

New Year Number

1943

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THE PENHOLD

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TYPE	UNIT	SPILL WING AREA	PERSONNEL (MILES)
NO. OF	NO. OF	TOTAL PRODUKT FORWARDED	

LOG

CANADA ALBERTA

36 S.F.T.S

GRAND TOTAL 1943

B.W. ROUGHTON

*Captain
Theame*

VOLUME III
JANUARY



NUMBER 1
1943

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Published by kind permission of Group Captain W. B. Farrington, D.S.O
Commanding Officer No. 36, S.F.T.S., Penhold.



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Editorial

THIS is our first issue in 1943, a year which will in all probability bring mankind nearer to freedom and social security than any other in the world's history. This prospect is of such great individual concern as to create a spirit of elation within us that will assist in the successful prosecution of whatever job we may be called upon to do. The spirit of co-operation existing between the men of the Unit has been quite remarkable during the past year, and with the greater success which is now attending the efforts of the United Nations, an even closer bond should exist. Of course, our individual fortunes will guide us in a variety of directions. Some will return to good old Britain, and then, perhaps, beyond. Others will remain in this great Dominion to help maintain the training scheme which surely must have so largely contributed to the enormous power of the Empire Forces. The privilege of our living in Canada will have far-reaching results in the future, for when we are home again, Canada will no longer be just a name, but a place where we were hospitably received, royally regaled, and provided with the means of preventing our ears from freezing off. We shall have endless happy memories of our associations here. And it is our earnest hope that the Canadians in Britain will have the same tale to tell when they return to their homes. Thus, from this evil thing in which we are all involved will come some good, for the Empire, with its great self-governing Dominions, will become so much more closely associated as to create, with the other nations of the world, a great peace bloc which nothing will be capable of destroying.

Introduction to Accounts Section

THIS Section, responsible for the administration of Pay and Equipment, invites you to call whenever you are in doubt as to the amount of your pay and who is going to pay for the equipment you have lost. Enter the Main Gate, straight ahead S.H.Q. frowns at you; if you cannot see the S.W.O. through his office window, take a chance and enter through the door marked "Officers Only," the hum of activity to the left will denote the domain of the "Brains Trust." True, the door bears the notice "Out of Bounds"—take no heed, just walk in: no one will even notice your presence until you cough or kick the counter, having waited in vain for somebody to attend to you, when our member from "Hogsnorton" will inquire your business. If "Pay," he will announce in a loud tone, "Pay-Client for you;" if Equipment, you will be invited into the sanctuary beyond the counter, given a fellow-member's chair and requested to state your case. You will then be told how you should have avoided such a predicament; volume after volume of instructions will be consulted, a general meeting of N.C.O.'s convened and the verdict given. You can leave again feeling perfectly satisfied that Pay Accounts will take a hand next pay-day, your hard-earned pittance bearing evidence of your carelessness in, perhaps, the matter of mislaying such as a garbage can from the Airmen's Mess or neglecting to take your bedding with you on pass, etc.

If your name is not called on Pay Parade at all, do not despair: just drop in when next you are passing—our genial Flight Sergeant will tell you it was not intentional, merely a typographical error, and if you care to call on the morrow at 12.00 hrs. he will endeavour to see that the performance is repeated. Before you leave, pause at the counter while a few of the personalities are pointed out to you:—

The Statue that used to sit in the far left-hand corner, gazing vacantly into space, came to earth in August—he married the girl.

Straight in front, without any window to gaze from, our little red-headed "How Green Is My Valley" veteran, can often be seen outside the Red Deer Telephone Exchange nowadays. In this connection it is said that he has been ably supported by his friend on the right "English as it is Spoke"—the aforementioned friend actually escorting the hinted Telephonist to the "Date," all three supped at the "Club," but Wales paid the bill.

Across to the left again, you cannot mistake him, Gentleman Farmer Psmith of fatstock fame, now reputed to be far more interested in figures and forms.

Peer over the counter and you will espy our bandy little Corporal from Yorkshire, we believe. It has been said that he buckled under the weight of knowledge in that close cropped head, or was it the weight of responsibilities accrued at Rocky Mountain House? Hidden from view beyond the steel cabinet on the right, our "Fighting Flight Sergeant," another Yorkshireman with a big thirst—not always for knowledge. It is a closely guarded secret how he merited that nickname, but information may be gleaned from our late Sergeant, so dashing and dark, who hated to ask for your tobacco and cigarettes but just helped himself. On his left our new Corporal of cricketing fame, just up from six months' holiday in Southern Alberta, usually opens the innings Saturday evenings, often retiring "Nearly Out."

Next the "Cheese," his perpetual state, hails from the Cheddar County—his colleagues would be greatly interested to know what is the attraction which has lured him, the one-time stalwart of the "Arlington" Club, away from his Saturday evening haunt—we fear his portrait will not, after all, hang above the Bar. Last, but not least, our member from North of the Tweed—is it correct that we hear that, after the War, he intends to move South and apply for naturalization?—SPECTATOR.

“Cookhouse Gen”

By “THE HEAD COOK AND BOTTLEWASHER”

WE have high hopes of two or three of our boys going a long way in the snooker and billiard handicap, so look out, you Lindrums and Davies, as a lot of you know, our boys practically live in, and on, the wet canteen. Two of our star performers have been transferred (for a case of “Red Lead”) to the Sergeants’ Mess; we hope the sergeants survive, or do we? Our sergeant is thinking of changing the name of Airmen’s Mess to “Miracle Cafe,” what with dinners at 15:30 and tea at 15.40, it’s getting a regular bind—the whole staff is applying for desertion papers (good news, eh boys!). We don’t mind Maintenance keeping up their regular complaints (bless ’em), but we do object to the planting of two of their spies in our Dining Halls, under the pretence of panelling the Hall for Christmas—which Christmas they have yet to decide. How about swopping jobs for a month, Maintenance Squadron?

One of the ACH’s humbly begged a rise in rank the other day, so our kindly sergeant put him on the roof clearing snow. We wonder why “Yorky” was afraid to report sick the other morning! and why the tin room men want the boys to have more canned food. A remark heard from the Plate Department, Why can’t all these “blue pencil” eggs be fried hard, instead of being splashed all over the plate by the lucky few. One of our bakers has improvised a typical example of British tenacity, in the form of an acrobatic rice pudding, left and right sideways, forwards, upside-down, it never moves and is quite unperturbed at the efforts of the boys to chisel it off the plates. It gives us great pleasure to announce the handing over of the Janker Inventing to AC Bottomley vice AC Gold on leave.—P.H.H.

IT ONLY HAPPENS ONCE A YEAR



The Officers Serve the Airmen With Christmas Dinner.

48 Hours in Sunny Alberta

The following is the true story of a "48" spent in "Sunny Alberta," commencing on Friday the 13th. (Month unspecified, but can be guessed without revealing weather secrets to the opposition.)

- 1940 hrs. Caught "Chinook" at Penhold: cunning idea, will have at least 15 minutes' start in arranging parlour car seats for two in advance of passengers waiting at Red Deer.
- 1950 hrs. No sign of passengers gathering luggage or conductor; Steward shouts "Last call for Dinner." Have not had any, but have to contact companion passenger at Red Deer, so decide to wait.
- 1955 hrs. Arrive at Red Deer. Two thousand Commandos storm and capture train intact. No seats in Parlour Car. Cannot go backwards or forwards. Wonder where is other passenger.
- 2000 hrs. At last hurling all "200 lbs. +" weight in Rugby Forward tactics, arrive at car in front to find all seats taken. Finally discover companion has double seat in carriage full of stale smoke and very war worn upholstery.
- 2010 hrs. Train starts and nobody gets out at any Station (pardon, Depot) for next two hours.
- 2200 hrs. Exodus on large scale at Wetaskiwin. Move to carriage in rear where more room and seats of pastel blue. Have dinner consisting of peanuts.
- 2300 hrs. Arrive at Edmonton and ring up several dozen hotels; discover these are all occupied for the duration and one year after, by very gallant Allies. Nearly midnight so ring up parents of jolly companion and report ETA.
- 2357 hrs. Try to leave luggage at Baggage Room. Told close at midnight, but lockers in Main Hall available for 24 hours. Discover last remaining locker empty so deposit luggage for 10 cents. Too easy. Resolved: "To make more use in future of Station lockers."
- 0000 hrs. NOT Friday 13th any more, but spell holds. Try to get into nearest restaurant for dinner. (Or is it breakfast?) Too full, and patrons too empty. Try next cafe. Seats available, so argue if it shuts. Companion (Native of City) says, "Look at Card. Meals served any time." Enter and remove stifling great-coat, etc.
- 0005 hrs. Waitress starts putting out lights. Consents to take order for bacon and eggs.
- 0010 hrs. Waitress says, "Sorry, cook cannot cook so much bacon, after hours, but may consent to cook enough for bacon sandwich.
- 0025 hrs. Depart from restaurant feeling slightly frustrated. Enter Hotel and ask for taxi. Informed it took two hours to get taxi just previously, but will try.
- 0028 hrs. Taxi arrives. Counter clerk faints.
- 0031 hrs. Arrive at main Railway Station. Whole place locked up and cannot get at lockers. Four CWACS almost on verge of tears as nighties and/or tooth brushes stowed away inside.
- 0035 hrs. Finished reconnaissance of Station building with view to recovery of luggage. Light in ticket office so bang on door. Glass seen to bend, but no movement from inside.
- 0040 hrs. Find doorway upstairs. Get telephone book and ring downstairs. Make remarks of impending doom if front door not opened prontissimo. Dash down to find CWACS uttering glad cries and recover luggage. RESOLVED: "NOT to make use of any more Station Lockers at any time at any place."
- 0041 hrs. Taxi driver reports flat tyre. Will ring garage for spare.
- 0050 hrs. No sign of spare tyre so get driver to ring garage again.

Reports that car bringing spare has got puncture.

0115 hrs. Other car arrives and long consultation about virtues of retreads. Remind both drivers that we are passengers as well as interested spectators. Jack up car. Car rolls off jack backwards.

0120 hrs. Car jacked up and rolls off jack frontwards. Suggest putting on brakes or putting gear into reverse. "Never thought of that." Try again, but car again rolls off frontwards. Second driver says, "I'll stop that," and drives his car in front, backing up against wounded chariot.

0130 hrs. Car again jacked up and wheel removed: car s-l-o-w-l-y rolls off backwards. Fits of apoplexy imminent owing to proximity of ladies passing by.

0150 hrs. Finally get under way, expecting engine to drop out, but arrive at 0205 hours, exhausted and overcome with laughter. ETA 90 minutes out. Finally to bed.

The next morning visited the city and spent normal day of shopping. Sun out as per advertisements and streets quite dry. Have private movie show and find conclusive evidence that Canadian trains can run inverted and mountains likewise hang down.

Sunday, 15th. Awaken to discover about a foot of snow on lawn and furious snowstorm under way. Decide to pick up host at Church and get taxi driven by fair charmer. Witness collision outside church and shocked by language which promptly melts snow in immediate vicinity. Endeavour to take friend home and go down slight hill. Snow too deep for taxi to make turn so stall on street car line. Street car coming down hill with brakes locked and whistle blowing vigorously. Extremely rapid debarkation and push taxi clear in nick of time. Next quarter of an hour spent in trying to coax taxi into car tracks in the snow. Finish up 200 yards further down hill and hold council of war. Street car dashes up hill and stops 100 yards behind. Runs back half mile and charges up again. Makes nearly three yards' progress. Wrecking truck with

colossal tyres and heavy chains arrives and offers tow to street car motorman (? Engineer). Tow declined with grim earnestness. Wrecking car hitches on to taxi and eventually gets to top of hill. Taxi driver decides to go back to garage so passengers left in snowstorm. No street cars, so watch antics of private cars floundering in snow. Decide to walk remaining two miles, but street car arrives after 20 minutes. Walk further mile from carline to house. Arrive at house two hours late for lunch.

Of the remainder of the "48" who shall tell? By 1500 hours all taxis had stopped and among the many week-enders the writer trudged, complete with luggage what seemed endless miles to the Station. Those who have walked the Edmonton High Level Bridge in a blinding snowstorm plodding through snow, by this time in drifts up to several feet in height, will understand the irony of the travel placards on the said Station, "Come to Sunny Alberta."—Nil Desperandum.

* * * *

R.C.A.F.—AN INVITATION

We have, at this Unit, a number of colleagues who are members of the R.C.A.F. It is sincerely hoped that they all read this magazine, and in order to make it more interesting to them, it is the desire of the Editor to introduce a new column under the heading "R.C.A.F. Notes." Will any member of the R.C.A.F. who is interested please contact the Editor at S.H.Q. Orderly Room immediately?

Are You Lucky This Month?

You will have noticed that the back cover again bears a number. Holders of certain numbers, to be drawn for and announced later in D.R.O.'s, will be presented with free admission tickets to a series of Cinema shows at this Camp. Watch for the announcement. You should read D.R.O.'s anyway!

INFORMATION, PLEASE

FROM the response to our request for queries, it would appear that the desirability of continuing this section of the "Log" is questionable, but it is our earnest desire to see that any points regarding service matters about which you have the slightest doubt, or are misinformed, are clarified or corrected. What is your opinion? Do you approve of "Information, Please," or are you disinterested? The "Log" is Your Magazine, so you have every right to decide what it contains! If you like this section, please let the Editor (in S.H.Q. Orderly Room) have your queries, and we will spare no effort to answer them.

In this issue, we propose to deal with one brief subject, which we think will interest you, but remember that we want all your queries now, so that we may answer them in subsequent issues of the "Log."



REPATRIATION

No official information is to hand, as yet, regarding the approximate month, or year for that matter, when personnel will be repatriated, so we suggest that you ignore those rumours (which seem to grow in number as the day when you have completed 18 months in Canada approaches). Wait patiently until official information is received.

* * * * *

Y. M. C. A. NOTES

The Calgary Y.M.C.A. offers a musical programme on Sunday afternoon and evening, and refreshments are served. On Wednesday there is an informal dance. On Friday evening, dancing lessons for beginners (beginners only, please). Saturday evening is the night of the big weekly dance. These are generally very well patronized, and you can expect an excellent evening.

The Edmonton Y.M.C.A. offers dancing each Wednesday and Saturday evening. You may bring your lady friend, or partners are provided for those coming unaccompanied. The starting time of these dances is 20.00 hours. Each Sunday evening there is a concert and sing-song at 20.30 hours. There is an information desk at the Edmonton Y.M.C.A. where arrangements for entertainment in private homes may be made. The shower baths and swimming pool at the "Y" are at your disposal during your stay in Edmonton. A check room may be just the thing you need to leave those parcels or bags while you visit about the city. This is open from 9 a.m. to 10.30 p.m. daily. There are a number of beds available in the auxiliary dormitory for those desiring overnight accommodation. These may be reserved by sending a postal note for 50 cents with the letter making reservation.

CINEMAS. We have some excellent pictures booked for showing at the Y.M.C.A. Cinema during January. Remember, these are shown every Monday and Friday at 6 p.m. and 8:15 p.m., with special afternoon matinees being advertised each week. Then there is a Y.M.C.A. Cinema on any Wednesday that the Recreation Hall is not in use for dances or concerts. Watch the notice boards in the Y.M.C.A. Reading Room and Canteen for titles and special afternoon shows.

CANTEEN. We hope you will bear with us over certain shortages which occur now due to wartime conditions. Chocolate bars are sometimes unobtainable; and the cigarettes and tobacco, lacking the glycerine which used to hold the moisture in the tobacco, are sometimes quite dry.

Ground Instruction School Notes

The Ground Instruction School having blushed unseen since the inception of the "Log," the Editor doubtless thought it time that this veritable fount of knowledge should be tapped for the benefit of mankind at large. Whereupon he descended upon the G.I.S. with an ultimatum to provide a selection of howlers perpetrated by the pupils—or else

With that boundless energy for which the G.I.S. is famous, a meeting of instructors was called to furnish the material for this epic article, destined to shake the Camp to its very foundations. To commence things in style, a chairman was duly elected, despite his protestations of incompetence, which were passed unanimously.

At length the chairman managed to quell the disturbance sufficiently to explain the object of the meeting and to order twelve beers. After much wracking of brains and quaffing of beer, the Airmanship Instructor said, "I have a howler here

which was given as an answer in the last exams., 'Supercharging is a means of pushing more mixture into a cylinder than it will hold'."

After due consideration, the meeting rejected it as too technical, for, as the Signals Instructor said, "What is supercharging?"

One of the Armament Instructors then put forward the one about an "ideal bomb." A pupil said that an "ideal bomb" was one which, when released, sails through the air and will ALWAYS hit the target. "Well," said another Armament Instructor, "doesn't it?" . . . Collapse of first Armament Instructor. . .

Reverting to business, one of the Armament Instructors related the howler of a certain pupil, who stated that it is a good thing to put a little grease on the bombsight to stop it from squeaking. By this time the committee were in the mood to object at the slightest provocation, and so they objected on principle, retiring forthwith to the bar.

WORTH GETTING OUT OF BED FOR



Patients of the Station Hospital "Dig In" When Christmas Dinner Is Served.

Recreation at Penhold



SUNDAY NIGHT ENTERTAINMENTS

The following has been the programme for the past month:

22nd November—Concert by the Music Appreciation Group.

6th December—The Alice Murdoch Concert Party.

13th December—Brains Trust.

20th December—Programme of Christmas Music

F/O Attwater and his Music Appreciation Group stepped into the breach on the 22nd November and gave us a first class programme of classical music of the more popular kind. It was so good that the audience, which was a large one, demanded more in the near future.

Some were heard to say after the visit of the Lifebuoy Follies that that was the best show they had ever seen, and certainly the best they were likely to see on this Station. After the visit of Madam Murdoch and her gifted party from Calgary, there is a big question mark in their minds. The Sergeants' Mess once more entertained the visiting party and, as usual, they did it as it should be done.

Another very popular evening was provided by the meeting of the Brains Trust. The members and their subjects were:—

W/Cdr. M. F. G. Mill, D.F.M.—Question Master.

S/Ldr. J. B. Flynn—Engineering.

S/Ldr. B. H. Sackett—Religion, Ethics and Psychology.

F/Lt. D. M. Bruser—Medicine and Surgery.

P/O N. Andrew—Art.

P/O J. F. Sewell—Physics and Chemistry.

Mr. A. Allen—Canada.

LAC C. J. R. Wilson—Music.

In spite of ingenious attempts to catch out the Padre on his knowledge of the Old Testament and to trip up the Trust as a whole with quiz questions gleaned from recent editions of American and Canadian Magazines, the members came through the ordeal with only slight scars. Mr. Allen distinguished himself by answering readily questions on English history.

The programme of Christmas Music included a full recording of Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol," without which Christmas would be impoverished, and excerpts from Handel's "Messiah." An enjoyable evening was rounded off by the Harmonica Band which led community singing of Carols in grand style.

These items are on our programme for the New Year:—

17th January—Music Appreciation Group and Swing Club.

24th January—Calgary Concert Party.

31st January—Concert by Station Dance Band.

7th February—Calgary Concert Party.

14th February—Music Appreciation Group.

BADMINTON. Singles and doubles tournaments are in progress with 22 players taking part. A match against Bowden was played in the Drill Hall on Tuesday, December 15, which resulted in a win for our Station by 6 games to 3. Penhold team—S/Ldr. Phillips, F/O Richardson, F/Sgt. Mackay, Cpl. Sidgreaves, Cpl. Martin, Cpl. Seaward. A return match was played at Bowden on Monday, December 21, when the result was reversed. The Red Deer Badminton Club has been approached with a view to fixtures in January.

BASKETBALL. The two leagues, one for pupils and the other for permanent staff, are progressing according to schedule. The results up to date are as

follows: Pupils—65E 13 vs. 67C 0; 65F 0 vs. 69H 7. Permanent Staff—Maintenance 32 vs. G.I.S. 11; Equipment 22 vs. Link 7; G.I.S. 16 vs. Sgts. 8. Cpl. Lynch (P.T.I.) is now busy with the selection of a Station Team. A match at Bowden took place on January 13. A trial match held in the Drill Hall on Friday, December 18, revealed that this Unit has plenty of talented basketball players. Sgt. Smallwood, who has had considerable experience in training basketball teams, has kindly offered his services as a coach.

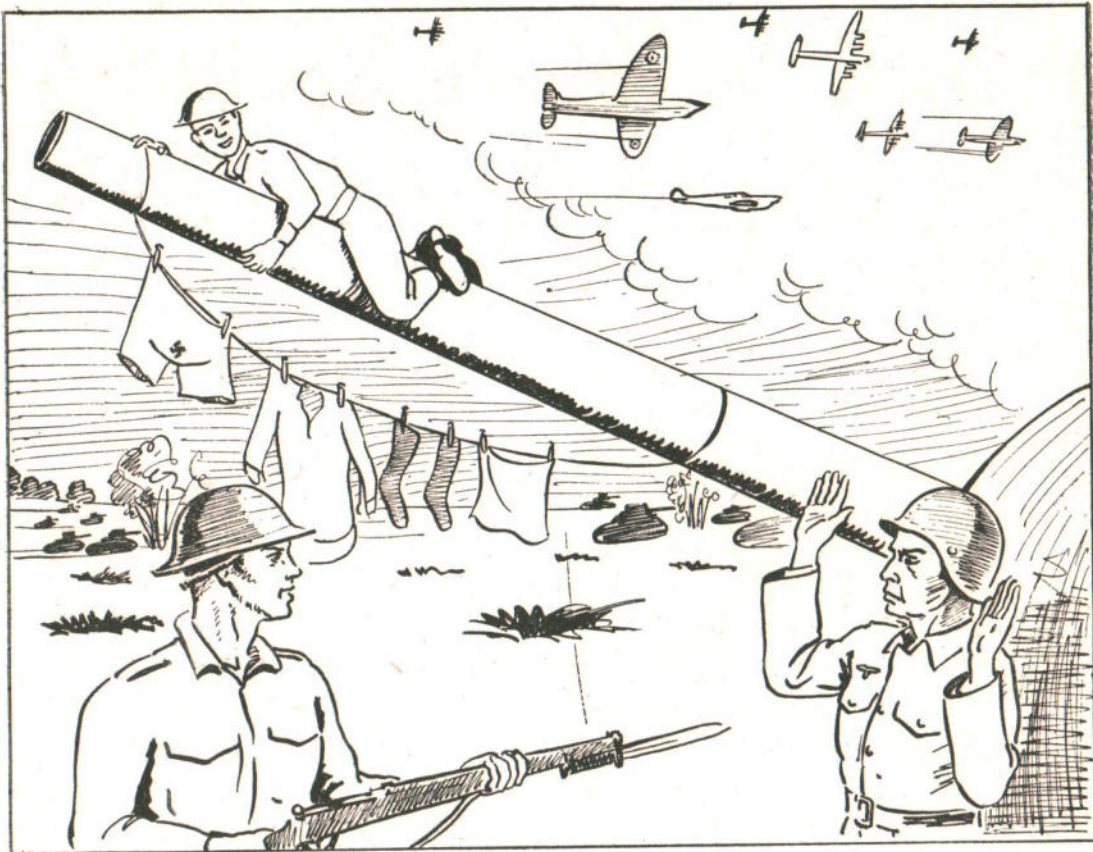
BOXING. At Edmonton on December 12, Penhold met No. 3 "M" Depot. The results were as follows: Evans vs. Del Poppo—Second round, Evans obviously thought "I've had enough," and smack went Del Poppo. Sgt. Hunter vs. AC Shaefer—Hunter under-rated his opponent who put him down for eight and later put him down for good. Fowler vs. Johnson—Second round, Fowler set about him and Johnson was just about all in when he produced a wallop from where he didn't know, and away went Fowler. Alkins vs. McLeod—Alkins put McLeod down for eight, then obviously wanted to rest, so knocked him out for good! Price vs. Perry—Without being biased, Perry was undoubtedly too good for Price, and got the decision. Taylor vs. Dela Roche—Second round, Taylor came out and you could almost see it in his face, "Here she comes" and "Wallop" out went Dela Roche. Stevenson vs. Burke—An opponent had at last been found for our heavyweight, and Stevenson won on a knockout.

In the return match at Penhold, the results were as follows: AC2 Sloan (3) won from LAC Taylor (36); LAC Evans (36) won from AC2 Johnson (3); AC Smaefer (3) won from LAC Foster (36); LAC Fowler (36) won from AC2 Clarke (3); AC2 Perry (3) won from AC Ryan (36); AC2 Francis (3) won from Sergt. Price (36). Well done, No. 3 "M" Depot!

CHOIR NOTES. The Choir continues to make steady progress, and since the last issue of the "Log" has given another very successful concert at Lacombe. The concert was held in the Banquet Room of the Adelphi Hotel, which was filled with a capacity audience of some 250 who overflowed into the vestibule of the Hotel. On Wednesday, 16th December, the Choir gave a Christmas Carol Service in the United Church, Red Deer, which was well attended. The service marked the farewell appearance of LAC Chris Wilson, who accompanied the whole service on the organ. Chris, who graduated on Friday, 18th December, is going to Vulcan, Alberta, on a flying instructor's course, and the very best wishes of all the members follow him in his new venture. On Sunday, 20th December, the Choir repeated the Carol Service at St. Luke's Church, Red Deer.

DANCES. The Station Dance Band is winning high praise for the efficiency with which it is carrying out a heavy Winter programme of engagements. It has always been good, but there is a lot to be said for the view, which one has heard often lately, that it is even better than it was. Besides the numerous Station Dances, they have occasional bookings off the Station. They went to Rocky Mountain House on the 27th November and had the experience of travelling there in Sorensen Bus Lines' much advertised new bus. The outward journey, in spite of the thick snow and the frost, was without incident. The returning trip, however, is quite another story. About a mile outside Rocky Mountain House something went wrong and it meant a walk back to Rocky in a temperature of 20 below zero. They eventually arrived on the Station at 16.30 hours after a much broken journey which was not made more comfortable by the complete breakdown of the heating system. It has been pleasing to see a number of the members of the C.W.A.C. in Red Deer at these functions. In addition, the Band has played for the Children's Party, the Corporals' Dance in the Armoury, Mess Dances and Boxing matches. The Dance Band is in need of a pianist. If you can fill this vacancy, please see the Padre. You will be doing a real service for Station Entertainments.

Forthcoming Dances: 13th January—Hospital; 20th January—S.H.Q.; 27th January—Equipment and staff of Officers' and Sergeants' Messes; 3rd February—No. 1 Servicing Flight; 10th February—No. 2 Servicing Flight. N.B.—Some of these bookings are liable to be postponed a week on account of the introduction of a War Course Dance.



MAYBE THIS IS THE YEAR—WE'VE STILL GOT THE WASHING

DISCUSSION GROUP. Those who attend are of one mind, that this weekly meeting is the most enjoyable of all the numerous activities held on the Station. Those who don't come have no idea what they are missing. You are not bound to talk if you come. Some come just to listen, and I suspect that they are often the wisest of us! The following list of subjects discussed during the past month will give some idea of the wide field which has been covered: "Germany in the post-war world"; "That life in the Services is harmful to the individual"; "Is Communism the best form of government?"; "Is an understanding of Psychology of value to the man-in-the-street?" We meet every Tuesday at 20.00 hours in the Chapel.

ICE HOCKEY. There are now two hockey leagues operating on the Station. One or two games are played each evening, and there is special coaching in the afternoon for beginners. We do not expect to produce a Stanley Cup winner this winter, but if we had time we might get in the play-offs. Hockey is one of the fastest games in the world, and one of the best both from the viewpoint of the player and the spectator. If you aren't playing, come on and watch.—A. ALLEN.

SWING CLUB. Thanks to S/Ldr. Sackett, who did a great deal of successful organizing, the Club was able to have its first meeting on the 2nd November. Since then, there has been a meeting every Monday night at 20.00 hours 'till 22.00 hours. At the moment, the attendances are very small; later, perhaps, when you have given us your support, we will see many new faces. During the two hours, swing records are played, but before each record a criticism of the orchestra or soloists is given by AC Pickup. There is a small charge of ten cents per head at each meeting. During January and February we hope to have many new records. We also expect to hold one of our meetings in the Recreation Hall each month, instead of the Band Room, which is our usual "den."

NOTE:—Reports of the Model Aircraft, Rifle Club, and other Section activities will appear in our next issue.

French "As She Is Spoke"

HOW can I possibly fill my spare time during winter evenings?" How often have you heard this question asked? Well, perhaps not, for the canteen offers to the majority the solution to the "filling" problem—but for anyone that does ask it, may I suggest a spot of French. This suggestion will, no doubt, be welcomed like a straw to a drowning man, or a bottle of beer in New Brunswick, but the language certainly is useful: Ask those fellows who have been to Montreal; they will be able to confirm this, for it appears that in that locality, all the nice girls—as well as those that aren't quite so nice—speak French.

French would also come in useful if you went to Paris where, we are told, it is often spoken—woe betide any man who enters Paris with a three-penny "How To Say It In French" book; such volumes are a menace. A traveller leaving the train with one of these would probably refer to his book and ask the nearest taxi-driver if he would to him a taxi bring. The book gives the answer in French, but just to be awkward, the driver would refrain from giving the conventional reply, "Yes, yes, Sir, I will to you a taxi bring," and would probably answer very much like his English counterpart, "Oo the 'ell d'yer think I am, to work in my dinner 'our." What can our traveller do? Walk. He may enter a hotel, and in the prescribed manner, order a dinner. But if the waiter doesn't happen to give the correct answer, what can he do?—Go hungry.

So the only remedy is to learn French, and the question is—how to do it. Is a text book any good? Well, to a certain extent it is useful, as most of them explain how to ask for the lawn mower of your grandmother's aunt, or how to enquire whether the cage of the canary is in the house of your mother-in-law's cousin. If you can forsee the possibility of asking such questions, a text book would be just the ticket. But, of course, some phrases hardly need translation. For instance, if while you are having dinner with mademoiselle, she says to you, "Oh, la la, Oui Oui," you would not need a dictionary to know that it meant, "You betcher," or "Sure thing, Buddy," while if she screams, turns over her chair, deposits her soup in your lap, empties the condiments down your neck, and then kicks you in the pants, you will not need to be a linguist to recognise that as French for "You've had it, son!" If you are unlucky enough to receive that latter reply, reflect deeply, because there must be a reason. Your French grammar, for instance—perhaps the subject didn't agree with the object.

Now here's a piece of etymological information on that phrase of phrases—Hors D'Oeuvre, since this is met by most people at some time or other. Apparently it should not be pronounced as horse dee-oofer. To obtain the correct pronunciation, it seems that we must contract the pharyngeal cavity, breathing deeply till the larynx causes the vocal chords to vibrate against the tonsils. Then with the tongue on the third molar, we must place our thumb on the left nostril—and blow. The result will almost certainly solve this phonetic mystery, which has puzzled men since French was first conceived.

Then we come to that eternal problem—the answer to a French question. If mademoiselle says, "You vil come viz me, No?," is the answer, "Yes, I won't" or "No, I will," or would plain "Oui" suffice?

One last point: the French insist on a high standard of etiquette—"Toujours la politesse," and most of you will know that the correct method of approach to mademoiselle is to bow, shake hands, and breathe softly "Bon soir." However, very few seem to be aware that the correct method of saying good-bye is to shake hands, bow, and breathe softly "Bon nuit." Some find it preferable to use a substitute for the handshake, but that's another language altogether—the Greeks had a word for that.—L.E.S.

Britain, Our Island Home

SUSSEX--A Retrospect

Under the above title, a new series is introduced. The first contribution tells of the charm of Sussex, and each month we hope to take you for a trip along Memory Lane through the Shires of the Old Country. You are invited to send the Editor an account of your own County.

SOME years ago, I took a friend of mine down to Sussex for a holiday. He had never been to Sussex before, and he was quite unimpressed by, even disappointed with, the County. There was too much for him in too small a space, and I believe he would have felt happier on Salisbury Plain. The desire for more open country was hardly satisfied even by the serene beauty of the downs. He had rather a boring holiday. The plainsman cannot appreciate my County and I'm afraid townspeople must be relegated to the same category. I have often sat on a gate on the Brighton road and watched the endless stream of traffic passing the best views in Sussex in its haste to get from London to Brighton, forsaking one town for another, one city with its cinemas for another with its amusement parks. One can bear them no grudge and, indeed, I derive pleasure from their ignorance of the true Sussex.

Sussex is essentially a slow County and therein lies its beauty: it is not the beauty of the sea which is so often rudely met by the white bastions of the downs, nor is it the beauty of the downs themselves, although they are a barrier greatly in keeping with the treasure they guard. I have been lying in the reeds beside the river at Amberley, with the downs as an endless backdrop to an ever-changing scene, watching a heron fishing while cars have raced by a few miles away in their haste to get to Littlehampton and its beaches—their occupants were turning their backs on the country in a sense metaphorical as well as literal. Go to the sea by all means, but turn your back on it and face the country which has allowed you passage. The slow and stately heron should perhaps be the emblem of Sussex, rather than the migrant martlet, for the heron is a true native of this County, and like those other true natives, he shuns visitors and withdraws himself from the human eye, becoming more and more secluded with the growing tide of immigrants.

But Sussex is a kind County, and if she must have progress, she will admit it, tempering it to fit her way of life. The gaunt old brick buildings of her public schools have been weathered to a mellow gold, and surrounded with the regrowth of slow relentless Nature until they have melted into the whole and are now accepted, no longer grudgingly, but with a certain pride as an addition to the already crowded landscape. The birds have returned to them, too; the nightingales sing in the young copses, and the cheeky chaffinch filches his crumbs from a more bountiful door. Even the railway, the black belching herald of the industrial revolution, has made little change to Sussex, but has had to bow to the inevitable. The trains, and I do not include the main line intruders, carry no bowler hatted office workers, no glowing metals flowing from roaring furnaces to further world chaos, but the railway has become a modern cornucopia, wending its indolent way across the weald, always late, but as stolidly certain as the Sussex dialect, gathering its burden of flour, milk, pigs and cattle, with the corpulent farmer arguing dogmatically with a railwayman who, being a Sussex man himself, stubbornly defends his master the railway, no matter how delinquent that master may be.

Yes, we are a slow County, but we have a great pride in our past. The Romans built their villas on the Sussex downs, and drove their great Stane Street from London through the virgin weald to do it. They were intruders, too, but they appreciated the ground on which they trod. Long before the black country looked even grey, Sussex had been the industrial centre of the country, as her old hammer ponds and charcoal smelters bear witness. She forsook the black arts at her first opportunity and her sons returned to the sod that bore them. Sussex saw the first and last conqueror in this island, and treated him with the silent scorn she metes out to all intruders. The past is

Maintenance Wing Notes

IT is a real pleasure nowadays to wander round the hangars in the very early morning, when all other sections are still in the land of dreams, to see the enthusiastic "key-men" of the Station busy at their allotted tasks, whistling merrily, glad to be back in harness after a break for the festive season. How does the old adage go? Something about "rising early makes Jack a dull boy"—or have I got it wrong?

Just because a Flight Sergeant wears dark glasses, it is no indication that overwork in the office has strained his sight. You will remember the reputation for gallantry he has made for his name already. Again the jolly little moustache bristled with manly effort but, sad to say, in the struggle he was beaten on points. Hence the black eyes.

The rumour that the sergeants are to take a course in the art of "baling out" from upper berths is, as yet, without confirmation. We know that one of that fraternity damaged his manly beauty somewhat by a rapid descent to the floor. Although it was at New Year, he stoutly maintains that he merely had a bad dream and turned over (and what a turn) in his sleep! Of course, we take his word for it, but the M.O. concerned wisely kept him under observation for twenty-four hours.

Strange though it may seem, Art, Brains and Beauty walk hand in hand in Maintenance, and the powers that be fully realise the fact. That is why, when a spot of redecoration was required in the dining rooms—mess sounds a trifle sticky—we had to step in and hold the brush. The results, as you can see for yourself—the motif cream-yellow groundwork with beautifully grained borders merging into egg blue-green horizons—are so conducive to the real enjoyment of, say, fat pork and a rich vanilla flavoured sweet. Anyhow, the Schicklegruber started as a painter!

Well, Christmas comes but once a year, etc. . . . We all wish, after experiencing such wonderful hospitality in so many Canadian homes, that it came more often. However, we are afraid that by the look of "revelry by night" in the eyes of those returning, that once is about as much as we can stand!

there again in Chichester Cathedral, in the market crosses, in the villages, in the silent aisles in Ashdown and St. Leonard's forests, cut, we are solemnly assured, by Old Nick himself long before the monks filled the hammer ponds with carp.

This, then, is the Sussex so few people know, the County of the weald, wedded to the dragging clay, crowded with beauty that it takes a lifetime to enjoy, refuge of the deep-rooted feudal system, the County with a past to revere and a present of which the Sussex man is justly proud, for as surely as the Seven Sisters ward off the sea from the Sussex weald, so surely will the men of Sussex, of silly Sussex if you want, ward off intruders today from their long-cherished clay.—A.E.



For Your Entertainment**R.A.F. Cinema, Penhold**

SOMEONE suggested recently that this month's article should consist of a report on the operation of the Cinema after one year. No doubt this suggestion was made in idle curiosity on the part of that "someone" to find out just how much profit, if any, had been made, and if so, why? However, the only really important fact is that at no time during the first twelve months did the audience riot and demand their money back. Perhaps they realised that to attempt it would be useless! Of course, whenever breakdowns occurred, there were cheers and a few moans, but they only served to encourage the Operators and seemed even to add to the entertainment of the evening. In any case, whoever heard of a Camp Cinema that did not break down! To report on the results of providing entertainment is always difficult, but the attendance figures for the last few weeks show that an increasing number of airmen have acquired the Cinema habit, and a "full house" seems to add to the enjoyment of the audience and also to the anxiety of the staff.

Those of you who are not contemplating an early return to the United Kingdom may wonder what plans there are for future months. Well, contracts have been arranged up to next Christmas, and excellent film programmes are dated a couple of months ahead; there are British pictures, such as "The Avengers" and "One Of Our Aircraft Is Missing," and the best of the Hollywood productions, including many comedies, musical and otherwise, not forgetting of course, all the colour films that can be booked.

Since some of the staff, whose photograph is reproduced in this issue, hope to be leaving this Station in the not-too-distant future, anyone who is keen to help carry on the Cinema is invited to come along one evening and possibly join the staff. Previous experience is not essential, although a general mechanical and/or electrical knowledge is invaluable for Operators.

FILMS TO COME

- Jan. 16-17—"LABURNAM GROVE." A British picture with Edmund Gwenn, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Victoria Hopper.
- Jan. 19—"EYES IN THE NIGHT." Edward Arnold and Ann Harding.
- Jan. 21—"WHITE CARGO." With Walter Pidgeon and Hedy Lamarr.
- Jan. 23-24—"MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH." Starring Fay Bainter and Vera Vague.
- Jan. 26—"THE MAGNIFICENT DOPE." With Henry Fonda and Lynn Bari.
- Jan. 28—"PANAMA HATTIE." With Red Skelton and Ann Sothern.
- Jan. 30-31—"PRIORITIES ON PARADE." With Ann Miller and Jerry Colonna.
- Feb. 2—"THE WAR AGAINST MRS. HADLEY." Edward Arnold, Fay Bainter.
- Feb. 4—"THE PALM BEACH STORY." Claudette Colbert, in witty comedy.
- Feb. 9—"ROAD TO MOROCCO." Starring Bing Crosby and Bob Hope.
- Feb. 16—"ORCHESTRA WIVES." George Montgomery, Glen Miller and band.

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SALESMEN!

Every month, with loyal regularity, a number of Magazine well-wishers sit at pay parades and sell you the "Log." This service is of the utmost importance to this publication, for without it the Magazine could not possibly reach so many of the men at this Station, and a drop in circulation would be somewhat serious just now, particularly as we have been deprived of the income formerly yielded by advertisements. So, to these friendly helpers our sincerest thanks are due for their consistent efforts.

Sergeants' Mess Chat

ON Christmas morning, true to custom, our members exchanged hospitality by accepting an invitation to visit the Officers' Mess. Later we reciprocated this courtesy. Both gatherings took place in an atmosphere of friendliness and cordiality. The great moment came, though, when we set out for the Airmen's Mess, where for a change we became waiters to the airmen. There was the Commanding Officer busily engaged in autographing menus, and evidently only too pleased to do so. All the Officers and Senior N.C.O.s seemed quite happy to give the lads an opportunity of saying, "Come along there, get a move on with that dinner." Having worked up an appetite worthy of a hunter, we adjourned to our own Mess, and it is only fair to say that our cooks did a really good job. S/Ldr. Phillips was present as Officer in Charge of the Mess, and he made a snappy speech which was duly replied to by W/O Sabin, our Chairman. After dinner we all reclined in the Mess, digging deep in the arm chairs and sofas, puffing away contentedly.

The Christmas Dance held on December 29th was a great success, and redounds to the credit of all who were associated with its organization.

We are privileged to record the New Year resolutions of a few of our members:

W/O Sabin and Sgt. Cook have resolved to be seen and not heard during 1943. F/Sgt. Turner has resolved to take a Course at Ponoka.

F/Sgt. Henn is determined to learn to fly an Oxford at any cost.

F/Sgt. Corfield has resolved to take a slimming diet, and to remove his face fungus.

F/Sgt. Keppel has resolved to roll in to breakfast one minute before instead of a minute after the hatch closes.

Sgt. Lowe has resolved to be a misogamist.

W/O Hart has resolved to use vaseline hair tonic instead of "Evening in Paris."

THE STATION CINEMA STAFF OFF DUTY

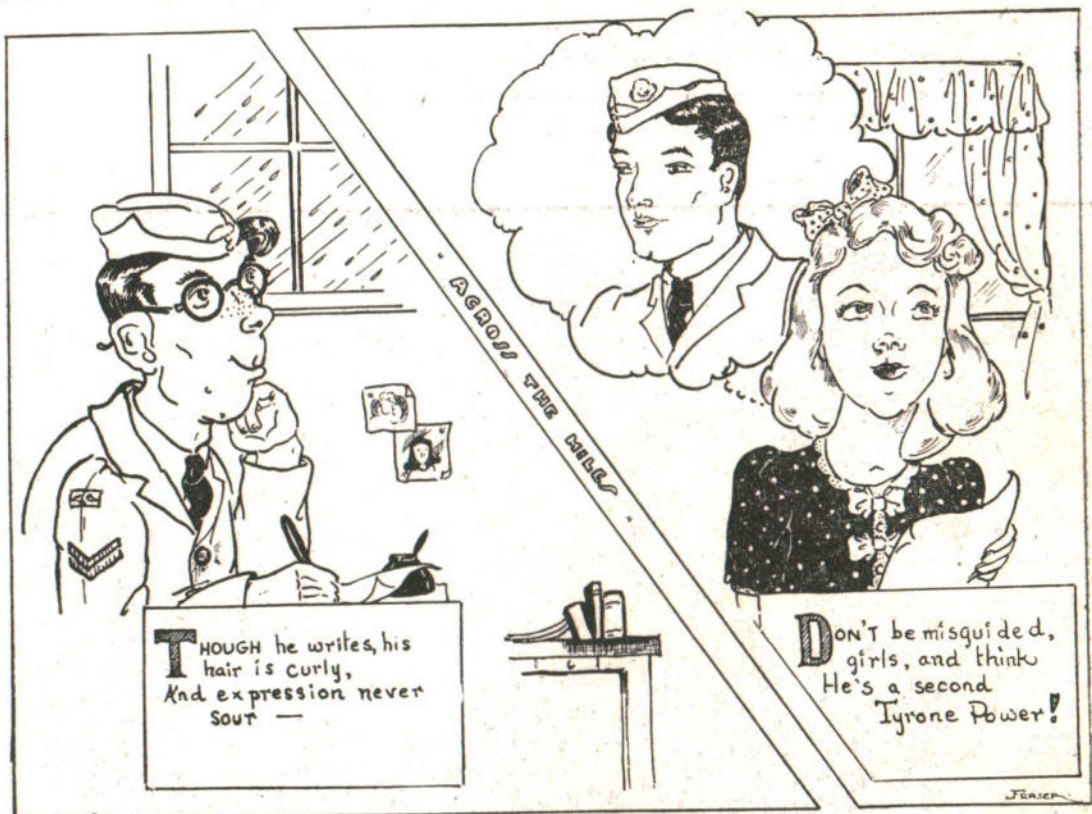


Corporals' Club Notes

SINCE the printing of the December issue of the "Log," the addition to the Club has been completed and the corporals now have a very comfortable room in which to enjoy an hour or two away from the toils and worries of everyday life on camp. The Corporals' Dance will live long in the memories of certain corporals as being the biggest disappointment yet. Let's not have a repetition. The Committee is endeavouring to bring together more corporals by organising various functions. On New Year's Eve about twenty corporals were present in the Mess, although we had hoped for more. However, on January 18th it is hoped that a large percentage of the corporals will be present at the dinner to be held at the Buffalo Hotel, so see that your name is on the list before the closing date.

Several LAC's have recently been promoted to Corporal, and to them we offer our congratulations, or should I say sympathy. However, we extend them a hearty invitation to the Corporals' Club, and in case you don't know, the monthly subscription of 25¢ is payable on the first pay day of each month.

The closing date for the Snooker Tournament will be past by the time this issue is in print. A Billiard Tournament will be organised later, however, so if you are not in the Snooker Tournament, be sure to get in for the Billiard Tournament. You don't need to be a crack player to enter such tournaments. There is no entrance fee, and you can have lots of fun even if you don't win. "Ted" P. has entered the Snooker Tournament, so if he is willing to enter, after his brilliant exhibition on New Year's Eve, then no other corporal need worry about being the "laughing stock," as "Ted" will take some beating. No offence meant, "Ted," but I hope I meet you in the Snooker.—J.W.



This cartoon was drawn by a young lady, resident in Edmonton, Alberta. She has depicted the type of airman visualized by a girl who is writing to a fellow without having seen him. And then she depicts the airman as he appears in reality. When you write to your pen pal, do you describe yourself faithfully? Someone seems to have rumbled us.



Homeward Bound

By GERALD DEAN

THE last signature had been obtained on the clearance chits, and the last of the batch for home left the Orderly Room. Cpl. Mustard closed the hatch with a sigh of relief. Thank heavens that was over. Departures en masse were always a bind. Lucky devils, he thought, going back to England. Back to grey skies, rain and mist, but still England. Back to the England of pleasant country lanes winding in and out and up hill and down dale, the fields lined with hedges and arrayed in a crazy quilt. The smell of the soil after the rain. The little villages nestling in the trees. The little streams and clumps of trees, the old white-washed thatched cottages, the Tudor houses, the stately homes—the Village Inn. The main roads, real roads linking the great cities and towns every few miles. And what cities! Bombed and blasted, many of them it is true, but still alive and bustling and with the combined beauty of the old and new. He thought of them as they were, dark at night in the blackout, but still full of life. The Cinemas, Cafes, Music Halls and Theatres—real flesh and blood actors—the shops, department stores, restaurants and hotels, the crowds of rushing, bustling, friendly people and the pubs. The pubs! The Four Ale bar, sawdust on the floor, a cheerful fire blazing, and the smiling buxom barmaid's "What'l you have, gentlemen!" He felt homesick—oh hell!

Canada wasn't a bad place, he ruminated. He had enjoyed it, liked the people and things. He preferred England, of course, but he'd keep his sense of proportion. After all, England was England. One couldn't expect to find England in Canada. That was the beauty of Great Countries—their individuality. To find Canada a poor copy of England, or vice versa, would be to cheapen both. Anyway, he'd only another eighteen months to go. He thought of AC Brownedoff. He was in that batch. Always growling about Canada and all things Canadian. Well, perhaps he'd be happy when once he got back to England. . . .

"Corporal! Corporal Mustard," bawled LAC DoLittle. "There's five new arrivals here. Replacements from England." "O.K.," said Mustard as he ambled over to the hatch to prepare their arrival slips. "Hullo, Johnnie," said a well remembered voice, and Johnnie looked up with a startled air to see Harry Cress grinning down at him through the hatch. "Well I'll be hanged," said Johnnie, "fancy you being in Canada. The last time we met was at, let me see, Netheravon. Gee, but I'm glad to see your silly face again! What brought you here?"

"Nothing very strange about me coming to Canada," replied Harry. "I volunteered. You see, one of our class, LAC Muggins, was on draft, and took ill at the last moment. I had met one of the fellows from your Unit who had just returned to England, and he shot us a wonderful line about life out here—lights, food, entertainment, people, hospitality, glorious scenery and so on, so I thought I'd like to see it. I took Muggins' place, and here I am." "Oh!" said Johnnie, idly filling up the forms, "what was the name of the chap?" "I don't suppose you'd know him," replied Harry, "he was a pretty poor type—name of Brownedoff!"

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COPY All copy is gratefully received by the Editor. When submitting copy, including Section Notes, etc., it would be appreciated if one side of the paper only is used. Wherever possible, typewritten copy is most helpful. Where it is written by hand, the more carefully executed, the greater the assistance to the Editor.

Officers' Mess Gossip

IT was a cold, wintry afternoon—two Flight Lieutenants alone in the Mess—they played billiards, they had tea-for-two, they played billiards—two or three other officers joined them for dinner. That was Christmas Day in the Officers' Mess. It may not sound a good advertisement for the mess, but indirectly it says a lot about Canada's famous western hospitality. Except for the "Duty Stooges," the Mess was deserted. Maybe it sounds like a crowd to the officer in charge at Innisfail. Early in the day the ante-room presented a more traditionally cheery aspect when we were hosts to the Sergeants' Mess before going off to serve Christmas dinner to the airmen. After that was over the sergeants invited us to their Mess to recuperate. Social contacts between the two Messes have flourished recently, with a table tennis and billiards tournament in the Officers' Mess—the officers winning on their home ground, thanks to their knowledge of the local natural hazards. Everyone voted that an exceptionally good evening.

The airmen's Christmas dinner went off without a hitch, at least from the waiters' point of view—not a single plate of soup down any neck, no turkey or plum pudding on any "best blue." We admired the steady nerve of the airmen who never flinched through the perils of an hour of amateur waiting. The spectacular enthusiasm of sundry officers we thought should qualify them as waiters on return to civil life, providing they avoid telling their customers "Keep your irons" (yes, some of the airmen were so overwhelmed they handed in their "irons" at the plate collecting stage of the business).

Noted at the December dance—a handsome backcloth for the bar consisting of much aeronautical heraldry surmounted by a control column rampant and the motto "Dedigitare" (which latter the bar stewards assured us applied to those in front of the bar, not the workers behind it.)—still another Conga line leader Teareing all over the place—the Penhold Conga trio might now put on an act.



R.A.F., Penhold, Entertains Local Kiddies To a Christmas Party

S.H.Q. Notes

Wise and Otherwise

By "JOE"

ADMINISTRATION. Those not engaged in administration are always critical of the number of slips, chits, memoranda and wordy letters that go with the performance of clerical work. The completion of forms in quadruplicate also seems to be the cause of complaint, as does the submission of application forms. However, of late, official advice has been received in which brevity in correspondence is urged. Read what the Duke of Wellington wrote to the Secretary of State for War in 1810:

"My Lord:—

"If I attempted to answer the mass of futile correspondence that surrounds me, I should be debarred from all serious business of campaigning.

"I must remind your Lordship—for the last time—that so long as I retain an independent position, I shall see that no officer under my command is debarred, by attending to the futile driveling of mere quill-driving in your lordship's office, from attending to his first duty—which is, and always has been, so to train the private men under his command that they may, without question, beat any force opposed to them in the field.

"I am, my lord, your obedient servant,

(Signed)"WELLINGTON."

GUESS WHO. Just below medium height, well built, with dark curly hair. Always courteous, and never too busy to deal with your particular query. Speaks carefully and with precision. His room is seldom without several visitors from all ranks. His work is of vital social importance to airmen, and through his agency an economy in personal expenditure can be enjoyed. A worthy member of a race small in representative number at this Unit, yet truly British, and on the right side in the present conflict. And, by the way, you must prepare an official order form when using the service for which he toils.

ELBOW GREASE. Half of the camp recently engaged in many hours of domestic duty on the occasion of an official visit. Husky men found themselves so successful in window cleaning, polishing and dusting as to put Mrs. Tickle to shame. Of course, the married men are doing their best to keep this fact from their wives, for they fondly imagine that when the war is over they'll do no more cleaning. Well, that's what they think.

* * * * *

Bless 'Em All!—Definitely, this is a better war. Yesterday we saw the first sergeant-major we have ever taken to at first sight. She was gorgeous.—London Free Press.



A Durango, Colo., moviemanager packed his theatre by giving each male patron a free kiss from his favourite usherette.—Dale Harrison in Newsweek.

The Padre's Notes**A HAPPY NEW YEAR**

DURING the last few days we have been wishing each other, with as cheerful a voice as possible, "A Happy New Year." Happiness is what we desire for each other more than anything else. It is clear that happiness is bound up with world conditions. Apart from our fellows and their condition, it is not to be found. It may be that a state of complete happiness will always evade us on this earth, but there is no denying that our greater happiness is dependent upon such things as world peace and general material well-being. If we are really meaning what we say when we extend this wish to each other, we shall be deeply concerned about the kind of peace which will follow the war and the social structure which is erected out of the ruins of a system which has proved itself quite inadequate to provide that ordered material and social environment which conditions our happiness.

Wishing is not nearly enough. Wishing it never brought anybody a happy new year. Nor is it something magical which relies upon the fulfilment of certain customs which are associated with this time of the year, e.g., whether it's a fair man or a dark one who first pokes his nose into our house after the old year has ended.

We need to get off to a good start. We do that when we translate our wishes into resolutions. Many have become cynical about resolutions. They will tell you they made them last year and have done so for a number of years, but that they soon broke them and in the end they gave it up as a bad job. Whether you are able to keep resolutions or not, I am certain it is beneficial to make them. It is better to have made resolutions and to have broken them than never to have made them at all. Well begun is half done, but it is only half done. You won't get very far in your search for happiness for yourself and the world if you stop there.

Keep going. Stick it. I know it is easy to say that, and it's very obvious. It's just here where we begin to despair. Anybody can keep his resolution for a day or two. How can we steadily keep them through the year? Of one thing I am quite sure, that no man, however physically fit and resolute, can do it in his own human powers.

You can't do it yourself. The sooner we acknowledge that the better for all of us. It may be a very humiliating admission, but there it is, and the essence of wisdom is to realise your true status in life. If we really want happiness we must recognize that we are very dependent beings and we draw the energies necessary for achievement not solely or chiefly from our human wills, feelings and intelligence, but from God. A leading French newspaper came out one morning just before the war began with this startling headline splashed right across its front page: "What a mess the world is in!" It always will be while men continue to act in reliance upon themselves. Here is an extract from a letter written by an English mother to her son in the war: "Your immortality is your strength. Do not brace yourself into a state of tension trying to build an artificial courage. This way your nerves will snap. Man cannot stand alone and should not try. Connect yourself now with the source of your being and rest secure on the only solid foundation affording a foothold now left in this world. Pray at any time about anything. Think continually 'God is with me.' A Presence will come that will never leave you."

THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

"He was no runner, but he took his place
 Within the lists, and tried to win the race.
 He was no cricketer, but all the same,
 He gave his time, and thought to learn the game.
 He made no brilliant feat with footer ball,
 But knew the rules and kept them—that was all.
 And when success to others would appear,
 Though he had failed, he was the first to cheer."

