

"Well," I snarled, somewhat nettled, "ten piastres isn't too bad, considering the money we'll save."

Two days later I appeared in court for causing an obstruction on the highway.

I was right—the fine was two lira.

That darned scoundred had stolen the battery too! Then, of course, there was the salvage of the bits . . .

Incidentally the car was placed in the hands of a dealer when I was "Blighty bound," and as I haven't heard from him in the past nine years, I presume it hasn't been sold yet . . . Anyone interested?

C. S. R.

CHANGES AT THE "Y"

We say good-bye to Art Etter, our genial "Y" Supervisor, who has been posted to No. 35 S.F.T.S. at North Battleford, and we understand will ultimately be stationed at Edmonton. We appreciate what he has done for us here at No. 41, and our best wishes go with him to his new post.

Our new Supervisor is Wilson McDuffee, who comes to us after serv-

ing in various R.C.A.F. operational centres on the Pacific Coast, where he organised sports and recreation for the lads there. Back in civvie street, "Mac" was a buyer in the Vancouver branch of the Hudson's Bay Company Department Store. We welcome him to his work with us here, and assure him of our co-operation in all he undertakes for the benefit of the Station.

MARGARET

"Excuse me," said a voice at my left, "Can you tell me the time?"

I came to with a start. I was on embarkation leave in a small town in the Midlands, and had slipped into the cafe for a cup of coffee. While I was waiting to be served, I had begun daydreaming, and had not noticed this girl who had come in and sat in the seat next to me.

I turned to answer the request, and found myself face to face with one of the prettiest girls I have met. And she was pretty agreeably, if you understand my meaning. I have always been a little shy of the pretty girl who so obviously knows about and is proud of her prettiness, but this girl was different. Hers was no assumed expression, designed to show off her particular petty vanity; her eyes in particular were honest, and her hair—her hair was a gleam of gold.

She coughed gently. "The time?" she repeated. I stammered an apology. She smiled, and made some remark about the book I was carrying. We began talking, and I learned that her name was Margaret—Margaret Johnston.

We left the cafe together, and walked slowly towards the river. There on the bridge we stopped for a while—I do not remember for how long—while Margaret spoke softly in a low musical voice which blended with the gentle song of the stream a few feet away from us.

"You know," she said, "I sometimes think how I should like to put myself in the place of this river, and see reflected there the images of the people who for so many years have passed over this bridge and the bridges which

were here before it. There's something soothing about the river—it's so sympathetic, it listens so attentively to your little worries, and goes on singing its little song, as if it is trying to tell you that your worry doesn't mean the end of everything, although it may seem so great at the time . . ."

And she told me of her brother, who was listed as "missing" after a Com-mando raid. It meant more to her, perhaps, than it would have done to another, for they were twins and, orphaned very early in life through a car crash, had been brought up together in that town by some distant relation.

Eventually we passed on, and walked up the hill to her home. At the gate we stood talking for a moment, and arranged to meet again the next evening. Suddenly she turned, and with a whispered "Goodnight" ran into the house. I watched her disappear, and then turned and made my way back through the town.

I waited next night at our agreed rendezvous for half an hour before I set out for Margaret's house.

At the bridge I glanced down the stream—and drew back with a cry of horror. For there in the water was a gleam of gold . . . I ran along the bank and leaped into the stream, but I knew as I dragged her from the water that Margaret was dead. And clutched tightly in her hand was a piece of buff paper; it was a War Office telegram . . .

And I thought I heard a sighing in the voice of the stream as Margaret Johnston went on to rejoin her brother at the feet of God.

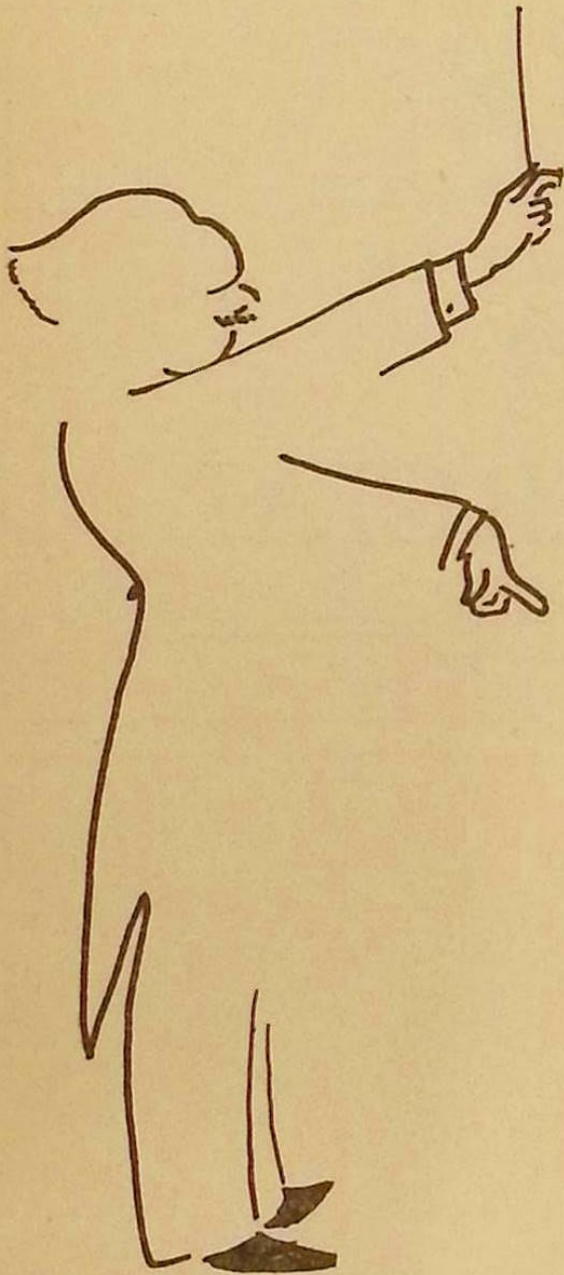
OVER TO YOU . . .

Full support for the magazine is lacking.

There must be on this Unit dozens of people who, if they set their mind to it, could produce something of interest for publication in the "Gopher." We ask them to come forward and help to make this a really first class magazine.

But please send us only original contributions. Whatever certain of our contemporaries may do in the way of pinching our ideas, we want your own ideas in your own magazine.

DANCE BAND NOTES



Despite a careful scrutiny of incoming personnel the leader of the Station Dance Band is still crying out for that "little extra something," and his room mates have to contend with nightly outbursts of "Bring Back My Alto To Me!" Yes, it was a sad day when the worthy Collier, most able wielder of the saxophone, was called to the wilds of Alberta. Never for many moons has a Station been so sadly lacking in musical talent.

Nevertheless the remains of the sax team keeps plodding along. It was rather a shock after the last Airmen's Dance to hear criticism levelled at the rhythm section. Thanks for the timely word. In future there will be no grounds for complaint, and if there are any other comments you have to make, don't be afraid; send them along, and if they are reasonably well founded they will receive careful attention. The Band's music library has been criticised, too. We can only say it's the dickens of a job getting up-to-date tunes in this part of the world, but enquiries are being made with a view to clearing up this point.

It has been rumoured that enquiries have been received from the City of Weyburn for the engagement of the Band at the Legion Hall. We'd love a shot at that! In fact we only hope the inhabitants would find the venture as enjoyable as we should.

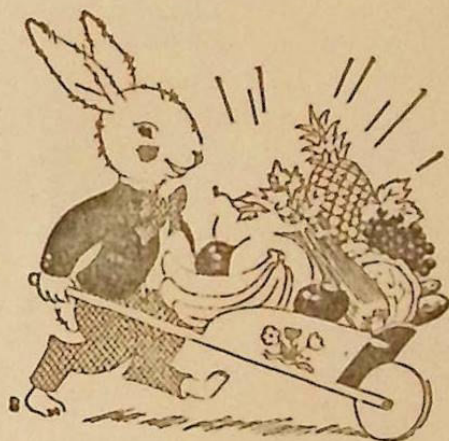
It is understood that, following a recent and still more recent inspection, repeat inspection, by a certain staff officer of this Unit, it is very unlikely, repeat unlikely, that the Oriental Gardens will be placed out of bounds to personnel of this Station.





FOR A SNACK OR
A FULL MEAL
TRY THE

COMMERCIAL
==CAFE==



TO KEEP FIT
EAT MORE FRUIT

WALKER FRUIT
Weyburn and Estevan

EVERY CREDIT

"Where the heck are my credits?" These are the words which threaten to drive your very efficient Accounts Section to the Looney-bin; these are the words which are fired at your Pay Clerks in the morning before soul and body are re-united, in the Mess, in the Office, in the Bus, and sometimes even There, There, where we seek refuge to sit and think, or just to sit. So we'll explain, once and for all.

Credits are entirely mythical; they died with Harold at Hastings. But don't despair, maybe in the next war they'll be re-instituted.

So, fellows, now you have it straight from the horse's mouth. We have so much to pay for, and so little to pay with! Why be so mercenary? Surely, the most important thing is the outcome of the war on our hands, and not the amount of dollars in our pockets — Nothing Matters Now But Victory! (Gene Autry, 6.30, if you're awake).

And now to Pay Parades. There is a very profound consideration under discussion in this Section between the S.A.O., R.A.O., and the Workers. I cannot give any definite "gen" yet, but here's the gist. In future, Pay Parades will be held once every Leap Year, and will be known as Grab Parade. In lieu of a Parade, and to save the Accounts Clerks bags of binding, to relieve the A.Os. of the strain of "Have we balanced?" to release the A.Os. for afternoon tea parties and social engagements, and to allow Clerks to attend soccer finals, this is the scheme in the blue print stage. A pile of money, dough, spondulicks, or what you will, will be placed on the floor of No. 3 Hangar. This pile will include dollar bills, two bits, hard bits, and tit bits. All the personnel of the station will assemble, with Officers well in the rear to prevent Hector Powe uniforms being ripped, and when the S.W.O. gives the word "Come and get it,"—well boys, it will be up to you. Of course, the Accounts Staff will provide a very close protective ring to ward off bandits and those who beat the gun (Victor Ludorum, please note). In this way, we know lots and lots of man-power and lots and lots of man-hours can be saved, and Pay Parades

will be over in exactly one ninety-ninth of the time now taken. (This figure was arrived at after allowing for variation, deviation, and wind-drift, less the time taken to reach the boat).

The Klan of Akownt Society Column

The outstanding feature of the month, excluding dabbling with the proverbial cents, was the Section, who are in the habit of springing surprises,, pleasant and otherwise, actually playing in the final for the Soccer Cup. Enthusiasm for this game was intense, but enthusiastic fans had to gaze through the office window for the first half, just hoping for the best, silently cheering so as not to disturb the "Non-Public Audit." The "Responsible," with his three gallant stalwarts, assisted by seven "bashers" from No. 1 Attention Avenue, put up a good show, but all our cheering, silent and otherwise, just could not turn the advantage for the klan. Congratulations to E. and F. Flights, anyway.

The Klan of Akownt has had few celebrations lately, hence the Royal has had to advertise, off-setting the cost by the saving of "broken glass," but work with a capital W has rewarded "Carpet." After 11 months he discovered he knew something, put it on paper, and "hey presto," his L.A.C.

The Accounts Debating Society still functions, holding meetings at 12.05 hours and 17.05 hours in the Mess, with "Number-Foive" leading for the Fors, Againsts, the Government, the Opposition, in fact anything which needs the wisdom of Somerset. All sorts of subjects are discussed, from the "Queue Dodging" hooks, the scarcest of all commodities in the Klan, and how to win the war in "Foive" years by the "Fightin' Clerk Accounts."

Discussions in the billet, however, are frequently disturbed by peculiar sounds from the ablutions. One of our Corporals is learning the Sax. We believe we have heard the strains of that age old service song, "When the Red, Red Robin comes bob, bobbing along." It would have been a useful accompaniment for a duet, but the "Air" is getting crowded, and now it is a trio, or perhaps even a quartet.

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JEWELER

Weyburn, Sask.

THE SICK PUPE

The sick bay is a pretty wizard scrounge from the point of view of an overworked puppe, and I suppose there was little error in my instructor's judgment to send me up here after I had spent a carefree morning shooting up the examining officer and causing Sergt. Bradshaw to mutter savage threats into his one day's stubble, but now that I can sleep all day, have my meals in bed listening to the philosophy of Mary Martin on the radio, and read the latest novels uninterrupted by consideration of the harder things of life, I must confess to a little restlessness.

With visions of being able to catch up on my hours on Met, I brought all my notebooks along with me, but so far, apart from frequent ten yard dashes (the orderly said it was an aspirin, blast him!) my main activity has been trying to pump the next examination questions out of the instructor in the next bed.

I have also spent quite a time trying to persuade the M.O. that there is really nothing the matter with me, and in this connection I should point out that my anxiety to rejoin the suicide squad quicker than soon has nothing to do with that weekend starting next Friday, nor with that little French girl in the village (sorry!—city).

Oh no! When I think of all that early morning P.T. I'm missing, I could weep—for joy. Who would exchange the exhilaration of leaping out

of a top bunk at 05.50 hours for a brisk run around the camp for a feather pillow and a breakfast of grapefruit, bacon and eggs, marmalade and coffee in bed at nine o'clock. You would? Me too, pal!

I was very pleased to be visited last night by Slim and Spud, who tiptoed down the ward like a couple of cart-horses trotting along Waterloo Road. The grief those boys felt at my misfortune was most touching. You really don't know your friends till trouble overtakes you.

"We'll look after your things, Red," Spud assures me, "and if you don't come back" (choking back a sob) "I'll see no thieving airman runs off with your kit. But do you think you ought to leave that twenty dollars lying about in the Hospital safe?"

Great guys! Wish they weren't quite so much my size, though.

"You'd better go now, fellows," I blub, and overcome with emotion I fight back the tears as they creep softly away, like vultures in the moonlight.

Yes, I know that Flight Lieutenant Whiteside is looking much more cheerful lately, Sergeant Carr doesn't have to tell so many pupils to get haircuts, and the mechs have set up a new serviceability record, but why should they have all the breaks?

Say, give a fellow a chance, will you? Let me out of here!

GINGER.

SONG OF 60 COURSE

Our's is the Course that knows no gen.
We're leaving for home, but we don't
know when.

We're going on leave to see New
York,

We may thumb a lift, but we'll prob-
ably walk!

We may all be sergeants, or maybe
P.O.'s,

The Corporal won't tell us, and no one
else knows.

We may be drogue flyers or instruc-
tors with fobs,

Our pay may be dollars, or possibly
"bobs."

We're bored with this wondering, with
waiting we're peeved,

Please tell us, pray tell us, IF we're
going on leave!

SERGEANTS' MESS GEN.

Your scribe has noticed that it is the habit of certain Canadian newspapers to refer to airmen "winning" their promotions or "winning" a gong. It is our pleasure to announce that since our last issue Sgts. Easterman, Charters, North and Johnson have all won their Flight Sergeants, which is good shooting.

Cpl. Close has also won his Sergeant.

From the sublime to the ridiculous—W.O. MacLean spent a leave in Rogers' Corner, New York, propping up the elaborate bar, and then returned to the camp to find that he had been posted to the Garden City at Debert, N.S.

Congratulations to Sgt. "Nobby" Clarke. Just in time for this issue came the news that his wife has presented him with a daughter. Miss Phillipa Anne is the name and "Nobby," the proud father, stood the round mentioned in last month's "Gopher."

"They'll do it every time."

Flight Sergeant Payne stood in the Ante-Room for about three minutes with his hat on. It was just long enough for "Blondy" Evans to whip up eleven "non-foamers."

Highlights of a certain Legion dance were Sgt. Carr showing a fair damsel how to dance the Newcastle Shuffle, Sgt. Hal Jones, with his hand outstretched below his chin looking for a girl "this high," and Flt. Sgt. "Andy" Amos keeping an eagle eye on Works and Buildings.

Sgt. "Darky" Dakeyne has developed a new drill that has little or nothing to do with cockpits. Before playing table skittles, he carefully adjusts the table in line with the heating pipes on the ceiling, and then placing the board flush with the edge of the table, tests the length of the string. Then, with a bottle of Orangeade in his right hand, he seizes the ball, swings it, and promptly hits the table with his knee and gets a spare. Then he marks up ten, kicks his opponent in the ankle, and the game continues.

The Mess Show every other Sunday is becoming increasingly popular. Undoubtedly the latest discovery is that Sgt. Frankie Hartnell is a fine comedian. He has successfully teamed up with Sgt. Tom Riby (irrepressible as ever) and Sgt. Hal Jones.

Farewell to W.O. Mel Gray who is now a commissioned officer. Watch the coke sales decrease.

Did Sgt. Carruthers get his new tunic? . . . Did Sgt. Johnny Hickman learn all about air screws in Montreal . . . ? . . . Did the "This Above All" stuff work in Winnipeg for W.O. Lythgoe? . . . Did Sgt. "Torchy" McCartney ever get to pronounce his girl friend's name properly? . . . Did Sgt. Andy Andrews like her sister . . . ?

From Picton we hear that Sergeant Collick is not appreciating the splendours of Lake Ontario. He says he would prefer to be back here with his friends at Weyburn.

STORES GOSSIP

This is our initial contribution to the columns of this magazine—very much belated, but we hope better late than never.

On reviewing the progress made since we began to function as a section, we find that a good job has been made of storing all the flight Grem-lins. We are finding it extremely difficult to sell the aforementioned Grem-lins but we can promise some action to remove them from the landscape in the near future.

Our future policy as a section will be governed by the following principles:—

- (a) Introduce as many stocktakings as possible to prevent equipment from reaching flights and sections.
- (b) Find an antidote to prevent the Local Purchase Order disease from spreading.
- (c) Allow all our oils and dopes to freeze up. This will prevent people putting in too many hours trying to make aeroplanes fly.
- (d) Introduce as many barrack checks as possible after normal working hours. This will prevent airmen from going to bed before lights out.

- (e) Introduce a new complicated system of gasoline accounting to prevent valuable gasoline from reaching the machines; this will tend to confuse everybody including ourselves.
- (f) Introduce as many types of clearance chits and proformae as possible, with a new Station Standing Order to the effect that airmen are to obtain aforesaid clearance chits on proceeding to Weyburn. This will stop all kinds of rumours about the conduct of airmen in the city.
- (g) Delete from scales all useful and comfortable items of barrack equipment. This will cure those binders who are always wont to exclaim: "They don't know there is a war on in Canada."
- (h) Gag the Witnessing Officer on the monthly clothing parades to prevent him authorizing the exchange of blue.

Congratulations to those members of the Equipment and Accounts Sections who have made their team's appearance possible in the unit's Soccer Cup Final, also to those small people with big voices and large capacities who have helped to keep up the team spirit. It is rumoured that the Section soccer team has requested that their sporting record be taken into consideration when their trade and character assessments are made.

No, there won't be a christening shortly in the section, but we may shortly open an office for conducted tours of Canada. For information apply during normal working hours to the A.E.O.

CORPORALS' CLUB COMMENTS

Hi-jacking, that's what I think it is called . . . In his usual forceful way, our President has given half our club away, and as I sit here and write, Works and Bricks are busily Jacking-High the roof in order to close the partition and so cut the Corporals' Club in two. The other half is to be used as a writing room by the Y.M.C.A. However, I must not wander, for it is the Wet half I am supposed to comment upon. But before I leave this reconstruction business I must mention that we take pleasure in welcoming our newly acquired academical neighbor, and extend our Coke-ful hospitality to him. (His phone extension has nothing to do with the Club . . . Thank you, Weyburn Ladies).

We unfortunately say goodbye to Corporals Close and Neathway on their promotion to Sergeant, but of course, due congratulations are extended.

We welcome Cpls. Cross, West, Cargo, Cottrell, Webb and Hook. Tubby Bradbury will extend a large hand to you! Please make full use of the Club and the President, who is the only man with the money.

It appears that Cpl. P. Lycett has inadvertently earned himself a Good Conduct Badge. If anyone should feel like following in his footsteps, please remember the price of . . . is now 9c a glass. Cpl. Cocks has also got a G.C.B.; apparently he has been blowing his own trumpet again.

We haven't noticed Cpl. Hodgson celebrating his recent promotion to the rank of Daddy; we all look forward to drinking Kay's health one day!

We notice that the Station Maestro's hair shows further tendencies of thinning, which contrasts sharply with the increasing growth of his aide-de-camp from Cullercoates.

So Marcel Frost has found it impossible to tolerate the prairie without moral support from England. Safe journey, Mrs. Frost!

If you desire an entertaining evening some time in the near future, come to one of our next general meetings where you will hear Cpl. Bishop Hyde Parking it, our president pedantically telling us what to do, and why he doesn't do it himself, and all this to the accompaniment of each corporal voting his best pal on to one of the working parties, known as committees.

The committee have decided to organize a Christmas dinner and dance. Their aim is, of course, to make it really a worthwhile affair, and subscriptions may be handed to the Hon. Treasurer, Young Woodley, every Eagle Day.

At our last general meeting we elected a Volunteer for Mess Deck representative; since that date Cpl. Cooper has ben eating down at Bill's Cafe, so if you want to find him . . .

GREMLINS—THE LAST WORD (HONESTLY)

Last month the "Gopher" published a letter from "an injured P.O." in which he praised the Gremlins and referred to them as his friends. This, we fear, can only mean that our warning in the September issue was not taken seriously, and we feel bound in the interests of the Service to return to the fray with a further warning, an earnest plea to all fliers and instructors on the Station.

It is quite obvious from his letter that "injured P.O." is just a very poor flier and is blaming the Gremlins for his habit of ground-looping. His friendly attitude towards the Gremlins is typical of that of many instructors who scoff at well-meant warnings and regard the Gremlin as good company and a trustworthy ally.

This is fatal. Please remember, all you fliers, and Nav Flight too, that the Gremlin is definitely the greatest enemy of airborne man. Never trust him, never obey him, and never, never, never speak of him as a friend.

You see; it is the ambition of all Gremlins to rid the skies of man; before he graduates, he recites a solemn vow to this effect. His tactics are always the same; he gets friendly with you, and then, when you have come to respect his confidence and to believe all he tells you, he will shove you so far up the creek that not even the

victorious officers' tug-o'-war team will get you out. Obviously "an injured P/O." is heading for trouble if he goes on treating the Gremlins as his friends. However, we think probably he has never experienced them, and is simply trying to advertise the fact that he had a course at C.F.S. We are perfectly certain, though, that Trenton is completely Gremlin-free, and in any event it is a well-known fact that all Trenton-trained instructors have "Line" as their middle name, so we can dispose of his attempt to "sell" the Gremlin to us.

But stay! Horrid thought! Perhaps he is a colleague of the Gremlins, a Fifth Columnist in our midst. Shame on him, the poor type! (Probably he wears a moustache, too).

So take heed, everyone. Never trust the Gremlin, and keep your sliding hood closed. That should keep him out of the cockpit. And remember, no one is safe from them, not even the C.I. Remember when you lost your 'chute, Sirl And a certain Examining Officer . . . Remember ending up in the Tiger country on a G2? Yes, we saw you!

So you see, chaps, we are all in this together; it may be your turn next. Remember, your greatest enemy is not Mr. Weepnaithe, nor the greatest headache the P.S.I. It is the Gremlin, the scourge of the prairie.

WORKSHOPS NOTES

Have you noticed the tomato plants in Workshops windows? We remember the day the dear little things were planted, and we have watched them grow ever since, so naturally everybody eagerly awaited the day when the first fruits would appear.

Hopes ran particularly high with the members of the Sergeants' Mess, who expected a substantial reduction in their Mess bills when the crop was gathered, so you can imagine the joyous look on Chiefy's face one morning when he saw a ruddy gleam

through the foliage. But it turned out to be Sergeant Beaney, dodging the Wednesday morning parade.

Poor Chiefy was so disappointed that we went to considerable expense buying a few tomatoes to tie on the plants, but even that didn't satisfy him, although we pointed out that they were much better fruit than we could ever hope to grow ourselves.

But we still live in hopes of setting a new fashion by serving tomatoes with the Christmas turkey.

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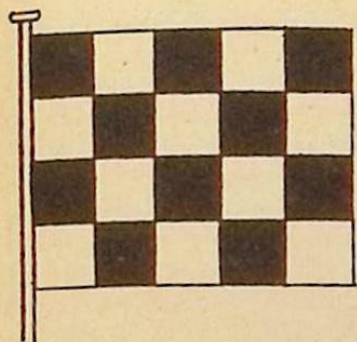
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Round the Hangars

The tall key man with a crown continues to keep peace and efficiency well harmonized in "A" and "B" Flights. It is quite untrue, however, that several members of these two flights were prostrated with grief when he proceeded on two weeks "leisure" in Ontario. Sgts. Tomes and Scott are confident that the "Home Sweet Home" atmosphere will return when he does.

Cpl. Lambeth is to be thanked for his commendable idea to reduce window breakages on these buzz-boxes. Ideas like this illustrate the co-operative attitude of the men in flights, which is very much appreciated.

The "Governing Crown" in "C" and "D" keeps matters under control with a smile. How he counters the gazelle-like wit of Sgt. Pickard and stolid perseverance of Sgt. Ebborn is problematic. They nevertheless come "out of the bag" in unity. It is with pleasure that we note that some of the notices at least are read and digested by these flights. Evidence of this was seen when one of the gentlemen of "C" (?) noted that an unforgiveable split-infinitive had been used! We know that this sort of thing undermines morale, particularly in war time, but to draw attention to it, well . . . It just isn't darned well done!

Congrats, "C" on your walk-over in the garden competition. . . . It is said that soon the "roses will be blooming in Pickard's lee" but we think that you either have a pessimistic outlook on the time required to finish off old "Nasty" or perhaps you are going to feed them vitamins A B C D E etc.

to bring them up within the next three years. Good luck to you, anyhow.

Our portly friend in No. 3 Hangar appears to be settling down nicely, and we hope he isn't kept too busy with these young "Air Climbers" knocking up miraculous flying times in "E" and "F" flights. Well, we don't get many wars, so chins up! That garden outside No. 3 looks suspiciously like prairie these days.

That glint in Sgt. Criddle's eye after taking over Nav. bodes something for somebody . . .

Our "silent outpost" at No. 4 Hangar has taken a definite stand against "Minors" in regard to hangar equipment. "Ceiling Zero" was quite amazed when he saw the list of equipment he should have, as compared with the 1 Pails I.G. and 1 Scrubbers Hand that he actually did have. One thing we can say for "Minors" is that they are good at sport.

The blonde Sgt. of "G" is certainly not light-headed, and the Sgt. of the lantern jaw of "H" is truly a shining light.

May we observe:

The bargain sale on spares from "Pool" is over. Keep Orf!

In answer to several anxious enquiries: No, Mr. Middleton is not on his way to Weyburn to give advice on hangar gardens.

All N.C.O. vacancies for Halbrite have been filled for some time to come. What's the attraction there anyhow?

Someone should say: "Brilliant excuses cast long shadows" or "Highlights always put somebody in the dark."

ANCHORET.

D FLIGHT

Once again we rack our brains and delve among the dictionaries and almanacs in order to produce for our magazine a masterpiece of literature.

Before we are driven quite insane we would like to welcome to our midst Corporal Fearon who, like Corporal Cooper, is an ex-apprentice. With these two charging about like wild elephants, life becomes a little desperate.

We would like to take this opportunity of stopping a wild rumour which is at present making the rounds of the camp, a rumor which is most detrimental to the good name of our noble Flight. "C" Flight did not share the prize-winning garden drinks with us.

One of our Flight Sergeants has taken to training birds in his spare time.

We wonder why LAC. Birkhead returned from leave seven days before he was due. Perhaps Regina got him down.

The truth of the old adage, "A line-shooter's line always returns to his pals," has now been definitely established. LAC. Roberts reports that his "oppo" demonstrated the Evacuation of Dunkirk under a kitchen table in Regina. We always thought it happened on a beach . . .

One of our instructors has developed the habit of shooting queer birds from the office window. We feel he ought really to try fishing for eels . . .

Flight Lieutenant Martin caused considerable consternation the other day by asking for a second cup of cocoa, and LAC. Horrocks' cocoa at that. Peace was restored later, however, when Flight Lieutenant Martin explained that he only wanted it to dope one of his pupes so that he would obey orders while flying.

Sgt. P. likes the Flight cocoa. He says it's much cheaper than a binge, because one cup of the stuff has the same effect on him as twelve beers, a bottle of whiskey, a tot of rum, and a bottle of quinine. Some brew . . .

E FLIGHT

Great panic in our midst one Friday morning!

"Ee lad, send t'bowser oop a bit sharp! We want t'keep t'fire going!" This at the telephone.

Meanwhile Corporal Jimmy Brown could be seen streaking across the hangar with a fire extinguisher, hotly pursued by a gang of grease monkeys, shouting "Kill him if he puts it out." But the gallant Corporal had but one thought in mind, to put out the blaze and thereby save any further increase in that new fraud now prevalent in the Flights—"collective charges." So out the fire went, and the Flight returned to its slumber.

What with remusterings, prop-sweaters, and F/O Colchester's correspondence courses, life in the billet these days is one long bind of square roots and other queer things.

Congratulations to our soccer team on being with F Flight the first to beat down the A and B giants, and eventual winners of the Cup. Nice shooting, Barber!

F FLIGHT

We apologize for the fact that our notes were missing from the last issue. If anyone really wants to read them they will probably be found nestling coyly amid the dusty archives in the "In" trays in S.H.Q.

However, as usual, we are bearing up and have one or two worthy incidents to report.

We have had many cracks passed about the abnormal flying hours put up by this flight on one memorable day. Why should we care? Of course the total was helped by the pupil who went up on local exercises and force landed at Estevan two and a half hours later.

The operations of a new species of Gremlin (Genus Shockus Absorb-itus) have been causing trouble lately. This type is noted for its enormous lung capacity and follows F.Ms.A. round on their daily inspections. As soon as the F.M.A. has checked the tail shock absorber unit the Gremlin inflates it to such an extent that its shock absorbing qualities are lost.

The even tenor of our ways was rudely disturbed the other day. We had a fire! It was quite exciting while it lasted. One fireman was heard to remark "Eight months we've waited for something like this, and you have to put the darn fire out before we arrive." The high spot was the sight of three corporals proceeding across the hangar at a rate of knots with the mobile extinguisher. They could not pull up, so had to swerve out of the

hangar to avoid going through the wall.

When informed of the fact that there was a fire in the hangar the flight, in accordance with orders, fell in on the hangar apron.

Talking about fires, have you heard the one about the pilot who put in the unservicability log "Fire behind the instrument panel," and reported it ten minutes after landing, by which time fortunately the fire was dead from boredom?

At the moment, the knockout competition is of primary interest. We managed to beat A and B. Flights after a hard fought replay, and having drawn with H Flight in the semi-final have to play them again. All the team supporters are getting quite thin.

We are in the market for some sky hooks. The only other way to solve our parking problem appears to be to stack the aircraft neatly on top of one another in rows of six.

X FLIGHT

Not a very brilliant month in any sense of the word. Our garden is now

beyond hope. Each morning instructors crowd the crewroom windows looking for a speck of cloud which might mean the magic word "Clamp."

P/O Prangem steals into F/Lt. Goon's office whenever that worthy gentleman is not at home, to seek comfort through the medium of the telephone.

Sgt. Pylup had a remarkable experience a few days ago. He says his prize pupil, LAC. Dimwit, held the control column so far on take off that pieces of asphalt were flying in his face.

W/O Duffjen has no difficulty taxiing in a strong wind. He always locks the controls. He adds in a superior air that he can't imagine why anyone ever overshoots when all you have to do is to raise the flaps.

LAC. Waystidge, apologising to F/Lt. Goon after an I.F. progress test for a rough circuit, remarked "I had to keep caging my horizon, Sir, to keep the bar up!"

The chequered flag has just gone up, so there's another pep talk in the offing—and maybe a few notes for next month's magazine.



The Commanding Officer and the Adjutant took an hour off duty recently and went shooting. Our photographer caught them with their bag.

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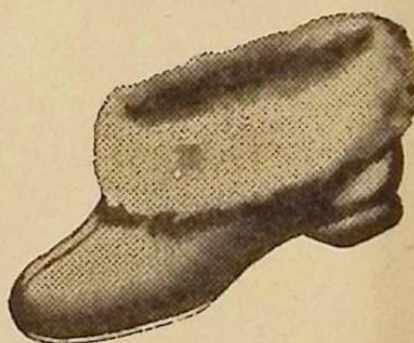
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SOCCER

THE INTER-SECTION FINAL

The football season came to a close on 28th October with the final of the inter-Section knock-out cup competition, played between E and F Flights and a team from Stores and Accounts Sections.

Snow on the pitch, a nip in the air, and vociferous support from a large crowd of spectators all helped to make this a grand game, with all the atmosphere of the "Old Country" soccer match.

Both teams settled down quickly to play fast, clever football, and the game was a good clean one. E and F Flights particularly showed great promise in these early minutes, and twice in the first five minutes the Stores goalkeeper was called upon to clear. A third break-through in the seventh minute produced the only goal of the match, the Flights scoring through Barber. It was not a spectacular goal, and Stores appealed for off-side, but the referee, P/O Everett, was right on the spot, and had no hesitation in allowing the goal.

Stores and Accounts fought back well, and might have scored several times had it not been for a very solid E and F defence. Towards the middle of the first half came the outstanding thrill of the match, when Flight Lieutenant Morris made a great shot, which looked all the way a goal. The Flights'

goalkeeper, Cpl. Wilkinson, flung himself across the goal and made a brilliant save, to the accompaniment of a shout which must have been heard in Weyburn.

In the second half, it was the turn of the Stores defence to prove its worth, while the Flights team, kicking down the hill, attacked again and again. Stainsby in particular played a magnificent game, clearing dangerous situations time and time again, and holding his side together in fine fashion. Shortly before the final whistle, Stores took the initiative, and forced two corners, from one of which Stainsby very nearly scored with a header inches over the bar.

This was a fitting finish to a fine game, and a good end to a successful season. Final score, E and F Flights 1, Stores and Accounts 0.

For the Flights, Thackway, Vick and Lipscombe were outstanding; in the Stores team Howells and F/Lt. Morris gave grand support to their captain, Stainsby, while Sgt. Rowley played well in goal and Sutcliffe at centre forward also played a good game.

The committee take this opportunity of thanking all those who have helped to make the season a success, particularly those who have given their time to act as referees and in marking out the pitches.

AN APPRECIATION

Now that the football season is over, and before we are caught up in a welter of winter sports, let us pause for a moment and express our thanks to those who, by their keenness and good spirit, have done so much and given freely of their spare time to provide continuous football for so many, and so made possible the successful season we footballers have enjoyed.

It is true that the majority of us are inclined to take for granted the provision of football as a recreation. It is fitting that we should know that it has been made possible by the hard work of many in their spare time, in organising, refereeing, and making all

those arrangements which are necessary for the successful running of a football organisation.

Football has done much to relieve the monotony of our lives on the prairies during the summer months, and on behalf of the footballers of this Unit we wish to thank the Sports Committee and the Sports Section—P/O. Bill Everett, Chiefie Tillman, "Skipper" Stainsby, F/O. Colchester and Cpl. Thomas—for all they have done for us. Also those who have acted as referees—too numerous to mention here by name.

Their's has not been an easy job; they have done it well, and we thank them.

SOUTH SASKATCHEWAN SERVICES LEAGUE TABLE TO DATE

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals		Pts.
					F.	A.	
ESTEVAN	7	6	1	0	33	6	13
WEYBURN	10	6	1	3	27	12	13
MOOSE JAW CASUALS	10	4	1	5	21	19	9
MOOSE JAW CORINTHIANS	9	4	1	4	13	17	9
CARON	10	4	0	6	13	39	8
MOSSBANK	9	1	0	8	10	25	2

The above has been forwarded by the secretary of the league. It contains two errors which cannot be rectified without reference to the results of all the matches played, and we are busy men. No prizes for spotting the errors!

P/O Willie Everett
 Sounds to us a bit upset
 At finding that he isn't able
 To understand the Soccer table.

No amount of bullying would
 Persuade Flight-Lieutenant Colling-
 wood
 To buy a lighter, made by Ronson,
 Like that of Squadron-Leader Johnson.

SCOOP

As usual, the "Flying Gopher" is on the spot with the latest confidential gen. We are able to inform our readers of the purpose of those ducky little tickets you have to show every time you go for a meal in the Cookhouse!

Have you noticed the shape of the little bits they clip out each time you have something to eat? Sort of heart-shaped, isn't it? Well, we understand there is a wedding in prospect, with one of the Cookhouse staff in the principal role. Evidently his comrades want to economise on confetti . . .

Airman to Railway Clerk—"Return ticket to New York."

Railway Clerk—"Do you care to go by Buffalo?"

Airman—"Well, I don't know. I've never rode one."

IMPORTANT NOTICE

When you have finished reading this magazine, don't throw it away. Keep it carefully. You'll need something to read on The Boat.

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

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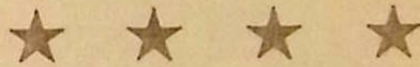
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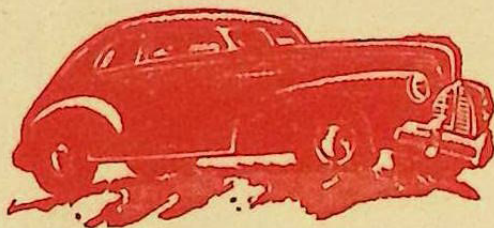
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