

Station  
Personalities

PRICE  
10 CENTS

# THE PENTHOLD

YEAR MONTH DAY

1st PILOT  
2nd PILOT  
DUTY

BRING ME FORWARD  
PLEASE BRING FORWARD

## LOG

CANADA ALBERTA

GRAND TOTAL

B.W. ROUGHTON

S.F.T.S

36

VOLUME IV  
OCTOBER



NUMBER 4  
1943

**STOP  
BINDING**



**START  
'BOND'-ing**



VOLUME IV  
OCTOBER



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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*

CANADA is a huge country, larger than the United States, but with a population only about that of Greater London or the English Midlands. In 1939 the Royal Canadian Navy had 16 ships; the R.C.A.F. and the Canadian Army each had a strength of 4,500 men. To-day Canada's Navy has nearly 600 ships and bears half the burden of Atlantic convoy duties; of the airmen who fly over Europe, 25 per cent are Canadian; the Canadian Army now numbers half a million, and fights in Italy after serving as the vanguard of defence against invasion in Britain.

Four years ago Canada's aircraft industry employed a bare 1,000 workers. Now it builds Lancasters, Mosquitoes, Catalinas and Helldivers, as well as most of the aircraft for the enormous Air Training Plan. Starting practically from scratch, the Canadian shipbuilding industry in the last two years has turned out freighters equal to 10 per cent of British pre-war shipping tonnage. In the financial sphere, the Canadian Government made a Billion Dollar gift to Britain.

We remember these and many other facts when we pay tribute to Canada's tremendous war effort by subscribing to the Fifth Victory Loan.

## Station Personalities



**G**ROUP CAPTAIN H. J. PRINGLE, A.F.C., entered the Royal Air Force in 1926 as a cadet at the R.A.F. College, Cranwell. He has served with Fighter Squadrons in Britain, and has flown most of the modern British fighter aircraft. He has also seen service in the Middle East. In the summer of 1940 he became Commanding Officer of a R.A.F. fighter station in the north of England, and a year later was transferred to Headquarters, Fighter Command.

In addition to his operational experience, Group Captain Pringle also has a wide knowledge of flying training. He was Chief Flying Instructor at the Central Flying School, Upavon, from 1938 to 1940, and while holding this position he was awarded the Air Force Cross. In December, 1941, he took command of No. 2 Central Flying School, then at Church Lawford, and moved from there to Headquarters, No. 23 Group, on being appointed Senior Air Staff Officer in October, 1942. He was posted to Canada in April last, and took over the command of No. 36 S.F.T.S. on May 1, 1943.

Group Captain Pringle is a Scot, whose ancestors dwelt in the Ettrick country. His wife and two children—a son and daughter—are at present living in Gloucestershire. The C.O. is known, especially to his Heads of Sections and his S.H.Q. staff, to be a stickler for having things done in the right way and for insisting upon the right answers, particularly on paper. His declared aim is absolute accuracy, always, and his meticulous attention to the niceties of English grammar and punctuation exemplifies his patience and determination in the cause of Right and Justice. In off-duty moments he is known to indulge in vocal melody and to enjoy aquatic and acrobatic exercises, on both formal and informal occasions, and he has a strong predilection for Scottish traditional dances.

# Station Personalities



## The C. I.

Wing Commander F. B. H. Hayward started his service career as a soldier with the London Scottish. After transferring to the Royal Air Force and completing his training, he was posted to No. 12 Day Bomber Squadron, which was then equipped with the Fairey Fox, at that time one of the fastest aircraft in the service. Wing Commander Hayward flew many of the famous old R.A.F. aircraft, including Siskins, Bulldogs and the first Demons while with No. 23 Fighter Squadron at Kenley. His training experience began before the war when he was stationed at the R.A.F. (T) Base at Leuchars. There he indulged in the amusing pastime of catapult take-offs.

In the early part of the war, W/Cdr. Hayward was stationed near Blackpool with an Anson unit doing coastal and navigational work. Returning to base one day in very bad weather, he claims to have flown through the Blackpool "Big Dipper." Transferred to elementary training, he was at Sywell in Eng-

land, and subsequently C.F.I. at Assiniboia and Caron, in Canada, before coming to Penhold in February, 1943.

Wing Commander Hayward is married, his wife and small daughter living in Red Deer. In the Officers' Mess he is an unrivalled raconteur of famous service stories, and if some may think them occasionally a little tall, it can certainly be said with Gilbert and Sullivan that he magnificently "Lends an air of verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative."

## Fifth Victory Loan Campaign

The free issue of Bonds during the Campaign was made possible by the openhanded co-operation of the following business concerns in Red Deer, and to them the Chairman and Members of the Station Campaign Committee wish to extend their sincere thanks.

Red Deer Advocate  
Atlas Lumber Co.  
Capitol Cinema  
Buffalo Hotel  
Club Cafe  
Cold Storage Lockers  
Station Tailor's Shop  
T. Eaton Co.  
Whyte Motors  
Gaetz-Cornett Drug Store  
F. M. Hayhoe & Son

Horsley's Drug Store  
T. R. Johns & Co.  
W. E. Lord Co.  
Mitchell's Jewelry Store  
Red Deer Bottling Co.  
Red Deer Creamery  
Red Deer Laundry  
Holmes' Drug Store  
Sorensen Bus Lines  
Askin's Jewelry Store

## Station Farewells

**T**HE C.G.I., the S.E.O. and the Station Adjutant have all been repatriated, and since they were of the original party of emigrants who helped in the founding of 36 S.F.T.S., it is meet that their leaving us should not pass unrecorded in the Penhold Log.

**S/Ldr. S. S. Kirsten** filled the onerous position of C.G.I. with ease and distinction. To some of us he was known as "Doggy"; to others as "Dimmy." But let the latter nickname deceive nobody, for if an occasional mood of abstraction led him at times into situations that were both amusing and confusing, yet, were his interest or enthusiasm aroused, none lived with a greater zest. As a sportsman he was unrivalled. No man can have been more disliked by ducks throughout Southern Alberta.

**S/Ldr. P. George** carried out the duties of S.E.O. with unassuming brilliance and was a bind to nobody. What could be higher praise to one holding this exacting post? But to those, and they are many, who remain mystified by the complicated machinery of storekeeping, he will be best remembered for his founding, establishing and so successfully running that most popular feature of Penhold night life, the Station Cinema.

**S/Ldr. Fitch** came from North Battleford in May to take over command of No. 1 Squadron. With his flying instructors, he proved both stern and popular. Off duty, he showed a keen sense of humour and a strong flair for argument. Both Flying Wing and the Officers' Mess felt that S/Ldr. Fitch's stay at Penhold had been far too short.

**F/Lt. T. D. G. (Don) Carstairs.** If there are any who aspire to the thankless job of Station Adjutant, they could do no better than to model their behaviour on that of Don Carstairs. From his manner of quiet efficiency, combined with smiling courtesy, none could have imagined that he was at times a martyr to mood and liver, as are the rest of men. Confiding in none, whilst all confided in him, he rightly won respect and affection from G.C. to A.C. 2.

In the same draft homewards, Flying Wing lost many of its most valuable members: **F/Lt. J. Sewell**, the successful captain of the cup-winning soccer team, was, for reasons best known to his intimates, described as "Shocker," and gave his name to the prairie meteorological phenomenon called Sewell's Clamps; **F/Lt. S. Woollock's** departure has elicited in the Red Deer Advocate a paragraph of praise for the good work he has done locally as Scoutmaster, and **F/O's G. Dury** and **M. Norem**, throughout their career in the Dominion, have remained inseparably linked. They leave us sad at their going, envious of their good fortune, but most of all grateful for the good work they have done at 36 S.F.T.S. Our most sincere good wishes follow them home.

Last month we have also regretfully had to say good-bye to **F/O Holloway** and **P/O Gale**, who have left for Pearce and Calgary respectively. In losing Holloway's looks and Gale's violin, Penhold will not easily be requited.

**Warrant Officer R. Sabin.** The recent departure of Warrant Officer Dick Sabin for Eastern Canada was both a surprise and a blow to many of us here at Penhold. He had been with us sufficiently long for the majority of us to get to know him as an all-round sportsman and to understand him as one who has a part to play in the Royal Air Force which does not lend itself to popularity. Whenever it was possible, however, he would throw aside his cloak of stern discipline to reveal understanding and a keen sense of humour to which he gave full rein. We wish him all the very best at his new Unit.

**LAC Maurice Waddelow.** There were very few personnel of the original drafts who did not know "Fit" Waddelow. He was known chiefly for his prowess on the soccer field and, although he was not an outstandingly clever player, he made up for any lack of polish by his wealth of energy. There were many of us who knew him personally as a young man of high principles

# Station Personalities



## The C. E. O.

Squadron Leader S. Gifford was born in India. His father was an officer in the Black Watch, and he spent his childhood moving round India with the Regiment. He began his service career with the Royal Engineers in 1924, but after a year transferred to the Royal Air Force, and served with No. 58 Squadron (equipped with Virginias) and the Army Co-operation Command. After eight years in uniform he was appointed to a civil position with the Air Ministry, training senior N.C.O.'s on the Fitter 1 Course. At the outbreak of war he was back in uniform, and spent over two years on the Engineering Staff of Headquarters Flying Training Command. After a further year spent at Leconfield, Yorkshire, he came out to Canada in May, 1943, going first to Swift Current.

On arrival at Penhold, Squadron Leader Gifford quickly made his presence felt by spicing Maintenance

Wing Detail with Quiz Contests—with the result that Flying Wing personnel were regularly reading the M.W. Detail, an unprecedented occurrence. The C.E.O. has never lost his interest in the problems of technical training, and has set up a School of Technical Training on the unit.

Squadron Leader Gifford is married, and has two children, his family living in Berkshire. In his younger days he was a keen athlete, specialising in soccer, boxing and swimming. At Penhold he has proved a shrewd and popular Judge at the Station Boxing Tournaments.

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and very pleasant disposition. He is getting himself "hitched" immediately the Boat docks, and we wish him all happiness and trust that any troubles he may have are "little ones."

**Corporal G. D. Cummer.** This small but energetic N.C.O. was employed mainly in No. 1 Hangar since the Station opened, and was considered one of the "oldest inhabitants." He was a staunch supporter of the Corporals' Club, and, incidentally, its best customer. He was runner-up in the Tennis Tournament which was concluded shortly before he was warned for the Boat. As one of the most prominent figures in Maintenance, he leaves the following farewell message:

Before I leave you, here's a word of advice:  
Do your job well and to "Chiefy" be nice,  
Follow my maxim and you've nothing to fear,  
D.I.s come first—then lashings of beer.

There were two other verses to this message, but it was thought wiser to leave them to your imagination.

## News From Home

**Opinion.** Discussion runs free in England on the probable length of the war, bus transport, and the black-out. . . . The "Daily Mail" asked twelve public figures, "Can Germany be beaten in another year?" Eleven out of twelve said, "Yes." The Labour M.P., Emanuel Shinwell, thought the war would "drag on until 1945." Liddell Hart, the military writer, thought that if Germany could be prevented from stabilising the situation, an end in December, 1943, was rather more likely than in September, 1944. . . . The "Daily Express" has campaigned against queuing for buses as waste of man-hours. "Chasing non-stop buses is a new street game for Londoners," according to the "Daily Mail." Transport officials have asked people to report buses which fail to stop when hailed at request stops. . . . Demands are being made for relaxation of the black-out on the grounds that the black-out is responsible for 10,000 deaths each winter. Some cities have introduced "starlight" street-lighting with 15 watt bulbs. Blackburn is the first city to control its "starlighting" by one master switch in the A.R.P. Control Room.

**Inventions.** One London policeman now controls 14 lines of traffic with a single rotary switch at the Elephant and Castle—said to be the worst traffic junction in the world. Previously six policemen had controlled traffic there by hand signals. . . . War uses have been found for nettles, red rose petals, ash leaves, chestnut leaves and "conkers," all of which are being collected by British school children. The Ministry of Supply is offering a penny a pound for "conkers". . . . At least two "pedal-cars"—operated by leg-power only—are being driven on British roads. The owners are frequently stopped by police on the look-out for illegal petrol users. The speed is about the same as that of a bicycle. . . . Surface coal is being mined in Durham by mechanical excavators and bull-dozers. Up to 40 feet of soil and shale has to be cleared to reach the coal. Then 23 men can equal the production of 1,000 miners. Mining of outcrop coal now has a top government priority.

**Sport.** Hedley Verity, Yorkshire and England cricketer, has died of wounds in an Italian Prisoner-of-War camp, after leading his platoon of the Green Howards in an attack on a farm-house in Sicily. Verity, in the space of ten seasons, played in forty Test Matches. One of the greatest slow-bowlers in cricket history, he took 14 Australian wickets in one day at Lords in 1934. He set up a world's record in 1932 when he took 10 Nottinghamshire wickets for 10 runs. . . . Sidney Wooderson, according to "News Review," still hopes to run a mile in four minutes. During last summer he recorded times of 4 min. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  sec. and 4 min. 11 sec. for the mile. . . . C. B. Holmes, British Empire sprint champion, ran the fastest 220 yards since 1939, at the Metropolitan Police Sports—time, 21 $\frac{1}{2}$  sec. . . . English soccer this season is divided into South, West and North divisions. There have been good crowds at the matches.

**Facts.** Recruiting for all three of the Women's Services has been suspended, as they are up to strength. . . . The Kent hop crop is good—80,000 pickers have been at work gathering the crop. . . . A U.S. Army Air Corps pilot has dived a Lockheed Lightning at 780 m.p.h. He is Lt.-Colonel Hough, Technical Director of the 8th Fighter Command in Britain, and is the first man known to have exceeded the speed of sound. . . . Britain's birth rate for the first three months of 1943 was the highest for 17 years. . . . In four years of war, Britain's national debt has risen from 8,401 million pounds to 18,126 million pounds.

**People.** It has been announced that the editor of the Royal Air Force Journal is S/Ldr. Rene Raymond (better known as James Hadley Chase, author of "No Orchids for Miss Blandish," etc.) . . . William Hickey has given up his column "These Names Make News" in the "Daily Express." Last year he became Independent M.P. for Maldon, Essex, has too little time for "Daily Express" work. . . . Gracie Fields is back in England after two years abroad.

# Airmen's Mess Committee

That austere assembly, the Airmen's Mess Committee, which meets in varying degrees of ill humour on Thursday afternoons, has a number of praiseworthy objects . . . .

To sample a jug of specially-brewed cookhouse tea, which the cook regularly swears is a fair example of the cookhouse brew. (You tell

him). . . To tear colossal strips off the unfortunate N.C.O. i/c Cookhouse.

## MUGS AND IRONS

To ponder over huge losses of cookhouse mugs, the present whereabouts of which are unknown (location strongly suspected). . . . To pass resolutions deploring the loss of the personal issue of mug

and irons and the consignment of those valuable possessions to the tender mercies of the cookhouse, for dangerous experiments in cleaning and disinfection.

## CARROTS

To listen to proposals for forcing carrots down the throats of unwilling airmen, in the hope, apparently, of beautifying, invigorating, enriching with vitamins, and generally

turning them into supermen. . . . To listen to the President's imitation of an aggrieved airman telling the cooks precisely what operation to perform with their carrots.

## PRUNES

To squash any motions for the introduction of "Bubble and Squeak" and to remember the motions associated with that Service delicacy. . . . To deplore Saturday

teatime as the choice of a good moment to serve dishes of prunes. . . . To make some more uncomplimentary remarks about the much-hated tomato juice.

## DIET SHEET

To make bets on the probable number of luscious items in the diet sheet which, by the grace of the R.C.A.S.C., will actually make a personal appearance. . . . To authorise such D.R.O. entries as: Dinners,

Airmen (Day). For "Fresh Fruit Trifle with Ice Cream" read "Bread Pudding." . . . To correct such minor slips in the Diet Sheet as having Friday's fish on Saturday.

## RECIPES

To discuss the advisability of taking hypothetical sugar out of the tea and putting it into the butterscotch flan, or, alternatively, of taking hypothetical sugar out of the butterscotch flan, and putting it in the tea. . . . To weigh the

respective merits of hot porridge with cold milk, or cold porridge with hot milk, and to bring the cookhouse king out of a dead faint at the suggestion that they might both be hot.

## SUGGESTIONS

To vote funds for the purchase of deck chairs and seats for cookhouse queues. . . . To discuss learnedly on the number of tables which can be crowded into the Airmen's

Mess (a) longitudinally, (b) latitudinally. . . . To refuse the kind offers of Members to do voluntary cookhouse fatigues.

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Buy Your Bond today—you have six months to pay. (You'll get six months if you don't!)

This week is your last chance to win a \$50 Bond: don't delay—buy a Bond today!

## “Only a G.D.”

**Y**ES, you have heard this remark at every unit on which you have served since your entry into the Service. Just why should G.D.'s be referred to as “only” G.D.'s? They are not all G.D.'s from choice (you know how slow is the machinery for remustering), and, unquestionably, there are many in the G.D. group who are capable of doing Tradesmen's jobs, and well at that. Secondly, it must be realised that the G.D. is an essential cog in the wheel, and without him no unit could function properly.

This may sound an exaggerated statement, but on reflection you will not find it so, for G.D.'s fill vital positions on any unit, such as disciplinarians, cleaners, runners, staffs for the various messes, post office, A.C.P.'s, etc., etc. We, who are in comfortable offices, arrive in the mornings to find our floors and tables clean, our ash trays emptied, and a general air of tidiness which is the result of whose labours?—yes, the G.D.'s. Then the runners—take this, take that, call here, call there, and ten-to-one, when they return, they have to cover the same ground again, and immediately, too, for they are told “it's urgent.” Yet in the midst of these duties they are expected to produce cups of tea from “out of the blue” at frequent intervals.

In short, the G.D.'s do all the “dirty” work on a unit, and they do it cheerfully, too, though they are at everyone's beck and call. Their reclassifications are not governed by trade tests, because they are supposed to have no trade, yet paradoxically they are “jacks of all trades.” With the recent embargo on too many reclassifications in their group, their lot is not always too happy a one. They are an essential component of the vast machinery of the Service, and if this were remembered in our references to them in conversation and otherwise, there would be less remarks heard such as he's “only” a G.D.—S.S.



## Boxing

**T**HE first Boxing Tournament of the season was held on September 22, 1943, before a large audience. Ten bouts were on the programme, including two in the Novices' Middleweight contest for the Eaton Cup. Prizes were presented by the Commanding Officer.

In an elimination bout for the **Eaton Cup**, AC Reynolds beat LAC Foster after a close fight. Both contestants took some hard jolts, but Reynolds was still fresh enough at the end of the evening to win the final elimination bout when he fought LAC Mitchell. Mitchell put up a plucky fight, but was not strong enough for Reynolds.

**Bantam Weight.** LAC Groves, of Bowden, beat LAC Page, of Penhold. Groves, the heavier of the two, moving in fast and hitting hard, soon had Page in difficulties. Despite Page's game efforts in the last round to retrieve the situation, Groves won with a good margin.

**Light Weight.** Another Bowden victory was scored by LAC Crooks, who beat AC Campbell, of Penhold. Though Campbell was the smaller, he did not let Crooks get away unscathed. In another light weight bout, Cpl. Madden (S.H.Q.) knocked out Cpl. Oakley (Maintenance Wing). Madden attacked with an avalanche of blows. Oakley went down, recovered, and made a game effort, only to be floored again and counted out.

**Welter Weight.** LAC Cox, of Bowden, scored the first knock-out of the evening against AC Nicholson, of Penhold. Nicholson came out strongly in the first round and hit Cox repeatedly, but in the second round collected a “pile-driver,” and stayed down for the count.

**Light Heavy Weight.** Sgt. Crouch beat AC George in what was generally

## Officers' Mess Chronicle

**N**OTWITHSTANDING the unparalleled number of hours spent in flying during the last month, there seems, just the same, to have been plenty of time over for junketing. The repatriation of so many of Penhold's Old Guard provided the excuse—were excuse necessary—for this burst of festivity, and nothing but regret at their going marred the manner in which it was celebrated.

In September an "informal" dance was held—the first, it is believed, of its kind. From the happy smiles of satisfied anticipation on the faces of one and all, none could have told of the turmoil that raged in every woman's breast. For it appears that even after several discussions that dragged on into the dawn, no decision had been reached how the word "informal" was to be construed when applied to the weighty matter of the length of the skirt. Red Deer society was rent in twain on this vexed question, and it would be both dangerous and invidious to take sides.

With some wisdom on the part of the organisers, the cocktail party given as a stirrup cup for the C.O. began at six. Any disagreement that might have been burgeoning between the hatted and hatless was quickly nipped in the bud by the good news that the C.O.'s posting had been cancelled, and the party developed on orthodox lines, and was continued that evening and on the following night in places not covered by this chronicle.

An extraordinary general meeting was held in September, at which a suggested orgy of expenditure was laid before the members. Seldom at these august conferences can interest have been so profoundly stirred. Immediately on the reading of the agenda, the normal cloistered calm was shattered, and the anteroom took on the appearance of the Stock Exchange. Some of the furniture of S/Ldr. Kirsten and a second-hand safe from Calgary were agreed to be bought, despite the objections of a discordant minority. It was also agreed that the mess should be redecorated. The suggestion that money invested by members in electric razors should be written off was not, however, approved.

F/Lt. Ravilious and F/O Bryden have underwritten a large block of the new Victory Loan, and are now busy attempting to unload it. Their present most telling slogan is: The price of a 100 dollar bond represents no more than a Gin Job a day. It is not known what action F/Lt. Frost is taking to oppose this insidious propaganda.

As a reminder that it was Fire Week, and to celebrate Thanksgiving Day, the Chief Instructor lit the first fire in the mess. . . The results of the Nursery Handicap continue to come in. All congratulations to F/Lt. and Mrs. Amey on achieving third place with a filly, and to F/O and Mrs. Teare's colt on coming in fourth.—T.G.

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agreed to be the best bout of the evening. George was strong and aggressive, and always ready to "mix it," while Crouch used his left with deadly precision. Showing better ringcraft, Crouch deservedly gained the decision.

**Heavy Weight (Pupils).** LAC Mansfield beat LAC Latta in a very fast fight with plenty of clean, hard hitting. Mansfield gave a great display, making Latta miss frequently, and finished a good winner.

The refereeing and judging was of a very high standard, with not half a point's difference in the scoring throughout the evening.

An all-in wrestling match staged by Cpl. Mendel (alias the Red Mask from Yarmouth) and F/Sgt. Kent (alias the Hangman from Penfield) delighted the crowd with a bout which involved the referee—to prove that it was "all-in." The "Hangman," strictly according to custom, sailed through the ropes on to the Judge's table, and at the same time won the bout by scoring three "downs."

## Corporals' Club Notes

A MEETING was held on September 22, 1943, when the future of the Corporals' Club was discussed. The P.S.I. has made us a grant of \$200.00 towards the furnishing of the lounge, which will be carried out as soon as the billiard table is removed to the Y.M.C.A. Dry Canteen. A new committee was formed as follows: Chairman—Cpl. Cooper (316) (M. W. H. Q.); Secretary—Cpl. Coan (S.H.Q.); Treasurer—Cpl. Smith (718) (M.W.H.Q.); Committee—Cpl. Diggins (M.W.), Cpl. Oakley (M.W.), Cpl. Duckhouse (F.W.)

The present bar will be doubled in size by the addition of an extra building (pending authority), and the new lounge will be furnished with settees, easy chairs, writing tables, piano, radio, and miscellaneous games and periodicals to suit all tastes. Corporals are asked to support the Club as much as possible, not only for their own benefit, but for the benefit of those who will follow them on the unit. The committee will meet in October to arrange social evenings for the winter, to which it is intended to invite civilian and Service friends of members.

September saw the passing of a few old members, repatriated to the "old country," chief amongst them being "Tich" Cumner and Jock Wilson. Farewells were given at a special "session," and to mark the occasion, a wallet was presented to "Tich" from the members then present. Welcome back to the Club is Cpl. Driver after his prolonged stay in hospital at Edmonton. As he has not yet fully recovered, we wish him all the best for a return to normal health. We hear that a certain corporal, on the occasion of the eve of repatriation lost his teeth, and was found sleeping peacefully between two huts.—S.S.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Bags of Mail

ANY MAIL for 123 Smith? Quite an ordinary question, but behind it lies an interesting story of the tremendous amount of work involved in getting your mail ready for you within an hour or so of its arrival by train. Many hundreds of letters and parcels are handled daily, exclusive of official mail, and the task of sorting letters alone calls for expert handling and thorough concentration. Parcels are dealt with by a systematic method of numbering and card recording and, whilst the number of these is small in comparison with other mail, it is big enough to create a great deal of work.

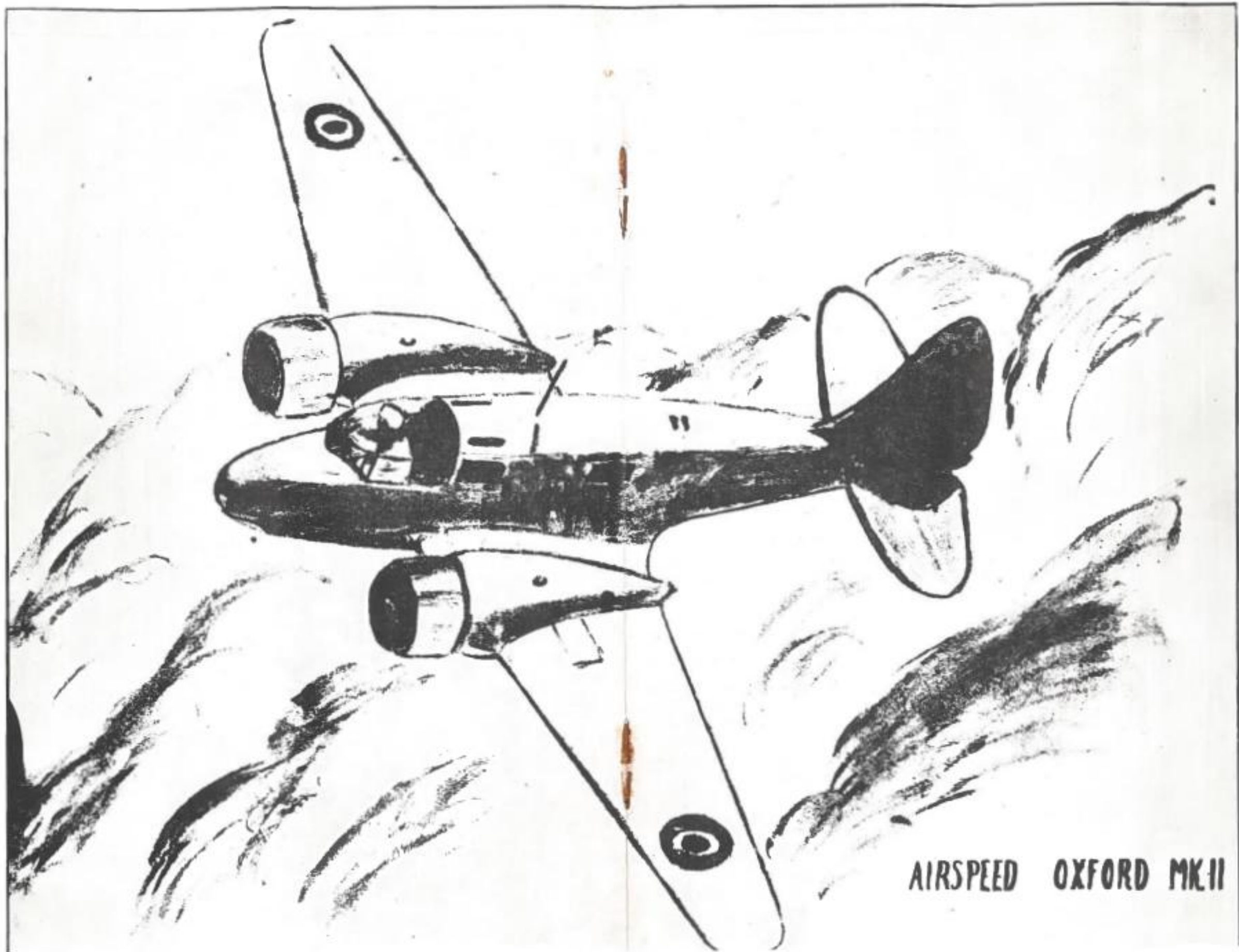
Do not for one moment think that once the mail is sorted and ready for distribution that the work of the staff is over—it is not, by any means. The movements of personnel, in and out, have to be kept right up to date, in order that no delay occurs in the re-addressing and forwarding of correspondence. Much "tearing of hair" takes place in dealing with mail that has arrived wrongly or insufficiently addressed, and when, as too often happens, the handwriting is quite indecipherable.

The task of handling also the hundreds of newspapers, magazines, etc., is by no means a small one, and necessitates much additional work, for these cannot be conveniently placed in the receptacles for ordinary letters; consequently a similar procedure has to be adopted as with parcels. Apart from all this there is the ordinary sales counter work involving the many and varied transactions peculiar to an ordinary post office, not to mention the hundred-and-one questions asked regarding air mail rates, duty free parcels and what have you.

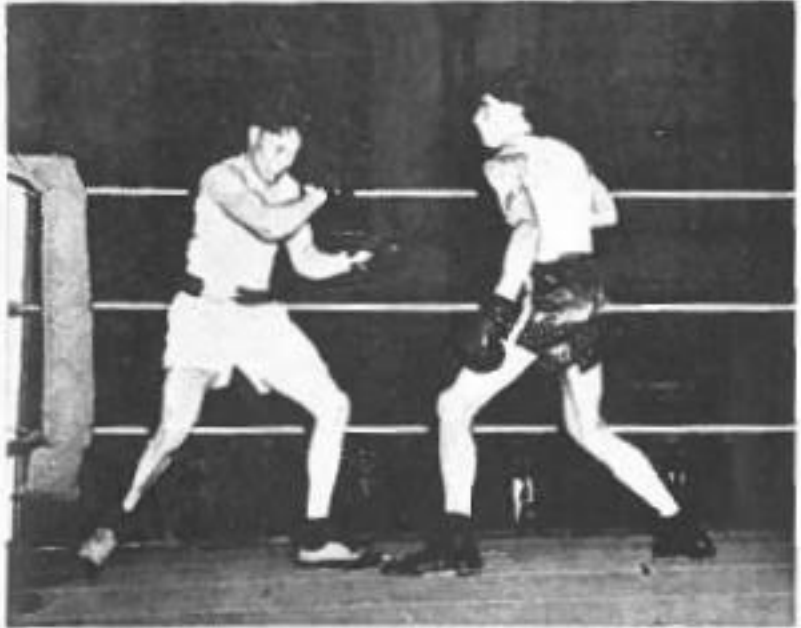
So the next time you call for mail, and there is none for you, don't look at the staff as much as to say, "Why not?"—they are more cheesed with the sight of mail than perhaps you imagine; yet, for all this, they are always extremely obliging and courteous. The only humorous relief from their drudgery is the study of our faces when we receive mail and, more particularly, when we do not.—S.S.



ON PARADE—The Station Band Marches Past



AIRSPEED OXFORD MK.II



# BOXING AT PENHOLD



## Joe's Dream

**D**REAMS and their causation have interested me ever since I dreamt that I had drawn the favourite in the Irish Sweepstake. Some psychologists would assert that a dream is simply an expression in the subconscious mind of something the dreamer very much desires. More matter of fact and plainer speaking men would affirm that dreams are the result of eating suppers such as cheese and onions. The dream I experienced on the night of the 20th would obviously come into the former category.

Allow me at this stage to introduce myself. I am Joe, the incarnate spirit of those cheery and helpful souls, the messing orderlies. I must frequently be the most hated chappie on the station. If you require more butter, I glare at you with eyes of flashing steel; if it's jam you want, I make you wait until you have forgotten what it was you originally wanted; and, of course, if you dare to sit down at a table near to the servery, I hastily, and with great fervour, eject you and escort you back into the "Gods."

Although adorned with white raiment and clothed to sartorial perfection, I am still human. And being cursed with the same burdens as the rest of you mortals, I repeat that on the night of the 20th I dreamed, and this is what I dreamt.

Early, very early, my spirit was whisked away until the prison-like, gaunt structure known as Barrack Block 304 faded away into the distance. Because I was not shackled by the restrictions of the body, I waited and watched, wondering what the day would bring forth. And in my dream I saw the mess room orderlies eagerly cleaning the tables, and mopping the floor, their eyes flaming with enthusiasm for their task, though methought I heard one or two of them whispering the promise of the Prime Minister that there would be sweat and toil. I could see in my dream one of the lads beaming with satisfaction at the results of his labours.

But then dark clouds came into the picture and my tranquil thoughts changed to ones of strife. For the Dining Hall was opened, and in rushed the starters for the four o'clock race. Men whom I had noticed leaving a few minutes before after enjoying a sumptuous repast at dinner time, seemed to be in the first three, and going round the bend they increased their lead. But I remembered there were three more bends to encounter and the race was to the fittest.

After what seemed eternity, they reached the half-way stage and stayed for a while at the servery, but in a short time they were away again. Then the starter sent them back almost to where they had started. Weary and worn, with feet like lead and burdened with the terrific weight of food they carried, and particularly cast down by their load of butter, they staggered on to their appointed place. Having fortified themselves with the galaxy of vitamins so generously provided, they reluctantly departed, their thankful voices rendering a hymn of praise to those who had schemed and planned such a wonderful meal.

As I saw them depart, my soul saddened, gone was my blithe spirit. The sun had departed, the skies were dark. For in the place of the spotless tables and shining floor, I saw dirt and wasted food, spilt gravy, upset tea, and chewing gum. And my innocent spirit wondered, what kind of men are these? They spit chewing gum on the floor and grumble because the floor is not always clean. They leave pieces of bread and orange peel on the tables, and sigh because the dining hall does not look like home sweet home at all.

At last the scene vanished. I heard the occupant of the adjacent "pit" snore and I realised it had all been a dream. But in my inmost heart I knew and learned the lessons of the dream. I would leave the Dining Hall as clean when I left it as it was before I entered. I would do this mainly because I was a gentleman, but also because I had learned that the cleanliness of the Mess was the concern of all its users, not only the Joes of the staff.—JOE.

# . . . Entertainment . . .

## MUSIC APPRECIATION GROUP

The Music Appreciation Group held its first meeting of the session on October 5, and now meets every Tuesday evening at 20.00 hrs., in the Pupils' Study, G.I.S. Block. An average attendance of thirty has been maintained, and it is hoped this will be increased as the winter advances. Last year, several good sets of recordings were purchased through Service Institute Funds, and while these, up to the present, have formed the foundations of our programmes, welcome loans have been made by keen listeners who wish to share their own pleasure.

All personnel are invited to join the Group on Tuesday evenings. Whether your taste is for Lily Pons or Gigli in opera, or for symphonic works by the Philadelphia Orchestra, or for concertos by Moisewitch and the London Symphony Orchestra, or for lighter orchestral works played by the Boston "Pops," you are warmly invited to take a pew and give yourself up to the joys of music each Tuesday evening in the G.I.S.—F.S.H.

## MALE VOICE CHOIR

The general meeting of the Male Voice Choir was held in September, and the following were elected committee members: Cpl. Gray, President; LAC Powell, Secretary; LAC Philp, Conductor; LAC Watkin, Pianist; other members, AC Green and AC Cross. A vote of thanks was recorded to the retiring Secretary, Cpl. Seaward, for his work over the past two years. Our best wishes go to him, and the hope that he and Mrs. Seaward will enjoy a long and happy marriage.

Rehearsals are now in full swing on Mondays at 7 o'clock and Wednesdays at 4 o'clock. We have room for a few bass singers and would welcome any new members. We anticipate giving our first concert in Red Deer early in November, and are looking forward to a happy, busy winter season. Any enquiries concerning choir membership, etc., will be dealt with by LAC Powell (Secretary), or any other committee member.

## STATION DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Believing, with Hamlet, that "the play's the thing," a Station Dramatic Society was formed in August, and commenced play-readings towards the end of September. It now meets each Thursday evening at 2000 hours, in the G.I.S. Block; at the time of writing, three officers and an average of nine airmen have gathered together each week. The wailing lilt of American slang, the full-throated melody of the Negro maid, the monotonous dirge of the Oxford don and the staccato notes of the Nazi demagogue have each and all been captured by members of our talented company.

Why not join us? So far, though many interesting hours have been spent poring over French's catalogue, no play has definitely been chosen for production, so you still have time to come along and assure yourself of a place in the cast.—F.S.H.

## STATION REFERENCE LIBRARY

Some of the books that have been added to the Station Reference Library (No. 6 Hangar) during the past month are as follows: Mathematics for Technical Schools, by Warren and Rutherford; Metal Aircraft for the Mechanic, by J. Healey; Automotive Construction and Operation, by Wright and Smith; Elements of Electricity, by W. H. Timbie; Canadian Poets, by J. W. Garvin (Ed.); French Review Grammar by Ratner and Sorokin; Discharged (A Commentary on Civil Re-establishment of Veterans in Canada) by R. England; Over On the Island (Pr. Edward Is.) by H. J. Champion; Hand Wood-Working by Evans, Parks and Slatterie.

All personnel may borrow any of the above books on application to the Education Officer or Librarian. The library is open daily from 08.45 to 12.30, and from 13.45 to 17.00 hrs., and also on Wednesday evenings from 18.30 to 20.30 hrs.—F.S.H.

## SWING CLUB

The Swing Club winter programme commences on Monday, November 1, in the old Band Room in No. 4 Hangar at 20.00 hours. Each week there will be the "Wednesday Night Swing Club" during the interval at the station dance in the Recreation Hall, and "The Swing Club Presents" every Saturday at 19.30 hours, in addition to the Monday evening sessions.

The Club possesses about 430 recordings, covering, among others, the following bands: All Star Band, Charlie Barnett, Bunny Berigan, Bob Chester, Bob Crosby, Jimmy Dorsey, Tommy Dorsey, Duke Ellington, Glenn Wray, Benny Goodman, Earl Hines, Erskine Hawkins, Lionel Hampton, Woody Herman, Harry James, Glenn Miller, Teddy Powell, Tony Pastor, Artie Shaw, Alvino Rey, Fats Waller, Count Basie, Bix Beiderbecke, Gene Krupa, and Charlie Spivak.

Followers of the Swing Club are asked to send in their requests for particular tunes and orchestras to F/O Jinks or AC Pickup.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THEATRE

The first concert party of the season came to us on Sunday, October 17, from Calgary, and played to a responsive audience which filled every available seat in the Recreation Hall. The show was the first the company had put on the road this season, and it brought to Penhold a variety of good talent. It was permeated with a strong flavour of Scotch which immensely pleased the Hielan' laddies in our midst. The charming and clever young dancing girls presented a very pretty picture whether they danced in bonnet and kirtle, the scarlet of the Guards, the exotic costume of Spain, or the simple dresses of Ireland and the Netherlands. With the bagpipes and the fiddle, the accordion and the piano, there was music to please everyone's taste. Comedy was mingled with magic, and colour blended with melody, and the audience was enjoined to sing some of the songs in the show, which it did with evident enthusiasm.

This was the forerunner of a promised winter season of concerts from the outside world, and we look forward to the arrival of more of these lively shows for our Sunday evenings' enjoyment. Generously sponsored by certain leading firms in Calgary and elsewhere, these shows are brought to us, and other stations in Western Canada, by an organisation known as the Calgary Co-ordinating Council, and we are fortunate in having such good friends to provide real-life entertainment to supplement our film fare. Such variety is indeed the spice of Penhold life.

\* \* \* \* \*

## DANCE TIME

Competition for tickets grows keener as the long evenings draw in upon us, and for comfort in dancing it is necessary to keep strictly to the established rule of "ticket holders only." This necessarily limits the scope of the dances, but by giving each section a dance night in turn, it is hoped that a fair distribution is thus obtained. Enjoyable dances have lately been presented by Minor Inspections, No. 1 Servicing Flight, and the M.T. Section, and we have no doubt that future dances will maintain the same high standard. The list for November is as follows:

- November 3rd—Flying Wing.
- November 10th—No. 2 Servicing Flight.
- November 17th—Workshops.
- November 24th—No. 3 Servicing Flight.



## Soccer . . .

Last month saw the conclusion of the Inter-Section Soccer League and the commencement of a Knock-Out Competition. Only seven teams were entered and consequently one team had to have a bye in the first round. No. 2 Flight was the lucky team. In the first round, No. 3 Flight beat Maintenance "B", Airmen's Mess beat the Sergeants' Mess and Maintenance

"A" beat No. 1 Flight. In the semi-finals, Maintenance "A" beat No. 2 Flight 8-2, and No. 3 Flight was winning 2-1 against the Airmen's Mess when bad light forced the abandonment of the match. It would not be a surprise if, by the time you read this, Maintenance "A" had won the competition.

On October 11, the Station's first team travelled to Medicine Hat to play No. 34 S.F.T.S. The Medicine Hat team has a very enviable reputation and is unbeaten this season. It was not without qualms, therefore, that our team took to the field. The match was an excellent display of football and both teams admitted afterwards that the match was the most exacting they had played this year. The final score was Medicine Hat 4, Penhold 2. It may be mentioned in passing—but this is in no way an excuse nor an exaggeration—that there was not a single blade of grass on the pitch. If Medicine Hat have played on that pitch all season, then they are the most ardent soccer players we have happened across. Our team is not convinced of the invincibility of the Medicine Titfers and it is expected that a return match will be arranged to take place at Mewata Stadium, Calgary, in the very near future.

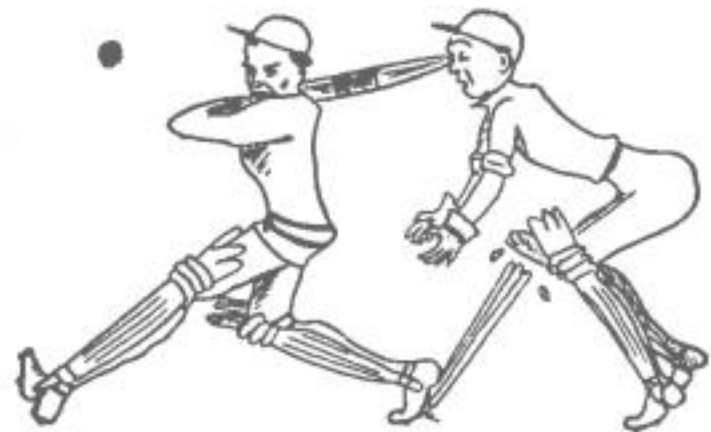
## Cricket . . .

Although we had fixtures in Edmonton and Calgary for the month of August, these were cancelled in view of the tour arranged in Vancouver and Victoria, which, however, did not take place until September. Consequently no matches were played in August.

After the return of the team from the tour, the next match arranged was at Edmonton on September 26 against a civilian eleven on the Golf Links ground. Edmonton batted first but could not get runs easily against the bowling of Meadows and Gibson. Bowling into the wind and using swerve and break effectively, Gibson secured the first three wickets. The introduction of Merry was successful, as he quickly got four wickets, bowling fast off the wicket with swing. Meadows was brought back to finish off the innings with three quick wickets. Edmonton had totalled 106, a score we confidently expected to beat. Unfortunately, Penhold's wickets fell with great rapidity before the bowling of Neale, Edwards and Diggins. Only Randall, 60, and Powell, 20, put up any resistance. It looked as though we might pull off the match, for we only required 12 runs to win with 3 wickets to fall. But we were all out for 102, and so we lost by 4 runs.

After a three months' lapse, it was very pleasant to play once more in Riley Park, Calgary, on October 9, when we were opposed to a representative side from 37 S.F.T.S. Winning the toss, we chose to bat, sending in LAC Randall and P/O Merry, who gave us a good start, scoring 25 and 12 respectively. Hobby had a vigorous innings, gathering 33 runs, and Gibson, 16, Poynter, 26, and Powell, 10, all helped to swell the total which added up to 149 for 6 wickets when we had to declare, as a late start allowed only approximately 4 hours for the match.

We quickly had three of our opponents wickets down, but F/Sgt. Evans,



## SPENDING V. LENDING

"We stand in line to get a Pass,  
 We stand in line to wash.  
 We stand in line to find a place  
 To stand in line—by gosh!  
 We stand in line to draw our Pay.  
 We stand in line to spend it.  
 But Fellow Erks—we never had  
 To stand in line to Lend it!"

**T**HIS TIME we are trying, as far as possible, to pay for the war as we go, and that is why we have War Weapons Weeks at home and Victory Loan Campaigns out here. You see, all this talk about inflation and price ceilings seems rather unreal and vague when compared with raids over the Ruhr and landings in Sicily, but actually it means just as much in bringing nearer the day when the Hun cracks and Hitler hitch-hikes for his hide-out.

It's like this—in wartime the switch-over to war production means fewer everyday things in the shops, and, against that, less unemployment and more money available for spending. Higher taxation, of course, restricts spending, but, after all, you must leave a man some money in his pocket. Without an upward limit on prices and constant appeals for voluntary saving—what happens? The small supply of everyday things—what they call "consumer goods" in the papers—won't meet the increased spending power, so to even thing out—prices go up. So does the cost of living—so wages go up—and we're back where we started. And so the snowball starts rolling, until, eventually, a packet of fags costs about a year's pay and inflation is under way. It can lose a war—it helped to do so in Germany last time—it could have done so here.

I remember, just after I left school, we had one of those Dickens' Calendars in the office with a quotation under each month. At the beginning of one month I found myself reading the following—I think it was uttered by that purveyor of sage sayings—Mr. Micawber:

"Income—twenty shillings—expenditure nineteen and six—result—happiness.

"Income—twenty shillings—expenditure twenty shillings and sixpence—result—misery."

As, up to that time, I had been constantly miserable for that very reason, I thought it might be a good thing to try the other tack. It was amazing how quickly these sixpences mounted and how handy it was to have a bit laid by when something really worthwhile was wanted. Mr. Micawber was seldom a creditor, but I feel I shall always owe him something.

\* \* \*

The Victory Loan Campaign has one week to run and we have quite a few who have still to make up their minds. So think again, you who are undecided—WILL YOU SPEND IT—OR WILL YOU LEND IT? —R.H.W.

45, and Sgt. Geldard, 38, batted stubbornly and at close of play 37 S.F.T.S. were 110 for 6 wickets. So a draw it was, with the odds in our favour.

The following day, Sunday, October 10, we were opposed to the Bankers and Brokers, winners of a Cricket cup in Calgary this season. Practically all their side contributed to a very substantial total of 223 for nine wickets, one man retiring hurt. Penhold started off very well, Randall collecting 52, Merry 27 and F/O Bryden, although greatly favoured by luck, contributed an invaluable 52. The light was steadily getting worse, and as we drew near to the Bankers' total, there was a lot of excitement. Gibson, 22 not out, and Meadows, 15 not out, batting in the gathering dusk, strove desperately to pass our opponents' score, and when stumps were drawn the score was 222 for 6 wickets, one run behind. A draw game, but a very exciting finish.

This will probably be the last match of the season, but we must be thankful that the glorious autumn weather allowed us to play two games so late in the season.—A.M.G.

# The German Problem

**W**ORLD PEACE can never be secured until the internal stresses and strains of Europe are either removed or controlled, for Europe is not only the focal area of world activity but, as well, the dominating political and economic force. The pacification of European peoples and the unification of European economic areas to meet the needs of modern industrial civilization is the key problem of the peace.

The most disturbing factor in the peace of Europe since the rise of industrialism has been Germany. The centre of all European problems lies here. The geographic pattern of the European continent causes this land area to be open to, and susceptible to, a variety of influences from all directions. It is not some peculiar twist in the German character which has caused this people to become a perpetual threat to the peace and security of the neighbouring peoples in Europe. The fault lies in the geographic, economic and commercial setting of the German lands within the European framework.

Germany is the most central of the European land areas. All the key commercial channels, communication and transportation routes of Europe converge upon points within her borders. Yet, in spite of the focality of Germany in Europe, there is no natural centre in the German lands. Germany has several centres upon which the national interests and activities can converge, but no single one which always remains predominant. Vienna, Munich, Frankfurt and Berlin have each, at different times, acted as the focus for German interests and activities. The psychological sense of cohesion has thus been lacking except when a strongly centralized government has drawn all the regions tightly towards some administrative centre. The only time that this has been done effectively is since 1870.

The geography and distribution of natural resources in Germany do not make for cohesion. Both invite the extension of German control beyond the regions of German habitation. The geographical makeup of the German lands is very complex. It is roughly true that Germany occupies the central part of the Great Plain of Europe. But it is a mistake to regard Germany as a plain at all. It is of more purpose to think of Germany as a complicated and varied region of plain and valley, highland and lowland, mountain and shore.

There is no geographical unity in the sense that France is a unit geographically. The shoreline, morainic hills, southern mountains and old river valleys give an east-west construction to the country. But the commercial pull of the ocean and the north-south direction of the main commercial rivers, like the Elbe and the Rhine with their connecting canals, have given a north-south direction to the country's construction and activities. Danzig, Stettin, Hamburg and Bremen all tend to emphasize an isolation of regions and their outlets. Upon no part of either the North or Baltic Sea is there a preponderating focus of rivers or commercial channels. Instead there is dispersion.

This dispersion also exists in the distribution of the natural resources and in the location of the industrial areas and cities. They are all peripheral. The chief industrial areas are concentrated on the western margins of the country, in the Ruhr, Saar and Rhine regions. Another concentration of industrial power is on the south-eastern margin in Silesia. The most important commercial cities are in these regions. It would not be to the disadvantage of Germany to have these cities and regions on the margins of the country were these regions themselves not integral parts of regions which are partly under the control of other peoples.

The Rhine region is economically a unit, but divided between France, Belgium, Holland and Germany. The coal of the Ruhr and the iron ore of Lorraine are necessary to each other, yet under the control of hostile political

systems. Surrounding the borders of Germany are regions, between which and the adjacent German economic regions, there is reciprocal commercial dependence.

This peripheral location of cities and industrial areas on the east and west of a land that has no natural centre of convergence militates against a feeling of security on the part of the German people. The consciousness of the possibility that their vital industrial areas may be occupied or incapacitated by a neighbouring power, and the absence of a clearly defined natural barrier as a boundary have tempted the German to try the extension of his control beyond his own ethnic boundary. This makes the German a plunderer, never a collaborator.

For a thousand years the German lands were disunited. There was a nominal authority vested in the Emperor, but effective central authority, uniting all the German lands under one administration, was lacking. It was only after the rise of Prussia and the formation of the Empire of 1871 that the German lands, excepting Austria, were brought under a single administrative direction.

Since the unification of Germany under a strong central authority, she has been a persistent and aggressive source of discord on the continent. She has been the cause of apprehension for all her neighbours, Dutch, Belgian and Dane, French and Pole, Slav and Magyar. Since 1870, particularly, there has been the danger that the peoples of this European heartland would overflow in a wave of invasion, subjugating the peoples on the borders and making of them a mat over which to attack still other peoples beyond.

No effective unity existed before 1870, and when unity came, no real satisfaction came with it. The German could not feel drawn to a centre within the state which would have turned the thoughts and aspirations of the German national feeling in upon itself.

The result of the inability to focus attention upon a common centre was the growth of expansionist aspirations and conquistadorial plans which bore the marks of their geographical origins. So long as there was no strong centralizing authority to concentrate the whole power and weight of the German peoples and their economic resources behind an idea, there was no great danger of their subjugating, on a continent-wide scale, the neighbouring peoples. Yet the tendency to expansion is plainly evident in all German history.

Brandenburg was tempted to emerge from its marshes, and expanded into the Kingdom of Prussia. Prussia was tempted into Austrian Silesia, eastwards and westwards across the North German plain into Poland and the Rhineland, and to the Baltic lands of the North. No natural confining boundaries existed to define the limits of the state's expansion. Each expansion of territory invited a further addition. The Germans never reached a barrier behind which they could feel secure from attack. No Alps or Pyrenees gave a reasonable insulation from temptation to aggression nor from fear of aggression from the outside.

The temptation to expand by the subjugation of neighbouring peoples was very great. Weaker peoples dwelt in adjoining regions which, geographically, were continuations of German regions. Because there was no natural centre in Germany, no focus which held good at all times and had the psychological influence of turning the German mind to a point within the German lands themselves, the psychological result was that the German tended to regard the natural regions of his country as leading outward. The concentrated force of a unified, economically powerful and centrally administered military power which included the whole of the European heartland made the threat of ever extending domination from the heartland a struggle of life and death for all European peoples.

For the peace of Europe there are two alternatives: The heartland must be effectively blocked from overflowing into adjacent regions or the com-

## Counties Of England

# The Channel Islands

**A**LTHOUGH the Channel Islands are not "counties" of England, they are very definitely a part of England, even though they are situated much nearer to France. It is their boast that they were a part of the possessions of William the Conqueror before he "took over" England. Some of the laws and customs, names and even the language go back to these old times. The native dialect is called "French" by English visitors. It is not known what French visitors call it—they can't understand it, either. But don't let "language" trouble deter you from visiting these lovely islands when we rescue them from the Nazi clutches again—all the "natives" speak and understand English.

Possibly quite a number of you may have holidayed in Jersey, the largest and most popular of the islands. You will probably remember it as one of the best holidays you've ever had. Beautiful weather and scenery—all drinks and smokes at half-price or less—Players' at 20 for 7d, Scotch 5/6d a bottle, champagne at 4/- a bottle—and good champagne, too. Next time you go there, try what we call a "corpse-reviver"—guaranteed to work every time. Take one of those very tall, gold-topped lager glasses, empty therein one Baby Guinness and fill to the brim with champagne. The result will slide down your gullet so smoothly you'll hardly notice it—for about thirty seconds—then the fireworks will start buzzing inside you—a beautiful feeling. You may also remember "Round the Island" charabanc trips, with numerous stops for refreshment, and other activities such as moonlight bath-

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pactness of the heartland must be abolished and its regional parts split up and fitted into a new European political pattern.

To block the heartland of Europe effectively would require the maintenance of a state of siege around Germany. It could not be maintained forever, and if it could it would defeat its own ends by creating conditions alterable by force alone.

The regions which we call Germany—Saxony, Bavaria, Prussia, Wurtemberg, Austria, Hanover and the rest—are incapable of standing alone economically. They are, however, incomparably better off in a German customs union than when standing alone. But then they form a threat to the security of the other European states.

Regional customs unions, such as the German Empire of 1871 and the Austro-Hungarian Empire, are not sufficient for the needs of either the economic regions of Germany nor for those of Europe as a whole. The only ultimate arrangement that can give both economic satisfaction and political security to the German regions as well as to their neighbours is the restoration of political autonomy to each of the administrative units of the German Reich, and their inclusion in a larger European federal system in which all will enjoy complete equality of economic opportunity with political autonomy.

—A.G.K.

ing, dances, trips to St. Malo, etc.

To get back to more mundane matters—the Channel Islands consist of four main islands—Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney and Sark—with two smaller ones, Herm and Jethou, and hundreds of rocks. Jersey, the largest, is only 12 miles long and 8 miles wide, while Jethou, the smallest, is little more than a large rock, with one house built upon it. This house at one time belonged to Compton Mackenzie, the novelist. Apart from Herm and Jethou, which are “managed” by the States of Guernsey, each island has its own government. Jersey issues its own brand of pennies and ha’pennies—they make good souvenirs—while Guernsey goes one better and issues its own ten shilling and £1 notes. These are legal tender only in Guernsey, though.

Jersey and Guernsey are famous the whole world over for their distinctive breeds of cattle. Both strains of cattle have been kept pure for centuries. No importations of cattle are allowed, by law, into either island, not even cattle bred in the Islands being allowed to return once they have been exported. These two islands are also celebrated for their early vegetables—tomatoes, potatoes, grapes, etc.—and flowers, which, although mostly grown out of doors, are ready for export as early as February. Guernsey grows more flowers than Jersey, and if you ever visit Guernsey in the early spring, take a walk across the island—it will only take about 90 minutes—starting from St. Peter Port to Vazon Bay, and you will pass field after field of daffodils, tulips of all colours, and other flowers—a wonderful sight.

Alderney and Sark are much smaller than Jersey and Guernsey. Sark is only about 3 miles long and 1 mile wide. It has only a few inhabitants and is chiefly famous in that it is governed by a woman, the Dame de Sark, and that no motorcars are allowed. Sark has a very small harbour, just large enough for one very small ship at a time.

Herm is a still smaller island, famous for its shell beach, a long beach made up entirely of sea-shells—no sand at all. Geologists say this beach has taken millions of years to build up, and is the result of a whirlpool in the sea caused by the shape of the island. The island is situated about three miles from Guernsey and can easily be reached by boat, but the owner’s permission should be obtained before landing. It is a very good spot for picnics.

Jethou is “next door” to Herm, being separated therefrom by only about 50 yards of water.

Years back, in the “good old days,” the Channel Islands were famous, or infamous, as a resort of pirates and wreckers. In those days of sailing ships, any ship passing had to keep a very sharp lookout and if it so happened that a ship was in trouble through storms or other happenings, then, in our way of speaking, they had “had it.” There are very strong currents running in the English Channel around the islands, and also plenty of good sharp rocks, so the wreckers in those days did a very good trade. Of course, the islanders would have been greatly insulted if you had called them “wreckers”—they were “rescuers,” their idea being that, if a ship’s crew had their lives saved they should not begrudge their rescuers a little something from the cargo. In those days the islanders relied on this sort of business to keep themselves going, not on peaceful agriculture as they do today. They also kept a few sheep, the wool from which was knitted into two garments still in great demand from seamen of today—jerseys and guernseys—named after the respective islands.

Nowadays, or at least until the Nazis took over, the islands are no longer a nest of pirates and wreckers. Lifeboats are kept in readiness in St. Helier in Jersey and in St. Peter Port in Guernsey to dash out to the help of any mariners in distress. And the islands’ inhabitants make their living by growing food for export, and in keeping up their famous herds of cattle.

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A DOLLAR SAVED IS A DOLLAR EARNED — BUY BONDS!

## Flaps from Flying Wing

If the Editor of the the Penhold Log turns down many more of our articles, we shall adopt the time-honoured Flying Wing practice of raising a Return Voucher describing him as u/s through fair wear and tear—and leave someone else to reduce him to produce.

Since so much of the "Log's" material has to be suppressed, it is not unlikely that in the near future the real "low down" will appear in an underground newspaper entitled "Penhold Underworld" (for internal circulation only).

Harmless stories and Sunday School jokes will be published in the "Penhold Log", as usual, for external distribution to parents, sweethearts, knitting groups, wives' auxiliaries, and higher authority.

This spot of leg-pulling between a New Zealander and a Canadian

struck us as being worth reporting in the neutral press.

Canadian: "Say, you speak English. Did you learn it on the way over?"

New Zealander: "I did, so, too. But that was eighteen months ago. Now I've forgotten it all again."

Who is the senior N.C.O. in Flying Wing's Orderly Room who, on his return from a "butterflying" expedition to Los Angeles, hopes, despite the shadow of an impending transfer to the Flare Path hanging over his head, to remuster to Code and Cypher duties, in the hope, we imagine, of learning to decipher his own unmentionable handwriting?

PAY FOR YOUR PRANG  
WITH BONDS

## Tales Out of School

Last month saw the departure of our late C.G.I., S/Ldr. S. S. Kirsten, and we all wish him a safe journey and a happy reunion with his friends at home. To his successor, F/Lt. N. G. Minor, we extend a warm welcome, and hope that his stay at Penhold will be a happy one.

Some time ago an Officer pupil was to be seen wandering around the G.I.S. looking about him in a bewildered state. Several instructors thought he was a new intake, but after a while he was recognised as F/Lt. Hall, and it was then realised that his perplexity arose from the absence of his once large and beautiful black moustache. Although rumour had it that its removal was accomplished, forcibly, by some of his colleagues who very properly objected to the souging noises it made as it swayed in the breeze, nevertheless, he insisted that he had used hair remover in mistake for moustache wax. We do know, however, that he went to Store's complete with E26 (five copies) to draw another.

Missing of late, in the vicinity of Red Deer, is the familiar sight of AC Cousins (better known to his friends as "The fish's worst enemy") who could be seen almost every night striding through the main street, complete with rubber top boots, mackintosh, rods, reels, lines, a net of enormous proportions, a haversack, a six-foot pole which, it is said, he used for vaulting from side to side of the river, and 50 feet of rope wound around his middle. He told us that one night he was pulled into the river by a fish he had hooked, but he did not get wet as, fortunately, he fell on top of it.

Is it true that . . . our late C.G.I. had duck decoys made so perfect that they would eat out of his hand . . . the G.I.S. is closing for minor repairs . . . one of the staff of the G.I.S. bought a "Big Game License", and was seen coming back to camp late one night with two gophers tied on a string . . . the pipe our Cpl. Discip. smokes has been used on more than one occasion as a walking stick.

## Editor's Gen

This month we are starting two new features which we intend to continue as a series—"Station Personalities" and "News from Home." We want to avoid overloading the "Personalities" page with officers and senior N.C.O.'s, but it was agreed that the three senior officers featured this month called for immediate notice as key-men in the lives of all of us on the station. For next month's issue it is hoped to discover that long suffering fellow, The Representative Erk, and pay him the tribute he deserves. Suggestions for "Personalities" write-ups will be welcome, for it is, unfortunately, impossible for the Editor and the "Log" Committee to know all they would like to know about everyone on the station.

### THE OLD COUNTRY

Co-operation is needed to make "News from Home" a successful regular feature. To produce it this month, English newspapers and magazines were scoured, right back to the old mid-summer issues. A stack of more recent papers is needed to raise the copy for next month. Let the Editor have your newspapers from home when you have read them. Some time ago a "Counties of England" series was started; it lapsed, but has come to life again with an account of the Channel Islands—an article which is a good example of the kind of material we want.

### PRIZES

Free cinema passes are again offered for contributions, criticisms, ideas . . . as many as circumstances warrant. Hardly anyone appeared to want them last month, and J. A. Delves is the only winner. The Padre's book prize is awarded to F/O G. J. Tonks for his charcoal drawing of the Oxford, and for other charcoal drawings of England which we intend to use in future issues.

### EDITOR'S BIND

Will all contributors, particularly those responsible for regular monthly notes and reports, please send in their copy promptly by the 15th, before the Editor has to bind at them: typewritten if possible (always double spacing, one side of the paper only). Organisers of any notable station activity should see that it is reported fully, without the Editor having to ask for it. This is a particularly urgent plea for November, as at that time, the Editor will be in the throes of that protracted statistical agony known as "getting a Course out," and will be in no state to cope with laggard contributors.

All contributions to the Editor, F/O W. H. Thomas, B Flight Commander's Office in No. 1 Hangar, or the Officers' Mess.

# STATION CINEMA

## Programme for November 1943

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 2

"PILOT No. 5"

Franchot Tone                      Marsha Hunt

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4

"HEAVEN CAN WAIT"

Don Ameche                                      Laird Cregar

THURSDAY and SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 6 and 7

"MISSION TO MOSCOW"

Walter Huston                                      Ann Harding

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 9

"MR. LUCKY"

Cary Grant    Laraine Day

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11

"CHINA"

Loretta Young    Alan Ladd

SATURDAY and SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 13 and 14

"THE STARMAKER"

Bing Crosby

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 16

"THE HUMAN COMEDY"

Mickey Rooney    Frank Morgan

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18

"EDGE OF DARKNESS"

Errol Flynn    Ann Sheridan

SATURDAY and SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20 and 21

"MY GAL SAL"

Rita Hayworth

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 23

"PRESENTING LILY MARS"

Judy Garland    Van Heflin

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25

"THIS LAND IS MINE"

Charles Laughton    Maureen O'Hara

SATURDAY and SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 27 and 28

"THE YOUNG MR. PITT"

Robert Donat    Robert Morley

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 30

"DIXIE"

Bing Crosby    Dorothy Lamour

FORTHCOMING ATTRACTION—

"BEST FOOT FORWARD"

Harry James    Lucille Ball