

Editorial

F/Lt. W. H. Thomas - Editor

By the time the next issue of the "Penhold Log" is published, some of us will have already packed our bags for the boat, and set course for home. Those of us who stay behind to work out the closing stages of Penhold's history as an R.A.F. unit will envy the advance parties going back to a 70-hour week and one 48 every three months, back to the black-out, robot bombs and no bacon and eggs. Undoubtedly we shall miss the relative luxury and ease of service life in Canada; we shall probably find the English climate, on renewing acquaintance with it, even worse than an Alberta summer. But however much we may appreciate the importance of air training in Canada, we, all of us, wait expectantly for the moment when we return to within sight and sound of the final battles of the European war.

On repatriation, many of us who have worked together at Penhold will be scattered to a variety of units. Yet friendships made here will be renewed; distance, no doubt, will lend enchantment to the Canadian scene, and many a tall story of snow or mosquitoes, of mud or ice, will be recalled in the cheerful round of reminiscence in some English pub. So to the first of the many bound for the boat we say "Bon Voyage; we'll be seeing you."