

# Christmas Number

1943

PRICE  
10 CENTS

**THE PENHOLD**

**LOG**

**ALBERTA**

**CANADA**

**36 S.F.T.S**

YEAR: \_\_\_\_\_ AIRCRAFT: \_\_\_\_\_ PILOT: \_\_\_\_\_ 2nd PILOT: \_\_\_\_\_ DUTY: \_\_\_\_\_

NO. OF HOURS: \_\_\_\_\_ (TOTAL HOURS) \_\_\_\_\_ (TOTAL HOURS) \_\_\_\_\_ (TOTAL HOURS) \_\_\_\_\_ (TOTAL HOURS)

GRAND TOTAL: \_\_\_\_\_

G.W. ROUGHTON

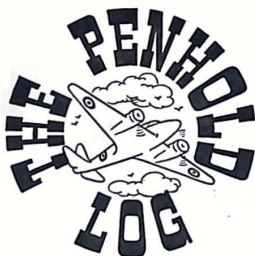
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DECEMBER



NUMBER 6  
1943



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Commanding Officer No. 36, S.F.T.S., Penhold.



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BUSINESS MANAGER: Cpl. Goldstein

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## A Message

*From the Commanding Officer :*

To All at No. 36 S.F.T.S.

It is with the greatest pleasure that I take the opportunity afforded me in the pages of this Station's magazine to wish you, one and all, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

The past months of 1943 have seen the departure of all but a few of the foundation members of this unit. Those who have taken their places will also depart in their turn, leaving others to carry on the good work until the purpose for which the unit was created has been accomplished. That this purpose is being well served at the present time has been amply proved by the establishment, recently, of new high records in flying times and Course results. These achievements reflect great credit upon everyone alike since it is the sum total of everybody's effort that is added up to make success or failure.

I am proud to congratulate you all upon the success that has been achieved and I am happily confident that the splendid spirit which has made this possible will continue to animate you with courage and determination to continue doing your best in the new year and until your task is ended with the final Victory won.

God Speed you all.

# Station Personalities



## The Cookhouse

ASSISTANT Section Officer Wilson has the distinction of being the first "Waaf" (Canadian type) to be posted to Penhold. When she arrived at Penhold at the end of October, Mrs. Wilson freely admits she was "scared green." Travelling up from Calgary, she was sitting opposite Wing Commander Gifford. When she got up to get off at Penhold, the C.E.O. gasped, "What, are you coming to Penhold?" Quickly overcoming his amazement, the Wing Commander escorted her to the camp, and introduced her to the Officers' Mess with the remark, "Look what I've brought back with me." Since then, A.S.O. Wilson has become a popular figure both in the various Messes and about the camp. For her part, she

has found that there was really no reason to be scared of Penhold.

Married to a Canadian doctor who is now in Great Britain as an M.O. with the R.C.A.F., Mrs. Wilson decided that she, too, should join her husband's service. After completing her training, she spent a month at No. 3 S.F.T.S., Calgary, before coming to Penhold. She is a trained dietitian, and has held many responsible civilian posts. She took her degree of Bachelor of Household Science at the University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon, and then did post-graduate work at the Toronto General Hospital before becoming head dietitian at Saskatoon City Hospital. She retired from this position when she was married. After her husband joined the R.C.A.F. she became social director at Eaton's famous College Street Store in Toronto, acting as manager and social hostess for banquets, dinners and other functions at Eaton's Auditorium and dining rooms. She moved from there to the De Havilland Canadian Mosquito plant where for a year she was managing cafeterias catering for many thousands of workers. While there, she watched Geoffrey De Havilland fly the first Canadian-built Mosquito.

As the lone "Waaf" amongst a horde of men, A.S.O. Wilson was not presented with the easiest of tasks, for she had to show the cookhouse kings what she wanted without letting them feel they were being brow-beaten by a mere woman. She has overcome her difficulties with tact and charm—and at the same time is enthusiastic about the co-operation she has received from her male assistants. She has many plans for the improvement of the airmen's mess, but she is loath to talk of her hopes until she has some positive achievements to back them up. However, she does say that she schemes to camouflage the barrack-like structure of the airmen's mess by introducing curtains, improved lighting and more cheerful painting.

To the Officers' Mess, Mrs. Wilson brings the civilising influence of femininity and an aptitude for bridge. She is also gifted with a turn of phrase which has led her to say of the Innisfail R.I. that it was "as quiet as the Northern Ontario bush." As a woman of action, she has proved herself in the ruthless extermination of cockroaches, and the provision of scones for tea.



## Cookhouse Chief

FLIGHT SERGEANT MOORE, Penhold's fair-haired, youthful, N.C.O. i/c Cookhouse, is here seen engaged in the admirable task of assisting LAC Yorke (one of the local wizards with sweets) to stir the Christmas pudding. He is known not only for his mastery of kitchen mysteries, but also for his skill on the soccer field. He came to Canada two years ago, being posted to Estevan, where in 1942 he helped his station side to win the Saskatchewan Services League championship. He came to Penhold in June, 1943, and immediately found a place in the Fliers team as inside right. As a fast and tricky forward who uses his head in both senses, he scored many of the goals which put Penhold at the top of the Alberta Services League for the second season running.

The sixteen months F/Sgt. Moore spent on the wide open prairie at Estevan were not wasted, for he is going back there this Christmas to marry an Estevan girl. Wondering whether he would make a good husband, we asked F/Sgt. Hammond, who shares a room with him in the Sergeants' Quarters, what he thought. He felt that his quiet manner might be deceptive, said he would have to be firmly kicked out of bed in the morning, and mentioned that he was partial to a regular glass of beer. But at any rate, here is a husband who will know what's what in the kitchen.

## Old-Timer Cook

LAC SAVAGE, known to fellow cooks as "Tich" and to the M.T. Section as "Doc," came with the first draft to Penhold in August, 1941, and has been enlivening the cookhouses at Penhold and Innisfail ever since with wit, good-humour, and song. He is a 21-year-old Lancashire lad from Burnley. Before coming out to Canada he was with R.A.F. units at Bridgnorth, Halton, West Malling and Padgate.

As an old-timer, he has acquired a fondness not only for Canada, but for the bush. He spent last summer at Big Bend and, like a good many others, has become much attached to the peace and quiet (recently somewhat disturbed) of the Innisfail R.I. In leisure moments, Savage disports himself in Innisfail, and is a "regular" at Innisfail dances and social affairs. Given the time, he goes deeper into the bush, way out north and east of Rocky Mountain House. There he intends to spend Christmas, far from the fearful orgy of feasting at Penhold.

Our picture shows him engaged in the dangerous business of slicing bacon, an occupation which demands that the proverbial finger be kept right out.



# Presenting . . .

## Christmas Presents

**F**ATHER CHRISTMAS, looking rather like a Banff "Mountie," arrived at precisely 23.59 hours M.W.T. (03.00 hours by Timekeepers watch time) too late, of course, for a night flying supper. He had been sent (we were afraid it would happen) by the proprietors of Dentine Chewing Gum Symphony Orchestra Inc., and the proceedings were broadcast over a coast-to-coast muck-up. Penhold was left with something to chew over.

The old boy, who was acting as tail gunner in a Crane with blue engines, was attracted by the glitter of a thousand boundary lights as he approached the Penhold Trading Post. (Not the first of the few, but the last of the many). The aircraft circled for a brief space of thirty-five minutes while the flare path party finished their supper and lit the Christmas candles along the runway. The machine was then shot down by a star rocket fired by a very senior instructor who had hinted that he would much appreciate a pair of asbestos gloves for Christmas.

The snow-blower, diverted for once from its most valuable occupation of blowing hundredweights of snow over the signals area, blew the snow over Santa, who was extricated with difficulty.

Santa was then put into close arrest for a flying offence (testing his guns when they were pointing towards the Guard Room) and was taken under escort, to the very top of Tottering Towers, since no one, and particularly a very disturbed flare path party, had the least intention of letting him get away without doing his chimney-descending act.

Muttering something about having to witness a pay parade at Bowden at 06.00 hours, Santa staggered from the Tower, utterly exhausted after his long trip down the Tower chimney.

Gathering his squadron of North American reindeer, and accompanied by the orderly officer, the orderly sergeant, the orderly corporal, and a crowd of disorderly LAC's, Santa set off on his tour of the camp.

The following inventory of his presentations, compiled by the order of the head store-basher for inclusion in barrack inventories, was compiled by the "Penhold Log's" special correspondent in neutral territories.

### STATION HEADQUARTERS

**The Stationmaster.** A copy of the "Commanding Officer's Vade Mecum" from "Fort Ici."

A "Commer" car from the editor.  
A commendation for bravery in the face of administration. . . . .  
A parade bicycle, with three-speed and pennant. . . . .  
A knowledge of shorthand.

**Squadron Leader Admin.** In exchange for his office—a corridor. . . "The Boat."

**The Senior Accountant Officer.**  
Application forms for the Sixth and Seventh Victory Loans. . . .  
An ingenuous approach. . . .  
A brand new cap. . . .  
An uproarious laugh.

**The Accounts Section.** Praise, from S/Ldr. Wood.

**The Adjutant.** A set of initials, with the compliments of "Burke's Peerage."

**The M.T. Section.** A kind word, from F/Lt. Oakley . . . and

**F/Lt. Oakley.** Best wishes, from the M.T. Section.

**The Signals Officer.** A snap check of his inventory . . . .  
A dozen R/T headsets.

**P/O Peters.** A new uniform for the next Hundred Years' war. . . .  
A hand-knitted skull-cap.

**Cpl. Goldstein** of the Goldstein Trustee Bank (with branches all over Alberta). A bonus share in the "Penhold Log."

**AC Green.** A place on the Board of the Goldstein Bank.

**LAC McLennan-Jones.** A bar to his LAC, from F/S Hammond.

**Cpl. Pringle.** A new name, from the C.O. (and vice versa).

**The S.W.O.** A permanent pass to the officers' cloakroom.

**Sgt. Sutherland.** The title deeds to Penhold.

**AC Smith** (Telephone Exchange). The right number.

**S.H.Q. Orderly Room.** An Efficiency Pennant.

Correction: Delete "Efficiency".

**The Padre.** A dedigitator (episcopal, bishops, for the use of).

**The Sports Officer.** A pair of iron boots, from his predecessor.

**The Guards on the Gate.** A rubber barrier, from all car owners . . and

**All Car Owners.** A set of brakes, from the Guards on the gate.

#### MAINTENANCE WING

**The Chief Engineer Officer.**

A ton of graph paper . . .

Ten per cent on the flying hours . .

50,000 nails, from Sgt. Sharp . . .

A 25-hour day . . .

Lots of empty cupboards from other people's offices.

**F/O Ballantyne.** A dirigible . . .

A C.P.R. time table.

**All Fitters.** An open-handed salute.

**The Skin Gang.** A pound of flesh.

**F/S Wilson.** Hearty laughter.

**Sgt. Plummer.** Another duty, making two.

**Sgt. Wilson.** One pair of dark tinted glasses, just in case, from "Curly" of Repair Squadron.

**W.O. Jones.** A copy of "Hobbies and Handicrafts for the Unemployed," from "Hardworker."

**LAC Tothill and Others.** Copies of "Further and Better Excuses for Airmen" and Bradshaw's "Farthest Alberta" to help in avoiding confusion between Calgary and Edmonton, and to facilitate explaining doubtful addresses on the backs of Forms 295.

**Sgt. Johnson.** A copy of the treatise "Basic English," from "Curly,"

**Sgt. Cunning.** A dental glue, from "Curly."

"Curly". A lesson in curling.

#### FLYING WING

**The Chief Instructor.** A 14-day clamp, from Maintenance Wing. . . .

A pair of asbestos gloves, from the N.C.O. i/c Pyrotechnics . . . .

Station identification for his telephone . . .

A barometer, over, from the Station Adjutant . . .

From "Fort Ici"—his relief, and a rocket.

**To the Donors of Presents for the C.I.** copies of "The Way To Get On," from the C.I.



FOR THE PUPILS

• • •

**F/Lt. Mitchell.** A Christmas Card, from the children of Camrose.

**F/Lt. Amey.** A night's sleep, peaceful as that of a babe.

**S/Ldr. Linton.** A set of spirit-levels, from the Straight and Level Flight.

- F/Lt. Wallington.** The Long Service and Good Conduct Medal with maple leaf cluster.
- F/O Biscoe.** An uneventful flight with a pupil . . .  
A game licence.
- F/O Jinks.** An interest in the Swing Club, from LAC Pickup.
- P/O Todd.** A copy of "The Compleat Orderlie Officer."
- F/Lt. Frost.** A set of robot Time-keepers with a high sense of duty.
- AC Machin.** Two spare sets of equipment . . .  
A working and sleeping out pass . . .  
Two greatcoat buttons.
- F/Lt. "Butch" Lewis.** A little flying, from his Flight.
- The Squadron Commanders.**  
R.D.F. Sets, to enable them to locate their senior courses at any given moment.
- The Flying Wing Adjutant.** The temporary unpaid rank of uncle, from his nephews.
- The Editor.** A silent typewriter from his Flight.
- F/O Walls.** A V.G. assessment with star.
- F/O Micklejohn**
- F/O Rex Walls**
- F/O Griffiths**
- F/O Manthorpe**  
A season ticket to all station dances, with love from the Major Gaetz Chapter of the Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire.
- F/O Bill Young.** A correct log book, from the Central Times Office.
- Sgt. N. R. Smith (S.B.A. Flight).**  
A chance to put up a black, from F/Lt. Hinds.
- F/Lt. Wallis.** Another wheel.
- Sgt. Burrows.** United States citizenship . . .  
Indefinite leave . . .  
United States popsie.
- LAC Earl.** A free issue of tobacco, from Cpl. Smith.
- Met. Officers.** A table of sunrises and sunsets, from the official diarist.
- F/Lt. Oakley.** A beat on the town patrol.
- The Link Section.** Praise, from F/Lt. Oakley.
- F/O Scholefield and**  
**The Photo Section.** Honorary membership for life of the North Saskatchewan Catchment Board.
- G.I.S.** A framed photograph of S/Ldr. S. S. Kirsten.
- Armament Officer.** A gold plated curry comb (moustaches, for the use of).
- Sgt. Smith (G.I.S.)** From the pupils, an early call . . .  
From Flying Wing Headquarters, a personal rubber stamp.
- Navigation Section.** A "translucent" compass rose, from "Fort Ici."
- The Pupils.** A clue, from the instructors . . . and
- The Instructors.** The virtues of sympathy and patience, from the pupils.
- The Australian Pupils.** A White Christmas, a Winter Sports insurance policy, and Innisfail plus a three months' clamp.

## EQUIPMENT SECTION

- The Section.** A deficiency pennant, from the station.
- F/S Hall.** A tin whistle, to help him catch the 'bus next time, from "Curly."
- F/S Turner.** A maple leaf, and an illuminated copy of "O Canada".

The distribution of presents to the Equipment Section was abruptly cut short when Santa was informed that he had failed to make out the Vouchers correctly, and it was after 5 o'clock, anyway.

## WORKS AND BUILDINGS

- The Works and Buildings Officer.**  
Progressive Pay . . .  
A dozen lockers, from F/Lt. Hinds.  
Permission to wear battle dress.

## STATION HOSPITAL

- The S.M.O.** A "Zube."
- The Nursing Sisters.** An extra "48" from the Senior Admin. Officer . . .  
An aeroplane, from the Chief Instructor.
- Sgt. Coutu.** A noiseless digit extricator.

## THE OFFICERS' MESS

The **Batmen**. Breakfast in bed, from the officers.

**S/Ldr. Scholefield**. A cup of cyanogen, from a cockroach.

**F/Lt. Frost**. Honorary membership of the Alberta Liquor Control Board (in an advisory capacity), and a private line to Red Deer.

**F/O Owens**. A clean pair of socks, from F/Lt. Crowe . . . .

**F/Lt. Crowe**. A clean pair of feet, from F/O Owens.

**F/Lt. Payne**. The C.O.'s seat in the Cinema, from the C.O.

**F/O Parr**. A sleeping draught.

**F/Lt. Assheton**. A silencer, from the entire station . . . .

A self-closing hangar door (by courtesy of Works and Bricks).

**F/Lt. McEvoy**. A broad highway . . and a car with a low centre of gravity.

**F/O Scowcroft**. A rocking horse.

**F/O MacDonald**. A Gaelic interpreter.

**F/Lt. Hudson**. A soft pedal, from the entire Mess.

**S/Ldr. Scholefield** and

**F/Lt. Minor**. An April Fool's boat.

**The Head Waiter**. A fresh salmon's egg and sauce, preserved from the menu of December 15.

## THE WHOLE STATION

**From A/S/O Wilson**. An afternoon cup of tea.

## INNISFAIL R.1

**Cpl. Crampborn**. Reinstatement as O.C. Innisfail.

**The Erks**. Angels to guard you while you sleep.

**AC Ferguson**. Life membership of the Tea-makers Union.

**"Tubby" Edwards**. An Oxford with Allison engines.

**Paddy and Bonzo**. Priority places on the Liberty run.

**Cpl. McMorran**. Paper, blotting (numbers, service, for the drying of), from "Ex-33rd."

## THE EDITOR

The complete unexpurgated edition of "The Way to Get On," together with a supply of soft answers and lessons in unarmed combat.

\* \* \*

## New Year's Resolutions

**S/Ldr. Sheldrick**—

I will . . . well, refrain from qualifying with . . . adjectives the boat which rolls on.

I will adhere to the Oxford Dictionary at all times.

**The Chief Instructor**—

I will refrain from throwing my hat in.

I will not resign my Commission more than once each week.

**The Chief Engineer Officer**—

I will foreswear the Gestetner forever.

I will put a stop to all trade training.

I will hand all the nails I see to the Works and Bricks Officer.

**F/Lt. Frost**—

I will go straight.

**Station Adjutant**—

I will meet all-comers face to face.

I will not hide under the desk.

I will not sing birthday greetings to Chief Instructors over the telephone.

I will be kind and charitable.

**Flying Wing Adjutant**—

I will remove my tongue from my cheek.

I will love, honour and obey higher authority all the days of my life.

**The Editor**—

I will exercise stricter censorship in future.

**The Wives**—

We will wear long dresses at Station Dances.

# A Christmas Message

## From The Padre

**G**REETINGS from the Station Padre. This Christmas many of you will enjoy the privilege of spending this happy festival in the homes of families in the vicinity, while others will make every effort to create some form of happiness and joy on the Station.

In an ancient Collect found in an old Prayer Book, dated 1549, we read the following sentence, "God whiche makest us glad with the yerely remembrance of the birth of thy onely sonne Jesus Christ." Whatever our reactions may be towards religion, there is no doubt that God still makes us glad. Many customs, habits and traditions diminish with the passing of time, but one thing which seems to show no sign of diminishing, but rather the reverse, is the abounding gladness at Christmastide in the hearts of all men. On this day half the world pauses from work and business. We ask the reason. We may assert that "Christmas keeps up" because it is an old custom, people enjoy this bright festival and holiday which cheers the gloom of the darkest period of the year. But, is this assertion the truth?

Surely there is more in it than that. How shall we account for such an overflowing kindness in people's hearts, which is not revealed at ordinary times? Why the unusual amount of sympathy to the needy and the lonely, why do we think we ought to make others happy? Then, why does Jones, who never goes to Church, announce that he must go to Church this morning, because it is Christmas Day? Let us be sincerely honest, and own up, that that little Child of Bethlehem has got a lot to do with it all. We may imagine that He has lost His hold over us, or we may find it easy to tell ourselves that the story is a legend. But we know all the while that we do not for one moment intend to give it up. We love it too much, this Christmas and all its joys, it is the finest story in the world, and it does make us glad with a sort of gladness which is quite different from any other gladness. In the words from the ancient Collect, "It is God whiche makest us glad."

What if only we could succeed in carrying the spirit of this festival into the remaining days of the year! The well known Christmas words would ultimately become a living reality: "Peace on earth, and goodwill toward men." Better still is the version, "Peace on earth to men of goodwill," since the goodwill of mankind is and will be the foremost and essential condition of peace.

## Sequel to a Christmas Present

**A**FTER the event was over, Albert Booth realised he had never been more distressed in all his long and varied career but, as the event ultimately enhanced his prestige he did not mind. It would, however, be premature to describe "Albert's Dilemma" without revealing a few facts about Albert himself.

Such official documents as D.R.O.s, P.O.R.s and Forms 252, lacking the human touch, quote Albert as being "No. 358111 LAC Booth, A." On Pay Parades, Albert always responds with alacrity to the paybob's call of "Treble-one Booth" with a loud "Sir" and, out of the corner of his mouth "One eye, one arm, one porthole" with such ventriloquist effect that it always evokes a stern "Quiet" from the W.O. But Albert is well clear before the suppressed amusement in the front rank is finally quelled.

Albert is a "Character" and, paradoxical though it may seem, is extraordinary because he is so ordinary. He has no distinctive features to mark him from his fellows. At first sight he looks as though he has been fashioned in the same mold as all the other "rookies" of 1940 vintage and onwards.

This first impression is misleading, for Albert is not a hothouse plant; he has not been mass-produced; he has evolved by trial and error, and mostly by error. He has warmed both hands before the fire of life and frequently his fingers have been burnt. On reminiscent occasions the latent warmth of former experiences will glow within him and cause a subtle changing of the shade of colour of his eyes that can best be likened to the phenomena produced by changing light on shot silk.

Albert's philosophy is the product of vicissitude, obsolete trades and spells of "jankers." He is well read, too, and his knowledge of theology is surprising, considering he has only seen C.P.R. hotels from the outside. Yet everyone likes Albert—even the police like him. He is such a model defaulter that they invariably elect him as an honorary policeman and appoint him as their "booking office" clerk whenever he honours them with his custom or patronises the Guard House.

By turns, he has been an airship rigger, an A.C.H., a driver, a batman, a fabric worker, a rigger aero and now an F.M.A., but withal he is modest and, apart from his "props," he wears no emblems of service. Albert is an L.A.C. in his own right, an unnoticed influence, without next-of-kin, yet enjoying the free-masonry of all. Everyone refers to him reverently as "The General" and he accepts their homage with quiet dignity, yet he is as comfortable to be with as an Inn fire.

"The General" never receives letters and so a wave of excitement went through the hut when it became known that Albert had received a parcel chit and was already on his way to the Post Office to collect. This was no ordinary event, and by the time the "General" returned a very large crowd had gathered in the hut to congratulate him. Albert was uneasy, to say the least, and not a little shocked at various ribald remarks, suggestive of a connection between the parcel and his virtue. He was reluctant to open the parcel and it was not until Tubby Smee rather roughly took the parcel from him and tossed it on the bed that the opening ceremony began. It was really a cross between a Rugby scrum and a Commando raid, with everyone tearing at paper and string and bodies so that Albert never really saw the contents of the parcel until someone shouted "Stand back and let the dog see the rabbit." The effect of this command was remarkable and the response instantaneous, for the struggling mass of arms and legs unravelled itself and receded till a petrified circle was formed round the bed. It was as though a strong centrifugal force had been applied.

All eyes gazed spellbound at the contents of the parcel. It was a garment—no ordinary garment, either, for it might once have been a blue jersey, but

the imposition of a huge crest made it resemble a rising sun with sleeves tacked to it, or a gaily decorated bicycle wheel with two portions of blue tyre suspended therefrom. It was the modern "Joseph's coat of many colours." A label attached to the neck prominently proclaimed to all—"From one old sweat to another. Santa Claus."

The atmosphere was electric. The "General" was purple with rage and brewing for a terrible scene. Someone asked, in a stage whisper, "Is there a Doctor in the house?" Albert replied menacingly, "It's not a doctor wot's required' it's an undertaker." Tubby Smee, always to the fore, fingered the garment like an expert and, in order to relieve the tension, offered, "Nice bit of stuff, Gen., worth ten dollars." "I'll tell you where you can stuff it for nothing," said Albert. A chorus of voices asked, "Where?" but the "General" held his peace.

The artist in Tubby essayed another method to pacify Albert. This time he lifted the pullover by the shoulders and held it out at arms length in the manner of an astute salesman trying desperately to please a disgruntled customer.

"Just your fit, Gen, ain't it, blokes?"

"Only wants a belt in the back," suggested a distant voice.

"Fit!" roared Albert. "I'd 'ave a ruddy fit if I wore that d—— outfit."

And then it was that the "General" noticed an equally monstrous crest on the back of the garment. This made him livid. He had not been treated with such disrespect for years. It was like offering one's grandmother, who had worn widow's weeds most of her life, a colourful swim suit. To add to his discomfort much backchat and ribaldry had broken out, accompanied by hilarious laughter. Such remarks as—

"Show up well in the snow, Gen."

"Economical proposition, Gen., turn it round when you slop your soup."

"Do a turn for the concert party, Albert," and

"Be a Personality in the Penhold Log, Gen.," were current.

Finally the "General" exploded and bellowed, "Them clown suits is alright for you ruddy boy scouts, but not for a bloke wot's been in a real Air Force. Fer crying out loud—crests on yer front and crests on yer back. Why don't yer fit roundels to yer behinds and be 'Targets for Tonight!'"

"It pays to advertise," said someone, but Albert replied, "Advertise! If I wanted to advertise I was in the Queer Force, I'd carry the flagstaff about with me, but that 'ud give me a deep depression in the mind and a deeper one in the navel, swelp me!!"

The "General" was all set to strike a murderous blow and break up the gathering and dispose of the sweater, but Tubby Smee, quick as lightning, interposed, "Tell ya wot I'll do, Gen.—yer fond of a game of skittles, ain't yer?"

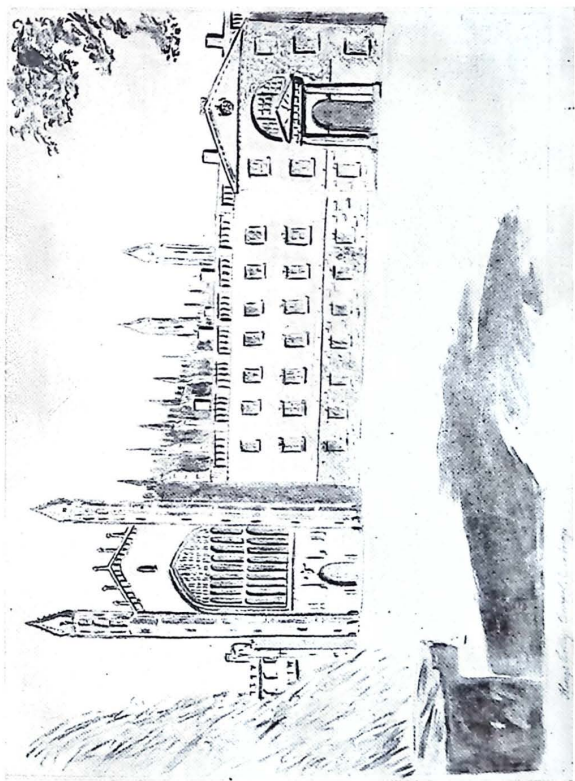
"Yes," replied Gen., "I won the Licensed Victuallers Cup at Uxbridge in '22, 'fore ya came up." "Right," agreed Tubby. "We've got a new bowlin' alley on the camp—how about entertaining a team from the hut?"

"Wot's that got to do with this 'ere jersey," grunted Albert.

"Call our team the 'Bull Hitters' and wear jerseys like this and ten-gallon hats: we'd put the other teams off their game," urged Smee.

"Yes, that's the idea, Gen.; when in Rome do as Rome does," a small chorus assented.

Whereupon a meeting took place, the "General" was elected Captain and the "Bull-Hitters" were born. The next day, jerseys and hats were obtained and on the opening night of the new bowling alley a sensation was caused by the appearance of the "Bull Hitters", complete in full regalia. Needless to say, they beat all comers and later became the most famous team in Alberta, thus disproving Kipling's couplet "That East is East and West is West and ne'er the twain shall meet."—Star Gazer.

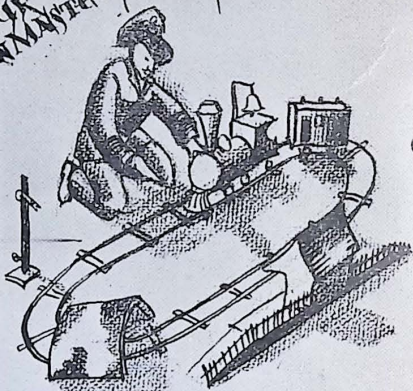


Charcoal Drawing by F/O G. J. Tonks

WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS—

# YULE

TO OUR  
STATIONMASTER



TO DEAREST ADJ.



# OR GANS TS

FROM

THE

LOG

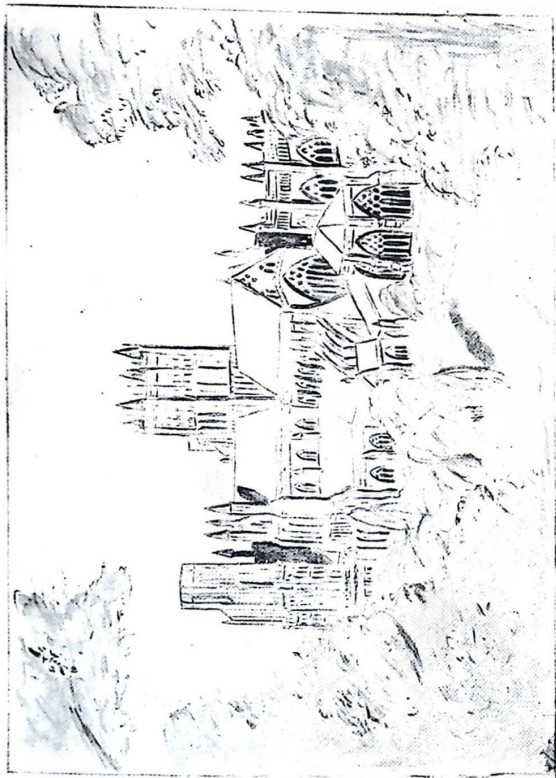


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Design by F/O N. Andrew.



Charcoal Drawing by F/O G. J. Tonks  
—AND A HAPPY AND SUCCESSFUL NEW YEAR

## Officers' Mess Chronicle

SINCE the writing of the last chapter, a most uncomfortable time has been spent by members owing to a plague of cockroaches whose presence, although long observed, had hardly called for official action until they found their way in large quantities into a Lancashire Hot Pot. This act of temerity led to their undoing; the dining room was closed for their disinfestation and meals were taken in the Corporals' Room of the Airmen's Mess. A pious hope has been expressed by the Corporals that this will not necessitate the disinfestation of their room, also.

On the members' return to the mess, cyanogen yielded to reconstruction and, where even crevices had been sealed, now yawning gaps exposed the rooms to icy draughts whilst a new cloak room and office sprang up outside.

Skating and ski-ing have started, and every step on the icy roads gives one assurance that before next June sufficient sense of balance will have been acquired to give one complete mastery in both these sports. Between the airport and Red Deer prangs to the C.I., F/Lt. Assheton and the Editor have been reported, but, although they made good telling, both were only in the "E" category and hence only recently reportable. F/Lt. Assheton won the Ditching Stakes he had himself inaugurated within three minutes of the commencement of the first December snowfall.

P/O Carter has left for Calgary, and F/O Maloney, F/O Brown and P/O Motley have gone to Pearce. F/O Maloney's presence will be particularly missed, for, looking like a grown-up Micky Rooney, he expressed himself in language even more picturesque. F/O Warner has been posted to Port Albert. He was a most conscientious officer and, being extremely hard working, was one of the very few to enjoy the Adjutant's company at six o'clock tea. Tying the latchet of his iron shoes and neatly packing the bricks removed from under his bed foot-posts, F/O Bryden went to Kingston. A man of outstanding physique, he was also a noted cream bun eater; at this sport he is reputed to have put up a very showy performance at the last mess party, and onlookers confirm that he hardly extended himself.

We welcome the new arrivals who have taken their places, and desire to commend for honourable mention the officer who passed his first evening at Penhold by reading "Standing Orders for Cowboys" and other neatly bound typescript works of the Flying Wing Adjutant which had been left lying about the mess.

Nasopharyngitis, accompanied by its handmaid Choryza, has raised its ugly but seasonable head and accounts for the temporary absence of some of the weaker of our brethren. It is felt that this unwelcome epidemic may be due to the paucity of Rye and an abundance of Inoculation. The suggestion is scouted in medical circles, and the S.M.O. offers his air of well-being as a living proof of his sciolistic standpoint rather than as an exception to the more generally accepted belief.

The mess held an extraordinary meeting to discuss the Christmas festivities. On this joyful note of anticipation, your scribe cannot do better than to wish everybody a very happy Christmas and an even more prosperous New Year.

## News From Home

WAR-TIME conditions in Britain . . . the black-out continues to be a favourite topic of discussion. Many small concessions have recently been made: undimmed torches may be used if the circle of light does not exceed one inch in diameter; London transport vehicles are being fitted with new head-lamps which will give a stronger beam; better train lighting is being introduced—and 7,000 special shades and 12,000 bulbs have been stolen from the Southern Railway in six months; the lights of London came on again for one night recently during a dense fog. Reduction in road traffic brought road deaths down to the lowest total for fifteen years, in the fourth year of the war; black-out deaths were only half as many as in the first year of the war.

Prices are high . . . some articles which could be bought for sixpence in peace-time cost half-a-crown or more—kettles, 2s. 11d., frying pans 2s., pokers 2s. 6d., blacking brushes 4s. 6d. Beer is costly because the beer duty has increased three and a half times since the beginning of the war—it is 36 times higher than before the last war. British farmers now produce 70 per cent of home food requirements; in 1939 only one-third of our food was produced at home. British farming is now the most highly mechanised in the world, with a greater output per worker than in any other country. For the British Christmas dinner 750,000 turkeys and 650,000 other fowls are being imported from Eire and Northern Ireland. For the forces, 300 tons of turkey and 345 tons of other poultry will be obtained from Canada and South America. Canada is also sending 13,000 tons of apples to Britain before the end of the year. Health continues to be excellent in Britain, with lower death rates and child mortality rates. New low levels have been recorded for influenza, diphtheria, pneumonia, scarlet fever and rheumatic fever.

People . . . Winifred Crossley, A.T.A. pilot, has more flying hours in her log book than any other woman in the world—more than 4,000 . . . B.B.C. radio stars Harry S. Pepper and Doris Arnold have been married . . . the most decorated R.A.F. pilot is Wing Commander J. R. D. Braham, a night fighter pilot, who has been awarded the D.S.O. and bar and the D.F.C. and two bars . . . Sir Seymour Hicks and Ellaline Terris, famous British stage couple, have celebrated their golden wedding . . . Probably the oldest worker in an aircraft plant is Charles Wolfenden, of Kingsbury, London, who is 90, and helps build Mosquitoes . . . Angela Lansbury, grand-daughter of the late George Lansbury, is a Hollywood film starlet.

Sport . . . The flat-racing season was probably without parallel in that not a single favourite came home in any of the five Classics or any big handicap. The bookmakers made money, and for once admitted it. With big wages being earned, it was the biggest betting season of the war. . . . Dog-racing enjoyed phenomenal popularity, with heavy betting. At the White City about £10,000 has been changing hands every race, and the "tote" there turns over nearly £100,000 in an afternoon, although attendance is limited by war-time regulations to 15,000. The average bet has been four or five times as large as in peace-time. Illegal gambling parties are a problem in London, and are being broken up by the police. . . . Football has been going with a swing; the last team to survive unbeaten was Aston Villa—their first defeat came from their neighbours, West Bromwich Albion. Scotland was beaten 8 goals to nil by England, a score which breaks all records for international soccer. One of the surprise forwards of the season is a twenty-year-old Spanish refugee named Emilio Aldecoa, who plays for Wolverhampton Wanderers. . . . Richard Tyldesley, the England and Lancashire slow leg-break bowler,

# Basketball

Flying Wing and Pupils "B" are the outstanding teams in the Basketball League so far this season. Standings in the League table at December 8 were as follows:

	W.	L.	P.C.	PTS.	OPP.
Flying Wing -----	5	0	1.000	162	71
Pupils "B" -----	4	1	.800	110	82
Repair Squadron -----	2	2	.500	51	76
S. H. Q. -----	1	2	.333	39	73
Pupils "A" -----	1	4	.200	106	123
Minor Inspection Flight ----	0	4	.000	69	112

Leading Scorers: LAC Betts, 44 points; LAC Stephenson, 36 points;  
F/O Meiklejohn, 35 points.

The Station team played a match against Red Deer High School on November 22, and won by the narrow margin of one point, the final score being Penhold 27 points, High School 26 points.

has died at the age of 45. . . . Tom Newman, billiards champion, has died; he was entirely self-taught, never receiving a lesson in his life.

Odd Jobs . . . Huge dredgers at work on dredging the river Skerne, which runs into the Tees at Darlington, have been operated by two young Land Army girls. . . . A.T.S. girls are collecting spiders' webs for use as hair lines on precision instruments. . . . England's oldest swordsmith, 83-year-old Tom Beasley, was one of those principally concerned in making the Stalingrad Sword, presented by Winston Churchill to Stalin at their conference at Teheran. He came out of hospital to undertake the work; his family has been making swords for 250 years. . . . Royal Navy diver Chief Artificer A. W. Gibson found a complete Dornier bomber on the ocean bottom.

Odd Facts . . . In the Covent Garden Opera House dance hall a notice reads, "No Jitterbugging Allowed". . . . The Southern Railway has a new super-locomotive known as a "Merchant Navy" type Pacific class which hauls passenger or goods trains of 550 tons at an average speed of 50 m.p.h. . . . This year's Remembrance Day Poppies contained no metal—the stalks and centres were made of cardboard. . . . An Admiralty appeal for holiday snaps of Europe produced five million holiday photos, many of which were used to plan the invasion of Sicily and Italy. . . . Hundreds of diseased elm trees lining the famous Long Walk in Windsor Park have been felled; they are being replaced by young chestnuts. . . . Hadrians Wall, the great Roman fortification which runs from Newcastle to Carlisle, has been seriously damaged by stone quarrying—parts of the wall have collapsed into the quarries. . . . The "News of the World," which is read by more than four million people every Sunday, is 100 years old. . . . The Encyclopaedia Britannica is now entirely American owned.

Dangerous Remark. . . . Captain A. E. Dingle, who writes under the pen name of "Sinbad," said in a B.B.C. Brains Trust broadcast, "The woman who has become a mother should never come into public life, because all women who become mothers become, if not completely crackers, at least mentally unbalanced."

# Australian Christmas

**A**USTRALIANS, who are experiencing in Canada probably the first white Christmas they have ever known, will be thinking of the midsummer festivities they have been used to at home. Christmas at the height of the cricket season is almost a contradiction in terms for the British, yet "down under" there is the same Christmas spirit as elsewhere in the Empire, and in many respects the holiday is celebrated in the same way as in the northern hemisphere.

The weather may be hot, yet the Christmas dinner is still built up round the traditional turkey and plum pudding. Toasts are drunk and "Crackers" are pulled, and everyone ends up wearing a paper hat. Some items on the dinner table would look strange to an Englishman, such as watermelon, for instance, but in general it seems that Christmas dinner is the same the whole world over. It is the occasion, too, when the Australian brings out the best of his fine local wines.

There are many things the Australian can do at Christmas. Most popular are swimming and surf-riding, and with "King Tides" and brilliant summer sunshine, the beaches are crowded. There is also excellent sailing and fishing in the many beautiful bays which line the coast. For those who prefer cool and quiet there are resorts in the magnificent Blue Mountains of New South Wales.

A popular way of spending Christmas night or Boxing night is to build a bonfire on the beach, and grill vast quantities of steak and chops over it as the night wears on. Such parties often last till morning, with frequent trips from the bonfire to the sea for a swim.

On some tropical islands off the coast it is possible to get a midsummer form of skiing and tobogganing, by skiing and sliding down the sand-dunes. It is an unusual Christmas sport, derived from winter sports, yet ending in an exhilarating plunge into cool water at the bottom of the slopes.

In the farming country, far from the cities, the population is scattered much as it is on the Canadian prairies, yet there, too, the Christmas spirit is abroad, and people travel from far and wide to celebrate with their neighbours. On some of the big farms, some of them covering thousands of square miles, all hands gather at the homestead for Christmas dinner, an occasion which calls for a good deal of rough travelling.

This year it will be very much of a wartime Christmas for the Australians, with many sons and husbands serving in all parts of the world. Christmas is ideally a family affair, but though we are all far from home, we shall all remember with pleasure the year that the fortunes of war brought British and Australians together to sit down to turkey and plum pudding in Canada.



## CHRISTMAS DAY

When Christmas comes, it brings  
Good Cheer,

So sang the bards of olden days,  
And we poor folk of modern times  
Have never changed the Ancients'  
ways.

So, now, we think of bygone years,  
Of Happy hours idly spent—  
The propping-up of "local" bars  
And hours of endless merriment.

Our thoughts are turned to those we  
love,

Who are so far away to-day,  
And, from our hearts, we wish them  
all

Good Cheer, and Many a Happy Day.  
Greetings to all this Christmas Day,  
And for New Year we proudly pray  
Peace, Good Fortune speed the way.  
The Spirit of Christmas grant that we  
Re-united soon may be.

# Christmas Dinner

## MENU



	Cream of Tomato Soup	
	Fried Fillets of Cod	Tartar Sauce
Roast Turkey	Sage and Onion Dressing	
	Giblet Gravy	Cranberry Sauce
Roast Potatoes		Creamed Potatoes
	Brussels Sprouts	Green Peas
Lettuce and Celery Hearts		Dinner Rolls
	Christmas Pudding and Brandy Sauce	
	Mincemeat Tarts	
Cheese	Biscuits	Mixed Pickles
	Apples	Grapes
	Cigarettes	Beer
		Oranges
		Minerals

O whet the appetites of the hungry, and to discourage immoderate souring of the palate on Christmas Eve, we print above an advance copy of the menu for the Christmas Dinner in the Airmen's Mess. A great deal of work spread over many weeks has gone towards the collection and preparation of the items on this "carte."

When multiplied by the number of men who will sit down to dinner, this menu means bags of food. The Supply Depot have nobly rounded up eighty turkeys to be roasted in the kitchen ovens, and the cooks are busy preparing piles of stuffing—a small item which accounts for no less than 20 loaves of bread. Vegetables add up to a big item—eight sacks of potatoes to peel, and 300 pounds of Brussels sprouts to be cleaned and trimmed, all by hand. The chaps detailed to prepare the vegetables need a very lively and kindly Christmas spirit to face up cheerfully to such a job.

Traditional Christmas puddings were long ago cooked and tied up in their neat pudding bags. There will be 150 pounds of pudding, containing 100 pounds of raisins, sultanas and currants, together with a secret amount of brandy. L.A.C. Austin was the presiding genius in making the Christmas puddings. After they had been mixed, there was 18 hours of careful tending while they were steamed.

At one time it seemed that there would be no mincemeat tarts, for when the Messing Officer went to Calgary early in November to purchase Christmas supplies, mincemeat was very hard to come by. By visiting all the wholesale houses and buying in piece lots it was possible to obtain the fruit for the puddings and the cake. When mincemeat was requested, most of the dealers just laughed. However, one kindly gentleman, on being told the heart-rending story of the chaps at Penhold who were going to have to go without mince pie at Christmas, quickly got on the telephone and, by a spot of smart scrounging, contrived to raise a supply of mincemeat.

Then there is the cake . . . a monster with an iced top measuring six feet by four feet. The icers have been busy designing a plan of the camp to go on top of the cake in sugar and other decoration—so maybe you will end up by eating a slice of your own billet. L.A.C. Austin also made the cake, and the idea for the design came from F/Sgt. Moore, who did a similar job at Estevan last Christmas.

Finally, for those who can still swallow, there will be stacks of apples, oranges and grapes as dessert. It may also be whispered that there will be beer for "them as likes it," and minerals for "them as don't." And cigarettes, too. The Mess Hall will hardly look like home, but it will have a festive appearance, with its decorations and, true to an old R.A.F. custom, the men will sit at their seats and be waited on by their own officers and N.C.O.s. P.S.—So don't annoy Chiefy just before Christmas or he might, quite innocently, forget to collect your plate of turkey.

## Wisdom for 1944

- 1 Thou shalt not scrounge, neither shalt thou swing the lead, lest thy resting place be amongst the pigswill.
- 2 Thou shalt not take the name of the W/O in vain, or thou shalt have thy name enscribed on a charge sheet, and undergo a course of jankers.
- 3 Honour thy Pay Bloke and thine Equipment Bloke all the days of thy service, that thy credits may be numbered even as the sands of Egypt.
- 4 Thou shalt not take unto thyself of thy comrade's kit, neither shalt thou borrow thereof when the owner is not present, or thy sins may be visited upon thee by the quickness of the hand and the blacking of the eye.
- 5 Thou shalt not fill thyself to overflowing with beer, or by Royal Warrant thou shalt lose much pay and gain the Glasshouse; a sergeant shall number thee among the staff, for it is written that he who drinks shall do fatigues.
- 6 Thou shalt not fritter away thy worldly goods by playing Nap, Pontoon, or Banker or Darts, lest the avenging voice of the Admin be on thy head saying "Render unto me thy names and numbers and let thy money remain where it lieth."
- 7 Six days thou shalt labour and on the seventh thou shalt work twice as hard.
- 8 And if it should come to pass that by zeal and sweat of the brow, mention should be made of thee in "Personnel Occurrence Reports" and thou shalt be raised to the dizzy heights of an unpaid L.A.C., thou shalt present thyself at the dwelling place of the big noises and request that they accept liquid refreshments of thee at thine own expense.
- 9 Thou shalt not kill, if the cook giveth thee bad food. Thou shalt not strike him hip or thigh, but go into the place of the Big Chief and crave audience of him. He will open his mouth and words of wisdom will flow forth, and the next time the food will be . . . . . twice as bad.
- 10 And when it shall come to pass that thou art time expired, thou shalt take unto thyself strange garments and henceforth be a civvie in the land of Blighty. And lo, for many moons thou shalt rest from thy labours and relax thy weary bones.



## Station Discussion Group

**A**T a thinly-attended, but enthusiastic meeting held November 3, 1943, it was resolved to form a Station Discussion Group to debate Current Affairs and Post-war Problems. The first general meeting was arranged for Sunday, November 21, and was advertised under the caption "Back In Civvy Street." Doubtless on account of the provocative title, coupled with the promise that the discussion would be informal, and that Mr. Brewster would call upon his Y.M.C.A. staff to provide interval refreshment, an attendance of forty was mustered. With F/Lt. Hudson in the chair, a lively discussion ranged over a variety of post-war topics, of which employment and family allowances were the chief. Towards the end of the meeting (2300 hrs.), a small business committee was elected, with the Education Officer as chairman, and two airmen each from S.H.Q., Flying Wing and Maintenance Wing, as members.

On November 23 a second large meeting was held, and again attracted about forty airmen and two officers. As a preliminary, the Chairman outlined some important features of Social Security, with special reference to the

## A Christmas Dream

SCENE.—Christmas afternoon in the Adjutant's Office. Enter an airman, saluting smartly.

Airman—Sir, as you are aware, I have but yesterday suffered the loss of one month's privileges . . . (pause).

Adjutant (with bored condescension)—I am pleased to note that you also are aware of the circumstance. But have you visited me merely to assure yourself that I am acquainted with the recent history of this Station?

Airman—Not on that account alone, Sir, pleasing though it be to learn that you were awake during the hearing of the case. If I make so bold, Sir, the one brief occasion upon which your face ceased to resemble the death mask of Cromwell was when a popsie passed the window.

Adjutant.—Speaking as your superior, I would say that you may not make so bold. But I confess that so close an association, though only verbal, of Cromwell and a popsie has a certain horrid fascination which I find piquant.

Airman.—I detect a sneer behind your smile, Sir. I little thought, when I sought this interview, that I should come so near to the revelation of the love-life of an Adjutant.

Adjutant.—Airman, there is an undercurrent of insolence in your remarks which cannot fail to prejudice me in considering your request. I assume, of course, that you propose to make a request?

Airman.—I do, Sir. I resent a loss of privileges which covers a period including my New Year leave, and ask that the sentence may become effective at such time as I have no leave to take, and no inclination for week-ends.

Adjutant.—An eminently reasonable point of view. Your request is granted. As far as I can recall, the charge against you was one of untidiness, in that you, having removed the head of a Station Policeman with some not very sharp instrument, failed to place the remains in the appropriate salvage bin. In my opinion, a trifling offence, and one for which no charge should have been preferred. Perhaps you have in some way incurred the enmity of the Station Police? I will make enquiries. Meanwhile, be assured that all record of the charge will be expunged from your Conduct Sheet. Good afternoon, and a happy leave to you.

(Exit airman, saluting smartly.)

Aha! Tea, I observe.

CURTAIN.

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Beveridge Plan, and the Parliamentary debate upon its scope and provisions. It was unanimously felt that the Scheme, insofar as its Unemployment provisions were concerned should, possibly with some slight modifications, be implemented without undue delay. The larger problem of Mass Unemployment—its causes and cures—was dealt with later; the questions of British foreign trade, Imperial Free Trade, international variations in standards of living, absorption of workers in post-war reconstruction projects, State control of industry, etc., were aired. On a vote, it was found that, with only two dissentients, the members of the Group were in favour of greater State control of industry after the war than in 1939.

The Committee decided that subsequent meetings would be devoted to a consideration of Social Security schemes relating to sickness and disability, and financial care of the young and old; the Beveridge Report would be used as a basis for discussion. Except when a Station Concert might intervene, meetings would continue to be held in the Y.M.C.A. Reading and Writing Room each Sunday evening at 2015 hrs. All personnel interested in Current Affairs and the Post-war World would be invited.

# Station Entertainment

## Theatre

"Victory Varieties of 1944" was presented by the Calgary Catholic Youth Organisation to a full house in the Station Theatre on Sunday, December 5th. When the same Concert Party came to Penhold in May of this year, it left behind a very happy memory and we were all looking forward to this, their second visit. Our expectations were high, and they were realised in full measure.

From the opening chorus to the finale, each item was presented with artistry. Particular credit is due to Miss Margaret Robinson for her musical arrangement for the chorus, and for the simple but effective variations of the pattern in which the chorus was displayed. Mr. Ed. Holmes has undoubtedly made a study of histrionics of the Irving era, for his "Curfew" was a model of that art of antiquity. Miss Donalda Hoad's romantic excursion into the audience met with full approval from Officers and airmen alike, and the haunting Viennese piece showed LAC Geoffrey Moore, of the R.N.Z.A.F. at his best, while Mr. Dick Moore, with the chorus singing "Ave maria," was appraised by all as the finest thing in the show.

We all hope that we shall see this gay and talented company again on these boards early in the New Year.



## The Station Cinema

Satisfaction of Innisfail's demand for a film show by the Y.M.C.A. has left Penhold with somewhat blank Monday evenings. Usually, there seemed no alternative to the canteens which, in consequence, were overcrowded. It is not easy to fill such evenings with concerts or boxing tournaments, because of the work involved in their preparation, and it has, therefore, been decided that the Station Cinema shall try to fill the breach. Once the preliminary arrangements have been made, little extra effort is needed to provide films on one more evening than hitherto, though the readiness of the operators and doorkeepers to give up still more of their spare time should be appreciated.

Starting with the New Year, the Recreation Hall will thus be in use as the Station Cinema on five evenings out of seven. Whether this will prove an overdose of Cinema remains to be discovered, but at least no harm will be done to those who prefer the canteens. One point must, however, be stressed. An increase in the number of films shown must result inevitably in a decrease in their average entertainment value. Nowadays, there is but a limited number of first-rate films available, and it is unlikely that it will be possible to secure proportionally more than before. At least as many good ones will be shown, perhaps more, but there must be an occasional one which is not as good as the others.

It is too early to give much indication of the programme for next month, though the few films which have been definitely booked promise well. The Christmas show has proved something of a problem, and it has been impossible to book one of the more obviously suitable films. Every cinema in the province had similar ideas at this season, and we were not placed in the race. However, it is hoped to compromise successfully with one "out of the ordinary" film and one which has been found amusing by many.

## R.A.F. Penhold, 1960

**I**N A FORGOTTEN CORNER of Fifth State, originally known as Alberta, lies a collection of ruined old wooden buildings, all that is left of what for a brief spell of hectic life, was Penhold Airport. Ten miles away lies a ghost town, once a three-star (ten elevator) city known as Red Deer, and now marked on the maps as "Site of Fiftieth Town." Rumour has it that the old airport is not entirely deserted. The rumour happens to be true. Inspectors from the Department of Historical Monuments (Air) visited the place recently. A proposal had been made that the airport be classified as an historical monument on the anniversary of the bloodless invasion of Alberta. The report of the Inspectors makes interesting reading.

In one of the hangars the ghost of a trainer, resting in its accustomed position, on starboard oleo leg and port wing tip, was making ghostly sounds suggestive of the use of maximum boost. It was probably dreaming with pride of the days when local newspapers described it and its fellows as "Formations of giant twin-engined trainer-bombers." Or perhaps it was just laughing like hell up its sleeve.

From a building, around which swarmed hundreds of flies, conspicuous because only the brick chimney seemed to be intact, emerged the figure of a man, bearded, bent and ancient. His delight at seeing the visitors was unbounded and voluble. From a tirade of words, "posted" was the one which emerged time after time. He was, they discovered, Penhold's last station adjutant. He had been put in charge of the winding-up of the station, and had been left behind with two other unfortunate types. The three of them had never been able to get away because there was no one to sign their clearance certificates, and it was impossible to post them without the necessary forty signatures. They were too honest to forge the signatures, and for fifteen years they had not met anyone who could write.

And so, in 1960, there they were, living in the only hut which had not been repaired by Works and Bricks, and which, consequently, was still standing. The three administrators, finishing their job in 1948, had been forced to turn their hands to farming. Tottering Towers had been turned into a make-shift grain elevator in which was stored the grain reaped between the runways. It wasn't bad as an elevator, apart from slight tendencies to leak, to shed heaps of seed over the old barrack square (now a potato patch) and to blow over in high winds. The station adjutant's only contribution to the farming project was a field of hops which he tended with loving care. A small herd of cows found shelter in No. 2 Hangar, and the G.I.S. was full of chickens. S.H.Q. was empty. None of the animals would go near it. The guardhouse had been turned into a skunk farm.

One of the Timekeepers had been left behind, too. There had been no aircraft on the runways for fifteen years, but the Timekeeper could not go because there was an outstanding charge against him at Stores for a pair of bootlaces, and nobody could find the duplicate of the voucher. He always "booked-in" the crops when the seeds were sown, worked out the E.T.A., and 91 days later reported to the adjutant that the harvest was now overdue. An area search usually revealed a few miserable shoots. He spent the winter in working out the summary. One day it was discovered that he had booked out two prairie chickens, a magpie and three Canadian robins on cross countries. Times cards were tied to their legs. The birds booked in again, but were subsequently eaten as retribution for failing to deliver the cards to the Times Office at Cease Flying.

While the Inspectors were on the station, a signal marked "Urgent" arrived from someone who had not noticed that the station had ceased to function. The signal, in uncompromising terms, drew attention to the fact that the class report for a Course which graduated in 1942, had not been received within four days of graduation. The adjutant, with characteristic resourcefulness, marked the signal "Attention, Flying Wing," and forwarded it to the Flying Wing Adjutant, who was now a Chelsea Pensioner.



## Ski-ing Grounds

### MOUNT NORQUAY SKI LODGE, BANFF

This Ski Lodge will again be under the management of Jim and Margaret Morrison, as it was last year, and lunches, etc., will be served at very reasonable rates. Buses and Taxis operate from the Mount Royal and King Edward Hotels in Banff at the rate of 50¢ per round trip. The ski slopes on Mount Norquay are ideal for the beginner and expert alike, and are the most convenient and popular, located only a few miles North of Banff. Accommodation for servicemen at Banff is available at the Salvation Army Hostel or any of the Boarding Houses or Hotels at very reasonable rates. There is an open-air ice rink for afternoon or evening skating, and dances are held in the Cascade Ballroom on Saturday evenings.

### SUNSHINE SKI LODGE

Sunshine Ski Lodge, which is expected to open about the first of December, is located at the timberline on the Great Divide some 7,200 feet above sea level, and approximately 15 miles south-west of Banff on the Simpson Ridge. The journey in itself is quite an experience, involving travel from the Mount Royal Hotel, Banff, to Healy Creek in a bus known appropriately as "Sunshine Suzie," and thence by snow tractor up the steep mountain road. Cost of transportation is \$2.50 return. There are Nursery Slopes (served by a ski-tow) and short runs in the vicinity of the Chalet, with unexcelled ski-ing on open slopes up to 10,000 feet over a vast roof-of-the-continent ski terrain. The Chalet is owned and run by the Brewster Transport Company, Banff, who have a resident hostess and staff, ski instructors and guides there; it has accommodation for sixty to seventy persons, and all home comforts are available, with the additional interest of a private radio station. Dormitory accommodation is available at specially reduced rates for servicemen—around \$4.50 per day (two or more in a room), with special rates for ten days or longer.

### MOUNT TEMPLE SKI LODGE

Mount Temple Ski Lodge is situated 6,800 feet above sea level, a few miles north-east of Lake Louise, from which it is reached by snow tractor. It is owned by a well-known Englishman, Sir Norman Watson, Bart., and has accommodation for some twenty people. The Lodge is expected to be opened about December 15th, and will be run by a small staff, including a lady ski instructor. The cost of accommodation at Mount Temple is much the same as at Sunshine.

It is also believed that the Ski Lodge at Skoki will be open in February, but definite information is not yet available. Skoki and Mount Temple are centres for some of the finest Langlaufs and ski tours in the Rockies.

### CALGARY SKI CLUB

Members of the Calgary Ski Club enjoyed some very good local ski-ing on the slopes of the Bowness Golf Club last year, and it is thought they will use the same terrain this year, provided the snow is sufficient. For those spending a week-end in Calgary, the Bowness Club is very convenient, and some really good short runs may be made, with ideal gradients for beginners.

### RED DEER AND INNISFAIL

Enjoyable ski-ing on a limited scale can be had locally if there is a really heavy fall of snow. The best slopes are to be found on the Red Deer and Innisfail Golf Courses, and on those parts of the Convent Hill, Red Deer, which are not Army property.



