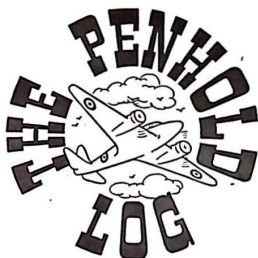


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Commanding Officer No. 36, S.F.T.S., Penhold.



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

OWING to the scarcity of vegetables in this locality, it has been decided to start a vegetable garden on this unit. A few days ago, the first committee meeting was held, and it was decided that a plot of approximately ten acres, east of No. 7 Hangar, would be cultivated. The cultivating of this plot necessitates some manual labour, and I appeal to you as individuals, to assist as much as possible. A few hours of work will show results, and, in time, a supply of vegetables will be adorning the Mess tables. This may be considered by some as a "bind," but in actual fact it is a necessity, so, if you wish green foodstuffs regularly, as no doubt the majority of us do, come along and lend a hand. Give with the "elbow grease" and watch the vegetables slide up. Any information regarding the above may be had from the Editor at S.H.Q. Orderly Room.

We are still experiencing difficulties in obtaining copy. There must be some of you who have interesting experiences to relate, or some who have a flair for writing fiction. Any such articles will be gratefully accepted. We are also looking for a cartoonist. Anybody with the necessary qualifications should see the Editor.

Before my writing space runs out, I would like to convey to Cpl. Money, on behalf of the staff, our deepest thanks for all the humorous cartoons he did for the "Log." We wish him bon voyage, and hope to see a few cartoons, from him at home, published in the "Log" in the near future.

“Oh, To Be In England . . .

NOW that April's here," is the usual ending of that quotation, but to my mind this should be amended to "Now that May is here," although the poet undoubtedly had good reason for the words he used. April in England is traditionally the month of showers, while May is the month in which all the flowers (produced with the help of April showers) are in full bloom and all the world is fresh and green again, as witness the old rhyme, "March Winds and April Showers, Bring Forth May Flowers."

April, as most of us in this camp can testify, is usually, in England, (and from what we've seen of it, in Canada, too) a rather cold, windy, and sometimes uncomfortably wet month. How many of you are there who cannot remember setting out for the long week-end at Easter, setting out Good Friday morning possibly, with the sun shining away, only to have the clouds gather, the wind start to whistle and the rain fall, and continue to fall until Monday night when it was time to start home again, when the rain usually stopped and the sun shone again. I can remember a typical Easter—1938. Setting off from Bristol on the old motorbike to go off to Barmouth, in brilliant sunshine, half regretting that I'd bundled myself up in a heavy leather coat and leggings. Travelling up was fine, and the trip was uneventful until travelling over the mountain road on the northwest side of Dolgelly, when a cloud settled right down on the road—a most unpleasant experience, as a cloud is so much wetter than a mere fog or mist. And that cloud stuck there all the week-end, and expanded all the while, until the whole sky was covered. Monday morning, starting back home again, that cloud had become black in the face and settled lower and lower. Seeing this decided me to go back to Bristol via the southerly route, through Aberystwyth, Rhayader, Hereford and Gloucester. All went well until well into the mountain pass between Aberystwyth and Rhayader when that cloud turned into a snowstorm—and that snowstorm seemed to hit harder and colder at each corner. Half-way through the pass, I passed a sidecar outfit parked along the side of the road, with the driver and passenger jumping up and down, swinging their arms, in an endeavour to get warm. Half a mile further on I had to stop and do the same thing, and they passed me. We continued this game of passing one another until we arrived at Hereford, where they turned North and I South, as I supposed, only to find after a few miles that I had missed my direction in Hereford and was a long way in the wrong direction. Passing through Gloucester, the snow turned to heavy rain which soaked through my coat and leggings, and by the time I got to Bristol I was really wet and very glad to strip off and jump into a steaming hot bath and lie there until I felt warmed through once more.

Things like that never happen in May, though. During that month the sun is shining more and more strongly, the trees are donning their full summer green and the flowers are all blooming, making the front garden of each house and all the park flower beds a blaze of glory. The weather really seems to settle down during May, to make up for all the unpleasantness of the winter; to show that it can sometimes be fine in England, although to most people who live in other countries, England is renowned more for its fogs and rain than for any fine weather. In the southern districts, the fields and woods are full of bluebells, and in some places even the gorse bushes are in bloom, looking like golden fires, so brilliant is their yellow blossom. On week-ends, too, the roads out of every town and city are all choked with cyclists, in bunches, some on tandems, some even with the baby carried in a small sidecar attached, all pedalling away as fast as they can to get out of the smoke and grime and out into the fresh green countryside—making themselves a nuisance to the motorists and motorcyclists bent on the same errand; and when the week-end is over, returning, tired out but refreshed again, with their carriers

Advice To Newcomers On Riding

NO DOUBT, since your arrival in this country, you will have noticed some differences in climate, food, clothing, etc., to the way things were in the Old Country. This article is going to try to warn you of another fundamental difference—i.e., the horses, and, in particular, the use of the said horses for the purposes of locomotion. You may think to yourself that horses are the same the whole world over—man's best friend, and so on—and decide that, as you once had two donkey rides on the sands at Blackpool, you are fully qualified to bestride a Western steed and gallop madly o'er the prairies, whooping wildly and firing your six-shooters into the air. Don't try it, chum!

Always treat Western horses with great caution. Do not pull their tails or use these appendages as a pump handle just to show the horse that you are both good pals. He just won't believe it! We saw an airman try this approach one day. For a while the horse took it quietly, but as the airman persisted, a look of incredulity dawned upon the horse's face, quickly turning to ferocity. Fortunately for himself, the airman noticed this just in time and started off in a great hurry in the general direction of the wide open spaces with his intended steed biting great chunks out of the air about two inches behind him. The horse came back two hours later with a very disappointed air. His would-be rider was eventually located at Pine Lake, unable to say how he got there, but one of the residents swears a whirlwind passed him that day.

Another difference about these western horses that you may notice is in the type of saddle provided. In England, a flat pad saddle is provided, but out here in the wild and woolly West you will find the saddles are a good deal larger and have a back rest and a sort of horn in the front. The back rest is to prevent you falling off in that direction and so injuring the horse's hoofs when he kicks you on your way down. The horn is for you to get a good grip on, once you have arrived on the horse's back, in place of the English custom of flinging the arms around the horse's neck. It has been found that Western horses think this sign of affection rather sissyish, and so the horn is provided.

Horses out here are provided with reins in just the same manner as they are in England, but these are only for ornamental purposes—not for use by the rider. The horse will go where he wants to, anyway, so don't irritate him by pulling on the reins and pretending to guide him. A western saddle brings your leg just into the right position for a good bite, and although the horses all agree that English blood is too thick for their liking, they will bite if provoked enough—so leave the reins alone. The horse has no objection to your holding the reins loosely in your hand whilst posing for a photograph, but, generally speaking, it is best to tie the ends to the horn and let it go at that.

You will find our horses have a very fine sense of humour. Nothing pleases them better than pretending to stumble over a gopher hole or to shy at a dry stick in pretence that it is a rattlesnake, just for the pleasure of watching you sail through the air and roll in the dust or mud—especially in the mud, as it is much harder to brush off. Some of the local horses are very clever at these tricks, but fortunately most of them do not add insult to injury and give you a good horse-laugh before trotting off home, leaving you to get back as best as you can.

So remember, chums, you have been warned.—Mac.

stacked high with bundles of bluebells or boughs of apple and pear blossom, taken home as a reminder that Spring has really returned once again.

In May, too, the faces of the country people you meet are starting to bronze again, a bronze which will gradually deepen throughout the Summer until by Winter it is deep enough to often outlast the next Winter.—Mac.

Recreation at Penhold



CONCERTS.—So far as Concerts are concerned, "the merry month of May" has enhanced its reputation. Two Calgary Parties and "The Blackouts of 1943"—all in one month! "The Victory Varieties" Concert Party visited us on Sunday, May 16. It was the first time we had had the privilege of seeing and hearing them, and they left us keenly anticipating their next visit. They have only been touring the Stations in this Command for two months, yet they put on a show which was polished in every respect. One admired the high tone of every item of their fine programme and the response on the part of a capacity audience was electrifying.

"The Elks Jamboree" Concert Party, also from Calgary, had been to us before and we knew that we were in for a treat. They certainly gave it to us on Sunday, May 30. What a galaxy of talent they must have in this Southern Alberta city! We have expressed to the authorities at Command our wish that we might be privileged to receive a Concert Party from Calgary each week, and we are hopeful that during next Autumn and Winter this may be arranged. They give us just the kind of entertainment we want, and there is no doubt that their visits are an excellent stimulant and meet a deeply felt need. "The Blackouts of 1943." The visit of this all-Canadian Concert Party to our Royal Air Force Station at Penhold was anticipated with considerable pleasure and curiosity. We Britishers were naturally interested to see what sort of a show would be provided by Canadians. There was never any question that there would be a packed house. As it turned out, we could well have done with a Hall twice as big. They gave us just that lift we needed. As one man said after the performance, "I came here feeling down in the dumps, and now I feel right on top of the world." One's sympathy went out to the fatigue party which toiled laboriously with the freight car full of props, etc., and there were questionings as to whether all this was necessary, but when the show was on there was not the slightest doubt that all the labour and fag and all the props were well worth while. The W.Ds. in the party created quite a stir and set up innumerable rumours about a permanent establishment of these girls on the Station and the quick repatriation of airmen to the old country. It turned out to be wishful thinking. We said good-bye to them with sad hearts. The spirit and performance of the entire company was superb and we say thank you heartily and sincerely for this masterly achievement of the members of our sister Service, the R.C.A.F., of whose records in many fields we are very proud.

FUTURE PROGRAMME

- June 18th—Mart Kenney and his orchestra. (First half to be broadcast).
- June 20th—The Alice Murdoch Revue.

DANCES.—The Wednesday night Dances, in spite of the better weather, are as popular as ever. Dances have been held for the following Sections during May:—

- May 5th—No. 3 Servicing Flight.
- May 12th—War Course.
- May 19th—u/t Air Bombers.
- May 26th—Maintenance Squadron.

The Dances' Programme for June will be—

- June 2nd—Flying Wing.
- June 9th—War Course.
- June 16th—Minor Inspections Flight.
- June 23rd—S.H.Q.
- June 30th—Hospital.

We have said good-bye recently to some of the oldest members of our Dance Band. They have rendered loyal and efficient service and their places will not be easy to fill. It is hoped that among the new arrivals there will be some who can take up their work, and that they will let the Entertainments Officer, S/Ldr. B. H. Sackett, know of their abilities. If sufficient players can be found, there is every chance of a Military Band being formed. Let us know if you can play an instrument! You don't have to be perfect—practice will make you so.

BASKETBALL.—No League games are to be held during the summer, but the court is always available for games. The University Air Corps played the Link Section and won handsomely with a score of 56 to 12.

BADMINTON.—This has been a very popular game throughout the winter. Unfortunately, we have now run out of shuttles and the courts are having a rest. It is hoped to have them painted by the time a fresh supply of birds arrives.

CRICKET.—Progress is being made with the preparation of a concrete wicket on the south of the football field. When this is completed, the new scoreboard, already made, will be erected, and it is to be hoped sightboards, also, will be provided. By the time this is published we shall have commenced the season, May 29, against No. 2 Air Observers School, and the following day, May 30, versus the Edmonton Civilian team. Sunday, June 13, we test ourselves against 37 S.F.T.S., Harvards, at Calgary, and June 20 we travel North to play an Edmonton team. July 4, Sunday, versus St. Johns Zingari, Calgary, and the following day, which is Dominion Day, we shall probably play No. 2 Wireless School, on the Riley Park ground. July 17 sees us once more against St. Johns Zingari, and the following day, Sunday the 18th, against No. 10 Repair Depot, Calgary; Sunday, August 1, against an Edmonton team, and the 15th versus 37 S.F.T.S. Ansons, on Riley Park, Calgary. August 29 versus an Edmonton team, and Sunday, September 12, against The Bankers, Calgary, and the season draws to a close with a match against an Edmonton eleven on September 26.

FISHING CLUB.—Since the last issue came out, the season has opened on the Red Deer River and rivers north of that. Spring has been rather slow coming this year and the fish correspondingly slow in rising. The catches reported so far are one pike in the Red Deer on a spinner, three trout on the Raven on a black gnat, and one pike on the Raven on a small pearl spinner. Up to the time of writing these notes, sixteen issues of equipment have been made and it is expected that, as the season progresses, more use will be made of the tackle bought by P.S.I. For the benefit of new arrivals on the Station, the tackle can be borrowed by applying between 1400 and 1600 hours at Room 6 in S.H.Q. (Sundays and Pay Days excepted). As far as transport is concerned, anyone wanting to go out should send in his name to the Officer i/c or, better still, go and see him so that full use can be made of each journey. Incidentally, the Officer i/c has quite a lot of information about places to go, which will be gladly passed on to anyone interested.

RUGBY.—Two matches have been played, one at home against No. 37 S.F.T.S., which we won 17 points to nil, and the other at Bowden when we lost 17 points to 6. It has become more and more difficult to arrange practice games because the main sources from which players are usually drawn are too busy to play.

The Penhold Trio



It's Stan, Hal and Alex on the Air Again

LAC's Stan Philp, Harold Powell and Alex Gibson, members of the Station Male Voice Choir, who have been engaged in most of the musical activities on the Station since its inception. They have presented a number of radio variety programmes from Edmonton and Calgary, and will be on the air again from CFCN, Calgary, at 9 p.m. on Saturday, June 12. Stan Philp sings original songs at the piano, Harold Powell sings light baritone solos, and Alex Gibson does Stanley Holloway monologues.

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VIEWPOINT

Kissing a girl nowadays leaves its mark on a man. She also leaves marks on cigarettes and glasses, towels and spoons. Wherever she goes she leaves a trail of used mouths. It takes the fine cutting edge off a man's romantic mood to come out of an embrace tasting rose-scented goose grease and looking like a circus clown. I don't mind goo on girls. I mind it on me. Yet they use a strange substance which they can't keep on and a man can't get off. It is the real Red Menace.—Bob Hope in "You."

• • • • •

Visitor to the War Department: "I have crossed a homing pigeon with a woodpecker. It not only delivers the message, but it knocks on the door."

IN A HURRY

The young man went into a cafe for a snack, but the waitress seemed too busy to attend to him. Eventually he managed to give his order, adding: "And I'm in a bit of a hurry. I'll be registering with the next age group."

• • • • •

The best show in the world is the world itself. There's a new stage setting and a new act every day.

• • • • •

COSTLY BLONDE

Jones: "Poor old Mullins got badly burnt last night."

Bones: "Incendiary bomb?"

Jones: "No, an incendiary blonde. He took her out for the evening—it cost him \$10."

THE USUAL CHANNELS

CHANNELS rough and smooth there are, but, we, in the Service, know of a course which leads one through channels unmentionable in their fearfulness. The various obstacles comprising the course, we know collectively as the "Usual Channels," and the process of passage along them we know as "going through the usual channels." A very ordinary name to anyone, it presents a contrast in meaning for the civilian and the erk which is positively incredible. But even amongst erks, it has multifarious meanings and intricacies. I consider myself to be a commonplace sort of individual, and it is with that thought in mind that I put pen to paper to give you my impression of the intriguing legend, "The Usual Channels."

We commence our journey a trifle pessimistic of reaching our goal—I might even say, not a little afraid of the road, along which it is traditional to traverse to achieve our goal. Ere a few paces have we trod, when we encounter the inevitable "Barrack-room Lawyer" who advises us to retrace our steps to the incomparable comfort of our pits (commonly known as beds). Not the least discouraged by the B.R.L., we push on towards our first objective, the Section Commander (Stooge). Not infrequently this is a person who suffers from verbal diarrhoea and is only too eager to present you with some of it. The cad! Here begins a veritable catechism. Who! Why! Where! When! What for! Which! But, much to our satisfaction, he eventually bids us "Good morning" and recommends that we proceed further. This recommendation we have certain qualms about. Does he think that it would be more jolly to him if we were to be tossed and buffeted in the more turbulent Channels of the Usual, before being forced to begin the return journey despondent at not having achieved our goal.

Undaunted, however, we advance to our next objective with that determination inherent in the British. Anon, we reach our second obstacle, the Squadron Commander (The Doomed One). Reminding one of a reed helpless against the wind, this person totters and barely keeps upright. But, much the same as your finger will be lacerated if you run it along the edge of a reed, so will you be sorely troubled if you so much as cross his path. Our knees aqiver, our hearts athrob, we face him with an air of supreme non-chalance, though somehow we realise that we are an open book to him. Years of experience have taught him the science of determining our thoughts by studying our actions, our appearance, our behaviour. Again we are asked the most searching questions. I wonder he didn't question the legitimacy of our advent into this war-torn world. It seems like an eternity before the "Doomed One" with an attitude of condescension and resignation, forwards us to the S.W.O. (Singularly Wicked One).

This obstacle is perhaps the most gruesome and repulsive of the lot. If you manage to get passed him, then you have reached your goal more or less. Quiet, unassuming this man—oh no! He roars and bellows at you with a voice that reverberates through the length of the Usual Channels, and which is an enormous deterrent to those who would dare to approach him. Though you may be a strong six-footer or a wiry five-footer, he has that unique gift of creating a complete metamorphosis in you. Strange though, the things he bawls at you have such a peculiar irrelevancy that you doubt his sanity. After hours of this gruelling to which you have rendered yourself subject, and in consequence of which you feel reduced to complete and utter dejection, a sudden change comes over him. It's incomprehensible at first, but you'll find that having withstood his tirade without making a strategic withdrawal, he is convinced that you have what it takes, and will permit you to be escorted into the Sanctum Sanctorum, by two imbeciles possessed of enormous strength. Apparently their purpose is that of holding erect those of the pilgrims who may be overcome with unexpected bliss, having reached their goal. Docile to the point of being doggy, there's not a wish that will not be acceded to by the Stationmaster in full appreciation and admiration of your courage and tenacity in reaching your goal.

Those are the Usual Channels.

Factory-Hand Corner

AND it came to pass"—and so some are passing—again "bon voyage." Being considerate of the ones remaining, who have long hoped for a similar trip, we turn commiseratingly and whisper words of "gen;" "gen" for their ears alone. We advise them to invade their respective Orderly Rooms and make a statement of preference for next Christmas or New Year's Grant. We are sure that no one will have any objection to their receiving preferential treatment in this respect.

We, with our usual unassuming modesty, reluctantly claim that these articles are proving their value in promoting better feeling, even though it be only between man and beast; to wit, a previous article revealed the kindness of two officers feeding a posse. With pride we endeavour to give a sketch illustrating their deeds. From purely a medical point of view, it has been suggested that the diet might be improved with a Coca-Cola (advertising fees to be remitted to the Editor).



We realise the hardships that are being endured in Africa, Burma, etc., and have every feeling of admiration for the way the lads are taking it, but it is wondered if they, in turn, are aware of the present menace that threatens us at Penhold. Casualties are occurring right and left—hardly any airman is free from wounds (mosquito bites, I mean!) and LAC Oakley of Maintenance Squadron states that he has been attacked by some that are complete with ice-pick, drill and tool-box. In mentioning this, we warn all fitters and riggers that this will not be accepted as an excuse for the loss of tool-boxes!

Sgt. Janssens, late Sheriff of Big Bend, has been relieved, and Sgt. Durrans assumes the vacant post. He writes and informs us that law and order prevail fairly well, except, of course, when his hench-men invade Innisfail and shoot-up the town. Apparently, however, some blond-headed sergeant from Penhold is trying his best to steal their thunder. Shame! We wish to avoid controversy, but in his letter he mentions that he feels the flights, when presented with some snag, ship it to Innisfail for them to correct. He generously suggests that it is done because they are "pushed."

The versatility of our mechanics has again been observed, for, glancing out of the window as we write, we see them handling a herd of cows with the prowess of veterans. Just another part of the day's work!

Sergeants' Mess Notes

IT is with great pleasure that we welcome a further influx of new faces into the mess, and we wish their owners welcome and hope they will have a good and enjoyable stay. It was with a few pang of regret that we saw some of the old crowd depart, as we, like themselves, had come to look upon them as fixtures. However, as the main part of the original draft has now left, we who are carrying on the business can now settle ourselves down after the distraction of incoming and outgoing drafts.

The entertainment of the concert party, "The Victory Varieties," was carried out with gusto, and once more we can quote the old saying, "A good time was had by all!" The Mess Dance was a great success, and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. The "Conga" was, as usual, a hit. Numerous complimentary remarks were made about the decorations, and bouquets must again be handed to the Entertainment Committee for their great show.

And so another month passes by. Let us hope our future months will be as pleasant.

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Signals Notes

AGAIN the "boat" has docked in the Red Deer River, and we say goodbye to two of our telephone operators, Charlie Harding and John Robson. Robby Robertson, Sandy and Joe go with them, and we all wish them a safe journey and a happy reunion with their friends back home. To their successors we extend a warm welcome and hope that their stay at Penhold will be a happy one.

Sgt. Dawson now joins the elite company of "Chiefies," an event which will, no doubt, be celebrated in due course. This event will provide an alternative to celebrations of D.R.O.'s, Tunisia, and other memorable events. In fact, we were rather afraid that if the Allies did not produce some startling victories soon, history dates would have to be checked up for somebody's benefit.

Rocky Mountain House has claimed another victim. Can it be the scenery or the thoughts of mountaineering conjured up by the name. At any rate, he looked pretty tired on his return, so perhaps he did attempt to climb the Rockies.

The spirit of romance still thrives in the billet. Two Robins have nested just outside the window (with permission of the Officer i/c Barrack Block 304). At the moment the nest contains four eggs, and the proud parent sitting on top. The reactions of some of our "early risers" should be interesting when a nest full of lusty fledglings start chirping for breakfast.

Gardening has taken a hold of the section, and some brave men toil through clouds of mosquitoes to beautify the section surroundings. The results are quite encouraging, and already several pansies hold their heads proudly by the section doorway.

With the departure of Sandy, the job of fetching the tea becomes vacant. Applications for this situation should be made to the Signals Officer in writing (five copies) before the end of the war. We should stress the importance of this tea in upholding the "morale" and "morals" of the section.

Excerpt from a local newspaper: "A. C. Woodham visited Calgary at the week-end and stayed with——" (Well, that's nobody's business, anyway).

After-Lunch Conversation

"Hullo, Spike! Sit down and have a drink. What'll it be?"

"Beer, please Al; thanks. I just came in to hear the Sunday afternoon concert from Carnegie Hall. They're playing Beethoven's Fourth."

"I might have known it. Can't for the life of me see what you find so attractive in that stuff. It bores me to tears."

"That's because you never really listen to it properly."

"Oh, yes I do! I sometimes settle down with a good book and turn—"

"That's my point. How would you expect one of your pupils to hear what you had to say about Precautionary Landings if he was reading a Sherlock Holmes all the time you were talking?"

"That's not the same—"

"But it is. To get the full enjoyment out of a thing, you must give it your undivided attention. The great thing about music is the opportunity it gives you to try and understand what the composer is saying."

"That's true enough, but more often than not, he's saying it in such a heavy way that I can't stand more than a few minutes of it. There's no tune in it."

"There are three or four very popular dance tunes taken bodily and unashamedly from the works of Tschaikowsky."

"Aha! But he's an exception!"

"Very well, since you challenge me, there is Brahms' Lullaby and a song based on Rachmaninov's beautiful theme from the second Piano Concerto and "In An Eighteenth Century Drawing Room" by Mozart and Greig's—"

"All right! All right! But you must admit that although these symphonies of yours contain good tunes, they are far too longwinded."

"Do you remember two Best Sellers in America some little time ago? They were "Anthony Adverse" and "Gone With the Wind." What strikes you about those two books?"

"I remember them. They were exceedingly long—"

"And yet nobody refused to buy

them because they were so long. If anything, the public had a feeling that they were getting their money's worth, and flocked in their thousands to buy copies."

"A long book is not necessarily better or worse than a short one."

"Of course not. Neither is a long piece of music bad because of the time taken to perform it. Its value depends on its ability to hold the interest of the listener. You can't do that without developing your music in a logical manner, exactly as you unfold the plot of a murder mystery."

"I suppose you're right. I'll stay and listen to this symphony by Beethoven with you."

"Good chap! And now have another beer before the bar closes!"

—SPIKE

* * * *

HIS HANDICAP

The curate was playing golf with the bishop. He was by no means an expert. On one of the greens the curate struck three times at the ball and missed. In exasperation he exclaimed:

"I shall have to give it up."

"Don't do that," said the bishop. "Have another try."

"But," replied the curate, "I mean I must give up the ministry—I want to swear."

* * * *

Fundamentalist: One who believes in Genesis, parental discipline and night shirts.

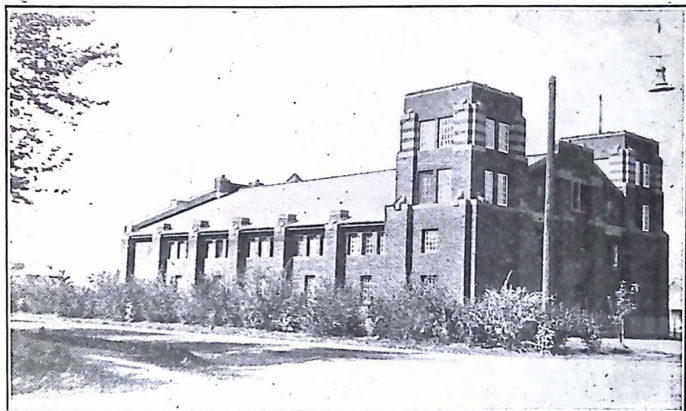
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Example of "but" patriotism: "I'm willing to make any sacrifice that is really necessary, but—"

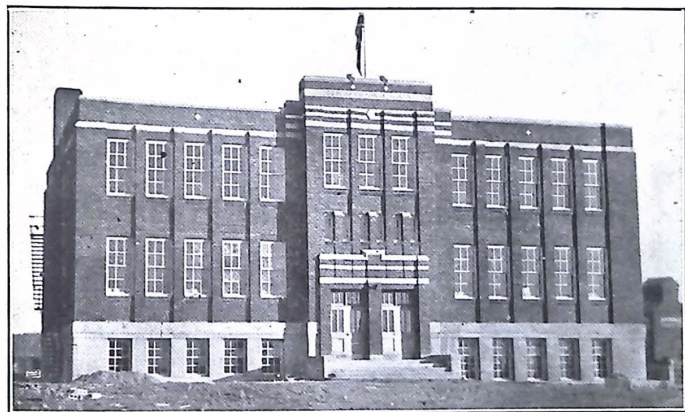
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During a lull in A.E.F. activities in London, a colored boy from Chattanooga got into a poker game with a few English chaps. Picking up his cards, he found four aces. Someone had just bet one pound, and the colored boy said:

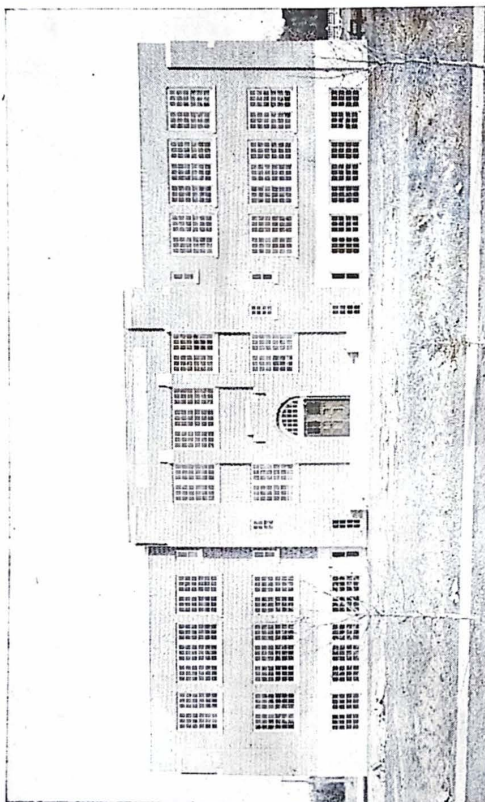
"I don't know how yo' count yo' money, but I'll raise yo' one ton."



THE ARMOURY, RED DEER



RED DEER HIGH SCHOOL

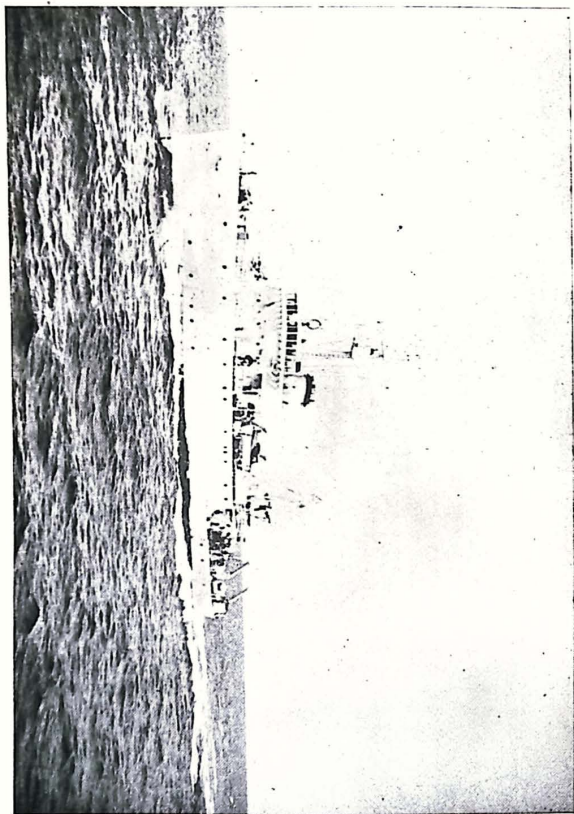


RED DEER INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL



LOUNGE AND DORMITORY AT THE K.C. HUT, RED DEER

THE MINESWEPPER, H.M.S. "RED DEER"



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

NOW that the long summer evenings are here and 40° below is just a topic of conversation, perhaps a thought can be spared for the Operators who have made the film shows possible here. Last month LAC Want said farewell to the Station, and with his departure the Cinema lost the most faithful member of its staff. Without previous knowledge on his arrival, he reached a high standard of projection efficiency in eighteen months, by keenness and hard work; with a minimum of holidays, he spent every possible evening "on the job," not only the times when films were shown, but many additional hours, cleaning and attending to the machines and examining and repairing the films when necessary, to reduce breakdowns to a minimum. His able assistance is much missed.

For the coming months it is hoped to maintain and, if possible, to improve the standards of films and presentation, and for the immediate future, here is a list of screen attractions for June.—P.J.G.

Screen Attractions For June, 1943

Tuesday, June 15

"THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS"
Tim Holt and Dolores Costello.
Another from Orson Welles.

Thursday, June 17
"TARZAN TRIUMPHS"

Johnny Weismuller and Frances Gifford.
The latest of the popular series.

Saturday and Sunday, June 19-20

"GONE WITH THE WIND"
Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh.
Don't miss the opportunity to see this great film.

Tuesday, June 22

"GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE"
Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan.
Jack Benny and his comedy.

Thursday, June 24

"PRIDE OF THE YANKEES"
Gary Cooper and Teresa Wright.
Entertaining and dramatic production.

Saturday and Sunday, June 26-27

"THE MAGNIFICENT DOPE"
Henry Fonda and Lynn Bari.
The comedy hit of the year.

Tuesday, June 29

"THE HARD WAY"
Ida Lupino and Dennis Morgan.
Outstanding performance by Ida Lupino.

* * * *

Showing in July:

Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour in
"THEY GOT ME COVERED"

* * * *

Each programme includes attractive short features—Disney Cartoons, Merrie Melody Cartoons, and the best of the M-G-M Shorts are booked for showing on the Camp.

The following films were shown during the period June 1, to June 13, 1943: "Lucky Jordan," "Random Harvest," "Henry Aldrich Gets Glamour," "Keeper of the Flame," "In This Our Life" and "Bambi."

P.S.—News, now shown each Thursday, is screened just four days after reaching Alberta, an advance of twelve days from the news shown previously.

Boxcars of Romance

MOST people would say that railway boxcars are among the most unromantic objects conceivable. That is true, of course, if you merely stare at them as they lumber past, creaking and groaning, most of them dirty, dusty, and all looking very common-place, and if you think of them as merely a means of carrying goods from here to there. But, watch the freight trains which daily pass here, and occasionally, sandwiched between the more prosaic Canadian Pacific or Canadian National cars will be seen one with an unfamiliar name or initials painted upon its side, names which can conjure up in the mind visions of cities and states and far horizons previously only met with in story or history. Sometimes a car of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad passes, or one bearing the resounding name "Sante Fe"; at another time a car from the New York Central Railroad will roll by, or one with such cryptic initials as D.L. & W.R.R., or C.I. & L.R.R. (these standing for the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western and the Chicago, Indianapolis & Louisville Railroads). Even such a passing glimpse of these names is sufficient to send one's imagination roaming afar—a "Sante Fe" car bringing to mind the old romantic days when America's frontiers were still expanding, rip-roaring, gay and wild; days when history was being made by the old pioneer frontiersmen with their cattle drives down the old Indian trails, trails which have now become great modern thoroughfares carrying millions of passengers where once mankind was just an occasional nuisance to the great buffalo and other wild animal herds which wandered freely over the vast distances of the continent. A New York Central car can be to the imagination a magic carpet, bridging the thousands of miles to that famous city in the twinkling of an eye, turning the grain elevators of Penhold into towering skyscrapers and the surrounding fields into seething streets full of hurrying people.

Again, a name such as the Chicago, Indianapolis & Louisville Railroad—what visions the coupling of three such names can bring to us who come from England where all romance seems to have been settled and done with long centuries ago! Chicago, the terminus alike of their journey and their lives to those cattle whose driven trails were the first main roads across the continent—the city whose later turbulent and bloody history aroused the interest of the whole world. Indianapolis—its very name brings back memories of the tales we wondered over in boyhood—tales of the ferocious fighting between the "redskins" and their "paleface" supplanters; of Custer's gallant stand against overwhelming odds; of frontier settlements, built with laborious effort, wiped out in a single night of fire and massacre, and of the final melancholy segregation of the Indian race. And Louisville, named after that Louis of France who was called the "Sun King," whom a large section of the present United States of America once acknowledged as king, until its purchase by a far-seeing President for what seems now an incredibly small sum, although at the time the President was reviled for "wasting" his country's hard-earned dollars.

For the key to other strange box-car initials it was necessary to refer to the timetable. C.B. & Q.R.R. was a puzzle for a long time, but was finally found to be the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad. A timetable, too, can be a stimulus to the imagination. One railroad mentioned, running between Detroit and Bay City in the U.S.A., is called the "Pere Marquette." One wonders who Father Marquette was, and where and when he lived, and why a railroad was named after him—a more enduring monument than that given to most of us! Then there is the Pennsylvania Railroad, evoking the shade of William Penn, the gentle Quaker who left England to establish his "Utopia" in a new land, as far away as possible from the then settled prejudices against his way of belief. And the Wabash Railroad—the name springing memories of Stephen Foster's beautiful, haunting music.

In this instance of railroad names and their effect on the imagination, America has so great an advantage over our old country. To us, used to such

The Binders' Paradise . . .

Or Station Deadquarters

ABOVE are just two of the epithets which we poor types at S.H.Q. have to put up with when other sections of the camp are referring to our abode. Granted we often feel rather bearish when people come banging on our "Enquiries" hatch so hard that anyone would think the whole place was on fire, just as Chiefy Noname did one morning when an unusually emphatic BANG aroused him from his winter hibernation and he rushed out of the Orderly Room shouting, "Everyone overboard! Abandon ship! Women and children first!" It was quite half an hour before we convinced him that the buzzing he could hear was just in his head and was not the fire alarm. If you want to know what happened to the man who woke him up, well, he was put on a 295 and so we got rid of him for 14 days, by which time he had forgotten what he wanted.

We want the rest of you to realise that when the hatch is Closed and a sound like the southbound train whistling is emanating from behind it, we are having our morning cup of tea and do not wish to be disturbed. So please remember that. Some of you will no doubt say that you can never catch us with our pants down (Oh, pardon me, I meant Hatches up, but the expression just slipped out), but if you are patient enough to wait long enough in the lobby you will eventually manage it. After all, what do you think we provide two seats in the lobby for? Not for visitors! No, they are both all for you blokes, so that you can rest as comfortably as we do. Of course, there are a number of perils awaiting anyone who has the nerve to wait very long. As everyone knows, just opposite the Orderly Room hatch is another hatch, also marked "Enquiries—Do Not Disturb." This is where we keep our pet lion, the SWO, or Sabu, whose roar, when once aroused, has been known to cause flying to stop as far off as Calgary in anticipation of a coming thunderstorm. When anyone has the temerity to bang on our hatch for more than five minutes during our rest (pardon me again! I mean work) periods, if he listens carefully, will hear a little bell ringing inside our lion's cage. That is to let him know a victim is waiting. If the victim is wise he will make a bolt for it then and there, because that little bell means we have become annoyed and have decided to take drastic action. If any of you like scrubbing floors, just bang long enough on our hatch and you will be accommodated. We have a nice long corridor here in S.H.Q. and several quite large rooms, and are always glad to get them scrubbed out. It saves the jankah-wallahs, too; they just love to have someone else do a bit of scrubbing for them.

Also, we are evolving a scheme, full details of which will be published later, whereby anyone caught making disparaging remarks about our staff or disturbing us in any way, will be gently invited inside and put to work. In this way, sooner or later every airman and officer on the Unit will be able to boast of Orderly Room experience, and will be set up for life as a licensed giver-out of duff gen. Now don't rush, chaps; your turn will come!—Mac.

uninteresting railway names as the Southern, the London & North Eastern, the London, Midland & Scottish and the Great Western (although this last has a more resounding sound than the rest), names such as those mentioned in previous paragraphs are actual incentives to the imagination, causing it to roam through wild and glamorous paths, jumping easily from the coal pits and steel furnaces of smoky Pittsburgh to the stately edifices of Washington and the skyscrapers of New York.—Mac.



W.O.'s NIGHTMARE

At a military wedding, the groom, only recently back from the battle-front, had hardly glimpsed his bride before the ceremony. Therefore when time came for the kiss, it was a long one, lasting on and on until a child's voice rang out in the silence of the church:

"Mummy, is he spreading the pollen on her now?"—Reader's Digest.

* * * *

"Pa," said the boy, looking up from his book, "what does a man's 'better half' mean?"

"Usually, my son," replied the father from behind the newspaper, "she means exactly what she says."

* * * *

"Doctor," said the well-dressed patient, "my trouble is my dreams. I always dream the same dream—it's about a Girls' Dormitory and the girls run lightly clad from room to room."

"Ah, yes—and you want me to make you stop dreaming about the girls?"

"No—No—all I want you to do is make them stop slamming the doors."

"Journalists are just ordinary people," says a correspondent. With exceptions. For instance, there is the editor whose decision is final at home.

* * * *

The officer of the day stopped a mess orderly as he was carrying a kettle out of the kitchen.

Officer: "Here, you! Give me a taste of that!"

Orderly: "Yes, sir!"

Officer: "Great Scott! Do you call this stuff soup?"

Orderly: "No, sir; it's dishwater."
—(Junior Scholastic).

The sergeant looked as if he was about to blow up at any moment. Drawing a very deep breath, he shouted at the particularly raw recruit:

"Look here!" he screamed, "I can bear it when you turn to the right when I say left; I can bear it when you turn up on parade with half your tunic buttons undone; I don't even mind very much when you drop your rifle, but—"

He glared for a moment at the cowering culprit and added:

"But, for the love of Mike, will you stop saying: 'Sorry, my dear.'"
—(The Tatler and Bystander).



Y. M. C. A. Notes

A hearty welcome is extended to the new arrivals on the Station to make use of all the facilities of the Y.M.C.A. available here.

Services Available in Reading Room.—Telegrams are accepted for immediate despatching to local points, and cables for overseas are sent off each night. The E.F.M. message takes two days, on the average, to reach Great Britain; the P.L.T. (Post Letter Telegram) takes, on the average, five days, and the G.L.T. (Greetings Letter Telegram) takes about twenty-four hours. The cost and full particulars regarding this service are available at the Y.M.C.A. office. Postal information may be obtained here, and if you are in doubt regarding having adequate stamps on your letter, have it weighed on our scales to avoid having the party on the other end pay double postage.

If you have any leave due in the next few months, and are in doubt as to where to go, you can get complete information on suitable holiday spots, both near and far.

Library Services.—There is now a good library of about 1,200 copies, housed in the Y.M.C.A. Reading Room. These books are mostly fiction, though we have a non-fiction shelf, and also a technical shelf in the Y.M.C.A. Office. Briefly, the library rules are these: Books may be kept for one week, and may be renewed, if desired. Only one book at a time may be taken out. A fine of 2 cents per day is charged for overdue books. Proceeds are used to purchase books.

Y.M.C.A. Cinemas.—There are two showings each week in the Recreation Hall, on Mondays and Fridays at 6 p.m. and 8:15 p.m. The titles of these pictures are posted in the Reading Room and in the Dry Canteen, and also printed in D.R.O. On Tuesday, a picture is shown at Innisfail R.I., and on Wednesday a show is given in the Station Hospital. There is no charge for any of these cinemas.

Personal Services.—If you want to send flowers to your best girl in Toronto, or wish to send a food parcel to your folks in England, or want to know how to get to Rocky Mountain House, or where to go trout fishing, come and inquire at the Y.M.C.A. office. We likely know the answer.

Canteen Services.—Under an agreement between the Royal Air Force and the Y.M.C.A., canteens for Air Force Stations in Canada are operated by the Y.M.C.A. The canteen is operated for you, and the entire net profit is rebated each month to the station. Please remember that we are here to serve you, and will welcome any constructive suggestions as to how we may best do this. It must be remembered that even here in Canada we are feeling the effects of the war, and therefore many commodities are unobtainable, and others are rather dear. In conclusion, a bit of advice: it may seem like a long time to spend here before the day when you take the boat home. But it surely comes, and when your time is up you will be surprised how quickly it has gone. So said all the men who have just left us. Resolve to spend your time here usefully and happily; see what you can, and learn what you can. You will be surprised how pleasantly and quickly your term passes. Good luck!—A. Allen.

An Ode To An Overseas Posting

We left our P.D.C. at midnight
To start a wearisome trip;
We tried so hard, tho' try as we
might,
We could not get much kip.

At last, the train ride ended
And boy! were we ever glad,
But at the thought of leaving Eng-
land

Our hearts were heavy and sad.
We saw the ship as she lay in the
bay,

And most of us moaned "Oh heck,"
But we soon had other thoughts in
our heads

When we saw our new home—the
Mess Deck!

Our meals were numbered two per
day,

At first we thought it tough,
But as the ship got under way
We could not eat the stuff.

As I stood on the bows one night,
Watching for enemy subs,
I thought of the many good old days
Spent in English Pubs.

Watching the waves break 'neath
the bows
In myriads of glistening stars,
I listened to wind so soft and gay
Whistling through the spars.

I thought that we would have some
fun

If the enemy came in sight,
But I watched in vain, for sight of
the Hun,
And all was quiet that night.

We did not get much exercise,
But we took that with a smile,
For nine times round the upper deck
And we'd walked a blinkin' mile.

Our voyage soon was ended,
It was a wonderful sight
To see the land as the day was done
In a maze of twinkling light.

We left our ship and caught a train,
It was a great relief,
For we were bound for Canada,
The land of the Maple Leaf.

—W. H. Wright

THE COURT HOUSE



Red Deer, Alberta

CRICKET

The following are necessary before any active interest can be taken:

The first and most important factor:

—Eleven individuals of mixed shapes and sizes, physically and mentally.

The second:—Twenty-two yards of land, soil, earth, grass or gopher-ridden Prairie. Preferably straight, and without riverbeds, hospital beds, or flower beds.

The third:—Balls. Usually one at a time, but owing to an obsession possessed by them, the habit of eluding perspiring hunters, two or more are necessary.

The fourth:—Bats. These may be obtained in all shades of natural wood. Shaped like nothing on earth, and sometimes possessing a tendency to part company with the "striker." Can be utilised for the chastisement of small boys. Useful for fly swatting, but not in confined spaces.

The fifth:—Wickets. Six are necessary. These come in threes (not to be confused with triplets). Composition: wood interspersed with brass rings and iron bands. Unsuitable for adapting as curtain rods. Ideal as pokers.

The sixth:—A conglomeration of wearing apparel that does not enhance the appearance of the personnel wearing. Usually white in colour—often referred to in reddish hues.

The seventh—and most important of all.—One small coin to be tossed in the air. Preference is given to copper, thus reducing the possibility of its disappearance in mid-air.

Formula.—Mix the eleven individuals with the seven necessities. Light the fuse and stand well back. Allow three hours to elapse and approach with caution. From here, dear reader, you're on your own.

‡ See M.C.C. Book of Rules and Regulations Governing the Gentlemanly Art of Cricket.

DEAR, DEAR

Lady (to chauffeur): "Clarence."

Chauffeur: "Yes, madam."

Lady: "I am not accustomed to call my chauffeurs by their first names, Clarence. What is your surname?"

Chauffeur: "Darling, madam."

Lady: "Drive on, Clarence."

* * * *

A big Indian had just ordered a ham sandwich at a drug store counter and was peering between the slices of toast, when he turned and said to the clerk:

"Ugh, you slice 'em ham?"

"Yes, I sliced the ham," the clerk replied.

"Ugh," grunted the Indian, "you damn near miss 'em."

* * * *

SIMPLE

The worried-looking man was walking aimlessly through the large department store, looking thoroughly lost.

"Can I help you, sir?" asked the assistant.

"Well," answered the man, "I know it sounds silly, but for the life of me I can't remember whether I came in to get a camisole or a casserole."

"Quite simple, sir," said the assistant. "Is the bird alive or dead?"

* * * *

"Am I the only girl you've ever kissed," demanded the pert young girl.

"Well—er—no," blurted her latest find, "but—"

"Then buzz off," was the reply. "If you know the course, and that's your top form, I'm not playing."

* * * *

"F-e-e-t," the teacher declaimed. "What does that spell, Johnny?"

Johnny did not seem to know.

"What is it the cow has four of and I have only two?"

The class was dismissed.

—The Gateway

* * * *

The roof-spotter was excited. "There's a bomb falling," he telephoned down. "It's coming so near I could catch it."

A moment later there was a terrific explosion. His colleague below snapped one word into the telephone: "Butter-fingers."

Flaps From Flying Wing

"I didn't prang," objected the very junior instructor. "I know she nosed over, but have you seen the state of that . . . runway?" "The runway's fine," said the very senior instructor, landing his Tiger gently on one wing-tip and ground-looping. . . .

* * *

"This is a darn good aerodrome . . . for gophers."

* * *

"Are you on the Penhold circuit, or the Bowden circuit?"

* * *

"Yes, this is the flying control officer. A forced landing sixty miles west? No, of course I don't mind landing in a ploughed field nearby to collect the pilot. Oh! no, no, I wouldn't dream of asking De Winton to do a job like that at this time of the night. Why, of course I don't mind. Always glad to help. So very, very glad"

* * *

"The adjutant has some gen on tours of duty," said the Detail. When the tumult had subsided and the too-communicative publisher of Details had been removed by stretcher, when the Castle had disgorged its visitors, when the gen-bearing A.F.R.O. had been thumbed out of existence, peace reigned once more. Silence fell on the home of the stuff that makes the tomatoes grow. All was quiet. Barely fifty yellow things revved outside its windows. Barely a dozen telephones rang at once. Never once did more than two squadron commanders grumble about their duties. Even the Tigers took off from garden paths unmolested.

And one fine day: so fine that the check flag ran up the pole of its own accord, and sundry pupils arrived over a single runway and tried to land in pairs (in opposite directions), there came out of the murk two silver things.

"Wonder if they've got hostesses on board?" said the very senior instructor, and vanished.

"Better see what's doing," said

the flying control officer, and slid down the bannisters of the watch tower.

"Something's happened at last," said the acting squadron commander as he disappeared down a runway.

"About time we started work again," said the very senior instructor two days later.

* * *

In England Now

Faint in the leaden sky, the fading
Moon
A farewell gleams,
And thro' a veil of silvery mist
That cloaks the world in wraith like
garment,
All is indefinite.

Look! from the East a roseate glow
pervades,
And nacreous tints enrich the lift-
ing clouds
That, ere the magic touch,
Had brought to eye their unexpect-
ed glories,
Were dark and ominous.

The stately trees rise green and
resolute,
Spreading their leafy branches
Beneath the brightening sky;
While from a spreading bough
The early thrush pipes to the open-
ing day
A fluted welcome,
And greets the wakening world
With hymn of praise.

And now above the distant hill
With brazened shafts,
And spears of burnished gold,
Spring the bright cohorts of the
King of Light
And earth, and sky, and sea,
And all that in them is:
Salute the risen Sun.—R.D.

* * * *

Group Captain: "I hope the next time I see you, you'll be a pilot officer."

"Erk" (flustered): "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. The same to you, sir."

A man who stuttered badly told the manager of a country club that he loved to play golf and hated to play alone, but was shy about his stuttering. The manager said: "I know just the solution—a lady who often plays here stutters too, and I am sure you would get along fine together." A match was arranged and they met on the tee. The man introduced himself. "My n-n-name is P-p-p-p-peter," he said smilingly, "but I am not a s-s-s-s-saint!" "M-m-y n-n-n-name is M-m-mary," she replied with a smile, "but I am not a v-v-v-v-v-very good player."—Reader's Digest.

* * * *

George Kaufman, the playwright, was asked what he thought of a play recently opened on Broadway. "I thought it was frightful," replied Mr. Kaufman, "but I saw it under particularly unfortunate circumstances. The curtain was up!"—The Saturday Review of Literature.

A drunk watched a man enter a revolving door. As the door swung around, a pretty girl stepped out.

"Darned good trick," he muttered, "but I don't see how that guy changed his clothes so fast."—Railway Employees Journal.

* * * *

What the average man likes about the average girl is his arms.

* * * *

An Irish soldier on duty in Egypt received a letter from his wife saying that because of the war, she would have to dig the garden herself. "Bridget, please don't dig the garden," wrote Pat. "That's where the guns are."

The letter was duly censored, and in a short time soldiers came and dug up the garden from end to end.

Bridget, worried over the incident, wrote to Pat asking what she should do. Pat's reply was short and to the point: "Put in the spuds."—Reader's Digest.

LEONARD GAETZ MEMORIAL UNITED CHURCH



Red Deer, Alberta

The Padre's Notes

“Browned-Off”

HERE seems to be a wide difference of opinion concerning the origin of that term. The first battalion of the Suffolk regiment has claimed to have invented the term in Singapore in 1927. Somebody else says that an old cockney word for a penny was a “brown” and that “browned-off” meant being given a penny to go away. It is also said to have been used in the Royal Navy for at least twenty-five years, and that it implies that one has been admonished by the officer of the watch, captain or commander. Wherever the truth lies, we know what we mean when we use it. It is a synonym for “fed-up” or mental weariness. There can’t be anyone at Penhold who has escaped the feeling altogether. To be “browned-off” is not always a sign of mental or spiritual sickness, for it may be the outcome of an awakening to the agony and torment through which humanity is passing. The easy-going, rosy-temperament type of man may only rarely feel it. That may be because he is content to skate on the surface of life and shuts his eyes to the brutal and ugly realities of much of human experience. A thinking man’s first reaction to the facts of life is very often one of despair and discouragement. We think of how good men have striven to guide the world forward to sanity and happiness, and how they have been neglected, spurned and slain. We see the innocent suffering at the hands of the brutal and ignorant. No man can think with honesty about the ugly phase through which we are now passing without asking whether the struggle of the pious is worth it and without being tempted to “sink discouraged into night.” Discouragement, impatience and the abnormality of life are the seeds which breed the “browned-off” feeling. War brings all three in its wake. How easily we become impatient to see the whole thing over, and we cry out for one hour of glorious existence in exchange for this unending chain of trivial and monotonous events. So we might go on building up a frightening tale of woe, every detail of which might be justified. We could flay our environment and our circumstances with a heavy hand, and yet it must never be forgotten that if we were placed in the very situations which we now envy, we should quickly find ourselves a prey to the same impious feeling of being “browned-off.” This is a feeling which is by no means entirely the result of outward condition. It is not peculiar to war or Canada. It is almost entirely attributable to a lack of spiritual tone and that can obtain in the most favourable conditions. The cheeriest folk I have met have been invalids. Some of the most miserable have been invalids, too. The truth is that there is a way for man to rise above his morbidity and narrowness. It is not just the way of physical fitness and mental acuteness. It is essentially the way of spiritual aliveness.

Let us daily contemplate the goodness of God, the infinite patience of God, the power of God and the inevitable triumph which God assures of the ascendancy of good over evil. Then we shall be lifted up beyond the merely mundane to see the value of even the smallest job done in the right spirit and to regard every new day as a blessed opportunity of filling life, wherever we touch it, with good cheer and honest endeavour.

THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

“Many of our cares are but a morbid way of looking at our privileges. We let our blessings get mouldy, and then call them ‘curses’.”

—George Eliot.

SERVICES IN THE CHAPEL

Every Sunday at 10:00 hours—Divine Worship.

Every Sunday at 10:45 hours.—Holy Communion.

