

PRICE  
10 CENTS

# THE PENHOLD

YEAR

MONTH

PILOT

2nd PILOT

DUTY

PERSONNEL (SEE ENCL.)

GENERAL PROGRAM FORECAST

CANADA

ALBERTA

LOG

W. W. ROUGHTON

GRAND TOTAL

36 S.F.T.S

VOLUME III  
MAY



NUMBER 5  
1943





## A Message

FROM OUR  
COMMANDING OFFICER

GROUP CAPTAIN  
H. J. PRINGLE, A.F.C.

---

One of my earliest introductions upon arrival at No. 36 S.F.T.S. was to The Penhold Log, and in this I account myself to have been very fortunate. First impressions are often most important and play a vital part in the formation of one's opinion regarding the subject concerned. In making an appreciation of any situation, it is essential to

consider carefully all the factors which may affect it, and though greater knowledge and more mature reflection may cause some revision of ideas, yet the view of the individual is, in most cases, indelibly coloured by the vivid tints that are the high-lights of first impressions.

This Station Magazine has afforded me a golden opportunity to make a rapid survey of the more intimate life and activities of the men who, both as individuals and collectively, make up the human reality that is No. 36 S.F.T.S.

I am proud to come to Penhold.

I account it a privilege, also, that I have been given such a splendid opportunity to extend to all personnel my greeting and to record my pleasure in coming to serve among you.

The unit's records and The Penhold Log show that considerable success has been achieved in the past by this Station in the course of duty and in the spheres of sporting and social activities.

It is my proud hope that we may continue to win notable triumphs and trophies, but whether our success is immediately apparent or not, I trust that we may all be in a position to enjoy the true satisfaction of knowing that we have done our honest best at all times.

This is our simple duty. We can do it, if we try!

Good luck, then, and may the pages of The Penhold Log grow ever more numerous and glorious in recording the thoughts and deeds of No. 36 S.F.T.S.

VOLUME III  
MAY



NUMBER 5  
1943

Published by kind permission of Group Captain H. J. Pringle, A.F.C.  
Commanding Officer No. 36, S.F.T.S., Penhold.



EDITOR  
SGT. SUTHERLAND, B. H.



BUSINESS MANAGER  
S/LDR. B. H. SACKETT



COMMITTEE: F/SGT. SALT, N. V. J.

L.A.C. HART, J. A.

CPL. MONEY, R.

*Editorial*

THIS month, as you all know, marks a change in the command of this Station. Group Captain W. B. Farrington, D.S.O., our "old" C.O., has gone "East," his place being taken by Group Captain H. J. Pringle, A.F.C. We wish our "old" C.O. happy landings and every success wherever he may be, and to our new C.O. we extend cordial greetings as he takes up his new Command, knowing that he will "keep 'em flying." To our ex-Business Manager, F/Lt. Miller, who has left us for Bowden, we say "thanks" for all the good work he did for the magazine, and to Cpl. Martin, ex-Technical Adviser, who has left for the East, we say "bon voyage" and all the best.

I would like to welcome to the Station all the new personnel who have arrived lately. We're glad to know you.

In conclusion, I appeal to all writers, cartoonists, joke-merchants, whether amateur or professional, whether they think they're good or bad, to let me have some contributions. Short stories are especially acceptable. Let's have them, lads—soon!

## “Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction”

IT WAS the night before pay-day, and strange to relate, most of the chaps were gathered around the Barrack Room fire (England). The lights had been extinguished, in response to an emphatic but gentle request by the Orderly Sergeant, and in the flickering twilight of the fireside, it was our wont to chatter. From various subjects that had been discussed, ranging from Religion to whether they should have parades in the Air Force, it developed into re-telling of strange experiences or strange stories and, quite frankly, despite these fellows being only “erks”, I was amazed to find some possessed a smattering of intelligence—perhaps, however, being of the same ilk, I exaggerate—but anyway, to wind up a very enjoyable, if not entirely intellectual, discourse, one laddie related the following. I will try and reclaim the dramatic way in which he put it over, and in order that the atmosphere be understood, the reader should realise that with the lights off, the mind was entirely concentrated on the story and the lurking shadows lent vision to the imagination—understand, I’m not insisting on you seeking a darkened room, with flickering shadows.

“Jonathan Strange had not, in his early youth, been jilted by some fickle wench, nor had he, in the best story book manner, been a ne'er-do-well son, or told, with the snow falling, never to darken the proverbial ducal doorstep again. No, he was just a healthy, vigorous youngster, who detested the squalid and cramped surroundings of his home town. Jonathan had been a thrifty lad, and gathering his meagre savings, and selling all that was realisable, set out, not to conquer, but to find the world. His experiences are not of this story, so I will avoid unnecessary description of his travels. This lad, however, easily adaptable, without much untoward excitement or hardship, had, after several months in Canada, gathered sufficient funds to provide himself with provisions and equipment to set off into the ‘sticks.’

“Jonathan found the ideal spot, and camped on the edge of one of the many lakes of the country. The cabin he built was clustered in pines, and at the bottom of a slope from the cabin the lake lay in majestic serenity, the ripples in tune with the gentle swish of the trees. It had been a hard winter, but summer had taken-over, and this morning was most brilliant. Jonathan stretched himself at the door of his cabin and breathed a sigh of contentment, the significance of ‘monarch of all he surveys’ becoming vividly clear.

“This was to be the first day of exploration of his domain. Checking his well-stocked haversack for the day’s supplies, he decided to take a flask of rum. He came to this decision, he told me afterwards, more because he intended the day should be more of pleasure than actual careful exploring, and that he had just reason to mildly celebrate. It must be understood that Jonathan was in no way a drink addict, but being practical in mind, he had realised that some time or other loneliness would descend on him, and for this reason he stocked himself well with rum, it being a pleasant stimulant against depression, and warmth-giving should the need arise. The prohibitionist may emit a lamenting bleat and the hypocritical ecclesiast express distaste, but in drinking parsimoniously, they salve their consciences by murmuring ‘merely for medicinal reasons.’

“Securing the door of his cabin, he set forth, and as he wandered through the forest, made careful check of the trees for possible value as timber, noted the game, and drank deeply of the beauty of his surroundings. The day was passing quickly, and after several hours, he left the edge of the forest and

## “Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction” (Continued)

was wandering aimlessly across a plain alive with game and potentialities. In his excitement at discovering such a remarkably fruitful spot, he overlooked the lateness of the hour and it was only because of the weariness of foot and general tiredness that he glanced at the time. After a brief rest, he began to retrace his footsteps. As he neared the edge of the forest, without warning a terrific storm broke: the lightning blinding, the thunder deafening, the earth and the giant pines seeming to shudder and shake under the relentless avalanche.

“Jonathan quickened his pace, completely soaked but quite undismayed, and made for the forest which would provide some shelter from the torrential rain. In his haste to reach the forest he omitted to take note of the entry, and after forcing his way in he suddenly became painfully aware of his predicament—he was lost: surrounded by trees and uncertain of the distance he had travelled. Consulting his small compass he discovered he was trekking due west instead of southeast. By this time he was becoming number with cold and wet, and he was thankful he had brought the rum. He had greater reason to extol his wisdom as later will be revealed. He drank deeply and the liquid coursed through his veins, giving warmth and a more carefree feeling. Changing his direction, he pushed on, and after a time a certain eeriness, as though of impending doom, seemed to settle on him—even the things of the forest scurried squealing in fright from his path. An inexplicable uneasiness entered his mind.

“Jonathan was not a too-imaginative type, but the vastness of everything, the very indescribable fury of the storm, began to weigh heavily on his mind. Shadows became lurking monsters, and despite all his efforts to dispel these thoughts, more fearsome objects seemed to appear. Seeking stimulance, he again drank, which, momentarily, gave him courage and a feeling of indifference to the storm—he laughed at his fears. Night had descended and he was finding it increasingly more difficult to progress. Then, to add to his fears, between the claps of thunder he could distinctly hear the mournful howl of the timber wolf, only deafened by the crescendo of the storm. Thwarted and sorry for himself, beaten and depressed, Jonathan continued uncertainly.

“Suddenly he became tense. Turning, there was a blinding flash and then he saw one of the giant pines crashing down towards him. He ran blindly—on—on—faster and faster, then stumbling, he fell. The sweet mercy of nature's morphia spared Jonathan, for he passed into unconsciousness. How long he lay there he never knew and little cared, but with the cool rain beating against his face, he revived. Insects of the most repulsive types were racing all over his body, and as he brushed them from his face, they clung to his hands. Recovering slightly, he raised himself on his hands and glancing down, saw his right leg, grotesquely twisted and trapped under the fallen tree. He felt no pain, but was filled with nausea and became sick.”

The narrator paused and, glancing at his audience, added, “I met this chap on his return to England, and I can only endeavour to explain, in the way he told it to me, the horror of his position.”

He said: “I lay there unable to think clearly, the insects continued to crawl over me and I was too listless to even disturb them. My mind wandered, and I thought of the most ridiculous incidents of my life, and yet at no time did I have any feeling of dying. Although everything seemed so obviously hopeless, I seemed to have the idea that it was only a matter of time before I was safe.

“Slowly my mind seemed to clear and I came to the conclusion that it was up to me to do something, and do it fast. I made frantic efforts to push the tree off my leg, but only exhausted myself. I relaxed and rested, then remembered that I had a flask of rum. Why I hadn't thought of it before I

## SIGNALS NOTES

THE SECTION regrets the loss of two of its oldest members, Sgt. Stead and Cpl. Martin. We wish them "bon voyage" and we hope that the Sergeant's kit arrives safely. We welcome three new members to the Section, also the return of "Joe," who has been on attachment at Command H.Q. The reasons for "Joe's" return are rather obscure, but rumour has it that the introduction of WAAFS on point-to-point organisation, and his unofficial alteration of a certain operating signal to read "Indicate name and address of operator," had something to do with it. Also, we think the Southern Alberta "booze" situation has rather a strong bearing.

The Section romances are still being strongly pursued—Rocky Mountain House being the latest "stamping ground." Minneapolis and Edmonton are still very much in the limelight, with Minneapolis leading in the letter race—with a parcel thrown in.

Our horse and its famous rider are showing remarkable form, the latest price on the horse being somewhere in the region of 100-1. The price on the rider is even more fabulous. The camel has wandered to more distant lands, the rolling sands of Alberta not being appreciated. We are all glad to see the last of the camel, although the good earth around Block 304 was exceedingly fertile, in fact we had thoughts of a Victory garden.

By the time this goes to press, we shall have played our first soccer game against No. 1 Flight. Our hopes are definitely high this year—higher than last year, anyway. With the new additions to the Section, we are hoping to field quite a presentable team. We very nearly drew with No. 1 Flight last year (but not quite). But if the first game on Wednesday is as good as the last game last season, no one can grumble.

Some of the boys are hoping to see another boat loom into view pretty soon: here's hoping they won't be seeing visions and having nightmares.

Before I forget, a certain "Sarge" of ours recently visited Vancouver, and his face now is longer than when he first came back. I would like to know what the "little something" is at Vancouver. Anyway, from time to time he suffers from amnesia; you know, wanders around at all hours of the morning, without the slightest notion where he is. He's a wolf in sheep's clothing: in fact, definitely the "wrong type." But now I imagine we have permission to close down, so we are switching off.

---

cannot say, but with the thought I quickly drained the flask and felt better. Lying there in a semi-conscious state, I suppose, I suddenly thought of an occasion when I read in some newspaper about a doctor performing an amputation with a pen-knife, and then it became apparent that this was my only solution. I found my jack-knife and opened the largest blade, and sat up to commence the amputation, but again I was revulsed and vomited. It was only through visualising the most unpleasant ways I could die in that position that gave me courage. Again I sat up, lifted the knife, closed my eyes and plunged. Strangely enough, I experienced no pain, and started to hack methodically. It sounds unreal and fantastic, I know, but can only be explained by the fact that at the time my mind was unbalanced. The grating of the knife as I progressed, the sight of the open limb—none of it seemed to matter then, and working without rest, at long last I was able to pull the stump away."

Again the narrator paused, and in the silence that prevailed, slowly approached his bed. As we were about to follow him, he stopped us and added:

"Sorry, blokes; I think I forgot to mention that Jonathan had a wooden leg."

## JITTERBUGGING

**J**ITTERBUGGING is one of those rare gifts which Canada offers to the sedate Englishman who is on a tour of duty in that delectable country. It is an accomplishment not altogether to be despised, for it calls not only for physical agility and mental relaxation, but also abandonment of that reserve which makes the Englishman so lovable and annoying. In spite of the ingrained customs and habits of their childhood and early manhood, some quickly find themselves breaking through all their reserve and flinging themselves around like monkeys in a cage. As a method of working off energy and as a means of self-expression, it takes a lot of beating. One could, of course, take different views about the kind of self which this form of activity reveals, but this is not the place for that. I'd rather tell them that to their faces. It is obvious, too, that it creates a lot of fun, for it blesses both the participant and the spectator. Truly, a lot can be said for it. But there are some things against this form of exercising oneself on a dance floor. Dancing may be defined, as my Canadian dictionary tells me, as "leaping about," but if you get two or three hundred people leaping about in this manner on a small dance floor, it is bound to create a certain amount of confusion and entanglement.

Fortunately for our Wednesday night dances, not every Englishman loses his sense of decorum, although, to all of us, there comes the temptation to try it just once. I have read in the papers and heard over the radio of the kind of heap-up of humanity which is produced near the goal at the Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto when the Leafs are playing the Bruins and the score is tied, with five seconds of play to go. It is something like that that I imagine would occur if we all started jitterbugging at the same time. Even as it is, it is not uncommon in the Recreation Hall to see a foul worked out on an innocent couple, and to find one or both of them hitting the deck. No serious injuries have occurred as yet, but things are not always what they seem, and no doubt many a dancer has gone to his billet with sore ribs and bruised ankles, and said nothing about it. This is the time to write about these things since it is the end of the season and we are by now pretty tough.

My chief complaint against this violent and exhausting form of dancing is that all the advantages are with the couple who start first. When you have once got up speed it appears as though nothing can stop you and that everything must fall before the onrushing and jittering human forms. You may ride roughshod over all, but think of the casualties! Is dancing a struggle for existence, or is it a form of social enjoyment? That is the burning issue. Another thing I have against this form of dancing is that it generally means going contrary to the general tendency. Some may like it that way. They like best doing just what others don't do. Now, the art of ballroom dancing is to move smoothly and progressively round the room with as little bumping as possible. With the jitterbugger, however, it is quite different. You never know in what direction his next movement will be. He doesn't know himself. He may decide to jitter for five minutes on end in a space of a yard square, usually right in the middle of the room, or he may, without any signal, start to dance in a clockwise direction, i.e., contrary to the general trend of the rest of the dancers.

This type of dancing, no doubt, had its place when it was done in some clearing in the forests of Central Africa or New Guinea, with the monkeys and parrots looking down, and where it was possible to ensure a reasonable distance between each couple. My chief grouse against the jitterbugger is that when he does decide to back into you, he thinks that is what you are there for and that no apology is necessary. It ought not to be overlooked that jitterbugging is usually associated with gum chewing, arm swinging, body swerving, head ducking and feet flinging, as well as the movements normally expected in dancing. The object appears to be to bring into play at the same time as many muscles as possible. I think whatever gods there be that man and woman are not endowed with the gift of perpetual motion. In a word, it is bucolic, anti-social and atavistic. It is not English.—STYLIST

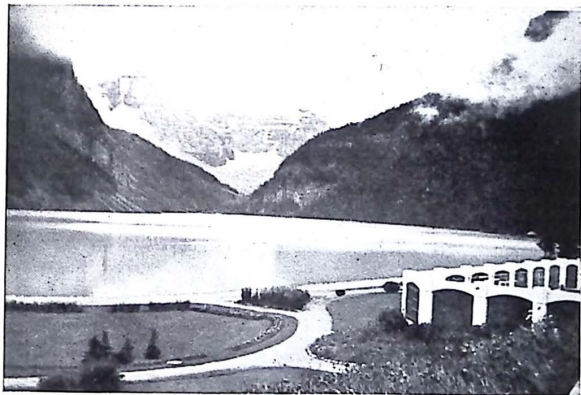
## Sergeants' Mess Notes

THE news of the imminent repatriation of the "tour expired" members of the mess was greeted with that wonderful "going home" feeling which comes to all of us who spend any length of time, in any place, away from our native soil. Their elation was not entirely unalloyed, in the midst of it all came so many wonderful memories of Canada. We came upon little groups of people in the mess reminiscing. They spoke of week-ends in Calgary, journeys through the unparalleled Canadian Rockies and B.C. mountains and sojourns in magnificent Vancouver. Above all, we are sure that the experience of living here in Alberta, amidst people who, in common with all Canadians, have given the word "Hospitality" a bigger and better meaning, is something which no one can ever forget. It will be a topic of conversation wherever "Old Penholdians" gather.

The April Mess dance was a very successful and enjoyable event. Realising the hard work done by the Entertainments Committee, we hand them the customary bouquet. It really was a grand get-together, guests and mess members alike had a wonderful time.

We take this opportunity, through the medium of the "Log," of welcoming all recent newcomers to the mess, the infusion of new blood is, to our way of thinking, an excellent thing. We hope that we shall find the reflection of it in new ideas and a widened scope of activities; each committee is waiting for suggestions for the general good of the mess—go to it, chaps; let's make our mess the best in Canada. We can do it.

In closing, a word about personalities. To Bruce Chisolm goes the whole-hearted thanks of the mess for his wonderful piano playing; also to Johnny Evans for his extremely witty monologues. A special word for the quartet who rendered "Down By the Old Mill Stream," with actions, to the great amusement of the "Eaton Follies" when we had the pleasure of entertaining them; such evenings are very pleasant—may we have more of them.



LAKE LOUISE—Courtesy S/Ldr. R. H. Wood

# Recreation at Penhold



## SUNDAY NIGHT ENTERTAINMENTS

The April programme was as follows:—

April 4—The Town Tonics Concert Party.

April 11th—Visit of Mr. I. F. Fitch, K.C.

April 18th—Programme of recorded music by The Swing Club and the Music Appreciation Group.

April 25th—The Eaton Revue.

April 27th—Ensa Concert Party.

We were favoured during April with visits from two Calgary Concert Parties. These Parties are always anticipated with eagerness and welcomed with hilarity. The Town Tonics, under the direction of Mrs. Farquarson, had been to the Station before and it

speaks volumes for their popularity that they were received by a Hall filled to capacity and that it remained full to the very end. The Eaton Revue visited us for the first time during the month. Somehow their reputation had gone before them. Calgary may be a hundred miles away, but it is obvious that there is some liaison between this Unit and the female employees of The T. Eaton Co. there. Whatever the explanation, we had heard about them and all the Station seemed to be present to see and hear them. Our high expectations were amply fulfilled, and no other Calgary Concert Party has had a more vociferous welcome, which is saying a lot. We say once more to these Parties, "Thanks a lot, and come again. There is always a hearty welcome awaiting you at Penhold." It was a great disappointment to many of us that Mr. Fitch was received by such a small audience. He is a gentleman of great eminence in his profession as a solicitor and barrister, and he knows as much about the subject he talked on, "The Growth of a Nation," as anybody in Alberta. He talked for over an hour and followed this with another hour of answering questions. The small company of select personnel who greeted him were charmed and greatly enlightened by his talk and particularly by his discussion of the vast problems which confront Canada. Whatever else we forget about Canada, we are not likely ever to erase the impression he made upon our minds.

The visit of the Ensa Theatrical Party on Tuesday, April 27th, was pre-  
saged by all kinds of rumours about George Formby and Hollywood Stars at  
Sylvan Lake. So great was the interest that some, mainly Lancashire enthu-  
siasts, are believed to have gone to Sylvan Lake to get a pre-view. There  
can be no doubt that R.A.F. audiences never gathered with such great expecta-  
tions as did those in the Recreation Hall on the last Tuesday in April. It  
turned out that the party consisted of a group of ten very talented artistes,  
most of whom were from the New York and London stage. Their perform-  
ances were of an outstanding order and we all realized that we were greatly  
privileged in hearing and seeing such exceptionally gifted singers, dancers  
and actors.

**BROADCAST CONCERT.**—The Station entertainment sections brought their  
Winter season to a grand climax with a Concert in the Recreation Hall on  
Thursday, April 8th. The first half was broadcast from CFAC, Calgary. The  
whole Concert lasted over two hours and the entire programme by the Dance  
Orchestra, the Choir and other artistes from the Station was uniformly high  
in quality. We greatly appreciated the visit of Sgts. Cluff and Nichol and

LAC McFarlane, who came from No. 4 Training Command to organize the broadcasting part. The singing of Sgt. Cluff in the second part was something we shall not forget in a hurry. With the coming of the Summer months, the Choir and Harmonica Band have brought their activities to an end for a while. They will be back next fall to give us again of their best. The personnel will change, we hope, but there will always be a Choir at Penhold and a few harmonica enthusiasts. The Dance Band doesn't get a vacation, for we anticipate that the Wednesday Dances will continue and that the outside invitations to the Band will continue to come in.

**THE CRICKET SEASON 1943.**—With the prospects of a new cricket season before us, we inevitably look around to see what assets we have. We have a practice wicket, quite a good one, thanks to the labours of the enthusiastic few during May, 1942. After advice from the Edmonton Cricket Club, a mixture of clay and fine cinders was put into a 5-inch-deep space and well rolled; over this was placed a matting, and there we have the best wicket suitable to Alberta conditions. A match wicket also has been prepared to the south of the skating rink. Clay and sand mixture, well rolled, as with the practice wicket, the use of matting and, if we can keep the grass growth under control on the area surrounding the wicket itself, we shall have a reasonably good cricket ground, especially when the new and large scoreboard has been erected which will give the ground the authentic touch. Thanks to a fortunate purchase from a non-active cricket club at the end of last season, we have been able to provide ourselves with a certain amount of valuable equipment which will have to be guarded with great care as it cannot be replaced. Bats particularly will have to be watched, as these crack very easily in this dry atmosphere. And so the facilities being provided, we can look around for teams to conquer. The only organized cricket within reach of Penhold takes place in Edmonton and Calgary. Here there are good sporting, friendly teams with whom it is a pleasure to play and associate. We had several most enjoyable games in both places last season and held our own, particularly in the latter games. There was some thought this season of joining the Calgary league, but this would mean too many games in that fair prairie city in addition to which a proportion of them would have to be played in mid-week, which more or less rules us out. Consequently it was decided by general consent that we should play friendly games in Calgary and Edmonton, the great majority of these taking place on a Sunday. Weather permitting, the Summer should be a good one after the severe Winter we have experienced, and we are looking forward to an enjoyable cricket season with many attractive fixtures. Your committee for dealing with all matters of organization and selection is comprised of: F/Lt. Milsom, Captain; LAC Hopkins, K., Vice Captain; LAC Gibson, A. M., Secretary; LAC Jeffrys, Committee member. Section representatives are: LAC Jones, W. L., S.H.Q.; LAC Hopkins, K., Maintenance; LAC Holton, Flying Wing.

**FISHING.**—As a sort of feeler, a notice was put in D.R.O.'s asking if anyone on the station was interested in fishing. The response was greater than expected, and names are still coming in, although the season does not open till May 16. The Service Institute made a grant for the purchase of tackle, and so far about 15 rods, with tackle to go with them, have been bought. Unfortunately, reels, particularly spinning reels, are practically unobtainable and so far only about six, of which five are fly reels, have been bought. If anyone knows of reels for sale, either new or secondhand, it is hoped they will get in touch with the O/i/c at once. Tackle will be issued to airmen free from 1400 to 1600 hours daily except Sundays and Pay Days, from Room 6 in S.H.Q. A small charge is made to members of the Sergeants' and Officers' Messes, and they will have to provide their own casts, flies, spoons and such like. No issues will be made without the production of a fishing license, as this is required by Alberta law, but licenses can be obtained free by applying to the O/i/c. There is also quite a lot of information on hand about where to fish in the district, and it is hoped that anyone going out by car will contact

the O/i/c and say whether he has any spare seats so that as much use as possible can be made of the limited petrol allowance.

**FOOTBALL.**—Once again the football season has arrived, and it is hoped that this one will be even better than the last. At a committee meeting held on March 22 the following were selected to serve on the football committee: F/O Sewell, officer i/c; AC Jones, secretary; LAC Lawrence, AC Rennison and AC Charnley, committee members. We are very fortunate in having such a good football ground and, with care, we should see some very good matches. We have been granted permission to enter two teams in the Inter Services Football League, and everyone on the station will join me in wishing both teams every success. We must hold on to the trophy at all cost, and with the teams that are selected, plus your support, it can be done. To all newcomers on the station: if you play football and you have not yet had a game, just let the committee know and they will do their best for you so that you will not be left out. The station league has already started, and up to the time of going to press the Signals Section are at the top, having beaten No. 1 Servicing Flight 6 to 1.

**MODEL AIRCRAFT CLUB.**—It has been noted during the past month that the attendance on Club nights has been getting smaller and smaller. This is no doubt due to a combination of circumstances—the advent of longer evenings, counter attractions such as football, etc., and last, but by no means least, postings. However, we have spent some quite enjoyable evenings with routine construction, etc. We are glad to report that on one evening we did get one of the petrol engines to run for at least two minutes. It took the combined efforts of all present, plus one badly gashed finger; but we do know it will run now. We were beginning to wonder if it would! We would like to draw the attention of all the new members of our community to the fact that we meet every Tuesday and Thursday evening in the G.I.S. Block, and are always ready to welcome anyone who might be interested.

\* \* \* \* \*

## WILLING TO CO-OPERATE

For a colicky cow in Ithaca, New York, a veterinarian prescribed stiff doses of kerosene. Farmer Roydem M. Vose tried to buy four quarts, ran into rationing trouble, finally talked a dealer into letting him supply the coupons later. He sent a letter to the Office of Price Administration in Syracuse. No answer. Off went another letter. This time back came an OPA questionnaire to be filled out.

Farmer Vose sat down to give a fair question a fair answer:

Make? "Jersey."

Body Type? "Two horns, tail, four feet, and udder and four teats." Year? "1940."

Rating or seating capacity? "I have never ridden her, but imagine she would seat two."

Mileage? "The vet gave her one quart of kerosene and she ran four miles, so I judge she would have gone 16 miles on the four quarts. I can't tell you her speed, as the vet hasn't yet caught up with her."—Time.

## GRATITUDE ?

A man returning home after a few days' absence was met by his little boy: "Papa, there's been a bogeyman in Mamma's bedroom."

"Oh, Johnnie, don't talk nonsense. You know there's no such thing as a bogeyman."

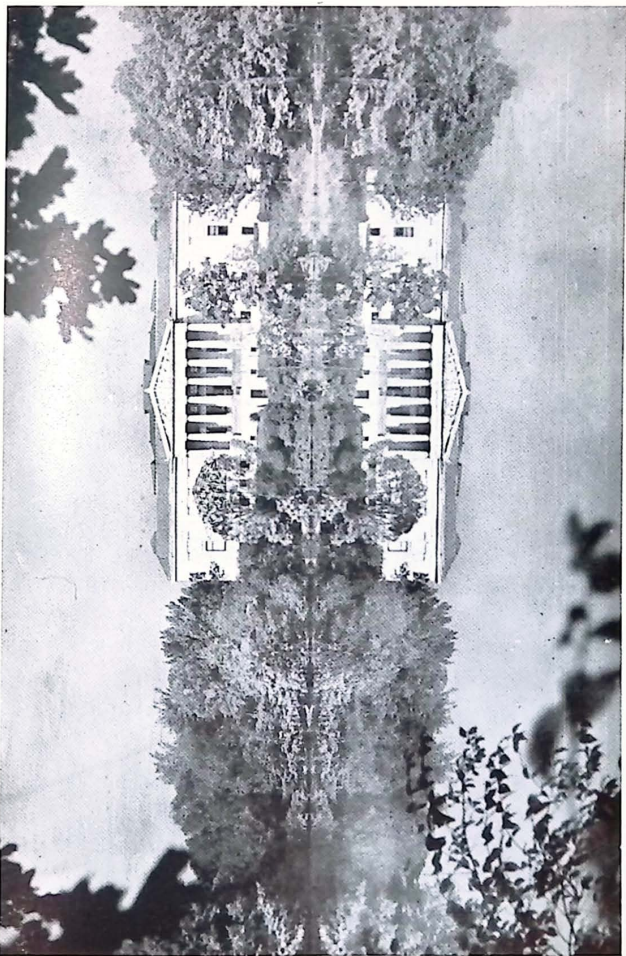
"Yes, there is, too," Johnnie says. "And what's more, he's up there hiding in the closet right now!"

So the man goes upstairs, a little anxiously, and opens the closet door. Sure enough, there is his good friend Sam from Czechoslovakia.

"Why, Sam," he cries, almost bursting into tears. "How could you do this to me? Didn't I furnish your passage from Europe? Didn't I rescue you from the clutches of Adolf Hitler? And now you repay me by hiding in the closet and scaring my little boy!"—Reader's Digest.

\* \* \* \* \*

The U.S. submarine "Sturgeon" radioed to its flagship, after sinking its first Jap ship: "Sturgeon no longer virgin."—Time.



Reflections in the "States" (Courtesy Cpl. Coles)



Station H



headquarters



The Giant Dwarfed (Courtesy Cpl. Coles)

## The Factory-Hand Corner

"Many are called, but few are chosen." With these words of comfort, we commiserate with those not chosen, but with all the optimism of the fellow who fills in a crossword puzzle with a fountain pen, we point out: "What's a few more winters, anyway!"

With the passing (in the literal, not metaphorical, sense) of the first crowd, homeward bound, there is quite a "Gapp" in our circle of friends. We are pleased at their good fortune and wish them "bon voyage" and a happy landing in the "old country."

In the farewell, despite the jocular assumed air of those left, there prevailed a deep feeling of regret—an atmosphere of frustration. However, LAC Oakley, in his inimitable style, caused a measure of merriment in his determined effort to follow the train down the line. We mention, apprehensively, however, that the telephones have been buzzing incessantly since their departure with la voix feminine ejaculating "Gone . . . ! Where?"—quite!

Congratulations to Sgt. Parker on his promotion to Flight Sergeant. It is hoped that the weight of the crowns will not prove too much for his wee frame.

It has been our good fortune to be able to record in these notes several instances of knight errantry on the part of members of our staff. Again we come into the limelight with the kindly actions of two of our officers, a deed, incidentally, that would bring a gladdened expression to the faces of members of the R.S.R.C.A., for these officers have been observed feeding hand-picked grass to the posse that hangs around No. 7 Hangar (just south of the Yukon)—a note-worthy gesture.

Congratulations appear to be the order of the day, for we must extend them to O.C. Maintenance Squadron for his brilliant astuteness in choosing two Scotsmen to run the No. 6 Hangar Canteen—it is understood that they're quite inseparable now.

Sgt. McQueen has been stamping

and snorting around; his Scottish pride has received a severe set-back, for one of his new arrivals, with a hero-worship look in his eyes, inquired, "What part of Ireland do you come from, Sarge?"

We welcome to our "home from home" the recent arrivals from the United Kingdom. May their lot be a happy one, and their inviolated kites merely "minor" convalescents. We are pleased to have them know us.

\* \* \* \*

### A WORD AND A SMILE

Don't hurry through life with a frown on your face,  
And never a moment to spare.  
For the word and the smile is always worth while

In a world full of trouble and care.

There are others with burdens as heavy as yours,

Hearts weary with aching and pain,

That are longing to hear just a word of good cheer,

Will you let them be pleading in vain?

Don't feel that misfortune has singled you out

And made you her own special prey,

For you may be sure there's no home so secure

But that trouble will enter some way.

### 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 winners of the free passes to the Station Cinema last month are as follows:—Cpl. Palmer, Cpl. Morrison and AC Jennings, all of Maintenance Wing.

# San Francisco

[This should be of interest to the newcomers to the Station. Should anyone wish any information regarding accommodation and entertainment when on leave, call at S.H.Q. Orderly Room and see me.—Ed.]

THE modern San Francisco may not be quite so glamorous as it was before the great earthquake and fire, when it was the centre of the famous Barbary Coast, frequented by all the colourful characters you've seen depicted on the screen at various times, but it is still well worth as long a visit as you can manage, although to most of us, perhaps, its southerly neighbour, Los Angeles, has more attraction. You will find lots of interesting things to do and places to see, even on a very limited amount of money. From any of the U.S.O.'s you can obtain a free booklet, "A dozen bargain trips for your furlough in San Francisco." This describes places which can be visited and the best ways of visiting them, whether by walking, biking or by street car. The prices range from 44¢ for the dearest to nothing for the cheapest. One of the best, through Chinatown, is free. You can walk there from the centre of the city in a few minutes. You will find the Chinese people there are as interested in you as you are in them, and only too pleased to answer all the questions you may fire at them. Ask to be shown over the Chinese telephone exchange, where the telephones have no numbers, and the operators have to remember every subscriber's name. They don't make many mistakes, either. Also a visit to one of the Chinese newspapers is extremely interesting. On your way through Chinatown, after looking at the shop windows, you will probably wish you had \$1,000 to spend, with a 10-ton truck to carry off all your purchases. You can go into any of the shops and look around. The best one is probably the "Lung Kwong Chun Yee," or the "Lew Quan Chang Chew Family Association." The family association is a rather unique Chinese organization, and is said to be a survival of the matriarchal clan system of ancient China. Only persons having the same surname may belong to the same association. Only Lees belong to the Lee Family Association, and the Chins, the Chin Family Association. (This is a real one, not made up.) These associations serve as an insurance agency for old age and unemployment, as well as a society for mutual protection, ceremony and good times. For those who like "night life," there is the Club Shanghai on Grant Avenue (no cover charge, too) which looks extremely mysterious from the outside, and is good fun inside. There are two Chinese theatres here, too. But don't try to make a date with one of the "actresses." You will find these parts are taken by men.

After passing through Chinatown, carry straight on up Grant Avenue, through the Latin Quarter, the houses and gardens of which have been the theme for writers from the time of Bret Harte, to Telegraph Hill. From here you have a wonderful view of the city and bay. From Coit Tower, on Telegraph Hill, you can see both the famous Golden Gate Bridge and the 8½-mile-long San Francisco-East Bay Bridge, which is three times the length of the Firth of Forth Bridge. Also from this hill can be seen Alcatraz Island, which looks a lot too calm and peaceful for its sinister reputation.

For those who like "out of the ordinary" eating places, there is "The Ship That Never Goes To Sea"—Bernstein's Fish Grotto. The front of the building is a replica of the Nina, flagship of Columbus, and you enter through a ship's passage. Inside the dining booths each have a ship's name, and the passing hours and half-hours are rung out on a ship's bell. You can find practically every style of cooking in San Francisco—Bohemian, Italian, Chinese, Armenian, Spanish, Mexican, French, Swiss, and the more ordinary American. If you like to eat to music and see a floor show at the same time, most of the big hotels have eating places which are famous around the world, like the

Redwood Room of the Clift Hotel, and the El Prado of the Plaza Hotel. These places are slightly expensive, though. For radio fans there is the Radio Club, the outside walls of which are decorated with the autographs of dozens of radio stars.

For those with very little money, entertainment of many kinds can be found at the various U.S.O.'s and other places for the armed forces, like the Pepsi-Cola Canteen on Market Street (the main street), where you can obtain free Pepsi-Cola. Most of the U.S.O. canteens are free. Perhaps the best one is on O'Farrell Street. You will find a warm welcome there from the ladies who make up the staff, and find yourself urged to have coffee and home-made cookies and chocolate doughnuts. There is a reading and writing room—free stationery—and upstairs a "Stag" room where you can have a shower and shave, with free towels, soap and razors. In the U.S.O. on Market Street, one of the staff will take your photograph and send you a print. The National Defenders' Club on Post Street is another good place.

If you have the time, take a bus trip to San Jose, 60 miles south of San Francisco. San Jose is one of the prettiest places it is possible to imagine, situated in the middle of the famous Santa Clara Valley, in the midst of fruit orchards and gardens. In the municipal gardens there, more than 400 varieties of roses grow, as well as daffodils, tulips and other flowers. Near San Jose is the Mission, Santa Clara de Asis, founded in 1777 by the Mission padres. A three-mile avenue of trees, stretching from the Mission to the City, was planted by these padres.

Another place which should not be missed is the Golden Gate Park. The most popular feature there is the open-air tank for seals. These are fed daily at 4 p.m., and are very funny to watch.

If you travel back from San Francisco by train, you will pass under the 8½-mile bridge previously mentioned, on the train ferry; as you cross, look back to San Francisco—the view from the ferry steamer is really magnificent.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### CHANCE LOST

The barmaid was a flirt, and, when the corporal went out to buy a paper she leaned invitingly over the bar with her face close to the private's.

"Now's your chance, darling," she whispered.

The private looked round the room. It was empty.

"So it is," he remarked—and promptly drained the corporal's glass.

\* \* \* \* \*

Coroner: "You say this woman shot her husband with this pistol, and at close range?"

Eyewitness: "Yassuh."

Coroner: "Are there powder marks on his body?"

Eyewitness: "Yassuh, dat's why she shot him."—Sagehen.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mistress: "Bridget, these are ewers, so don't call them jugs any more."

Bridget: "Thank you, mum—and are these cups mine, too?"—Gar-goyle.



"It gets pretty cold in these parts in the Winter, Chum."

# "Cookhouse Gen"

By "THE HEAD COOK AND BOTTLEWASHER"



LIKE most of the sections, our first duty is to welcome the new boys just out from England, and sincerely hope they will be "happy and comfortable" (no remarks, please). No doubt they will very soon become acquainted with our "nearest and dearest friend," "Complaint," but they'll soon get used to it and, as things are now so different at home, no doubt they will take a little time to settle down. A word or two about our new N.C.O. i/c, Sgt. Boyce: He has "got quite a few in," so most probably knows all the answers. Try to be a little helpful, won't you? The "nattering, binding" secretary of our football team, after seeing one or two of the new lads perform, is willing to lay 3 to 1 on us for the championship, but we rather think it's in plates or else "mugs." "No kidding, bums, we're out of the groove and right on the

beam." "Sam Salt" has just returned from Innisfail and is bemoaning the fact that the weeds and grass have already begun to cover the railway track again. Our "Edgar" came back, too. When he knew the old boys were going back, his first words were, "By Gum, that's a raight do, aint it; aren't thou goyne 'om, an all?" We think our old Flight Sergeant was the happiest, most relieved chap on the train when they went away, although he must have aged ten years. One of his men is on manoeuvres at Edmonton for four days this week; he's changed so much that we shall soon have to sing a verse of "O Canada" before he'll look at us, and he wants to be a "Mountie" after the war, as he says it sounds alright to him.

## FLIGHT MECK!

He wears a suit of faded blue, no badge upon his breast,  
You'll find more streaks of dirty oil than medals on his chest.  
He wields a hefty spanner and a piece of dirty rag,  
While other fellows shoot the Hun, add an M.E. to their bag,  
He works in sleet, in mud, and rain, and curses the blinking war,  
And wonders ninety times a day what he joined the Air Force for.  
He's only a flight mechanic, nothing more or less,  
With a greasy suit of overalls in place of battle-dress.

But he strikes a blow at "Jerry" with his honest British skill  
As sure as the pilot who delivers the bombs or the gunner who makes the kill.  
So when you read of bombings or a Messerschmitt shot down,  
When you've covered flying heroes with honour and renown;  
When you've given all the D.F.M.s, D.F.C.s and such,  
Just think of the flight mechanic—he does not ask for much.  
Just shake him by his oily hand, and think he did a lot  
To make those roaring engines safe for the man who fired the shot.

—R.R. (R.A.F.)

## Flaps From Flying Wing

Crack of the month . . . and congratulations to its originator . . . "This isn't a station, it's a siding."

. . . . .

The unkind rumour that Flying Wing will detail a colour party to raise the check flag in the signals area, because they like it better than the ensign, is indignantly denied.

. . . . .

The squadron commander says that if the duty clerk leaves his windows closed and the radiator turned full on many more times, the place will go up in flames. He says Courts of Inquiry are such a bind that it wouldn't be worth it.

. . . . .

"Look, old man, I can't possibly do orderly officer on Saturday. My popsie won't stand for it."

. . . . .

Amendment to notices appearing round shaving mirrors. For "Talk" read "Work."

. . . . .

"No, that isn't a football crowd pouring out of the control tower. Frightfully busy instructors. The story about repatriation was only a rumour, by the way."

. . . . .

"Yes, this is the signals officer speaking. Telephones? Yes, certainly, how many more would you like?"

. . . . .

"What's this? File on improvements to be carried out in Flying Wing? Can't have things like that floating about. Wants burying. Better mark it "Urgent" and send it over to Hindquarters."

. . . . .

That Flying Wing occasionally departs en masse on a "48" to give certain other sections a chance to catch up on the repairs to aircraft, is not strictly true.

"What's all this about putting a coloured section in the Wing Detail and selling it at 5¢ a copy?"

. . . . .

Our sympathies are with the Flying Instructor who, on being posted, discovered that his Log Book had found its way into a pile of pupils' log books, and that he had been duly assessed as an "Average Pupil."

. . . . .

"Did I hear someone say that it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good?" enquired the Duty Pilot, a dangerous glint in his eye. And what the airman of the watch said as he clambered down the crazy staircase from the look-out, to change the tee for the fourteenth time that morning, wasn't even recorded in the line book.

. . . . .

"The time-clerk, being carried away to sick quarters? Didn't you know? He totalled an instructor's log book this month and found that the total was right."

. . . . .

Will the Flight Commander, who complained that he would soon know where everybody was if the Flights weren't switched round a little more regularly, kindly note that the enemy has to be fooled?

. . . . .

"That's too funny for the 'Penhold Log,'" said the editor. "Tell them to put it in the Wing Detail."

. . . . .

Believe it or not, but the Wing's latest line "Had a letter from my old Gunner to-day," was started, in all innocence, by an Instructor who was recording a simple fact. . . .

. . . . .

"The P/O being carried away on a stretcher? Didn't you know? He's the man who asked a very senior ground instructor for some gen, and got it the same afternoon."

## "D" Flight Goes Conservative

FOR seven months "D" Flight had been unchanged as far as instructors were concerned. Under F/Lt. Longhopp's tolerant eye, F/O Yorker, F/O Psmith, F/Sgt. Leggbuy and myself had worked amiably through two courses, and we had settled down into a team which worked in perfect harmony. We were very loath to alter this state of affairs. It was a very miserable Longhopp who came into the instructors' room about two weeks ago, therefore, and announced some drastic changes.

"Just listen," announced the Flight Commander. "F/O Yorker has been posted to No. 46 S.F.T.S. in Lethbridge, and to make matters worse, the C.I. has transferred Psmith to "A" Flight, and Leggbuy to "F" Flight."

He sat down, and a tear trickled down his cheek.

"Wow!" I exclaimed. "That only leaves me and you. I suppose they'll supply us with three or four brand new P/O's or Sergeants."

My grammar was excellent when one considers the horrible tidings, and the shock from which we were suffering.

"That's right," answered Yorker for F/Lt. Longhopp. "It also means that I'm saying good-bye to the twenty bucks which Psmith owes me."

F/O Psmith ignored the remark with dignity.

"Well, chaps," he said at last, "there's only one thing to be done."

We waited. F/O Psmith does the thinking for the Flight.

"We must all three pledge ourselves to get back to "D" Flight within ten days," he went on. "It doesn't matter how we do it, so long as the Flight is operating as before with all of us in it. Do you agree?"

He looked at Yorker and Leggbuy.

"Right," said F/Sgt. Leggbuy.

"Right you are," said Yorker.

The following day was a sad one, as the three departing instructors packed their flying kit into their kitbags and prepared to leave.

Yorker went over to the Line Book. "I'll be back," he said to it. "Someone's got to write in all the lines that F/Lt. Longhopp shoots."

F/Sgt. Leggbuy was looking mournfully at the Flight Commander's electric scooter. It was he who had spent many hours in repairing it only a week before. "Good-bye, old bean," he muttered, "I'll be seeing you."

A dark week in the history of "D" Flight passed. We had two new Pilot Officers and one Sergeant. All were straight from CFS. Nothing went right, and F/Lt. Longhopp was in an ugly mood most of the time.

And then the sun peeped out. F/Sgt. Leggbuy came back in place of a certain P/O Sprogg. The next day saw the return of F/O Psmith, and the departure of one Sgt. Sirkit.

"How did you manage it?" I asked.

"Oh," they answered, "the C.I. is a darned good type. We went to him and explained how we weren't able to cope in the other flights. He posted us straight back." And then—

"Any news of Yorker?" "No," I answered.

A gloom settled over us, which I thought would never go.

Nine days had passed, and still no news. On the tenth morning we sat in the instructors' room—Longhopp, Psmith, Leggbuy, myself, and the new P/O. And then suddenly—

"Hello, you old villains!" Yorker stood in the doorway, his face beaming.

We rushed over and peppered him with eager questions.

"Wait a second!" he shouted. "I'm posted here, and the C.I. has sent me back into the Flight in place of this new P/O here."

"But how did you manage it?" asked Psmith.

Yorker flung himself happily on to the parachute rack.

"I just parked a custard in every plane I went up in. They soon got fed up with me, and sent me back. It's easy, too, if you drink a pint of milk before going up to aerobat," he said, and winked.

"D" Flight was back to normal.—SATRAP.

## What About Education?

**M**ANY airmen hoped they'd finished their education when they left school, but a number now are realising that schooling was only a foundation upon which to build. Are you doing anything to achieve promotion, or to benefit yourself for post-war life? Do you want to fly? Classes are now being arranged in Pre-Aircrew Maths, Science, English and Morse, and anyone interested is invited to attend. What about remustering to a higher Trade group? The Education Officer may be able to help you, knowing that the more efficient you are, the sooner will the war end.

How about your general education? Attendance at the periodical meetings of the Brains Trust, and the Music Appreciation Group, will both interest and instruct you. It is hoped shortly to commence classes in French and possibly other languages: if any particular subject interests sufficient people, the Education Officer will do all he can to start a class of instruction.

What do you know about the broader aspects of the war? Do you really know why we are fighting? Do you follow the progress of the United Nations? Have you any ideas about what you want the post-war world to be like? If you are interested in such topics, see your Education Officer, who is anxious to organize a Study Circle for their discussion.

Do you read much during your leisure time? You can obtain both fictional and non-fictional books from the Library in the Y.M.C.A., and it is hoped shortly to increase considerably the number of Reference Books available.

What sort of a job do you want after the war? Are you going back to your old one, or are you anxious to do something else? If you wish to do better for yourself, why not devote some of your spare time to a Correspondence Course? The Canadian Legion offers a long list of courses; they're all free, and can be continued in England if you are lucky enough to be sent back home in a short time. Canadian Universities and Technical Colleges also run Correspondence Courses in a wide variety of subjects; why not take advantage of one of them? Don't do nothing apart from your Service work simply because you feel you may be posted home before long.

Finally, if you've any educational wishes or problems of any kind, take them to your Educational Officer, who will do all he can to help you. And keep your eyes on D.R.O.'s for any new projects!—Ed. Off.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Memories

Just things that I sometimes see,  
A copy of Punch, strong English tea,  
And things that I often hear,  
Soft Somerset burr, Welsh sing song  
tones,

People who talk of grey stone homes  
Fashioned from Cotswolds' slopes;  
On one occasion a pewter tankard,  
That would be defiled  
By anything other than old and  
mild;

A poem written by an English  
master

Or a Scottish bard in praise of home,  
His valleys and lochs across the  
foam,

These become dear to me;

The cultured tones of the B.B.C.,  
As we avidly listen for news from  
afar,

And one day even I saw a car  
With the steering wheel on the  
English side,

I was deeply stirred and wished to  
ride,

And dream of other days.  
Strange the atoms we cling to,  
To remind us of English life,  
A few sights and sounds  
And home surrounds,  
Britain's sons wherever they be—  
Desert, ocean or vast prairie.

—J. E. Etherington

## In Humorous Vein

"It says here in the paper they unearthed an old Roman prison and found the petrified remains of prisoners."

"They must have been some of those hardened criminals you hear about."—Revived.

\* \* \* \*

A small Negro school boy gave his teachers no end of trouble. When discipline failed, the teachers finally called his mother in. Each teacher told her complaint.

One said he stole money, to which the mother replied: "Jes' like his pa."

Another said he lied. "Jes' like his pa."

Another said he swore. The Negro woman sighed. "Jes' like his pa. Ah sho is glad Ah nebbah did marry dat man!"—Reader's Digest.

\* \* \* \*

For a man to pretend to understand women is bad manners; for him to really understand them is bad morals.—Henry James.

\* \* \* \*

A buxom, scantily clad Negress, getting flip with the judge who admonished her for not dressing sufficiently, was fined \$5 for contempt of court. When asked by the clerk what the fine was for, she replied: "Fo' temptin' de co't."—Reader's Digest.

\* \* \* \*

"Once there was a boy and girl, and they loved each other very much, but they couldn't get married because they didn't have any money. They talked it all over, and finally decided to be good and not make any babies until he could earn some money. That same night on the way home he found a purse containing a million dollars, and so they got married right off. And the very next day she had twins, which proves that virtue brings its own reward."—Reader's Digest.

\* \* \* \*

Gasoline may soon be sold in fancy bottles at the cosmetic counters as a rare exotic scent.

A reluctant conscript faced the army oculist who asked him to read a chart. "What chart?" asked the draftee. The doctor persevered: "Just sit down in that chair and I'll show you." "What chair?" asked the man.

Deferred because of bad eyesight, the draftee went to a nearby movie. When the lights came on, he was horrified to discover the oculist in the next seat. "Excuse me," said the conscript as calmly as he could, "does this bus go to Shipley?"—Newsweek, New York.

\* \* \* \*

A troupe of players went on the road with a revival of the play, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." On the opening night, the villain in the play appeared and whispered to the heroine: "Are we alone?"

A voice from the gallery called, "Yuh ain't tonight, but you will be tomorrow night."

\* \* \* \*

Teacher: "Junior, if I subtract 37 from 58, what's the difference?"

Top Junior: "Yeah, that's what I say. T'ell with it!"

\* \* \* \*

The wedding present difficulty had resolved itself into the usual silver dish for the table.

"What shall I put on the card?" she asked her husband. "It's not as though we knew them very well."

"Oh," he grunted, without looking up from his paper, "put on it 'For butter or worse'."—(The Tatler and Bystander).

\* \* \* \*

A romantic pair were in the throes of silence as the car rolled smoothly along an enchanting woodland path when the lady broke the spell:

"John, dear," she asked softly, "can you drive with one hand?"

"Yes, my sweet," he cooed in ecstasy of anticipation.

"Then," said the lovely one, "you'd better wipe your nose, it's running."—(Judge).

For Your Entertainment

## Showing At The Station Cinema

## Screen Attractions For May, 1943

Saturday and Sunday, May 15-16

**"THE IMMORTAL SERGEANT"**

With Henry Fonda and Thomas Mitchell.

Tuesday, May 18

**"JOURNEY FOR MARGARET"**

With Robert Young and Laraine Day.

Thursday, May 20

**"DESPERATE JOURNEY"**

With Errol Flynn and Ronald Reagan.

Saturday and Sunday, May 22-23

**"SEVEN SWEETHEARTS"**

With Kathryn Grayson and Van Heflin.

Tuesday, May 25

**"LUCKY JORDAN"**

With Alan Ladd and Helen Walker.

Thursday, May 27

**"WRECKING CREW"**

With Richard Arlen and Chester Morris.

Saturday and Sunday, May 29-30

**"YANKEE DOODLE DANDY"**

With James Cagney and Joan Leslie.

Tuesday, June 1

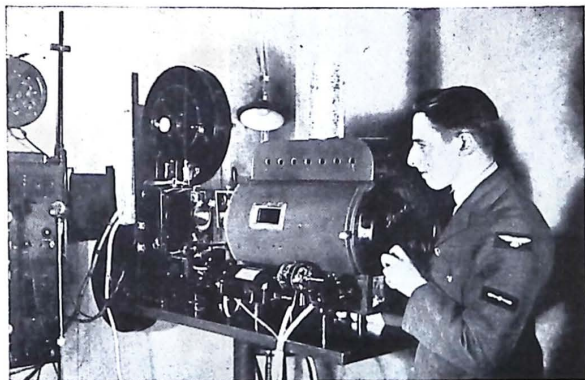
**"HAPPY GO LUCKY"**

With Mary Martin and Dick Powell.

Thursday, June 3

**"RANDOM HARVEST"**

With Ronald Colman and Greer Garson.



## The Padre's Notes

### Does Civilization Need Religion?

THE answer to that question depends on what sort of a civilization you want. If all you want of civilization is efficient government and regular employment with decent wages, you may perhaps dispense with it. But even then it is questionable whether you could maintain an efficient government, free from intrigue and corruption, unless you had a sufficiently high standard of character among those carrying on the government. A people may not always get the government it deserves, but it generally happens that they don't get a government above the level at which they themselves have arrived. Both Communism and Nazism, which put efficiency first, have shown in practise that it is necessary to have periodic purges, and these governments are always suspicious of the rise of some revolutionary party which will overthrow them by the same methods of bloody tyranny which they themselves would not hesitate to use against the other party. The lesson is writ large in history that as soon as the people grow loose in their moral allegiances, you begin to see the growth of political and economic double-crossing, and this again reacts upon the standards of the people until eventually, through degradation and debauchery, the whole society is undermined. The religious and moral foundation on which it rests is denied and the structure built upon it is shattered.

What we of this generation are in serious danger of forgetting is that you can't retain the culture and morality of our society without preserving the religion on which they are based and which alone is their justification. What we call our English way of life is something which has grown out of centuries of Christian influence. Knock away the Christian Faith and that which has sprung from it comes toppling down. You can't keep the by-products if you do away with that from which they come.

You can't contemplate any branch of our English life without coming across the influence of the Christian religion. Think of our noblest architecture: they are, for the most part, the Churches and the buildings connected with them. Think of our culture: it was the direct result of the Church which preserved the best things in life and enhanced them during the Middle Ages and the Reformation. Think of our literature: you can't recall names like Chaucer, Shakespeare and Milton without remembering that they drew their power very largely from Christianity and the Bible. Think of our English homes on which rests the strength of our democracy: you can't think of them without admitting that they are built on the basis of respect for womanhood which is the direct outcome of the Christian influences.

All the evidence points to a distinct lowering in our time of the moral standards of our people. If this should persist it will inevitably lead us or our successors to political and economic demoralization. Unless we can maintain and, more than that, advance our standards of personal honour and decency, we are headed for disruption and decay. The basis of honour and decency is in the reality of a God who made all men of one blood and put within us all the latent seed of spiritual and moral advancement. To defame and dishonour that which God has created for a divine destiny is of all things most despicable.

If we abolish the conception of man's divine origin and destiny, we deprive him of his value and open the way to cheapness in human behaviour. Civilization is founded on the characters of its members, and character is fed by the worship of God and devotion to His Will. The one sure enemy of Paganism and bulwark of a progressive civilization is Christian character.

#### SERVICES IN THE CHAPEL

Parade Service, Sundays at 10.00 hrs. Holy Communion, Sundays at 10.45 hrs.



