

PRICE
10 CENTS

THE PENHOLD

The cover features a large, stylized map of Canada in the background. Overlaid on the map is a silhouette of a biplane in flight. In the foreground, there is a profile of a pilot wearing a helmet and goggles. The title 'LOG' is written in large, bold, block letters across the center of the map. The word 'CANADA' is written vertically along the left edge of the map, and 'ALBERTA' is written vertically along the right edge. At the top, the title 'THE PENHOLD' is written in a large, bold, sans-serif font. Below the title, there is a table with columns for 'YEAR', 'AIRCRAFT TYPE', 'PILOT', and 'DUTY'. The 'PILOT' column contains the text '2nd PILOT' and 'TOTAL BRIGHT FORWARD'. The 'DUTY' column contains the text 'MILITARY (see column)'. At the bottom of the cover, the text '36 S.F.T.S.' is written in a large, bold, sans-serif font. The name 'D.W. ROUGHTON' is written in the bottom right corner. The text 'GRAND TOTAL' is written in the bottom left corner.

YEAR	AIRCRAFT TYPE	PILOT	DUTY
		2nd PILOT	MILITARY (see column)
		TOTAL BRIGHT FORWARD	

36 S.F.T.S.

D.W. ROUGHTON

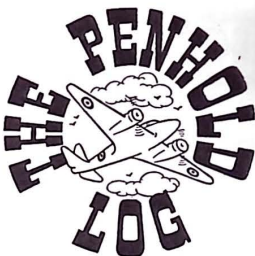
GRAND TOTAL

VOLUME IV
JULY



NUMBER 1
1943

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



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BUSINESS MANAGER
S/LDR. B. H. SACKETT

COMMITTEE: L.A.C. HART, J. A.

Editorial

SINCE the commencement of this magazine, we have always had a committee to assist in the editing and publishing. Lately through postings, we have had the misfortune to lose all but two of our committee, and it is desired to start a new one. In this connection, an invitation is extended to any enthusiastic person who would like to serve on the committee. We would like, if possible, to have a representative from Station Headquarters, Flying Wing and Maintenance Wing serve on the committee, who would be responsible for his section's activities, notes, etc. Any personnel wishing to act in this capacity should contact the Editor at Station Headquarters as soon as possible.

Our best wishes go to our ex-business manager, S/Ldr. B. H. Sackett, who has managed to get a few miles nearer home.

In conclusion, here is the old war cry—"What about some contributions?" It would be a pity if we had to stop publishing this magazine through lack of copy! After all, it is your magazine. Let's have some articles and we'll stop moaning!

FAREWELL MESSAGE

OF WING COMMANDER M. F. G. MILL, D.F.M.

Commanding Maintenance Wing

On leaving this Unit for the "bright and sunny skies" of the Old Country, I desire to place on record my deep appreciation of the whole-hearted co-operation that has been so freely given by all ranks. Times in the past have been difficult, but, with that well known tenacity of the British which is more evident in adversity, you have surmounted them, and the School is now running efficiently, with the future outlook bright.

To the personnel of the Maintenance Wing, I feel I owe special thanks. Not once have you forgotten that the success of a Flying Course is as much your responsibility as the responsibility of the Flying Wing; you have given them all the assistance and collaboration possible. Give to my successor all the help you have given me, and some more; then I am sure that in the very near future we shall see the Efficiency Pennant, so much coveted by all Units, flying at the flagstaff of No. 36 S.F.T.S.

Goodbye and Good Luck to you all.

MALCOLM F. G. MILL, D.F.M.

Wing Commander

* * * * *

Factory Hand Corner

IN OUR humble capacity, we have been asked to extend heartfelt appreciation to the contributor to the June edition of the "Log" who, with the wisdom of experience, penned such an instructive article on "Horses And Their Eccentricities." Unfortunately, however, it came too late to prove advantageous to a member of the Maintenance Wing "black-coated" workers who, misguidedly, endeavoured to dance with one. The horses, merely through lack of experience in jive, came down rather heavily on AC Rennie's foot and, though perhaps excusable, this apparently proved painful. The ill-wind proverb is evident, however, for this airman is gleefully displaying his chit excusing him from parades and P.T.

With regrets, still more accidents to personnel have to be reported. A Sergeant (tut, tut!) in a moment of exuberance, contracted a beautiful "shiner," but because it is in the singular has a "grouch," as he heard that another senior N.C.O., in the distant past, collected a couple.

To continue in this sad vein (but this time a chivalrous note is struck), one airman working for the Sergeant mentioned above, marred his manly beauty in sympathy.

One of our agents, "The Schemer," writes in to tell us that one Hut Orderly Corporal threatened the occupants of his hut because they failed to arouse him in order that he might waken them! That a Senior N.C.O., whom he describes as tall, dark and handsome, has put in an E.26 demanding a large drum and a sweater bearing the insignia "Blood and Fire." Incidentally, he adds that this laddie has been seen wandering about the Hangar muttering "her locks are golden."

It has come to our notice that the inhabitants of a certain Western American town have placed a curfew on their daughters. It may be a coincidence, but a senior member of the staff in Maintenance Wing recently proceeded on leave to that locality. Washington may have slept there—and the N.C.O. in question is known to believe in precedents! Before he went, he spoke of his intention to further Anglo-American relations. What method this ambassador proposes to adopt is open to conjecture, but in view of the fact that the writers have been threatened with cancellation of their early chits if the individual concerned is slandered, it is deemed wiser to leave it

LETTER FROM HOME

NumBEr 20334578 aC Too hARRy ERk, pIELOTT,
36 Surviss Flieing tRaneing sChoul,
PENHOLED aLBURTa Kannada.

Sender's Name and Address—

PEggy nOall 231 paRk Lain
eEst HAMM LUNDun Ingelund

Date: joon 23 ninetean fourt3

MI oan DARlING hArry,

wAsunt itt norfy of thatt beestlie sENserman too blott mi lettur two yew annnd maik thows narstie reaMarks abowt itt too pLees exkues awl thees mistakeks butt i thoRt itt woud bee good praktiss four mee u sea i am taiking a tiperitur korse att mILfordS as mUMmy dere thynks i coud maik a verry goud seckereterry too unKall aLBURt att the aDMURALity oar two cussinn JOhn att the WORE oFFiss uncall tells mee oarl sortz ov trhilling tiales abowt the naveYshippis ownly he callz themm awl shis annnd how kan a big battleshipp like pETers bee a shie annnd howe thay arr beeingupp oarl thowse yubotes orl ouvr the oshun but cussin jOHn just pyontes too wun ov thowse poasturs wen l ask him wot the armie iz doeing thees days annnd ses littl gurlls shud bee sean annnd not hurd but yew no hee allwase ses that ennyway everie time i taulk soe i taikoe noe notiss³⁴ he is a krabby old thing butt nise somtimes, cussin JOHN dussent no i shal bee hiz seckereterry wen i hav finished att mILfordS woant itt bea aa plessunt surpris four himm mummie ses she wil lspeek too miStur sToanbRane hiz boss so thatt he will no nutthing abowtit untill he kumms in wun morNing and i am their inn hiz oFFIss wateing with mi littl shawthannd noatbook annnd pennsil annnd wen thiss silly worr iz ouvr and yow kum hoam too yur evvurluvving littl duckums l shal bee abul too tipe orl yower noats and leckchures abowt KANnada foar yew shall bea abul too save ann orfull lot ov munney that wai woant wee darling becoz mUMmie ses cussin jOHn will hav too paye mee att leest five pounnds a weak and wee shall bee abul to saive thatt mutch doant yew think yower little duckums iz clevvur and l shal bee abul too tell yew justt whot the wummons poyint ov vew bee in yower storeys woant i dere the wummon in charje ov the tiperiting klars ses i nead morr praktiss att tipeing butt doant yew think she iz ecksadjerataing darling i kan ownlie see 3 mistaikkes soe farr. muMMie tooke me too a dans att the beVeRley lasst saTTurday annnd l mett the moast fassinatating boy hee iz innthe naVAY darling a moast marvellus danser he even dansed with mUMmie annnd sed hee lyked itt butt doant bee jellus darling i stilll luv yew moast hee was oanly won ov thoas shippis that pass in the nightt darling ore soe he sedd. wELL dere muMmie HAZ justt kum inn and ses i musst stop tipeing annnd hav a barth as thee wribbon haz slipped a fue times annnd i amm rather durty woant itt be nise wen yew kum hoam agane and wee hav ovr one kozey littl nesst with no mUMmie too interphear with uss awlthoe she ses itis onely forr the besst and we musnt be IMPaSHunt. goodnite my sweatest littl piggywig from yower darling duckumwuckums
yower oan pEGgy

at that! It is hoped, however, that he has not been reduced to buying his own cigarettes.

The "black-coated" workers seem to be very much in the news this time, for one, who is expecting early repatriation, is endeavouring, with some success, to take as many passes as possible for the purpose of visiting Calgary; or perhaps to be more precise, one of its residents. Things have come to such a bad state with him that he inadvertently (or was it?) made out a 48-hour pass to enable him to return from Calgary to collect his pay—no names no Rankins.

In conclusion, we would like to take this opportunity of wishing "bon voyage" to W/Cdr. Mill, who is now on his way back to the Old Country after nearly two years of "prairie" service

Recreation at Penhold



TO MOST PEOPLE the outstanding feature of the month's entertainments will have been the visit of Mart Kenney and His Western Gentlemen. It was a first-class jazz concert, and it called forth wild enthusiasm from 99 per cent of the audience of 600. Those of us who were privileged to meet the members of the band after the show were charmed by their personalities, but we were left wondering why they called themselves Western Gentlemen, when most of them seemed to originate from the East. We say a very hearty thank you to Mart Kenney and his gentlemen for a very

exhilarating ninety-minute Concert. Next time I expect to hear the announcer say, "This is the Royal Air Force Station, Penhold. Fill your pores with Sun-light Soap." It was a bitter disappointment to us to learn that the visit of The Alice Murdoch Revue had to be cancelled. We had looked forward to that as one of the highlights of the season. This is perhaps the time, at the end of a long Winter, to say a word of very deep appreciation of the visits of the Concert Parties from Calgary which were arranged for us by the Calgary Co-ordinating Council for Auxiliary Services. It is quite impossible through the medium of words to express how much these Parties have meant to us, but they must have felt our enthusiasm and gratitude by the applause and cheers which have gone up for them after their shows. If this paragraph should come to the notice of the Council, we want them to know that we are sincerely grateful and that they have really done us a grand service. Please send us all you can when next Autumn and Winter come along.

MUSIC APPRECIATION GROUP AND SWING CLUB. These two groups, if not as strong as they were during the Winter, are still very much alive and are preparing for the time when outdoor activities will have ceased and the demand for their indoor entertainment is aroused. They combined once more on Sunday, June 6th, to give a very pleasing programme to a crowd of about two hundred in the Recreation Hall. The Swing Club has met two or three times during the month and a few keen lovers of the classics have utilized the records of the Music Appreciation Group.

DANCE BAND. The Station Dance Band has been passing through a period of radical change in its membership. Many of the best players have left us for England, and it is hoped that they are now helping other bands. There is no doubt that in a few weeks we shall have got together another good Dance Band on the Station, but in the meantime we ask you to have in mind the difficulties under which we are labouring. If you can help, please let the Dance Band leader, LAC Taylor, know of it. During the month the Band has played each Wednesday at Station Dances, twice at the Bowden Station and once at the Officers' Mess Dance.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT DANCES. During June, the following Dances have been held: June 2, Flying Wing; June 9, War Course; June 16, Minor Inspections Flight; June 23, Station Headquarters; June 30, Station Hospital. The following programme is expected to be followed during July:

- July 7th—War Course.
- July 14th—Transport Section.
- July 21st—No. 1 Servicing Flight.
- July 28th—No. 2 Servicing Flight.

MILITARY BAND. This is a new venture which holds much promise of enlivening our Parades. It may be some weeks before they can appear in

public, but progress is being made. Instruments have been procured and about twelve members have begun rehearsing on Monday and Wednesday nights in the Band Room, No. 4 Hangar. Here again, if you can play an instrument, let us know about it.

STRING ORCHESTRA. An innovation in the "Recreation of Penhold" is the formation of a string orchestra for all those interested and able to play a violin, viola, cello, etc. Perhaps "Light Orchestra" would be a better title, because we expect to include some wood wind and percussion very soon. A tentative notice in D.R.O.'s brought a heartening response, and more than a dozen arrived for the first meeting. Far from having more instruments than men to use them, we found there were not enough instruments to go round. Arrangements are being made to equip the extra members as soon as possible, and a good selection of sheet music is also on the way. The chief purpose of this article is to bring the existence of the orchestra to the notice of instrumentalists previously unaware, in the hope that they will attend our next rehearsal. These are held in the Chapel on Tuesdays at 19:30 hours. We would like to point out that the orchestra is not purely for instrumentalists of high order, and every encouragement and assistance will be given to those in the embryo stage and those out of practise since joining the R.A.F. through loss of contact with their instrument. The chief requirement is enthusiasm and regular attendance at rehearsals. With a sufficient number of keen members, the orchestra cannot fail to flourish. The members of the Committee are: P/O F. Gale and Sgt. Wignall (now Section G.I.S.), and LAC Taylor (Maintenance), who will be pleased to give you any further "gen" on application.

BASKETBALL. A match was played on June 28th between our team and a team of Officer Cadets, who were undergoing a Training Course at the Unit. As this game was an out-of-season affair, neither side had played very much during the past few months, but, nevertheless, both teams gave a very good account of themselves. Result: Officer Cadets, 20 points; No. 36 S.F.T.S., 16 points.

RUGBY FOOTBALL. Results of matches: June 2nd, No. 36 S.F.T.S. v No. 37 S.F.T.S. at Calgary (draw) 3-3. June 19, No. 36 S.F.T.S. v No. 2 Wireless School at Calgary (lost) 0-9. June 25, No. 36 S.F.T.S. v R.A.F., Bowden, at Penhold (won) 25-0. The match at No. 37 S.F.T.S. was rather scrappy, as both teams were much below full strength. The game developed into a struggle between the forwards with Calgary showing better form in the set scrimmages and the line-outs and our eight being on top in the loose. The game against No. 2 Wireless School was played at Mewata Stadium, Calgary. No. 2 team was composed of Australians and New Zealanders who were exceptionally fit and played a hard, fast game. Their superior stamina eventually told in their favour and they scored 9 points during the last ten minutes of the game. Up to that point our XV had been able to hold their own, and good combination on the part of our backs brought us very near to scoring on several occasions. In the home match against Bowden, our team played well, although the opposition was not so formidable as that encountered at Bowden in May.

ATHLETICS. Training for the Station sports and for the inter-unit meetings to be held in Edmonton and in Calgary, began early in the month. Trials were held during the last week of June, but the results were disappointing. Consequently the team selected to represent this Unit at the Edmonton meeting on July 1 was weak. No one reached a sufficiently high standard in either the high or the long jumps to warrant his inclusion in the team. A temporary 440-yard track and a practice jumping pit have been used for the purpose of preliminary training, pending the completion of the new sports ground. Coming events are: July 1st, Inter-Unit Meeting in Edmonton. July 29th, Station Cross-Country Race; August 4th, Preliminaries, Station Sports; August 11, Finals, Station Sports; August 14th, Preliminaries, Inter-Unit Meeting, Calgary; August 21st, Finals, Inter-Unit Meeting, Calgary.

BADMINTON. A supply of shuttles was delivered early in the month, and we are, therefore, able to resume play. The demand for shuttles is, however, so great that our supply will soon be exhausted. In order to harbour our

resources as much as possible, a dozen woollen balls were bought for use during organized games periods. These are a trifle heavier than "birds", but are much more durable and will probably be the only type of shuttle available in the future.

CRICKET. We opened the Season at the Golf Links Cricket Ground, Edmonton, on Saturday, May 29th, against the Australians, who are at the Air Observers' School, our side scoring 104 runs. Thanks to LAC Stopp, who is a first grade cricketer in Australia and who personally scored 71, our opponents made a score of 134, beating us by 30 runs. The following day, against the Edmonton Cricket Club, whose innings totalled 130, we scored 97, thanks to LAC Randall who made 48 runs and AC Meadows with 29 runs. Our fixture list said "travel South" for our next game which was against No. 37 S.F.T.S. on Sunday, June 13th, at Calgary on the Riley Park ground. Penhold batted first and got going nicely with P/O Merry 14, LAC Randall 19 and LAC Gibson 18 runs each. LAC Ward provided the highlight of the innings with a century, just a hundred, the first ever scored for Penhold. He scored freely, having luck at times, but who doesn't when compiling such a grand individual total? The final score for Penhold was 203 runs for 8 wickets declared. Having a formidable total to reach, No. 37 S.F.T.S., who have six left-hand batsmen, then went in and ran up a score of 138 for nine wickets when time was called. It was an exciting finish and Bray did well, scoring 55. Gibson for Penhold bowled seventeen consecutive overs and had an average of two runs an over scored off him. He finished up with a total of 4 wickets for 36 runs. We had fixtures on June 19th and 20th in Edmonton. Saturday, the 19th, we were due to play the Australians, who, unfortunately, thinking the ground was under water, didn't turn up. Actually the ground was in excellent condition and it was a fine day for the match. So we had to wait for the next day to test our strength against the Edmonton Civilians. Penhold batted first, scoring a total of 110, the chief contributor being LAC Randall who knocked up an excellent 51. Edmonton's usual pair, Drever and Edwards, opened the innings, but they did not stay as long as usual, Broughton bowling Drever after he had scored only 8 runs, and Meadows dismissing Edwards for 15. The next man was out for a "duck", and this brought Croft and Thomson together. These are Edmonton veterans. However, they had only notched a few runs when the rain came in torrents. Penhold's high hopes of winning this game were dashed as we had to be content with a drawn game. And that brings us up to date with comments on matches played.

* * * * *

Penhold Golfing Society

THE FACILITIES for playing golf which exist at Penhold do not seem to be generally known, particularly amongst recent arrivals. Under arrangements made between the P.S.I. and the Red Deer Golf Club, airmen can play golf on the Red Deer Golf Course for one day simply by purchasing a ticket from the Sports Officer at a cost of 20 cents. Sets of golf clubs have been purchased by the P.S.I., and these are available for use by airmen, free of charge. Golf balls are also available, but a habit they have developed of failing to return from tours round the Red Deer Course has made it necessary to charge a deposit, which is, of course, repaid when the balls are brought safely home. Tickets, golf clubs and balls are all issued by the Sports Officer from his office in the Drill Shed.

A practice driving net will appear in the Drill Shed very soon.

Airmen who can play regularly and who wish to join the Red Deer Golf Club for the 1943 season can obtain membership cards from the Sports Officer on payment of \$2.00. From then on their golf will be limited only by the exigencies of the service and the hours of daylight.

The Flying Wing Adjutant, or Cpl. Gray of Meteorological Section, will be glad to supply any further information.

Flaps From Flying Wing

The improvement of the incredible patch of dirt stretching from one end of the Control Tower building to No. 3 Hangar apron has been for some time the responsibility of Flying Wing. Hence the array of wooden posts, the sweating and swearing airmen. The sacred ground within these posts is henceforth to be known as the Flying Wing National Park, and is to be mentioned only in respectful whispers.

The penalty for taxiing across this forbidden territory is a hundred dollars, thirty days, or forfeiture of liquor license.

Any contributions towards the cost of seats, wooden, hard, upon which overworked squadron commanders, adjutants, instructors, and other superfluities may recuperate in the Albertan sunshine about the Castle's spacious lawns, will be received with astonishment.

The scheme for covering the Tower itself with ivy (a) to beautify it, and (b) to hold it together, is being considered in conjunction with another scheme to add to the Flying Control Officer's meagre pay by topping the "No Cameras" and "Visiting Pilots Report Here" signs with a Guinness clock.

Further schemes have been devised for the Tower's roof-garden-cape, and for the disguising of the Tower itself as a turreted castle.

A rock garden and pool will take the place of the merely impromptu pools now in evidence. The choice of a Flight Commander as Officer i/c Goldfish requires much careful thought.

Planks of wood, disused beacons, dilapidated signals, stray milk churns, and Instructors off duty, are not in future to be parked outside the Tower, their aesthetic value being open to question.

Hangar roof-gardens are not to be used for parking aircraft, involuntarily or otherwise.

Technical assistance from Flying Wing personnel who have had experience of coaxing smooth green lawns from the arid wastes of the

Sahara and other deserts, is wanted on the problem of making any kind of grass appear through the much too fertile soil of Occupied Alberta.

Will the airman who reported that he had seen a crocus growing outside the Chief Instructor's window, kindly deposit his liquor licence with the adjutant, who promises not to waste it.

To rent, modern flats. No conveniences, no water, no furniture, no hawkers, lots of circulars, no hope, but wonderful views, minute by minute, of the thrill-packed progress of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan—29th and 54th floors, Control Tower (Canada's biggest and best) building. Apply Frost and Clamp Inc., Estate Agents and Landscape Gardeners, Red Deer (any afternoon).

When visiting the Tower, don't miss any of our spacious sales floors. Ground floor, stationery and pyrotechnics. First floor, Central News Room. Second floor, bowler hats.

Will the Flight Commander having any spare time please take it to the Timekeeper.

And will the Flight Commander who hasn't tried to get himself taken off night duty at least three times this week, kindly report to the Curator of Flying Wing National Park Museum, for his glass case.

Free Cinema Passes

The following airmen were the lucky ones for June. They found in their Penhold Logs the chit for a month's free pass to the Station Cinema:

Cpl. Corogan, S.H.Q.

LAC Ward, Maintenance.

LAC Tyman, F.W.

Three of these chits are inserted in the "Logs" every month, so look out for them. You may be lucky this time.

. . . FISHING . . .

I have received the u/m letters on the subject of Fishing from two of our readers, and feel that they should be made public! Any letters in the form of a "moan," new idea, etc., should be forwarded to the Editor.—Ed.

Sir:—

I address these few remarks to you in the nature of a complaint, and hope that by airing them in your columns a remedy can be found.

As a guide to the recreational activities of the Station, a genealogical tree has been drawn up in which the various sports and pastimes appear as the grandchildren of the Commanding Officer. The whole thing reminds me of the inscription on the tombstone of a great scientist which read, "Here lies the body of Robert Boyle, Father of Science and Brother of the Earl of Cork." Let that pass. On this particular chart the Station Administrative Officer appears as the father of these activities, and it is supposed, therefore, that he has recognized them as his legitimate offspring.

I am a trifle disappointed that my favourite indoor sport does not appear but am ready to admit that there is little or no harm to be found in the official recognition of cricket, musical appreciation, etc., etc. Nevertheless, by including "Fishing," someone, be it midwife or the S/Ldr. himself, has blundered.

Let us see, on this subject of recreation, what the Good Book says. Turning to Paragraph 457 (of K.R. & A.C.I.—you oaf) we read that every possible encouragement is to be given to officers and airmen to participate in games, voluntary gymnastics, boxing and other athletic pursuits. Wanting to know if this could have anything to do with fishing, I referred the matter to the O.i/c (Reasons of Security and a respect for his natural desire for anonymity forbid my disclosing his name), and put to him a question or two:

Q. 1—Is Fishing a game?

A. 1—Come and try it, old boy. (Negation by sarcasm).

Q. 2—Can it be described as voluntary gymnastics?

A. 2—No, but it might well lead to involuntary ones.

Q. 3—Is it boxing?

A. 3—Quite the contrary.

Q. 4—Is it an athletic pursuit?

A. 4—Only if things go wrong.

My findings—and I expect you have found the same—I will refer to the S.Ad.O. and request him to publish an amended statement of his family, and to save him confusion will suggest that this foster-child, to use no unkind name, be omitted.

Nevertheless, I remained puzzled as to why the O.i/c and his minions should continue to risk the chance of involuntary gymnastics in Alberta and supposed for a time that fishing was merely the cloak for some nefarious activity. I imagined them setting out to seek a desolate swamp silent but for the mosquito calling for its, or anybody else's, mate and there performing unholy rites far from the eyes of man. But I had the party watched and am happy to inform you, Sir, and the Intelligence Officer that rods, flies, gaffs and all the other impedimenta were actually brought into play and that it was generally confessed that a good time was had by all.

The puzzle, therefore, only is how they can possibly find it amusing. Even the Great O.i/c himself has written (V. The Penhold Log. Vol. III, No. 5, p. 9, line 44 ssq.) that he was surprised at the numbers who had replied to his notice in D.R.O.'s inviting one to fish. Izaak Walton has painted in England a pretty picture of the quiet and charm that surround a fisherman's afternoon, but in Canada the dread mosquito ensures with unparalleled success the absence of both of these. What, then, do they get out of it? Certainly not fish! It cannot be to satisfy their desire to appear ridiculous, for

golf will provide that satisfaction for half the amount of trouble. I must, therefore, only suppose that the poor creatures are demented.

Squadron Leader, what have you done? Not only is your child illegitimate, but it is a half-wit in the bargain.

“Pro Bono Publico”

To the Editor of the Penhold Log.

Sir:—I am obliged to you for allowing me to see a letter on the above subject, and for giving me the opportunity to reply. I am a little surprised that you consent to publish such rubbish in an otherwise excellent journal, but since you insist that views, however barbaric, should find expression. I welcome the chance to reply to that letter and at the same time to express some of my own views.

His genealogical introduction I accept without comment. The Senior Administrative Officer has been long enough on the Station to give birth to anything; animal, vegetable or mineral; legitimate or illegitimate; material or spiritual, and I find nothing extraordinary in the happy event of the birth of a Fishing Club. In fact, the whole business is fishy from start to finish.

As for his own particular indoor sport, which I assume to be poker or coon-can or something equally elementary, I feel a little prodding would soon encourage the Senior Administrative Officer to provide the facilities he requires for simple amusement.

My friend's (I include him in that from duty, not inclination) suggestion that fishing excursions were possibly a cloak for nefarious activity is a most mischievous, unsavoury and attractive one which will be seriously considered when future outings are being planned. But I hardly think anyone but a golfer and a lunatic (the association is his!) would choose a desolate swamp as his scene of activity.

That leads me to the brief exposition of my own views about fishing.

Firstly, fishing is an extremely expert form of sport. It demands skill of the highest calibre. It develops all that is best in a man's character. It makes him use his imagination. (I'll say!—Ed.) It teaches him about animate things. It takes him to beautiful places and as he approaches the river with his rod and tackle, all the sordid part of life falls away like butter off a hot knife, and he finds what he has always sought. Compare that with golf or coon-can or poker for which you have to be slow-witted, humble, or crafty, and you have my reply.

I remain, Sir,

O. i/c FISHING, Penhold.

* * * * *

At the time of writing, the most noticeable event to fishermen has been the enormous quantity of rain that has fallen. The rivers, just now, are all very full and muddy, and the only sort of bait that does really well is a worm. Some quite good catches have been made with this invertebrate and also with bottled minnows which can be bought in Calgary and are very effective for Pike. In the local river, Goldeyes and Pickerel have been caught on a fly, but this is a difficult business. But by the time this goes to press we may be in the middle of a real summer. If the water is low and clean, then flies are the best bait. A fish caught on a fly is a prize worth having, and there are spots close to the camp as good as any.

One trip was made to the Raven in June. It was a pleasant week-end until the rain started. No one who has not travelled on a dirt road in heavy rain can say he knows his Canada. For really adventurous spirits there is some excellent fishing west of the Clearwater; or a journey through the mountains by pack-horse might appeal to those who like to combine fishing with pioneering. If anyone is interested, he should start making enquiries well in advance. July or August should be good months, as the snow will have largely melted and the rivers should be low by then. Prices depend on the size of the party, but somewhere in the neighbourhood of \$8.00 to \$10.00 a day would cover horse, food and guide.

AN AIRMAN'S DILEMMA

Living in the land of plenty, even though the beer shortage is more acute than ever previously witnessed by us in the Old Country, many fellows take the opportunity of buying various articles to send home to their better halves, sisters or what-have-you.

But I, as I travelled on the bus, was merely pleasure bent in the local metropolis. However, the lad in the seat in front of me apparently intended to make several purchases in town, and was expressing apprehension at the ordeal of facing the shop assistant and asking for the delicate fimsies that one, from hearsay, associates with the opposite sex. His companion ridiculed him for being so squeamish, pointing out that they didn't pull the blinds down in Regent Street shops. Fact is, I became extremely interested. Albeit the prospective purchaser still seemed to be without confidence, and with a burst of good-fellowship (obviously being the type that would be the life-and-soul-of-the-party), the companion offered his services in the purchases.

"Trot me along to the shop, tell me what you want, nudge me if the price is too high, and anything you want is yours."

The offer was accepted with a grateful smile, and I decided that in view of the extensive knowledge of the airman, I would witness the purchases. It might prove interesting and certainly instructive.

Alighting from the bus, I followed the two airmen at a discreet distance, and when they entered the shop, I chose a counter conveniently near and watched the proceedings out of the corner of my eye, and cocking a keen ear. What transpired I will try and quote verbatim.

The attack was opened on a shop assistant who, being extremely young-looking, did not help. It was what I considered a diplomatic start, diplomatic to the point of being pointless.

"Good afternoon. Do you serve at this counter?"

"Yes." The directness proved her no diplomat.

"Nice day, don't you think?" — courageously.

"Yes"—unhelpfully.

"Lots of things a fellow can buy here."

"That's the general idea."—a well-informed wench.

The lad laughs nervously, as progress at this point seems to be somewhat stale-mated. However, the girl, with patience, but admittedly rigidly, stares at him, and although badly shaken, credit must be given for the next snappy remark.

"Pretty large shop this, don't you think?"

If history were interested in this, I think this is the point that would be regarded as where the decay first set in. For the girl, with startling vehemence, replies:

"Yes, it's a big shop, it's a nice day, lots of articles to buy here, lots of girls work here, it's been a bad winter, and now what?"

Wilting under the onslaught, the lad fights back, but doesn't prove very lucid.

"Have you got any of those things?"

"What things?"

"I was afraid of that." (Murmurs)

"You know, those things—what I mean is—they're—" At this point he is blushing, and reduced to a jibbering idiot.

The shop assistant, perhaps regretting her previous callousness, tries to be helpful.

"Now, I've got several nice lines—can I suggest something?"

"Couldn't we keep our minds on shopping—anyway, I'm married."

Glancing round, he notices a nice garment. Adds, "Nice bit of stuff."

"You're cute yourself."

This wrought havoc on the airman, and capitulation follows immediately. The Goliath is slain. The airman desiring the purchases, in the cloak of David, intercedes:

"I particularly want a delicate shade of step-ins. The waistline is 28."

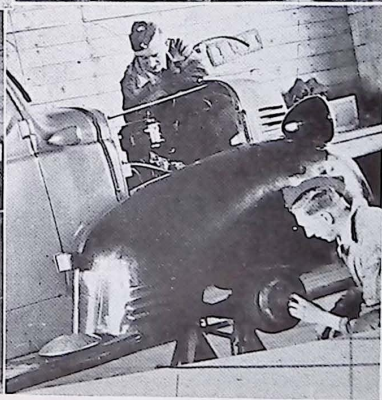
"Would these appeal?"

"Thank you." The purchase is made, and exit the Goliath weary and glassy-eyed, David triumphant.

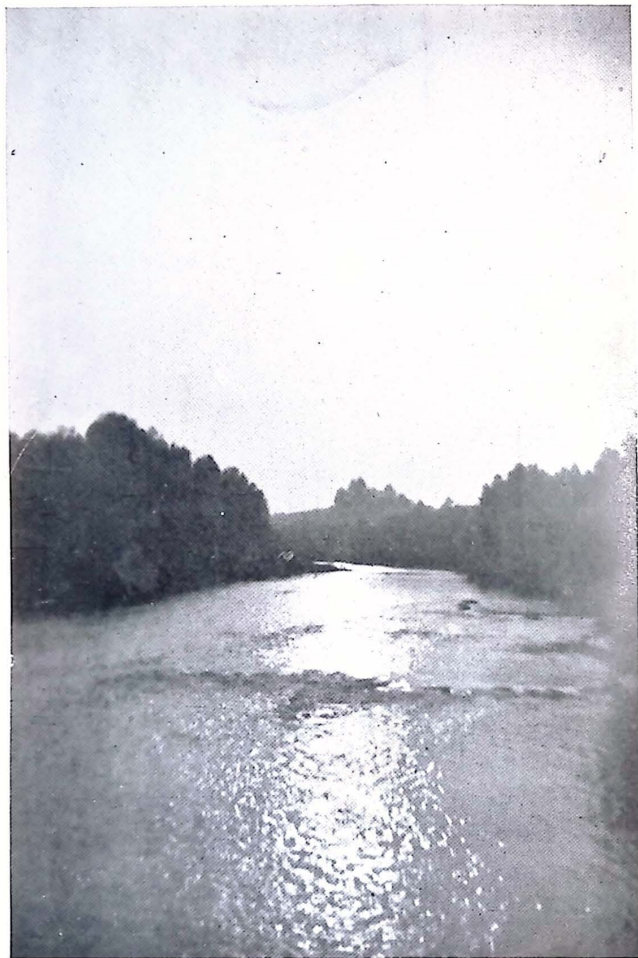


Mission District, San Francisco (Courtesy Cpl. Coles)





Section



Down by the River (Courtesy LAC McLennan-Jones)

Educational Jottings

IN THE last two months, there has been a certain stirring of the Unit conscience in the matter of educational activities. Have you contributed at all? Have you decided to devote a fraction of your leisure time (if any) to self-improvement? To help you, if by any mischance you are not acquainted with the educational facilities available to you, here is a digest of them:—

1. **Classes.** Have you ever wanted to fly, but feared your education was not up to scratch? Pre-Aircrew classes in Elementary Mathematics, English, Science and Morse have been organized for you. To enrol, come along to the General Lecture Room, G.I.S. Block, at 1800 hours, any Tuesday and Thursday, and you'll be given instruction; on Tuesdays, in English and Science, on Thursdays, in Mathematics and Morse. Even if you've no desire to fly, or are medically unfit, or over age, drop in just the same and start learning again where you left off at school.

Are you anxious to become a proficient typist, or have you a flair for foreign languages? On Monday evenings, at 1800 hours, there's a class in Elementary French in the General Lecture Room, G.I.S. Block, and on Tuesdays a class in Typing in the Central Registry, S.H.Q.

Are you sporting your "props" yet? If not, and you happen to be a Flight Mechanic, there's ample opportunity for you. Even if you are an L.A.C. F.M. (A) or (E), a conversion course to Fitter can be arranged for you. Trade Improvement classes for Flight Mechanics are held each morning and afternoon from Monday to Thursday, and also on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, in the Educational Section, No. 6 Hangar.

In the Autumn, it is hoped to arrange classes in German and other subjects. If any particular topic interests you, see the Education Officer in No. 6 Hangar; he may be able to give you some "gen" himself, or tell you where to find it.

2. **Correspondence Courses.** Are you keeping up your civilian interests? Are you doing anything towards improving your qualifications, so that you can apply for a better job when you return to civilian life? How about joining the fifty airmen who are engaged upon Correspondence Courses? The subjects they are taking range from Cartooning to Refrigeration, and from Diesel Engineering to Poultry-Raising. If you want a free course, apply to the Education Officer for a course in Horticulture, or Pitman's Shorthand, or Mechanical Drawing or Radio, arranged through the Canadian Legion Educational Services. If you want something a little more advanced, courses in such subjects as Geology, Forestry, Plumbing and Salesmanship are obtainable at the cost of a few dollars. It's even possible to prepare for a University degree for the price of a few trips to Red Deer. If you are really wealthy, you can prepare for an A.M.I.E.E. or A.M.I.Mech.E. examination. There is virtually no limit either to your choice of subject, or to your financial outlay!

3. **Airmen's Study.** Are you interested in serious reading? Have you ever thought how good it would be if there were some place in Camp with reasonably comfortable furniture where you could enjoy quiet facilities for writing or study? The place for you is the Airmen's Study in No. 6 Hangar, open from 0900 hours to 2130 hours. It houses a library of serious, non-fictional books and pamphlets which now number close upon 300. If you wish to know what Hitler really thinks, or what Stalin has in mind, you can read either "Mein Kampf" or "Stalin's Kampf." You can study German or Evolution, Wireless Telegraphy or Geography, Meteorology or Architecture, Photography or Agriculture. Or you can browse through half a dozen atlases or almost as many dictionaries and find where England is, and what "nostalgia" means!

4. **Educational Films.** Through arrangements with the Canadian Committee and the National Film Society of Canada, it has been made possible

Paradise Valley

HOW MUCH "gen" do you pick up when hitch-hiking? I get a great kick out of hitching, be it here or at home. Of course, after the first few times when one is still timid and afraid to show too blase a thumb in case the approaching car contains an officer, to the day when we know that the C.O. wouldn't dare risk his reputation by passing you by, and we pick and choose our vehicles, is not long. Perhaps I should have said was not long, for now this happy method of free travel is sadly hampered by fuel restrictions. Nevertheless, one can still travel this way, and I for one usually find I have gained some interesting knowledge. Perhaps in comfort, lolling in the cushions of a Buick, or shouting across a hot engine in an ancient lorry (sorry, truck). Perhaps, also, I get a lot out of strangers' yarns because I am very naive and believe all I am told. Be it a useful address in Montreal, or the wonders of Paradise Valley.

It was in a gas truck belonging to the neighbour of some friends, and the driver was bringing me all the way back to camp, as he had to pass it on his way to Calgary; one of those luxury rides that you recall when stranded miles from anywhere. This driver was full of it. "Paradise Valley; have you heard of it?" "Yes, I have, but only heard; I know nothing about it." "Boy, that's sure going to be some place; it never freezes there."

To me this was very interesting news, the very idea of being able to live in Canada without being frozen to death was intriguing. So I listened enraptured as he told me more. In short, I learned that this once inaccessible valley now lay athwart the Alaska Highway. A long way north, but of its actual location he was uncertain. The secret of its warmth being hot springs. Its future as a rich farming country, he said, is assured as soon as the war is over and settlers can go there.

A fortnight later I was back on the road. This time in a farmer's car. I broached the subject of "Paradise Valley." The farmer was old and wise, or just no longer enthusiastic over new countries. He had travelled in the North and heard much of this valley. "It's all eyewash," he said. "That place has just a few more hot springs than Banff; of course it freezes, and hard, too."

Despite this contradiction, I'd like to try my luck on the Alaska Highway some day, and see for myself.—BIG THUMB.

to show, at monthly intervals, commencing in July, a programme of films dealing with many aspects of the Canadian scene, such as travel, wild life, lumbering, arts and crafts, etc. On each programme will be included one short film with an English atmosphere. These films will be shown in the Y.M.C.A. programme, together with the usual entertainment film. The films will not be of the propaganda variety, so they should not drive you away. Perhaps they may do something towards making your stay in Canada more profitable to you.

4. **Discussion Groups, etc.** Are you interested in the post-war world, or are you contented simply to allow others to decide what it shall be like? In the early fall, it is hoped to form a Current Affairs Discussion Group, where some of the present and post-war world problems can be ironed out. An Art Club is also envisaged, where those interested in drawing, painting, architecture, etc., can develop their hobbies. At present, a Dramatic Society is in process of formation; play-reading will be done, and it is hoped that sometime in the future it will be possible to stage a play.

If any of the above activities appeal to you—surely one must—and you do not fear, if the day happens to be wet, to traverse an acre of genuine Penhold mud on your way to No. 6 Hangar, then pay a visit to the Unit Education Officer and talk things over. However peculiar your problem, he may be able to find some kind of solution for you.—F.S.H.

The "Victory Parade" at Penhold



MART KENNEY

them a popular following of folk of all ages, and, when their theme song is heard on the "Victory Parade" it is a familiar and friendly signature tune to many thousands of listeners.

An important feature of this broadcast was a "salute" to the officers and men of this station. The Master of Ceremonies said that the nation, through the "Spotlight", paid tribute to the fine spirit and serious effort they are putting into their work. The "Spotlight" pointed with pride to those men of the Royal Air Force from this Station who are now participating in bombing missions and daily sweeps over enemy territory.

Personalities of the Band

Art Hallman, baritone, was the featured vocalist with the band. Art is also an accomplished musician, able to play the saxophone, clarinet, piano and the "celeste"—a piano-like instru-

THE "Victory Parade" broadcast and stage show visited us on Friday evening, June 18th. Featured on the programme was Canada's "Spotlight" Band—Mart Kenney and His Western Gentlemen. The show was held in the Recreation Hall here, and the broadcast portion went "on the air" at five minutes past six, over the basic C.B.C. network.

The "Spotlight" has entertained sailors, soldiers, airmen and war workers from the Maritimes to the West Coast and has travelled 9,130 "Victory Parade" miles on its tour across the country since stopping at No. 1 on February 1st at the Exhibition Park, Toronto.

"Mart Kenney and His Western Gentlemen" is one of Canada's best bands and has well filled the "Spotlight" position. As well as being Canada's most travelled band, they are veterans of the C.B.C. and Blue Radio Networks. Their versatility and the fine quality of their music have won



JUDY RICHARDS

Signals Notes

LAST month we bade farewell to P/O Law, our Signals Officer, and at the same time welcomed P/O Abrahams, his successor. We hope he will find Penhold to his liking, and we can assure him that the Signals Section are not a bad lot, despite what he may hear in the Mess. In fact, judging by the attendance at Church on Sundays, we should have a permanent halo over our door.

Last month's article on "hatches" in S.H.Q. omitted to mention one next to a door marked "Out of Bounds." Should you have occasion to knock at this hatch at any time, you will at least receive civility. The telephone exchange houses human beings, not a menagerie. Some people might remember that when they bang the receiver hook on their telephone.

News has come from the other side that both Charlie Martin, who was associated with this magazine from its inception, and Charlie Harding, the late "supervisor of the exchange" (self designated), have arrived safely home. We envy them.

Another romance has blossomed out, and we extend our congratulations and best wishes to Raymond on his engagement. He, for one, will be dreading the appearance of the boat. Somebody seems to have thrown a spanner in the works of the Minneapolis affair! Sgt. Hales is at present learning a method of homing while under the influence. So far we have no reports on his progress. However, we have no doubt that his spare time will be spent in cultivating beautiful friendships. The night we celebrated F/Sgt. Dawson's promotion is still fresh in our memories; but why anybody should prefer a bath tub to a comfortable bed leaves us guessing. There is no truth in the rumour that some of the pilots on the station have developed an Irish brogue.

The installation of the new telephone cables, which has now been completed, should prevent our peculiar jargon interfering with your telephone calls.

THE "VICTORY PARADE"



ART HALLMAN

ment which chimes its music. With him was lovely Judy Richards, Vancouver-born songstress, who elicited plenty of "Whooo-oo-oo's" from the lads.

Cy Mack, well-known C.B.C. announcer, was the Master of Ceremonies for the programme. Cy puts spark and zest into the show with his amusing introductions.

Last, but not least, the leader of the band himself, Mart Kenney.

The show's popularity has spread rapidly across the entire Dominion, and requests for its visits have far outstripped the sponsor's hopes and his ability to accommodate them for some time to come.

Mart Kenney, Judy Richards, Art Hallman and all the "Western Gentlemen" took great pleasure in doing this stage show and broadcast and, after the programme was ended, expressed their happiness in having had this opportunity of entertaining the officers and men at Penhold.

For Your Entertainment

R.A.F. Cinema, Penhold

A BATCH of productions from British studios is in the market again, including the outstanding "Mister V" and "One Of Our Aircraft Is Missing," the latter being booked for showing next month. These films, together with occasional repeat performances of some of last year's successful colour productions, will enable the quality of picture to be maintained in spite of a reduction in the number of new films available.

This month's "Desert Victory" is a feature that should not be missed. Produced by the British M.O.I., it's the most ambitious historical document, in motion picture form, that has ever been attempted. Several of the cameramen whose material has been used were killed at their posts, and all camera-work is vivid and dramatic, adding much to this exciting record of the campaign against Rommel.

Last month's major attraction, "Gone With the Wind," was played to two-thirds of the total strength of the Unit, setting a new high attendance record for the Cinema. Last month was also notable for the air of professionalism that surrounded the projection room after the Operators had received their licenses from the province of Alberta!

Here follows the complete programme for July, up-to-date at the time of going to press, the first half of which will have already been played:

Screen Attractions For July, 1943

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>July 1st
 "THE COMMON TOUCH"
 Greta Cynt and Bransby Williams (Br)</p> <p>July 3rd and 4th
 "SLIGHTLY DANGEROUS"
 Lana Turner and Robert Young</p> <p>July 6th
 "CABIN IN THE SKY"
 Ethel Waters and Rochester</p> <p>July 8th
 "WEEK-END IN HAVANA"
 Alice Faye and Carmen Miranda</p> <p>July 10th and 11th
 "MISTER V"
 Leslie Howard</p> <p>July 13th
 "FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO"
 Franchot Tone and Anne Baxter</p> <p>July 15
 "LOUISIANA PURCHASE"
 Bob Hope and Vera Zorina</p> <p>July 17th and 18th
 "THEY GOT ME COVERED"
 Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour
 The laugh hit of Bob Hope's career.</p> | <p>July 20th
 "HENRY ALDRICH, EDITOR"
 Jimmy Lydon and Charlie Smith</p> <p>July 22nd
 "SALUTE JOHN CITIZEN"
 British film with Stanley Holloway and George Robey</p> <p>July 24th and 25th
 "DESERT VICTORY"
 Also the outstanding "War In Africa" feature—</p> <p>"GENTLEMAN AT HEART"
 Carole Landis and Cesar Romero</p> <p>July 27th
 "LIFE BEGINS AT 8:30"
 Monty Woolley and Ida Lupino.
 Comedy drama with sparkling dialogue.</p> <p>July 29th
 "HITLER'S CHILDREN"
 Tim Holt and Bonita Granville.</p> <p>July 31st and August 1st
 "CHINA GIRL"
 Gene Tierney and George Montgomery.
 It's romance in Mandalay.</p> |
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A Day In The "Orderly" Room

WHETHER first thought of the name "Orderly" Room must have been slightly cracked, to say the least of it. He probably worked in one when he had the idea. The following is an attempt to describe a typical day in the Orderly Room at this Unit. We will pass over the morning "parade" and start off with our arrival at, or nearly at, the back entrance to S.H.Q. We (the staff, I mean) have marched off the previously mentioned parade and are on our way to work, the pace getting faster and faster as we get nearer and nearer. The reason for this is the respected editor of this magazine. He is usually in charge of us on this march from parade to work, and he likes to be the first one in! We, of course, are all after the same thing! So, as we near S.H.Q., those leading the squad quicken the pace, and we all step out extra smartly, hoping to get our sergeant so out of breath that he will not be able to shout "Squad, Halt!", and that we will be able to march straight in. Up to now we have not succeeded. Always comes that "Halt!" and he strides past triumphantly.

As we come in through the corridor we notice various airmen have already arrived, and they eye us eagerly, each picking out a likely victim. Hardly have we gone inside and opened out the daily newspaper for a quiet read to "settle our breakfast" when "Bang, Bang" on the Orderly Room hatch shows that our first customer has arrived. Up goes the hatch. "Where's the Accounts Section?" In honeyed tones we tell him just where to go! Next one in the queue wants an E.93 or some other form like that. We suggest he go to the Central Registry and ask for the Stationery Clerk. A dialogue, something like this, follows:—

"Central What?"

"Central Registry!"

"Where's that?"

"The office opposite this one—ask for LAC"

And off he goes into the S.W.O.'s office, coming out again in a hurry and giving us a good glare as he passes.

From then on it's a real problem whether to keep the hatch up or down. If it's up, there's a terrific draft blowing through and someone will be sure to come along and try to wedge himself permanently in the opening. If it's down, there's a continual banging, very trying for our sensitive nerves.

Apart from these outside interruptions, the scene inside the Orderly Room is practically indescribable. There are only nine of us actually working inside, but we are surrounded with 11 tables, 9 chairs, 6 typewriters, several racks of ominous looking books, calendars, wastepaper baskets, files, boxes, fire extinguishers, so that it looks as if a regiment is around.

To start the day off well, in comes Flight; finds his desk has mysteriously accumulated piles of all sorts of bump, and starts shouting, "Waddelow, take these files away." "Ryall, take a D.R.O.;" "Who put these here;" "What's this," and so on until his desk is clear again. In the middle of this, the Adjutant's buzzer rings, his hatch flies open, the C.O.'s buzzer rings, the S.Ad.O.'s buzzer rings, the telephone rings, our heads ring; someone rushes in from the Registry (having heard the buzzer) and shouts, "Flight, the Adjutant wants you!" Someone else rushes in and dumps all those files back on Flight's desk. We all rush around. The C.O.'s buzzer buzzes again—this time the code ring for a shorthand typist. We all yell, "King." No answer—Denis has vanished. "KING!!" No answer. "KING!!!!" Someone in the Registry calls out, "Hey, he went in five minutes ago," and we relax again. This sort of thing goes on until 9:30. Flight suddenly wakes up and shouts, "P.T., lads—everyone out for P.T.," and everyone goes, with the exception of one poor blighter left behind to cope by himself. As soon as everyone



Y. M. C. A. Notes

ARE YOU taking full advantage of the facilities available at the Y.M.C.A.? There are two buildings operated and supervised by the Y.M.C.A. on this station.

LOUNGE BUILDING

Available for reading and writing; also comprising a department for dealing with cables and air-graphs, etc., maintaining a direct contact with Cable

Offices. A competent staff can advise you as to cost and service.

Located in this building is the Station Library. Here you will find a wide selection of books to suit all readers, including fiction and non-fiction. A Technical section is situated in the Y.M.C.A. office.

Your Y.M.C.A. Supervisor is in attendance during the afternoons and evenings and cordially invites all ranks to drop in for discussions on any matter dealing with local conditions, hospitality, and travelling routes, etc. Small games of all types will be found in this building; suggestions for additions would be welcome.

CANTEEN BUILDING

Under an agreement between the Royal Air Force and the Y.M.C.A., canteens on R.A.F. Stations in Canada are operated by the Y.M.C.A. The Canteen is operated for you, the entire net profit made each month being transferred to the Station. If at any time you feel that the facilities can be improved, we shall appreciate your suggestions, your welfare being our main consideration.

Y.M.C.A. Cinema shows are offered free twice weekly, on Mondays and Fridays, the times of commencement being 6 and 8:15 p.m. The titles of films to be shown are listed on Daily Routine Orders weekly. Other Cinema shows given by the Y.M.C.A. are as follows:

On Tuesdays at Innisfail Relief Field.

On Wednesdays at the Station Hospital.

We extend a hearty welcome to all personnel and sincerely hope everyone will take every opportunity of attending these programmes.

One service recently instigated by the Y.M.C.A. is that of providing opportunities for airmen to work on farms during their week-end and yearly leave periods, thus aiding the farmers in their labour shortage, and at the same time aiding the Nation's War Effort.

It is impossible, owing to lack of printing space, to give in detail the numerous services available, but don't hesitate to come along and enquire. In conclusion, the Y.M.C.A. Supervisor wishes to ensure all ranks that our ultimate purpose is to aid in every way and consequently lighten the period being spent away from the homeland.—W. BREWSTER.

(except the poor blighter) is clear of the office, everything starts off again. The bells all ring, the buzzers buzz, the hatch vibrates; someone comes in to inspect the fire extinguishers; someone else urgently wants several files (we usually find these have just been booked out to someone else); someone else starts banging on the Registry hatch. It's a good job we Clerk/G.D.'s are good types—otherwise we'd never stand the strain. (Adv't).

About 10:15 the staff straggles back, worn out, and making remarks about some people (meaning the poor blighter) being lucky to get off P.T., everyone bragging about how nearly they got several goals at basketball, and showing off their "bruises."

With the rest of the staff back, the poor blighter settles down to his daily task of coping with "hatch" enquiries. It should be "Colney Hatch!" One bloke even went so far as to bring his pillow up to the hatch the other day and said he'd read on D.R.O.'s that they had to be handed in to the Orderly Room! And so the day goes on. More next month—if I can stand the strain.—MAC.

. . . COULD BE . . .

By J.A.H. (D.F.R.)*

I HAD always said that I would never go back to Penhold and, in all conscience such a declaration seemed perfectly reasonable. Of course, I had often bored my office colleagues at lunch time (and others! Ed.) with tales of "fifty below" and the like, while they listened with indifference and disdain; but still, the whole thing was really a memory and I was content that it should remain so. But if one must chatter, there are bound to be consequences, either for good or ill, like it or not. It was at the beginning of June, 1963, that my chief sent for me. "I believe," said he, "that you spent a considerable time in Canada a few years ago?" In some surprise I replied that such had been the case, but that nearly twenty years had passed since I withdrew from Canada, and in all honesty (I had to be honest now) my knowledge was, no doubt, out of date. "Well," said he, "I want a member of the staff to visit Ottawa in connection with the introduction of a new product to the Canadian market, and I would like you to go. There will be an opportunity for a brief tour on the completion of your business. What about it?"

I arrived in Ottawa early in July, having crossed the Atlantic by air comfortably and speedily, and having completed my business was engaged in the pleasant contemplation of a brief tour. Where should it be? Well, I had not seen any mountains for many a year, so I resolved to fly to Banff by way of a special tourist route. The great plane would land somewhere in the province a few miles from the Rockies, and the journey would be finished by fast rail transport to the Tourist City of Banff.

The air liner was magnificently appointed, and the service aboard beyond reproach. I presumed that the City of Calgary would be the objective, and asked the attendant whether my assumption was correct. "No," was the reply, "this line terminates at the Penhold Town Air Junction." "Come," said I, "Penhold is a tiny village, some hundred miles from the Mountains. Do I have to walk from there?" The attendant laughed. "When were you last at Penhold?" "Twenty years ago," said I with a hang-dog look.

We circled the airport several times, and my mind flashed back to the couple of flips I had enjoyed in the distant past, when the scene below had comprised several hangars, a single railway track, a small bunch of barns, and miles of flat land fringed by the Rockies in the distance. The Rockies were still there, but so was a fairish sized town spread either side of a wide highway with traffic at regular intervals as far as the eye could see. Immediately to the fore a large modern airport lay, and soon the plane had landed and the passengers were again on the good earth. My intention was to proceed direct to the City of Banff by a new and special railroad built due West between Penhold and that City, for Tourist use, but so fascinated was I by this new scene that I determined to tarry in the locality for at least one night. For some time I remained within the airport, watching the comings and goings of great foreign and Empire air liners. Here, a brightly coloured plane from the Republic of China, a super-machine from the Soviet Union, a United States liner, splendid British and Canadian craft, coming and going from this vital link in international air-routes. For Penhold had become a trans-continental airport for re-fuelling and overhaul, and was used for long distance travel between South America, Russia, Europe and the Orient. Passengers seldom alighted, except for the Inter-Canadian Tourist Traffic and similar traffic from the United States. But local industry, too, was considerably developed, for between the old airport and the City of Red Deer, oil wells had been sunk, and the size, importance and population of that city, I was informed, grown out of all proportion. As I left the great airport and passed beneath the fine stone entrance near the highway, it seemed odd to observe streamlined vehicles waiting to move off to Red Deer and beyond in the North, and to Penhold and beyond in the South. How I thought of those Saturday nights when "Sorensen's Buses" were filled beyond capacity. I did not desire to ride to Penhold itself, but elected to stroll, for from the sidewalk I wanted to view the great streamlined freight vehicles which were moving

SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES

INSTEAD of having a dance this month, we held two Guest Nights, both very enjoyable functions. It gives a great feeling of pleasure to mess members to be able to play host to our many friends in the district. Rather than accept a very one-sided hospitality, we feel that, in a necessarily limited sense, we can now say, "Do drop in and see us sometime." It is a welcome innovation.

"Boogie Woogie" tunes form a more or less constant background to mess life these days; relief is obtained when a news bulletin is broadcast. We can remember the time when a different type of music was in vogue, and we are wondering what subtle influence has been at work to cause the transition.

Still more veteran Penholdians have disappeared from our ken. F/Sgts. Salt, Griffiths and Lowman have journeyed East. We wish them good luck in their new surroundings. Sgt. Evans has also left for "fresh fields and pastures new;" to him also our good wishes are extended. No more shall we hear the wonderful story of "Theophilus Carnation" told as only Johnny Evans and Cyril Fletcher could tell it: our loss is great indeed. We congratulate F/S Amatt on his elevation to the seats of the mighty, and Sgt. Kent on his having a little more brass to clean. Who said there's no promotion this side of the ocean?

Heard in the mess recently: "How long have you been in Canada, Chiefie?" "About six weeks." "Really; I've been here fourteen months." "I see, it doesn't take long to pass really, does it? Now I remember my first overseas tour, it wasn't too bad. But the second, that was terrible." There may have been a third, but we were more occupied in watching our fourteen-month veteran hastily swilling a half can and endeavouring to make his twelve stone of humanity occupy less space than a mosquito.

swiftly along the broad highway leading to Mexico and South America in the South, to Russia in the North by way of the newly completed Ferry across the short waters dividing the continents. How science slowly shrinks the earth through speedy travel and short cuts was here demonstrated before my eyes. But further South, a fine Railway Station with many sidings engaged my attention, certainly on a site at least two miles North of the old one, with a full complement of freight and gasoline wagons. Onward South, through clusters of pleasant houses, and down to the centre of the town. To the right I observed a good sized hostel named "The Modern Penhold Hotel," recently erected, but the building to my left interested me more, for this was styled "The Original Penhold Hotel," and what is more, it really was. Inside, things looked barely different from twenty years before, and on the wall a picture caught my eye. It was a group of R.A.F. airmen and officers, wearing the old uniform, now out of date. In the centre sat a Group Captain, and in the middle row, fourth from the right . . . well, I was surprised at the difference twenty years makes to one's head of hair. Just behind the main street a deserted wooden structure brought back vivid memories of the eternal "forty-eight," for here lay the remains of the old C.P.R. Station Penhold. Shades of the 3.54!

I spent the night in the "Original Penhold Hotel" and next day made for Banff. The only recognisable structure during the whole trip was the Mountain Range. Back in Penhold again, I enquired about the winters in these parts. "Well," said the local inhabitant, "it often remains at forty below for weeks," etc. "Now, look here," said I, "way back in 1943 it really was cold; you should have been here then." "I was," he replied, whereupon we both grinned in a sickly sort of way, not being sure who was likely to have proved the biggest liar had the conversation proceeded.

Back in London, I have monopolised a considerable amount of the luncheon discussion period on the subject of the Canadian scene, but have substituted air-liners for cowboys.

(*) Due for Repatriation.

The Padre's Notes

"GO TO IT"

BEFORE we left England, we remembered how the walls and hoardings were plastered with bills carrying the slogan, "Go To It." Mr. Herbert Morrison was, I believe, the first to use this phrase in this war, but it is one with a previous history. We used it at school when we stood on the touchline urging on some fellow school-mate. It is the good old English equivalent of the Scottish "come awa'" which I have heard the lowlanders shout at the Hibs. and Hearts grounds in Edinburgh. "Go It" is a sound and plain English imperative. The origin of the expression may be found in the story which is told by Sir William Harcourt of a manuscript sermon by a worthy old parson named Baker, who was something of a character. Down one side of the sheets the parson had written marginal notes to guide him as to the manner in which he should deliver various phrases of his addresses, such as Softly, Slowly, Steady, and finally, for sentences of vehement rhetoric, he wrote "Go It, Baker!" We recall how the poet, T. E. Brown, in his poem on the Blackbird said "How you do Go It."

The Bible comes down heavily on the lazy and lauds the man of action. An old Biblical proverb urges us to "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, and be wise." But advice of this kind is all very well provided you have got something really worth while doing. Some men have worked harder during this war than they have ever done before because they have felt themselves taken up in a great cause. They have been given something worth slogging for. It is a prime necessity of human well-being that a man should feel he is wanted and be given a job in which he can express himself and which he feels is worth doing. It is because of this basic need of human life that unemployment is so damaging a condemnation of a society which permits it. This is one of the things which must never be allowed to exist again in our English life. A man needs a job, but he also needs a job which is worth doing, a job which genuinely helps the life of the community. In a true democracy, men must feel that their work enriches the communal life, and anything less than that is unworthy of a man.

Life, however, is not all action. There are times when the most profitable thing a man can do is just to wait. There are a few short-sighted and superficial folks who, in this time of war, will have it that worship and talk about post-war affairs is just a waste of energy. Let's get on with the war, they shout. But a man needs to renew his energies, and that not only by rest and relaxation, but, more necessarily, by waiting upon God. "Be still and know that I am God." "Wait on the Lord and He shall sustain you." There is desperate need for a man to get away from the din of engines and the narrowing routine of his round of petty duties and to hear in his soul through the silence of the Universe the still small voice of God.

What a man does, and how he does it, is in the long run determined by the inner quality of his life, the principles which he holds to and the serenity of inward happiness. These gifts are derived from fellowship with God. They are not part of man's natural endowment.

THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH—

There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting clime:
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
And ply their daily task with busier feet
Because their hearts some holy strain repeat."—Keble.

SERVICES IN THE CHAPEL: Every Sunday at 10.00 hours, Divine Worship. Every Sunday at 10.45 hours, Holy Communion. Every Thursday at 20.00 hours, Mid-Week Service and Discussion.

