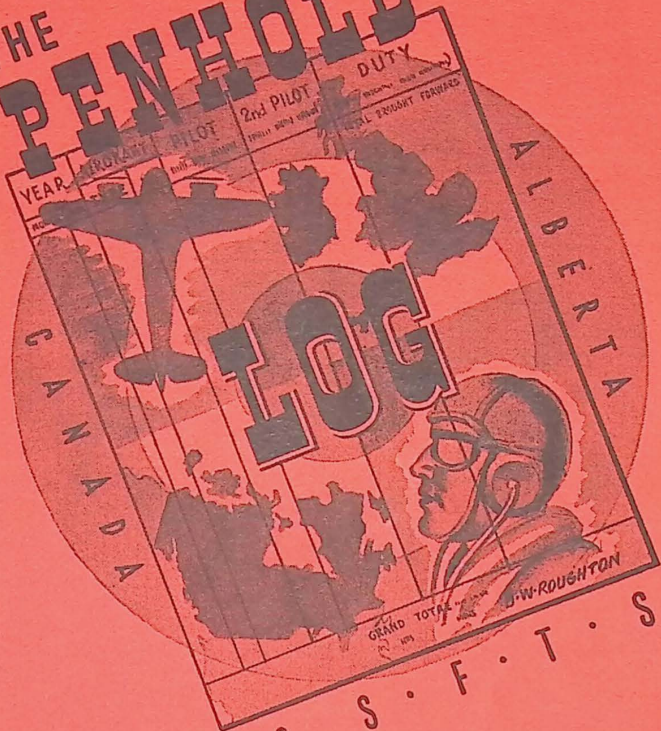


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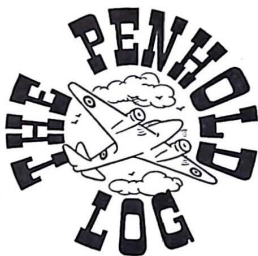
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Editorial

NOW that Winter is past its worst, and Spring is on its way, we may once again look for sunshine and flora.

Talking of flowers, it won't be long before we can start planning and planting gardens on the Station. I always think flowers and lawns on a camp help to make life a bit easier. Not only can you find another hobby and recreation, but there is always a certain well-earned pride when the work is finished. The scent of the flowers reminds you somewhat of Old England—the villages and countryside—not forgetting Kew Gardens.

A new season brings fresh hope—fresh hope for one's own future and for the future of mankind generally. Nature never lets us down and always awakens anew in the Spring. What an inspiration for mankind if only we can follow Nature's example.

The Local Gremlin Squadrons

Dear Mr. Editor:—

Please forgive this intrusion, but I must tell my story to someone, and I am sure that you, of all people, will give me a sympathetic hearing. Since it happened, I have been a mental wreck, a mere shadow of my former self. I jump at the slightest sound; I scream if anyone asks me to fly; in fact, if someone doesn't do something about it, I will, I am convinced, end up in Ponoka. Anyway, now to my story.

The other night I went to bed early. Yes, I really did. I wasn't A.C.P.; I wasn't night flying; I wasn't an orderly creature (not even u/t); I wasn't on the midnight P.T. shift; I hadn't got a date in Red Deer, and there wasn't anyone in the Mess to offer me a goblet of Calgary brew, so I went to bed early. I had a shower, a shave and shampoo, left my shoes out to be shone, and then with a smile of utter abandon, I crept gently between my silken sheets. Oh, what chimeric delirium to sink slowly into the soft embrace of my "Perfect Sleep," separately sprung, mattress, and to listen to the distant music of the engines on the circuit!

It wasn't long before the delicate, ethereal veil of sleep wrapped me in its soft caress and I began to snore peacefully. I must have been snoring for quite a while for suddenly I heard a little voice beside me say, "Say, you. Quit snoring. You're distoibing us!" Immediately I turned to see who had spoken to me, and then it was that I saw the first of the little men. He was wearing a bright red night shirt, it seemed to me, but I afterwards found out that such it was not because he never slept at night and, if anything, it would have to be called a day shirt. Well, I immediately apologised and told him how sorry I was to be causing him bother. He grinned pleasantly and replied, "Dat's O.K., Buddy. I just thought I'd wake you up. I like doing dat. People look so silly when they're sleeping, and, kid, you're a pippin'." I wasn't quite sure of the exact meaning of the word "pippin'" in his vocabulary, so I let it slide. "Now that I am awake," I said, "may I ask your name? I mean, I always like to be properly introduced to people, don't you know?" I told him my name and waited for his reply. He fastened me with the weirdest stare and said, "My name's Butch. I'm one of the security guard." "Security guard," I repeated. "What do you secure?" "Oh, I just keeps an eye on the camp," he explained. I then asked what camp, because I had seen our own security guard, and they definitely did not wear red shirts nor, as far as I knew, did they smoke chaff in their ivory pipes. He replied, and then it was that I realised that I had strayed as far as the north of Ghost Pine Lake, where amongst the brush is located the "Gremlinhauptflugplatz." After some consideration, he accepted my running translation and allowed me to call it the Home Base of the Local Gremlin Squadrons! We talked for a long time and then he suddenly asked me if I'd like to take a look around. At once I leapt at the chance, and then, dear Mr. Editor, began the series of incidents which since have robbed me of my sanity.

For some unaccountable reason it seemed to be the middle of the afternoon. I began to wonder if I hadn't carried the going to bed early too far. We were stopped at the main gate and I was asked the question, "Do you, have you ever, or do you ever intend to fly?" I returned the piercing glance of the guard and replied without so much as a flicker of the eyelids. "What? Me fly? Sir, how could you be so silly. I don't believe that men can fly." This reply brought forth a loud cheer and I was ushered in at once to the main guard room where the Orderly Officer took over from the security guard and offered to take me round the camp.

We passed a line of offices, which he told me were the main centres of ground organisation. Inside I saw hundreds of bowler-hatted, bespectacled, and spatted little men with sealed umbrellas under their arms. I asked him why the umbrellas were sealed, and he explained that it was the only way they could keep them on the ground to work.

Further along we passed a very large building, on all walls of which were

posted signs telling passers-by to be quiet. This, I found out, was the research laboratory where a highly skilled staff worked night and day dissecting parts of the Penhold planes. At the moment, he told me, they were working on two new patents; one a device by which they could extract all pressure from the brakes at a moment's notice; and another a device for blowing on pitot head tubes so that all instruments would give incorrect readings: coupled with this was a device for rendering Artificial Horizons completely unreliable. They were very satisfied with the results of the prototypes, I was told.

We next passed by stores and I learned that inside they kept all the parts they had been able to take unnoticed from "pranged" Oxfords. I asked what they did with them, and was told that at the dead of night they used to steal into the Penhold stores and replace "duff" pieces for the good ones in stock. This, I must admit, gave me a sudden unnecessary feeling in the pit of my stomach, but bravely I went on.

We then came to the centre of activity, the Operations Room of the Gremlins. All around the walls there were hundreds of I/F hoods, speaking tubes and Gosports. The idea somewhat perplexed me, but the O.O. reminded me that they did not approve of instruction in any form. "How right!" I murmured beneath my breath, but I don't think anyone heard me. I met the Controller, a busy young fellow, with a breastfull of medals, who sat on a parachute, which he had once daringly stolen from beneath a pilot as he came out of a T/V dive. Near him sat the Chief Gremlin, a small bald-headed little man with a black moustache, who kept on nattering about not enough hours being put in! Beside him sat the Gremlinosopher, who supplied the philosophic inspiration to the movement. He kept muttering something about it being "all different after the Revolution," and that he was certain it wasn't "like this in the Luftwaffe."

As we entered the room, we heard across the radio that a certain Instructor from "X" Flight was boasting about the fact that he could, and would now do an aileron turn. At once the Controller despatched one of his waiting flights to take out all his windows, tear out all his bomb bay panels, and rip open all wing root filets. I felt strangely sick as my memory flashed back to a day when . . . ah, but that is another story. His wife, who was sitting beside him, suddenly turned her lovely eyes on me and said, "You smell nice!" This was rather sudden, but I couldn't let it pass, so whispering my telephone number, I replied, "I say, that's awfully jolly of you to say that. It must be that shaving lotion I got from the barber in a hotel in Calgary." I looked out from the Control Tower and saw literally hundreds of squadrons of Gremlins at the ready on every cloud below me. It was a very inspiring sight and one which I am sure would have given a certain Mr. Schiklegruber much pleasure. There were two younger members of the tribe spooning by the light of an Aldis lamp, who were disturbed by an aircraft that was heading towards Stettler. At once the Controller, smiling sweetly at the young lovers, sent off a pursuit flight, and the aircraft was last seen losing height rapidly for no apparent reason at all. I uttered a silent prayer of thankfulness that I was not in it.

The evening passed and I was invited to dinner in the Mess. For the meal we had: Consomme gasoline, or potage d'huile—and roast perforated ribs (Centre section or Empegnag), and to cap it all, a bottle of best compass alcohol. After dinner, I was invited to go out on a raid against the night flyers, and just as I was about to don my kit in the crew room, I felt a great shaking and then a voice boomed in my ear, "Seven o'clock, sir, and it's a lovely day. Solo only. Here's your hot chocolate and shortbread."

Ah, woe is me! What fun I could have had! But such is our miserable existence. Now, of course, I don't know what to do, because I am not so sure that it was a dream. I woke up clutching on desperately to the control column of a kite, and wearing full flying kit. What am I to do?

Somnambulistically yours,

Waleno, A.R.C.G. (Assoc. Royal Coll. of Gremlins.)

P.S.—Any psychiatrist who comes near me for the next month will be strangled without warning.

An Open Letter To Accounts

From An Apparition (Flight Mech.)
In Overalls

Gentlemen:—

Together with many of my fellow Tradesmen, I feel grieved at the misfortunes and hardships which face you in your everyday routine, as recorded in the last issue of the "Log." These are many, I know; for instance, that mid-morning cup of tea, which, I understand, is consumed regularly between the hours of 9 and 12:30, accompanied by a very good imitation of a London fog, due to the smoke issuing from the bowls of hard-worked briars and the smouldering ends of the produce of Virginia. Yes, gentlemen, your trials are many, the above being just one example. However, despite this, you gallant fellows fight on. Come what may, snow, below-zero temperatures, rain and all the unpleasantness of an easy outdoor life, you carry on, undaunted, even in the thought that such a thing as an apparition, wearing overalls, may enter your domain at any moment. Maybe when he does come, he will hand to you what appears to be a piece of oily waste, but is actually a duplicate E.42. Well, what do you expect from an LAC Tradesman for \$2.00 per day. You must remember, gentlemen, we left England as Group II, we are still Group II, and, when we return, we shall be Group II.

Have you given a thought to your return home? It may be interesting to see some of you in a few months' time: who knows, but what you will be wielding a piece of oily waste, having handed over your pens to the fairer sex.

So, gentlemen, you see it is not so bad living the life of an apparition, wearing overalls. We have our complaints, also. We are told that our job is one to be envied, but we are not the type to voice our opinions through the medium of the Station Magazine.

In conclusion, may I ask the Sergeant—who was so impressed by

Random Reflections

By RATTRAY
(Our Roaming Reporter)

This column is not intended to be the Scandal Sheet, although various items of gossip will find their way into it. Any similarity to a News column is purely accidental. All characters are suspicious and any resemblance to officers or airmen is intentional.

* *

Judging from the number of bottles of milk purchased at the "Y" by a pupil, for the Instructors of "C" Flight, one must assume they are on the "Milk Run." Ample proof that the Milk Run referred to in Middle East reports is just another News story.

* *

Could the dog, pawing the Guard Room door last week, be a ghost coming to haunt the W.O.

* *

Saw P/O "River" rushing to keep that Saturday night date outside Eaton's Store last Saturday. Why can't you be there at the "Right!" time, sir?

* *

Heard of two Maintenance "Walers" who vied for the honour of greatest binder. Tried settling issue by fisticuffs—why not see F/Lt. Pape, fellows, the winner may also win one of the many trophies given for brilliance in this science!

* *

Received a letter from our ex-Art Editor, now P/O B. W. Roughton. He sends best wishes to his friends at Penhold. We reciprocate and offer our congratulations on his commissioning.

a Flight Mech. in a state of financial difficulties that, with a tear in his eye, handed him a coin—to forward to the editor an account of any such happenings, and he will be refunded in full.

Trusting this letter leaves no feeling of misunderstanding between our sections, and hoping that your pen and our oily waste will remain two vital parts in our War Effort.

Yours truly,

FLIGHT MECH.

"I'll Walk Beside You"

I HEARD it over the wireless in England. I heard it again and again sung by lanky tenors and solid altos in ENSA shows. The man in the cabin next to mine on the boat coming over had a record of it. And now they have put me in a room where four corridors meet, and still they walk beside me. I've never before studied the way folk walk. Now I needs must. If you don't differentiate, you go mad. You must ask, "Who's that?" or "Who's are those?" If you didn't, the monotony of it would stupify like the effect of the buzz in your head when they give you gas before an operation. They once asked a lunatic why he kept on hitting his head with a hammer. "Because it's so nice when I stop," he replied. Believe me, it's nice round about two o'clock in the morning when the last bus is in and the last car is parked. Then the patter—no! not patter, stampede—is ended and quiet reigns for a brief hour or two. Have you ever heard of Flying Instructors who walk? You ought to hear them at six or so in the morning doing their war dance and the cub howl at the place where four corridors meet.

There are two main types of walkers, the staid and the bustling, those who have acquired promotion and those who are hurrying after it. Those who have attained the dizzy heights and occupy the top rungs of the ladder have cultivated a rolling gait and a leisurely amble. They glide over the ground with easy grace. Is it because their daily exertions have so denuded them of energy that they are incapable of a sudden spurt? Or it may be that their measured stride is calculated to accord with the dignity of their position. Again, the real explanation may be that, with advancing years and the burden of responsibility, they are alive to the necessity of conserving their energies. I refuse to believe that their complaint is lumbago or high blood pressure, but rather that they have learnt by experience that you can get more by steadily keeping at it than by sudden and spectacular spurts.

Not all the great ones or Senior Officers, however, walk in this way. There is one, at least, who is an exception. He walks with hurried stride, but oh, so gently. It is a pleasure to be awake when he comes in. They say he has a restless disposition and dislikes the recumbent posture. Certainly he does not always come in at the same hour. But his walk is soothing and like unto the bounce of the tender antelope. It does not rouse you if you chance to be asleep. I cannot say his talk is as pleasing as his walk. Hear him call his batman—still the same staccato beat, but you hear it in your sleep.

Have you ever heard a junior M.O. clatter down a dry, polished wooden floor? Don't wish it. Believe me, his feet do not drop upon the ground like the gentle dew from heaven. They clatter like the sound of forceps thrown impatiently into an enamel basin. How different he is from his late senior, who impressed us by his ability to resist that life force which seeks to drive us on. His face seemed to say with every step taken, "Is this really necessary?" His energy found releases through higher organs of the brain and sinuses.

The owners of promotion-hunting feet, those who are restless with ambition and seek to impress, by their physical agility, those who are eager to get out of hut confines to fly the mighty mammoths of the air, these are they who are the terrors of the night. They seem to walk right through your room and down your bed. They stamp restlessly to the showers, for they are young and bold. Men of this calibre also serve their purpose, for do they not remind us that life is real, life is earnest, life is not an empty dream—by Jove, no! Good luck to 'em, and may age quickly tame these tigers and improve their tread! Medical doctors tell us it's the pace that kills, so beware, you startling stampers. Take it easy if you want to enjoy your pension.

Courses and Their Uses

IN opening a past copy of the Penhold Log, it was with grave misgivings and no little surprise to find that there are still some people who can think a course at Ponoka is even necessary. However, facing this New Year resolve with a certain amount of trepidation, Ponoka hailed me as a new recruit, and giving credit where credit is due, there were no scratching of heads, nor any looks of surprise. Evidently there were yet others who had rightly surmised it was only a matter of time. Getting down to work on the first day found me chalking up the odds with a tin bath and a couple of brooms, but it wasn't getting me no place until I discovered the water was in the bath. Reversing the process didn't present any "snags," and the moans and groans from the room below seemed to add "local colour," until two very vacant eyes stared at me from the bottom of the doorway, followed by a wraith of soaking underwear, the whole surmounted by a dripping mass of tousled hair. A sheepish grin spread over the speckled face and a faint whisper from the very distance murmured, "Ah! one of us." There was something chummy about the phrase, definitely too chummy. "What are you?" said the voice, "Captain Bligh, what's yours," and his whispered word of "Thanks" reminded me my grammar was never no use, nohow. Undaunted and rising "blithely" to the occasion, the wandering "Nomad" was invited to join me. A rowdy commotion outside the door interrupted the dignity of the ceremony, however, so fishing my hat from the borrowed ocean and squeezing a few more drops from the tail of my coat, I dwindled off to investigate the matter. They were all there—Dame Rumour had spoken—the boat was sailing.

First in line was a round cherubic face committing grinning contortions whilst balancing a squad of "cheaters" on his nose, dressed in a little short shirt and carrying the proverbial Black Bag. "Who are you?" "Crippen." "Fair enough; step in." Following hand on shoulder and limping slightly came the whole entourage chanting, "We wanna go 'ome, we gonna go 'ome," interspersed by cries of "Yhippe" and "Yahoo," and a voice in the rear "Tallyho! Look what I've found, by Jove." In they tramped one by one, Shades of Noah! There was something familiar about it all, very familiar. Their faces merged into a picture of the Veranda Cafe as they scrambled for places in the boat, some falling in and others being pushed out. Gone was the chanting and calls of "Yhippee—Yahoo," just a very mild voice saying, "Bai Jove, What!" as the whole lot collapsed. So it was, I returned to the Mess, having left the motley crowd, wiser and much more confident and able to handle those around me daily and nightly. Yes, courses have their uses.—"SCATS."

* * * * *

TERRIBLY DENSE

A school teacher asked her class in what part of the world the most ignorant people were to be found.

A small boy volunteered quickly, "In London, England."

The teacher was amazed and questioned the lad as to where he had obtained such information.

"Well," he replied, "the geography says that's where the population is most dense."—Halifax Mail.

FAIR ENOUGH

Male Voice (over the telephone): "Say, Mabel, may I come over to-night?"

Female Voice: "Sure, Bill, come on over."

Male Voice: "Why, this isn't Bill."

Female Voice: "This isn't Mabel, either. But come on over."

* * * * *

DEFINITIONS

Wisdom: Knowing what to do next.

Skill: Knowing how to do it.

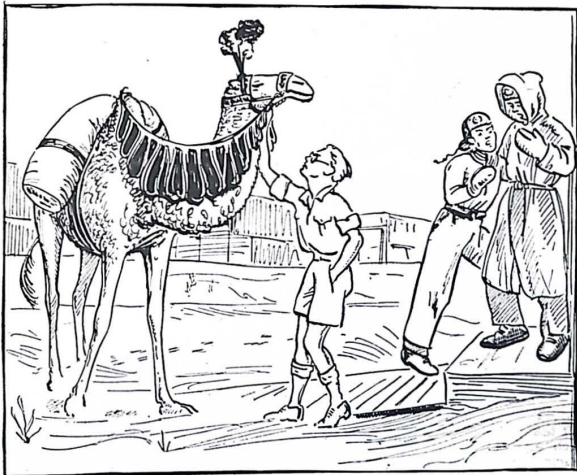
Virtue: Not doing it.

The Flight Line Book

AS Winter draws in, the cold has chilled the verve of even the most unrepentant line shooters. At least, the Flight Line Book is sadly low in recent entries. Posted away to another flight for a fortnight, the Chief Line Recorder had to comment on his return, "Apparently no one can shoot a decent line when I'm not around." December, however, did produce the Line of the Year, shot by Penhold's unchallenged Line-shoot King. He was questioned about shooting (this time with rifle and target). Oh, it was not so good that night. How many did he score? Oh, 200. Out of how many? Out of 200. Why was he grumbling about scoring a possible? "They were very badly grouped in the bull, old man."

Basketball, it is discovered, can run to a line. The Flight basketball ace, none other than Satrap, declares, "My reputation as a basketball player follows me from station to station." Later he complained, "Good heavens, man, don't you know I played for Swift Current."

Some lines can be classed as "Famous Last Words." Notable aeronautical lines are frequently of this type, such as, "I'm tired of these ridiculous five degree turns in formation." Recorded as "Famous Lost Words" (pardon the stinking pun): "I can do any cross country far better by simple mental arithmetic than with all your maps and charts and instruments." This was followed by a Veteran line: "Anyway, you can't expect me to use a Dalton; nobody had thought of it when I was trained."—A.L.S.



"It's that bloke, Jones, again. He'd do anything to start a rumour."

Recreation at Penhold



SUNDAY NIGHT ENTERTAINMENTS

The February programme was as follows:

- February 7—"The Canadian Corp Capers," Concert Party of Calgary.
- February 14—Programme of "Popular Classics," by the Music Appreciation Group.
- February 21—Brains Trust.
- February 28—Programme of records chosen by the Swing Club and the Music Appreciation Group.

Future Programme

- March 7—Calgary Concert Party.
- March 14—Concert by the Station Choir.
- March 21—Brains Trust.

March 28—"Popular Classics," by the Music Appreciation Group.

April 4—Calgary Concert Party.

We single out for special mention our good friends from Calgary, who came to give us the usual monthly concert. This was the second time we had been visited by the Canadian Corp Capers, and, as before, they were received with shouts, whistles, applause and other weird noises. This was the night when we were treated to icy blasts from the "hot air" system. Some parties would have gone on strike, but not this one. They made us forget the temperature with their beguiling singing and dancing. Who can forget the bewitching crooning of "The three in harmony"? At the end, they told us where they came from, which, though it made us homesick, accounted for their talent!

The two Station Music Clubs have helped us out nobly during the month. At the time of writing these notes, the tumult and the shouting of the 28th has not begun. There is an element of risk in bringing these two extremes together, but we hope there will be enough furniture left for another evening.

The Brains Trust was comprised of: W/Cdr. M. F. G. Mill, D.F.M., Question Master; F/Lt. Klein, Medicine and Surgery; F/O J. F. Sewell, Physics and Chemistry; S/Ldr. The Rev. B. H. Sackett, Religion and Ethics, and Psychology; Mr. A. Allen, Canada; Mr. G. Muttitt, Geography and Weather. To say that the Brains Trust excelled is putting it mildly. Only one question was left on the table unanswered and that needed the Chancellor of the Exchequer to give an adequate answer. Other questions ranged from the usual puzzle about a spring in a tube of acid, to Chinooks, the common headache and evolution.

BASKETBALL.—Two matches have been played this month. Against the Red Deer High School on Monday, February 15, we suffered our usual defeat, but it was not so drastic this time. The final score was: Red Deer High School 23, R.A.F. 17. During the course of the evening, two well-balanced Army teams (composed mainly of officers, be it noted by our Officers' Mess) gave an excellent demonstration of how the game should be played. Our team has shown great improvement since that evening. It was very gratifying to have the C.O. and the Padre as spectators on this occasion. On February 24, two teams, one composed entirely of pupils and the other of permanent staff, visited Bowden. The pupils lost a hard-fought game by 48 to 21, but the permanent staff team, strengthened by the inclusion of three Canadians, won their match, much against expectations, and despite the fact that their opponents were wearing proper shirts! The final score was: Penhold 40, Bowden 32. Scorers for Penhold—AC Rogers 14, AC Wright 12, AC Dutchack 6, Sgt. Fleming 5, LAC Dean 2, Cpl. Hague 1. The return matches will be played at Penhold on Tuesday, March 2.

BADMINTON.—Six players visited Bowden on Wednesday, January 24, and won their match 7-2. Those who took part were: S/Ldr. Phillips, Cpl. Sid G. Reaves, LAC Clark, Mr. Muttitt, F/Sgt. Mackey, Cpl. Martin (captain). The tournaments are still held up through the inability of competitors to play off their matches. All players are urged to make a special effort to complete the outstanding games by the end of March. A ladder has been in operation for over three weeks. This is open to all personnel imbued with climbing propensities. (W. & B. are also busy constructing another type of ladder for use in the Drill Hall, but that has nothing to do with Badminton!)

CHOIR NOTES.—During the first two months of this year, the choir have made no public appearances, but regular rehearsals have been held in preparation for the spate of engagements which are booked for March. Owing to delay in securing fresh music, the Camp concert by the Choir was postponed until March 14. Other engagements are expected at Lacombe and at the K.C. Hut in Red Deer. We have lost a number of members recently through postings, and, if this magazine reaches them, we should like them to know how much we have appreciated their loyalty and keenness. We wish them good luck in their new spheres. New members are needed to replace these losses, and anyone interested would be welcomed at rehearsals held in the Station Chapel each Monday and Thursday at 19.00 hours.

THE DANCE BAND.—If there is one factor which has contributed to the full to the entertainment life of the Station, it is the Dance Band. No question so divides humanity into two opposing camps as that burning one, "What is a good Dance Band?" Our band hasn't always been called nice names, and sometimes it has been adversely criticized when the critics were not aware of the difficulties under which the Band was labouring. The Band started its career in September, 1941, and it started at scratch. There were no instruments and no money then. From those unpromising and discouraging beginnings it has developed into a first class combination. It has survived all adversity and become one of the Dance Orchestras of the district. It is whispered that on a recent occasion, when the Band was playing in a neighbouring Albertan town, there was some danger of the evening developing into a promenade concert, so impressed were the dancers with the melodies which were produced. Of course, you can take that two ways. Judgments depend on both the thing judged and the judges. In this case they were both good. Quite seriously, though, we have a Dance Band we ought to be proud of, and we should like to join with others who have paid their generous tributes to the hard work and ability of all the members of the Band. Give them all the encouragement you can. They thrive on it. Some of the present members of the Band have been with the organization since its inception. Some have been posted—we haven't yet heard of one who has managed to get back to England! To all who have in any way and at any time helped on the progress of the Band we say "Thanks a lot, and keep it up." The present members of the Band are: LAC Cooper, W. F. H.; LAC Carmen, V.; LAC Verrall, K.; LAC Paterson, H.; AC Briddick, R.; Cpl. Russell; LAC Payne, C.; LAC Paterson, W.; LAC Walmsley, D.; AC Taylor, J. The Dance Band reached the acme of its achievement on Sunday, January 31, when, with the assistance of two guest artistes, they treated a packed Recreation Hall to a Concert which amazed everyone by its ingenuity and excellence. It is expected that this Concert will be repeated in a number of nearby places and that the Service Institute funds will benefit considerably.

DISCUSSION GROUP.—The following subjects have been discussed on Tuesday nights during February: "Conscription in the post-war world," and "Japan, now and after the war." In addition, we have had a most interesting and instructive evening with S/Ldr. J. B. Flynn as speaker. He spoke on "Life in the tropics, with special reference to New Guinea," and his talk was profusely illustrated with maps and photographs. It is hoped during March to consider more especially the social problems which are likely to confront us in England after the war. We shall start off with a consideration of "The

Accounts Section Jottings

QUITE a few manipulators of the financial machine on this unit have been on leave in February, pockets and physique alike suffered, and we can finally dispel the story that an Accounts Clerk is never financially embarrassed—the sight of certain individuals counting out the cents for the duty run to the Y.M.C.A. at 10 a.m. will live long in our memory.

We hear that certain prominent Vancouverites urgently requested some members of our section to make a recording of their own particular rendering of "Nellie Dean"—they heard it once and wished to have the recording made for their future enjoyment—the boys blushing declined, suspecting sarcasm in the use of the word "rendering"—so the light remains under the bushel.

It is said that the Vancouver police are still searching for the airman who so willingly assisted in the directing of traffic after a dance at the "Commodore;" they guarantee to arrange his discharge from the R.A.F. if they can secure his services; the airman concerned says he has no recollection of directing traffic at all—can it be modesty? although we've never heard anyone ask for a 26-ounce of modesty before.

The "old faithfuls" visited Rocky Mountain House again—female hearts fluttered as the pen and ink warriors strode down the wide main street, with the lofty buildings towering on either side; we saw them finally disappear into one of the many night clubs that abound on Fifth Avenue; we discovered later that the name of the place was "The Viewmount," a new place noted for wonderful floor shows and cocktail bar on the famous panorama roof. The rumour that one of our members has been nominated for Mayor of Rocky is incorrect: the vacant position was actually that of Sanitary Chief; the airman declined, saying that he hoped to return to Yorkshire one day.

An airman was heard to ask one of our N.C.O.'s who had just returned from leave on the previous day, how long he had been out of hospital—the remark was not appreciated, and all inflammable materials were hastily removed from the scene.

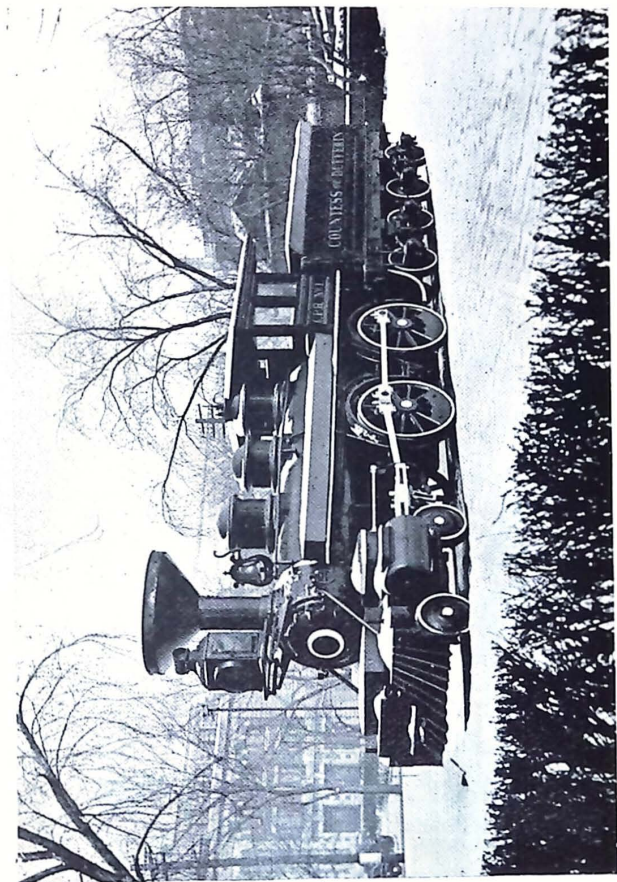
Enough for now—in the meantime, please do let us know of any financial worries you may have—our Accountant. Officers have hearts of gold, even if hidden beneath an uncut diamond exterior; they temper discipline with humanity, justice with kindness, and have been known to sob bitterly at the sight of an airman's empty pocket. If regulations do not allow an advance to be made, we feel sure they will call upon their private resources.

Cheerio—we must return to our cellar and there, by candlelight, allow the shekels to run through our long withered fingers and then plunge our hands in the pile right up to the third G.C.—J.E.E.

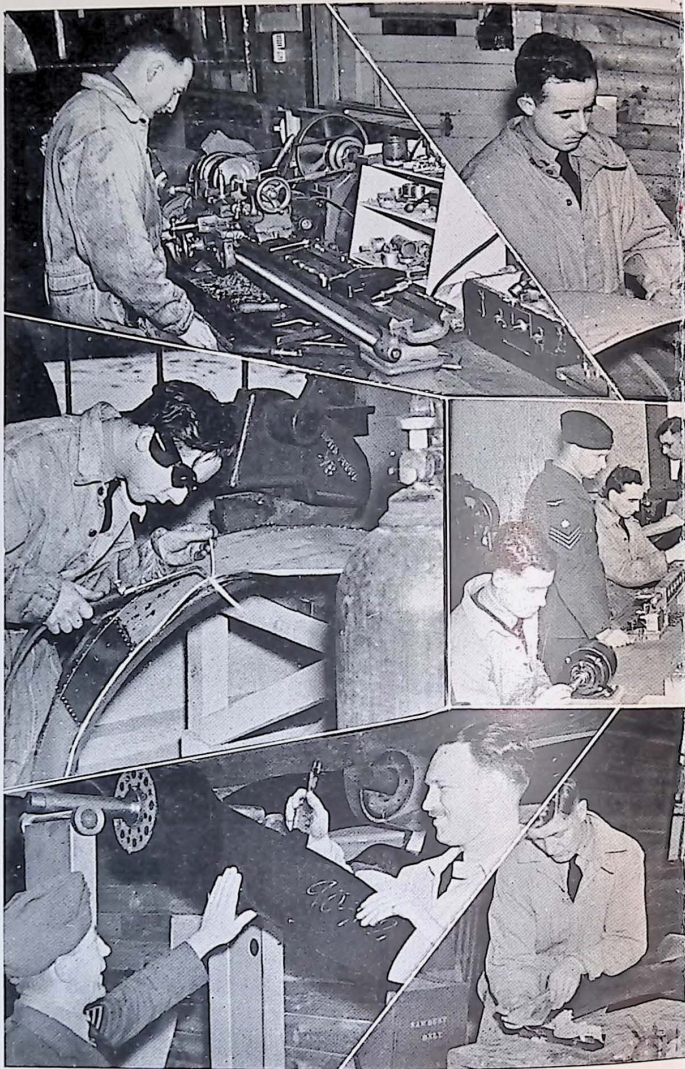
Beveridge Report." There is an open invitation to all men on the Station to join us any Tuesday evening in the Chapel at 20.00 hours.

MODEL AIRCRAFT CLUB.—During the past month considerable progress has been made in the construction of models, and members of the Club are looking forward to the time when their models will make their first flight. Club nights are on Tuesdays and Thursdays in the G.I.S. Block, but facilities are available for all nights of the week except Saturday nights. Members are usually at work all of the six evenings. All new members are most heartily welcome to our Club.

TENNIS NOTES.—Owing to sickness, the matches arranged for February 22, 1943, (Knock-out Tournament) had to be postponed. Consequently no progress has been made. Several players have been turning up for practice and some are showing extremely good form.



Relics of the Past





n Workshops



Relics of the Past

Signal Notes

It is quite some time since the Signals Notes appeared in the Log, but here we are again, and operating on a new frequency—we hope to be on the air regularly.

New Arrivals.—We welcome, perhaps belated, our new Signals Officer, P/O J. Law. He is not entirely unknown to the lads, having been one of their instructors at Wireless School. To the three arrivals from the "Old Country" we also extend a welcome. Hope you all enjoy your stay at Penhold!

Ice Hockey.—By the time this goes to press, hockey will probably be just a memory: but a very pleasant one for us. Our team, with one game outstanding at time of writing, have won all their fixtures. We can, however, consider ourselves the winners of our league. Congratulations to two of our players on their selection as members of the Station team.

Decorating.—During the past month a "beautify your surroundings" campaign has been the vogue in the offices of the Section. One lad was heard to say "Hitler was once a painter, too!" That's right, fellow; and it shall give us all the greatest of pleasure to prepare his last scaffold.

Innovation.—The automatic switchboard in the telephone exchange has at long last been installed. This should put paid to previous references of "auto——."

Romance.—The Romeo from Yorkshire is still strong on the diminutive charmer from Edmonton, although he was decidedly worried when one day passed without a letter. Yet another of our members rises from his warm bed at 2 a.m. to answer a phone call! Why should he worry: she is only a pen-pal?

Correction.—S.O.S. means Save Our Souls, not "Send Out Stead."

—Di-dah Di-dah-dit.

Are You Lucky This Month?

As it has proved so successful, we are again inserting three lucky chits in three separate copies of this magazine. If you are lucky and receive one of these chits, come up to S.H.Q. Orderly Room and see the Editor.

You get a free pass to the Station Cinema for a month.

The lucky ones last month were: Cpl. Ockerby; LAC Jones, F.; and LAC Hayton, all of Maintenance Wing.—Ed.

"TEN LITTLE u/t's"

Ten little u/t's set out to toe the line,
One couldn't solo and then there were nine.
Nine little u/t's tried to navigate,
One got nowhere and then there were eight.
Eight little u/t's climbed toward heaven,
One froze solid and then there were seven.
Seven little u/t's tried some take-off tricks,
One curved sideways and then there were six.
Six little u/t's tried to live and thrive,
One forgot his undercart and then there were five.
Five little u/t's set out to win the war,
One touched his wing tip and then there were four.
Four little u/t's at night tried hard to see,
One forgot his heaters and then there were three.
Three little u/t's, one tried hard to do,
A single wheel landing and then there were two.
Two little u/t's set out to have some fun,
One lost an engine and then there was one.
One little u/t came forth from much destruction,
Had to go to C.F.S. to get some more instruction.

"Tea Will Be Served"

By GERALD DEAN

MRS. PUGGLESWADE, the President of the R.A.F. Ladies' Association, was, to say the least of it, annoyed. She had intimated as much to Mrs. Snodgrass, their very efficient Secretary, who admitted to a similar feeling with a sniff. Mrs. Fiddle-Faddle and Mrs. Carter Hokum-Pokum (of the Somerset Hokum-Pokums, you know, my dear), said nothing, but a certain bright glint in their eyes showed their interest in the proceedings.



"I really do think it is too bad, my deah," complained Mrs. Puggleswade, "here we have waited for over half an hour for the other thirty-six ladies, and only four of us have turned up." Mrs. Carter Hokum-Pokum reflectively scratched the tip of her rather long nose (which was very useful for looking down, as well as for turning up upon occasion), but still said nothing, waiting for Mrs. Puggleswade to continue. The latter needed no urging. "What the Red Cross will think of the volume of garments we have turned out, I really don't know." "Who's talking about Blue Cross?" asked Mrs. Featherbrain, who had just tinkled into the room. "Don't hurry me. I know I've got a box somewhere—I brought it with me from England. Where's the nice young man who's going to give me ten shillings?" "Red Cross, not Blue Cross," snapped Mrs. Fiddle-Faddle acidly. "If some people would only come to these meetings at the right time, they would hear what was said. Blue Cross." She sniffed!

"I'm so pleased to see you, dear," observed Mrs. Snodgrass, writing down Mrs. Featherbrain's name in the minute sheet, and mentally calculating—an attendance of four is 10%, five is 12½%, and then aloud, "Hum, two and a half per cent up." "What was that, dar-r-rling?" asked Mrs. Puggleswade, who was not at all hard of hearing, but who did not like mumbles. "An increase of 2½% in our strength against our establishment," snapped Mrs. Snodgrass, whose husband often talked in his sleep and to whom the terms were therefore no novelty. Mrs. Puggleswade did not understand at all, but did not intend to argue the point.

A flurry at the door interrupted an awkward situation, and in hurried Mrs. Newly Sergeant and Mrs. Flight with Mrs. Plonk and Mrs. Props, closely followed by Mrs. Corp and Mrs. Clark G. Dee. Mrs. Flight, as the spokeswoman, apologised for being late, and Mrs. Puggleswade was so pleased to see them that she could not find it in her heart to chide, especially when it was explained that Mrs. Newly Sergeant's offspring had swallowed the notice, and consequently she had not had the car ready when the rest came round to her flat. "I do hope Junior felt no ill effect from swallowing the notice," said Mrs. Puggleswade. "Oh, no, Mrs. Puggleswade," answered Mrs. Newly Sergeant, "it was a bit of a bind, but then all such notices usually are, and a good dose of opening medicine will put him right."

"Well, Madam President," said Mrs. Snodgrass, "we can now form a Quorum, and get on with the meeting." "That's got something to do with hounds, hasn't it," whispered Mrs. Featherbrain to Mrs. Fiddle-Faddle. "You're thinking of the Quorn," answered Mrs. Fiddle-Faddle, and under her breath Mrs. Plonk muttered, "Pull your finger out!" Fortunately nobody overheard. "I think," said Mrs. Carter Hokum-Pokum, "that disciplinary action should be taken against the absentees. An example should be made." "What should we do?" enquired Mrs. Puggleswade, who underneath was very tenderhearted, and who disliked the sound of all this. Mrs. Carter Hokum-Pokum didn't know, but the voice of Mrs. Clark G. Dee, who had been asleep and who had just awakened quite refreshed, was heard to suggest, "What about an Orderly

Room?" Mrs. Carter Hokum-Pokum seized upon this suggestion like a drowning man clutching at a straw. She had spoken without much thought; it had left her out on a limb, and she did not much like the feeling. "The very thing, Mrs. Dee," she syrugged. "An Orderly Room!"

"What's an Orderly Room?" asked Mrs. Featherbrain. "If your old man had been an airman, you would have known," answered Mrs. Props. "Yus," said Mrs. Corp, "the C.O. 'ad my 'ubby on the carpet larst week, and tore strips off 'im proper, 'e did. Gave 'im a Severe Dig, too." Mrs. Featherbrain was shocked! "The Commanding Officer tore strips out of your husband, and dug him in the ribs? I don't believe it. He is a very nice gentleman; he wouldn't do such a thing." Mrs. Snodgrass soothed her. "I don't think you understand, dear. All Mrs. Corp meant was that Mr. Corp was-ah-shall we say 'shown the error of his ways,' and which were duly inscribed upon his documents." "His One-two-one's, to be precise," put in Mrs. Flight, who felt that she should take part in the discussion. "If you want to run an Orderly Room, I can show you how. I could march 'em in; I've seen Mr. Flight practise at home often." "I'm sure you could, Mrs. Flight," said Mrs. Puggleswade, "but I don't think that we have decided whether it would be in the best interests of the association to take such drastic steps. I think that perhaps if we wrote them a note . . ." "That's what Holland did to Germany," said Mrs. Fiddle-Faddle, "and much good did it do them; they invaded Holland just the same." "Well, perhaps, my dear, after the note, the ladies would invade us," replied Mrs. Puggleswade, and felt she had scored for once over the Fiddle-Faddle, for whom she had small regard.

Mrs. Snodgrass thought it was time the meeting was brought to order. "Have you considered, ladies, that with the number of delinquents, we would be having Orderly Rooms for the next three months, and I might point out that you cannot brew tea in an Orderly Room." "Let's just try the ring-leaders, then," suggested Mrs. Carter Hokum-Pokum, "it will be an example to the others. Mrs. Puggleswade, as the President, will take the charges; Mrs. Snodgrass will be the Adjutant; Mrs. Flight will march them in; Mrs. Newly Sergeant and Mrs. Corp will be the escort, and the rest of us will be the witnesses." "Won't you want the Padre, too?" asked Mrs. Featherbrain; "I always understood that the Padre spends the last half-hour with the prisoners before punishment." "Don't be silly," said Mrs. Fiddle-Faddle. "Before the punishment, indeed. That is part of the punishment!"

"Well, who are you going to charge?" demanded Mrs. Carter Hokum-Pokum. Mrs. Snodgrass read the list of absentees: "Mrs. Creepy-Crawley, Mrs. Seldom Sweet, Lady Ima Nerk, Mrs. Anne Astypiece, Mrs. Prog, Mrs. Prune, Mrs. Prang, Mrs. Clamping Downer and her daughter, Miss Binding Clamping Downer. Do you want anymore?" "No," answered Mrs. Carter Hokum-Pokum, "enough's as good as a feast, and we're rationed even in Canada. Let's take them in order."

"Tea's ready, dear," broke in Mrs. Puggleswade, who had been busy in the corner. "Let's leave that 'till the next meeting."

* * * * *

NOT A MAIDEN'S FARE

Francic Voice on Phone: "Help; a robber just broke into the old maids' home."

Cop: "Who's this calling?"

Voice: "The robber."

MOTHER-IN-LAW

"My husband got angry last night and told me to go to the devil."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going straight home to mother."

A FLAME UNQUENCHED

"Mrs. Brown is very determined that her husband shall do no more Fire Watching."

"What's her reason?"

"Well, it seems that he has been concentrating on an old flame."

JUST MARRIED

"Did Mary's playboy husband carry her across the threshold the night of their wedding?"

"Yes, he had to. She was plastered!"

For Your EntertainmentShowing At The Station CinemaScreen Attractions For March, 1943

Tuesday, March 16th

"ACROSS THE PACIFIC"

With Humphrey Bogart and Mary Astor. Melodrama with a Punch!

Thursday, March 18th

"BLUES IN THE NIGHT"

With Priscilla Lane and Richard Whorf. The musical that is really different.

Saturday and Sunday, March 20-21

"WHISTLING IN DIXIE"

With Red Skelton and Ann Rutherford. Comedy and new adventures in crime detection.

Tuesday, March 23rd

"SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE"

With Victor Mature and Lucille Ball. With the music of Freddy Martin and Les Brown.

Thursday, March 25th

"ICELAND"

With Sonja Henie and John Payne. A glittering Ice-Extravaganza.

Saturday and Sunday, March 27-28

"THE AVENGERS"

With Ralph Richardson and Deborah Kerr. A superbly filmed British War Drama.

Tuesday, March 30th

"THUNDER BIRDS"

With Gene Tierney and Preston Foster. Flight Training in Technicolour.

Thursday, April 1st

"FOR ME AND MY GAL"

With Judy Garland and Gene Kelly. The outstanding musical-vaudeville picture of the year.

April Programmes include:

"THE BLACK SWAN" in vivid Technicolour.**"NOW, VOYAGER,"** starring Bette Davis.**"CASABLANCA,"** starring Humphrey Bogart.

* * * * *

YOU MAY BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT—

January, 1943, was the most successful month since the Cinema opened in 1941, an average of over 450 attending each picture in the month.

Attendance figures for February, 1943, are, at the time of writing, even higher than January.

Any resemblance between the Station Cinema and a Commercial Theatre is absolutely incredible!

THIS MONTH'S BIND.—If you must eat at the Shows, please don't use the floor for the orange peel—try your neighbour's pocket.**YOU MAY BE EVEN MORE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT—**

The leading member of the Swing Club is also on the Cinema Staff, which may account for the unusual introductory music played before certain films.

After the playing of "Orchestra Wives," the remaining Cinema Staff threatened resignation to join the Swing Club.

There is no truth in the rumour that the other half of your admission ticket will be exchanged for a seven-course dinner in the cookhouse.

"Why Go Off the Camp To Be Twisted—Come To The Station Cinema."

There is positively no truth in the rumour that the management have bought a new record—or a new needle.

The attendance of Officers has increased lately. Any connection with the rationing of "liquid refreshment" is quite irrelevant.

The Chief Operator is threatening to go on leave in March. What a hope he has.—P.J.G.

SERGEANTS' MESS GOSSIP

MESS ETIQUETTE. We have all seen some of it in our time, and have multifarious views on the subject. Let us here, for want of a better subject, discuss them. When we were erks, we thought nothing, did we, of entering the N.A.A.F.I. with our Caps, F.S., on, even touching them to the NAAFI girls, asking for a pint, seating ourselves at a table, placing our backsides on a chair and our feet on a table, tilting our Caps, F.S., to the back of our heads, and then nonchalantly proceeding to imbibe of the drink that is considered by most doctors (including "Doc" Ford) to be the next best to Adam's Ale. But gosh, what would happen if a Member entered the Sergeants' Mess with his Cap on. Why, all he would have to do is to buy all those present a beer each. Sometimes quite expensive, but not nearly so expensive as it would be if the same rule were applied to the Airmen's Wet Canteen.

Can you imagine, dear Members, what the erks would think if one of them, on rising from the meal table, were to say, "Excuse me." They'd either think he was "nuts" or that he had committed some faux pas which necessitated a strategic withdrawal and which had not yet become apparent to those seated with him.

Of course, it is essential, in the Mess, that when drinking soup you make the most cacophonous noise possible, and when finished, that you smack your lips in approbation and wipe your fingers on your shirt-tail. You'd never do that in the Airmen's Mess!

Much as Members would like to, they are expressly forbidden to tip the waiters. We have fought against this rule since the inception of the Royal Air Force, but there is no likelihood whatsoever of this rule being rescinded. Sorry, waiters!



DO THEY ALWAYS SMILE AT WORK?

Y. M. C. A. Notes

Hockey.—Despite unsuitable weather for frequent periods of a week or more, the Hockey League has continued, and many close games have been played. At present, Signals are leading the League and bid strongly to win the cup, but S.H.Q. may have something to say about this, too. Our Station team visited No. 37 S.F.T.S., Calgary, and held that team to a draw, the score being 1-1. So far we have been unable to get our opposition up to Penhold for a return game—which we are confident of winning. Finals will be played in the Station Leagues before the middle of March.

Y.M.C.A. Cinema Service.—This has now been developed into a routine of two shows on Monday and Friday, in the Recreation Hall, at 6 p.m. and 8:15 p.m.; one show in the Station Hospital on Wednesday afternoon, and one show at Innisfail R.1 on Wednesday evening. We have some excellent pictures booked for showing during March and April. Some of them are: "Ride 'Em, Cowboy," featuring Abbott and Costello; "Thirty-nine Steps," with Madeleine Carroll, and "They Died With Their Boots On," with Errol Flynn. There is always a good evening's entertainment at the Y.M.C.A. Cinema!

Library Services.—Many new books of the most popular variety are being added each month to the Y.M.C.A. Library. Nearly two hundred were added during January and February, both by purchase and by donation. Here is a hint—if you find that you have books which you cannot get in your pack when you are posted, why not donate them to the Library and let many other chaps have the enjoyment of reading them. We mark the book "Donated by _____" That is a good way to be remembered on the Station.

Other Y.M.C.A. Services.—You can send a telegram or cable to any part of the world by bringing it to the Y.M.C.A. office. We despatch them via C.P.R. Telegraphs.

If you wish to send a food parcel overseas, the easiest way out is to fill in a form at the Y.M.C.A. office—we do the rest for you. Collect your receipt the next day.

Do you want postal, customs, or travel information? Ask us; it's more than likely that we have the answer.

We are always pleased to receive constructive criticism and advice. Don't hesitate to have a chat, or drop in a note.—A. Allen, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor.

Congratulations to Capt. W. McIvor, C.D.C., on his recent marriage to Miss Margaret Fulton at Edmonton.

* * * * *

OUTLOOK

A young man and his fiance had wed and were spending their honeymoon at a large hotel. When bedtime came the bride went to bed and the groom sat by the window and gazed at the moon and stars. The bride called to him and asked:

"Why don't you come to bed?"

He replied: "My mother told me my wedding night would be the most beautiful of my life, and I'm not going to miss a minute of it."

GOOD ADVICE?

The senior mess officer asked the newly-joined P/O to stay for a minute or two after the mess, as he wanted a word with him.

"I noticed," he said, "that you drank rather too freely to-night. That won't do. Now, you see those four bottles on the table? When you begin to think that there are eight bottles, it's time to stop."

"But, sir," objected the junior, "there are only two bottles on the table."

A Morning in the Specialist Flight . . .

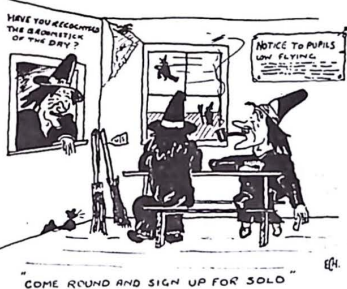
"CEILING 7,000 feet, visibility 15 miles . . ." "Good, a real clamp at last—what, we've got to fly—far too dangerous—send 'em solo." So with typical navigational dash the instructors climb into their "suits, outer," or "suits, white, salesmen, ice cream, for the use of." Short trips are in demand with the pupil flying, so that the instructor can get some sleeping hours to make up for those lost whilst studying. At last the intrepid pilots are off—at least those who haven't enough technical knowledge to put their machines u/s. A roving guard consisting of one P.P.O. pilot is detailed to patrol the crewroom and rumble the pupils for all offences from breathing to working, which he does with a cry of, "Another pint of milk for my Maureen."

Those who are condemned to sit in durance vile in the instructors' room settle down to a quiet bind or apply themselves to their study of philosophy, but not for long—a cry rends the air. The N.C.O. i/c Compasses, an efficient bloke, announces, "54 needs swinging." Reluctantly one says "I can't do it; I did one two months ago." And so the eager men have to decline the honour and pass the buck.

At this juncture all swings are forgotten with the arrival of the Y.M. van and milk bottles are gathered from the litter of funnies on the table and mugs are borrowed, and then all is silence except for munching jaws. But N.C.O. i/c Compasses, still efficient even if bloated with buns, manages to scare two pilots into swinging 54. The threat is an interview with the Gaffer. So out into the wintry blast stagger the pressed men, clad in all their suits and nursing plywood boards, forms, a compass and a grievance, and from one issues a cry of "Don't touch my Spit—it's not stuck together." Half an hour later one returns—"Finished?" He replies, "No, I've forgotten the compass key."

Soon shouts of glee announce that our pupils have returned, really found the place from whence they started! Well trained are these Penhold pupes for, with a limited visibility of only 80 miles and only Gull and Sylvan Lakes to guide them, they are rarely lost for more than an hour. For this feat they get "A" written on their logs in letters of red or blue.

This interlude over and fresh pupils sent to dare and do and pinpoint themselves over Alberta's lonely wastes, the exhausted instructors crawl to a well earned lunch and in the mess receive the congratulations and admiration of the flying instructors for a difficult and hard job well done.—By P/P/O/I.



. . The Quest . .

By HUGH HAMMOND

Slowly and with furrowed brow,
I left the house behind:
With measured tread I sped to seek
A peace and calm of mind.

Away from earthly troubles,
Away from earthly sin;
To seek the joys of heaven,
The Right of Man to win.

Through avenues of poplars,
'Long the pathway to the hill,
Upon whose crest to rest awhile,
My quest I would fulfil.

My goal is reached . . . I lay me down
And nestle in the dew;
No fear have I of earthly chills,
For faith have I anew.

In God I place my confidence,
My mind, my soul, my trust—
In Him is my Criterion—
So good, I feel I must.

Long hours in sweet communion
With God in heavenly bliss,
I lay with not a single care,
Though all may go amiss.

But when my thoughts did earth-
ward bend,
I rose reluctantly:
I knew I had my way to wend
Down hill, 'twas hard for me.

With troubled mind and heavy heart,
My way I turned to wander,
And though I knew I must depart,
Yet how I wished to stay longer!

As down the hill my feet did tread,
The gradient made me hurry
Against my will, for I did dread
The War . . . the woe . . . the worry.

Lo, ere my road I had traversed,
Swift carried by the breeze,
There came a voice from out the blue
To set my mind at ease.

So soft the words and strangely clear
Sounded soothingly in my ear:
"The peace and calm for which you
yearn
Will still be there should you return"

No sooner said than I began
To walk with sprightly gait,
For now I really could withstand
This World of ours, of Hate.

CONFIDENTIALLY

Absolute knowledge have I none
—but my aunt's washerwoman's
sister's son—heard a policeman on
his beat, tell a labourer on the
street—that he had a letter just last
week—written in the finest Greek
—from a Chinese coolie in Timbuc-
too—who said that a Negro in Cuba
knew—of a coloured man in Texas
Town—who got it straight from a
circus clown—that a man in Klond-
ike heard the news—from a bunch
of South American Jews—about
somebody in Borneo—who heard a
man had claimed to know—of a
swell society Boston guy—whose
mother-in-law will start to try—to
prove that her husband's sister's
niece—had stated in a printed piece
—she has a son in Innisfail—who
knows when the boat is going to
sail.

ACCOMMODATION AND ENTERTAINMENT ON LEAVE

When on leave, why don't you
take advantage of the numerous
Service Men's Clubs thrown open
to you.

We have on file at present a few
letters from Service Men's Clubs in
America and Canada. The Clubs
are situated in the following towns:
Philadelphia, New York City,
Montreal, Winnipeg, Banff and
Great Falls, Montana.

Any personnel wishing further in-
formation on any of the above clubs
should contact the Editor at S.H.Q.
Orderly Room any time during nor-
mal working hours. You may
peruse the information on file and
take any notes you wish.—Editor.

A Good Show

When "X" course arrived at Penhold, the flying instructors, as usual, branded them as a pretty ropery bunch, and the ground instructors, as usual, thought them somewhat dim. In due course these dim, ropery pupils passed their exams and won their wings—by which time the flying instructors, as usual, conceded that they were not bad types after all, and the ground instructors, as usual, admitted that, generally speaking, they had proved quite bright.

On leaving Penhold, nine of these pupils went to a school to study the more ambitious methods of navigation—peering up at the stars to fix their position instead of hopefully looking over the side the way we do. From an ex-pupil we have heard the results of this arduous course. All nine ex-Penhold pupils were in the first eleven.

This was the order of finishing: 1, P/O Davie; 2, P/O Nicholl; 3, P/O Ballantyne; 4, Sgt. McCreesh; 5, A. N. Outsider; 6, Sgt. A. G. Hall; 7, P/O J. N. Diamond; 8, P/O Smith, G. D. (R.C.A.F.); 11, Sgt. Smith, W. J. (R.C.A.F.). Good show, what?

* * * *

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

A member of the Accounts Staff went into the Gaetz-Cornett Drug Store to enquire if they had a copy of "The Beveridge Report"—maybe the young lady behind the counter was a little "dim," but she replied, in a rather non-plussed manner, "Is that something to do with tea?"—W.L.J.

* * * *

NOT NEWS

A new recruit was on Guard Duty for the first time, the officer in charge, to test his alertness, approached stealthily and waited to be challenged. After a few minutes he stepped forward and shouted:

"Hey, do you know that I have been here five minutes?"

"That's nothing," came the reply, "I've been here for two hours."

Some Hangar!

(Courtesy The Reader's Digest)

We have an airplane hangar down here in Texas that's so big it makes every other one in the U.S. look like a doll's house. Its dimensions are secret, but you'll get an idea of its size from the fact that no planes except long-range bombers can taxi from one end of it to the other without refueling.

We have to maintain two meteorology departments at our field—one to forecast weather conditions outside and the other for inside the hangar. The latter has a tough job, for huge clouds accumulate under the roof and the sudden roar of an engine often brings on a cloudburst.

We've heard a rumour that one half of the building is to be turned into a 24-hour-a-day practice bombing range, but I doubt it because of the constant threat of rain or fog. Last week a new pursuit ship, on a secret test hop in the hangar, ran into fog and clouds and was lost for three days.—Cpl. Hamilton M. Lamb, Foster Field, Victoria, Texas.

* * * *

THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME!

An attempt was being made to break the round-the-world record by air. The pilot on this trip was accompanied by a civilian.

The great day came for the start of the trip, with favourable weather conditions, and off they went.

When they came to the first refuelling point, they swooped in and landed. A Bowser immediately dashed alongside and started refuelling the aircraft. This same procedure continued for three days at different fuelling points.

On the third day after landing, the pilot was feeling in high spirits. "This is swell," said he to his companion. "We are already 18 hours ahead of schedule!" "What do you think?"

The civilian, after some consideration, remarked, "Yes, so far so good, but one point is bothering me. Do you think that Bowser can keep it up?"

The Padre's Notes

Praise The Lord and Pass Resolutions

A VISITOR from another world, listening to the inhabitants of the North American continent singing their latest popular song, might suppose that they were on the verge of the millennium. It makes you think when you hear people on a weekday singing "Praise the Lord." I'd like to think they really meant what they sang. We Christians are convinced that life which is not based upon the praise of God is bound to be very empty and twisted. An American writer said recently, "All the moral evils in history are due to man's failure to accept God and his plan for human living. War is the supreme illustration." That has been said over and over again until it has become a trite observation, but the Church will keep on saying it until either all Christians are in concentration camps or man accepts it. Civilisations will continue to rise and fall while they are founded on materialism and selfish aggrandizement. History shouts that at us. There is no permanence for either the individual or the community except in the Eternal. "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it."

The further we get away from the pre-war world, the more do we realize its corruption. Distance doesn't always lend enchantment to the eye! Although the peoples of the larger and stronger nations of the West had been taught the elements of Christianity for almost 2,000 years, there was still no international body with authority and power to which the nations' differences could be referred. They were talked about, but rarely settled. The world, which is one by reason of its geography and the similarity of human needs, was still divided into savagely competing tribes and nations. Of course, we had our Churches and sometimes they were used, but we decided to keep our religion and its morality in a water-tight compartment. We thought it ought not to overlap economics and politics. Politics and economics, we thought, were autonomous. The Church protested time and again against this divorce, but her declarations and resolutions went unheeded. It had become the practise to scorn the findings and opinions of the Christian Church and to ridicule its resolutions. What did the Church know about economics and politics! Let the Church mind its own business and leave other things to the economists and politicians! Now, while it is no business of the Church to attempt a settlement of purely economic questions, the Church has every right to protest when economics become the master of men and communities are made to serve the designs of financiers and diplomats. Industry, production and the state exist for man, and not vice versa.

When the Church meets in council to consider the moral evils of society and the misery and poverty of human life, it is not doing so because it is an agreeable pastime. When the Church passes its resolutions, it is affirming two vital things, firstly, that life without discussion is unworthy of man, and secondly, that society must be built not upon that most shallow of all fictions, the economic man, but upon man, a moral and spiritual being, who is dependent for wisdom, power and happiness upon God. To keep discussion alive and to consider the will of God for man and society in a day of transition and turbulence such as this, is no mean service to the world. Cut it out and the future is hopeless.

THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

Procula (Pilate's wife): Do you think he is dead?

Longinus (Centurion): No, Lady, I don't.

Procula: Then where is he?

Longinus: Let loose in the world, Lady, where neither Roman nor Jew can stop his truth.—Masefield's "Trial of Jesus."

SERVICES IN THE CHAPEL—

Sunday at 10.00 hours—Parade Service.

Sunday at 10:45 hours—Holy Communion.

DISCUSSION GROUP each Tuesday in the Chapel at 20.00 hours.

