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



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Editorial

GREETINGS for the New Year are somewhat belated, but as this is the first issue of 1944, and Number One of Volume Five, we would not let the occasion go by without thanking all those who have helped to make the editor happy in his work, and wishing them a happy and prosperous New Year. "They" include not only those regular contributors whose total output now runs into many thousands of words, but also the casual contributor whose literary moments keep the "Log" fresh and varied; our friends at the Red Deer Advocate Press who turn our untidy scripts into attractively arranged pages; the airmen who sell the "Log" at pay parades, and have been known to go hungry for lunch in doing so; and many others who have played some unnoticed yet invaluable part in promoting the welfare of the "Penhold Log."

A little underground research into the reading habits of our readers leads us to believe that practically everyone at Penhold reads the "Log" though only some 700 buy it. So to the buyers we extend our New Year greetings, too, but to the borrowers we feel more inclined to offer a New Year Resolution—to back up their station magazine to the tune of ten cents a month.

Station Hospital Personalities



HAVING stifled the almost insupportable impulse to head this section with the title, "Station Poisonalities," we print under a formal headline a pleasantly informal picture showing the "Docs," the Nursing Sisters, and the station Dietician taking their ease—and their tea. For those who know the "Docs" only on the occasion of sick parades—or the Harvard step test—it may be encouraging to see them in unprofessional and human moments. This is the time of year, too, when many of us finally feel compelled to report to S.S.Q. to describe our symptoms, to be prodded and peered into, and perhaps to go away with a refreshing bottle of peculiarly disgusting tonic. And for all of us there is a periodic visit to the Hospital to renew acquaintance with the hypodermic needle.

So these are "Station Personalities" indeed, known to everyone at some time or another. Reading from left to right in the picture above, they are: Sister Clendenning, F/Lt. Melling, Sister Scott, A/S/O Wilson (whose life story was told in the December number), S/Ldr. Erskine and F/Lt. Studley. So that you may know more of whoever it was who "stabbed" you so brutally, or diagnosed you as fit for heavy duties, here is the gen.

* * * * *

The S. M. O.

SQUADRON LEADER ERSKINE is a Northern Irishman, which is almost a Penhold tradition, for two out of the three S.M.O.'s who have been stationed here have come from Ulster. He was born in Holywood, County Down, and qualified at Queen's College, Belfast. After working as house surgeon at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Belfast, he went to sea for a year as a ship's surgeon with the Blue Funnel Line, running to the East Indies and Australia. Back in Belfast, he worked in the Fever Hospital, and then moved on to the



Forster Green Hospital, Belfast, where he specialised in pulmonary tuberculosis.

Joining the Royal Air Force in 1940, Squadron Leader Erskine went first to Montrose, and was subsequently engaged in opening up an A.O.S. in the Midlands and A.C.D.C. at Heaton Park. On coming to Canada, he arrived at Moncton and stayed there for fourteen months. This, he claims, qualifies him for the "Moncton Medal," and, he adds, he has never been the same man since. He came to Penhold last May, and now expects to be returning to Moncton at any moment—he hopes for a shorter stay than his previous visit.

The S.M.O. is known as a strong advocate of tea drinking, though he won't go so far as to say that it is good for you. He believes that walking is good for the figure and bridge for the brain. In the warmer months he was

in the habit of paying nocturnal visits to the O.C. Night Flying, when he would walk the control tower balcony, no doubt to clear his head after a few rubbers of bridge. On the ice he cuts a neat figure, and has offered to play in goal for the Officers' Mess hockey team. To the pupils he is notorious as the presiding genius at the Harvard step test.

THE SURGEON

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT PETER MELLING is our Canadian surgeon. He is a graduate of the Universities of Alberta and Toronto. He did post-graduate work at the Women's Hospital in Detroit, U.S.A., and from there moved on to the Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto, and thence back to Alberta to the University Hospital at Edmonton.

F/Lt. Melling has the distinction of having worked for twelve years as a doctor in the highest settlement in Canada—Mountain Park, 6,400 feet above sea level, in Northern Alberta. This is the site of one of the largest steam-coal mines in the west. Previously he had held a practice as a contract doctor to the Duthie Gold Mine at Smithers in Northern British Columbia. While there he also worked as doctor to the nearby Stoney Indian reserve. He has helped to pioneer the contract type of medical practice for municipalities in Alberta. He was one of the first doctors in private practice to use insulin.

Having worked so long in mountainous areas, it is not surprising to learn that F/Lt. Melling is an accomplished climber, skier, and hunter of big game. As a hobby, he collects and studies Alpine flora. He is married and now lives in Red Deer.

JUNIOR DOC

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT GEORGE STUDLEY is the junior medical officer, and claims the acting, unpaid rank of "Joe." He was born on the little West Indies island of Montserrat, where the lime juice comes from—and lime juice, he adds, is fit to drink when conventionally flavoured. He spent the first eleven years of his life there, until his parents decided that an education comprising writing, riding and swimming was insufficient. He then went back to England to school in Bath. Selecting the medical profession as a career, he qualified at Leeds University, and subsequently worked in the Leeds Infirmary and Leeds Fever Hospital before joining the R.A.F. in 1941. This led to what he describes as "twenty glorious months in technical train-

ing command," at Blackpool, followed by a posting to Penhold in March, 1943.

In off duty moments, F/Lt. Studley is another passionate bridge player. He gained fame as a horseman when he won the "Penhold Stakes" at the Station Sports Day last summer. He is now courageously tackling the Canadian winter sports, is an enthusiastic learner on the skating rinks, and came back from five days' skiing at the New Year without serious injury. His hobby is baiting the Nursing Sisters.

THE NURSING SISTERS

THE NURSING SISTERS are Sister Clendenning and Sister Scott. Sister Clendenning is tall and fair, and Sister Scott is the dark one. They are seen here engaged in pouring tea and generally spreading an atmosphere of civilised comfort and femininity in the Nurses' Quarters. They often lend colour to Station dances; both would be much sought after as partners on the station skating rink, but so far only Sister Clendenning has ventured on to a sheet of ice so hopelessly littered with novices. Sister Scott skates, too, but seeks less dangerous surroundings.



Sister Clendenning was born in Manitoba, and since taking her training in Winnipeg has nursed in the States, at St. Paul, and far north on the shores of the Hudson Bay. She was nursing there, at a gold mining settlement on the edge of the barren lands, before she joined the R.C.A.F. Taunted with having lived "among the Eskimos," she admits that in those far northern wastes there were plenty of Indians. Since joining the service she has been at Rivers and No. 10 R.D., Calgary; she came to Penhold in April, 1943. While at Rivers she was a passenger in a 'plane which crashed on landing, but this has not discouraged her from seeking further "dices with death" at the hands of the R.A.F. pilots. She is the surgical Sister, with the operating theatre as her principal domain.

Sister Scott is the ward Sister. She was born near Innisfail, went to school there, and is now back in home territory. On a station where the cry for a home posting is the signature tune, she hankers for an overseas posting. She was trained at the Holy Cross Hospital in Calgary, and after being on the staff there for a year, she took up private nursing in Calgary and Banff. On joining the R.C.A.F. in 1942, she was posted to No. 3 S.F.T.S., Calgary, and was at No. 10 R.D., Calgary, with Sister Clendenning before coming to Penhold in June, 1943.

LAB. KINGS

THE LABORATORY is on the right as you go into the hospital. There you will find Sgt. Graham, the pharmacist, who doles out what you need, and Cpl. Barker, the radiographer, who works the X-Ray unit when he is not peeping down the microscope to find out what you have got. Sgt. Graham also does some of the laboratory work, in addition to mixing the drinks. This section has two slogans, "Bring them bottles back" and, as far as Cpl. Barker is concerned, "It's a dead loss." Both of them are Canadians, and they share a fondness for continental rummy in which they are rarely able to indulge owing to pressure of work.

Sgt. Graham, who is here seen helping Cpl. Barker identify the bugs

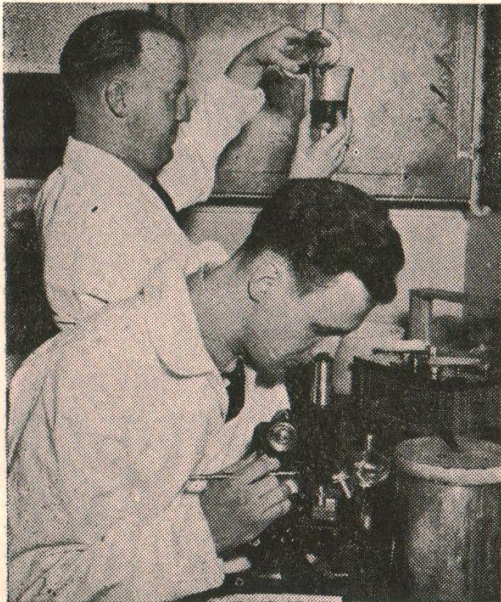
The Unoperational Moustache

Dear Mr. Editor:—

This story is being written because an ex-Penhold pupe sat reading the Penhold Log in his room, No. 664, Cumberland Hotel, London, England. He was lent this periodical by F/Lt. Don Carstairs, another Penholdian staying at this renowned hotel. On the last page of the October edition some reference was made to an officer pupil losing a lovely large black moustache. It was stated he used hair remover in mistake for moustache wax—indeed? You ask Sister G. what happened to Timo's Tash and see if her story agrees with what Timo has to say on the subject:

One night after dinner a group of officers sat round their favorite table in the ante-room at Penhold, merely having a quiet Gin Job and some beers when a voice proclaimed, "I'm browned off—let's do something rash—let's smash the place up—let's cut old Timo's moustache off." Before Timo had downed his stock ale, Sister G. was by his side exhibiting the most wicked pair of surgical scissors Timo had ever seen. Was he going to put up a fight for this moustache? No, Sister shall do some trimming if she so desires, thought Timo. It was only after the second ashtray was nearly filled with the remnants that Timo finally jibbed, very suddenly, too, a large piece of flesh having been removed from the upper lip. He averted further operations by saying, "Where's the bell, its my turn to pay for the next round."

After that the moustache was duly removed each morning soon after dawn, until a frantic cable arrived from England ordering its reinstatement, for Timo is married. The progress made by this new but unoperational moustache was acclaimed by various ranks. It's doing fine, was the general opinion. Here Timo can reveal a secret—use Blue Goose Ointment; it may be procured from the shores of the nearby lakes. Recommended as a 100 per cent fertilizer. Extremely rare, but very good.—TIMO HALL.



under the microscope, is a graduate of the University of Alberta, Edmonton. Before joining the R.C.A.F. he was manager of Leggitt's Drug Store in Calgary. He came to Penhold a year ago. He is married, and his wife is coming to live in Red Deer at the beginning of February. Like all Canadians, he makes skating look easy, and is thinking of trying his hand at hockey again. He also skis in a manner which we should call expert.

Cpl. Barker was trained as a radiographer at the Toronto General Hospital, and joined the services in 1940, before there was an air force medical service. He was then in the R.C.A.M.C. but in 1941 transferred to the newly formed medical branch of the R.C.A.F. He boasts a long list of units at which he has served—St. Thomas, the Clinical Investigation Unit at Regina, Moss-

bank, Macleod (and back to Mossbank), and then Penhold. His home is in London, Ontario. He is noted in S.S.Q. circles as the local humorist; his humour often takes a sardonic and fatalistic twist, which helps him to meet his troubles with a jest, and hardens him against the possibility of a posting to the Yukon.

Report on "The Log"

THIS is the first issue of the fifth volume of the Penhold Log. The first Penhold Log appeared in December, 1941, and has been published monthly ever since. In the early months of its existence the magazine was easily financed by advertisements. Then a ban on advertisements in station magazines was imposed by Higher Authority. It looked as if the Log might have to cease publication for lack of funds. However, the price was raised from five to ten cents, and with the aid of a few small subsidies, the Log has carried on ever since.

Reducing the averages over the last few months to the nearest round figures, these are the facts. The total cost of 1,000 copies of the magazine per month is \$155. This cost can be broken down into parts. The centre page photograph insert costs \$35. Other photos cost about \$20. The printing of the cover on all four sides costs \$25, and the printing of the inside pages \$75.

These costs are met by sales, by subsidies of \$15 a month from the Officers' Mess and the Sergeants' Mess, and by the P.S.I. Sales have varied from a low of just over 600 in September to a high of well over 800 for the Christmas number. At ten cents a time, this gives an average receipt from sales of between \$70 and \$80 a month. The deficit which has been met by P.S.I. over the last three months has averaged out at \$55 a month.

In order not to impose a heavy deficit on the P.S.I. books it has been impossible to produce a showy magazine. Illustrations are not only attractive but they are also expensive. Photographs and drawings have to be prepared as blocks for printing, and these cost approximately a dollar and a half per square inch. Whereas the printing costs are stable, it would be easy to run up a big bill by lavish use of illustrations. Similarly, two colour printing of the cover doubles the cost of the cover. It has, therefore, been thought best to sacrifice a little adornment in order to keep the price at ten cents.

Some may wonder why the Editor becomes increasingly frantic towards the middle of the month, when the magazine does not appear until the end of the month pay parade. By way of explanation, here is an account of the production side of the business, in terms of which the Editor has to time the arrival of the copy.

The "Log" is printed by the Advocate Press in Red Deer, which is very largely engaged in producing the Red Deer Advocate every Wednesday. Consequently, work on the "Log" is necessarily confined to Thursday, Friday and Saturday. If the end of the month pay parade falls on a Thursday or Friday, the "Log" has to be printed during the previous week in order to be ready for the parade. The worst possible combination of dates occurs this month, with January 31st falling on a Monday, and the pay parade consequently brought back to Friday the 28th. This means that everything must be ready for printing at latest on Saturday the 22nd.

The normal deadline for the Editor to receive contributions is the 15th of the month. Before copy reaches the printers it has to be checked by the Editor, and cut if necessary, read and approved by the Commanding Officer, and marked with lay-out directions by the Editor. It is then set up in type and the proofs checked. The battle has then half begun, for what the Editor thinks to be a good sequence for the articles to appear in the "Log" never fits into the pages. It is then that the "Slashing" begins.

Contributors find that the joke they cherished has been cut out, to make their piece fit the page, or the "Station Personality" finds that something in his life story has been omitted, or a stray remark of his added—all to fit the page. Still later, of course, the apologies begin—"I'm sorry, old boy; I'm afraid I had to cut a bit of your stuff." But finally the pages fit into an

ordered sequence, with at least the main purposes served—to put a main feature in the first pages, to scatter our illustrations over the whole magazine, and so on.

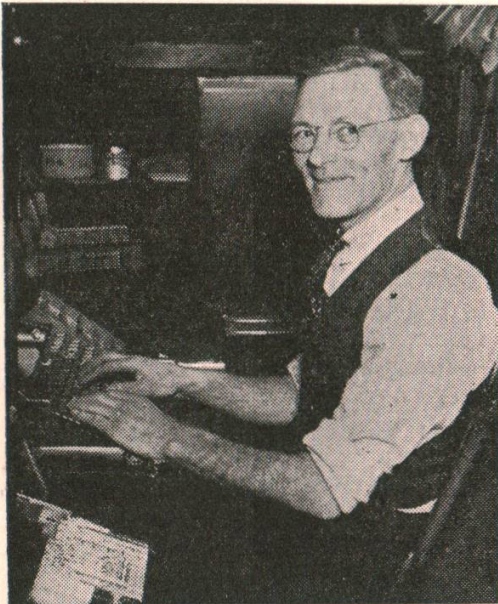
The pages are then locked in their frames in groups, and the printing is ready to begin. The cover and four of the pages are printed on a small job press, while the other sixteen are run off on the newspaper press—eight on each side of one large sheet of paper. This large sheet is then passed to the folding and cutting machine. These pages have to be left twenty-four hours for the ink to dry before they are put together by hand with the cover and the photo insert and then bound with metal fasteners on a hand-operated stitcher. The thousand copies still have to be trimmed in a large, hand-operated guillotine before they are ready to be bundled and sent up to camp.

All this takes at least half a week . . . and it has to be fitted in to the last half of the week before pay day. More time has to be allowed for preparation of the illustrations. The photo insert is produced in Edmonton and 1,000 copies are sent to the Advocate Press to be bound into the "Log." Illustrations for the main pages are sent to Edmonton, and the blocks sent to Red Deer to be incorporated in the page lay-out for printing. At least a week has to be allowed for this work. So the dead-line for illustrations is about a week earlier than for the written copy.

There have been moments when we have wondered whether we should make it in time, but so far, thanks to the willing co-operation and helpful advice of the Advocate staff, the "Log" has always been punctual on parade.

Log Personality

BEST FRIEND of Penhold Log editors for two years has been Mr. George M. England, of the Red Deer Advocate Press. Everything that goes into the "Log" he sets in type, and he then supervises the lay-out of the pages and the printing. Many times he has worked late into the evening in order to get unpunctual copy set in time for publication. He tactfully advises the inexperienced editor on lay-out problems, and constantly suggests



ways of making the "Log" look attractive. He watches the final printing of the sheets, checking the first sheets off the press for flaws, and if necessary stopping the "run" until he has adjusted the plates to give the best possible quality. A few months ago we had considerable trouble with a picture of the Chief Instructor which was printing black and smudgy. With some patient and dexterous work with his penknife, Mr. England averted a situation which might have been very embarrassing to an editor who is also a flying instructor.

Mr. England comes of an old Wiltshire family, though he was born in Brisbane, Australia. He returned to England when he was six years old, and then came to Canada when he was 15. Since the age of 17 he has lived in Red Deer, and has been with the Advocate Press since 1917. He is

not only the good friend of the "Log," but also of many of the men on the camp who have been welcomed to his home. On the first Sunday after the first draft arrived at Penhold he took some R.A.F. lads on a sight-seeing drive round Gull Lake and Sylvan Lake, and ever since he has most modestly and quietly been contributing to the welfare of the Royal Air Force at Penhold.

The 1939 Flap

DURING the summer months of 1939, just before the "state of war," there were large scale manoeuvres in the air over the South and Eastern Counties. This was to test our air defences. At the same time it was practice for our fighter and bomber boys, under conditions as near as possible to real war. Battle, Blenheim and Wellington Squadrons flew out to sea, came back over the coast to selected points far inland and started imaginary bombing on different targets. On the way in from the coast they were attacked by the Spitfire and Hurricane lads. This was great fun for both bomber and fighter pilots. But, of course, everyone said, "There will be no war in our time!"

The big flap began on September 1:—Kit inspection; take away, 1 shirt, 3 collars, 1 towel, 1 tunic, 1 pair of boots and a few brushes. This was to lighten the troops so that they could fly to France if there was a war. But "there will be no war . . ."

However, civilian aircraft landed. They had to be camouflaged. Buckets full of different coloured dope and sweeping brooms were used. In half an hour it began to look a pity to spoil the colours of those airliners. Then all ground equipment had to be stripped down in order to get them on the aircraft. This was done. Then all the squadron numbers had to be erased and letters put on the aircraft. This was also done quickly. Next day these letters had to be changed. They were changed, and everything was ready for a move, including rations for four days. Small parties flew out to Northern France with the ground equipment. Loads of armour plate arrived at night time—no drawings—but we soon fixed the plates in position temporarily until the drawings arrived. "Of course, there will be no war!"

At 1400 hours, 12 Squadron, which was part of 76 Wing (the other Squadron was 142) left the aerodrome at Bicester, flew on a course to Shoreham-on-Sea, refuelled, etc., and took off again, heading across the English Channel. The sky seemed to be full of Battles—five Wings of them—160 aircraft. How many thousands of holiday-makers on that peaceful Saturday afternoon thought there was going to be war? "There will be no war!" Remember? These crews, or a great number of them, wouldn't take their rations. Some didn't even take their kits. They were told to, but—"There will be no war!"—they thought they'd be back next day. These Battle Squadrons formed the Advanced Air Striking Force. Very few of these brave lads came back, judging by one flight of a Squadron—only one pilot, one observer and one WAG returned—a loss of 13 complete crews.

September 3, 0800 hours—Berry-au-Bac. "There will be no war" is still the thought . . . Noon.—The news, "We are in a state of war." Aircrews and ground staff started digging latrines, dugouts, and dredging a stream which flowed through the woods, so that we could have a swim or a bath. Showers were fixed on the trees—4-gallon tins punched with holes and a small 3-step ladder (home made) for refuelling.

Newspapers reported the Royal Engineers were looking after the R.A.F., otherwise called "wet-nursing the Air Force." Actually, there were no Sappers near our 'drome until a month or so later. We felled trees to make ramps so that we could draw our aircraft back into the woods in order that they should not be seen from the air. The American journalist, Knickerbocker, arrived, complete with 10-gallon hat. He had a price on his head for writing the truth about Hitler. He seemed to be quite satisfied with the way we camouflaged our aircraft and our dugouts. He had to walk into the woods to find the opening of the dugout, and walk back through a passage way cut to the dugouts, which had a look-out on the 'drome. Corrugated tin sheets covered the top of the dugouts, and on top of them a few tons of earth. He was quite surprised to see cooking utensils, etc., in these dugouts. The cooking materials and primus stoves, also the corrugated iron, were bought

My Favourite Book

Our roving reporter (who roves all over the station looking for cups of tea) asked a number of people this question: "If you were doomed to spend your life at Penhold, and were allowed only one book to read, what would you choose?" Here are some of the answers which were found most in keeping with the characters concerned:

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| The Commanding Officer: "Fowler's Modern English Usage." | The Duty Pilot: "The Thirty-nine Steps." |
| The Chief Instructor: "Forty Years Before the Mast." | F/O C. F. Thomas: "The Wind In the Willows." |
| The Station Warrant Officer: "The Rights of Man." | Cpl. Goldstein: "Das Kapital." |
| The Met. Officers: "Gone With the Wind." | F/Sgt. Jones: "Crime and Punishment." |
| Cpl. Coultham: "For Whom the Bell Tolls." | F/Lt. Frost: "The Time Machine." |
| The S.Ad.O.: "Outward Bound." | The Tour Expired Man. "A Passage to India." |
| The Pupils: "Wings." | F/Sgt. Hammond (S.H.Q.): "Penguin Island." |
| F/Lt. Wallington: "Great Expectations." | O.C., Innisfail: "The Return of the Native." |
| The Nursing Sisters: "The Woman In White." | The C.E.O.: "The Turn of the Screw." |
| The Padre: "All This and Heaven Too." | LAC Erk: "Of Human Bondage." |
| The Adjutant: "In The Steps of The Master." | The Senior Equipment Officer: "The Old Curiosity Shop." |
| Cpl. Jeans (Telephone Exchange): "Leave It To Psmith." | The Sports Officer: "Vile Bodies." |
| Cpl. Clinton (i/c Batmen): "How Green Was My Valley." | LAC Jankers: "Ten Days That Shook the World." |
| P/O Wild: "The Thin Blue Line." | F/Lt. Lewis: "The Good Earth." |
| The C.G.I.: "The Thin Man." | F/O MacDonald: "The Heart of Midlothian." |
| The Messing Officer: "New Grub Street." | F/O Parr: "The Sleeping Beauty." |
| The S.A.O.: "I Will Repay." | The Junior Accountant Officer: "The Golden Treasury." |
| | The Editor: "Letters From the Underworld." |

by the air crews. We could get plenty of potatoes and pork very cheaply locally, so we did not trouble about anything else. The French Army supplied us with soup (looking like cabbage water) and bread, also a daily mug of red wine, which tasted like vinegar. However, we got to like it.

We were waiting for the main party to come out and give us assistance so that we could have a day off. However, about the end of September we were given a day off. The nearest city was 30 kilometres away—Rheims. On the way to Rheims we passed our main party in convoy and gave them a great cheer, asking, "Who was King of England now?" That was only one remark! There were plenty of others, some of them rude ones, but I won't repeat them here. Arriving at Rheims, just outside the Cathedral, which was not yet completely repaired from damage done by shelling in World War No. 1, the party was asked, "Where are you making for?" After being away from home for nearly a month, there was only one answer. So a short lecture was given about seeing the Cathedral. After this short lecture, all the lads went through the Cathedral so that they could tell their parents about it. Back at camp, we found that we had cooks, complete with cooking trailer, so we expected to get good meals! Breakfast—tinned bacon, brown bread and tea. Dinner—bully stew and bread. Tea—bread and butter and jam. This went on for 98 days, and not a word from anyone! Except for someone who said, "Who called the cook a B ?" and the reply was "Who called the B a cook?"

Flaps From Flying Wing

THE tables kitchen, small, each, one; at Tottering Towers, the Prairie Skyscraper, or whatever you happen to be calling the place at the moment; commonly known as the duff gen desk (say that quickly), looks like becoming an institution. "Have you read the latest orders?" is being corrected to read "Have you ever read any orders?" The table is being fitted out with an armchair, ashtray (screwed down), tea urn, and perhaps some day, a beer pump, but not until the Inventory has been checked. And all this is to enable Instructors to browse over the latest orders which are strewn thereon.

Orders which simply can't be avoided are now being hidden between the pages of "The Aeroplane" and "No Orchids for Miss Blandish" (better known as the "Royal Air Force Journal.") Unsuspecting Instructors, deep in the serial, find suddenly that they have read a complete bulletin from Tottering Towers without noticing any break in continuity. Having been cheated so effectively, they sign meekly to the effect that they have read and understood Amendment No. 307 to C.A.P. 101 as amended by Amendment List No. 100 and contradicted by Amendment List No. 102. Everyone is then happy, with the minor exception of the poor Instructor, who departs with a frustrated look, swearing never again to open the cover even of the most innocent-looking copy of "Esquire," lest "Esky" should suddenly prove to be a non-de-plume for the Squadron Commander, and the pin-up girls give place to an article on "How to Get the Most Out of your Aircraft . . ." or "How to Get the Least Out of your Instructor."

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The Station Diarist has been discovered reading the police court reports in an attempt to familiarise himself with the mixture of Pidgin and Basic English which is expected of him, and which constitutes a "breezy style." He was found weeping bitterly after reading the "Funnies."

Certified extract from D.R.O.s Part II Serial No. 303, dated Jan. 1, 1944. Allowances: 1212 LAC Goebels, J. Clik. (Propagandist). Ceased to live out at Wilhelmstrasse, Berlin, and draw appropriate allowances eff. 25 Nov., '43. Auth: A.O.C. in C., Bomber Command.

A recent letter, which we were constrained to read, talked of "Waste of Time and Morale." We lost a lot of sleep over that letter. The thought of LAC Erkslife being charged at Penhold on April 1st with W.O. not very A.S. wasting morale to the value of \$5.00, and being put under stoppage of pay, was just a little too much for us.

As W.O. Vine remarked, "Grapes of wrath, from our own grape-vine."

The Met Office is now known as Chinookery Nook.

The station adjutant has contributed the following to the first edition of C.A.P. 1212, "How to Get On." "So pleasant to be down here in Flying Wing, with aircraft just outside the windows, and the general air of an airfield about the place. So pleasant to watch the aircraft flying forward . . . and backward . . . and Hayward."

Christmas produced rather a small crop of funny sayings, though most of them sounded funny enough at the time. The padre was accused of drinking holy water cocktails, and "Grapefruit Noel" was bitterly suggested as a name for an item on the Christmas menu by Penhold's G.B.S. (Gilbert Binds Sullivan) when he found himself eating a mixture of grapefruit and holly.

It is now established that the photograph which appeared in the Mess above a hammer and sickle, and which has since been hung in the Green Room of the Hayward Academy for Young Gentlemen, is not, after all, a picture of the Chief Instructor's relief.

One of the milder blacks was put up by the misguided soul who drew the curtains in the ante-room on Boxing Day and let in shafts of eye-straining sunlight.



Christmas Concert Grand Finale.

THE PANTOMIME



THE MAESTRO



WAKEE! WAKEE!

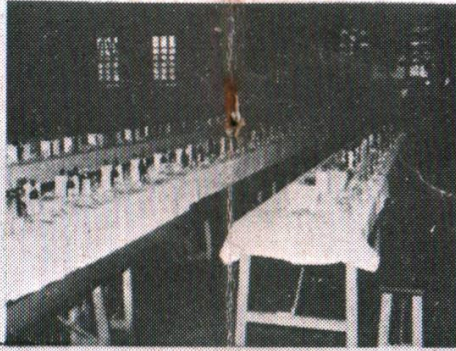


AH! HERE COMES
SORENSEN'S

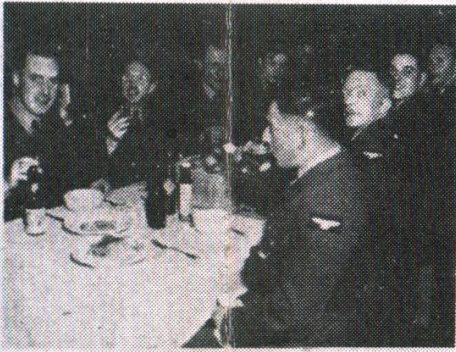
THE DINNER

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THE BANQUETING HALL



THE 9th COURSE



THE COOKS STILL HARD AT IT

AT PENHOLD

THE CHILDREN'S PARTY



FOOD FOR ALL



UNLOADING THE TREE



THE GAP CAPT. DOES SOME
JUGGLING



PENHOLD PIONEERS—Personnel of 212 Draft, who arrived at Penhold in August, 1941, have now seen three Canadian winters.

Station Discussion Group

THE FAME of the Station Discussion Group is spreading, and the first debate in the New Year, on the subject of why Britain is at war—or as F/Lt. Hudson, Education Officer, put it, “Why have we a uniform on?”—attracted a large attendance at the Y.M.C.A. reading-room on Sunday evening, January 9th. The chairman instanced as a starting point Britain’s guarantee to Poland and Germany’s aggression on that country. Thereafter, members vied with one another in putting forward their ideas as to the cause of those two historical events; and the situation in Europe from the Versailles Treaty to the Munich Agreement and thence to the present war, was ably surveyed.

The League of Nations’ delay in dealing with Japanese aggression in Manchuria, bad economic conditions in Germany, the aggressiveness inherent in the Nazi system, world-wide unemployment and Mr. Neville Chamberlain’s appeasement policy were all recognized as factors that led to war, although it was generally felt that the latter policy reflected the general anti-war feeling in Britain at the time.

The number of resolutions that followed this lively debate showed the interest of members in the subject. Firstly, there were no dissentients when it was moved that “The League of Nations, as it stood—provided it had included the U.S.A.—and the League Covenant would successfully have prevented war had its nation-members fulfilled their obligations.” Also, it was felt that narrow national interests caused the League to fail and on that premise “all countries were responsible for the war.”

Thirty-two members approved and three voted against the suggestion that Britain entered the war because she realised that the aggression on Poland was merely a prelude to an attack on herself. Another resolution, that war might have been prevented had the League of Nations done more to prevent economic distress, gained only two supporters. A further one, that war was caused because the democracies were more afraid of Communism than Fascism, was defeated by seven votes.

Finally it was suggested that the war resulted from yet another attempt by the Germans to prove themselves the master race. Twenty-two approved, with thirteen against.

A discussion on old-age and retirement pensions and children’s allowances was held on Sunday, December 19th, Sergeant Sillem being in the chair. There was general agreement with Sir William Beveridge’s old-age pension plan, but the Beveridge proposal for children’s allowances was turned down in favour of the Government’s alternative proposal (House of Commons debate, 16-18 February, 1943) that payment per child should be 5s. in cash plus 2s. 6d. or more in kind (various welfare services). The suggestion that 8s. solely in cash be provided for each child had only one supporter. At this debate, which concluded the three-session discussion on the Beveridge Plan, the Plan as a whole was unanimously supported with the reservation that England’s social and economic structure must undergo radical change when peace conditions return.

“Health—and You” was the subject of the December 12th debate, when S/Ldr. Erskine, S.M.O., was in the chair. Varied views were expressed on the matter of State Control of Hospitals, but it was agreed that such control would produce greater efficiency. Members were unanimous that future health insurance schemes should have the wider scope envisaged by the Beveridge scheme, embracing, on the one hand, specialists, doctors and hospitals, and on the other, industrial diseases, injuries, sickness, ophthalmic and dental benefits and treatment.—G.A.A.

Officers' Mess Chronicle

SELDOME can so merry a Christmas have been spent by so many at such great distance from their native shores. From the opening of the festive season at F/O Young's wedding on Christmas Eve until the grand climax of the Mess dance on the 29th, joy was unconfined.

Christmas Day itself was spent in ministering to the gastronomic needs of the airmen and in an unequal attempt to meet the N.C.O.s in a level beer for beer encounter in both messes, followed by a slumberous dinner at which some pain was caused by holly having found its way into the grapefruit. The C.G.I. rather neatly took his revenge on the staff by indulging in legerdemain with successful financial results. Most members finished the day by playing traditional Canadian games and singing seasonal hymns in the hospitable homes of Red Deer. On Boxing Day a desire for fresh air was generally expressed, but the few who succumbed to this insidious temptation bitterly rued their weakness which caused them to appear three hours late at an otherwise successful dinner given by Penhold's ladies in uniform.

Members were bidden to come dressed according to their whim to the informal Mess dance held on the 29th. This option gave rise to the most curious forms of sartorial self-expression and led one member to misquote Shakespeare as saying "More things are wrought by prairie than this world dreams of." Heat, combined with hilarity, caused shirts to be worn outside, except in the case of the P.M.C. who maintained his customary coolness in shorts. Later, descriptive notices appeared on the backs of many, and a distinguished guest was saved from the possibility of unwelcome interference by bearing the label "Visitor, Be Polite." For many this was their last Penhold party and they are indeed fortunate to be leaving us intoxicated by so happy a memory. F/Lt. Bill Assheton's going enables members to sleep after luncheon; but even this great boon cannot compensate for the loss of so versatile an officer. F/O Jinks leaves with his great work incomplete—there are still about 48 books missing from the mess library.

The posting of F/Lt. Payne lifts a load from the mind of the Works and Bricks Officer, as it will now be no longer necessary to continue with the plans for re-erecting No. 3 Hangar around the many charts and wall boards of "E" Flight and, lest this policy of reconstruction be continued, the deputy fuhrer, the admirable F/O Dean, has also followed his leader. "F" Flight loses F/O Woodward whose Gaelic has so long confused his Australian pupils. F/Lt. Hinds, with his darkened glasses and conspiratorial air, lent an added mystery to the pursuit of the Beam and he will be sorely missed in the air around Blackfalds. F/O Millbank leaves to take up an appointment as S.F.O. at Patricia Bay. The detachment of F/Lt. Ravilious has been converted to posting to Toronto. Looking like a drawing by Vergil Parch, his appearance of guilelessness brought him an equal success at the bridge table and in the flotation of the Victory Loan. F/Lt. Milsom leaves for home, but he will be long remembered as the founder of The Penhold Stakes. Lately, since the close of the flat season we have been happy to see him more frequently in the Mess. F/O A. R. de C. Smith leaves the Education Officer undisputed master of the music stool. F/Lt. Oakley leaves us with the record of having carried out his periodic duties as S.D.O. since the opening of the unit, without once having been called upon for a signature. He will be missed both from the Station Transport and the town patrol. F/Lt. Wallis, who came here with two wheels to his name, departed with one to a place where he may be expected to become bicyclic again. Finally, we lose our well-beloved S.M.O., S/Ldr. Erskine, whose rosy rotundity belied his elegant circumvolutions on the ice.

The whirr of the stork has again been heard in Red Deer, leaving behind it a son and heir in the home of F/O and Mrs. Pearce. Many congratulations to them both.

New Year's Honour

FLIGHT-SERGEANT JACK MOORE has been awarded the British Empire Medal in the New Year's Honours List. News of the award reached Penhold by January 1st, but so far the official citation in the "London Gazette" has not arrived in Canada. Flight-Sergeant Moore has served with the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Air Force in two wars. At the outbreak of the first world war he was at school in Massachusetts, U.S.A., although he had been born in Keighley, Yorkshire. He immediately returned home and, at the age of 17, joined the Royal Field Artillery in October, 1914. But he was found to be under age, and was sent back to his home. A year later he joined the Royal Flying Corps, and served for three years in France with No. 73 Squadron, which was equipped with "Camel" aircraft. He left the Royal Air Force in 1921 with the rank of Sergeant.



Between wars he returned to his Yorkshire birthplace where he carried on business as an automobile engineer and also became the proud father of a son and daughter. When the threat of another war became imminent, Jack Moore turned his thoughts again to the service; he finally rejoined the R.A.F. a few days before the outbreak of this war. In England he served first with a Whitley squadron, and then with a flying boat squadron. Before being posted to Canada he was at a Gunnery School.

Since coming to Penhold a year ago, Flight-Sergeant Moore has become a popular figure in the Sergeants' Mess and about the station. His particular province has been No. 2 Hangar where he is N.C.O. i/c Specialist Flight aircraft. In the Mess he is known for his signature tune, "Oh, what a beautiful morning," and, as a true son of the West Riding should, he has been seen quaffing a jug of beer with obvious pleasure, albeit that it is not John Smith's Tadcaster Ale.

* * * * *

The Children's Christmas Party

ONCE AGAIN the Station gave a party at Christmas time to the children of Red Deer, Penhold and the surrounding district. On December 16th some 150 children arrived at the Station, the greater number being conveyed by Sorensen's Bus Company, as that concern's kindly contribution to the celebration. A liberal tea was provided and, to the delight of the Catering Officer, an extremely large one was eaten by a notable few of the guests. The Recreation Hall was cheerfully decorated and the meal was followed by the giving of presents from an imposing and colourful Christmas tree by Santa Claus, who professed to have arrived in an Oxford.

Flight Sergeants Kiddle and Kent entertained the children with some novel clowning and back-chat, and later the guests very charmingly presented a Nativity Play. This was followed by a talented exhibition of dancing, singing, recitation and piano playing by the children, and a succession of Walt Disney cartoons brought a happy evening to its close.

. . . Theatre . . .

PENHOLD'S Grand Christmas Concert and Pantomime on December 21st and 22nd was perhaps as good an introduction to the Christmas season as one could have wished. The Penhold wives and the people of Red Deer turned up in force on Wednesday evening and had a terrific time. It was a grand performance. After the overture, "Teddy Bears' Picnic" by the Light Orchestra, the Male Voice Choir opened the show with the carol "Silent Night." The elegant Ridley chattered happily to the audience and had them all, especially the visitors, rocking in their seats at the expense of Red Deer's much maligned 'bus proprietor, who was credited with having discovered the secret of "How to buy two new 'buses on Air Force pay."

Gleave's singing of "Holy City" was well received, and he followed with "Song of Songs." The show went back to comedy with Oakley, Ridley and Housdon as charladies in "Washing Day," a clothesline pantomime full of broad humour. Best remembered from this scene was the joke about the Home Guard husband who came home bristling with webbing, arms and accoutrements, which he refused to take off, even when he went to bed. He was prepared, his wife learned, for an "Evasion."

Atkinson's "Danse Macabre" contrasted sharply with the rest of the show. A witch doctor danced fiercely to the throb of a tom-tom, and the dance ended in a climax of frenzy in which the tom-tom player stabbed the dancer to death.

Ridley took the stage again, aided by Sykes, in a broadcasting scene, and cracked, "Frank Sinatra? What's he got that I haven't?" Yeomans and Weedon, on two pianos, gave the audience tunes in a smooth syncopation that kept toes tapping and cigarettes unlit. Morris, momentarily without a Light Orchestra to conduct, gave the microphone all he'd got when he sang "White Christmas." The pianists, who, up to now, had played "sweet" began to swing it, and they finished in a wild cascade of staggered beats.

Parry sang "Bless This House" in a voice of surprising power and he followed with "Trees." Then Ramsbottom, in a boiler suit, looking anything but glamorous, sang "I Love My Sarah" and put the audience into such an hilarious mood that it wasn't long before he had the entire house singing "Peggy O'Neil" with him and hugely enjoying it.

Briddick, of the Light Orchestra, and leader of the Station Dance Orchestra, played some of the best known examples of syncopation on saxophone and clarinet, including "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes," and some Duke Ellington numbers.

Peters, in the dryly humorous "Prince Agib" piece by Gilbert (the one who's dead) showed a masterly touch in the entertainment of audiences. In the Stanley Holloway idiom, he brought the house down with "Beat the Retreat," and, accompanied by Rawles at the piano playing Handel's "Largo," he became impressively serious in Rupert Brooke's "The Soldier." His diction and delivery were a sheer delight.

The Male Voice Choir burst into song with "John Peel," "The Ruler of the Queen's Navee" (in which Coan proved himself a Savoyard of no mean talent), and the stirring "Riff Song," to conclude the first half of the show.

During the interval, the audience became one with the orchestra and the concert party when, with obvious delight, they heartily sang "Irish Eyes" and a goodly assortment of Christmas carols. At this point it is good to note what strides the Light Orchestra has made during the past six months, and it stands high in the estimation of those who were present at this Christmas Concert.

After the interval came "Panto-Time." The orchestra was led by a mad maestro with a huge mop of red hair, whose baton-swing strangely resembled

The Penhold Players

IT has become a habit on both sides of the Atlantic to keep a place amid the Christmas entertainments for Charles Dickens' immortal classic, "A Christmas Carol," and it was fitting, therefore, that the newly-formed Dramatic Club should choose this story for their first presentation. On December 19th they gave what they described as a "quasi-radio version," and it proved to be an interesting experiment in stage and radio technique.

Interest was focussed upon the stage by a simple setting representing a study or library in which, by the light of a table lamp, the Narrator was quietly reading from the book. As the pages turned, the story was taken up in his imagination by the voices of the living characters, conveyed through the microphone. Musical links led scene into scene, and the action was carried along and given variety by switching back and forth from the Narrator to the several characters in turn. The general lighting of the stage was designed to assist the audience to follow the changing moods of Scrooge's visitations, and the music, likewise, supported the imagination in this respect. The ghosts of Jacob Marley and the three Christmases were introduced visually upon the stage. These might have been more effective had it been possible to "fade" them into the dim-lit stage and off again, but within the technical limitations of the lighting equipment they made very creditable appearances.

The players, excepting the Narrator, remained invisible to the audience, but for a brief curtain call at the end when an audience of some two hundred gave them an enthusiastic reception. We hope that they will, at an early date, forswear such modesty and give us a taste of the living drama for all to see as well as hear. The characterization in "A Christmas Carol" was, in general, well sustained, albeit we judge by the voice alone, and there seems to be no reason why they should not now come out into the open, quite literally, and give us a stage play. The credit for this Christmas offering belongs not to any individual but to a team. We hope that we shall now see that team, the Penhold Players, take its place in the life of the station and, supplemented on the distaff side, present for our enjoyment some of the plays which are now but a memory, or something we read about in the newspapers.—H.V.P.

that of Morris. A pantomime like this has to be seen to be believed. Atkinson as the Demon King, and Ridley as the Fairy Queen, sent off the show with a rollicking Prologue. In Act I on Whitegate Hill, Murray as Dandini, Hougham and Cridland as the Babes in the Wood (who nearly stole the show), Oakley and Housdon as the Broker's Men, Atkinson, this time as Dick Whittington, and Smith as the agile, itching cat, romped through a queer and comical mixture of nearly all the pantomimes that ever were.

In Act II, "The Bad Baron's Kitchen," we had pure Cinderella, with Westwood as an engaging Cinders, Dightam as Buttons, and Ridley, still looking remarkably like the Fairy Queen, as the Fairy Godmother.

In Act III, "Dandini's Palais de Danse," the Conga, the Cinderella pantomime, bits of Dick Whittington, a couple of undertakers (or broker's men), Fairy Bluebell, and some unbelievably Ugly Sisters, reduced the audience to the final stage of hysteria. Gleave as Baron Hardup, Dethridge and Day as the Ugly Sisters, Carter as the Flunkey, and Brown as the Lord Chamberlain, were responsible for this outrage.

Penhold's hearty thanks for a really fine show go to P/O Peters, the producer, to LAC Atkinson, the stage director, to S/Ldr. Scholefield, the stage manager, and his assistants, to LAC Morris, the musical director, and to all the members of the Concert Party, the Male Voice Choir and the Light Orchestra.

Notes and News



ICE HOCKEY

PENHOLD has formed a representative station hockey team for the first time in the unit's history, and has already played matches against teams raised by the 2-78th Battery, R.C.A., Red Deer, and A-20 R.C.A.S.C., Red Deer. Ice hockey is emphatically not an "old country" sport, and it is, therefore, not surprising that the Station team is almost entirely composed of Canadians.

So far the Station team has not yet won a match, but it has been by no means outclassed in losing by 3 goals to 2 and 3 goals to 1 in two matches against the 2-78th Battery, R.C.A. In these games the side was handicapped by shortage of substitutes, and consequently many of the players were overworked. In both these matches the defence men, F/Lt. Lewis and LAC Cheyne, played right through unrelieved. The outstanding players so far have been Lewis and Cheyne, who have saved innumerable goals by fine co-operation and sturdy body checking in defence; LAC Cormier, who is proving a fine positional forward at centre ice; and LAC Hayton, the only Englishman in the team, who has done excellent work as goal minder, although he has never played ice hockey before.

In addition to matches with the R.C.A. and A-20, it is hoped to arrange fixtures with Bowden, No. 37 S.F.T.S., Calgary, and No. 3 A.N.S., Edmonton. Most of the matches will probably be played in the Red Deer Arena, and it is hoped that a good crowd will gather there on these occasions to cheer on the station team; followers can be assured of interesting hockey to watch.

The line-up of the team in the first games was: LAC Hayton (goal); F/Lt. Lewis and LAC Cheyne (defence); LAC Cormier (centre ice); LAC Stapleton (left wing); LAC Trevelyan (right wing). Substitutes: LAC Kekewich (centre ice); Cpl. Jewell and Pte. Hymers (right wing); LAC Janice and LAC Thompson (left wing).

INTER-SECTION LEAGUE

An inter-section league has been formed on the Station to play for the Stewart Cup. Two leagues are being run, a major and a minor, with three teams in each league. Each team will play each of the other teams in its league twice, and towards the end of the season there will be play-offs between the winners of the two leagues to decide the station championship.

The committee to run the League has been elected as follows: Chairman, F/O Teare; Secretary, F/Sgt. Kent; F/O Locke (Sports Officer), F/Lt. Lewis (coach of the Station team), Cpl. Fleet (S.H.Q.), Cpl. Jewell (Maintenance), and LAC Kekewich (Pupils and Flying Wing).

SPORTS NOTES

BASKETBALL: The first quarter of the inter-section Basketball League was won by Flying Wing, with Pupils ("G" Flight) runners up. For the second quarter, more pupils' teams have been entered, raising the number of teams to eight. Minor Inspections "A" team are duly celebrating their first victory, gained over Pupils ("A" Flight). An "international" between the Canadians of "G" Flight and the Australians of "E" Flight resulted in a

victory for the Canadians, whose accuracy at the basket proved superior to the fast passing Australian tactics.

STATION CHOIR

Since the last Choir notes appeared in the Log, the Choir has lost two of its oldest and keenest members. LAC T. Leggett, who carried out very conscientiously the duties of librarian for the Choir since its inception, has been posted to No. 35 S.F.T.S., North Battleford, and the late secretary, LAC Harold Powell, has recently been repatriated after being with the Choir continuously for two years. LAC J. Robinson has taken over the duties of librarian, the secretaryship being undertaken by Cpl. R. C. Smith.

December was a very busy month for us. On December 6th a very enjoyable party and dance was held in St. Luke's Hall, about thirty couples being present. Excellent dance music was provided by the Penhold R.A.F. Dance Band. A very successful concert was given at Harmattan on December 10th, a day which will be remembered by most of the Choir as the occasion when they travelled 120 miles in the back of a furniture removal van! After the show was over, several members of the Choir proved their versatility by providing some very swiny dance music. Then on Sunday, December 12th, the Choir travelled to Ponoka and gave another very successful concert. To round off a month of activities, the Choir participated in the Christmas concerts given on the Station on December 21st and 22nd.

"TEN MINUTE ALIBI"

It is an almost unknown delight to see a stage play in these parts, and it was with great pleasure, therefore, that we welcomed to Penhold on January 13th, 1944, the enterprising Bowden R.A.F. Players in a presentation of Anthony Armstrong's "Ten Minute Alibi." Sgt. Smith's portrayal of the devilish charm of Philip Sevilla was clear cut and well defined. Miss Nan Pasnak, as Betty Findon, graced the stage at every appearance and her lines ran smoothly along. As Hunter, F/O Follows held an even balance between the dignity of the gentleman's gentleman and the impudence of the old lag. Sgt. Dailey's Colin Derwent was a good study played with ease, and his reactions in the varying situations were excellently contrasted. As Sir Miles Standing, F/Sgt. Hickling carried his years with the distinction of his calling. Cpl. Monkhouse gave perhaps the strongest performance of the evening. His manner and bearing as Inspector Pember were right and his diction was excellent. Sgt. Darling, as Detective Sergeant Brace, gave a commendable performance which was at times tempered by an occasional hesitancy.

Cpl. Monkhouse is to be congratulated on this first production of the Bowden Players, and to all those whose names appear on the programme in the manifold departments of stage management goes a large part of the enthusiastic applause which the production brought forth. Penhold is happy to have had this opportunity of seeing some "live" acting.

CONCERT

The first concert of 1944 came to us on Sunday, January 16th. It was presented through the courtesy of Mrs. Jean Farquharson of Calgary, who, with the co-operation of two other accomplished concert artistes—Olga Nickle, Canada's celebrated violinist, and Norma Piper, operatic soprano—held a full audience enthralled for two hours by their interpretation of works by Verdi, Rossini, Puccini, Chopin, and other Masters.

Jean Farquharson, in addition to showing remarkable technique and sympathy in accompanying violin and voice—despite the upright, overwrought piano and hard chair!—gave a short recital which included Chopin's well-known "Valse," Opus 64, No. 2. Olga Nickle drew sheer beauty from her violin; the intonation was perfect, the playing exquisite and full of exciting colour. Norma Piper sang in French and Italian like a nightingale. Fortunately for most, her songs were prefaced by a spoken narrative which gave sufficient idea to catch their meaning. This was a delightful concert—

The Station Cinema

PLANS which had been made to start 1944 with a still fuller programme could not, after all, be put at once into operation. A higher power decided that certain structural alterations must be made to the Recreation Hall forthwith, and, instead of nightly performances, for a week there were none whatever. It is to be hoped that we shall all experience increased enjoyment in the future as a result of the technical improvements which are being effected; and at least an opportunity was provided for a much needed overhaul of the exhausted projectors!

An attempt is being made to secure "Victory Through Air Power" for representation next month. This quite exceptional film was shown at Christmas, when half the station personnel were absent, and when a broken-down projector made it impossible to exhibit the film to the best advantage. Numerous requests for its revival have been received and, although the second showing of films in response to requests is not to be the policy in future (for fear of further popular outcry!), it is felt that, in this instance, a fresh booking will be justified.

It may be of interest to note that the attendances in 1943 were only slightly less than double those in 1942. To make a fair comparison, however, it must be remembered that more films were shown in the latter year, but, as still more will be shown this year, who knows what the figures for 1944 will be?

something different from the usual—and we shall most certainly welcome these artistes should they re-visit Penhold.

CONCERTS

At the time of writing, arrangements are in hand for the following concert parties to visit the unit: Eaton's Revue, January 30th; Elks' Jamboree, February 20th; Birks Concert, March 19.

DANCE TIME

The first dance of the New Year was held on Wednesday, January 12th, 1944, by Station Headquarters. Dances for February are in the hands of the following Sections: February 2nd, Station Hospital; February 9th, Minor Inspections Flight; February 16th, No. 1 Flight; February 23rd, No. 91 Course.

Flying Officer R. E. Lay

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Flying Officer R. E. Lay in a flying accident early in January. Flying Officer Lay had been an instructor at Penhold for more than a year. His death was a great personal blow to his many friends. On behalf of all at No. 36 S.F.T.S. we offer to his wife our heart-felt sympathy.

Penhold Points With Pride

THE following highly fictitious awards were unfortunately omitted from the New Year edition of the Hog Raisers' Gazette. The presentations were made at the Castle by the Supervisor of the Y.M.C.A. who looked as cheerful as if at Rocky Mountain House on a Sunday afternoon, and while the investiture ceremony was in progress, Penhold's own Self Sufficiency Pen-nant fluttered bravely above the battlements of the fort. The Chief Instructor was unable to be present. He was carrying out a search for the senior course, which had been mislaid again.

D.S.C. (Double Size Chocks)

G/C H. J. Pringle, A.F.C. The exceptional exploit of this officer while in charge, though not actually in control of his car, during a highly successful night raid on a supply dump which had been located in an open city, made a great impression on all those, including the car, who witnessed it. Executed under the most difficult climatic conditions the result achieved provided a striking example of what can be done, even in the face of powerful mechanical opposition, to carry out an operation declared by experts to be quite impossible. In bringing his crew safely home, despite the loss of height due to severe icing conditions and exhaustion occasioned by the night's intensive operations, this officer displayed devotion to duty and pertinacity of purpose that can rarely have been surpassed.

D.S.O. (Distinguished Shooting Overseas)

F/Lt. A. Elliott. This officer has shown outstanding determination in the pursuit of Canadian duck, both on foot and by car. A magnificently aggressive spirit as a driver has enabled him to clear all obstacles at maximum speed. On such occasions the enemy has forthwith fled out of range.

D.F.C. (Deputy Flight Commander)

F/O R. Pearce. This officer, as Deputy Flight Commander of "G for Gorgeous" Flight, has impressed all the pupils who have come into contact with him by his width in the cockpit, and his faithful service to his Fuehrer has been an example to all, particularly to all other Fuehrers.

D.C.M. (Distinguished Cookery Medal)

A/S/O Wilson. A/S/O Wilson's excursions into the culinary mysteries and her inventive treatment of corned beef have been an inspiration. Her flair for flan was greeted with a flan-fare by the makers of a well-known brand of liver salts.

K.C.S.I. (Knight Commander of the Star of Innisfail)

F/Lt. D. C. Wallington. This officer has spent many years as Officer Commanding the Innisfail Photographic Reconnaissance Squadron, and has completed three hundred operational sorties to Currie Barracks. His canteen notices are widely read in Central Alberta and his contributions to the Innisfail edition of Station Standing Orders have been a source of desperation.

O.M. (Order of Meteorology) With Clamp

Mr. W. W. Stewart. Mr. Stewart's success in the forecasting of climatic variations has been a source of confusion to all. His precis on precipitation earned him a Gold Medal at Turin in 1911 and his estimates of possible flying hours have materially affected the course of the war. He is credited with having provided Penhold with every known phenomenon short of an earthquake. The omission is not serious as a plentiful supply of earthquakes is provided by the solo pupils. If Mr. Stewart can only induce his teleprinter to produce a few racing results, it is felt that his contributions to Penhold will be without parallel.

M.M. (Medale Musicale)

F/Lt. Hudson. This officer has displayed pertinacity of a very high order in fighting his way through to the piano stool in spite of relentless

opposition. He has distinguished himself by the attractive presentation of Debussy's "Prelude to an Afternoon on the Farm," a work written specially for prairie farm workers.

Other Awards for which none had the courage to write citations, included:

S/Ldr. Erskine—T.A.B. with crossed scalpels, for bravery in face of the enema. W/Cdr. F. B. H. Hayward—A chain to his W.C. W/Cdr. Gifford—C.M. (Centralised Maintenance) with Rasp. S/Ldr. N. X. Sheldrick—K.P. (Knight of Penhold) as Keeper of the Kitty.

Editor's Gen

DON'T BORROW A "LOG"—BUY ONE!

Everyone who is a member of No. 36 S.F.T.S. plays a part in the making of the station history. The "Penhold Log" records and comments on that history. In years to come we shall all look back on our days at Penhold as an interesting period in our service careers. The Station Magazine will then be a memento and reminder of these days. We print sufficient copies of the "Log" for nearly everyone to be able to buy and keep one. One thousand copies are printed each month, and we feel we ought to sell about 900. That would leave us one hundred for a small reserve of back numbers as well as meeting the requirements of a small list of complimentary copies sent out each month.

ON SALE WHERE?

The "Log" is on sale at pay parades, at the Officers' Mess and the Sergeants' Mess, in the Wet and Dry Canteens, in the Y.M.C.A. reading room, the barber's shop, and at Innisfail. If you have any trouble buying a copy, please let Cpl. Goldstein know at the P.S.I. Clerk's office in S.H.Q.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Many people posted away from the unit would probably like to have the "Log" sent on to them. The Post Office has made us a concession, allowing the "Log" to be sent to Great Britain at the cost of one cent postage a copy. To places in Canada and the U.S.A. the charge is two cents. One year's subscription to Great Britain, therefore, costs \$1.32 for the twelve copies, and 66 cents for six months. Subscriptions may be taken out at the P.S.I. clerk's office in S.H.Q.

BOUND VOLUMES

Those who have collected the "Penhold Log" may wish to preserve their copies as a bound volume. The cost of binding six issues is between two and three dollars—the exact figure is not available at present. Incomplete sets may be made up from the stock of back numbers. Arrangements for having the last six issues of the "Log" bound should be made with Cpl. Goldstein, the P.S.I. Clerk at S.H.Q.

PRIZES AND CONTRIBUTIONS

A free cinema pass for February is awarded to LAC McLellan Jones for articles on dogs and on radios (billet type). Free cinema passes will be awarded for literary or artistic contributions for the next number, which must be received by the Editor, F/Lt. W. H. Thomas, at "B" Flight, No. 1 Hangar, or at the Officers' Mess, not later than February 12—three days earlier than usual, as it is a short month.

DON'T LEND YOUR "LOG"—MAKE HIM BUY ONE!

