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THE PENHOLD

YEAR

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DUTY

PILOT BROUGHT FORWARD

CANADA

ALBERTA

LOG

GRAND TOTAL

B.W. ROUGHTON

S.F.T.S.

36

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FEBRUARY



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Editorial

IT is very seldom, I suppose, that you, as a reader, pay much attention to the personnel of the Editing Staff. If you care to raise your eyes a matter of two to three inches you will see that, once more, we have lost a good editor. LAC Hart, a worthy successor to Cpl. Martin, has, for personal reasons, decided to discontinue in the post of Editor of the "Penhold Log." Although only Editor for three months, he has pulled the "Log" through a critical period. The loss of all advertisements, the lack of contributions and pressure of service work, all combined to make the job of Editor somewhat exacting. I know, and you can easily realise, what LAC Hart has done for the "Penhold Log." It is only fitting that I record here the appreciation of the "Penhold Log" staff and its many readers. LAC Hart will remain on the staff of the "Log" just as long as this is possible.

And finally, the old war cry—what about some contributions? The position, I am glad to say, has greatly improved in the last few months, but there is still a pressing need for more. A magazine, like everything else, either goes forward or backward—it cannot stand still. Our progress to a better and brighter magazine depends on you. Put your shoulder to the wheel and your pen to paper. Do it NOW, and let's have 'em.

Missing--Believed Killed

This article is an extract from a personal letter received by an officer of this unit from his brother, who was reported believed missing or killed last Christmas, 1941. The letter brought the good news that all was well. It is an exciting and authentic document.—Ed.

I SHALL now try to give you an account of what has happened to me since the Japanese declared war. I was at that time C.O. of an Australian fighter squadron in Singapore. During the first few days nothing happened of interest except for the disaster of the "Prince of Wales," whose death struggles I witnessed from about twenty feet. We had, of course, arrived on the scene just as the last Jap bomber left. Taken from a purely academical point of view, it was an interesting sight and definitely something about which I shall be able to tell my grandchildren. Actually, I was so damned interested that I forgot about petrol and eventually just scraped into the nearest aerodrome with precisely one gallon left in my tank after crossing eighty miles of sea and eighty miles of completely unlandable jungle, thinking that I should run out at any moment.

The next thing of interest that happened was on December 12th, when I was told to take the squadron up country. I got them all up to Ipoh and then was ordered to take five on to Penang. I landed with three of them and let the others guard the aerodrome while we were refuelling. They then landed to refuel in their turn. Just as they had started to take on gasoline, as they would say in your part of the world, what should appear over Penang but 27 Japanese fighters. I managed to get off with one other Buffalo. One motor didn't start, and the others were still refuelling. We climbed up and as I came round a big cumulus cloud at about ten thousand feet, I saw the Japs coming straight towards me and above me. They had not seen me, so I thought the best thing to do was to make a head-on attack from underneath, take them by surprise and hope that they would be thrown into complete confusion.

Now, if it hadn't been for the fact that Penang had been strafed continually by Japanese fighters since the war started, and the inhabitants had never seen a sign of an R.A.F. machine, I would certainly have got out at this period myself. I never liked taking on big numbers, anyway, but to take on big numbers without someone to stick around and watch my tail is not my idea of fun and games at all. However, I was vastly overconfident in my own ability and felt that one could not possibly be shot down by a Jap. Also, I was under the impression that the Buffalo was worth three of their kites. And so it came to pass that, like a blithering fool, I attacked them and then proceeded to make a series of mistakes for which I shall never forgive myself. I was quite certain that I could outmanoeuvre them, and instead of realising straight away that I couldn't, it took me about two minutes of being shot to blazes to wake up and alter my tactics. Things lasted a little longer and then a Jap got on my tail and put a burst straight into the cockpit. One bullet went through my thigh and the petrol tank, which in the Buff is under your feet, went off with the devil of a bang. I really did think for a moment that I was all up. Then suddenly I remembered my chute. I left the aeroplane in a highly unorthodox manner, which might be worth remembering. I just pulled the harness safety catch and kicked the stick like the deuce. This had the same effect which catapults of ancient times had on prisoners who were being returned to the besieged city and, to put it mildly, I went for six. I did a bit of a delayed drop and then pulled the cord. The first thing I saw was a Jap diving on me. He made five attacks in all, and I really thought that I was for it. Each time he opened fire, I climbed up one side of the chute,

making it drop faster, and although he hit it quite a lot, not a single bullet got me. When I was at about 300 feet he broke off and I was able to look at the ground for the first time. It consisted of the top of a mountain covered in pretty dense jungle. I managed to pick out one spot where the trees were fairly small and slipped my chute towards it. To clear some high trees, I had to keep on slipping until I was almost on the ground and so landed with a considerable crash. However, I was so darned glad to be on the ground alive that I did not really notice it. I then took a look at my condition, which was far from good. I had no skin left on my arms or hands from the elbows downwards and, judging from the smell, the flesh still seemed to be burning which was far from pleasant. The right leg of my overalls was burnt and my left thigh was pumping out blood at a most alarming rate. It seemed fairly obvious that unless I found help fairly quickly, I shouldn't have much hope. I set off through the jungle and was very relieved to come on a path almost at once. I staggered on down this until my leg gave up the ghost, and I then proceeded to pass out from loss of blood. I must have kept on yelling for help, as the next thing I can remember is a native coming up the path towards me. Luckily he spoke quite good English, being a fairly civilised kind of native. I told him how to put a tourniquet on my leg and we managed to stop it bleeding. He then gathered his two small sons and started to construct a stretcher out of some branches and an old sack. This took a certain time, but was a work of art by the end of it. Then came the problem of three very small people carrying thirteen and a half stone down five miles of precipitous hill through the jungle. How they did it I don't know. I certainly owe my life to their persistence. They could not keep going more than fifteen yards without a rest, and I certainly owe my life to them. In all it took five hours. When eventually we reached the road, they commandeered a car and got me to hospital. They would not leave me until they saw me on the operating table.

I was only one day in the Penang hospital and then had to be evacuated. This entailed a 21-hour train journey lying on the floor of the guards-van without any medical assistance on board. Luckily there was a drug-addict among the evacuees, and so I was not entirely without relief. I was then put in another hospital for two days and then once more evacuated. This was a 22-hour journey, the only difference being that I did not have the guards-van to myself, there being some thirty other unfortunates in it. Eventually I landed up in hospital in Johore, which is just across the straits from Singapore. I was nearly dead, but after being on the D.I. list for some time, I began to make a fairly quick recovery and emerged after five weeks, weighing just over ten stone and with visions of being light enough to ride in the National at Aintree.

A thing which I forgot to mention earlier on in this letter is that when I landed up at Penang I was greeted as a national hero, being reputed to have shot down three Japs before I was shot down myself. The ack-ack gunners swear to this, although I myself don't believe it as I cannot remember seeing any go down. I think they must have shot each other in the confusion. However, it did give me some satisfaction.

* * * * *

Oh Boy, What A Capture!

A staff officer in the Western Desert, tired of office life, asked permission to go out on a camel with a tommy-gun, as a kind of one-man Commando. After much argument, permission was granted.

For a long time nothing was heard of him. There was great excitement therefore when one day a message was received from him:

"Rommel captured; returning today."

What a capture! What a story! All waited breathlessly for the hero's return with his distinguished prisoner.

Hopes were dashed, however, by a second message. It read: "For 'Rommel captured' read 'Camel ruptured.' Am returning today."

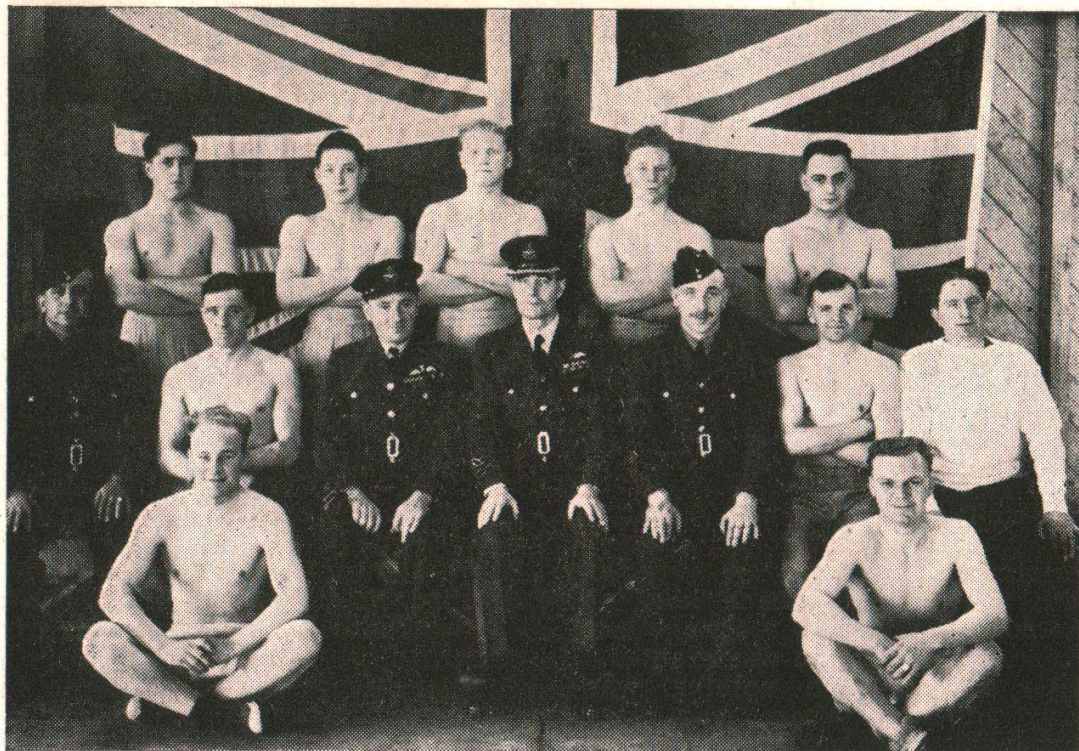
CORPORALS' CLUB NOTES

ANOTHER month has passed, and by the time this Log is for sale, most of us will be waiting feverishly for our postings to Moncton and for the order "fall in facing the boat," as a certain sergeant, no longer with us, was in the habit of shouting. The Snooker Tournament is proceeding satisfactorily, but certain corporals who anticipated an easy game in the first round were very badly shaken and, in fact, were lucky to proceed into the second round. Ted put up a poor show and was well and truly beaten. Was he, by any chance, playing for his handicap? It is now proposed to run a Snooker Handicap, and it is hoped that more corporals will enter.

I cannot comment on the Corporals' Dinner very well, being prevented from being present myself. From reports received, however, it would appear that a good time was had by all and that the dinner was voted a success by the majority of the forty corporals present. We were very pleased to have the Commanding Officer and the Senior Administration Officer as guests at the dinner. It is rumoured that certain members of the Committee are expecting to receive their "crowns," at least within the next few days. According to the heavy eyes of some of the corporals the following day, it would appear that several of them had a "smell of the barman's apron," or perhaps it was just the effects of Coca-Cola, that delicious drink which is the "live-saver" of so many Canadians, particularly the female sex.

What is the true story of the corporal who was missing from his bed at 0300 hours on the morning following the dinner? Where was he found, and who found him? No prize is offered for the correct answer, but maybe our illustrious Treasurer could throw a little light on the subject. Why not ask him, Mac?

Before these notes are in print, it is hoped that the Sergeants will have accepted the challenge by the Corporals to a Snooker Match. It would, perhaps, be unwise to comment further on the outcome of the match at this stage. It is to be hoped, however, that the Sergeants are better snooker players than they are singers, otherwise they are in for a real "licking."—J.W.



THE STATION BOXING TEAM

The Slopes of The Pacific

HERE lies, on the far west of Canada, a beautiful countryside. It is a country of imposing mountains, roaring rivers, lovely streams. And it is a new country. Not yet has the hand of man subdued it, although the process is proceeding. One has the feeling, in this sea of mountains, that man never will succeed, as he has in Europe, in subduing the earth and becoming a part of it. The face of Nature here is too big. The streams are too untameable. Man is dwarfed in this land, as he is in Asia, by the scale of things. Never can those who live in the mountainous maze of British Columbia ever be far from the wilds. Always there will be, to the North, over the next range, the beginning of that unknowable land which stretches to the Pole and even beyond. British Columbians, like all Canadians, are always aware that they live on the edge of civilization—at the threshold of the silences of the Arctic.

The primeval wilderness of British Columbia is not yet conquered. The struggle goes on at an unprecedented pace. Within the memory of living men the magnificent harbour of Vancouver was forested down to the water's edge. They have seen the metropolis supersede the work of thousands of years of unguided Nature. Nature was almost an enemy. She had planted forests and the forest must be cleared away so that man could use the earth. To men who have had to uproot a forest of giants and build cities and farms in its place, nothing can ever be impossible. The possible is limited only by the bounds of the imagination and the will to achieve. If such men believe in miracles and the power of men to move mountains, it is because they have become accustomed to seeing and doing these things.

The traveller who is used to a European landscape sees a wild beauty and a rawness not usual in Europe. There, countless generations have lived close to their surroundings. They have not only become part of the natural setting, they have transformed the valleys and hills into something akin to themselves. Little in Europe, except the Alpine heights, gives man a sense of insignificance in his relations with Nature. The hills of Bavaria, Austria and the Balkans do not dwarf the work of his hand and brain. He can build to the scale of his surroundings. Never will man build his chalets and palaces to the scale of the Rockies. Man must always be smaller than they. But he will learn to live with them and he will find a way of life peculiar to himself and to what the mountains have made of him, just as the Switzer has done. This will take many generations, but the process has begun. Some day a race of people will be bred here, formed by the overshadowing majesty of great peaks and mighty ranges, by the irresistible lure of angry rivers coming out of mountain silences and the strange northern forests, and slackening their pace across the fertile valleys so as not to meet their parent Pacific with too rude a flow.

In Europe, men have had twenty centuries to create an atmosphere; in British Columbia, scarcely one. But on countless farms still being cleared, and in many cities, towns and villages, a way of life is being worked out. An atmosphere is being created, native to the Pacific slopes and peculiar to the many races who are being transformed there, as their ancestors were transformed in Europe. These things cannot be spoken of easily. The processes are not easy to comprehend. We, who belong to the Pacific shores, feel them taking place. We know we are arriving at something new. What it will be no one knows. This is a new world—the newest of all. And we are a part of it and of the opening drama of the Pacific Bowl.—A.G.K.

Accounts Section

HOSTILITIES commenced when a person in another section stated that the Accounts was generally regarded as Penhold's "haven of rest." Nothing could be further from the truth; nothing could surpass our astonishment at this popular misconception. Consider, for example, that handful of gallant men in the equipment branch of Accounts who, day and night, strive desperately to set the world right (in accordance with CAP. 16, Vol. 1, 11 and 111). There can be no doubt that our worries are multifarious. Hasteners are probably one of our chief bugbears, and yet they seem to afford considerable amusement to most sections, although occasionally a gentleman strides in to see us, and with a menacing flourish of our "little buff expedite," demands to know what we mean by sending him a hastener, when the voucher is only three months overdue. Neither is he consoled by our suggestion that even if his name were Throgmorton Smith-Cuthbertson, it shouldn't take him three months to write his signature.

Several times each week an apparition, wearing overalls, enters our domain and hands across the counter what at first sight appears to be a piece of oily waste. A further inspection proves it to be a duplicate copy of an E.42, and our visitor, seeing that we recognise the object, pushes forward another piece of oily waste which serves as a receipt book. In this we make a bold attempt to scratch our name through several stratas of grease, and the voucher is then hung up to air. But that voucher has an evil influence, for by the process of auto-suggestion, it changes the conversation in the section from Rocky Mountain House to the Russian Caucasian battle front, with a consequent lowering of morale.

Why is it that whenever we attempt to adjust someone's misguided views on equipment procedure, he feels we are wasting his time? Why is he prompted to gaze in supercilious contempt across our office, and ask us which is the most important—fooling around with vouchers, or fixing up the kites (known as aeroplanes in the Accounts Section)? It is only one of our problems.

Pay Accounts also have their trials, for most flight-mechs seem to have got the idea that their being "broke" is sufficient reason for demanding a casual payment. Often one of these gentry enters, and walking round the counter (after a disdainful glance at the large notice forbidding it), slaps the sergeant on the back. Then he invariably says, "Oi! sarge, P/O — says you gotta give me some dough, I'm broke." The sergeant is suitably impressed, and, unperturbed, gazes steadily at the little frame on his desk, at the same time reading aloud the words, "Now abideth Faith, Hope and Charity, and the greatest of these is Charity." With a tear in his eye, he plunges his hand into his pocket and, withdrawing a coin, deposits it in the hand of our visitor. I might add, incidentally, that as far as an applicant for a casual payment is concerned, Hope would probably be more appropriate than either Faith or Charity.

Other folk visit us with repayment vouchers and, smiling blandly, ask us to initial prices on a form E.26. They are deeply hurt when we inform them that 75¢ is a rather modest estimate of the value of a new tunic, a pair of trousers, and a complete change of underwear. We have reached the conclusion that such folk regard the word "repayment" in its more literal sense, as being something in the nature of a dividend.

In view of the above, which represents only a fraction of our troubles, I think you'll agree that there was no justification for chipping the gilt off our good name. It is an established fact that overwork has driven many of our staff to drink, and if the amount they drink is in proportion to the amount of their overwork—they sure must have suffered.

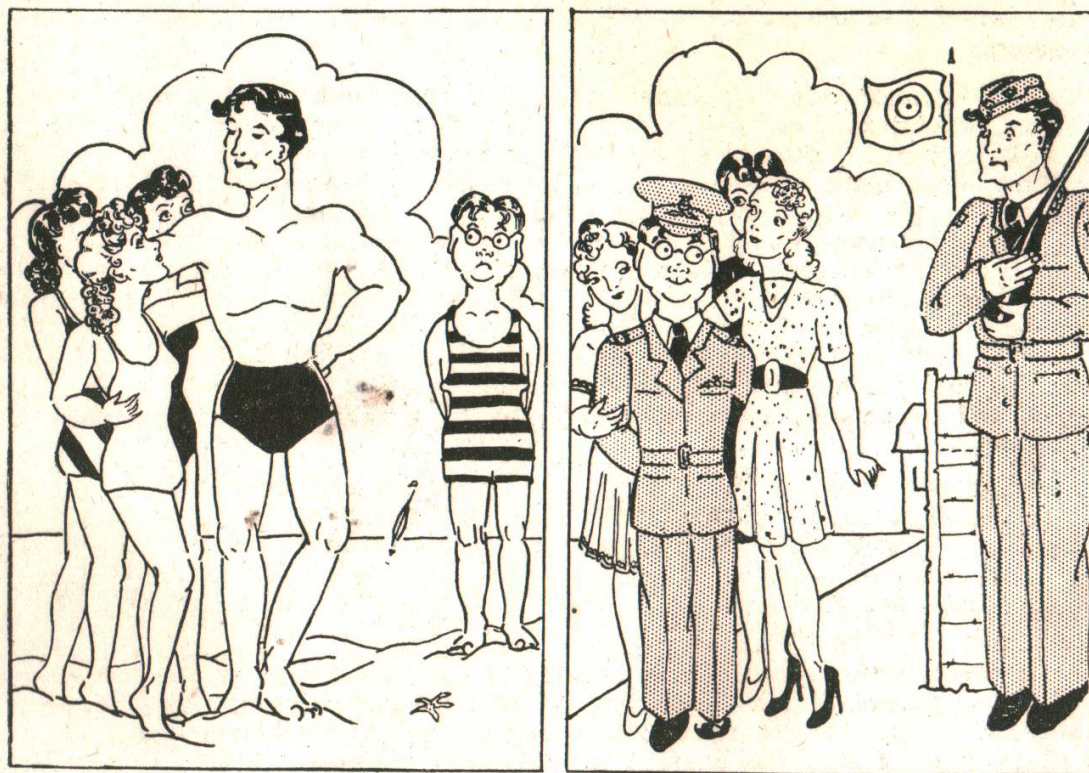
SERGEANTS' MESS GOSSIP

IT has been decided to introduce to the junior members of the mess the intricacies and worries of the various Mess Committees, as it is felt that the advent of new members during the past few months has resulted in there being a preponderance of junior members, and a consequent lack of representation of the junior members on the committees. It is too early to report on the success or otherwise of this venture, but it is confidently expected that all members will afford every co-operation to these committees. There is certainly no lack of enthusiasm, but they need the support of all members to ensure that things run smoothly to the advantage of the mess as a whole.

One of our members, who is renowned (or notorious) for his prophetic utterances, has booked a room at a Calgary Hotel for Stampede Week in July. He is one of those unfortunates who should be expecting repatriation in the near future. Evidently, he has the "gen," but whether it is pukka or duff, time alone will tell!

"Doc" Ford, our esteemed medical man, has been experimenting in the fermentation of "gravy" and has met with such astounding success that there is some speculation as to whether his effort will be recognized by the award of the Air Efficiency Medal.

"Scottie," the Canadian Snooker wizard, has reached the peak of his form, it was revealed yesterday. It would appear that he has broken his previous remarkable record of aiming at the black, missing it, pocketing three reds, and after circuiting the table four times finally pocketing the black. His new feat is to approach the white ball surreptitiously, making sure that the black doesn't see him and, according to him, make a deliberate mis-cue, thereby causing the white ball to travel to the far end of the table, hitting the edge of the right-hand pocket, then shooting to the left, doing the same stunt there, coming out into the centre of the table and finally potting the black in the left-hand pocket at the other end of the table and positioning itself squarely for the next red.



IT DOES MAKE A DIFFERENCE

Recreation at Penhold

SUNDAY NIGHT ENTERTAINMENTS

The following programme has been put on during January:

10th January—Concert of "Popular Classics" by the Music Appreciation Group.

17th January—Concert by the Elks Jamboree Concert Party of Calgary.

24th January—Concert of "Popular Classics" by the Music Appreciation Group.

31st January—"Music On Parade," a Concert by the Station Dance Orchestra and guest artistes.

The Music Appreciation Group have again rendered splendid service during the month, both by their programmes on Wednesdays and Fridays and those on Sunday nights. It speaks volumes for the producers, F/Lt. Attwater and F/O Sewell, and the Station, that the Sunday night "Popular Classics" concerts attract an audience of 150.

Once more the Calgary Co-Ordinating Council for Entertainment sent us an excellent party during the month. The Hall, as usual on these occasions, was packed and the audience, also as usual, was keen on points of beauty of form and vocal expression. Two hours of rich variety passed rapidly. No words of praise are too extravagant to apply to these parties from Calgary who visit us each month. However cold the weather, they always turn up and have never failed to give us an enjoyable evening. They do not get back to Calgary until the early hours on Monday morning, and most of them have to be at work by eight o'clock, yet they count it a pleasure to visit us and to entertain us. We are deeply grateful to them.

The following programme is expected to be followed during February:

7th February—Calgary Concert Party—The Eaton Revue.

14th February—Brains Trust.

21st February—Popular Classics.

28th February—Concert by the Station Choir and guest artistes.

BADMINTON. Since Christmas, the Badminton Club has not been quite so live as it was when play began. The progress of the Tournament has been painfully slow, but it is hoped that, with the passing of this devitalising cold spell, interest in this game will burgeon anew. Members of the team were disappointed at not being able to play at the Red Deer Club on January 12th. Shortage of fuel had obliged the authorities to cut off the heat in the Intermediate School Gym. Arrangements have been made to fix a games evening with the Red Deer Club sometime in February. The only other outstanding match is against Bowden, at Bowden on February 24th.

BASKETBALL. Interest in Basketball is growing, and rightly so, because it is undoubtedly one of the finest and most strenuous of games. Since the New Year, we have been trying to get a station team going. This has interfered slightly with the League matches, but now that the team is fairly well established, it will be possible to continue with the inter-section tournament. So far, two matches have been played, both against the High School. Results: 18.1.43 High School 20; R.A.F. 14. 21.1.43 High School 28; R.A.F. 16. A fixture has been arranged with Bowden on February 9th and 24th.

BOXING. A Boxing Tournament was held on Tuesday, January 26th, and with the introduction of the Pupils, created some very keenly fought bouts. The results were as follows: LAC Parks (71 Course) won on points from LAC Lyle (Maintenance Wing) in the Welterweight bout. LAC Wagstaffe (Maintenance Wing) won on points from LAC Cooke (69 Course) in another Welterweight bout. LAC Fowler (Maintenance Wing) won on points from LAC Parsons (69 Course) in the Heavyweight bout for the C.O.'s Cup. Walter Abbott (age 13) from Red Deer won on points from Douglas Welliver (age 14), also from Red Deer. These two juniors gave a very interesting display. LAC Lewis (69 Course) scored a technical K.O. over LAC Bath (67 Course) at the end of the second round. The Lightweight bout between LAC Taylor (Maintenance Wing) and AC Gamble (S.H.Q.) ended with no decision. This proved a very entertaining exhibition, both showing good style and clever boxing.

LAC Kempster (71 Course) won on points from LAC Madden (S.H.Q.) in the Lightweight bout for the Buffalo Cup. LAC Quinn (Maintenance Wing) scored a technical K.O. over LAC Crane (69 Course) in the Middleweight (Eaton Cup) bout. At the conclusion of the evening, the trophies were presented by the Commanding Officer. LAC Stevenson was unable to defend his title as holder of the C.O.'s Cup, as he was scheduled to fight at Edmonton on January 30th.

CHOIR. The second half of the season opened on Monday, January 11th, 1943, with the Second Annual General Meeting. After the reports by the President, LAC Brian Gray, and the Secretary, Cpl. Jack Seaward, which summarised the past year's activities, new officers were elected for the coming year. A very successful Choir Supper was held at the Buffalo Hotel, Red Deer, on Tuesday, January 19th, when the guests were Group Captain W. B. Farrington, D.S.O.; S/Ldr. A. Phillips, F/Lt. T. D. G. Carstairs, F/O W. F. Miller and Sgt. O'Neil. During the supper and concert, a number of photographs were taken by Sgt. O'Neil. A number of special comedy and novelty items are at present in course of preparation for the Camp Concert, and it is hoped to arrange for guest artists to be present, so that even if you don't come to hear the Choir, it is hoped that a full house will be present to give the big hand to our guest artists.—J.S.

DANCES. Dances have been held in the Recreation Hall on the last three Wednesdays of January. Despite the weather, the girls turned up as loyally as ever. In addition to playing at all these Wednesday Dances, the Dance Band has fulfilled other engagements on and off the Station. They make a very valuable contribution to the entertainment life of the Station and their work is very highly appreciated.

DISCUSSION GROUP. The following subjects have been discussed during the month: "That the progress of Science does not necessarily make for the advancement of civilisation." "That world-peace is largely dependent upon changes in the economic structure." "The essentials of democracy." The first meeting of the month was just on the point of winding up when we had a visit from S/Ldr. Flynn, who very kindly instructed us for an hour in the subject of the merits of New Zealand. The discussion on the second subject was made very informative by a very comprehensive and clear account by Cpl. Urquhart of the operation of national and international finance. The meetings of the Discussion Group are held each Tuesday at 20.00 hours in the Chapel, and a very cordial invitation is extended to all who are interested. It is hoped in the near future to build up a small library of books relating to the topics which are being discussed, and this will be available to all members free of charge.

ICE HOCKEY. Given a chance by the weatherman, this game flourished exceedingly well. Many novices are becoming good players, and are spending much time skating and practising the different aspects of Canada's winter sport. At the time of going to press, it was hoped that finals could be scheduled to pick the winning team of the Station League. There is a chance on some team for every man on the station who wishes to play.

MODEL AIRCRAFT CLUB. For the past two months the Model Aircraft Club has been meeting in the G.I.S. The Club nights are normally Tuesday and Thursday, but some keen members make a seven-night week. Gas and rubber powered models are being built, and also gliders. Equipment for model-making is available and there is adequate cupboard storage for materials. New members will be welcomed, and past experience is not necessary. Information can be obtained by calling at the G.I.S. on any club night between 1900-2130 hours. It is hoped to hold a display of models in the very near future, when it is anticipated that some of the models will be seen in operation.

SWING CLUB. Everything is going swell in the Swing Club, but it is thought that there are more fans on the station than attend the meetings, so why not go along and take a friend or two on Monday nights. The "Jive King" (AC Pickup) made a record for us at CFAC in Calgary a short time ago, including the following tunes: "Boogie Woogie," "Quiet, Please" and "Living High," all by Tommy Dorsey; "Carioca" and "Traffic Jam," by Artie Shaw, and "Body and Soul" by Coleman Hawkins. It is hoped that this recording will be played

Tales of the Duty Signaller (3)

“YOU remember the last story I tells you about them Poles, sir,” said the duty signaller, whilst we were waiting for the last aircraft to land. “Yes,” I said. “Have you got any more to tell me about them.” “Well, I recall to mind a couple which sort of shows you ’ow crazy them all was. It was like this ’ere, sir. There was a group of them at a OTU where they was flyin’ Battles for trainin’ and part of this trainin’ was to go to a bombin’ range and drop a few bombs to see whether they was any good at it. Well, one day two of these ’ere Poles was sent up to go and do this stunt, and they seemed very keen like to get crackin’ on the job. The whole trip usually took about an ’our and a ’arf, and the blokes in charge started to get rather worried when these two ’ad been gone about three ’ours and ’adn’t shown up either at the bombin’ range or at the aerodrome durin’ that time.

“Well, at last they comes in to land and cor you should ’ave seed their aeroplane—it were all shot to ’eck wiv about a ’undred bullet ’oles and large lumps of shrapnel all over it. It were a proper mess, I tell you. The ’igher uppers were all in a flap over it all and wanted to know what ’ad gone on like, and this is what ’appened. I’ve told you these Poles was crazy, but I never reckoned on them bein’ this crazy—you see, they thought to themselves that as they ’ad bombs on board they might as well do some good wiv ’em rather than waste them on a ordinary bombin’ range. So off they trots to a port on the coast of France, Dieppe I think it were, and dollops the whole lot over the ’arbour installations so as to ’ave a crack at the Jerry sort of buckshee like. Cor they didn’t ’arf cop it.

“Another story I ’eard from my pal Joe at a fighter station about these Poles was like this. These ’ere Poles they ’ad there was all fully trained as fighter pilots and all they wanted was to ’ave a crack at the Jerry in cold blood. They usually ’ave a English Squadron Leader in charge of ’em so’s there’s no muckin’ about like, but this one found out wot a lot they were. ’E took ’em up one day on a scramble and after about five minutes ’e spots a whole formation of Messerschmidts below ’im and gives the order over the R/T to attack in a certain formation, but when ’e looks around to see that all ’is planes are in their proper positions, ’e finds ’isself all alone in the sky. Right below ’im was all ’is sprogs millin’ around wiv the Jerry and ’avin’ a glorious time, in spite of all their orders as to ’ow they wasn’t to leave their Squadron Leader in the cart like. They got four Me’s that day, but two of the silly mokes forgot to lower their undercart when they come in to land and all they did was to grin and jabber about ’ow they ’ad ’ad a good poke at Jerry. Downright crazy, I calls it, but they’re good blokes to ’ave around you in a tight spot, I reckon.

“Well, ’ere’s the last kite in, sir. I vote we calls it a day or rather a night in a correct manner o’ speakin’.”—NEMO.

over the air in the near future, and we all sincerely hope that it is enjoyed by everyone.

TENNIS. With the temperature registering such phenomenal figures at the moment, it would seem blasphemous to even breathe the word “tennis,” which one usually associates with a green sward, brilliant sunshine, overhanging willows, thin summer frocks and lively chatter. But don’t let the snows or dropping temperatures deter you from making to the drill shed for a set of tennis. At the moment, little progress has been made so far as play is concerned, but this has been due entirely to the fact that improvements have been made to the court and the equipment. There are many enthusiasts for this game, and it is intended to run teams from sections, competitions, and as the form permits, to play any games with the outside world that can be arranged. We look to all, good or bad, to trot along and hand their names to the representatives of their sections.



The Station Dance Band



The Skier—Courtesy P/O H. Jackson



After the Blizzard—Courtesy S/Ldr. J. B. Flynn

*This is EDMONTON
TALK & TALK AT THE CAFE ON THE CORNER ("DOLLAR")*



The Choir Supper

INFORMATION, PLEASE

IN our last instalment we had to inform you that unless we received queries, this section of the "Log" could not continue. Well, for this month's issue we have been able to enlist the support of our Accounts Section, thereby averting the premature removal of "Information, Please." It is up to you to decide whether this is temporary or permanent.

Post-War Credit. The United Kingdom Government is setting aside for every airman sixpence a day for each day of "paid" service from January 1st, 1942, to be paid out after the war. Note the emphasis on "paid"—if you forfeit pay, you also lose post-war credit.

Your "Credits" will be paid when the Air Ministry authorises general release of these savings, unless you have previously left the service. No amount is actually credited at present, but a record of the number of days paid service is kept progressively with your account in the United Kingdom. When you are discharged, you will be given a statement showing the amount standing to your credit and also to whom application for payment should be made when the credits are released. In the event of death, the Air Ministry will pay the amount then due to an airman's estate. If invalided from the service, post-war credit will be paid on discharge by the Accountant Officer. If appointed to a commission, post-war credit as an airman will be reported to the Air Ministry, for record and payment at the date of the general release.

War Pay. War Pay is issued during wartime in addition to ordinary rates of pay. This pay was increased from sixpence to one shilling per day from October 1st, 1942, but it is neither drawn by you nor credited to your account while you are on Canadian rates of pay. The day the boat sails, you will draw R.A.F. pay, including War Pay, again.

Good Conduct Pay. The same applies to Good Conduct Pay. You can be awarded a G.C.B. whilst you are in Canada, because the time counts wherever you are serving, but you do not receive the Badge Pay in Canada and it is not credited to your account in England. Contrary to current rumours, there is no Long Service and Good Conduct Medal for service in Canada—yet!

Family Allowance. Family Allowance paid to wives residing in the United Kingdom was also increased from October 1st, 1942. Children's Allowances are now: 9/6 per week for one child; 18/- per week for two children, and 7/6 per week for each additional child.

* * * *

Do You Know--

That lawyers earn a living by the sweat of their browbeating?

That a true musician, when he hears a beautiful blonde singing in the bath, puts his ear to the key-hole?

That dignity can't be preserved in alcohol?

That night clubs are places where tables are reserved and guests aren't?



Are You Lucky This Month?

Instead of a lucky number this month, three chits, authorising you to report to S.H.Q. for a cinema pass for a month, have been inserted in three separate copies of this magazine. As soon as you find it, if you are lucky, report to S.H.Q.

Have a good look—you may be lucky.—Ed.

“Everything Happens To Me”

“SAY, Joe, here’s the thing we’re looking for.” I looked up from the gun I was cleaning to see Andy, eagerly perusing the latest copy of D.R.O.’s which had just been brought into the Armoury. Now Andy and I were keen motorcyclists, but of late we had seldom been able to get out together for, when not working, our time seemed to be taken up doing guard duties, fire picquets, duty armourer and the like. I gave a long last push to the cleaning rod, knocked my knuckles on the barrel and, breathing an Air Force benediction on all guns in general, I sauntered over and, following Andy’s eagerly pointing finger, I read: “Station Band—Two experienced drummers wanted immediately. Applicants to be at the Band Room at 18.00 hours, sharp.” My eyes lit up. I always had wanted to be a musician, and wear a shoulder cord on parade—and a bandsman’s badge—and also members were excused ALL Station duties.

At 17:45 hours, Andy and I were in the Band Room, ready to prove that we were the World’s ace drummers. But there were snags—six of them—in the form of other would-be musicians, and I began to feel uneasy; after all, I had never even played on a triangle before. Sgt. Clamp, the bandmaster, arrived and began to ask awkward questions—could we play from music, what was the difference between four-four and six-eight time. I slunk to the rear and by the time my turn came, had a good working knowledge of percussion music. So far so good, but now came the practical test—beating out the various times, and worst of all “playing off the beat.” So simple it seemed, but I couldn’t cope and began to see myself doomed to a life of permanent Guard Duty. Andy was all smiles for he had played in a Boys’ Brigade Band and turned out to be a second Teddy Brown. I was preparing to leave with the other dejected lads, when Clamp asked if anyone could play the cymbals. The others thought this far too low an occupation, but comparing the weight of a rifle and bayonet with that of a pair of cymbals, I remarked casually that I’d have a go.

Now this particular Station was the home of “Bull” and each morning, colour hoisting parade was held at 08.00 hours, after which the Sections were marched off to work headed by the Station Band. So it came to pass that one fateful morning there was much commotion in the ranks of the Armament Section as the Band marched on to the square and took up its usual position directly behind that Section. Heads were turned, hands raised to mouths and a sound of muffled “raspberries” was heard. From that moment on I realised that the main attribute of a cymbal player is not a playing technique, but a really solid brass neck. However, that magic phrase “Excused All Duties” more than made up for a few “raspberries.”

But, sad to relate, from the time I was installed as a member, the Band never seemed the same. Everything seemed to happen to me. Take counter-marching, for instance. Hundreds of times as we’d marched to work, I’d seen this movement proudly executed by the Band and always the big drummer had turned right-about. Why then, on one morning early in my musical career, did he turn left? Why did I happen to be directly in his path as he swung round, using his drum as a bull-dozer to clear his path? Wham, that drum came round with a vicious swing and caught me full in the face. Naturally, I tried to defend myself, hastily raising my hand and just as naturally the cymbal attached to that hand cleaved through the vellum of that drum like a clown jumping through a paper hoop. The bandmaster was blue, but the lads voted it the best sight in years.

Of course, maybe I was partly to blame for the funeral fiasco, but judge for yourself. A very good pal of mine had been killed in the first Wimpey crash, and there was to be a funeral parade through the Camp. At noon, I was told to

report to the Band Room, as I was to play in the parade that afternoon. I soon discovered that this was no ordinary parade from my point of view. I was, in fact, a soloist, for I had only one cymbal and a felt covered drum stick, and throughout the "Dead March from Saul" there are intervals during which the only sound to be heard is a cymbal clash. All very well, but how to get that clash in the right place! Now the pause was clearly defined on the trumpet player's music; and he, being able to read his music, was to give me the tip by raising his trumpet in the manner of a swing player just before my solo effort. So away we started from S.S.Q., with the impressive strains of the "Dead March," the trailer a mass of flowers, the road through the camp lined by "Flight" lads. "Slow March." "Left-right-left."

I was on tiptoe waiting for my cue. At last, up went the trumpet, there was a hush that could be felt, and I hit that cymbal. Never in my wildest dreams had I imagined that one man could make so much noise. It seemed to reverberate throughout the camp and then come back across the heath as an echo. I felt like the man in the Kensitas adverts who was always coughing at the wrong time, and I looked around sheepishly. The Bandmaster dropped back a pace, smiled and whispered, "Hit it next time." Well, he asked for it and I really went to work on that cymbal feeling myself raised above the level of ordinary men. And then it happened! Up went the trumpet, down came my stick—CLANG—and the cymbal flew off the handle—literally. It caught the trumpeter on the leg just as he hit a really high note, and then he hit notes that no other trumpeter knows of. The cymbal bounced off his leg, landed on edge and went clattering away down into the gutter, finishing up with a last despairing death rattle. We'll draw a veil over succeeding events, but somehow I don't think Peter minded. He always did hate parades and "bull"—I even think he would have liked it that way.

The final calamity came on Armistice Sunday, 1937. It was the custom on these occasions for the Station to send a party to the village Remembrance Service, and the Station Band headed the parade of ex-Servicemen, villagers and airmen from the village green to the Church, an uphill march of a quarter of a mile or so. Well, we formed up and started off to the strains of a stirring march. It was frosty and I banged away lustily, glad to be able to keep warm in this manner. We were accompanied by numerous small village lads who scrambled along beside the Band, falling over each other in the narrow lane. They were all sprucely dressed, hair well brushed and faces shining, suspiciously clean and angelic-looking, in fact. From the corner of my eye I noticed a group of them lag behind, gather up a few pebbles from the roadside and then sprint to catch up with us. They came along and then, with an innocent air, one of them threw a pebble. Ping! He'd aimed at my cymbals—and hit them. I smiled unconcernedly, trying to appear calm and untroubled. Once again—Ping—from the opposite side this time, and then —ping—ping—plop, the latter as a pebble caught my knuckles, making me jump like a startled fawn. This was too much. Forgetting all about six-eight or any other time, I began to match my cunning with that of the pebble-throwers—as a pebble was thrown at a cymbal, so I ducked or feinted with that particular cymbal. It became a thrilling battle of anticipation in which all else was forgotten. Hit—miss—clang—clang—ping—plop—miss—miss—clang—ping. I was keeping a mental tally, which was adding up decidedly in my favour, when suddenly a heavy hand clamped down on my shoulder. I looked up into the agonised eyes of Bandmaster Clamp.

Perhaps it had been a colossal row, but as I did my "two on, four off" in later nights, I was sure that my moral victory was greater than the practical defeat of once again being one of the erks. Anyway, I was promoted Corporal a week or so later, which all goes to show that "it pays to bang your own cymbal."—N.V.S.

For Your Entertainment

R.A.F. Cinema, Penhold

IT'S grand news again this month for Cinema fans! Bookings are now being made for the showing of Warner Bros. films, of which "Gentleman Jim" is an example, and is scheduled for Thursday next. The inclusion of this company gives the Cinema a very complete range of pictures with contracts in operation for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Paramount, 20th Century-Fox, R.K.O. Radio and Empire-Universal Films. Warner Bros. had an outstanding year of releases during 1942, and their new product promises to be of a very high standard. Here are some exceptionally fine films soon to be played at the Station:

February 16. "THE PIED PIPER"—Monty Woolley and Roddy McDowall. Monty Woolley portrays with assurance the experiences of an Englishman whose fishing holiday in the south of France is interrupted by the fall of that nation's army in 1940.

February 18. "GENTLEMAN JIM"—Errol Flynn and Alexis Smith.

February 20-21. "ORCHESTRA WIVES" — George Montgomery and Ann Rutherford.

February 23. "HERE WE GO AGAIN"—Fibber McGee and Molly, Edgar Bergen and "Charlie."

February 25. "SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES"—In Technicolour, starring Betty Grable and John Payne. Music by Harry James and his Music Makers.

March 2. "ROAD TO MOROCCO"—Bing Crosby and Bob Hope.

March 9. "TALES OF MANHATTEN"—Charles Boyer and Rita Hayworth. Starring also Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda, Charles Laughton, Edward G. Robinson, Paul Robeson and Rochester.

March 11. "THE BIG STREET"—Henry Fonda and Lucille Ball.

COMING SHORTLY—Ralph Richardson in "THE AVENGERS."

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S.H.Q. Notes

Wise and Otherwise

MAYBE. It has been noticed that Richard the Lionheart, or Dick the Skate(r), has, since returning from leave at Ponoka, lost his form at snooker. Is it possible that this is because he was "snookered" there?

COININGS FROM ACCOUNTS

Who was the Senior N.C.O. from the "Land of My Fathers" who set out for the States and got no further than Vancouver? We are extracting the whole story gradually, and it will appear in "True Romances" in the near future.

Why do certain accounts personnel spend 47 cents in order to sleep in the Red Deer Cinema—we prefer beds, Mark V—airmen for the use of.

* The fact that cameras are now kept in the guardroom is definitely a setback at times. A few days ago one of our junior N.C.O.'s, noted for his permanent look of sobriety, was seen displaying an "ear to ear" grin. We were unable to record it, in consequence we are branded as liars, and there is a definite loss to posterity—it may never happen again.

RUMOUR. Is it true that Jed Leggett, the violin virtuoso (Jack Benny's strongest rival) has been asked to appear at Carnegie Hall, as stand-in for Fritz Kreisler? We understand that this programme is being sponsored by the Air Publications and Forms Store!

CANINE KILLER. Since W. O. Cockshott took on the somewhat "deadly" job of killing stray canines, it has been noticed that his bark is becoming more pronounced.

Maintenance Wing Notes

THE only subject that has possessed our thoughts for the past two weeks has been the weather and, contrary to usual English custom, it is something not to be talked about. Having been so contemptuous of the terrors of Canadian winters after our "light sentence" last year, we find ourselves sadly repentant and prepared to show greater respect to the native tellers of tall tales. Anyhow, once back again in the Old Country—we have heard that term before, I believe—we will be able to "shoot a terrific line" on the topic of sixty below and seventy-mile-an-hour blizzards. Even now one of our room orderlies (one of a stout body of men who regularly brave the elements—or do they?) holds his eager audience in rapt attention as he tells of the day—umpteens below—when there came a muffled tap, tap at the window. It was a polar bear outside inquiring the name of the orderly corporal. He—I mean the bear—wanted to report sick! "Why!" declares our worthy Tynesider, "even the gophers were coming up for more coal." Which reminds one of the fact that one of our popular sergeants was absent on leave during the cold spell, but he was not known to ask for more coal.

We have heard so many of the local Canuck damsels talk of going to the coast for the winter. Reports from the fellows returning from leave suggest that the young ladies cannot be going there in search of warmer weather. "Four below is pretty nippy on the coast," they say. Perhaps a navy blue serge is preferable to air force blue in the winter months. We resemble—I mean resent—this!

Those returning from Victoria by boat declare that "Even the sailors were sick!" One jolly airman told me, in confidence, that at the time he

wished he had been a better boy at Penhold. Sad to say, I see that he is up to his old tricks now that a watery grave does not seem so imminent. However, after being so far from the sea for eighteen months, it did give them a refresher on lifeboat drill which should prove useful.

Well, the topic of the weather being exhausted, and serviceability being up—here's hoping for a very, very warm chinook!

* * * *

Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace, like a clock during a thunder storm.—R. L. Stevenson.



THE C.T.O. MUST BE ABOUT!

Y. M. C. A. Notes

LIBRARY SERVICES. An attempt is being made to make the Y.M.C.A. Library of real value to the men on this station. Lists are posted, on which you are invited to write titles of books you wish the Library Committee to secure. We cannot guarantee to get all titles, but this will be a guide to the Committee in purchasing new books. A new system of taking books out is now being used. Instead of the borrower listing the book himself, he takes it to the airman on duty in the Y.M.C.A. Office, and has it listed there. It is hoped thereby to keep a more accurate list of books out. Please recall the regulations under which your library operates—Books may be kept for one week only, unless an extension is obtained. Only one book at a time may be borrowed. A fine of two cents per day is charged for overdue books. This revenue is used to purchase new titles. If you are posted, please be sure to return any book you may have before leaving camp.

GAMES IN READING ROOM. It is proposed to resume whist drives, bridge tournaments, and a drafts competition during February. Watch for the entry lists and take part in the games you enjoy. Refreshments and prizes are provided by the Y.M.C.A. for these features.

CINEMAS. We do have difficulty in getting our films at times. Last week we had to forcibly seize a film belonging to this camp, wrongly addressed to the army camp in Red Deer. This didn't enhance our popularity with the soldiers, or the Y.M.C.A. Supervisors in Red Deer, but, nevertheless, we had a real picture that evening, and it was our film anyway. Look at some of the films booked to play here in the near future: "I Wanted Wings," with Ray Milland and Veronica Lake; "The Fleet's In," with Dorothy Lamour and Eddie Bracken; "49th Parallel," with Laurence Olivier and Leslie Howard; "Juke Girl," with Ann Sheridan and Ronald Reagan. There are others just as good. Some have doubtless noticed that the Y.M.C.A. Cinema shows a much weaker picture than the station cinema, though the full size is maintained. This is due to our weaker power in the light of the projector. The audience can help out by cutting smoking to the absolute minimum. The more smoke in the air, the duller the picture on the screen. Unless otherwise announced, the showings are at 6 p.m. and 8:15 p.m. Come early and get a good seat.

CANTEEN SERVICES. We are trying to meet the cold weather needs by having hot soup always available this month. While many articles we formerly sold are now unobtainable, the standard articles are still in stock. Please bear with us over these shortages. Cigarettes are dry—but they do not dry out in our stockroom. They do not stay there long enough. Do not hesitate to make any suggestions to your Y.M.C.A. Supervisor. He will be pleased to hear from you.

IMPROVEMENTS. It is proposed to improve and redecorate the Y.M.C.A. Canteen and Reading Room. If you have any suggestions as to what type of decorations (colours, schemes, etc.) should be used, please sketch them out and hand them to A. Allen, Y.M.C.A. A prize is offered for the best plans submitted. See the Y.M.C.A. office for further particulars.

Well, take comfort; we don't always have such a winter as this. Maybe next year it will be much milder. Who wants to stay and see? Fall in on the left!—A. ALLEN.

* * * * *

Then there was the airman who applied for a Come Passionate Pass.

England Expects . . .

By H.E.R.M.

(With apologies to a well-known and widely-read daily newspaper which offers a similar social service.)

TEST your knowledge of savoir-faire, laissez-faire, none-but-the-fair, all's fair, etc. Find the correct solution to the problems set out below and award yourself ten marks if you wish.

DANCE ETIQUETTE

1. When asking a lady for a dance, should your approach be verbal, e.g.,
 - (a) "May I have this dance, please?"
 - (b) "Hiya, kid; are you dancin'?"
 or physical

Touch the favoured one smartly on the shoulder, stand back and give the highway interrogatory thumb sign.

2. You give the sitting pretties the good old east-to-west, and, in order to have lamb without mint for exchange, you choose a partner whose jaws do not gyrate with that feverish violence one is so wont to see these days. On becoming mobile, however, you discover that the quiescent period was only temporary (due, perhaps, to muscular weariness or to an attempt to emulate one of Spencer's Seven Deadly Sins, that did "Inwardly chaw it's own maw," not Henry Fonda's version of maw), and you notice that dancing sets the whole works in motion again, demonstrating an enthusiasm that would rank as a flattering answer to a radio plug prayer, "These things being thus," should you endeavour to:

(a) Introduce a number of judicious and well placed bumps into your circuit in the hope that the hungry one will inadvertently swallow her chew-chew;

(b) Prepare for this contingency beforehand by arranging to be called to the phone by a pal, strategically established on the sub balcony (or I've got my eyes on you) vantage ground.

(c) Take a firm line and say, "If that plastic concoction bothers you, darling, let us park it, pro tem," and without waiting for a denial of its bothersomeness, you smartly flip up one of the seats. If the dance has not been in progress very long, it is quite on the cards that an appropriate space might be found at the first attempt. (The new seats in the Recreation Hall are of the tip-up variety—a provision which demonstrates once more the solicitude shown by P.S.I. for the comfort and convenience of our dancing clientele).

3. On a crowded dance floor, should you:

(a) make an effort to lead or guide your partner through the throng, or

(b) take advantage of the fact that your partner's stance is particularly adaptable for rearguard action, and allow her to blaze the trail for you.

4. You escort a victim home from a dance and do the sauve act to such effect that you are invited in for lunch before returning.* Should you:

(a) be human (and hope for a quick posting), or

(b) be strong (and refuse because you find yourself unprepared to meet Pop and Mom, or, in their absence, to pay for a taxi back to camp.

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THOUGHTFUL VERSE

The Lord gave us two ends to use,
One to think with and one to sit
with;

The war depends on which we
choose,

Heads we win, tails we lose.

—Pennsylvania Guardsman.

An Ohio church committee slips
a dollar bill into one hymnal each
Sunday to stimulate attendance.—
Broom and Broom Corn News.

* * * *

Don't Look Now.—Bad news al-
ways looks a lot worse coming than
going.—Calgary Herald.

THE COMMANDOS

The body of Drake lies wave-washed
In Nombre Dios Bay;
But his spirit sleeps by a Devon
cove
Where once his frigates lay.

He sleeps and dreams of old battles
That he and his sea-dogs fought;
Of mad forays on the Spanish Main,
Or of sacking a Spanish port.

But sometimes Drake and his sea-
dogs

Will stir at a call they know—
When England calls for fighting
men,

To Hell—rake the nest of the foe.

Then the spirits of Drake and his
sea-dogs

Spring to life at the well known
sound;

And they clamber aboard a Com-

mando barge
In the Channel outward bound.

They mingle with modern fighting
men

Who fight in the old, old way,
And they lead the assault on a
foreign quay,
And join in the mad foray.

From Spitzbergen down to Bengehazi
Has gone out the name and the fame
Of the whelps of the old-time sea-
dogs

Who play the old sea-dogs' game.

And a nameless dread stirs through
the ranks

Of the waiting and watching foe;
For the name of Britain's Comman-
dos

Is a name that they whisper low.

E. A. Dawson, 28 Coy., V.G. of C.



EXCUSE ME, CHUM; IS THIS GUARD POST No. 3?

An Airman's Wedding

NON-POLITICAL — NON-SECTARIAN

AN unusual wedding took place on Friday last at the Church of His Uncle's, High Street, when AC2, one G.C.B., 9d a day progressive pay, Claude Erk was married to Clotis Luckigirl of this City. The groom, the son of a Mrs. and the late Mr. P. Erk of the Glasgow Public Health Department (Dustman), was released from "Jankers" especially for the ceremony, and was tastefully attired in Service Uniform (Best Blue). The bride practically unattired in a skin-tight alabaster creation (loaned by Messrs. Join Ups) from which draped bunches of mangoes, hanging in loose fashion, wore a spectacular "V" on her left shoulder, and a metallic lock nut, a gift from the groom, on her bosom, her train was carried by Brakeman Casey Jones of the C.P.R., a very distant relation. The bride's mother wore a beaming smile, the fact that this was her fifth and last daughter to be married, probably accounted for this. The whole family assisted in giving the bride away—no wonder. Miss Pamela Larkin, a friend of the bride and a former pupil of the Lock Jaw dancing academy, sang "Absence" while everybody else was in the vestry.

After the ceremony, all the invited guests and numerous hangers-on repaired to the Hotel Locale Emporium (Ground Floor and Mezzanine—Officers Only) for the wedding breakfast. Miss Nogood and Mrs. Myrtle Guggenheimer poured out tea—nobody knew why. The Miss's Stella, Pauline and Sophia Barmaid drew the corks from the bottles, while the Mrs. Mata Hari and Mrs. Hari Mata, sisters, peeled oranges and alternately manicured their nails. The rest of the guests were by this time thoroughly browned off, and proceeded to fish out their own sandwiches, at the same time surveying the amazing array of presents—A bucket of Coal from the Dodge Coal Co., a large 28 lb. tin of Ovaltine (prevention of Night Starvation), twenty-seven toast racks, 2 dozen cruets, a tin of floor polish and a mop, a gift to the Slug Happy couple from the groom's comrades, a slumber mattress—Silent type—some old newspapers, and a travelling case; these were outstanding amongst numerous other gifts.

The Wedding Cake of five tiers (a gift from the Prairie Iron Foundry) was eventually cut with a hacksaw blade by the bride, and pieces liberally distributed to the Poor Persons Winter Relief Fund, the guests did not appear interested. Officiating at the ceremony, Pastor Save All and the Reverend Sergeant Major T. Total who, it is regretted to say, as a result of the diligence of the Mesdames Barmaid, were so overcome by the fumes from the bottles they had eventually to be carried out. The completion of the ceremony is rather hazy in the mind of the reporter, but it is conceded that the bride and groom eventually left—but not much—and have every honest intention of trying to exist in Lock Jaw. Frequent changes of address are anticipated.

High note of the affair was the presentation to all the female guests, by the bride's mother, of small calenders for the current year, probably this had some connection with the amazing "V" worn on the left shoulder on the bride's dress—E.Z.

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CONSCIENCE-EASER FOR SMOKERS

Said the Bishop of London (Dr. Fisher) at a War Savings meeting at Fulham Palace: "I am one of those compelled to save in order to pay my taxes. There is one exception—and that is tobacco. I regard that as an essential expense and not a luxury. I cannot work without smoking."

* * * *

HUMOUR—

From Provincial Newspresses.

"Will Gentleman who found lady's blue ski pants in car Sunday morning please return 217 19th Ave. N.E." He's no gentleman.

"Wanted—Good general, must be good plain cook. Highest wages paid. Box 8, Herald." What says the Army?

The Padre's Notes

On Keeping Fit

OUR happiness is, to a great extent, conditioned by our physical and nervous condition, and it is all to the good that that truth has taken firm lodgment in most people's minds. You don't feel like writing poetry if you have influenza or doing good to your neighbour if you are suffering from rheumatism. One's mental and spiritual state is, to some extent, in most of us governed by our physical state. There are a few shining examples of men and women who, in spite of physical defects, never fail to display a spirit of cheerfulness and fellowship. Many a bed-ridden invalid has put to shame those who, while being more robust, yet show to the world a complaining and discouraging spirit.

But if it is true that physical condition reacts upon mental and spiritual state, the converse also is equally true. What we are in our minds and hearts will, to an extent which few people realize, affect our physical condition. Medicine and surgery are not enough for fitness. There are mental and emotional disturbances which have their counterpart in the physical mechanism. We sometimes need a medicine that will minister to a mind diseased. Being spiritually minded won't mend a broken leg or cure diphtheria, but it will in a thousand different ways give tone and poise to your mind and body. The story is told about Ralph Waldo Trine (the author of "In Tune With the Infinite") that on one occasion a woman came to consult him about her rheumatism. Instead of prescribing, he said quietly, "Go and make friends with your sister." He had heard of a bitter quarrel between the two. The woman, thinking him unsympathetic, went away affronted. However, he heard from her some months later to the effect that she and her sister were the best of friends, and that the rheumatism had vanished. That was the method Jesus so often followed, and with such marked success. What a man believes, what his heart is set upon, plays an important part in bodily health. Enthusiasm for education and physical fitness is admirable and to be encouraged, but it does not of itself ensure complete and all-round fitness! What are your relationships with your fellows and with God? That means a lot to your condition. To be worried and fearful is to court disease. A sane mind in a sound body plus a healthy spiritual condition—that is the recipe for health.

There is one very pertinent question which keep-fitters often ignore—fit for what? There seems little point in training the body and mind up to their maximum fitness if we are not wisely instructed in the way the powers thus attained should be used. I have no doubt that fitness and education bring with them their own sense of satisfaction to the individual. The athlete in the prime of condition gets a feeling of health which is ample reward for all his effort. Our moral nature, however, demands that we should put things in their proper order and to their rightful use. The body and the mind are the tools which we are to use for the realization of our moral ideals. Generally speaking, the better the tools, the better the finished product. The body and the brain are secondary. They are the mediums through which we express the self. Let us avoid the muddled thinking and false evaluation which takes the secondary for the primary, the temporal for the eternal and the physical for the spiritual.

"It's grand to have a giant's strength,
But it's tyrannous to use it like a giant."

Fit for what? Fit for a better Britain and a better world, fit as sons of God for God's work. "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Spirit which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?"

Services—Sundays: 10.00 hours Parade Service; 10:45 hours Holy Communion.
Discussion Group, Tuesdays at 20.00 hours, in the Chapel.

ENGLAND