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B.W. ROUGHTON

36 S · F · T · S

VOLUME III
APRIL



NUMBER 4
1943

A Farewell Message

To The Penhold Log

IT SEEMS PROBABLE that this will be the last number of the Penhold Log to be published during my tenure of command of this Station. I would like, therefore, to take this opportunity to convey my congratulations to the Editors, management, and contributors, who have so successfully produced the magazine since December, 1941, and to thank them for all their hard work and enthusiasm.

It is comparatively easy to start a Station Magazine; the test comes in keeping it up. So, in the first number, I wrote that its introduction was somewhat of a venture in the dark. The Penhold Log has not only survived, but has gone from strength to strength. The hard going at times, and the constant effort, have been amply rewarded by the result. It is a magazine of which we may justly be very proud. All those concerned with its production, and those who have contributed with articles, photographs, and cartoons, have done a grand job, and are deserving of the highest praise.

I shall look forward with the greatest interest to the future numbers of the magazine. I hope it may last the life of the Unit. I am sure that in after years when we have returned to our homes and post-war occupations, we will value the Penhold Log even more than we do now. We will find great pleasure reading through its pages again, and be glad of this record of our life in Canada. I would wish the Penhold Log continued and increasing success, and I hope that everyone will support it in the future as keenly as they have in the past.

W. B. Jamington.



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APRIL



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



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Editorial

AS the "Boat" is on its way, I think the time is opportune to thank all my contributors for their valued assistance. It is understandable that, without jokes, articles, cartoons and photographs, this magazine could not function. I would like to thank everyone who has submitted material for this magazine. Not all contributions can be printed immediately—some may have to wait for a month or two, but they will all appear some time in the "Log." In particular, I would like to express my thanks to S/Ldr. Flynn for his abundant supply of really good photographs, to Sgt. O'Neil for his ideas and photographs, to Cpl. Money for his entertaining cartoons, and to Miss Joan Fraser of Edmonton, who faithfully supplies "service" cartoons monthly.

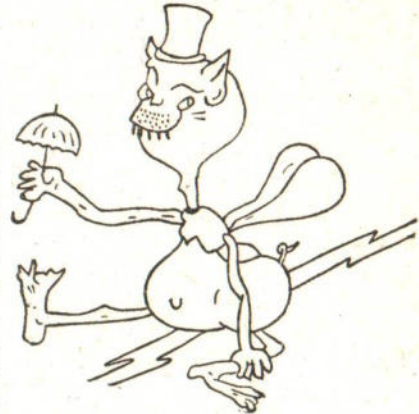
I would also like to record here my appreciation of the efforts of the printing staff, their unstinted co-operation and constructive criticisms.

And finally, to the lads who so generously give up their time to help in the sale of the "Log"—thanks!

The Local Gremlin Squadrons

To: Officer i/c Gremlins.
 From: Station Headquarters.
 Ref.: 123/456/789/543/210

1. It is understood that the Gremlins on practically every station confine their mischievous activities to aeroplanes and things connected with flying. But in view of certain very strange not to say peculiar happenings in Headquarters recently, it would seem that one or more Gremlins, grounded by the weather, may have escaped and made their way to Headquarters. It would be appreciated if you would check up on your inventory and report immediately any deficiency in the stock of Gremlins held on your Charge.



2. The events related below seem to have started on Tuesday night and to have reached a climax on Wednesday morning. Since then work has proceeded more or less normally, so that it may be that the cause of the trouble has gone home or moved elsewhere. It is, however, important that there should be no recurrence of last Tuesday's escapade, and you are requested to take whatever steps you consider necessary to prevent such a recurrence.

3. The state of complete and utter chaos in the Orderly Room and Accounts Section that greeted the staff as they marched in on Wednesday morning was indescribable. Cupboards had been broken open, filing cabinets pushed away from the walls and the contents scattered all over the floor, and a spurious set of D.R.O.'s issued allowing airmen to do all the things they have always wanted to do. In the S. Ad. O.'s office the visitor had played havoc with the cards hanging on the wall neatly arranged under such headings as "Sanitary Squad," "Voluntary Band," "Barbers," and so forth. When the S. Ad. O. entered his office that morning he found the headings still on the board but the cards with the airmen's names on them placed in a little pile on the floor. It was patently impossible to tell whether AC Snooks played the violin or washed the dishes in the Airmen's Mess. He could not tell whether LAC ——— should be scrubbing the floor or learning navigation (not that that really mattered). He, therefore, decided that the best way was to start from scratch and see what happened. Relying on intuition, he put the Padre in charge of Maintenance and altered the Sunday Church Parades, giving orders that they were to be held on Fridays, which, until further notice, would be considered as Sundays, and vice versa. Torchlight parades were to be held every Tuesday and Thursday at midnight when everyone was to march backwards headed by the Sergeants' Mess Male Voice Choir (if any). He gave another order to come into effect immediately that in future all airmen in detention were to see that the S.P.'s were in custody by 1730 hours daily. A whole host of orders came out of the bottom office all of a revolutionary nature, and some complete nonsense, not even gramatically correct.

4. It soon became apparent that the new set of orders might interfere with flying, and the Adjutant found his table covered with Leave Passes by 11 a.m. Each instructor had put in for seven days' leave as a sort of protest against something or other. Of course, the instructors missed the whole point because from an Adjutant's point of view an instructor on leave is just one problem less, so he altered all the "7 days" into "28 days" and passed them up for approval with a snort of delight.

5. But do not suppose the visitor on Tuesday night confined his mischief to the S. Ad. O. and Orderly Room. He had evidently had a go at the safe in the Adjutant's office. The confidential documents kept there had all got mixed

up so that in some way he must have managed to open it up. Now, even if confidential documents are incomprehensible, it is very confusing to find them all out of order and standing on end and upside down as they were that morning. It ceases to be simply a difficulty that can be passed over with a light laugh and becomes a serious problem. The Assistant Adjutant (no names mentioned) got over the problem very neatly by burning the whole blooming lot. This he did more or less in secret in a corner at the back of the building. He left by a side entrance, practically unobserved, with his hat on and the miserable look of an officer going on parade so as to fool as many people as possible. Everyone who saw him pass the windows thought he really was going on a parade, so tragic was his expression and yet so military his bearing. The fact that he was carrying several large bundles of papers marked "Secret and Confidential" and "Confidential and Secret" and "Warm Before Reading" and "To Be Swallowed If Attacked," was accepted as part of an Assistant Adjutant's parade paraphernalia. The fact that he had a large tin of petrol under his arm stamped with the letters "GAS" was thought to be odd, but not unduly so. The fact that he carried a long lighted taper in one hand looked a bit festive, but was explained on the grounds of eccentricity. Nothing more was seen of him (except by the writer) until lunch time when he appeared as calm as ever with nothing to disclose the foul deed he had carried out a short time before, beyond a scorched eyebrow and a sleeve of his tunic burnt away up to the elbow.

6. In the Accounts Section that morning a serious state of affairs prevailed. All the single men on the Station filled in forms to get married, and not a few had had children overnight. Wives had come over from England apparently in droves and the applications for advances of pay on the flimsiest of pretexts were staggering. The entire staff put in letters asking to remuster. None of them knew what they wanted to remuster into, but they all knew what they wanted to remuster out of. The notice "Out of Bounds" had been taken off the general office door and screwed on the inside of the S.A.O.'s room, and he was ringing furiously for his lunch, as he knew he would not be able to get out until the Spring when the storm windows were removed. But the most serious piece of mischief done by the nocturnal intruder was to the adding machine. Instead of adding, the machine now subtracts so that it looks as though on the next pay parade the airmen will have to pay the Government, instead of the Government paying the airmen. It will be readily understood that apart from the inconvenience this may cause to the airmen, it is going to be an infernal nuisance for the Accounts Staff, who enjoy paying so much more than receiving (at least that is the impression they would like people to get). However, this information is to be treated as confidential, as it is hoped that before next pay day some measure of sanity will have been restored to the personnel of Station Headquarters.

7. The seriousness of what has occurred will only be too obvious to you, and your attention is again drawn to the necessity for quick preventive action.

J.S.A.

For and on behalf of Station Headquarters.

* * * * *

S-H-H-H

First Security Guard: "Aren't you ever afraid that an intruder will break in?"

Second Ditto: "At first I was so worried I couldn't sleep nights."

* * * * *

FRA' SCOTLAND

Andy: "I heard McTavish was arrested las' nict'."

Sandy: "Ay, he was going to a strip poker game naked."

NOT CRICKET

Love is one game that is never postponed on account of darkness.

* * * * *

ONE FOR THE ROAD

First Drunk: "We're getting closer to town."

Second Drunk: "How do you know?"

First Drunk: "We're hitting more people."

BOXING

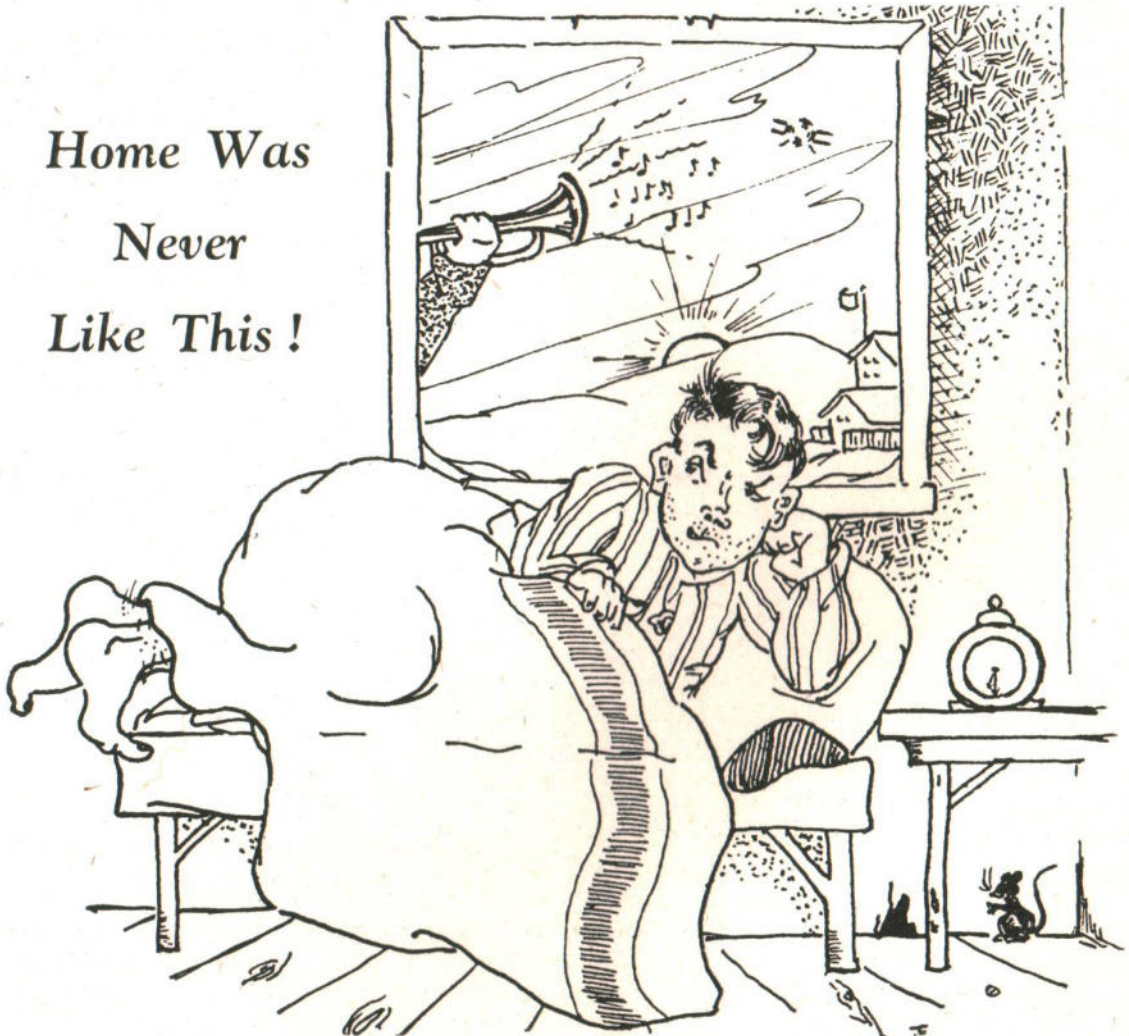
Our congratulations go to the Station Boxing Team, who made such a good showing at the recent Alberta Boxing Championships at Lethbridge. In particular we would like to congratulate LAC Taylor on winning the open lightweight championship and LAC Stevenson on bringing home the open heavyweight championship. As the heavyweight championship was not defended, Stevenson pluckily, but unsuccessfully, challenged the Western Canada Champion, Eppie Lust, giving away 40 pounds. The fight was stopped in the third round.

Our sympathy goes out to AC Gamble, who had to withdraw in the final of the Service lightweight championship on account of a sprained ankle.

LAC Foster lost on points to Cpl. "Kid" Kornuta of No. 2 F.I.S., in the semi-final of the open middleweight championship, in the closest and most hard fought fight of the competition. "Kid" Kornuta is the holder of the "Golden Gloves" of Saskatchewan.

Out of a team of four, two won championships and one was runner-up. Well done, lads!

Home Was
Never
Like This!



Unhonoured and Unsung

I MAKE no apology for the story which I relate—I ask no applause—claim no laurels. The cynical may curl their lips derisively, even the credulous find it difficult to digest, but whatever the reactions, this story I will tell The night has been a wild one, of wind, snow, more wind, more snow, and now, as if to show the superiority of the elements, a blizzard is raging. The setting, a small hut, bleak and uninviting. Frenziedly, the wind beats the snow against the walls as though to sweep this insignificant obstacle from its path of destruction. A lone figure, in the darkness of early morning, rises from the shambles of clothes that represents a bed, stands momentarily shivering, then hastens to cover its frail form from the below-zero temperature. The face reflects the pain of ordeal, and the ordeals yet to battle, for again, despite storms or difficulties, that hazardous journey must be made it's not to reason why, it's but to do or die (no claim is made on the originality of this). This lone figure (what matter the name?) stands dressed, and except for the eyes, all else is covered. Staggering to the door and putting forth a superhuman effort, T.L.F. forces his way into the storm (soft music)

Hours, agonising hours, pass but still T.L.F. plods laboriously on, stumbles here, falls there, but always on, oblivious of all but the set purpose, to reach his goal. Suddenly T.L.F. pauses, listens, and bitterly realizes he's not mistaken—the dreaded howl of wolves, hunger maddened wolves. Fear grips his heart, but realising the desperation of his mission, he quickens his pace. His superhuman efforts seem unavailing, however, for the wolves, having scented blood, are rapidly closing in on their victim. Exhausted and dispirited, T.L.F. stops, turns, and then, just visible, the form of a lone wolf is sighted. T.L.F. tenses himself to give fight, for further flight is futile. Withdrawing his knife, he prepares. The wolf, not stopping, springs at his throat without caution, T.L.F. falls and turns, the wolf passes over him. Then T.L.F. springs and lands on the back of this man-eating beast: no hesitation now, the knife plunges again and again, while the snow gradually reddens.

Success stimulates T.L.F. and with renewed energy he rushes on, but the howls become clearer and uncomfortably near. Further respite is given, for the pack reaches the dead wolf and, shrieking, fights for its carcass. The goal looms nearer. Staggering, sobbing in distress, T.L.F. sees the glimmering light marking the completion of his journey and offering refuge from this wilderness of death. The strain becomes nigh unbearable, but fear forcing him on, he starts a staggering run, the wolves racing behind. T.L.F. falls again and the pack springs: but in falling, his hand strikes the latch of the door and the weight of the fall forces the door open and he tumbles in, then, as he slips into unconsciousness, he slams the door only a split second before the pack crashes against its framework. . . .

The journey completed, his mission performed, No. 7 Hangar will continue to operate.—Ed.—Not to be continued).

* * * * *

Phil Baker, radio comedien, tells the one about a chap who was invited to christen a ship built by Henry J. Kaiser. When he got there he didn't see the boat and asked where it was.

"Don't worry," replied an employee, "just start swinging!"

Motto for a movie star: Marry in haste and repeat at leisure.

* * * * *

"Eavesdropping again," said Adam as his wife fell out of a tree.

* * * * *

Then there's the story of the Three Bears. —Bang! —Bang! —Bang!—Trophies!

Reminiscences of Canada

MOST of us will often think of the various things and little pleasures that we will miss on our return home, and ruminare over the many months spent in the Land of the Maple Leaf. We will appreciate the months spent at Penhold, and the memory of the kindness and hospitality of the Canadian people will stay with us forever. Granted, most of us will have moaned and wailed for a posting, but this is in accordance with the best of service traditions, and probably regret a posting to a new station. We will always remember the first night spent on the boat at the port of disembarkation with all the chaps crowding the decks and any other available space, singing lustily and overjoyed to see the bright lights once again, having been in the "blackout" for approximately two years. Naturally, some blackout expressions were uttered by a few of the boys, and further comments were forthcoming for motorists who insisted on driving on the right side of the road. We will remember the first day that we disembarked, and how we nearly "ran amok" in the stores, purchasing armfuls of fruit, etc.

The journey across Canada will have been a revelation to most of us, as we had no idea of Canada's vast expanse. At most of the towns where we stretched our travel-tired limbs we were shown great kindness by the local townfolk. Winnipeg deserves a special mention in this category, as the local citizens gave us a really swell welcome which was greatly appreciated. In the four and a half days of travelling across Canada, we will always remember seeing the various types of landscapes and different climatic conditions. For instance, in Eastern Canada the weather was quite mild and rain had been falling for several days, but on the Prairie it was boiling hot, and no rain had fallen for several weeks. The tree-covered and hilly landscapes of Eastern Canada were a great contrast to the flat and "bald" Prairie with its vast wheat fields glistening in the sun like a sea of gold.

Then we finally arrived by train at Penhold, and we will always remember the howls and wails that rent the air when we saw lilliput Penhold. Then we were informed of the existence of a city called Red Deer about nine miles from the camp, and the wails duly subsided. The first few days, during which we visited Red Deer, were rather intriguing, as the local townfolk enquired from most of us the part of the Old Country from which we originated. Great hospitality was shown to all of us, and this has been continuous since we came to Penhold. Well will we remember our first steak in one of Red Deer's cafes, as most of us were under the impression that it was to be divided between two or three, and nearly collapsed when we were politely informed that it was for one customer only. Due to the fact that the "Fall" was not as pleasant as usual, the local folk prophesied an "Indian Summer," which turned out to be correct, as some very nice weather was experienced in early October. It was during this time that some of us made our first visits to Edmonton and Calgary. The pleasant times spent at these places and other surrounding districts will be long remembered.

Then we experienced our first Winter in Canada, and the local folk warned us to expect temperatures as low as 40 or 50 degrees below. Except for a few days, the temperature did not get very low, but it seemed cold enough to us at that time, as we were not "climatized." We were amazed at the ferocity of the biting cold East Wind which tried to freeze us in our tracks, and several of us had our first painful experience of being frost-bitten. During this time some of the boys visited Banff and confirmed the opinion that this holiday resort is one of the most beautiful spots in the Canadian Rockies for scenic splendour. Of course, everyone who visited Banff returned to camp loaded with snapshots of the surrounding snow-capped Rocky Mountains and the magnificent Banff Springs Hotel. Our first glimpses of the majestic Rocky Mountains will linger forever in our memories.

The thaw which came in the Spring caused great floods, and was the source of great alarm in the low-lying districts of the province, but these

floods subsided before any extensive damage was done. At that time most of us must have felt slightly homesick for the green fields of home and to see the snow-white lambs frolicking the dells, as the well-known poem goes, "Oh, to be in England now that Spring is there, etc."

When we think of our first whole Summer in Canada our minds usually revert to the good times spent at Sylvan Lake, our wearing of tropical clothing, horse-riding, dusty roads, football, and various other items. The quiet and placid surroundings of "The Lake" and "other attractions" will bring back pleasant memories to numerous airmen from Penhold. Enough said! Then we enjoyed horse-riding after a tedious day's work (when the horses were willing), and loved the way the horses went just like the wind when they were in sight of the stables. The Soccer season on the station was very successful, our station team winning the League Championship and the Lon Cavanaugh Cup. The final match at Calgary brought back memories of the world-famous Wembley Cup finals as the supporters wore their teams' colours and carried many-toned rattles.

Most of us will often think of our first trip through the Rockies to visit the city of Vancouver on the Pacific Coast. The facilities of the United Services Bureau in that fair city have been greatly appreciated by airmen from Penhold, and the good times we had in that city will linger in our memories forever. In Winter, the trip through the Rockies is simply wonderful, and some of the scenic views were really breath-taking. The majestic pine trees laden with frozen snow protrude to the skies all along the way, and little streams dash madly down the sides of rugged, snow-covered mountains to form rushing torrents such as the swift-flowing, gurgling Fraser River. In Summer, the trip is most refreshing in comparison with the parched and dusty Prairie. The pine trees, which spread like a green carpet up the face of snow-capped mountains, were occasionally broken by glistening mountain streams.

We will always remember our preparations for our return home and the "duff gen" that kept "floating" over the camp. Some of us will remember the embarrassing position in which they found themselves when purchasing underwear, silk stockings, cosmetics, etc., in ladies' stores. Perhaps we will cheer, perhaps we will be a little sad, when finally Penhold grows dim behind us.—W. S. TWO-TWELVER.

* * * * *

Could Be!

It all happened at a Parachutist Training School in the States. One day, soldiers were amazed to see a civilian floating down to earth, under a tablecloth, which he held at the four corners. On being asked how he had "jumped" with a tablecloth, he replied, "It's a long story." "A long time ago my father helped Wilbur Wright make his first aeroplane. Wright always said that anything could fly provided it had power, so my two brothers, my father and I, tried to make the kitchen table fly. Our first attempt was a failure. The table merely taxied round the front lawn, but would not take off. Father suggested another leaf in the table, and at the second attempt we took off. We

were flying along minding our own business, when we ran into a flock of geese. Two of the geese were caught in the propeller blades, plucked, dropped on to the cylinders and cooked, all ready to serve. As the table was all set for eating, we tucked in. Well, I have a great liking for 'drum sticks,' so I thought I would have me one. I was leaning over the table to get one, when my father said, 'Now look here, son; how many times have I told you not to lean over the table. Always ask. Leave the table at once.' So I grabbed the table cloth and left."

* * * * *

CONGRATULATIONS

Our best wishes go to Sergt. Bob Brown, late of "36," and Miss Helen Askin on their recent marriage.

Recreation at Penhold



SUNDAY NIGHT ENTERTAINMENTS

The March programme was as follows:

March 7—"The Alice Murdoch Revue," a Concert Party from Calgary.

March 14—Concert by the Station Choir entitled "Mirth and Melody."

March 21—Brains Trust.

March 28—Programme of records chosen by the Swing Club and the Music Appreciation Group.

Future Programme

April 5—Calgary Concert Party.

April 11—Brains Trust.

April 18—Records by Swing Club and Music Appreciation Group.

The Alice Murdoch Revue was even more excellent than when they were here three months ago. We have had nothing finer on this Station at any time, and that is saying a lot. No audience could have been more enthusiastic in its applause and appreciation of the dancing, singing, instrumental playing and acting. It went with a swing from beginning to end, and we were all sorry and surprised when it was over. For more than two hours thoughts of war and Penhold were kept down in the subterranean passages of the subconscious. To achieve that is no small thing, and it is a service we are ready to accept with gratitude. It was a comparatively warm evening so that we had not to worry much about whether the heating system was working or not and, besides, the show was too entrancing even to be aware of cold shivers down the spine.

The Choir gave us the best show they have ever put on, and there is no doubt that they have improved out of all recognition under the able leadership of LAC Brown, their conductor. This was the last appearance of LAC Brown as conductor, since on the following day he was on his way home. Wherever he goes he will be urging people to sing, and doing a hearty job of work. We are exceedingly sorry to lose him, but we know that another Station will benefit by our loss.

The meeting of the Brains Trust brought together once more the intelligentsia of the Station, and they weren't all on the platform either. We got through about forty questions in record time, and we parted knowing at least a little bit more than when we met and humbled by the thought of what we did not know. The members of the Brains Trust were: W/Cdr. M. F. G. Mill, D.F.M., Question Master; F/Lt. D. M. Bruser, Medicine and Surgery; F/O J. F. Sewell, Physics and Chemistry; F/O N. Andrew, Art; P/O F. Hudson, Geography and History; S/Ldr. B. H. Sackett, Religion, Ethics and Psychology; Mr. G. Muttitt, Meteorology.

DANCE BAND—Since the last notes were written, the Dance Band has played each Wednesday on the Station for the regular weekly dances and also for the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes. They have been well received, too, at outside functions at Lacombe. The Dance Band, assisted by guest artistes from Red Deer, greatly distinguished themselves and brought much credit to the Station with two concert performances at the Crescent Theatre, Red Deer. These concerts were put on on March 22 and 23. The programme was largely a repetition of that which they had previously given with such success on the Station in February. As a result of the Red Deer concerts, P.S.I. funds have benefited.

DISCUSSION GROUP.—After a hectic life of six months, the members of this group have decided to take a long furlough from indoor activities and to meditate upon the mysteries of life with the help of fresh air and outdoor exercises. We shall come back to the joys of the fellowship of discussion with renewed intensity and keener insight when the darker nights return. We did not wind up our meetings for the season without tackling the Birth to Grave scheme of Sir William Beveridge. For the information of those who wish to make a study of it, a copy of the full report is now in the reference section of the Station Library.

HARMONICA BAND.—The Harmonica Band has shown increased activity during the month, and quite a lot of originality, too. AC Turner has got the members well together, and in spite of the difficulty of getting hold of decent harmonicas, he has persevered. There is some talk of their making their own instruments, or at any rate of camouflaging and improving old ones with the aid of tins and muslin. The whole ingenious device was carefully outlined to an unroarious meeting of the Entertainments Committee, and the impression was created in our minds of the beginnings of an altogether new combination of musical instruments. We wish them luck and hope it turns out as well as they anticipate. We admire their spirit and shall look forward with interest to hearing the entire combination of disguised harmonicas, guitars and mandolins at some concert on the Station in the near future.

SWING CLUB.—Well, another month has gone by and the Swing Club is still carrying on as strong as ever. Besides the usual weekly Monday night meeting, quite a number of your favourite tunes are being played in the Wet Canteen each Monday and Wednesday, 7-8. If there is any special tune you want, just tell the barman and it will be played. Through the help of a very good friend, records are being bought in the States, but only those which are asked for and cannot be had in Canada, such as Gene Krupa and Harry James records. By the way, with AC Pickup working (?) at the Cinema, please don't connect it in any way with the Swing Club.—PICKUP.

MODEL AIRCRAFT CLUB.—During the past month, many hours of model building have been put in by members. Most of these hours have been spent working on small details, and consequently the progress of the various models under construction would appear to be slow. One member of the Club did succeed in finishing a very nice looking Glider, but on the first evening it was flown it made a heavy landing and is now awaiting major repairs. Two very enjoyable evenings were spent by members assembling and endeavouring to start a gasoline engine. Whether it was lack of experience on the part of the members or just stubbornness on the part of the motor, we do not know, but we do know the motor has not started yet. The Club would like to extend a hearty welcome to any who might be interested in joining. Why not come along on a Tuesday or Thursday evening and watch us at work?

* * * * *

ACCOMMODATION AND ENTERTAINMENT ON LEAVE

So far, no one has taken advantage of the offer given in last month's issue.

I realise that a lot of you are anticipating going home before you can take any leave, but if anyone should wish any information, come up and see me at the Orderly Room.

I have now got some information on the United Services Bureau at Vancouver, in addition to the places mentioned in the previous issue. There is some interesting "gen" for you if you care to enquire.—Ed.

Then there's the little Moron, who, when in a friend's house, saluted the refrigerator. When asked why he did this, he replied: "Well, it's called General Electric, isn't it!"

* * * * *

Landlord (to prospective tenant): "You know we keep it very quiet and orderly here. Do you have children?" "No." "A piano, radio or Victrola?" "No." "Do you play any musical instrument? Do you have a dog, cat or parrot?" "No; but my fountain pen scratches a little sometimes."

Dawn in The Mountains

The shadows creep and run midst mountain crags,
 As all the world awaits the coming king,
 The Royal sun, whose majesty will bring
 Gay life and warmth, and chase the moon, who lags
 As if so loth to leave the waking stags,
 Who roam amongst the trees; while on the wing
 The birds begin to leave their nests, and sing
 To others in the dawn o'er lakes and slags.
 And then at last a yellow tinge appears,
 Which slowly changes to a honey glow,
 As earth-ward shoots a million fiery rays,
 Until upon the snowy peaks, there stares
 The sun in all his glory, and below,
 Those towering peaks above our mortal praise.—R.N.F.

• • • "Pay" • • •

(Taken from the "ROYAL AIR FORCE QUARTERLY")

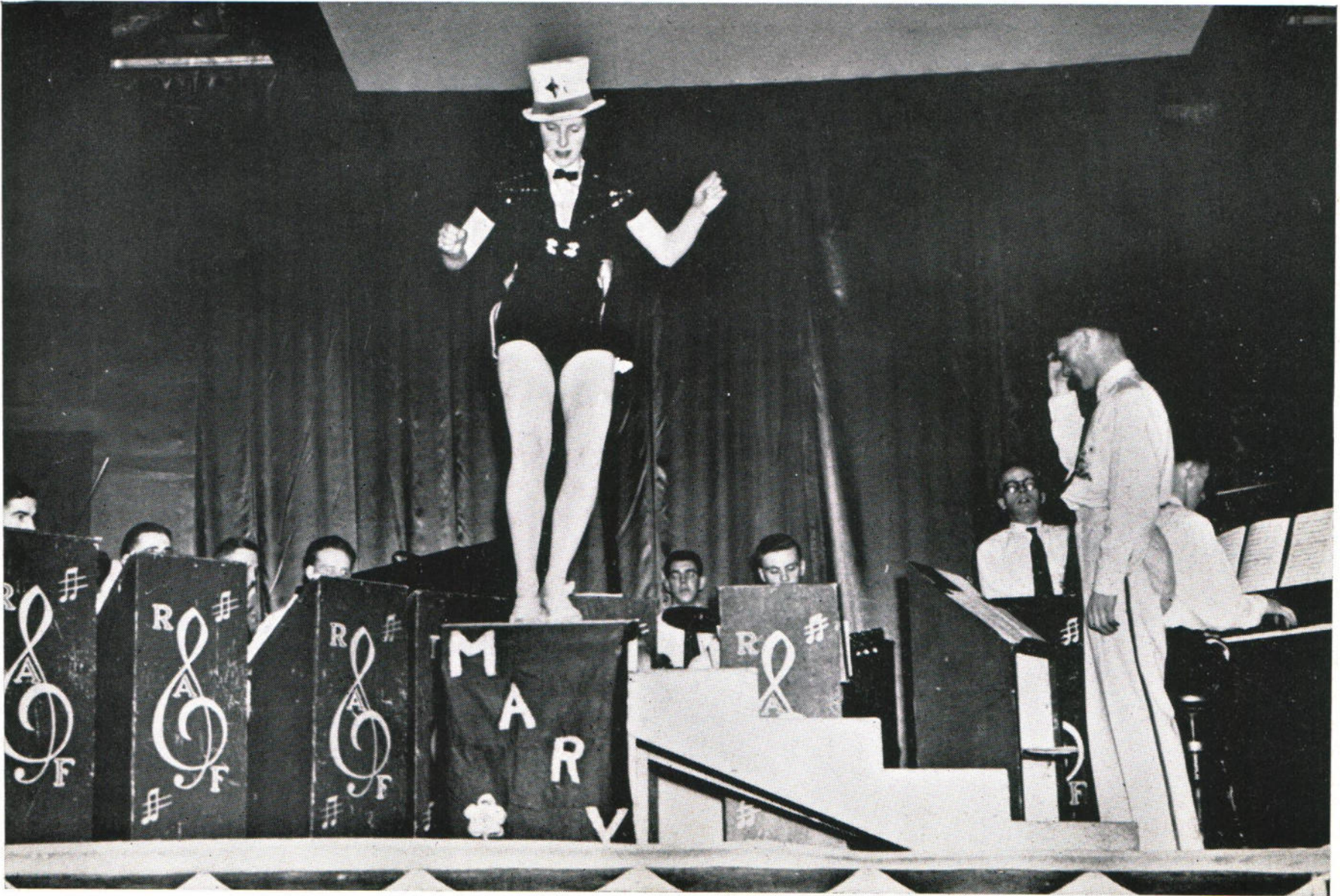
We sing loud the praise of the pilots, the observers and gunners, too.
 We all hail the splendid achievements from what riggers and fitters do;
 Ground gunners, equipment assistants, cooks, butchers and drivers are found
 To be "mentioned" for really good efforts even though carried "on the ground."
 But there's never a word for the pay-clerk who works nearly all of the day,
 Unless it's a word vitriolic when someone has gone short of pay!
 Well, here's to the poor "tizzy-snatcher" who safeguards the airmen's pelf;
 For him it's just "pay out or pay up," with never a thought for himself.
 Not for him is a place in the limelight, his figures don't show in the sky;
 No, his are recorded in ledgers in which Air Ministry auditors pry
 To see if he's overpaid someone or, when from toil he's half dead,
 He has caused someone's "unwedded fairy" to be raised to the status of "wed".
 This "pry" brings to light "observations" each quarter a couple of books,
 Which makes the poor pay-bob who answers, feel like one of Wallace's crooks.
 A war on? You'd better forget it. Some obscure instruction's at stake,
 And the inference seems to be always, that the pay clerk is just "on the make".
 But no, he's the nut in the crackers, the jaws of which never will meet,
 And his the painstaking endeavour to ensure neither side sees defeat.
 Toiling and often sorrowing, rejoicing comes seldom his way,
 It's just work every minute he's able, and pay, pay, pay.
 Unfit, and too often unable to fathom some 'Circular X'
 Which is worse than an Income Tax paper—just issued the pay-clerk to vex.
 Remember he's doing his utmost; he's a "wheel" in a "watch" never slack,
 And the "hands" wouldn't show up so boldly if this wheel didn't work in the
 back.—E.C.M.K.



Three of the "Master" Race



Armament and Signals Section



Miss Mary Martin "Tripping the Light Fantastic"

SERGEANTS' MESS GOSSIP

THE Snooker handicap tournament recently held in the Mess was a great success, and produced several "dark horses," the outstanding one being Sgt. Lowe, who reached the final only to be beaten at the post by Sgt. Langlois. Better luck next time, Tubby! Due to the success of the snooker handicap tournament, a billiards tournament has now been arranged, and the entries look very promising. "Doc" Ford and members of the "Haggis Bashers" have been nursing their favourite cues with great care lately. Some of the members of the Mess played against a team from the Airmen's Mess recently and proved themselves to be a shade too good for the valiant airmen. Is it true that some of the lilliput members (no names mentioned—just use a microscope) have made arrangements for the completion of a stool so that it won't be necessary to use the rest whenever they "take a poke"?

The Mess piano, which used to have it's own "drum accompaniment" (due to some of the keys and strings being loose and not due to F/Sgt. Turner's jazz-playing) has now been retuned to the satisfaction of everybody concerned.

The procedure of entertaining visiting concert parties has become very popular in the Mess. A very enjoyable evening was spent during the visit of the "Alice Murdoch Concert Party" from Calgary. The Mess dance held on Tuesday, March 16, was a fair success with the Station Band in its usual good form. The Mess cooks are to be congratulated on the "wonderful spread" which they provided.

Most of the members were looking very glum when the "duff gen" got around that married personnel had to report to the Orderly Room, as they would have to remain in Canada until all the single chaps returned home, due to the fact that the Yanks and Canucks were marrying all the "Old Country" girls. Marvellous where the "duff gen" comes from, what! Nevertheless, they were greatly cheered when it became known that the "S.S. Campbell-Hope" was being built in Waskasoo Creek, and that the contract had been given to Henry Kaiser, Ltd. As soon as this was known, several of the members began to pack their kit-bags, hoping that there will be no kit inspection on the other side, as the display of silk stockings might lead to false conclusions (we hope).

With the departure of Sgt. "Curly" Price and F/Sgt. McCormack, the Mess has lost its premier "jive-wallohs." Best of luck to them wherever they may be. Sgt. "Blondie" Pollard is a very keen contestant for the title, but the next few weeks will prove the decisive factor—W.S.

* * * * *

Are You Lucky This Month?

You get a free pass to the Station Cinema for a month if there is a lucky chit in this magazine.

The lucky ones last month were LAC Edwards and Cpl. O'Brien, both of Maintenance, and LAC Lane, of S.H.Q.

NO FLOWERS

Little siren in the night
You're not there for our delight,
But we'll miss you when you're
gone

With your wamble woebegone.
Times, you're harsh, full of affright,
Times, you're witty, even bright,
As when in reverse you sound
For some reason too profound.
Little siren heaving high
Like hyenas in the sky,
We shall miss you when you're still,
Gladly do without your thrill.
Though we praise your enterprise
There'll be no tears at your demise.

—A.R.T.



Unbroken Record

By GERALD DEAN

CORPORAL WESTENEY was pleased. It had been a long pull, but he'd got through, and the course passed out at the end of the week. Besides, tomorrow night was the night. The night he'd waited for and planned for ever since he had seen Bathurst in the same Barrack Block at the start of their S.F.T.S. course. Funny thing, he mused, although he had recognised Bathurst at first sight, the recognition had not been mutual. Still, perhaps after all it was not so strange. He had changed greatly since the day when they had been clerks together at the same bank. He had been foolish, and had been, as the Director's had put it, "allowed to resign." Bathurst, on the other hand, had progressed rapidly. He had always hated Bathurst. And then the war had come, and he had left the firm for which he had been working for a miserable pittance, and had the chance to make something of himself again. The point was, Bathurst might recognise him at some time or other, and then if he told the authorities, he might lose his chance.

Well, Bathurst would not get the chance if he could help it. He would get his wings, and Bathurst—well—he would be in hell! He turned to his Radiogram and put on the record of Desmond Farthingdale in the famous Murder Scene from the film which had won him the Academy Award. Gruesome scene that, he thought. Gave him the creeps when he saw it for the first time at the local Cinema. The quarrel between the two men, the fight, the cries for help, the screams, and then the choking as the murderer squeezed his adversary's throat. Gurgles, then silence! Some enterprising Gramophone Company had made a record of it, and he had bought it. It had fitted his plans nicely. More, it had made the thing he contemplated possible!

Good job he was a Corporal and had the little room at the end of the Barrack Block to himself. True, the partition walls did not reach the ceiling, and fifty airmen lived outside, but it had a door he could lock, and had the privacy of sight, if not of sound. He could hear them outside. LAC'S Blake and Gillespie, the red-headed Irishman from Ulster, and the dour Glasgow Scot, sitting up in their double tier beds. They were next to his room. They were quiet tonight, Stevenson, their particular pal—a product of London's East End, was in Hospital, and so their interminable arguments for once were still. Presently Gillespie's voice made itself heard through the thin partition and above the noise of the record. "Hoots, mon, will ye no stop that bluidy noise?" and then his aside to Blake, "Yon wee Corporal mannie makes me fair sick." Ah well, he thought, after tomorrow night they would not hear it again. He would invite Bathurst into his room, and after the business was over and lights were out, he would put him back to bed. Nobody would see him, and no suspicion would fall on him. No more than on anyone else, at any rate. They might even suspect, but they could never prove.

* * * *

Every light in the Barrack Block was blazing. It was 10:30 at night, and in half an hour the Orderly Officer would be on his rounds and lights out. War Course Number 151 was taking things easy. In a day or two the majority would be Sergeant Pilots and a few of them Pilot Officers. All would have their wings. Twenty or thirty of them were in bed. A few passed to and fro, in various stages of undress, between the room and the ablutions. One or two had still to come in from the neighbouring city, and here and there the odd one sat on a friend's bed chatting. In this latter category were Blake, Gillespie and Stevenson, to-day miraculously restored from Hospital. All were sitting on Gillespie's bed—the lower one—and discussing Corporal Westenev. "Be-

gorrah, 'tis not the bhoys I'd loike for me best pal," put in Blake. "Noo," agreed Gillespie, "yon laddie's a muckle wild for my liking, he'll bear watching. I'm thinking he's just a wee bit daffie. Not mad, ye ken, but no quite right in the head." "Ninepence in the Bob," summed up Stevenson, who was not given to making long speeches, but who had a delightful native talent for choice phrases unknown to any dictionary. He could put a paragraph in a sentence.

"Well mon, Stevie," said Gillespie, "I suppose we'll be havin' the nightly performance from the Corporal ony moment the noo. It's about time. It's even worse now than it was before you went into Hospital—the record's cracked—right in the middle of the worst scream. It's positively uncanny." Hardly had the words passed his lips than the noise of the needle on the disc was heard with its faint hissing and scratching.

For a few moments Stevenson sat quietly. Then suddenly dropping the tunic, the buttons of which he had been polishing, and shouting, "Come on, chaps, that's no record; someone's being murdered," dashed around to the Corporal's door which he attempted to open. As usual, it was locked, but the combined weight of three hefty fellows soon burst it open, and in they scrambled on a sight which, they say, they will never forget.

The room was in wild disorder, and on the lower bed lay Bathurst, black in the face, with Westeney's strong hands around his throat, squeezing, squeezing. It took all their strength to tear Westeney away, and then he sat, heaving and panting, his eyes staring, in a sort of daze. Bathurst was not dead, but they were only just in time, and he was removed to the Station Hospital for treatment.

* * *

"What made you guess it was no record, Stevie?" asked Blake inquisitively. "Oh, that was easy," answered Stevie. "You told me the record was cracked in the middle of the scream. The scream I heard was loud and clear, so I knew it couldn't be a record—see?" Suddenly Jamieson, who was standing near them, started to laugh. He chuckled and chortled until everyone stopped to look at him. "Oh, that's rich," he gurgled; "I don't suppose you'll appreciate the joke, it's on you. But the fact is, I got fed up with his damned record two days ago, went into his room and smashed it. Westeney found it broken when he came in, and bought a new one when he was in town tonight. So you see, you wouldn't have heard a crack in the scream, anyway!"

* * * * *

LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING

The amount an airman's kitbag will hold is positively staggering. So is the poor guy underneath.

* * * *

SWEEPS

"It's disgraceful," said the dear old lady indignantly, "permitting all this gambling in the R.A.F. and causing the poor young fellows to run into debt."

"What do you mean, Auntie?" enquired her nephew in surprise.

"Why, these sweeps the R.A.F. are having every day," persisted Auntie, pointing to a newspaper. "The Irish Sweep was bad enough, but daily sweeps are far worse. No wonder Mr. Churchill said that never did so many owe so much to so few."

SAFETY FIRST AIR RAIDS

The pilot of one of our "leaflet" planes reported back at H.Q. two hours before he was due. His astonished C.O. asked for an explanation.

"Well, sir," replied the young officer, "I flew over enemy territory as instructed and tipped out the parcels over the side."

"Do you mean you threw them out still roped up in bundles?" said the C.O. in an anxious voice.

"Yes, sir."

"Good God, man, you might have killed somebody!"

* * * *

Feudal Lord: "I hear you misbehaved while I was away, son."

Knight: "In what manor, sir?"

RANDOM REFLECTIONS

(By Rattray, Our Roving Reporter)



"What's All This,
eh? . . . Lost
the Funnies?"

News of The Boat

Travelling north at the week-end,
observed the river breaking up.
This shall enable the Boat to come
right up to Waskasoo Pier. Don't
be late, fellows!

I wonder what they think and dream
Inside that compound wire;
For they are human with their love,
And hate, and heart's desire.

These men have steered the lurching
tank,
Dropped bombs on London Town;
And from the lurking submarine
Have sent our convoys down.

Wearing that alien uniform
That we have learned to dread,
They do not look so fearsome now,
And some how hate lies dead.

I understand that far-off look,
I know their anxious yearning;
My loved ones, too, are far away
And my heart, too, is burning.

Yet as I sit and ponder,
Some of their dastard feats,
Pity lies dead within me
And red-hot anger beats.

According to the calendar, March
21st marks the first day of Spring!

* * *

It has been reported, from a very
reliable source (sshsh—the Barber's)
that application has been made for
a street car or bus service from
S.H.Q. to Maintenance No. 7 Hangar.
Ferry pilots have previously oper-
ated this route, but are required
for service elsewhere.

* * *

This poem deriding red tape is
going the rounds of the War De-
partment in Washington. The author
is unknown.

When matters have no great poten-
tial,

Please mark the subject "Confiden-
tial";

And if to whimsies you're addicted,
Mark all you've written thus:

"Restricted;"

But if you're drooling to some weak
wit,

For God's sake, think to mark it
"Secret."

* * * * *

PRISON GUARD

They bombed our open cities;
(My kindred lived in one)
And fired on helpless refugees
Where war-torn roadways run.

They sank the lone tramp steamer,
And as she settled down,
Turned loose their fire on open
boats
And watched our seamen drown.

They schemed to lay our country,
—Like the little neutral lands—
Torn by the ravages of war,
And ruled by tyrant hands.

So as I watch the prisoners
Inside the compound gate,
And know their deeds to me and
mine,
Have I not cause to hate?

—E. A. Dawson,
28 Co'y., V.G. of C.

SIGNALS NOTES

With the advent of Spring, Signals personnel are turning their thoughts to horse-riding. I have been informed that one of the lads has been doing some sly practice. How else can we account for that "horsey-walk"? Is there any truth in the rumour that Polo may be introduced? Perhaps it would be a major sin to encroach upon an old army tradition! Why not? calls that rebellious voice within!

Sunrise Serenade.—This much enjoyed programme (?) from the "Voice of the Prairie" has now a very serious competitor in the person of a certain corporal in Room 12. His serenade commences at approximately 0645 hours, when, with a whoop of delight he springs from his 21B/214, and yells out in his native tongue, "Ha-way, let's have ye." This is followed by a verse of "Moonlight Becomes You," or another of that ilk. Then a pause for identification, and with firm foot proceeds to wall-plug to connect his (Equipment Assistant's heart-

break) electric shaver. This wonder machine, which completes a shave in the amazing time of fifteen minutes, may be likened to the noise of a squadron of bombers at 200 feet, soon arouses those who had not responded to the earlier call. This completed, his tunic is thrown on and he is off to parade—a happy and contented fellow.

Leave.—A number of the boys have recently enjoyed this privilege. Numerous stories of conquests made have been recounted. However, the palm goes to the visitor to the States—he has proof of his triumph—five letters in one day!

Beauty Hint.—No need to go to the Beauty Parlour to have your expression altered. Play ice hockey!

One last word of advice, for R/T users before closing down. At all times use correct procedure; the telephone is very receptive and users are being entertained, or annoyed, by "Hullo, Control," etc., etc.

—Di-dah Di-dah-dit.



Me just about cheesed off with you, Little Gopher. You say white men they go, but they still here. Now you tell, when they go?

Accounts Section Jottings

LAC ARTHUR BROWN was posted "East" during March and, of course, the subject of conjecture at the moment among our "tour expired" people is, "Who shall be next to go." All the married men are wearing their most serious expressions and are often seen in a huddle in one corner of the office; we only hear an occasional few muttered words, such as, "Domestic responsibilities" or "possibilities of racial suicide," and we can only imagine that, as usual, the subject is "going home." We feel that LAC Brown's departure is definitely a loss to the Station as a whole and to this section in particular. He was an efficient conductor of the Station Choir and was well known in Red Deer and points North. We feel his loss particularly because of the efficient liaison he effected between this section and the Equipment Section. We wish him the best of good luck and success in whatever part of the world he may find himself in the future.

A word about his successor, LAC Shield; we extend to him a hearty welcome and bestow upon him the freedom of Penhold. Permission is also given for him to wear the Accounts Section Crest, a gopher astride a winged and golden nib with the words "The Pen is mightier than the Sword." We have pointed out all the amenities of the Station and we hope that his stay with us will be a happy one.

The man from the land of good cider and unintelligible dialect is conducting an extensive search for the person who spelled "Yeovil" "Yokel". We wish him luck and suggest that to prevent a recurrence, he desist from chewing straw.

Some people get rather strange ideas: one equipment accounts corporal, who anticipates returning to England shortly, started quite a violent discussion a few days ago as to how young camels should be brought on charge. We suggest he wait and see.

So it goes on. We strive to give satisfaction, to see that each individual is paid just the amount of money to which he is justly entitled, to ensure that each airman going on leave is provided with funds—in short, to maintain equanimity among the Station personnel by providing quantities of that material which is said to be the root of all evil. Pity our mundane existence, gentlemen, but recognise our usefulness.—J.E.E.

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SICK OF IT

On arriving in America for his final training, a young airman was asked to write an article for the Atlantic Weekly. He refused on the grounds that he had been contributing to the Atlantic daily!

* * * * *

SOME LEAK

Village idiot, to bewildered airman who has crashed on a lonely moor "Somewhere in England": "What's 'appened to 'ee, lad?"

B.A.: "I got into an air pocket."

V.I.: "'Ee doan't say. And wur there a 'ole in it?"

LANDLUBBER

He had been a pilot of an air liner before he joined the Fleet Air Arm, and his observer was horrified to see that he was about to land in the middle of a field on the floats of a seaplane. His observer's frantic signals stopped him just in time.

"What on earth were you up to?" the observer asked, when they came down safely on the water.

"Sorry, old man," said the pilot, "I keep forgetting that this is a seaplane. It won't happen again," and with a reassuring grin he climbed out of the cockpit and stepped into the sea.

Concerning Caps

THE step from pupil pilot to officer is a terrifying one, and carries with it great responsibilities and problems. Of great importance is the business of caps, for instance. The young officer must decide for himself just what sort of cap he intends to wear. There are several. Obsolescent in Canada, due to the fact that it is unobtainable here, is the Attwater-Carstairs, or Plain Uxbridge. This type of cap, on the production lines only in England, is universally approved for general inspections by Inspector Generals, being the cap pure and simple as sold by the manufacturers. It possesses an iron-stiff peak which turns sharply up so as to all but conceal the badge, and narrowly avoids contact with the leading edge of the crown. The latter is flat and plump, due to much padding. This type being unobtainable in North America, the officer must seek a substitute. He will find, after exhaustive research, that all available Canadian caps are the same. Their general characteristics may be summarized thus. They contain little or no padding, a peak less stiff than that of the Attwater-Carstairs, and a wire stiffener.

When worn as purchased, these caps will remind the Londoner of similar ones worn by bus conductors in the great city. The root of the trouble is the wire stiffener, which stretches taut the crown of the cap. It is recommended in passing that the wearing of these in Canadian caps be made optional. The average young officer, however, will decide straightway that the wire stiffener has had it. He will thereupon remove it and place it in a drawer where it will lie forgotten until such time as its presence is made necessary by the visiting Inspector General. In this way, the cap may be made to look presentable. A pleasant droop effect may, in addition, be obtained by placing the cap upside down between two heavy books, so that the brim is pressed against the band.

One final word. It is suggested that the stiffener be retained and carried back to England. There are tales abroad that Provost Marshals are doing their bit to win the war by scouring London in search of officers who are without wire stiffeners in their caps.—SPIKE.



"GOING MY WAY, CHUM?"

"Cookhouse Gen"

By "THE HEAD COOK AND BOTTLEWASHER"



THE daily procession of cooks and A.C.H.'s to the defaulters' parade, especially at meal times, is over for the time being at least, so you may not have to wait so long. Yes, it's the truth, we have a clean sheet at last, but are still in the running for the Janker "Championship." Now another big-hearted appeal to Maintenance Squadron. If you get out of your "pits" late in the morning, and miss parade, please don't blame it on to us too often, will you? We're having enough thrown at us already. Everyone on the Station is free to complain and criticise our section at will. Unfortunately, from our viewpoint, it doesn't work both ways. It's rather a difficult job trying to satisfy a thousand men three times a day, but, quite honestly, we do try and do our very best at all times. We suppose you must be feeling, dreaming, and beginning to look like an egg now, aren't

you? Never mind, boys, think of the treat the folks at home will have when they see you and give you the once-over and start licking their lips. As most of you will have noticed, our "Flight" returned from leave minus his "tash." A "Vancouver Vamp" snatched it ("No, the tash, not the other"), and he returned two days before his time was up. We don't keep cows in the backyard, so easy on milk, fellows, and at the same time, try and co-operate on this "mug and iron business." Some are sure to be bad, we know, but you should have seen some of those that were handed in to us.

Best of luck to No. 1 Flight on beating us at snooker, but hope to give you a better run next time. Also to Frank Gamble, one of our plate men, who fights the bantam weight champion of Canada this week-end at Lethbridge. The swill man came to us the other day bemoaning the fact that one of his pigs had died; when he sliced her open, he found a yard of steel wool, a knife and a pepper pot inside. Two of our lads walked from Crossfield to Didsbury last week-end, but by their looks it was worth it.

* * * * *

ONE DAY TOO MANY

An Aircraftsman walking across the Parade Ground passed an officer whom he failed to salute.

"Don't you know that when you meet an officer you are supposed to salute him?" asked the officer:

"No, sir," replied the aircraftsman, nearly in tears.

"What! How long have you been in the R.A.F.?"

"The whole ruddy day, sir."

AND SHE COULD

R.A.F.: "Can you read my mind?"

W.A.A.F.: "Yes."

R.A.F.: "Go ahead."

W.A.A.F.: "No, you go ahead."

* * * * *

"Charge it."

"What name?"

"Zazvorkinski."

"Take it for nothing," the druggist said languidly. "I wouldn't write Zazvorkinski and potassium permanganate for no nickel."

For Your Entertainment

Showing At The Station Cinema

Screen Attractions For April, 1943

Thursday, April 15th

"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"

With Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan and Monty Wooley.

The comedy hit of 1942.

* * * *

Saturday and Sunday, April 17-18

"FANTASIA"

The Walt Disney Technicolour masterpiece with music by Stokowski.

* * * *

Tuesday, April 20th

"ANDY HARDY'S DOUBLE LIFE"

With Lewis Stone and Mickey Rooney

Romantic difficulties once more for Andy Hardy.

* * * * *

It's Coming soon: "RANDOM HARVEST"—the picture that ran for eleven weeks at New York's Radio City Music Hall, longer even than "Mrs. Miniver"!

* * *

There were a number of comments a few weeks ago that the films booked for showing during March were below the usual standard. Well, even if that was the general feeling, it is interesting to note that attendances for these pictures have reached a new high figure, beating all previous months since the Cinema started operating. A shortage of new films does exist, however, this year, the number of releases so far being about 15 per cent lower than last year. With this fact in mind, a few of the outstanding productions of the previous season are being included each month, and have so far been received with every indication of being well-liked. Inevitably this policy may lead occasionally to the showing of pictures either just before or just after they are played by the Y.M.C.A.; but it is felt that this disadvantage is outweighed by the continuance of the present arrangement which offers a choice of five first-class pictures per week.

* * * * *

A drunk, staggering along the street, bumps into a telephone pole. Feels way around it several times, then mutters, "S'no use. Walled in."—(Colby White Mule).

Thursday, April 22nd

"CASABLANCA"

With Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman.

Refugee drama filled with high tension and suspense.

* * * *

Saturday and Sunday, April 24-25

"THE BIG STREET"

With Henry Fonda, Lucille Ball and Ozzie Nelson and His Orchestra.

Produced from Damon Runyon's story.

* * * *

Tuesday, April 27th

"DR. GILLESPIE'S NEW ASSISTANT"

With Lionel Barrymore and Van Johnson.

The latest of this popular series.

Dear S.S.: "What is a rhumba dancer, anyhow?"

R.R. Rudy: "A rhumba dancer, my dear Blank File, is a gal who starts at the bottom and works fast."

What Is The Church Doing?

DEAN INGE has a sentence which he is fond of using, "Religion is not so much taught as caught." That implies that we are more easily influenced by character and behaviour than by doctrine and ritual. Our lives are moved and moulded more by contact with good men and women than by learning creeds or studying philosophy. That is not to say that doctrine can be lightly put aside. We are most certainly in need of a rational basis for our conduct. Should the good life be shown to be unreasonable it would soon be neglected. Belief, however, which is not productive of character and fitting conduct, is powerless to influence us. The Epistle of James puts it very pointedly, "What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith and have not works? Can faith save him? Faith without works is dead." Jesus put it by saying, "By their fruits ye shall know them," and again, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

When we judge a man we, therefore, ask to know not only what his beliefs and opinions are, but also what the quality of his life is and what he is doing. So also with institutions and nations. We judge our nation not solely by the speeches of members of Parliament—very necessary though they are if all sides are to be heard and a considered decision arrived at—but by the standard of life of her people wherever they are. Similarly with the Church, it is not what Bishops and Ministers say or what the creeds affirm which are the sole criterion of judgment. What is the Church doing? That is the most pertinent and the final test.

The Church is doing something all the time—educating, healing, comforting, uplifting and inspiring. It is the Christian Church which has given to our people that religious basis which is chiefly the source of their strength. That work the Church has always done. But what is the Church doing now, in this crisis in the world's affairs? Here is a rough answer. Firstly, the Church has been the only institution to offer staunch resistance to the Nazis in Germany and the occupied countries. It is true that in these countries sections of the Church have refused the way of suffering and martyrdom and have compromised with the pagan power. But everyone must by now have heard of the thousands of Christians in Nazi concentration camps. These have refused to bow the knee to paganism and terror. The centres of resistance to the Nazis in Germany, Norway, Holland and France are not the schools and universities, but the Churches. That is extremely significant. The Church still produces men and women of the martyr breed.

Secondly, the younger Churches in the East have shown a remarkable courage in face, in many cases, of more years of war than we in the West have known. These Churches are now almost entirely without the support of the older Churches on which they formerly relied, yet they have displayed a surprising vigour and independence. Thirdly, there has grown up in recent years a notable spirit of unity among the various sections of the Christian Church throughout the world, and it is growing with remarkable rapidity. Great conferences, representative of all sections of the Church in all countries of the world, have been held in the last thirty years. This ecumenical movement, as it is called, augurs well for the future, not only as regards the unifying of the life of the Churches, but the entire world. These conferences have been largely concerned with the great problems of nationalism, racialism and economics which are the seat of the world's factions.

Let no one be mistaken. The Church is showing a vitality, unity and awareness of the world's difficulties which it has never shown before. The Church is going to be a mightily potent influence in the life of the post-war world. The Church is doing something now about the world's present condition. Don't damn this noble work with faint praise. Don't sit on the fence and do nothing about it. Don't just be critical. Do something. Come in and help.

SERVICES IN THE CHAPEL: Sunday: 10.00 hours, Parade Service; 10:45 hours, Holy Communion.