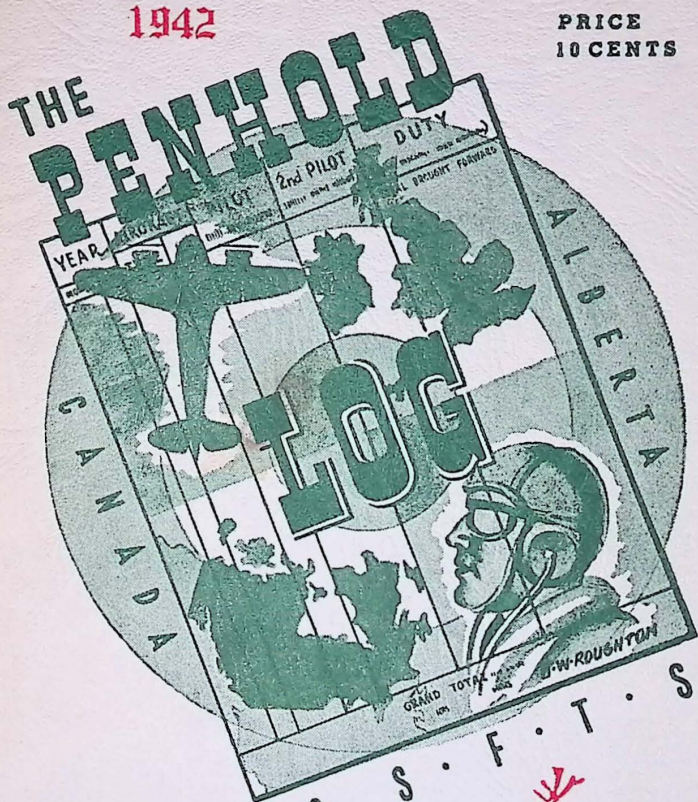


# Christmas Number

1942

PRICE  
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VOLUME II  
DECEMBER



NUMBER 7  
1942





# From the Commanding Officer to You

CHRISTMAS  
1942

AT this season, inevitably our minds will turn back over the year that is past, and each of us will form some sort of conclusion of what the year has meant to him. Since our arrival in Canada we have all had many quite new experiences. For some, this will be the first time they will have been out of the British Isles. For the majority of us, it will probably be the longest time that we have been separated from our families.

Probably all of us have been through some hard times since we arrived in Canada. There may have been anxiety, only too ready to flare up with the slightest encouragement, for our loved ones at home. There may have been a dislike of, or perhaps a sense of frustration in, our job. We may have felt that we were too much out of the war. The snow and the cold, with the restricting effect these have on the life that we are normally used to, may have depressed us. From one or other of these or similar moods we, each of us, have probably suffered at one time or another.

We remember, though, the other side of the picture. There is the warm-hearted hospitality that we have enjoyed, which we can never repay. There are the opportunities we have had of visiting new places, and amidst lovely scenery. There is the satisfaction we have felt in our jobs well done. There is the fun we have had out of our games and other forms of recreation. There is the pride and exhilaration we felt when we won the Inter-Services Athletics and Soccer Cups. Being thrown so close together and so dependent on each other in our work, play and amusements, there are the friendships we have formed which seem to have a reality and sincerity that we probably have never experienced before.

All these things, pains and pleasures alike, we have shared between us, and I feel that they have knit us together. When we arrived in Canada, we were unknown to each other: we came from different units, we represented all sorts of different interests in our pre-war lives. I feel now that there is a bond between us, inspired by a common spirit of Service one to the other; we realise that all our jobs are important, none more than the other; we have a mutual respect for each other, we are all out to help each other, we are all jealous of the reputation of the Unit, we all realise the part this Unit plays towards winning the war and we are proud to share in it.

So, as we come to Christmas 1942, I think we can look back with gratitude for the good times we have had, with pride and satisfaction in what we have accomplished, and with deep appreciation of the fine spirit of mutual service, comradeship and esprit de corps, which binds us together. I wish you all a very happy Christmas, and hope with you all that the next, with victory won, we may spend re-united with our families in our homes. May we go forward into 1943 with high hearts and the determination to continue, each one of us, to give of our best in whatever the tasks that lie before us.

*W. B. Jamington.*

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*Editorial*

**T**HE Great Season approaches when position, privilege and snobbery lose pride of place to something more real, enduring and earnest. When those who jostle shoulders care little about the position in life of the crowd around them. This is the time, then, when mankind makes its most sincere bid to a Christian way of life, for at root all men are equal, and all have the same rights. And at this Season we are nearer to that equality than at any other time in the calendar. In the service, trying though it may be at times, there are many opportunities for the practical application of good fellowship, and there is no doubt that robust comradeship does always exist to a very large extent in service life. But now is the time to muse briefly on the past, reflect upon the present and concentrate on the future. We shall all quietly remember those happy Christmas holidays at home. We shall resolve that this Christmas shall be bright and as cheerful as possible, and that in the future we shall play our part in the Battle of Life at all Seasons of the Year. From the Editor and all associated with the publication of this Magazine, very sincere wishes for a Happy Christmas and a New Year that will bring us the Blessing of Peace.

And now a word of parting to our Advertisers.

It is with great regret that we say good-bye, for the time being at least, to some old friends—our advertisers—due to a recent order prohibiting publication of advertisements in Station Magazines. No one appreciates more than we do just how much we are indebted to them for their support and encouragement in the early days of this venture, and, indeed, throughout each subsequent edition. We hope that the future may see the lifting of this ban and their return to our pages.

# Christmas!



What about

# New Year?

MUCH is written annually about Christmas and the celebrations and festivities associated with this happy time. But what about New Year? It is widely known that the Scots have very special celebrations at New Year. For the benefit of Sassenachs, Taffes and any others who still believe that Haggis is shot on the 12th August or grows on hedges, this resume is penned.

Firstly, let it be clear that Christmas is celebrated, too. The children write to Santa Claus and religiously "hang-up" their stockings. Christmas dinners, parties, etc., are held, but this is a preliminary

for Hogmanay (evening of the 31st December) and New Year's Day.

Lack of reference books prevents recounting the origin and early history of this old custom, and to rely on memory is much too risky with so many Scotties on the camp. The superstition associated with "bringing-in" the New Year is that the first person to cross the threshold of a house shall bring either good or bad luck during the coming year. A dark-haired person, preferably male, is considered to be the bearer of good fortune. He carries a gift for the householder, and on entering bids them a "Happy New Year," and presents his gift to the housewife. But let's join a party of revellers on the evening of the 31st December any year before the War, in Scotland's capital. We meet them, a mixed band of lads and lassies, at a chosen rendezvous, a cafe or perhaps the bar-lounge of some hotel, and start the evening with a laugh, a song and a DRINK. The clock chimes the eleventh hour—it is time to join the throngs on the street, trekking to the Tron Church. This has been the chosen spot for "bringing-in" the New Year for longer than the writer can remember. We leave our hotel and, on the street, arms linked, and not a care in the world, take our place in this surging mass of humanity. Everyone is singing, street-vendors are doing a brisk business selling paper-hats, hand-rattles, hooters and every conceivable contraption and invention capable of creating a din. We move slowly and greetings are exchanged with every passer-by, known or unknown, for on this night of nights we are "aw Jock Tamson's bairns." We reach the scene of the rituals. Everyone is singing, accordions, guitars, etc., provide the music; at another point an eightsome reel is in full swing, danced to the strains of the pipes played by kilned pipers. With the approach of midnight, a hush falls on the assembly, every face is upturned to the clock—the clock strikes the hour. The final stroke is the signal for cheers, shouts and all the dinful paraphernalia to break loose. "Happy New Year!" fills the air, bottles are produced and solemnly we wish each other: "Health and Prosperity During the Coming Year."

The crowd move off—"first fittin'" now starts. We visit many houses: for, though it is the "wee sma hoors," nobody is abed. At each house we drink the health of our host and hostess—perhaps we linger for a song or a dance—but as the list of houses to visit is still lengthy, we push on. Morning light is rapidly catching up on the revellers—it is nearly 6 a.m., the party breaks up and it is home for an hour or two of sleep, but only an hour or two, for this is the day of the big game, Hearts v. Hibs, and no fan misses the local derby. There are many other attractions in town at this time: pantomimes, special features at cinemas, dances, etc. It is a gay whirl from morning till night. That, then, is a picture of all Scotland on Hogmanay and the first days of the New Year. It is of those scenes we "Scotties" will be thinking at the close of another year. And when we fill our glasses on Hogmanay, the toasts this year shall be "Victory for the United Nations," and "A Speedy Reunion With Our Families." "A Guid New Year to Ane and Aw."—"Scottie"

## Thanks, America

UNACCUSTOMED as I am to public speaking" is a favourite beginning for many a budding public speaker, so I think that "Unaccustomed as I am to writing articles" will serve me equally well as an excuse, but you must in the end lay the blame on the cajolery and persuasive powers of the "Log" staff. I hope, however, that it will prove interesting and that it will encourage those of you who will, to write something for the benefit of the rest of us.

You all know something of the journey across this vast Dominion, so I will proceed quickly to my first sight of America. As we approached Windsor in Southern Ontario, the buildings of Detroit appeared on the skyline. I may be unusual, but I must admit that I got quite a "kick" out of seeing the buildings "reaching for the clouds." Detroit is only fifteen minutes from here, so I was very soon changing one of my proud possessions, an American dollar, so that I could phone my friends and acquaint them of my safe arrival.

I very soon showed my ignorance when my hostess asked me which station I was at, of course having got so used to Penhold I forgot that other cities had more than one station, and had to ask a passer-by the name of the one in question. (I trust the R.A.F. will overlook such laxity: I should have known better.) However, I was very soon being shown the sights of Detroit. It is, I think, either the sixth or seventh city of the United States. I visited, or at least looked around the Ford plant, the new Ford Bomber plant, a tremendous place; Packard, Dodge, and other automobile factories, all busy turning out war material. Despite the fact that Detroit is such a hive of industry, there is also much of nature's beauty to be seen. Belle Isle is a very delightful spot, a very popular rendezvous during the summer months; fine motor roads around it, picnic grounds complete with concrete fireplaces to prevent those unsightly patches so common at home; two or three Yacht Clubs on the river and lake surrounding it, the inevitable "Diamonds" and other games facilities. Deer are also found there, and for the purpose of this article I refer to the four-legged variety, I almost said the hunted variety, but I realised that was equally misleading.

I was also fortunate enough to go out to Ypsilanti (I hope I've got the spelling right), an old world type of rural district, Ann Arbor with the Michigan State University. I liked the University buildings, as they were so like a lot of our similar institutions at home, possessing a quiet dignity; and although America is new, I noticed that many of the buildings were Ivy covered in the best English traditions. Detroit, of course, being the home of the automobile, is naturally crossed, surrounded and approached by very fine roads, the majority of them being divided with a fine grass strip down the centre, and many carrying four or six lines of traffic each way. By the



way, have you ever been to a Steak Roast? I went to one there—I wouldn't suggest that the Mess try the idea, especially at mid-day, as I'm afraid work would have "had it" for the day, especially if you are correctly tutored in the use of sauces, pickles, etc. Fortunately for me, I was due to leave for New York immediately after, otherwise I should have found it extremely difficult to be entertaining. All I wanted to do was sit back and rest. I had plenty of opportunity for that on the journey, and so I arrived in New York.

Not as quickly as that, in fact I was rather "browned off" by the time I did arrive. However, a call in at the Maple Leaf Club on Fifth Avenue soon put me in good shape again: their welcome will not be forgotten quickly. The U.S.O., having such a reputation, was naturally our next port of call, and they lived up to their reputation. Can you imagine having your choice of FREE seats at a theatre or cinema? It's quite true; that is precisely what happens, and they are the best seats, so don't grouse when you think that the officers have all the advantages, I don't know whether such facilities are offered to them; no, I'm not "Bobbing," I'm only interested in facts. I think I "did" all the sights in the true fashion. Many of the places are world famous, Radio City Music Hall, the largest in the world, and believe me it is truly remarkable. Wall Street was also on my itinerary, as also the Statue of Liberty which I climbed to the crown around her head. Many of us got sore feet "pounding the pavements" in the vicinity of Blackpool Tower; well, the Empire State Building is twice as high as the Tower, and a complete picture of New York can be gained from the top. Rockefeller Centre was the next of my ambitions, and on to a tour round the N.B.C. Studios which is a remarkable piece of work: here I learned something of the tortures of a Television Star as I posed under the arc lamps for the benefit of the rest of the party. The heat from the lamps is terrific, and I'm told that the lamps used in the film industry are ten times more powerful—my envy of Clark Gable and the "Georgeous Hunks" diminished considerably after that experience. The Bronx Botanical Gardens and Zoo are very fine, and I enjoyed both places immensely.

The bus ride along Riverside Drive is quite a pleasant experience, you have the Hudson River on your left, bordered by fine green lawns and flower beds, and these lawns, I understand, have been laid over the railway running alongside the river, so that the houses overlooking the river have a much nicer view than would otherwise be possible. It was along here that I visited Grant's Tomb, quite an imposing building, with the General lying in his marble casket, surrounded by plaques of his other leaders and various of his battle flags. From here I crossed over to the Riverside Drive Church, a very fine piece of architecture and possessing the largest carillon in the world—I felt a glow of pride when it was pointed out to me that they were made in England. St. John the Divine came next, and although it is not yet completed, it is a very beautiful church—it is really the cathedral of New York—and there are chapels dedicated to various nations, and in the St. George's Chapel there is a flag of St. George which had only arrived from the Order of St. George in England a few days previously. Each of these little chapels is furnished and decorated in the style of the nation which they represent, some of them containing very fine samples of the craftsman's art.

My final day in this city, which it has always been my ambition to visit, was marked by my being a guest of the Canadian Club of New York at a luncheon in the world-famous Waldorf Astoria Hotel. About thirty of us sat down, representatives of America, Canada and Britain, all members of the Forces apart from one or two members of the Club. It was, happily, a very informal affair, although in a chat, rather than a speech, it was pointed out to us that it wasn't just for the sake of giving us a good meal, and believe me it was good, but rather an attempt to bring together the members of the various forces, to help break down some of the petty prejudices which exist between us. He spoke of "Ambrican," a word coined to cover the meaning of a movement, one might almost say a Crusade, with the sole object of linking together the three nations in a closer bond of fellowship and friendship

## The Flight Line Book

FURTHEST removed from hard fact is the Line Fantastic—a display of pure inventive genius as demonstrated here: "I've found a wonderful trick, killing gophers with the prop tip, but I only got one." A skilful line-shoot hunter can sometimes trap a victim into committing a Line Fantastic. This was extracted after much patient and dexterous baiting: "I think I'll buy my Group Captain's hat now while the prices are low. They will probably go up later."

The art of fishing for a good line-shoot is mainly a matter of self-control in ignoring the first paltry, common-place lines—not snatching at the first nibbles, as it were. Skilful playing may produce a Line Multiple, as: "In England I did 12 hours A.C.P. in succession, and not a thing to eat. That's not a line, it's the truth—I did it three or four nights in a row."

Frequently a person may show an inclination to shoot the same class of line. Both examples of the Line Fantastic came from the same fertile source. That versatile author, Satrap, specialises in variations on the Veteran Line. Here are three: (1) "I went before Scragg on a charge—none of you blokes can say that." (2) "Pass over my Log Book—the old battered one." (3)—"On being asked to do a night flying test—"Steady and reliable Satrap they call me."

The artistically inclined usually shoot the best lines, though less frequently. This conversation was recorded with the Flight Armorial King and Gremlin Publicist: "Coming to the cinema to-night, there's a Disney?" "Oh, I don't want to see a cartoon, I've been drawing them all the evening."

In moments of remorse, the most incorrigible line-shooters crop up with a first class example of the Anti-Line. Probably the most notable is: "I often think I'm not really fit to be a Flight Commander." Another commendable relapse was: "I'm just a dull Englishman."

Fortunately it is only rarely that we have to record the appearance of the Line Nauseans, or Skunk Line-Shoot. This was it: "I'm keen on flying, and I'm keen on my pupils." It left the Flight clawing at the throat, gasping for air, and finally weeping in the privacy of the clothes lockers.—A.L.S.

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### "THANKS, AMERICA" (Continued)

than exists today. Everyone has, to a greater or lesser degree, a pride in their homeland, but our pride shouldn't close our eyes to the virtues of other countries. I don't want to "bind," but I was very enthusiastic about the idea, and I pass it on, hoping that you, too, will be able to meet these big-hearted Americans on their own soil.

It was a long and tiring journey home. My return from previous furloughs have never been occasions for rejoicing, and this was no exception. I seem to have heard "Memories live longer than dreams"—well, my trip to Detroit and New York was no dream, and the kindness and hospitality of everyone with whom I came in contact was very wonderful. So again I say, "Thanks, America."—JIMMIE.

# A Christmas Fantasy

By "DUSTY ONE"

A MOST interesting ceremony in connection with the Christmas celebrations took place at Red Deer yesterday, December 13, 1942. That this report appears in this issue at all is due to two factors—the enterprise of the printers, who kept the presses waiting all night, and to the courage and fortitude of our reporter who, at great personal risk, undertook and carried out this hazardous assignment. We refer, of course, to the Sun Dance and Initiation Ceremonies of the famous "Waskasos," sometimes known as the Ancient Order of the Red Deers, held in secret at midnight on December 13 every year, in the heart of Red Deer.

The night was cold and bright, with a full moon glistening on the snow-covered slopes. In the centre of the clearing sprawled the huge bonfire, hissing and crackling, and tinging the background of the snow-laden pines with a crimson glow. All was still, save for the noises of the night and the dropping to the ground of the charred embers of the fire. A coyote howled, and as if on this signal, a procession of weird yet impressive figures appeared from behind a small hillock, silently jumping and prancing towards the centre. There by the flaming pile they stopped in a semi-circle around their leader who, holding up his right arm with the first two digits of his hand extended in a "Vee," howled "YAH." To which the assembled braves replied "YAHTEWYEW," and the harangue commenced.

Forward impressively stepped Chief Paramount Hogg, flanked by Chief Lawgiver Millard, and the two Chief Medicine Men Bunn and Parsons, nude save for the warpaint of the Waskasos—the most important items of which were—Trousers, black, pin stripe; Coats, tail, morning, black; and Hats, top, shiny, black—surmounted by feathers, arranged in a "Vee."

"Welcome, oh palefaces," greeted the Chief Paramount. "Welcome, oh men who come from across the waters to make our days tuneful with the noise of your Birdmachines that yowl and swoop above us. Welcome, oh chiefs who make our nights happy with your company. Now are our bonds so close and our ties so intertwined that we would take you by the hands and call you brothers."

Upon this, the Great White Chief of the palefaces advanced in turn. He and the lesser lights of his band were arrayed in vestments of a lovely blue, with discs of gold dotted about their persons. These discs were of wonderful beauty, embossed with the insignia of their tribe—The Eagle—and surmounted by a crown, a sign of their vassalage to the Great King beyond the seas. Their leader was distinguished above all the rest by a most wonderful headdress, on which rested Oak Leaves of gold.

To him the Chief Paramount advanced and said: "Oh Great White Chief, you are henceforward my brother, and I hereby christen you "Great White Chief Distant Heavyweight" of the Waskasoo." And to the chant of the Waskasoo's "Red Deer, Red Deer, Yah Yah Yah!" the remainder of the birdmen advanced for the same simple ceremony. Amongst those initiated were: F/Lt. Auto-steps; S/Ldr. —Dental Magnesia; F/O Doubting —; F/Sgt. —and Eggs; F/Sgt. Condiment; W/Cdr. Grinds Slowly; F/Lt. Dog's Disease; F/O Take-a-circle; F/Lt. Many Trees; F/Sgt. Vapour Money; The Elephant Boy, LAC Love Token; Cpl. Mother Metal, and F/O He Who Grinds.

Upon this, they all joined hands in a circle around the bonfire and danced around it in a clock-wise direction, howling in unison—"Ring a ring a roses, we all swoop down."

I didn't stop for more, as we had to go to press.

Editor's Note:—No prizes are offered for the translation of the Red Indian names.

## “Know the Gremlins”



MANY times on this Station have pupils and Instructors come back from a flight with a harrowing tale of woe about the behaviour of their aircraft, and have become sadly shaken men because they couldn't explain what had happened. The answer is very simple—Gremlins.

After many months of patient study and research, the Bureau of Gremlinology has evolved a Gremlin map of the district, which can be purchased from the Chief Instructor, price 25¢. A brief summary is as follows:

Headquarters of this district is in the Red Deer Canyon, and branch offices are at low level over Sylvan Lake and Innisfail RLG. Hopschneiders have the territory West of Rocky Mountain House, with their Headquarters there and, of course, the Twassit branch is only just West of the aerodrome. Six months ago a report came in that the Ffinella of the district was seen over Ponoka, and rumours have it that a Flibertygibbet was born there, which will account for the numerous green lights that pilots have seen whilst flying over the Mental Hospital. The Winging has only just arrived in the area and will be in operation this winter.

If the reports on the habits and appearances of these Gremlins are read and studied, there need be no repetition of the events of last June, and the following two months during which time the Gremlins held a jamboree to celebrate their first year of operation on this Station.

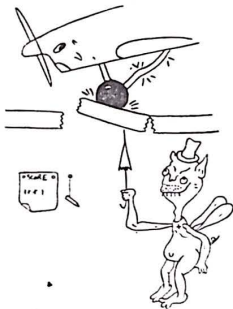
NOTE.—Anti-Gremlin Powder, which can be spread over the entire aircraft with a spray gun, may be purchased from all Drug Stores in Red Deer, price 25¢ small size or 15¢ large size (with instructions).

The Gremlin was first discovered by pilots of the Royal Air Force a number of years ago and was deemed to be responsible for all the mishaps that occurred to these pilots. Its basic dress is a red Top Hat, a red Jacket, and an Umbrella that is closed when it is born but opens out the older the Gremlin becomes. It is usually encountered at all heights up to 20,000 feet, and in all types of weather, but its most dangerous habits vary according to the station to which it has been assigned. These habits are, of course, well known to all pilots, and vary from tampering with the engines during flight to drilling holes in the wheels just as an aircraft is about to touch down, thus causing it to burst the tyre on landing.

The Hopschneider is a cousin of the Gremlin and operates at any height above 20,000 feet. For this purpose it is equipped with an Oxygen Mask, and an extra set of wings on its knees to assist it in its duties in the rarified atmosphere. It has not got the Umbrella that the Gremlin has as part of its equipment, since it only uses clouds as its base and doesn't have to make the precision landings that the Gremlin has to accomplish on the ground. The Hopschneider never talks, as it has to keep its Oxygen Mask on all the time, and thus is a very dangerous creature to meet at these heights as there is no sound to detect its presence.



The Twassit is another cousin of the Gremlin and has as its special assignment the haunting of all Low Fliers. It wears no clothes, as it is blessed with extra tough skin and its only means of support are a pair of very small wings attached to its bottom, thus leaving its centre of gravity well forward so that it can get a better chance to molest low-flying aircraft. Its hands are red with the blood of all those people he has managed to force down in or out of the Low Flying Area, and it is by these that the Twassit is most easily recognised.

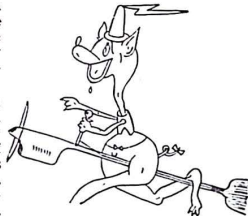


The Widget is a baby Gremlin. Its best known habit is to dig a hole beneath the runway and poke a special hinged part of it up in front of an aircraft coming in to land. He keeps a Score Sheet which is audited by the chief Gremlin, and for every three confirmed victories he receives an Iron Cross. When he has two Crosses, he graduates to Gremlinhood and is allowed to partake in aerial warfare against pilots. He also has the habit (on ops stations) of poking his Umbrella down the muzzles of guns to prevent them firing efficiently.

The Fifinella is a lady Gremlin, and by the laws of Gremlinology there is only ONE Fifinella to every 10,000 Gremlins. In order to protect her from any menace that she may encounter, she rides a Powered Broomstick, and as she has this in her possession she does not have any wings. She is about

the most dangerous of the species of Gremlin that one can meet, as in her wake may be anything up to 20,000 Gremlins—as these are nearly always thwarted, they are likely to wreak their vengeance on the first aircraft they encounter.

The Flibertygibbet is a baby Fifinella and is usually encountered near the ground. As it is still a baby, it is not able to get very high off the ground, as its only means of support is a balloon (usually red) that grows in size as the Flibertygibbet gets older. When it bursts (at the age of 21) it automatically receives its Powered Broomstick.



The favourite trick of these creatures is to sit on their balloon and give wrong signals to airmen with their miniature Aldis Lamp, thus causing them to disobey the orders of the ACP and subsequently to face the wrath of all the Officers i/c the flying training.

The Wingjing is a new addition to the Gremlin family. Its special haunt is in any sort of cloud, and its duties are to blow hard on the Artificial Horizon so that the luckless pilot imagines that he is in a turn

# Christmas Morning

## Scene-No. 304 Block

HERE was a great deal of noise in the billet in the early hours of Christmas Day—approximately 0730. Two of the lads were doing a spot of dive bombing, another kept mumbling, "No. Please don't. No!", while the remainder were merely exercising their proboscides, which to the layman is the organ which one clears periodically.

Suddenly the door opened with a loud squeak—you know what billet doors are like—and in walked Santa Claus with Uncle Don and Uncle Bill. No one could have recognized Santa, because the scrambled egg on his cap was hidden under his disguise. Uncles Don and Bill were labouring under the weight of a large bag, universal, kit, stores reference 22B/1, or is it reference 22B/432? (No prizes will be awarded for correct answer.)

Tip-toeing from bed to bed, with Uncle Don and Uncle Bill still lugging the presents, Santa deposited a small gift on each bed. Arriving at the last bed, Santa Claus, his voice choking with emotion, shouted, "Surprise—surprise!" Needless to say, the occupants of the beds sprang out on to the floor immediately, as is their practice and, with shouts of boyish glee, pounced on their little parcels.

F/Sgt. Turner was heard to shout, "Woa boy—toothpicks," while Sgt. Gapp cried out, "Goodie, goodie, a crown." Everyone was very excited and pleased. Sgt. Gapp was heard to ask Santa, "Just how do you manage to get around so fast, and who gave you the gen about my present?"

Meanwhile all the lads were comparing presents. W/O Sabin got a 48-hour pass. Leggett of the Orderly Room found a W.A.A.F. on his bed; "Wee Hughie," chief of the Orderly Room, got a flock of new clerks; Cpl. Wilkinson got some weight, and Hart a copy of "The correct method of arguing in an Orderly Room." Let us hope that Santa may be spared to visit us for many years to come.—"JOCK."

"JOCK"

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## "KNOW THE GREMLINS" (Continued)

when in reality he is flying perfectly straight and level. Its method of propulsion is by internal expulsion, and it carries a bottle of ice mixture that it sprays over the windscreen of the aircraft immediately it emerges from the cloud. Not very many pilots have encountered the Wingjing, and its history is rather incomplete, but one can but imagine that it was assigned to these duties as it is possessed of X-ray vision and especially adapted to cold weather flying.



## “Cookhouse Gen”

By “THE HEAD COOK AND BOTTLEWASHER”

ONCE upon a time (as all fairy stories go, although this ain't about no fairy), there was cast upon our island home a fair young child, who grew up, or rather was dragged up, filled with an ambition to succeed as a butcher. The years passed on and on, war clouds gathered, and then the fury was upon us. Like a true Briton, he decided to volunteer (just in time to avoid being conscripted). The Army didn't want him, the Navy treasures its many cats, so that only left the Air Force, who laid all their welcome at his feet and bade him enter the heavenly gates of one of our numerous “R.C.’s” His services “as a butcher” were cordially accepted, and still very jubilant, full of ambition, and still possessing a fond love and sincere admiration for the “Raff,” he was again posted to another unit, on completion of his “bashing.” On arrival, he was gently and very kindly asked if he would care to proceed to his section. Rather bewildered, but still full of enthusiasm, he proceeded to the Cookhouse. Confronted by one of those benevolent and friendly-looking N.C.O.’s i/c, he was immediately called upon to state, in full, his previous experience. Notwithstanding the fact he hadn't eaten for about fifteen hours, he was immediately promoted to head man in the spud room, much to the pleasure and comfort of four civies, who then retired to the civy bar for one of their many drinks and smokes. Unfortunately, our rather dispirited “young butcher” found, much to his dismay, that there wasn't any button to press, but rather had he to commit a few thousand revolutions of a very ancient handle, which, of course, was not in working order. After many weary weeks of languishing ankle deep in dirty water and spud peelings, the smart, well groomed N.C.O. i/c gave unto him a most acceptable invitation to tread the holy floors of his “galley.” Head held high, our good friend “the butcher” became enlightened to the fact that he was a “C. and B.” after all, and the Raff was to instruct him in the noble art of Cooking, and a “little later” to make him into one of the few great Chefs of our time.

After a few more weeks of various activities, his returning enthusiasm reached new heights when he was posted to the School of Cookery. Donning his overalls, bucket in one hand, scrubber in the other, our “young butcher” spent six long, weary weeks making “Halton what it is today,”!! during which time he became an expert in the art of the manipulations of a “Squee-gee!” On completion of his course, rather mystified, but none the less pleased and exceedingly happy, he was presented with his AC1. Many years have drifted on (three, to be precise) and most of his ambitions have become “Scotch Mist,” but our disappointed “butcher” still retains a sense of humour, even though his early pride has faded into oblivion.



## Recreation at Penhold

THE past month's entertainments have been marked by both variety and quality. The Concerts have been of an exceptionally high order and in no case have we been disappointed. On November 1 we had the pleasure of welcoming **The Canadian Corps Capers Party** from Calgary. Their rendering of "Opus 48 by Rachmaninoff" will stick in our memories for a long time. They were a very happy and enthusiastic company and succeeded in getting the best out of an audience numbering 500. The **Station Choir** gave us an excellent programme on November 8. They had already won high praise off the Station for their performances, and we, therefore, expected something good. We certainly got it. It was obvious from the start that they had laboured with great care in the preparation of their items, and it was very pleasing to see how they interspersed comedy items with serious ones. The Choir is very heartily to be congratulated on the show and on the spirit in which they gave it. They are well together both musically and socially, under their indefatigable conductor, AC Brown. There must have been some aching hearts among those absentees from the audience who later heard of the Choir's charming guest artiste. The Choir has given one outside Concert during the month, at St. Luke's Church, Red Deer. This was on Monday, the 26th October, the day of the black-out. The interval in the Concert was very conveniently arranged to coincide with the 15-minute black-out, and some members of the Choir seemed to make full use of the break and the darkness. Others were content to watch the fireworks and study the acrobatics of the aeroplanes. Cpl. Whitson achieved prominence by arriving too late to participate in the first item after the interval!

That musicians are either shy or humble was shown at the **Talent Spotting Competition** on 25th October. The competitors got off to a slow start, but it was an exciting finish and in the end the \$10 in prizes was not refused.

**BADMINTON.** A General Meeting was held on Wednesday, 18th November, 1942, and a committee selected, composed of: F/Lt. Morris, Cpl. Martin, Cpl. Seaward, AC1 Punt, LAC Boyde, AC1 Gibson. The Courts are available Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, and it has been decided to use the evenings thus: Tuesday—Practice night; Wednesday—Club night; Friday—Tournament night. All players are asked to make a special effort to turn up on Wednesday evenings. By the time that this magazine goes to press, we will have met Bowden in two match games, and it is hoped that further games will be arranged.

**BASKETBALL.** This game is very popular with the pupils. Each Course will be able to field two teams. With the addition of Maintenance Wing (who have already held an evening practise game), the Tournament which is in the offing should be highly competitive. The floor is being painted with Almatex and the lines re-marked. The Station will soon be treated to an exhibition game between two High School teams.

**BOXING NOTES.** Sport and the name of Penhold have become synonymous during the last few months, football and athletics claiming the honours. A very keen interest, however, has been aroused in Boxing, and with the introduction of trophies, the competitive spirit has been created; budding pugilists, previously unsung, are now rushing to the front. More and more are invited to join the ranks. The last tournament held, as has already been recorded, proved a great success, but the next, to be held in January, will most surely emulate all previous efforts.

The pupils, a sturdy lot, have been invited to compete, Course against Course, and in these events alone some excellent matches should result. They

do the flying literally, and now is the opportunity for them to take the trophies and honours with flying colours; we hope they won't land the kites as heavily as they do their opponents.

On 8th December next, the Boxing Team will travel to Edmonton to compete with No. 3 Manning Depot; the results, at the time of writing, are unknown, but it is confidently forecast that they will give a good account of themselves. If they give blows in keeping with their keenness, the result is a foregone conclusion. We wish them success. A return match with the Manning Depot will be held at this Station on 22nd December.

Boxing in this country has a great following, and the results of efforts in this direction will reflect creditably not only on the Station, but the spirit of sportsmanship prevailing in the men from the "Old Country."

**CHOIR.** Since the last issue of the "Log," the Choir have given two concerts, one at St. Luke's Church Hall in Red Deer on Monday, 26th October, and a Station Concert on Sunday, 8th November.

The Concert at St. Luke's was noteworthy in that it was the first occasion on which the Choir has been interrupted by a black-out, real or make-believe! On previous occasions we have been delayed by fire—as at Rocky Mountain House last year; we have had a broadcast delayed by the late arrival of the much maligned Station bus; but this is the first time we have ever had an audience walk out on us! Fortunately they all came back after twenty minutes of air-raid, and the concert was able to carry on. On this occasion we had the pleasure of performing under the baton of a guest conductor for the first time. LAC Chris Wilson, who has given us his invaluable assistance during his tenure here as U/T Pilot, was invited to conduct the Choir as a mark of the Choir's appreciation. Although we should have liked to see a larger audience for this rather unique event, it was, nevertheless, quite a successful concert and was enjoyed by Choir and audience alike.

The Station Concert on Sunday, 8th November, appeared to please everyone who was present, judging by their comments, and in view of the old adage that if you can satisfy a service audience, you can satisfy anyone, we were rather pleased with the reception which we were given. We should have liked to have seen more than the 150 who were present, but possibly others thought it would be an anti-climax after Margaret Lockwood! As forecast last month, the "hit" of the show was undoubtedly "The Airmen's Song" and a close second was another comedy song written, composed and sung by Les Napier and Harold Powell and entitled "Get Some In." A feature of this show were the special lighting effects, for which the Choir is greatly indebted to S/Ldr. George.

**CONCERT PARTY** has at last been housed. They meet in the Band Room, No. 4 Hangar, every Tuesday and Thursday. A Concert was held on the Station on November 29. There was certainly plenty of fun on that occasion, and we are looking forward to great things from them in the future. They need all the talent the Station has, so if you can help, join up. Writers of scripts for future performances are particularly required. Short sketches on Service themes are in great demand. The Concert Party includes, for the time being, actors as well as musicians. It is anticipated that in the Spring there will be time to concentrate on the production of a full play.

Future Concert: 20th December—Programme of Christmas Music.

**DANCES.** There has been a full programme of dances during the last few weeks. They have all gone with a swing, but in every case there has been the same complaint of either too many airmen or not enough ladies. If those who habitually come to these dances would bring partners with them, it would enable those belonging to the section running the dance to have their fair share of dances. The Servicing Flights have been very much to the fore. Each Flight has had a dance recently, and they are to be praised for their sound organisation and tasteful decoration efforts. No. 3 Servicing Flight

very fittingly had their dance on the evening of the day on which they won the Soccer Cup.

Future Dance: 16th December—Flying Wing.

**DISCUSSION GROUP.** The Padre's Discussion Group meets in the Chapel on Tuesdays at 20.00 hours. Do come along.

**ICE HOCKEY.** A league of twelve teams has been organised, and as soon as ice is available, play will commence. Games are to be played nightly, Monday to Friday. There are to be two games each night. This league should commence operations by December 1, and will continue through January and February. If there is a possibility of a team to represent the Station having any games, an all-star team will be chosen.

**MUSICAL APPRECIATION.** On Sunday November 15, despite blizzard conditions, a large audience was present at the Station Cinema from 20.15 hours onwards, to listen to a Concert of Gramophone Records presented by F/O Attwater. The selection of well known Concert and Operatic Works was well received, judging by the individual applause given each recording. For the interest of all, the programme is appended below:

Ave Maria—Gounod—Beniamino Gigli.

The Stars Are Shining (Tosca)—Puccini—Beniamino Gigli.

You Are My Heart's Delight—Graham—Richard Tauber.

Love Lost For Evermore—Clutsam—Richard Tauber.

Serenade (Student Prince)—Romberg—Richard Tauber.

Trees—Rasbach—Richard Tauber.

Valse Triste—Sibelius—Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.

Solemn Melody—Walford Davies—Victor Symphony Orchestra.

Abide With Me—Phil Spittany and All Girl Choir.

Hallelujah Chorus (Messiah)—Handel—Royal Choral Society.

One Fine Day (Madame Butterfly)—Puccini—Grace Moore.

Thy Tiny Hand Is Frozen (La Boheme)—Puccini—Jussi Bjoerling.

Moonlight Sonata—Beethoven—Ignace Jan Paderewski.

The Ride of the Valkyries—Wagner—Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.

The Regiment Was Riding—Russian Trad.—Don Cossack Choir.

Sleeping Beauty Ballet Waltz—Tschaikowsky—Boston Pops Orchestra.

Largo al factotum (Barber of Seville)—Rossini—Igor Gorin.

Intermezzo (Cavalleria Rusticana)—Mascagni—Boston Pops Orchestra.

The Holy City—Adams—James Melton.

Wine, Women and Song—Strauss—Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

Softly Awakes My Heart (Samson and Delilah)—Saint Saens—Marian Anderson

Excerpt from 8th Symphony (Unfinished)—Schubert—Victor Symphony Orchestra.

Excerpt from 5th Symphony (Victory)—Beethoven—Victor Symphony Orchestra.

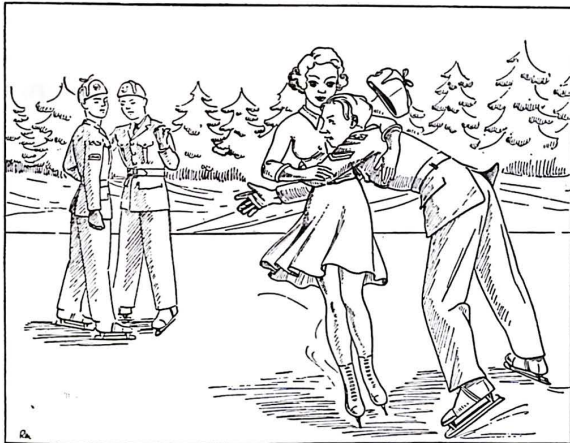
Excerpt Rhapsody in Blue—Gershwin—Sanroma and Victor Symphony Orchestra.

Tschaikowsky's Concerto No. 1, in B Flat Minor, for piano and orchestra (1st Movement)—Sanroma and Victor Symphony Orchestra.

Grieg's Concerto in A Minor, for piano and orchestra (1st Movement)—Sanroma and Victor Symphony Orchestra.

It is hoped that concerts of a similar nature will be presented monthly.

**RIFLE CLUB.** In its fourth month of inauguration, the Club appears to be progressing very satisfactorily, its amenities being enjoyed by a membership of near the eighty mark. We all join in thanking S/Ldr. Stewart (S.M.O.) for the initiation of a major interest in the form of a Challenge Trophy, which he has very kindly donated. The cup—a sizeable piece of silver—is to be competed for by teams of four, from as many sections on the unit as are in a position to enter the requisite number of marksmen. We have a total entry of 14 teams up to date, and hope to bring the final total to 20 before opening the competition. The news of our position on the inter-unit shooting league was received with a certain amount of consternation for, with a team aggregate of 98.6% in the first round, we felt really "tops," only to find that No. 4



"Crafty Joe, they call him. He used to be a Skating Instructor at St. Moritz."

Training Command were able to put up at least three teams scoring ideal totals. The second round of the league showed a marked improvement on our part, for we dropped only 5 points, thereby bringing the aggregate to 99.6%.

**SOFTBALL** is now over until next Spring. It is impossible to play indoors.

**SWING CLUB.** The first meeting was held on Monday, November 2, when a committee was formed, as follows: Sgt. Evans, chairman; AC Pickup, secretary; Cpl. Parish, LAC Booth and AC Smith. The second meeting was held on Monday, November 9, and there was discussion as to the relative merits of Artie Shaw and Benny Goodman, following a programme of their records, including Carioca, Vilia, Bill, Traffic Jam and Non-Stop Flight by Shaw's band; Please Be Kind, the Earl, Blue Skies, and King Porter, by Goodman's band. After this programme, we played a number of other recordings. At the end of a very successful evening, the boys decided Shaw was the better of the two, although some prefer Larry Clinton. On November 16 and 23 new records were played and enjoyed by all. F/Lt. Turnbull has taken over the duties of chairman from Sgt. Evans, who is posted. The Club is open to all personnel on this Station. The meetings are held every Monday night at 7:30 in No. 4 Hangar, Old Barrack Stores.—C.P.

**TENNIS.** A Tennis Club has now been formed with a nucleus of members. An attractive programme is in hand, and the more new members we enrol, the brighter and better the games. Fred Perrys, Tildens, Bunny Austins and Rabbits are cordially invited. See F/Lt. Morris, who awaits recruits.

**Y.M.C.A. CINEMA.** To the 30th of November, there will have been 26 showings of Y.M.C.A. films. These are given each Monday and Friday, and any Wednesday that there is no dance in the Recreation Hall. There are two showings in the evening, and one in the afternoon for personnel working nights. In addition, one show is given in the hospital on Wednesday. These will continue during December and January. The average number of showings per month is 25 to 30.

# Penhold's Soccer Dinner

By THE EDITOR

A TRULY successful Soccer Season culminated on December 2nd with a highly creditable Dinner and Dance held in honour of all football players on the unit. The Dinner, commencing at 7:30 in the evening, was prepared in, and at the hands of, the staff of the Airmen's Mess. But what a show! White table cloths, with a dash of colour down the centre, while crackers, cheese and oranges, piled conically, made an attractive board, and cutlery was provided. The actual dinner was a signal success, and congratulations are certainly due to Sgt. Howard and his staff for their effort. Over one hundred and fifty officers and men were seated, and it is certain that everyone was well pleased, including the Group Captain who presided.

At the conclusion of the second course, F/Lt. Attwater proposed "The King" a toast which was taken up by all present in that really English beverage, ale, after which medals were presented to the Station Inter-section League winners, No. 3 Servicing Flight. Then Group Captain Farrington rose to address the gathering. His speech was breezy, friendly, and exceptionally well received. He spoke of the pride he felt in the achievements of the Station in the realm of Soccer, of the handicaps which had been overcome, and of the high standard of the football played. Those present were much amused when the Group Captain said that F/O Sewell nearly incurred an extra week as Orderly Officer for missing a shot at goal in the final League Match at Calgary. But the greatest joke of all was the reference the C.O. made to the "Elephant Boy." The lads just roared, and the speech ended amidst a round of hearty applause.

S/Ldr. Phillips, as President of the Inter-Section League, then addressed the assembly, adding his congratulations to the general success, and expressing sincere thanks for the co-operation the Commanding Officer had always extended to Soccer affairs. Speeches then temporarily ended, and the whole Mess buzzed with cheerful and friendly chatter.

At the conclusion of the Dinner, those present rose and retired to the Recreation Hall where a really good Dance was in progress. S/Ldr. Sackett acted in the capacity of M.C., and fine dancing was provided by the ladies of Red Deer to whom the Station will remain permanently indebted for their loyalty. Many Spot prizes were presented, and fun was provided by an elimination number.

The Secretary of the Football Section, Sid Jones, was responsible for a snappy little speech at the Dance, in which those who had not already received thanks, were duly remembered. Great credit is due to Sid Jones for his untiring efforts and patience, and to F/Lt. Attwater for the services he has rendered. The Group Captain and S/Ldr. Phillips remained at the Dance until quite a late hour; chatting, and admiring the general scene, for our Recreation Hall certainly provides a dignified background to any function.

At 12:30 a.m. the Dance concluded. This was the end of a period of Soccer activity in which none who took part will ever forget, or regret.

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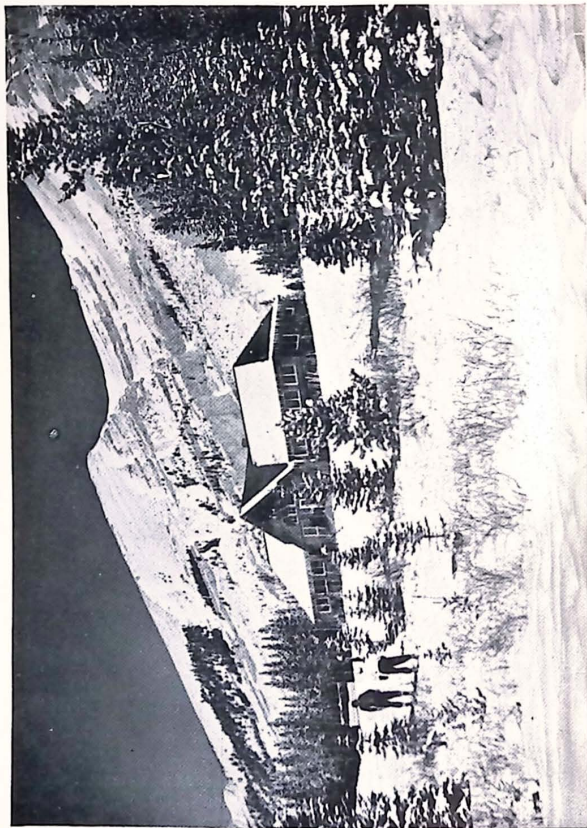
## FOR WELSHMEN ONLY

Anyone who cares can read it, but just how many can pronounce it, and what does it really mean? Llanfairpwllgwyngygogerych wyndrobwlhllandysiliogogoch.

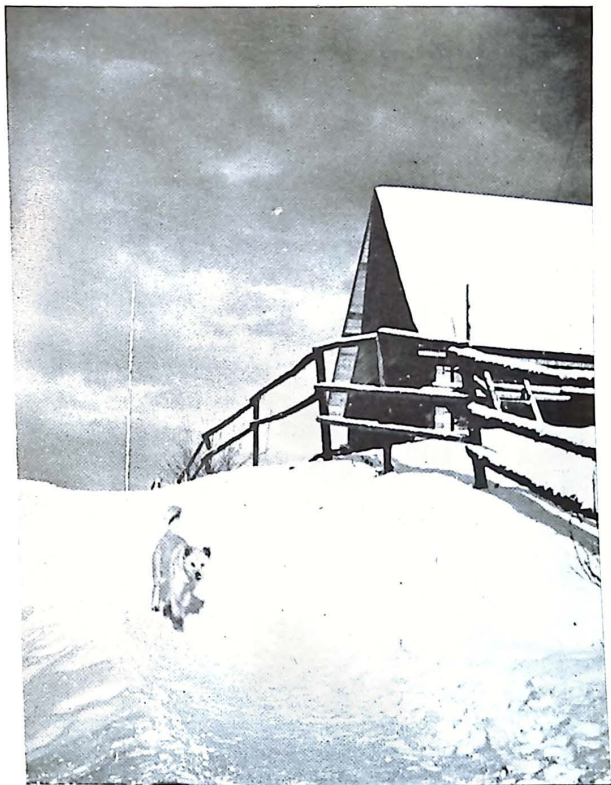
## SUGGESTIONS AND COMMENTS

Suggestions designed to improve the Magazine will always be welcomed by the Editor, at Station Headquarters. Address your comments to him at once.





Mount Norquay Ski Club, Banff, Alta.



Around Penhold



..What Shall We Send Home?..

## Maintenance Wing Notes



THE sudden event of really cold weather left us all pretty gloomy, thinking, perhaps, that there is something in the old wives' tale about one's blood becoming "thinner" after long residence at this altitude. Anyhow, there is a shortage of wool in the Red Deer shops due, no doubt, to the labours of the dutiful wives recently arrived from England. I believe they are all under orders to "knit a singlet for Cecil."

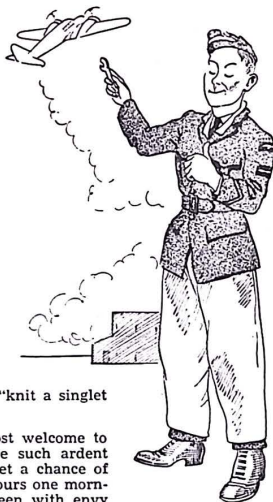
The snow on the runways was most welcome to all the men of the section. They are such ardent hikers that they were all thrilled to get a chance of practising this manly sport for a few hours one morning. The members of S.H.Q. were green with envy at being prevented from participating. One Flight Sergeant almost robbed us of our pleasure by demanding a bulldozer to do the job. However, his aspirations were soon nipped in the bud. The laconic reply he received to his request ran in this vein: "Clear the Runways?—Sorry! The machine is still in use on the skating rink!" So we went on hiking.

We have been advised quite recently that it is not a good idea to visit the Buffalo and Eaton's in the same evening, in the order named. A popular sergeant—Ginger to his friends—was seen the other evening parading round the store followed by a charming assistant nursing his purchase, a life-size baby doll, in her arms. He stoutly refused to commit himself when asked if it was their "first" and whether it was a boy or a girl. Anyway, his confused but loyal helpmate still maintains that the customer is always right.

The Commanding Officer's medal for pioneering goes to a member of our section this year. The heroic performance meriting this award ranks with Dick Turpin's Ride to York or the exploits of the Lone Ranger. A film taken on the trip, "Bring 'Em Back Alive," will shortly be shown at the Camp Cinema. "Em," I believe, refers to the horse.

The Society for the Preservation of Historical Monuments in New York is very disturbed over a reported damage to the Statue of Liberty. Apparently, the lady almost dropped her torch. Although the local seismographs give no recording of shocks in the locality of the harbour, a small urchin was heard to remark, "Who wants to look at an ole statue? We can see that any day! But look, there is a real live English Airman! He has shot down at least a hundred Messerschmitts!" Our corporals do get around.

Well, Roll on Christmas!



S.H.Q. Notes**WISE AND OTHERWISE**

By "JOE"

**PUZZLE.** S.H.Q. Staff are not always the object of general approbation, and certainly seem to receive considerable adverse attention from some officers who make part-time contact with them. You may be aware of the determination with which a particularly strenuous parade is thrust upon S.H.Q. and with what strong feeling those concerned regard the agile officer responsible. Imagine, then, the bewilderment and shyness with which the Orderly Room and Central Registry enjoyed the sensation of a strong beverage in honour of the promotion of this very officer. No malice here, chaps.

**GUESS WHO.** Slim, not too tall, alert, and always moving swiftly from one room to another. He smiles most of the time, is very courteous to visitors and all those with whom he comes in contact. Handles many scores of problems in a day, and sometimes appears to be doing two things at once. Has a knack of admonishing peremptorily, leaving the admonished one puzzled at the immediate return to apparent good humour. Would make a super-salesman, for the high position which he holds calls for considerable ability in the realm of meeting, advising, and representing the unit in what a civilian might call a secretarial capacity.

**RUMOUR. AGAIN.** The I.G. appears to have been a very acceptable kind of person, and to have gained a satisfactory impression of affairs at Penhold. But I am sure it is a relief to all to rest in the sure knowledge that he won't be here again for a few months. The trouble is that, while his visit takes place once only, rumours of his positive arrival are so frequent as to cause dislocation in everyone's mental serenity. One gets the keying up sensation so often, that by the time the zero hour really does arrive, all resistance is at its lowest ebb. What timid creatures we are.

**LAUGHTER.** How far laughter is a crime, depends upon the point of view of your contemporaries, and the extent of their sense of humour. Sometimes a perfectly innocent situation will give rise to gushes of laughter which may be difficult to account for. Recently, for example, a long counter was lifted over the wall of the Orderly Room, across the narrow corridor and over the wall of the Central Registry. Now this operation called for the services of the entire staff of both offices, and the counter, which was long and heavy, balanced precariously on each wall, with many hands grabbing upon either side. Considerable friendly bickering ensued and slowly grins gave way to prolonged laughter. Of course, our Flight had to call the lads to order, but this fanned the flame of mirth, and it was only by superhuman restraint that the situation calmed. Strange, isn't it, but the immortal Bard has it that "Life without Laughter would be as the grave."



## THE DAILY ROUND AT PENHOLD



COME AND GET IT!

## Corporals' Club Notes

WITH the formation of a Corporals' Club on the camp, a long felt need has been satisfied. At the moment, accommodation is very limited, but in the near future this should be remedied by the erection of a partition in the West end of the Wet Canteen. As there is a strength of more than 120 corporals on the camp, this Club should, if properly supported, prove to be of immense value both to the corporals and to the Station in general. It is hoped, therefore, that all corporals will rally round and do their best to make the Club a success. A monthly subscription of 25¢ was approved at the last meeting, and this will be collected by the treasurer, Cpl. A. G. Lovesey, on the first pay-day of each month. Any corporal having a suggestion to make towards improving the Club is requested to enter his proposition in the book kept in the corporals' room. Every proposition must be signed by the corporal concerned, and seconded by another corporal.

By the time these notes go to print, it is anticipated that the first dance organised by the corporals will have been held, and if this has proved a success, it is the intention to run dances at regular intervals during the winter season.

Since the formation of the Club, a number of our members have been promoted to the rank of Sergeant. To them we extend our congratulations, but we repeat the advice given to a certain airman on his re-classification to AC1, "Don't be too hard on the boys, dear; remember, you were once in the ranks yourself."—J.W.

## Tales of the Duty Signaller (2)

"AVE you ever met up wiv any of them Ploes, Sir," asked the duty signaller one night when there was a lull in the programme. "Yes, I knew two of them when I was at CFS," I replied. "Well, you probably knows the tale of two of 'em that were there just about your time, Sir." "No, I'm pretty sure I haven't heard it," I replied, and settled down to hear another of the signaller's yarns.

"Well, it was like this 'ere, sir. At the CFS they teaches young sprogs to become instructors, and two of these sprogs often flies together to practice their instructor talk like. 'As it 'appened the English blokes were decent to these 'ere Poles and always let 'em take off and land the planes when they was asked—you know, sir, this sort of Entente Cordial stuff—and up to this 'ere day I'm talkin' of there 'adn't been any trouble about who was goin' to land the thing. Well, it so 'appened that the Flight Commander boobed and sent two of these Poles up together on this day and so they went out to their kite, an old Tutor, as 'appy as larks.

"Well, they runs the engine up all right, waves the chocks away, and taxys out to the take-off place. We was watchin' them pretty close then and it would 'ave made you die wiv daughter if you'd 'ave seen what 'appened. The old Tutor's engine revved up for take-off as it should and then the tail come up and wallops up into the air and the old kite smacks over on to its back. Well, of course we didn't know what 'ad 'appened, so we goes over to the crash and finds these two Poles upside in the kite jabberin' to each other in Polish fit to beat the band.

"Some of the sprogs come up then and calms 'em down a bit so's we can 'ear the story. Well, what 'appened was that one of these Poles 'ad said 'I take off, yes,' and the other one 'ad told 'im what to do wiv 'isself. That of course made the first one very angry and 'e 'ad opened the throttle wiv a rush whilst the other one, bein' even more angrier, 'ad put on the parkin' brake. I remember one of 'em, Kolensky 'is name was, who come up to me and threatened to knock my block off 'cos I was laughin' so 'ard. I don't think the Flight Commander ever made that boob again—oh 'eres your relief, good night, sir."

In the van on the way back to the Flights, I remembered where I had seen Kolensky's name. He had just received the DFC for his part in a fighter sweep over France—small wonder he was never an instructor.—NEMO.

### Are You Lucky This Month?

You will have noticed that the back cover again bears a number. Holders of certain numbers, to be drawn for and announced later in D.R.O.'s, will be presented with free admission tickets to a series of cinema shows at this Camp. Watch for the announcement. You should read D.R.O.'s anyway!

### Acknowledgement

There are many contributors to the "Penhold Log" who, like most folk who work behind the scenes, receive little publicity or praise for what they do. Our friend, Sgt. Gapp, for example, spends hours preparing posters for us by hand, whilst Cpl. Money's cartoons are regularly enjoyed. There are very many others, both officers and airmen, who loyally contribute each month. The Editor and Staff of the "Log" wish to place on record their appreciation of this voluntary service.

## Information, Please

**I**N the last month's issue of the "Log," Good Conduct Badges were the subject of "Information, Please." Advice has been received from the Accounts Section to the effect that Good Conduct Badge pay is not admissible while we are on Canadian rates of pay, and it is with regret that we have to bring this information to your notice. However, we publish it lest you be disappointed on your return to Blighty to find that it has not been credited to your account.

**PROMOTION.** Promotion is perhaps the foremost consideration of every airman, but have you ever thought about the qualifications necessary for promotion? We all know that it is possible to be promoted either to fill a vacancy on the Unit establishment, or, from the Air Officer i/c Records, England, on a time basis. Let us deal with these two in the order of mention.

**Establishment.** Promotions to the rank of Corporal to fill an establishment vacancy rest entirely with the Commanding Officer, by way of Section Commanders and, provided that you are fit in every respect to fill the vacancy, you will be recommended to the Commanding Officer for promotion. Promotion above the rank of Corporal, on the recommendation of the Commanding Officer, is authorised by Ottawa, depending principally on whether or not there are other N.C.O.'s elsewhere in Canada surplus to establishment in the rank concerned.

**Time.** These promotions emanate from the Air Officer i/c Records, who is the authority for the promotion, but the final decision as to suitability and thereby whether the promotion is granted, deferred or not approved, rests entirely with the Commanding Officer, through Section Commanders.

**Qualifications.** The qualifications for promotion are laid down in King's Regulations and Air Council Instructions, and briefly are as follows:—

General ability to exercise authority, maintain discipline, and direct and supervise the work of others.

Knowledge of trade, appertaining to rank.

Knowledge of drill.

Self-reliance, initiative and resource, together with tact, firmness and judgment in dealing with men.

Active interest in Station Activities.

**CLEARANCE CERTIFICATES.** It is felt that although the time for your repatriation is still quite a number of weeks away, you would be well advised to become au fait with Clearance Certificates. We wouldn't have you miss the boat on account of a piece of paper; you know that.

Clearance Certificates, as the name implies, are instituted primarily to free you from any liabilities for equipment, publications, etc., after you have left the Unit. Secondly, their object is to obviate losses to the Service. At least that is the way we look upon them, although, no doubt, the Service would have it the other way round. It seems strange that when an airman thinks he has a chance of getting away early, he manages to clear himself within a morning. He has been known to do it in an hour.

As mentioned before, the last thing we want you to do is to miss the boat (only politicians are allowed to do that), so it's up to you to clear yourself in as short a time as possible. Don't think this applies only to those fortunates returning home. When you are posted to another Unit, you should get yourself cleared without delay, in order to help the Orderly Room Staff and thereby get away early to Calgary and keep your last date with "Flo" before exploring other fields.

## For Your Entertainment

**I**N the certain knowledge that this magazine travels far beyond the borders of this province of Alberta, and in many cases crosses the seas from Canada's shores, it would seem only natural to provide on this monthly page a short record of the performances to date, notes on the films played, and interesting details of the developments of this entertainment that has occupied so many of your "off-duty" hours—(will the duty armourer report immediately to No. 2 Hangar)—hours that should, of course, have been spent in answering those countless letters from "home." Such a record of past events would be easy to write, and yet it's not going to be written here.

Why not? Why not enlarge on the outstanding fact that each and every month in the past year has created its own new records—and they're not just the transcribed variety! Like any other Cinema, your movie theatre has its own "house" records, when, for unaccountable reasons, the attendance for a particular picture reaches a new high. August set a record figure for the average attendance per performance—September smashed that figure. October attendances were the highest for any month—November, at the time of writing, is leading all the way!

But what's the use. The enjoyment of a film is not measured by the box office receipts. Rather is it measured by that feeling of anticipation when about to see a film known to be of special interest, a feeling rewarded by a sense of satisfaction that the resultant "cine-play" possesses the simple, but unmistakable, touch of life. That feeling of anticipation and enjoyment cannot be built up by a curt recital of past events, but by turning to the future and discussing the finer points of the films you will see next week and next month.

Besides, even if you treasure the Log for its historical value as a background for future "line-shooting" on your return to the British Isles, the effect of listing films would be identical to reading a catalogue of last year's pictures, a poor form of entertainment at the best of times!

Right then—one point is clear. There will be no details of past events or past successes.

What does the future hold in store?

What Christmas programmes have been planned to brighten the dull routine of those remaining on the Station?

What record-breaking shows are scheduled for next month?

When does Betty Grable once more brighten our silver screen?

At this moment there is a pause. These apparently simple questions shall not be revealed, at least, not in this informative and instructive magazine. It isn't that censors have chopped these paragraphs out. No, nothing as dramatic as that! Really, it's all too simple. . . . You see, no films have been booked yet for the Christmas period!—P.J.G.

### STOP PRESS

Maybe the following pictures will be showing this month, and if so—don't miss them. Every programme is designed to give more than you expect!

December 17th—"A YANK AT ETON," Mickey Rooney, Edmund Gwenn.

December 19th—"THE GANG'S ALL HERE," Jack Buchanan, Edward Everett Horton, Otto Kruger and Syd Walker.

December 21st—"REAP THE WILD WIND," Ray Milland, Paulette Goddard.

December 24th—"FINGERS AT THE WINDOW," Lew Ayres, Laraine Day.

December 26th—"TORPEDO BOAT," Richard Arlen, Jean Parker.

December 29th—"CAIRO," Jeanette MacDonald, Robert Young.

December 31st—"THIS WAY, PLEASE," Ned Sparks, Fibber McGee and Molly.

## Christmas Day In The Cookhouse

By GERALD DEAN

SURE you won't come, Dean?" asked LAC Wigglesnoot. "We'll have a wizard time at Mrs. Welcome's." "Thanks, no," said Dean, "you toole along there, and I'll drop in to-night. I wouldn't miss Christmas Day in camp for anything—I was here last year—I know," and he turned over in his bed to watch his particular pal, Wigglesnoot, disappear from their hut, without a pang, then lay back on the bed, his eyes closed, and tried to recapture the events of that day—12 months ago.

About eleven o'clock he had got up, leisurely washed, shaved and climbed into his best blue, and wandered over to the Airmen's Mess, as his watch, his Christmas present to himself, showed a quarter to twelve. Dinner wasn't until twelve, but he didn't want to miss any fun, and the first there got the best seats.

He wasn't as early as he thought, a whole stream of similar eager figures were hurrying to the same place. There was old Lane of the Orderly Room, for example, beating it so fast that his head seemed to be in the Cookhouse and his tail in 304 Block; and young Waddelow, galloping up the road as if he were on the football field. As for Man Mountain Stevenson, he was lumbering along with his erstwhile opponent, LAC Evans, side by side for a change. Inside the mess was pandemonium, as crowds of eager lads sorted themselves out and took their places at the tables covered with white damask and tastefully laid—just like Lyon's Corner House, but with a difference—bottles of beer and every sort of soft drink lined the centres. Down the length of the mess were three large Christmas trees, ablaze with coloured lights and strings of tinsel, while decorations of all kinds festooned the walls and rafters.

Within a few minutes every seat was filled. The cooks, resplendent in tall caps and spotless aprons, were hurrying about in their holy of holies, from which the most delicious and nose-tantalizing vapours were emanating, and all waited, with what patience they could muster, the appearance of the waiters. The clock struck twelve, and in they came—half a hundred of them—officers and senior N.C.O.'s—laughing and shouting, their faces flushed with—er—cold, a legacy from the Officers' Mess from which they had just arrived, and lined up to receive their loads of Turkey, Goose, Ham, Christmas Pudding, and what have you, destined for the tummies of the hungry.

First in line came the C.O., closely followed by Sgt. Gapp, hair standing on end and his face hidden in a huge grin. He was greeted with vociferous shouts of "Wakie-Wakie," to his evident delight. Behind him stood Sgt. Lowe of "Hula-Hula" fame, with S/Ldr. George and F/Lt. Pape hot on his heels. Then came F/Lt. "Jumbo" Turnbull, Sgt. "Gopher" Parker, F/Sgt. "Scots" Turner, Sgt. "Two-Bits" McLeod, F/Sgt. Salt, F/O Walsh (any resemblance to P/O Prune, by the way, is purely coincidental), and, of course, Dashing Don, and all the rest. They wound round the mess like a snake's belly, or a



line of Conga Dancers. Around them all, pushing, jollyng and shoving, like a little tierrier, danced W/Cdr. Mill, to the accompaniment of shouts of "Good old Chiefy."

Boy, did those waiters work? Backwards and forwards they ran, through all three courses, until they nearly dropped from exhaustion or laughing. However, the best of meals must end sometimes, and this was no exception. Everyone fell silent, and the C.O. took up his place in the centre of the mess, lifted his glass, wished everyone a Happy Christmas, and called out the Cooks to thank them and drink their health. Then someone started, "He's a jolly good fellow," and Gerald found himself on his feet, singing as lustily as everyone else—"and so say all of us." Then came the cheering, and before it had died away everyone left their seats and rushed the officers and senior N.C.O.'s, waving their Menu Cards in their hands and going from one to another until the backs were covered with autographs, a souvenir of a happy and memorable day.

"Yes," said Gerald to himself, "I saw real Democracy in action that day. We may not yet have 'Peace on Earth,' but Thank God we still have 'Goodwill to men!'"

## Recognition

On Thursday, 26th November, the Station Cinema celebrated its first birthday at a showing of that splendid film, "Mrs. Miniver." The Commanding Officer, in a speech which was extraordinarily well received, expressed sincere appreciation of the untiring efforts of Squadron Leader George and his valuable assistants who give their time so freely. In replying, Squadron Leader George, on behalf of himself and assistants, said that the only reward they asked was a continuance of the support and appreciation which had been so consistent during the past year.

There is no doubt that our Station Cinema Shows must be experienced to be believed. They are certainly excellent.

\* \* \* \*

### STICK IT

If butter's short and bacon, too,  
And eggs are anything but new;  
If petrol's poor and far too price-y  
And cakes are anything but spicy  
New clothes are few and getting  
fewer

And beer's a ramp by every brewer,  
If money's short and work is harder  
To keep a morsel in the larder,  
If bills pile up and more are due  
There's not a darned thing you can  
do

—but STICK IT.

## TO CONTRIBUTORS

The Editor greatly appreciates the many contributions received for the "Log." Please continue to support the Magazine, and every effort will be made to include your particular contribution. It will be appreciated, though, that all copy cannot be included immediately. However, do not let this prevent you from sending in another contribution, for what does not appear this month may easily find a place in a later issue. Meanwhile, send in your effort to the Editor now!

## PHOTOGRAPHIC

Should any reader acquire photographs of special interest, pass them along to the Editor of the "Penhold Log" for publication. In this way you will be rendering the magazine considerable service.

Whilst on the subject of photographs, it would be appropriate to express thanks to Sgt. O'Neil, who has placed himself unreservedly at the disposal of the Editorial Staff of the "Log." His services are greatly appreciated.

## No. 4 Flight Formates

I AM very pleased to be able to satisfy public curiosity on the subject of that most intricate aerial manoeuvre, formation flying. Recently, I was privileged to fly with that master pilot, F/O Judder, when, with his intrepid colleagues, P/O Sawmill and P/O (Man-Mountain) Duster, he was engaged in teaching the rudiments of formation flying. Long experience has warned him against taking foolish and unnecessary chances, and he spent some time beforehand going over the details of the flight. I caught brief snatches of conversation . . .

" . . . weather conditions hardly suitable; visibility barely 15 miles."

" . . . besides, I don't think that No. 49 will climb to 10,000 feet."

" . . . let's abandon the whole thing—they all need solo, anyway."

But F/O Judder's iron will prevailed, and presently I was seated behind him while he lashed himself to the aircraft in a number of ingenious ways. His pupil had been hand-picked on account of his exceptional ability, and small size, which made him easy to handle in an emergency. (Judder confided to me that this was usually done with a shrewd blow from the axe handle.)

The take-off was delayed somewhat by P/O Sawmill, who was putting the final touches to his Will and Testament, but at length all was ready. Non-chalant signals pass between the pilots, and the three aircraft taxied out at exactly ten miles per hour and took off. Our aircraft took off in the second position, and it was not long before we again caught sight of the leading machine and slowly drew up into formation. Within ten minutes the third machine was in a corresponding position on the other side of the leader, though at times he was obscured by the limited visibility.

All this time, F/O Judder was talking rapidly, and I could see awe and respect in the eyes of the pupil as he listened; though I noticed that if he made a move to take control, the master brought him a sharp blow across the knuckles with his speaking tube. After a time the instructor displayed his superior skill by casting discretion to the winds and closing in to less than eight spans, holding formation with such accuracy that I was able to distinguish the number with the naked eye, and even count the personnel in the leading machine. So for a time we flirted with death, and I hope it does not reflect on my courage to admit that I was not unrelieved when he resumed his previous station, and watched the leader intently through a small telescope. He then handed over control to his pupil, and with his free hand got a firm grip on the axe.

Presently some signal from the leader set Judder into some agitation. He brushed the pupil from the controls, and peered at the formation with that air of hawk-like alertness which I have often seen demonstrated by Errol Flynn and his colleagues on the silver screen. For a few minutes now the air seemed to be full of aircraft, lashing to and fro in all directions. When the activity subsided, I realised that in this amazing manner we had changed formation and were now leading.

Now the extraordinary team-work of formation flying became apparent. By some magical means the aircraft seemed to be able to divine what the leader was about to do, within thirty seconds of his having started the manoeuvre. At first I considered some fourth-dimensional explanation of this, such as mental telepathy—but F/O Judder modestly assured me that it was all done by hand signals. He demonstrated to me how a turn to the right was signalled by drawing his hand in a leisurely manner across the top of the perspex. While doing so he gashed his knuckles on a protruding screw and his agitated motions set the formation turning confidently to the left. It was some minutes before we saw them again.

Presently F/O Judder, a stickler for accuracy, noticed that his pupil had

## Officers' Mess Gossip

SUITS, aircrew, for the use of—known to all but store bashers as battle dress—now brighten the Officers' Mess in working hours. Most will allow that it is an improvement on the leather patched and leather rimmed uniforms which some junior officers used to wear as a mark of their years of heavy service. Which leads us to report that we heard this deductive statement in Red Deer: "Oh, I knew he was English because he had leather patches on his elbows."

Battle dress has unexpected results on individual appearance. We thought we caught a glimpse of Mr. Churchill in his siren suit, but it proved to be only one of the more aged flight commanders. If we misjudged him by thirty years or so, we must add that, so far as the Boy Aces are concerned, battle dress should certainly be designated "Rompers, Aircrew." But our ultimate ambition is to see the noble figures of Maintenance Wing in shapely suits, ground crew.

A spate of postings produced a spate of parties. One in honour of a Link King produced a three-hour dissertation on the virtues of Conservatism . . . it was too much for the Irish opposition which completely demolished a table at the height of its indignation . . . the Mess Committee is advised to buy more substantial soap boxes. Many walls were stripped of prize displays of beauty when the postings came through, including Satrap's which was glorified in verse in the last Penhold Log. Stories are now circulating that the Penhold-conditioned stomach can't take it at a fighter school. Postings also reduced the over-crowding at the top of the table tennis ladder . . . and increased the boastings of ping-pong players.

We heard that an Orderly Officer did his rounds on skis one night last month. Line! Which reminds us of a story, a dialogue between a sentry and a Voice in the Dark, and attributed to a West Coast station.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Enemy."

"What did you say?"

"ENEMY."

"Oh . . . just a moment and I'll fetch the Flight Sergeant."

We also heard a Very Senior Officer asking a living-out husband, "Have you come up here for a square meal?" . . . and the same V.S.O. admitting, "I'm afraid I'm way back on my gen about Gremlins."

Everyone agreed that the November Mess Dance was an excellent show. The wining and dining arrangements won general applause . . . the groaning board was the billiard table resplendant with a boar's head . . . honest beer drinkers were at least partially segregated from the cocktail addicts, to the mental satisfaction of both parties . . . and, as usual, at least one of the Conga Kings drifted ultimately into the band.—T.T.

### No. 4 FLIGHT FORMATES (Continued)

varied height by 50 feet and began to upbraid him severely. Unfortunately, the gestures which accompanied his outburst were mistaken for a signal to break formation. Accordingly P/O Duster on our right put his machine into a spin, from which he recovered many thousand feet below; P/O Sawmill pulled the nose up vertically, stall-turned, and disappeared below in a screaming dive; F/O Judder, looking very relieved, performed a double-barrel roll, before plunging vertically earthwards. "Thank Heaven that formation is finished," I heard him bellow. "Very dangerous . . . ver-r-r-ry dangerous."  
—JAYS.

## Christmas Dinner in Victorian England

Being an extract from "A Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens. Here one feels the very soul of Britain's greatness—the sanctity of family life and the domestic hearth, the preservation of Christianity and Individualism.

BOB, turning up his cuffs—as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round, and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds, a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course—and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot, Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor, Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce, Martha dusted the hot plates, Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table, the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and, mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast, but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witness—to take the pudding up, and bring it in. Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning it out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half a quarter of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top. Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly, too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that, now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought

## Y. M. C. A. Notes

**C**HRISTMAS, of all times of the year, is the time to spend by one's own fireside and with one's family. There is no denying that, and it would be foolish for me to try to rationalise and try to prove to you that this is to be your happiest Christmas ever. However, there is nothing to be gained by moaning over the inevitable, so let's see what we can make of a "Second Best" Christmas.

For those who are able to get leave at Christmas time, and who wish to spend this time in private homes, we shall have an invitation service operating. Last Christmas many men were invited into homes and had a very enjoyable time as guests of people in Central and Northern Alberta. The twenty-five who went to Jasper were the envy of the camp, and reported a wonderful holiday in the mountains. Others, who preferred a holiday in the city, enjoyed themselves in Edmonton. Still others were the guests of farmers, and experienced a country Christmas. There is something to be said for all of these. This year the same service will be offered to place men who have not yet made contacts, and to see that those who wish to spend their leave in private homes are enabled to do so.

Christmas joys are, of course, more for youngsters than grown-ups. But those who are invited out this year may get their share of fun by helping the family decorate the Christmas tree, and then on Christmas morning watching the busy, happy children as they open their presents. Who knows, you may even play Santa Claus?

For those who remain on the camp there is sure to be suitable entertainment. There will be Y.M.C.A. pictures on Christmas Day and New Year's Day. The title of these will be announced later. In the Canteen there will be Christmas specials during the week. Christmas decorations will give a holiday touch to the Recreation buildings.

My Christmas wish to you is that you will have the Merriest Christmas possible, and that before another Yuletide rolls round you will be enjoying Victory and Peace at home with your loved ones.—A. ALLEN.

### CHRISTMAS DINNER IN VICTORIAN ENGLAND

(Continued)

it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one, and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass—two tumblers and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done, and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

## Christmas With "D" Flight

THE Course had finished on the 14th of December, a week ahead of time, and on the last afternoon of flying the "D" Flight instructors were feeling justly proud of their fine achievement. As ever, we were gathered in F/Lt. Longhopp's office, happy in the knowledge that there was two hours' Instrument Flying entered in every instructor's log book for the month of December. F/Sgt. Leggbuy—his promotion had come through a week before—was fast asleep on the floor with a parachute for a pillow. Longhopp and myself were discussing the relative merits of being married to Lana Turner or Rita Hayworth. Yorker and Psmith, who was now a substantive F/O, were idly rolling poker dice and thinking perhaps of a few days' leave.

"Three kings and two nines," announced Yorker. "Beat that!"

Psmith picked up the dice, but before he could roll them a knock came on the door, and the pupil Squad Commander came in.

"Sir," he said, "the pupils have organised a Christmas party for this evening at eight o'clock, and they would like the instructors to come. We've got a Christmas tree, too!"

"Thank you, Parker," replied F/Lt. Longhopp. "We would be delighted."

Thus, at 19.55 hours the staff of "D" Flight departed in best blue to its first Christmas party of the season. We were received very cordially by the pupils, and the celebrations began.

As the evening wore on, I could see that the party was a great success. Everyone was very happy, and the assembly had split into three little groups. In the first I could see Flying Officers Yorker and Psmith in the middle of a little knot of pupils. All were seated on the floor, and I could only make a shrewd guess at what was happening. In another, I could see F Sgt. Leggbuy holding forth passionately to five or six lads. Leggbuy had been on Ops, but I didn't think he talked about it. I leaned nearer to listen.

"What you chaps want to do is to get lots of sleep. Rest as much as you can. Don't work any harder . . . ."

My eyes wandered to the last and largest group. In the centre was F/Lt. Longhopp. I could see that he was shooting a colossal line. His arms were going like windmill sails in March, and I caught the words—

". . . . There I was at ten thousand feet at night with no artificial horizon . . . ."

And so the time passed pleasantly enough.

At about 0200 hours, LAC Parker got up, called for silence, and drew our attention to the Christmas tree.

"We have on this tree some presents for the instructors who, you will agree, have worked hard to get us through the Course," he explained. "I'm going to give them out now."

He took down the gifts and presented them, one by one, to the instructors amid riotous cheering. At the end, there was one over.

"This is for the Flight as a whole," said LAC Parker. "I am sure that it will prove invaluable to you."

He handed the package to F/Lt. Longhopp, who opened it to find an enormous pen knife inside.

"It has been said that the "D" Flight timekeeper wields the sharpest pencil on the station," said Parker by way of explanation. "We hope that this pen knife will help him to continue to do so in the future."—SATRAP.

## Sergeants' Mess Gossip

**I**NIITIATION into the Sergeants' Mess in peace-time was perhaps the greatest step in an airman's career. Not so now. Today, no sooner is an airman promoted corporal than he finds himself on the top line for his third hook. Is the Mess of to-day better or worse than that of yesterday? This debatable question cannot be answered in a few words, but this much is true: it should be the aim of every member to make his Mess his home-from-home, at the same time regarding his fellow members as his equals while in the Mess, acknowledging their rights and adapting himself to conform with the general rules and etiquette of the Sergeants' Mess.

We were privileged to entertain the "Canadian Corps Capers" Concert Party in the Mess on Sunday, 1st November, both before and after the show. Quite a number of impromptu turns were done by members and players of the party. Altogether, it was a thoroughly enjoyable evening. We are happy to record that a letter has been received from the Concert Party expressing their great appreciation of the reception accorded them, both at the Concert and in the Mess, hoping that the time will not be far distant when they will be able to return to give another show to this Station.

Recent additional furnishings to the Mess, such as arm chairs, carpets and a new fireplace, have greatly enhanced the appearance of the Mess and have improved the general atmosphere to the extent of making it more home-like.

Did you hear about our new member? The Station Warrant Officer took him under his wing in the hope of making him a really creditable member, and named him Sabu Jr. He is a little pup, and we only wish that his guardian were as quiet and docile. Unfortunately, Sabu Jr. is too young to learn the etiquette of the Mess, and has been asked to resign lest he make our Mess too much of one.

The Corporals were our guests on the evening of Friday, 30th October, and a quintet of the Station Dance Band was in attendance. They seemed to have a good time and were aglow with high spirits when the time came to leave. Our only regret was that so few attended. To the Corporals who came we say "Bring all your oppos next time you come!"

We held our monthly dance on Friday, 13th November. The entertainments committee picked on a date which, despite the fact that it is usually regarded as unlucky, was quite the most suitable—PAY DAY. We were honoured by the presence of the Commanding Officer, Chief Instructor, Chief Technical Officer and Senior Administrative Officer. A very enjoyable evening was spent by all—there was quite a deal of cash spent, too. The engagement of the illustrious Sgt. "Two-Bits" McLeod was announced at the dance by the President of the Mess, and boy, was "Two-Bits" neck-red. In response to W/O Wilson's announcement, "Two-Bits" asserted that Mr. Wilson had already said too much, and that he himself refrained from comment.

That seems to be about all for this time, but may we take this opportunity of wishing our members and all personnel on the Station a really bumper Christmas and good luck in the New Year.

## The Padre's Notes

# What Is Christmas?

IT is a mass of different kinds of things. It is a conglomeration. In the course of the years a multitude of customs have gathered round the festival until now we are in danger of mistaking the incidental for the essential. To one person, Christmas is a welcome break in the monotonous routine of life. It means at least two days' holiday for the average man in business. With what relief does he slam his books or throw down his tools on Christmas Eve and, with what unaccustomed prancing does he make his way homewards! Picture him on Christmas Day. In the morning there is an extra lie in bed, with no need to rush off to work. Then comes the great feast, and when it is over a couple of hours dosing in an easy chair by the fireside, if his kiddies will let him. After tea he really wakes up, and with his tissue paper hat on his head and a whistle between his lips, he becomes a child again. He will perform antics which he would be ashamed of going through on any other day of the year. He surprises himself, and his wife and children look on wonderingly and amazed until after a time they are assured that he is alright. Christmas! A time for a good feed and light-hearted gaiety; both very desirable and laudable.

To another it is a time for making a bit more money. This view of the festival is not confined to adults. It starts with children as early as November, but the great days for collecting the shekels are Christmas Eve and Christmas Day. Think of the wearied wage-earner by his fireside on Christmas Eve. He has just settled himself down once more into a comfortable position. He puts his feet on the mantelpiece and, since it's Christmas, his wife withholds the usual rebuke. Then, once more, he hears the familiar strains of "While Shepherds Watched." At first he tries to ignore it, but soon the singing is followed by persistent knocking and he must do something about it. So, with laboured action and with one hand feeling for a copper, he goes to the door. There he finds two or three keen-eyed and very pious-looking boys. But at once his suspicions are aroused and he raps out, "Haven't you been before?" The answer comes unhesitatingly and with all the innocence that good boys are capable of, "No, sir; it must have been somebody else." Not wishing to exert himself, he takes out his last copper and gives it to them. With a quick "Thank you" and "A merry Christmas" they hurry away to the next house as though time were a very precious thing indeed. Young financial hopefuls!

Christmas, however, can never be the real thing without the singing of the old hymns and carols. Thus it is that we find people who never think of religion at any other part of the year singing the great affirmations of the Church about the love of God and His Son, Jesus Christ. But it isn't the words that count with these people. It's the voice and the music. Though they don't understand, they sing lustily and enjoy it. There is a limerick which must have been composed especially for these folk:

There were two little birds in a wood  
Which sang hymns whenever they could.  
What they actually meant  
They never had dreamt,  
But they felt they were doing them good.

There is yet another class of people who hold that Christmas means being kind—more kind than usual. However mean we may be during the rest of the year, we all try to be generous at Christmas. There is no doubt that this

comes very near to the heart of the matter. There is a story in Bishop Creighton's biography of a child who had to write an essay on a cat, and described it as follows: "The cat is a square quadruped, and as is customary with square quadrupeds, has its legs at the four corners. If you want to please this animal, you must stroke it on the back. If it is much pleased, it sets up its tail quite stiff, like a ruler, so that your hand cannot go any further. The cat is said to have nine lives, but in this country it seldom needs them all because of Christianity." That child was not only observant of natural phenomena, but she was discerning enough to have hit upon one of the leading principles of our religion, the principle of kindness. But that is not all there is to it by a long way. Christianity doesn't mean just "being kind to granny and the cat." Giving substance to this virtue and filling it out there is a great historic and theological fact. It can be put most beautifully and simply in the words of one of our loveliest Christmas hymns:

"Love came down at Christmas,  
Love all-lovely, love divine."

Back of all our love and generosity there is the love and mercy of God. If we accept that fundamental fact of our religion, then all our living takes on a new meaning and direction. In one of Thomas Hardy's novels, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," there is a well-known conversation between Tess and another character. "Did you say, Tess, that the stars are worlds?" "Yes." "And on which kind do we live—a splendid one or a blighted one?" "A blighted one," was the reply. It can't be a blighted world if the fact at the heart of the Christian Christmas is true. If God came down to earth in love on that first Christmas, how can it be a world which is blighted?

"It isn't the lights in the windows,  
It isn't the shining tree,  
Or the children rapt and waiting,  
Brings Christmas to you and me.  
It's the marvellous self-forgetting,  
It's the thoughts we are sending far,  
It's our hearts aglow, uplifted,  
It's a wonderful guiding star."

## Thought for the Month

"The best score hasn't been made yet,  
The best song hasn't been sung,  
The best tune hasn't been played yet,  
Cheer up, for the world is young."

## Services in the Chapel

09.00 hours. Holy Communion.

10.00 hours. Parade Service.

10.40 hours. Holy Communion (alternate Sundays).

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## THE TOAST

(From the London "Daily Sketch")

No one ever sings her praise  
She's seldom in the news  
And much more rarely she inspires  
My very humble muse.

She's Chancellor and business head  
She's nurse and diplomat,  
The family health is maintained by  
Her commissariat.

So let's sing of the woman,  
Hub of the nation's life.  
Unpublicised, unadvertised . . .  
The ordinary wife.

She's oil for troubled water,  
She's peace in time of strife;  
So, gentlemen, your hats off to  
The lady who's your wife.—A.R.T.



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