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Second Anniversary

PRICE
10 CENTS

THE PENHOLD

LOG

CANADA

ALBERTA

S.F.T.S

YEAR MONTH DAY

PILOT

2nd PILOT

DUTY

GRAND TOTAL

J.W. ROUGHTON

36

Red Deer and District Archives

VOLUME IV
AUGUST



NUMBER 2
1943

65.10.3

Second Anniversary Greetings

This month of August, 1943, has seen the Second Anniversary of the arrival of the Royal Air Force at Penhold.

Many of those who "settled" here with the first draft, two years ago, have since "packed up their troubles" and set off on the long, long trail that winds across the lonesome prairies to the Maritimes, the boat and home; but before they went back they had established and built up a splendid tradition of good workmanship and good-fellowship that is a great heritage and a source of justifiable pride to No. 36 S.F.T.S. They earned for the R.A.F. Station, Penhold, an enviable reputation for keenness, efficiency and fine sportsmanship.

It is fitting that, upon the occasion of the issue of a number of the Penhold Log which celebrates this Second Anniversary, a tribute should be paid to those who laid such good foundations for our unit.

Salute to them!

We who have come after them are grateful indeed, but it is not enough to be grateful only, we must show our true appreciation and gratitude by deeds that are worthy; deeds that we shall be proud to record in these pages of our Log.

Let us bend our will and apply all our energies to our honourable duty of preserving the good name of the R.A.F. at Penhold and of doing everything in our power to enhance its high reputation. Only thus will honour be satisfied. We must not be satisfied with less.

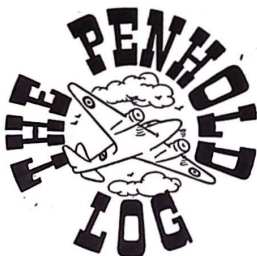
H. J. PRINGLE, A.F.C.

GROUP CAPTAIN

COMMANDING OFFICER

No. 36, S.F.T.S.

VOLUME IV
AUGUST



NUMBER 2
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Published by kind permission of Group Captain H. J. Pringle, A.F.C.
Commanding Officer No. 36, S.F.T.S., Penhold.



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Editorial

TWO YEARS AGO the Royal Air Force commenced flying at Penhold airport. As all newly-built stations must necessarily be, Penhold seemed raw and rather bleak in August, 1941. Since then the combined efforts of men of all ranks have made Penhold not only an efficient Station, but a pleasant camp to live on. Throughout these two years we have enjoyed the ready friendship and generous hospitality of our Canadian neighbours in the towns and villages and farms around us. They have been part of the life of Penhold, and their warm-hearted welcome has constantly helped us in our work.

This issue of the Penhold Log is devoted largely to reminiscence. We hope it may not only interest the station "old-timers," but also serve to give those who have arrived more recently some idea of the growth and history of No. 36 S.F.T.S.

PENHOLD SIXTY YEARS AGO

THE FIRST white people to settle in the Penhold locality trekked up from Calgary in the spring of 1884. Following the old Indian trail, they brought their families and possessions with them on horse-drawn carts and wagons. Among them was the Stewart family, who set up a homestead on the rising ground just west of the airport. Mr. Norman Stewart, who was then a boy, still lives in Penhold.

He remembers the Penhold region as virgin prairie, with the grass growing shoulder high. The dwindling herds of buffalo had only recently vanished from the area, for these early settlers found many skeletons of buffalo in the district. The prairie was still interlaced with the old buffalo trails leading to watering places and "wallows"—swamps where the buffalo rolled in the mud in summer to protect themselves from flies.

The land was much wetter then, and in places the grass grew so luxuriantly that a man on horseback was hidden by it. Tremendous prairie fires often raged in summer when the grass was dry. Intensive cultivation has made the land much drier and the grass far less abundant.

Indians still roamed the trails. The year after the Stewarts settled here, the second Indian rebellion broke out, and the women and children were sent back to Calgary for safety until the scare died down. Though there were not many Indians in the locality, families were sometimes seen on the move, with property and papooses secured to a rudimentary framework of poles which was dragged along behind a horse.

The early settlers had occasional Indian visitors at their homesteads. One brave spent an hour sitting on the Stewart's kitchen floor smoking his pipe, and then went on his way. Conversation was nil, for neither knew the other's language. Unlike the Indians of today, the Indians of the 1890's wore their native clothing—usually a blanket. Occasionally a settler made a good deal with them. One homesteader secured five Indian ponies for 30 dollars.

Life in those early years was hard, but the good neighbour spirit of the pioneers was then at its best. The Stewart family lived in tents during their first summer, and made use of a deserted log cabin built by Catholic missionaries close to the Calgary trail just above the airport.

When it came to building a dwelling for the winter, all the neighbours turned out and in one day hewed and shaped the necessary timber, taking it from the woods by the river. Later the neighbours again got together and built a log cabin, roofing it with a network of poles, mud and grass. One of the buildings erected in these first years still stands on the farm west of the airport.

The town of Penhold grew up after the railroad from Calgary was laid in 1890. The railroad station, the first grain elevator, the old hotel and livery stables were all built in the early 1900's. By that time the population of the town had grown to about 150, and it has remained much the same ever since.

Penhold acquired its name in somewhat unromantic fashion from the railroad engineers, who gave each of the stopping points on the line the name of a town in Scotland. Red Deer was an exception, taking its name from the Indian "Waskasoo Cee-pee," which means Red Deer River.

Penhold Under Construction

RUNWAYS for use in emergency by aircraft of Trans-Canada Airways were built at Penhold as early as 1939. The land on which 36 S.F.T.S. is now built was bought from three local farmers. The aerodrome was originally mainly under crops, as the first instructors, who found a fair harvest of oats outside the crew room windows, may recollect. From parts of the aerodrome large areas of bush had to be cleared.

The living quarters of the camp were built mainly on pasture, though the station hospital stands on a filled-in slough. This was the last of the original buildings to be completed. The first building to be occupied was the present Sergeants' Mess, which housed the security guard. The guards took up duty in November, 1940, and throughout that winter depended on rudimentary stoves for heating. Steam heating installations were not completed till the summer of 1941.

Construction of the air Station began in the fall of 1940. F/Sgt. Heywood, of Works and Buildings, claims not only to be the original Penhold airport old-timer, but the oldest man in uniform on the camp to-day. He is 60 years old, and came originally from Keswick, Cumberland, settling in Red Deer in 1920. He was engaged in the construction of the camp from September, 1940, and can tell many stories of the early days.

The winter of 1940-41 was cold. Drains and water mains were laid in temperatures of 35 "below." Thousands of tons of gravel had to be thawed out for the making of concrete for the hangars. Gravel was tipped onto dumps which were constantly heated by a system of underlying hot pipes. Water for mixing the concrete had to be pre-heated. Concrete was mixed in the present drill hall, carried to hangars in covered trucks, and laid there, with the warmth of many braziers to prevent it freezing before it set. Owing to the fumes in the hangars, many of the workmen were unable to work for more than short periods there. Often snow had to be swept from the roofs of unfinished buildings before the wooden shingles—or tiles—could be laid.

In spite of many difficulties, the bulk of the building was completed in six winter months. The work was carried out by an Edmonton construction company employing about 700 men, most of whom lived in a temporary camp just outside the station boundary opposite the present Supply Depot. From May to August, 1941, the station was used by the R.C.A.F. as a Manning Pool.

The climate played a few distressing tricks. When the present sergeants' quarters were nearly completed, a sudden gale sprang up and flattened three blocks—just as the new wing of the officers' quarters was blown down this year.

In June, 1941, a cloudburst struck the camp soon after the main petrol tanks had been laid. The pits had not been filled, and the tanks floated out on the flood. A hangar which was used as a clearance centre for the Manning Pool, was flooded with a foot of water on the floor. Here were stored the civilian clothes of newly-enlisted men. They had been neatly bundled in piles on the floor. Thanks to the flood, the adjoining tarmac was soon a riot of colour as the shirts of many fancies floated out of the hangar doors on the rising tide. Bedding stored there took weeks to dry.

Construction of the aerodrome was largely a routine job, interrupted only by the habit of stray aircraft-in-distress landing on the inviting white surface of the foundations of the runways. Bull-dozer crews are said to have become expert in the subsequent removal of such obstacles to the work in hand.

Few now will remember the early glory of the Control Tower. Originally the summit was one floor lower. After the R.A.F. had taken over, it was found that the Duty Pilot was insufficiently exalted to have an unimpeded view of the misdemeanours being committed at the end of the furthest runways. Whereupon a new Duty Pilot's office was built inside the top floor and then jacked up through the roof. This was the sort of ingenuity that has made "Works and Bricks" famous throughout Canada. They are, indeed, the literal builders of the Commonwealth Air Training Plan.

Two Years' Weather

IT SNOWED in September, 1941, just to show what was possible. The first draft quickly learned, also, that it had snowed in the middle of June that summer! But Alberta justified its reputation for sunshine in the first few months.

The autumn—which we learned to call the “fall”—of 1941 was a true Indian summer. For two months there was almost unbroken sunshine. Day after day there were magnificent sunrises and sunsets which made coloured postcards look drab. For flying the weather was perfect, utterly calm and clear. The freeze-up started in before the first snow fell, and for a few weeks there was excellent skating on natural ice.

Everyone told us that the winter of 1941-42 was exceptionally mild, with light snowfalls and little extreme cold. Only twice did the temperature drop to the region of “30 below,” and then only for a few days. Sunny days at zero to “10 above” were more common, and this sort of weather was invigorating rather than uncomfortable.

The rot set in with the spring of 1942, which was wet, and was followed by a cold wet summer which compelled frequent changes from khaki to blue and back again. Many parts of Canada have for years been threatened by drought. But 1942 brought rain throughout the Dominion and the largest grain crop in Canada's history.

After one of the mildest winters on record, there followed one of the worst, said by many to have been the worst since 1906-7. The snowfall was exceptionally heavy for this region, starting so early that many fields of grain had to be left in stook, to be threshed in the spring. The first blizzard was early in November, and there were others every month afterwards until the spring. The snow ploughs and rollers were constantly at work for six months keeping the aerodrome serviceable. On one occasion the drifts on the Innisfail road were so deep that the “snow-blower” buried itself or so they say!

The coldest snap was in January, when it dropped to an official “49 below” in Red Deer and Penhold, and an unofficial “64 below” according to a Red Deer milkman. Our Canadian Met. man was heard to whisper: “Don't tell anybody, but I've never seen it 50 below myself.” This cold snap swept in behind a warm Chinook wind which had raised the temperature to 44 above. In three days there was a drop of 68 degrees. The official Red Deer temperatures published in the Red Deer Advocate were:

| | Max. | Min. | | Max. | Min. |
|---------|------|------|---------|------|------|
| Jan. 13 | 44 | 10 | Jan. 20 | -30 | -40 |
| 14 | 32 | 25 | 21 | -24 | -49 |
| 15 | -7 | -8 | 22 | -22 | -33 |
| 16 | -14 | -24 | 23 | -27 | -45 |
| 17 | -9 | -35 | 24 | -13 | -42 |
| 18 | -17 | -26 | 25 | 0 | -25 |
| 19 | -22 | -30 | | | |

The highest temperature for ten days was “7 below.” According to the Met. man again, “about ten days is the usual length of a good cold spell”.

The spring break-up in 1943 caused the Red Deer River to rise about 20 feet in a few hours, due to an ice jam a few miles down river from Red Deer. There were serious floods in and around the town, with a tangled mass of packed ice filling the river bed up to the level of the bridges.

Early summer—which was late this year, even for Canada—was miserable, compelling the Met. man to make another of his periodic deductions from past weather: “I'm coming to the conclusion that June is always wet.” An English comment was: “If this place is drought-ridden, Manchester must be the dust bowl of the universe.”

From a pilot's viewpoint, Canadian weather has a few oddities not encountered in Britain. There are the “dust devils” of early summer—minor

The Aircraft Arrive

THE first aircraft to arrive at Penhold in 1941 were flown right across the continent from the east coast by the original staff of instructors. Pilots were rounded up at the boat and taken to an east coast air base to collect the aircraft which were being assembled after shipment from England.

The initial enthusiasm was slightly dampened by the discovery that there were no test pilots. The aircraft were to be test flown by the instructors concerned—and there were horrid rumours that the assembly gangs were working with bicycle spanners and without blue prints or handbooks. Whatever they worked with, they did a good job, and all the aircraft held together, though one of the instructors who is still at Penhold can tell a lurid tale of a take-off with the tail trim working in reverse and no air speed.

Navigation was by map-reading. No fancy beams for us. The first half of the trip was over the vast stretch of forest which reaches from the coast to the prairies. Here the orders were: "Keep within gliding distance of a railway. If forced to land, prang it on the track, and catch the first train." The only snag was that on long sections of the route the line ran through deep cuttings blasted out of the rock.

Little hope was held out for anyone who might "forced-land" in the bush. To meet such a chance, each pilot carried a camping outfit, including fishing rods, shot guns, ammunition and hunting knives. The only forced landing was carried out on the Saskatchewan prairie—a successful landing until the pilot climbed out and put his foot through the wing. He was accorded a civic reception by the mayor of the local village, the school children were given a half holiday, a dance was arranged in his honour, and he was teamed up with the most ravishing local ladies as dance partners, after having been thoroughly wine-d and dined by the city fathers.

The aircraft were ferried in formation, usually in small groups. The largest formation left Winnipeg twenty strong. Making stops at Regina and Calgary, fourteen arrived together at Penhold, which some would say is not bad serviceability.

Stopping points could be assessed for popularity in terms of delays and snags encountered. Troubles, and the time to correct them, were considerable at Montreal and Kapuskasing. The delights of Montreal were obvious and well-known, and Kapuskasing, an Ontario pulp and paper town, though less well known, proved to be a ferry pilot's dream of the Canadian welcome.

All across the Dominion much newspaper copy was devoted to the records and sayings—and the pictures—of the ferry pilot instructors from the "old country." Proudest of all was the instructor who persuaded the Winnipeg Tribune to quote him as saying, "I think your policemen are wonderful."

whirlwinds which sometimes carry dust and debris in a twisting column up to a thousand feet or more. One pilot reported encountering "half a hay stack" at 1500 feet. Another, who ventured to fly through a "dust devil," was twisted 60 degrees off heading. In the dry autumn of 1941 severe dust storms at times blanketed the aerodrome with a driving cloud of dust 50 to 100 feet thick.

Forest fires, far north of Edmonton, reduced visibility to a few miles in the summer of 1942. The smoke pall was said to stretch right down into California. On some summer mornings around dawn the smell of burning pine was a vivid indication of the huge fires many hundreds of miles to the north.

The Station old timers claim to be experts in assessing the weather prospects. One flight commander has become so skilled in judging the time of arrival of bad weather that the Met. man's fronts and occlusions are now popularly known as "Sewell's clamps."

The Link Section

NO. 36 S.F.T.S. began life at Penhold with two aeroplanes and two Link trainers. Newly arrived instructors were discouraged from seeking refresher flying, but they were invited—to put it mildly—to visit “Oakley Annexe,” which, in those days was tucked away at the back of a hangar, and where a 24 hours’ service was in operation. Immediate introduction to F/Lt. Oakley was part of the routine in greeting new flying instructors, who were quickly incorporated into the more improbable hours of the day and night Link service.

The more considerate of these press-ganged Link instructors diverted their pupils with late night dance music as a background to the beam—a precedent which we believe has failed to catch on. The more unfortunate pupils on the 3 a.m. shift were known to steer one course until such time as the “crab” climbed clumsily over the head of an instructor who had found the desk the next best thing to a pillow. The brighter pupils never disturbed an instructor’s dreams by abrupt requests for Q.D.M.’s, but bided their time until it was safe to climb quietly out and steal away.

Oakley Annexe boasted among its charms a neighbouring set of hangar doors which caused compass deviations of up to 30 degrees when opened or closed. “Please, sir, I think they were opening and closing the hangar doors,” is now invalid as an excuse for eccentric behaviour of the “crab.”

The modern Oakley Castle is no longer troubled by hangar doors, nor by flying instructors who are sorry, but they will be at Sylvan Lake at 2 a.m. But there is still the chance that another crab may become inextricably fouled by a regular Link instructor’s moustache—for it happened once that a heavily whiskered instructor had to be hastily cut free from the devilish mass of gears with the nearest available penknife. The horrid results of that major amputation we understand have at last been outgrown.

Sighted Skunk, Shot Same

IGNORANCE of the peculiar characteristics of Canadian fauna marked one of the earliest Penhold hunting expeditions—and made it a news story in every Alberta paper. For to the wary English, on their guard against the wild Western tall story, a skunk was just another legend. They knew it was prized for its fur, but hardly believed it was in the habit of swapping ends when surprised, and defending itself with a spray gun mounted aft.

The first C.I. at Penhold, W/C Leggate, determined to shoot a skunk and send the fur home to his wife. Beating through the bush west of Innisfail one day, with S/L Kirsten, the C.I. swore he had seen a skunk. S/L Kirsten, too, saw an animal moving through the undergrowth, but thought it was a cat. He shot it. It was a skunk, most definitely a skunk.

W/C Leggate, undeterred by a mere odour, went on to investigate, rolled the corpse over with his foot. After all, he was wearing rubber boots loaned by a friendly Canadian. It was a magnificent specimen with a superb coat. Too bad to waste the chance of sending a skunk fur to his wife: so he picked it up by the tail and hung it on the nearest fence—to air.

It was not long before the residents of the officers’ quarters began to feel that W/C Leggate should hang himself on a fence—to air. The friendly Canadian got his rubber boots back—he smelled them arrive on his doorstep at dead of night. We do not believe that Mrs. Leggate got her fur.

CORPORALS' CLUB

TO THE UNINITIATED who wonder what goes on behind the scenes in the Corporals' Club, it may be explained that the chief pastime is a nightly competition to find the largest consumer; the present record being held jointly by "Ken" and "Tich", with close runners-up in "Benny" and "Brian." Conversation is with "hangar doors open." The Club is not patronised as much as it should be considering the large number of junior N.C.O.'s on the Station, but on Wednesday nights a considerable number of one-night-a-weekers may be seen (and heard) getting in trim for the dance to follow. Not every night, however, is devoted to such conviviality, for towards pay day it is not an uncommon sight to see some of the oldest inhabitants playing chess with real Capablanca expressions, while billiards, snooker and darts attract others. On these nights round about the 12th and 25th of the month, a welcome visitor is the Orderly Dog, to whom we most anxiously introduce the inner sanctum—with bags of hope in a certain direction.

And now to business. Just lately, activities have gone by the board due to the large number of repatriates, but with the influx of so many new arrivals the Club should once again become active. It is hoped to organize games among ourselves, and to entertain the senior N.C.O.s to games—cum—social evenings in due course.

If you have not already made contact with the Club, do so as soon as you can—you will find some of the older members receiving you with open arms, and the initial cost of introduction is small, say 7 cents per capita. You should support the Club, for, with its own billiard table, radio, games and furnishings for relaxation, it offers a welcome change from barrack room life.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to "Benny" on acquiring his "third," which means his gain and the canteen's loss! We hear that a certain corporal "came out of the clouds" at the Lake in an endeavour to locate his pyjamas during a recent storm!—S.S.



BOWDEN STATION SPORTS
F/Lt. Morris, Captain of the Penhold All Stars team, receives the
Championship Trophy won by Penhold.

Flaps From Flying Wing

WHY not spend your 48's in the Flying Wing National Park? For capable guides, contact Pathfinders Inc. in No. 2 Hangar. Personally conducted tours. See the Park that has everything. Spend an hour in the Palace of Engineering. Hear Radio Penhold—"The Downcast Voice of the Great Beyond."

Coach tours to the Signals Area (see the ever-changing signs).

Daily flights to the Meteor-illogical Section (Courtesy, Penhold Airlines Inc.) See the weather in the making!

Emerge from the primeval forests of the Park to find before you the massive pile of the Flying Wing Liquor Control building. Read its impressive motto, "To hell with the pause that refreshes" and its working policy—leave liquor alone (with us) lest you lose your license, pilot's!

See the fox holes built by the nervous airman who heard an instructor say to a pupil, "Get the Control Tower."

* * * * *

Intrigued by the account of the Flying Wing National Park and its historic Castle, we sent our roving reporter on a visit to this delectable spot. He was not as impressed as he might have been.

The first dungeon in the Castle to which he was shown was obviously the torture chamber. It was large, but low-ceilinged, and he had difficulty in making his way about. Masses of piping, grids, and contraptions labelled "Drip Tap" formed part of a torture apparatus centuries ahead of anything developed by the Gestapo.

To our mildly remonstrative suggestion that the torture machine might have been only the central heating apparatus, our reporter replied that anything might happen these days, but he, personally, didn't see the point of centrally-heating a room filled with central heating apparatus.

It was night when our reporter climbed the long crooked stairs of the belfry. A bat flew in his face, and the duty pilot swore at him quietly and insistently. But he found the object of his search—the room in which King Charles once slept. The old boy, who was a poor type, was Officer i/c Night Flying at the time, and was later reduced to A/P/O.

By the time our reporter had ascended and descended the belfry, many hours had passed, and by morning he found himself in the dungeons again. Between the dungeons were sliding wooden trap doors. Intrigued, our reporter tapped on one of these. It opened, and a cup of tea was pushed through. Feeling that a spot of breakfast might be forthcoming, he tapped the trap door again, but this time only the irate face of the wing adjutant appeared, and he gave up in disgust.

* * * * *

The wing adjutant, when faced by a battery of flight commanders (who were already sitting on his desk anyway, because it was tea time) with a charge that he was issuing little notes in his own handwriting, which were consequently unreadable, is understood to have demonstrated a method of pinning these notes to the desk and of reading them quite easily by going down on hands and knees and squinting along the paper from the bottom left hand corner.

On finding that the notes had something to do with duties, the flight commanders lost interest in the demonstration, and when the adjutant looked up he was alone with half a dozen cups of tea.

Factory Hand Corner

IN THE many moons that have passed (we've been here quite a long time), our notes have been created in an atmosphere of tranquility, namely, No. 7 Hangar—way north of the madding throng. It is with apprehension that these notes are now commenced, for tranquility no longer remains.

One Monday morning, with the penalties of a week-end hanging heavily, we entered what had been our home—our haven, and to our dismay saw scurrying airmen—well, airmen, anyway! The roar of Cheetahs had commenced and, frankly, has continued since. We sadly picked our way through scattered cowlings and, in all truth, became victim to air-sickness with so many aeroplanes and their parts lying around. The door of the office that had previously required frequent oiling through lack of use, is now like a revolving door, with the debonair figure of a ginger-headed sergeant flashing in and out—a veritable hive of industry!

We regret to announce the demise of Hubert, the ex-field mouse, who, with a burst of patriotic fervour, joined the ranks of the Maintenance Wing Orderly Room. This tragic passing has not been officially recorded, and Hubert has not been struck off strength, but doubtless this omission will be rectified (H.Q. please note). In the obituary we cannot omit to mention that the late lamented visited the sugar tin with regularity (evidence of the visits being elementary to even "my dear Watson"), but he invariably left sufficient for the needs of the staff—sugar, I mean! Full military honours were accorded on Hubert's Last Journey.

Cpl. Oakley, recently acquiring this elevated status, has promised to be kind to his men. . . . In passing, who was the Officer who made enquiries about the steam on the aerodrome when he saw a smoke candle?

We have been asked to publish a denial of the rumour that is circulating about a church-going Flight Sergeant of No. 6 Hangar who, it has been alleged, requested that sticky flypapers should not be hung in his hangar, as he fears he might get trapped on one.

The A.O.L.S. (Ancient Order of Line-Shooters) greets the Officer who claims that when he joined, the R.A.F. was so small that all were known to each other by their christian names!

An occasion arose necessitating a visit to No. 6 Hangar, and it was intriguing to see each airman, no matter where he moved in the hangar, lock up his tool box and carry it away with him—even if the distance was only a few yards. It was discovered this started on Monday, August 2. It is significant, if coincidental, that the new Senior N.C.O. (Equipment Assistant) took over his duties in No. 6 Hangar the same day.

We are delighted to have him join our ranks, because it will elevate the tone of our section to have such a well-dressed N.C.O. in our midst. Saville Row is definitely outshone.

He is obviously a very keen type for, after a few days, he ventured into the hangar and is showing a keen interest in his surroundings, par example, while talking to a N.C.O. (Factory-hand type), he pointed to the oil drip trays and murmured, "Mudguards, I suppose."—E.J.W.

It is with extreme regret that our so recently arrived C.E.O., W/Cdr. Ovenden, is forced to leave us. We wish him success at his new station. Our loss it Moose Jaw's gain.

We record with deep regret that our so recently arrived C.E.O., W/Cdr. Ovenden, has been posted away. We wish him success at his new station. Our loss is Moose Jaw's gain. We extend a hearty welcome to his successor, S/Ldr. Gifford.

Soccer International

EIGHT of our Soccer players were chosen for the England versus Scotland match at Mewata Stadium, Calgary, on July 16. The grandstand was crammed to capacity on a fine day and many of the "Old Country" residents of Calgary, as well as supporters from the various stations represented, witnessed a first class game.

Hardly had Scotland kicked-off, when a speedy movement of the English forwards culminated in a goal by W.O. Sabin. The Scotland goalkeeper was well beaten by a very clever shot. The Scottish team was taken off guard completely, and for the next ten minutes the match became a ding-dong struggle for supremacy. Towards the end of the first quarter of an hour, McGee made a very good corner kick and McClenahan narrowly missed the goal. The Scottish team was playing fine football.

A little later England made a breakaway, and W.O. Sabin had bad luck in hitting the upright with a hard drive. Cpl. Hayes of England, following up, took a clean shot from outside the penalty area, but the ball hit the cross-bar. Tapper then passed the ball to McGee who took it up field, centred with a low hard drive across the goalmouth and narrowly missed the goal. McGee got the ball again shortly after and repeated the shot. This time Sgt. Brown, in an attempt at clearance, sliced the ball into the net.

Pressing hard, the Scotsmen were lucky to score a goal just a minute before half-time. A hard clearing kick by the English left back rebounded off McKay's shins and the surprised goalkeeper was unable to stop the ball going into the net. Half-time found the Scotsmen playing superior football, although they were lucky to have a 2-1 lead over the Englishmen.

Five minutes after the re-commencement, a fine movement by the Scottish team found Love with the ball. He centred low to McKay who made a beautiful shot at goal and beat Harrison all ends up. Not content, the Scottish forwards still continued to attack.

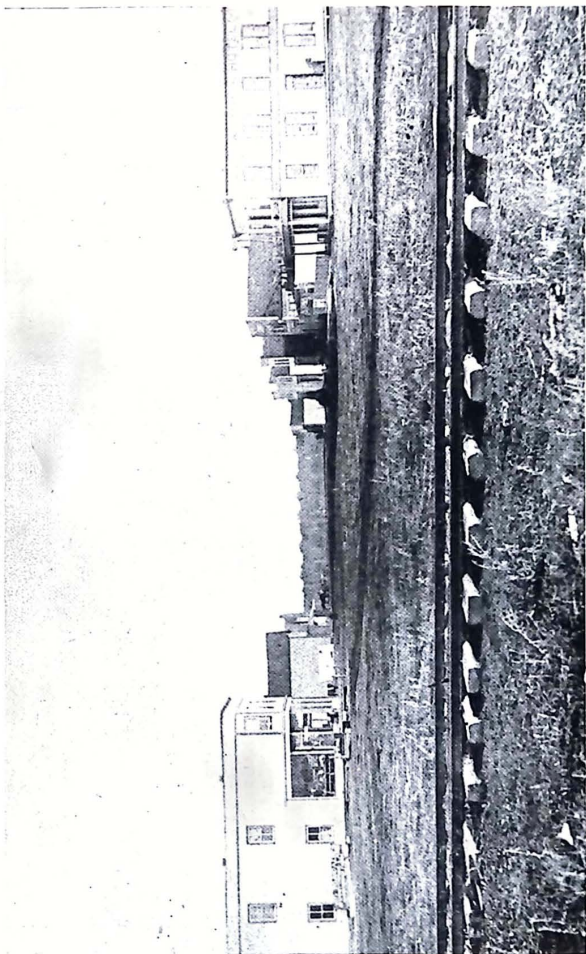
About twenty minutes of the second half had been played when England decided that Scotland was having things too much their own way. Scotland had, up to this stage, been playing far superior football, although England had had their share of shots at goal. The fault in the English team was the erratic passing of the half-backs. A quarter of an hour before the final whistle, however, McGee dribbled the ball upfield, centred to the inside forwards, who were well guarded, but the ball passed through to the other wing where Love was completely unguarded. Not missing the opportunity, Love kicked hard for goal, where Harrison stopped the ball but fumbled it, giving Love a second chance. This time he managed to get the ball past the goalkeeper.

England came very near to scoring ten minutes before the end, when F/Lt. Sewell centred to Linder who headed to W.O. Sabin, who in turn headed for goal. The Scottish defence could do nothing about this, but the ball went over the bar. From then on the match became very fast, the English doing their best to score, but at the final whistle, Scotland had four goals to England's one. The score was not entirely indicative of the play, as had it not been for the excellent play of the Scottish 'keeper, it might have been more equal. But, it was, I think, the unanimous opinion of the spectators that Scotland deserved their win, as the English team were outclassed in the mid-field, and consequently the forwards were handicapped.

The teams were as follows:

SCOTLAND—Dethridge, Jack, Tapper, F/O Robertson, F/O Meiklejohn, Wyllie, Love, McKay, McClenahan, Gay, McGee.

ENGLAND—Harrison, Hopwood, Brown, Waddelow, F/O Burbidge, Jillings, F/Lt. Sewell, Hayes, W/O Sabin, Baldwin, Linder.



Ross Street, Red Deer, Looking West —By Courtesy Mr. A. T. Stephenson, Red Deer

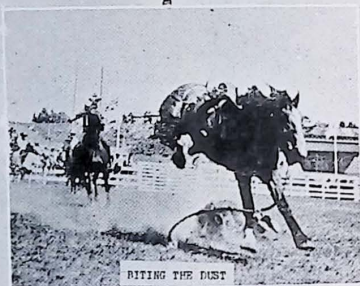


THE BIG CHIEFS' DAY



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CALCARY



BITING THE DUST



WHAT'S CO



THE OLD COVERED WAGON

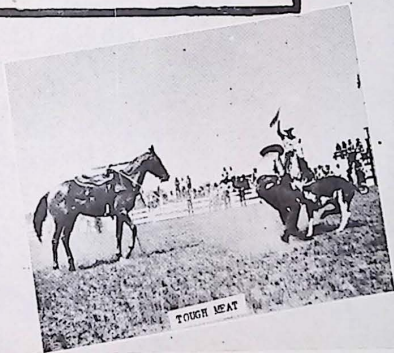
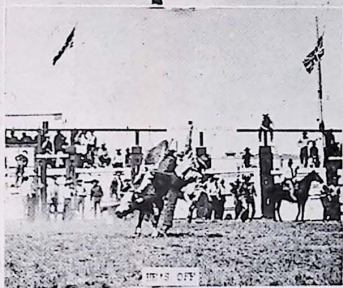
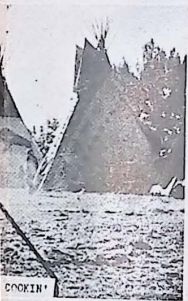


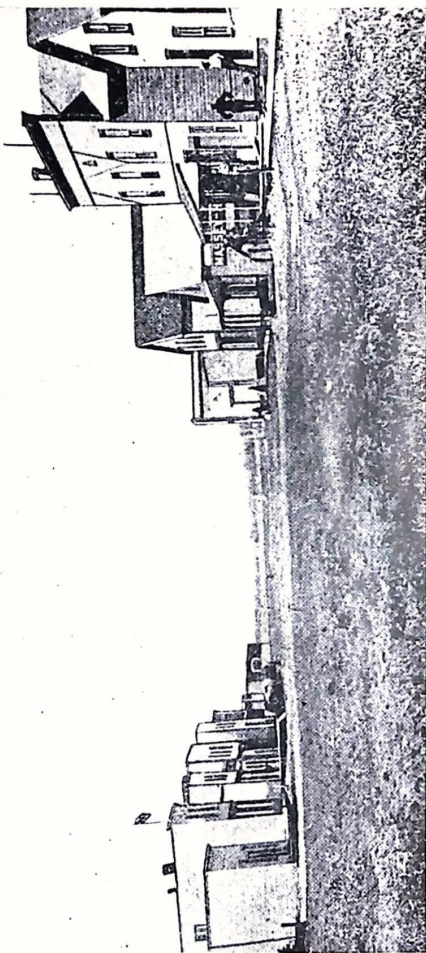
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STAMPEDE





Rees Street, Red Deer, 1893, Looking East

—By Courtesy Mr. T. Gaetz, Red Deer

Sports At Penhold

CRICKET

v. **St. John's Zingari**, July 4, in Calgary. Fortunate once more in the way of weather, we found Riley Park a delightful setting for our game. 36 S.F.T.S. batted first and found John's opening bowlers, Pain and Falck, difficult to play. In a total of 67 only P/O Merry (14) and F/Lt. Milsom (11) reached double figures. In spite of such a low total, it seemed victory would come our way, for after half an hour's play, St. John's were five wickets down for 15 runs, with Broughton and Meadows, our opening fast bowlers, running riot. Eventually there was a stand by Trusler and Pain, who scored 29 and 27 respectively, and then Mayo, who notched 18, put paid to our hopes. St. John's finished up with a total of 109, beating us by 42 runs. Our fast bowler, Broughton, had the splendid average of 5 wickets for 13 runs. St. John's invited us to another innings, and this time we improved on our first innings total, scoring 94. Gibson (16), Booth (14) and Merry (21) were chief scorers.

v. **No. 2 Wireless School (R.A.A.F.)**, July 5, in Calgary. As the Wireless school team were mostly Australians, there was added interest in this game. In the Penhold innings it was P/O Merry who caught the eye with a very fine 64. He scored freely and was excellent to watch. Hopkins supported him with a useful 24. 36 S.F.T.S. totalled 138. Packer, who plays for Queensland in Australia, and Frew opened the innings for No. 2 Wireless School. Our fast bowler, Broughton, was in form again, as he quickly secured the first three wickets, but Bray, a left hander who usually plays for 37 S.F.T.S., proved awkward to dislodge. Merry finally bowled him when he had got 45. During his innings, we ran two of his partners out, which was some consolation. Meadows came back to bowl and hit the stumps twice and then we ran another man out to give us victory by 34 runs.

v. **St. John's Zingari**, July 17, in Calgary. Unfortunately, we were unable to field our strongest side, and St. John's batting first scored 146, Falck knocking up 55, not out. Meadows, the Penhold fast bowler, did well, taking 5 wickets for 42 runs. Penhold started off disastrously, being 4 wickets down for 4 runs, and it was left to the tail to wag vigorously. Poynter scored 26, Burton 15, and Jeffrey 19, not out. This did not prove sufficient, however, as we were all out for 76.

v. **No. 10 Repair Depot**, July 18, in Calgary. No. 10 Repair Depot included in their side three Group Captains, one Wing Commander and two Squadron Leaders. We started well with Randall, who scored 56 and Ward 16. Group Captain Davidson, coming on to bowl with his slow left hand high tossers, upset the remaining batsmen. Gibson was unfortunately run out and it was left to Booth, 22, and Holmes, 10, to improve the score, which finally totalled 135. G/C Davidson secured 4 wickets for 20 runs. With No. 10 R.D. going in to bat, it was Griffin and Quinn who demolished our chances. Griffin, right handed and crouching, was very stubborn, scoring 56 not out, while Quinn, a tall left handed batsman with a powerful straight drive, reached 67. We lost by 7 wickets and 13 runs.

v. **Edmonton Cricket Club**, at Edmonton, on July 31. Both teams played thirteen players. Edmonton batted first and scored 159 for eleven wickets declared, Diggins making a useful 45. Broughton, bowling for Penhold, did very well, securing three wickets for 30 runs, and Poynter was his able supporter with three for 32. Ward, behind the stumps, conceded only six extras. Penhold started badly, losing Randall, Booth and Hopkins cheaply, and it was

left to Ward, 16, Powell, 14, and Broughton, 43, to put up any real opposition. Broughton hit with refreshing freedom, and his runs were invaluable to the side. Nevertheless, Penhold were all out for 103 runs, losing by 56 runs.

v No. 2 A.O.S., at Edmonton, on August 1. The Englishmen from Penhold were matched against the Australians at No. 2 Air Observer School. Not Hobbs and Sutcliffe, but Randall and Ward, opened the innings. It was left to Randall to stay there, and he did to some purpose, compiling a magnificent and, as it proved, invaluable 93. Penhold totalled 147. We knew that No. 2 A.O.S. had good batsmen, particularly the opening pair, Munroe and Stopp, and it was with great joy that we got rid of Stopp for a "duck." An excellent ball from Broughton and a good catch by Poynter did the trick. Munroe followed soon after, bowled by a smart leg break from Hopkins. Prospects were bright and although Hoare 28, Creasy 17 and Hayman 15 offered some resistance, they could not reach Penhold's total, being all out for 98. Hopkins, 3 for 28, and Meadows, 3 for 13, bowled well for Penhold, helping to bring about an excellent victory.—A.M.G.

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SOCCER

AT the time of going to Press, the Penhold Fliers (our "A" team) are in a promising position in the Albertan League, but are threatened continuously, both by A-20 Army Camp, Red Deer, and the Bombers (No. 37 S.F.T.S. "A" team). The Fliers have played 11 games, of which they have won 10 and lost 1, and as our two rivals have lost three games and one game respectively, there is a very keen struggle between these three top teams for the Championship. The Bombers are going all out to regain the Cup which we managed to wrest from them last year, and A-20 Army are eager for the honour of being the first Canadian team to vanquish all the "Old Country" teams in the League. The winning of the League Championship by A-20 would be exceedingly popular with the many Canadian soccer fans in Alberta, and while not wishing to deprive them of that pleasure, we must see that our prestige is upheld.

The Fliers have quite a number of matches to play before the close of the League, the most important, from the danger point of view, being those against No. 10 R.D., Calgary, on August 14 and "The Bombers" on September 4. We'll have to play like Trojans to retain the Championship this year. The loss of our clever left-winger, Hughie McGee, on posting to Moose Jaw, is a real blow to the team.

The Tigers (our "B" team) are doing pretty well for themselves, although they are not likely to endanger the three teams at the head of the League. They are convinced that they can beat our "A" team, and it is with interest that we look forward to August 23, when they will clash.

The Inter-Section League is progressing very well, with Maintenance "A" holding first place at the moment. A strong team, it would not be a surprise if they were to win the League, but one or two teams, as can be seen from the following Table, are striving to dethrone them.

| | Played | W. | D. | L. | Goals | | |
|-----------------------|--------|----|----|----|-------|----|--------|
| | | | | | F. | A. | Points |
| Maintenance "A" | 7 | 5 | 2 | — | 20 | 5 | 12 |
| No. 3 Flight | 7 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 19 | 12 | 9 |
| S. H. Q. | 5 | 3 | 2 | — | 21 | 10 | 8 |
| No. 2 Flight | 5 | 3 | — | 2 | 10 | 8 | 6 |
| Signals | 4 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 12 | 6 | 5 |
| Maintenance "B" | 6 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 11 | 15 | 5 |
| No. 1 Flight | 7 | 2 | — | 5 | 10 | 21 | 4 |
| Airmen's Mess | 6 | — | 3 | 3 | 10 | 19 | 3 |
| Officers | 5 | — | — | 5 | 7 | 24 | — |

ATHLETICS

Penhold Athletics team has competed in two inter-station meetings so far this summer. At Edmonton on July 1 they took third place to the R.C.A.F. Manning Depot and No. 2 Air Observers' School. The team was not at full strength, but came second in the Medley Relay. Individuals to score for the team were: 100 yds., A.C. Mitchell, 3rd; 220 yds., F/L Wallington, 2nd; 440 yds., A.C. Young, 2nd; 1 mile, L.A.C. Maddox, 2nd; putting the shot, A.C. Rogers, 3rd.

At the Bowden Station sports on July 28, Penhold won the Championship Trophy, which was competed for by six units, leading No. 2 A.O.S. by six points. Penhold consistently took points from every event except the 220 yards. Although the team did not supply any individual winners, they won the Medley Relay and reached the final of the tug-of-war to take second place. Individuals scoring points were: 100 yds., A.C. Mitchell, 3rd; 440 yds., A.C. Young, 2nd; 880 yds., A.C. Rowland, 2nd; 1 mile, L.A.C. Maddox, 2nd.

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STATION ATHLETIC SPORTS

The Station athletic sports were held in Red Deer on August 8, the inter-section challenge shield being won by Maintenance Wing, with Station Headquarters second. Flying Wing, last year's winners, failed to maintain the standard they had set in 1942.

Rain had made it difficult to get the track in good condition, but fortunately the usual afternoon storm did not break until after the presentation of the prizes. In spite of the condition of the track, some excellent times were recorded, notably in the two invitation races, the 100 yards won by Cpl. Alderidge of the Army in 10½ secs., and the mile won by Cpl. Johnson, of the Royal Air Force, Calgary, in 4 mins. 59 secs.

Maintenance Wing scored heavily by winning both the sprint and the Medley Relays. They only provided one individual winner, A.C. Young, in the 440 yards, but collected points with seconds and thirds from every event except the half mile.

RESULTS: 100 yds.—1, F/L Wallington; 2, A.C. Mitchell; 3, A.C. Wilks; time, 10½ secs. 220 yds.—1, F/L Wallington; 2, A.C. Mitchell; 3, L.A.C. Rowland; time, 24½ secs. 440 yds.—1, A.C. Young; 2, L.A.C. Rowland; 3, A.C. Mitchell; time, 55 secs. 880 yds.—1, L.A.C. Rowland; 2, A.C. Maddox; 3, L.A.C. Waddelow; time, 2 mins. 15 secs. One mile—1, L.A.C. Rowland; 2, A.C. Young; 3, L.A.C. Maddox; time, 5 mins. 1¾ secs. Cross country—1, L.A.C. Maddox; 2, L.A.C. Young; 3, L.A.C. Rowland; time, 21 mins. 15 secs. High Jump—1, F/O Walls; 2, A.C. Rushton; 3, A.C. Young; height, 5 ft. 3 ins. Long Jump—1, Cpl. Hodgins; 2, L.A.C. Jeffreys; 3, F/L Wallington; distance, 19 ft. 2 ins. Pole Vault—1, Cpl. Hodgins; 2, Cpl. Fleet; 3, L.A.C. Jeffreys; height 9 ft. Shot Put—1, A.C. Rogers; 2, L.A.C. Latta; 3, F/L Morris; distance 36 ft. 6¾ ins. Discus—1, A.C. Rogers; 2, L.A.C. Latta; 3, P/O Wilson; distance 96 ft. 6 ins. Throwing the Cricket Ball—1, Cpl. Fleet; 2, L.A.C. Denaro; 3, L.A.C. Jeffreys; distance, 83 yds. 2 ft. 5 ins. 120 yds. Hurdles—1, F/O Walls; 2, Cpl. Hodgins; 3, Cpl. Fleet; time, 18 secs. 440 yds. Relay—1, Maintenance Wing; 2, Flying Wing; 3, S.H.Q.; time, 50 secs. One Mile Medley Relay—1, Maintenance Wing; 2, Flying Wing; 3, Pupils; time, 4 mins. Tug-of-War—1, S.H.Q.; 2, Maintenance Wing. Final points: Maintenance Wing 52½, Station Headquarters 44½, Flying Wing 44, Pupils 42.

Entertainment At Penhold

"The night shall be filled with music. The cares that infest the day
Shall fold up their tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away."



WHEN the day's work is done, it is time for play. Here, at Penhold, we shall find that we shall be left very largely to our own devices to provide for our entertainment. This is all to the good. Such outside shows as we may pull out of the bag from time to time will suffice perhaps to while away an odd hour or two, but, taking the larger view, there is more fun to be had by rounding up our own talents, and if we set to with a will there is no end to the amount of entertainment we can Provide for ourselves and our comrades.

THE ENSA SHOW

Two crowded houses clapped and roared their approval when E.N.S.A. brought to Penhold on August 10 a charming company of talented players in a musical revue, "B for Bertie." The company was formed in New York for the purpose of bringing professional entertainment to the R.A.F. schools in Canada, and is a counterpart of the parties sent out from Drury Lane to the Forces in all theatres of war.

Doris Patston, who was born in Islington, quickly won the hearts of her audience with her gay Cockney charm, and she was assisted in some of her sketches by Ernest Cossart, who will be remembered as the father of Kitty Foyle in Ginger Rogers' film of that name. Mary Kendel's delightful singing kept the house in a state of silent admiration, and her exquisite rendering of "Annie Laurie" was especially delightful. Sanford Schussel, at the piano, gave a fine performance of a Chopin Nocturne and played a lovely waltz of his own composition, accompanying all the musical items in the show as well. Rosemary Sankey for the ballet, and Carole Burke in modern mood, danced for our enjoyment, and Eric Tredwell had a fine voice for the ever-stirring "Yoemen of England" and other pieces from the operettas. A storm of applause broke out when Tony Romaine, the self-styled "Mad Violinist," performed his wizardry with the bow and strings. The show was brought to a conclusion by a clever parody on the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan. Directed by Anthony Jochm, who also appeared in the sketch "Facing the Facts," the revue was a well-balanced mixture of comedy and music, and two crowded houses amply testified to its appeal. Almost without exception the players were called upon for encores, and these they gave willingly.

E.N.S.A. may be proud of this, the second company it has sent to Penhold. We hope that we shall have the privilege and pleasure of another visit from them in the near future.—H.V.P.

DANCE TIME

Wednesday evening in the Recreation Hall each week brings several busloads of the fairest and best of Red Deer's lovelies to trip the light fantastic toe with us. Week by week each section throughout the station presents its own dance, inviting its own guests from other sections and planning its dance in its own fashion. Extending this idea, we find Headquarters solemnly declaring a "Formal" Dance, while No. 3 Servicing Flight gives a Waltz Night. Other sections should follow suit. Thus we might have a Barn Dance, an Old Fashioned Night, a Crazy Night, and so on. If each section gives its dance

some slight touch of originality and individuality, it will add a lot of interest. Incidentally, if any section has been overlooked in the list of dance sponsors, I wish they would let me know. Here is the September list:

| | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| September 1—No. 81 Course | September 22—Station Headquarters |
| September 8—Station Hospital | September 29—Minor Inspection Flight |
| September 15—Equipment Section | |

DRAMA

Several weeks ago a meeting was held to discuss the possibility of play reading and production. To date nothing more has been heard of this project. 'Tis a pity, and a consummation devoutly to be wished. The matter is in hand and details will be announced later.

CONCERT PARTY

Talking to some of the ENSA players, who have a keen nose for the theatre, I heard the opinion expressed among them that this station was alive with talent. I had, and have, no doubt of this myself, and I feel sure that before the next issue of this magazine we shall ferret it out. The Fall and Winter are upon us, the air bites shrewdly, and before long we shall be indoors for a long spell. The tang of greaspaint and the glare of the footlights is now to come.

MODEL AIRCRAFT CLUB

After a period of inactivity, this branch of the Station's activities is again in full swing. A number of models are completed and about six more are in various stages of construction. Obstacles have cropped up from time to time, i.e., shortage of balsa, cement, and rubber. The shortage of midget gas motors has been overcome more or less by a pooling of the motors already in existence in the Club. Excellent models of a "Piper Cub" (LAC Bletcher), a "Commando" (Sgt. Sillem), both of which are Class "B" gas models, are ready for flying as soon as weather conditions are suitable. As to rubber jobs, a perfect model of "Miss America" (LAC Bletcher) and a "Wakefield Winner" are awaiting supplies of rubber. The latter model was built by F/O Wallis and was given to the Club by him when he was posted home. A rather remarkable model is at present under construction in the Club, a "Stinson Reliant," with a wingspan of 84½ inches, weight 6 pounds complete, and powered by a ¼ h.p. gas engine. This model was started by LAC Killick (who has since been reported safely back in "Blighty"), and is being completed by LAC Willis.

The shortage of materials has hampered the Club considerably, good quality wood and tissue being difficult to obtain, but despite this, it is intended to carry on. Enquiries are being made with American firms with a view to obtaining a supply of materials for use during the coming winter. New members are heartily invited to come along to the G.I.S. and start building this winter. Information can be obtained from either Sgt. Sillem or LAC Willis in the Ground School. The former is a past master at model making, and is willing to assist any beginner at this fascinating hobby.

FISHING

It was with regret that we bade farewell to F/Lt. Unett, who, by his enthusiasm and enterprise, was solely responsible for founding the Club and procuring a large amount of tackle. We wish him many "tight lines" in Ontario. S/Ldr. Anderson has taken over the affairs of the Club, and issues of tackle are now made from the Watch Office.

Angling conditions are at their best at present, and fly fishing is giving very good sport. The summer floods in the Red Deer River have subsided, and the water is running clear. There is a strong growth of vegetation on the river banks, however, which adds to the difficulties of fly-casting. So far this season over 60 pounds weight of fish has been landed.

TENNIS

A tournament is being held, and is going very well. It is hoped that immediately it is finished, sufficient names can be obtained to run another. Tennis has become very popular, and the tennis racket shelf at the Sports Store is usually almost empty.

BADMINTON

Although our supply of shuttlecocks is exhausted, this game is still very popular, being played with woollen balls. It is hoped that as soon as we obtain a fresh supply of shuttlecocks, a tournament will be started.

BASKETBALL

Although there are no matches arranged yet, this game is being played daily by the S.H.Q. Orderly Room staff who, we think, are after topping the Station Basketball League this winter.

WEIGHT LIFTING

The formation of a Weight Lifting Club is being contemplated as soon as the evenings begin to draw in. A fair selection of weights are available in the Drill Hall, and more are on order. All interested, especially novices, are invited to go along to the Sports Store and have a chat with the Sports Officer at any time.

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BOOKS

To the uninitiated, R.A.F. Libraries appear gloomy repositories of dog-eared books into which one stumbles as a last resort when there is simply nothing else to do. But here at Penhold the Recreational Library in the last three months has been vastly improved by the replacement of no less than 400 books of the Victorian era and Sunday School prize variety by scores of attractive, up-to-date books obtained with the help of nearly \$300 from P.S.I. funds, supplemented by the good will of borrowers paying fines on overdue issues, and by several liberal gifts from the Canadian Committee. If you personally are not always satisfied with the choice of books secured by the Library Committee, you can always enter your ideas (however outrageous) on the Suggestion List.

The Reference Library in the Airmen's Study was opened only two months ago, but now houses over 300 volumes and pamphlets, which are available on loan to airmen interested in such varied subjects as Science, Aeronautics, Engineering, Radio, Languages, History, Geography, Art, and Current Affairs. Atlases and dictionaries are also available for reference.

Have you read these books? They are among those added to the Recreational Library during the past month:—

Mrs. Miniver—Jan Struther.
Kings Row—Henry Bellamann.
This Above All—Eric Knight.
Barometer Rising—MacLennan.
Random Harvest—John Hilton.
Keys of the Kingdom—A. J. Cronin.

The Citadel—A. J. Cronin.
Number One—John Dos Passos.
The Wounded Don't Cry—Q. Reynolds.
Assignment In Brittany—H. McInnes.
Orient Express—Graham Greene.
Combined Operations—Mountbatten.

Among recent additions to the Reference Library are the following works:

Dynamic Biology—Baker and Mill.
Crusaders of Chemistry—Leonard.
Aeroplane Structure—A. C. Kermode.
Admiralty Handbook of Wireless
Telegraphy.
Berlin Diary—W. L. Shirer.

Canadian Peoples—B. K. Sandwell.
Population: Canada's Problem—S.
Cartwright.
Britain at War—J. B. Priestley.
Air Force Guide—"Group Captain"
Oxford Advanced Atlas—Bartholomew.

The Station Cinema

ON the evening of November 26, 1941, the Station Cinema opened its doors for the first time. Had you been present on that evening, you would have seen the same hall that you enter now—yes, but with a difference—and what a difference it was. With its bare cream-coloured walls and curtainless windows, with rafters reaching up to the sloping sides of the roof, with imperfect black-out and a stage that was merely a rectangular opening without borders or even decoration, it was undoubtedly an uninspiring place to present film shows. Lighting and stage curtains were of the simplest kind, and so also was the projection equipment at that time. However, in spite of the small screen and relatively poor light, there was never a doubt of the popularity of the new venture and, to the delight of the P.S.I., not a penny of its funds was required to operate the show.

Until January 1, 1942, the Cinema was operated by the Capitol Theatre in Red Deer, but from that date, although invaluable assistance was and still is being given by Red Deer, it has been a show run by personnel of the Unit. For many months the operators were untrained, but amazingly keen and hard-working, with the result that from the day of opening until the day this article was written, except for power-line breaks, there was not a breakdown to hold up the show for more than two or three minutes.

It was on November 26, 1942, that a very great evening came, the occasion of the First Anniversary programme. The event was marked by the screening of the outstanding "Mrs. Miniver," but it proved to be an anxious day for the Staff. The film had played the previous night at Drumheller, and unfortunately missed the morning train from Calgary. It was traced during the day and shipped on the afternoon train, the chief operator being detailed to meet it at Penhold; it was not before half the audience were in their seats, however, that a phone-call came through, confirming the arrival of the print, just thirty minutes before the show began. Neither before or since has the time been cut as fine as this! It was a record house and a most enthusiastic audience to close the first year of films, and a successful year from every point of view.

From then on every month produced some new record for the Cinema. The attendance record was surpassed half a dozen times, culminating with another Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer triumph "Gone With the Wind." Strangely enough, the three months of greatest attendance, so far, have been the three summer months of this year—May, June and July, 1943.

Perhaps the most popular period in the Cinema's life was when the week-end programmes were introduced, just before the winter of 1942; at first British pictures were played, but now these films are fitted in on the most convenient dates, in order that those going on "48's" need not miss them.

And now, as a new film season opens, there's good news again, giving promise of an even greater number of first-rate films. Up till the present, booking has been on a contract basis, embracing certain picked film companies, their names being familiar to everyone. Now, the policy has been altered, and contracts are no longer necessary, so that any film from any company can be presented, and the field of booking has been widened considerably.—P.J.G.

Officers' Mess Chronicle

1. During the week days of the past month, members remained mostly at Penhold, but at week-ends, subject to the exigencies of the service, they have expanded a bit and usually been routed to Sylvan Lake or the second floor of the Palliser Hotel at Calgary. A good many officers have been spending leave in California, but no applications for sick or compassionate leave on their return have so far been entertained.

2. W/Cdr. Ovenden succeeded S/Ldr. Wood as P.M.C., but has since been posted. At a mess meeting held on August 2, F/Lt. Frost was elected as Mess Secretary in the place of F/O Marriott, and at the same time remained in charge of the bar, and while filling both these exacting posts, he is assisted by F/O Ballantyne. Liquor seems to pour in quite freely notwithstanding F/O Walsh having almost totally succumbed to the blandishments of Sylvan Lake after a brief period of exile at Innisfail. Spells of intermittent sunshine have brought about a good deal of popular support for a drink known as a Gin Job (believed to be Norwegian in origin). There is, however, little or no demand for the Saskatchewan 1942 Port.

3. A number of new flying instructors have been posted in—one of these was heard to enquire of F/Lt. Horsley in the ablutions whether he also had newly arrived. The error was regrettable but to be forgiven inasmuch as Horsley is seen in the mess more and more rarely as his visits to Innisfail increase in number. The effect of the question upon him has been so sustained that some days later, observing his mouth to be still open with shocked surprise, an idiot boy was encouraged to direct therein a stream of soda water.

4. The Mess Dance held on Saturday, August 7, marked the second birthday of the R.A.F. at Penhold. This mournful fact did nothing, however, to occlude the merriment of the festivities. Visitors came from all parts of Alberta and Saskatchewan, through storm, rain and ditches, and were, I believe, suitably recompensed for their arduous journeys. The members of the band conspired throughout to play the same tune at the same time; our celebrated confectioner surpassed himself; paper caps were worn by all except the Adjutant, who carried instead a rather large set of antlers and, in fact, a good time was had by all—with the exception of your scribe who had the misfortune to sit in one of the largest of the cream tarts. This disaster was only partly obliterated by quick remedial action on the part of the kind-hearted wife of a Squadron Leader.

5. Sport continues to engage most members in the long periods of recovery necessary after night flying. F/Lt. Sewell plays football almost incessantly; F/Lt. Wallington continues to run even faster than would appear strictly necessary; riding, preparatory to the great race described on another page, fills up many an uncomfortable hour. For less adventurous spirits, the bridge table brings soothing balm after long periods of turmoil in station sick and headquarters. Golf, also, for the elder members has provided its round of quiet excitement, notwithstanding F/O Dury's assertion that he hasn't a clue to driving off those ignorant mats.

6. In the passing from our midst of F/Lt. "Puffer" Blower and F/Lt. Unett, the Mess has suffered a grievous, nay more, an almost irreparable loss. None had a wider insight into the railroads of Alberta than Puffer, due to an unending series of forensic engagements up and down the command; this, coupled with a rather weak "one no trumper" and a connoisseur's taste for Scotch, made him a very profitable companion with whom to pass an evening. F/Lt. Unett's knowledge of fishing and finance almost rivalled the great Vatel himself—that cook-treasurer of the Prince of Conde who took his life because the fish had not come. He had also a charming manner and a mordant wit as, to my cost, I discovered several times. His long-awaited autobiography entitled "Through Darkest Alberta With Rod and Gun" will not, I know, disappoint his many admirers.

. . . This and That . . .

Heard about the man who had a day off to go to the Calgary Stampede—and went to the Calgary Stampede?

Popular? The boys love him. He's as welcome as a night flying programme on a Mess Dance night.

An Englishman's home is his castle. Which castle? Don't be fooled—even if your barrack block has got a moat and a drawbridge.

Definition of the "Funnies"—What A.M.O.'s would look like in an illustrated edition. We always thought that A.M.O.'s were intended either for Superman or Little Orphan Annie, anyway.

Charge Sheet. W.O.A.S. failing, during his tour of duty as Duty D.R.O. Reader to discover that Flight Commanders can't be Officer i/c Night Flying at Sylvan Lake.

The job of a stationmaster is to read carefully all the letters that come from Higher Authority. The dull ones he puts into a wastepaper basket. The funny ones he passes round for everybody to read. This is known as "Administration."

An advertisement in the London "Theatre World" reads: "Gummed Up Carpets? Don't let Gum-ruin cheat you or allow the gum to remain as a source of danger from fire. We can remove all traces of chewing-gum—cleanly, completely and at very little cost." Things must be a bit sticky at home.

According to the "Daily Mail," the post-war aim of the National Federation of Fish Friers is that "People must be able to walk into fish frying shops and maintain their dignity." Carrying the parcel home with dignity is another matter.

As the Wigan lad said to his mother on coming out of the Anderson shelter after an air raid, "Bah goom, moom, mah boom's noom."

The most provoking statement of the month comes from an instructor who said, "I have known three Etonian pupils. They have all been market gardeners."

Part of a letter in the "Oban Times" reads: "Scientists are inclined to believe that the hawks and weasels are useful to a bird and animal population by killing off the weak and ailing. The hawks act as doctors do to a human population, in fact." Which reminds us of the sprog P/O who asked the M.O., "And what did you do in civil life, doc?"

New uses for plumbing have been found in a letter printed in the "Northern Miner." The letter is alleged to have been written by a backwoods mother to her son in the forces. Part of it reads:

"We sent for one of them new fangled things they call bathrooms you hear tell about in some homes. It is put in shape by a man called a plumber. On one side of the room is a big long thing like the pigs drink out of, only you get in that and wash all over. On the other side is a little white thing they call a sink. This is for light washing such as your face and hands. But over in the corner, son, I'll tell you we've really got something thar—this little contraption you put one foot in and wash it clean, then you pull a chain and you get fresh water for the other foot.

"Two lids came with the dern thing, and we aint nad any use for them in the bathroom, so I am using one for a breadboard and the other had a round hole in it and we used it as a frame for grandpa's picture. They are awful nice folks to deal with. They sent us free a big roll of writing paper with it."

The Penhold Stakes

Two horse races were held as the final events at the unit's Sports Day, the Penhold Stakes, and the Red Deer Maiden Plate.

The first race was reminiscent of Firdaussi's St. Leger, when the Aga Khan provided two out of the first three horses to finish. At Red Deer, Mr. Forbes Chisholm went one better than the bespectacled Eastern Potentate, and provided the first three. His mare "Ida," ridden by Flight Lieutenant Studley, took an early lead and was never seriously challenged. This horse has had considerable racing experience and shows up a lot better on a track than she does in home gallops. In a strong finish for second place, "Baldy," ridden by Flight Lieutenant Milsom, just failed to catch the longer striding "Thunder," ridden by Flying Officer Young, by the proverbial whisker. Mr. Pell's horse "Blaze," ridden by Squadron Leader Fitch, was fourth. "Dynamite," the only other entry, was scratched at the last minute, having gone lame on the previous evening.

The second race was a perfect example of the old racing saying that "Class will tell," Mr. George Bellick's black horse "Banner," a grandson of Axsworthy, admirably ridden by Pilot Officer Wild, winning comfortably by six lengths. Second was AC1 Godwin's "Sargum," also well ridden by the owner, with "Charlie," who made up a lot of distance in the last furlong, half a length away third. The other two entries, "Princess" and "Sprinter," were fourth and fifth respectively. "Sprinter" with the Padre "up" appeared to realise that he had neither the public's confidence nor their money, and finished to the tune of "The Old Grey Mare."—R.A.M.

Stop Press News

SOCCKER

The station "A" Soccer team is still at the head of the Albertan League, after beating Red Deer A-20 1-0 and No. 3 S.F.T.S. 3-2. We stand level with No. 37 S.F.T.S. in games played and points won. Red Deer A-20 have fallen behind, losing to our "A" team, and to Bowden 4-1. On Saturday, September 4, we play a crucial game with No. 37 S.F.T.S. in Calgary. Please show up at the Calgary Stadium and cheer for Penhold, if you can get a pass that week-end.

PRIZE COMPETITION

The Padre, S/Ldr. Bloxham, has offered a book prize to the value of \$2.50 for the best contribution—article, sketch or story—for next month's "Log." This is in addition to prizes announced in "Editor's Gen."

Editor's Gen

With this month's issue, the "Log" comes under the direction of a new Editor and a new Committee. The retiring Editor, Sgt. Sutherland, has been on the staff of the "Log" since its inception. He has been responsible for keeping a station magazine going through many difficult months. We cannot grudge him a well earned rest, but we shall miss him none the less. LAC Hart has also retired from the Committee, in anticipation of a move eastwards. He, too, has worked hard and long for the "Log," for some time as Editor. We wish him "Bon Voyage."

POLICY

We think the "Log" should first of all be a record of Station activities—sporting, recreational and social. We are all out to cover every station activity. Secretaries and organisers of clubs and sections have only to put in their reports to win our complete co-operation.

Any community thrives on small talk. Consequently station gossip is given an important place in the "Log." Too much of the best little-tattle goes unrecorded. Everyone can help to make the "Log" brighter by scribbling down the casual happenings, remark or "crack" and passing it on to the Editor.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Operational experiences make good reading, and can generally be brought within the censorship regulations without difficulty. For the R.A.F. in Canada there is special interest in informative material about the country we are living in. Reminiscence or news of England also has a natural appeal here. Particularly, we are looking for the writers of short stories, or sketches, and, above all, the natural humourous writer.

CARTOONS

All amateur cartoonists should get to work for the "Log." Do something topical, exploiting the oddities of service life. Caricatures of station personalities are always popular.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS

In future, the free station cinema passes which went to those who bought the "lucky" copies of the "Log" will be awarded, by the Editorial Committee, as prizes to contributors. These prizes may be awarded for any type of contribution—article, story, cartoon, etc.—and it may be possible to award more than the usual three passes a month.

Articles or stories should not normally exceed 1,000 words. Try to keep them down to 500 words—or less. Cartoons may be of any size, but must be suitable for reduction to a scale of 4½ inches wide by 3 inches high. Use heavy lines, and introduce some simple shading.

CRITICISMS

The "Log" can only please the station if we know what the station wants. Tell us what you like and dislike about the "Log." Tell us what you would like to find in it. A free cinema pass may be awarded for the best set of criticisms and suggestions.

PUBLICATION DATE

The "Log" is now published at the end of the month. All contributions must reach the Editor, F/O W. H. Thomas, at the Officers' Mess, or "B" Flight Commander's Office in No. 1 Hangar, not later than the 15th of the month.

