

The Capitol Theatre
Stage Stars

PRICE
 10 CENTS

THE PENHOLD

YEAR MONTH
 AIRCRAFT PILOT 2nd PILOT DUTY
 TOTAL BROUGHT FORWARD
 CANADA ALBERTA
 LOG
 GRAND TOTAL
 B-W-ROUGHTON
 S.F.T.S.
 36

VOLUME V
 FEBRUARY



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Editorial

GLAMOUR is traditionally associated with stage and screen, and in this number we tell something of those who provide Penhold with theatre and cinema entertainment. But we have hesitated to call them "Glamour Boys," for the fact, as opposed to the legend, is that hard work rather than glamour is the hall-mark of theatre life. For a few brief hours of glory behind the footlights there are many weeks of slogging, patient rehearsal, and much tedious work before the curtain rises.

Penhold is fortunate in having so many talented individuals who willingly devote their leisure to making entertainment for the unit. Few units in war-time can have seen better shows than those put on by them in the Recreation Hall. Postings which deplete the ranks do not make the problems of production easy, but the Penhold tradition in the realm of entertainment should provide sufficient incentive to new members of the unit to keep alive what others before them have so well begun.

Station Personalities



Theatre Gen Man

LAC STANLEY C. ATKINSON is the Director of the Station Concert Party and will be remembered for his appearance in, as well as for his stage direction, of the two shows, "Bond Wagon" and the "Grand Christmas Concert and Pantomime." He is Penhold's theatre gen man.

Stan Atkinson, in daily life, is that genial batman who "does" for the C.O. It doesn't take very long to get a good idea of Stan, what he is like and so on. Quite a number of pounds of Englishman with a face that wrinkles into a hundred good-natured lines in easy response to a joke, a head that would, perhaps, welcome a little more hair, a pair of legs that perform wonders, and an enunciation that stinks of the West End!

Upon meeting Stan, he will probably greet you with, "Why, hello, dear boy," which, apparently, is a theatrical way of saying "Hi, chum," and from then onwards a breath of the London stage pervades the air. His actions and speech have the hall-mark of the theatre, but he is at the same time "one of the boys."

He is good-humoured, although he does stamp his foot somewhat at dress rehearsals. He does not scorn the efforts of those who are just budding and are apt to feel rather overshadowed by the great one in their midst, but is ready to help one and all.

Born in November, 1905, he went on the stage at the age of 20 and has appeared all over England and in London in some of the best known stage productions. In 1925 he was playing Fred Astaire's parts in the touring company of "Stop Flirting," and played juvenile lead in "No, No, Nanette" for two years. He sang and danced with Binnie Hale in "Bow Bells" at the London Hippodrome in 1931. Then Stan Atkinson went to Drury Lane for a part in Ivor Novello's production, "Glamorous Night." In "White Horse Inn" he understudied Derek Oldham, and played his part for four performances at the London Coliseum in 1939. Christmas of that year found him stage managing the pantomime "Aladdin" at the Golders Green Hippodrome, and at the same time he understudied Harry Welchman. During all this time he also played juvenile lead in five revues and, as if this was not enough, he found time to play small parts in those notable British films, "Major Barbara," "Jeannie" and "Evergreen."

He came to Canada in April, 1943, straight to Penhold, after Honiley and Leighton Buzzard, where he was producing R.A.F. shows, and he intends to keep up the good work. Another revue is scheduled for March, but he says he wants to produce a straight drama when he can get around to it. He joined the R.A.F. in 1941 in the Balloon Barrage and now declares he is "batting his way out." Single, he lives at Winchmore Hill, North London. He enjoys swimming and occasionally indulges in a little horse-riding. He owns, however, to one hobby only—the Theatre.



Producer

F/O H. V. PETERS (Vernon to his stage friends, Pete to more ordinary mortals) is nearing the end of his time in Canada. He arrived in December, 1941, and assisted in the opening of Caron, where he worked for a while under the command of W/Cdr. (then S/Ldr.) Hayward. He came to Penhold in June, 1943, and was first appointed Adjutant of Maintenance Wing: he later graduated as assistant administration officer.

Always interested in the theatre, without succeeding in losing his amateur status, he has produced plays for the Taunton Thespians and for the Old Tiffinians in Kingston, Surrey. Whilst at Caron he wrote a half hour's entertainment called "London Memories,"

which was broadcast to an eagerly anticipative Saskatchewan over CHAB at Moose Jaw. This performance received the "press" it deserved and came to be described as an unqualified success.

To S.H.Q. at Penhold he has introduced the tang of grease paint and the artistic temperament. Looking not unlike the less vacuous portraits of the poet Shakespeare, he has shown a talent for organization which has enabled him to produce and perform in two successful variety shows at the same time as he was engaged in writing a Daily Diary couched in the resplendent style of Gibbon. What remains of his time is passed in summer on a horse's back, and in winter mostly on his own back. He is seen here discussing a production problem with Atkinson. In England he has a wife residing in Taunton, in which town he was long an ornament to the Somerset County Council.

Dance Band Leader

How many times, when dancing round the Recreation Hall on a Wednesday evening, have you looked up to the stage and noticed the small clarinet player getting hep with a new number? Many times, probably, and you've thought to yourself "Ron Briddick at it again." But what about this chap Briddick, who is he, what is he? He is a personality who puts his everything into providing music for dancing and entertainment. Born in 1916 at Bishop Auckland, County Durham, he taught himself to play the saxophone and clarinet and then led his own Dance Band prior to the war. He joined the R.A.F. in 1940 and was stationed at Wattisham, Bramcote and Wilmslow, playing his way through each. He came to Canada in August, 1942, and found himself at Penhold. Music called, and now he leads the Station Band.

Ron is about 5 feet 6 inches, dark, wears glasses and has a happy disposition. He can jazz anything, and usually does. His time is spent in arranging and practising for the forthcoming dances, and he has done a fine job of work.



Compere

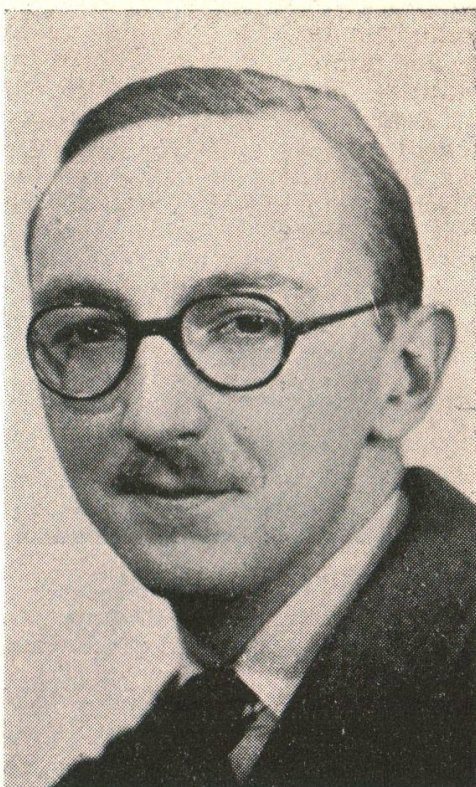
LAC KEN RIDLEY is Penhold's chief public comedian and compere for the Station Concert Party. With his hair askew and glasses half-way down his nose, he successfully conveys an illusion of untidiness which is comforting in the formal surroundings of S.H.Q. After putting up the usual barrage of coyness and modesty, he proved to be easy meat for any reporter who can read his own shorthand.

"I was born at a very early age," he started. "I remember very well being born because at the time I was taken to see my Mother who wasn't feeling too good and had to go to Hospital. At nine months old I went to Southampton where my Father kept a newsagent's business, and I went to Taunton's Secondary School where I managed to be continually in trouble through talking too much—am I boring you? too bad—and then I went up to Hayes, Middlesex. I picked up with a concert party there called the 'Hayestars,' and travelled with them to entertain the troops and war workers, until I found they had a pay-off and had missed me, and then I packed them in and started out on my own.

"I rushed into the Acton recruiting office on November 7th, 1941, and begged to go to war. They examined me, blind eye, deaf ear and all, and said O.K., so I went to Bridlington. Here I compered a show for the R.A.F. in Bridlington Royal Soo Theatre, and, finding this got me in good with the Flight Sergeant, who I thought was a tin god, I carried on. I then moved to Upper Heyford where my application to perform remained in the Entertainment Officer's Office for twelve months before I won second prize in a talent contest—oh shucks—and then I was fixed there.

"I volunteered for overseas, being in my usual state of perpetual cheesedness, and came to Canada and went to Swift Current where I had a colourless career before being posted to Penhold, where I had the good fortune to meet Stan Atkinson, who taught me more in two weeks than I had learned in 19 years—and the rest you know."

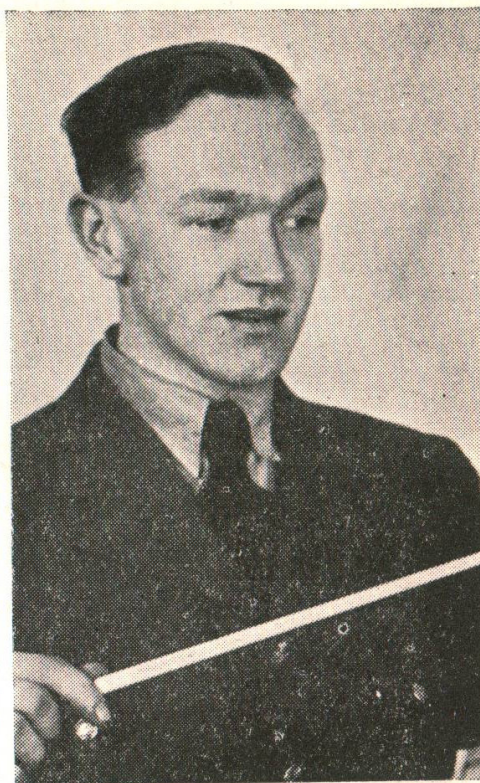
Having remembered to flannel producer Atkinson, he went on to tell us that he is writing the script for a slick revue which it is hoped will be produced in the Station Theatre in March. In addition to his Concert Party work, Ken Ridley is also compere and comedian for the Male Voice Choir.



Music Maestro

LAC GORDON MORRIS, the Concert Party's Musical Director, was found sprawled in an arm-chair, one leg dangling over an arm, and his much handled tie sagging limply from his loosened collar. His hair was dishevelled and his eyes bore a look of concentration as he jotted quavers and semi-quavers down with ferocious intensity. This is the Maestro, and in every mannerism the name fits him. Penhold owes a lot to Gordon Morris, who is the founder and conductor of the Light Orchestra, Musical Director for the Station Concert Party, and conductor of the Military Band. Born in Lancashire, of a musical

family, in 1921, he was first taught music by his father and later studied under Dr. Matthew Watson. He joined the R.A.F. in February, 1940, shortly after leaving school and, after being stationed at Locking and Marham he came to Canada, and reached Penhold via Neepawa, Medicine Hat and Moose Jaw. He arrived at this Station in August, 1943, and almost immediately things started to happen. The Light Orchestra was formed, and only two weeks after its foundation it gave a very creditable performance at the Bond Wagon concert. The Military Band began to find more right notes than ever before, and the Parades changed step less than a hundred times between the Drill Hall and the Parade Ground. Then in Bond Wagon, and even earlier in the Command Performance, the Maestro played and sang and was deemed excellent. At the Grand Christmas Concert he proved himself a comedian with his portrayal of the Mad Maestro. He now proposes to present an Orchestral Concert in the Station Theatre in the near future.



A composer as well as an instrumentalist and conductor, he has composed a rhapsodic suite for piano and orchestra called "Canadian Episode," five "Preludes," three "Nocturnes," and half a dozen songs which are understood to have their dedication somewhere in England. He is now engaged on writing his first Symphony.

Whilst in Canada he has twice broadcast a recital of songs and piano pieces at CFRC Winnipeg and CHAB Moose Jaw, and whilst in England he had the good fortune to appear in a R.A.F. show at Kings Lynn in which Arthur Askey and Stinker Murdoch were guest artistes. On the boat coming over he played in a concert with Anna Neagle.

We take our hats off to the Maestro, and as we march on parade we can truly believe that miracles still happen, for not only is the tempo right, but at times the music fits in as well.

* * * *

Flaps From the Flying Wing

IT was a beautiful morning. Even the Chief Instructor and his Adjutant were almost on speaking terms. The Squadron Commanders and their respective Examining Officers had almost agreed on a correct Drill of Vital Actions. Even F/Lt. Amey's car had started without being pushed. It was the sort of morning on which to apply for fourteen days' leave and be sure of getting it. Even Sergeant (Silent Hokum) Burrows, who for forty years has never replied to a question unless it was "impawtint 'nuff", was involved in a conversation.

The fact was that news of the closing down of Penhold had been announced from CFCN that morning, by courtesy of Kiddywear Diapers Inc. The announcement had been sandwiched between Brahms' "Cradle Song" and a hot version of "Pistol Packin' Momma."

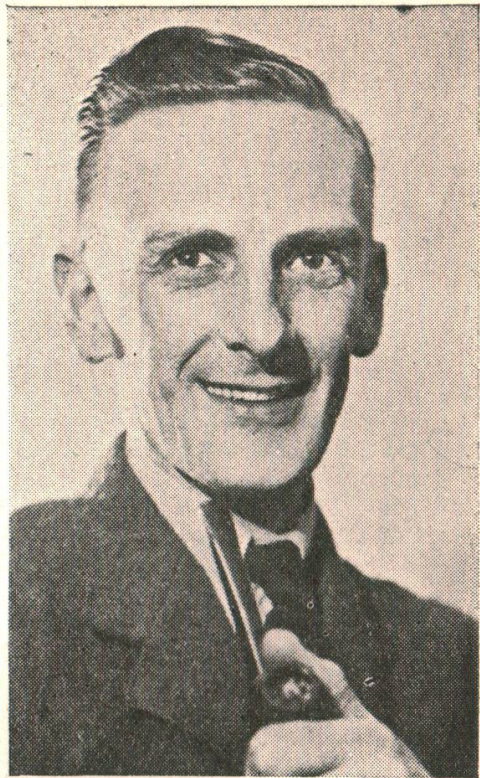
Then we awoke!

The staff of Flying Wing is now changing so rapidly that in place of the monthly "Allocation of Instructors to Flights" with weekly amendments in the Wing Detail, the Powers at the Towers are now contemplating a "News of the Hour" broadcast on a hangar-to-hangar hook-up to all Flights on the bluest of networks.

Choir Leader

The audience applauds, and once again the Station Male Voice Choir has made a hit, and once more the tall, lanky, flaxen-haired Jordy who leads them with his propelling pencil, has just cause to be proud. Stan Philp, the man who has lost more pipes than most men buy in a lifetime, has done more for the Station Choir than any other.

Born in Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1910, he did Church Choir work in his home town for 18 years, and ran the Kensington Dance Orchestra for ten years. He joined the R.A.F. in August, 1940, and, after being stationed at Compton Bassett, North Weald, and Newcastle (we smell a wangle), came to Canada in September, 1941, and to Penhold, where he continued in his career as an entertainer by becoming pianist to the Dance Band and by accompanying the Concert Party. He accompanied the Choir on its inception in 1941 and last season took over the baton (which he has since lost, so he now uses his propelling pencil). He is well known to the Canadian public as a member of the "Penhold Trio," having broadcast ten times over CFCN.



He writes a large number of songs for his solo act, and with his easy personality scores a hit nearly every time. . . . Nearly, because at a certain town where there is a certain hospital, he boomed by mentioning the hospital! But, undaunted, he carried on, steering his Choir around and leaving a trail of good-will and good entertainment behind him. The biggest show of his career was when he conducted the Choir in the Rialto Cinema, Edmonton, on February 13, for a broadcast performance which was recorded for re-broadcasting in England.

Ode of Innisfail

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfail
And a small cabin build there, of bush and bottles made.
Nine beano's will I have there, and "for the tiger" one,
And live alone in the b— loud glade.

And I shall have no peace there, with aircraft dropping low,
Dropping from the skies each morning to where the Verey bangs.
There night is full of glim lamps and noon a ghastly show,
And evening full of the Oxford's prangs.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day,
I hear Instructors yapping, with foul words by the score.
While I prang on the runway, or on the tarmac grey,
I hear the Chief Instructor's roar.

Cinema Personalities

ATTEendance figures tell the story of the ever-growing popularity of the Station Cinema. But how many in the audience think of what is going on behind their backs in the projection room? The staff of any Cinema necessarily operates behind the projector or behind the cash desk, winning little public glory. There are few who do more for the entertainment of the officers and men of the unit than this small group of volunteer enthusiasts who give up so much of their leisure time to provide top class Cinema shows at Penhold.

Manager of the Station Cinema is **F/O C. J. L. Hibberd**, who arrived from England in the autumn of last year, just five years after he had joined the Auxiliary Air Force. On mobilisation in August, 1939, he was sentenced to serve in Balloon Command where he piled up an incredibly high number of



operational hours. Subsequently he served as a station adjutant in Buckinghamshire and on the Standing Committee of Adjustment. In Penhold he has passed his time signing with quiet industry some 500 passes a fortnight in Maintenance Wing, with an occasional break to bring sweetness and light to the office of the station adjutant.

But it is when the typewriters have been silenced for the day that his magnum opus begins; for, as manager of the Station Cinema, he is not only busily employed, but doubly blessed. He says that he took over this appointment with some trepidation as, previously, the only entertainment he may have given his fellow men had been entirely unconscious. So popular have his in-between-picture announcements proved to be that many, it is said, pay their admis-

sion fee only to listen to that dulcet Hibberd voice and then, overcome with emotion, slip silently away.

Born in the Isle of Wight, he spent many years in London following the austere calling of banking. Later he made his home in Guildford where his wife and child await his return.

Johnny Burns, Cashier and Doorkeeper, is a Scot from Ayr, and is a foundation member both of the Camp and the Cinema. Coming to Penhold with the first draft in August, 1941, he was associated with the Cinema in its earliest days and there has rarely been a performance when he has not been present, keeping an eye on the cash, the seating arrangements, and the audience. He maintains tireless supervision of the arrival and dispatch of the films, and is able to pass on to newcomers much of the tradition, established by Squadron Leader George, and to which he has, himself, so largely contributed.

In a staff which, of necessity, consists mainly of enthusiastic amateurs, **AC Bill Reed**, the chief operator, provides the technical skill and professional calm which frequently saves the situation when a breakdown or other emer-

gency occurs in the "box." Born 23 years ago at Stanford le hope, he was an operator at several cinemas in Essex before joining the R.A.F. in May, 1940. He came to Canada in January, 1943, and was soon spending his evenings pretending that he was "back in Civvie Street," to the gain of patrons of the Cinema.

AC Charles Gibbs is the second operator, in which employment his civil trade of electrician is of great assistance. He also rewinds and repairs film at quite incredible speed! Hailing from Grimsby, he joined the R.A.F. in September, 1942, and came to Canada in March, 1943. He was at work in the box within two months of his arrival and has been a regular operator ever since. With Burns and Reed, he forms the backbone of the Cinema staff. All three have so far evaded matrimony!

Guardian of the Cinema purse is **Corporal Hobbs**. Born in 1919 at Bedford, Corporal Hobbs later moved to Bristol, joining the R.A.F. in March, 1940. He came to Canada in March, 1942, and nine months later assumed the voluntary duties at the door of the Cinema which he has performed so conscientiously ever since. During this time he has issued many thousands of tickets and taken custody of a proportionate number of dollars, with the situation well in hand, whatever the length of the queue.

Offering his services to the Cinema some three months ago as Assistant Operator, **AC Frank Gallagher** has, until recently, been something of a "trainee." He is now, however, able to operate with the best of them, and is additionally useful in his readiness to employ his skill as a carpenter in effecting minor improvements. He was born at Burscough, near Liverpool, and joined the R.A.F. in August, 1942, coming to Canada in May last year.



Good Old English Mongrel

THE OTHER NIGHT, in our billet, we got to talking about dogs. Now dogs can sometimes be very funny in their habits, and very obstinate.

At one place I lodged some years back, in Manchester, there were several railwaymen, amongst them a Welshman, Rosser Williams. Rosser had a passion for puppies and, during the time I knew him, must have had half a dozen at one time or another, every one of which he was certain would grow up a thoroughbred. I can see now the disgusted look on our landlady's face when Rosser would come in with another pup, but she was too soft-hearted and always pretended to believe what he said about them.

Rosser went to his home in Wales for fourteen days' holiday.

Three or four weeks later a telegram came for Rosser—"Puppy left on train from Aberystwyth." Rosser was immediately on the telephone to London Road Station to find out when the pup should arrive. Five o'clock next evening Rosser and two or three others of us met the train—but no pup, and no advice of its coming had been received by the Railway Company. We knew a good number of the staff at London Road, so Rosser rushed in to the Parcels Office, waving his telegram and cursing in Welsh—at least it sounded like cursing. After a lot of trouble, the pup was located at Cardiff, where it had been sent "by mistake." Rosser raved, and the LMS had to promise to give the pup special treatment all the way up. As it was, when the crate arrived next day, the poor little thing was very nearly dead. However, under Rosser's gentle treatment the pup revived enough to make a mess all over Rosser on the way home.

This pup was named Roy. He was a wire-haired terrier, at least when he started. Rosser was sure he had a thoroughbred this time, but everyone else was dubious, although Roy really did look like one. He had a most beautifully shaped head and body. The only fault we could find with him was that he had several large brown spots, like overgrown freckles, on his tummy. As Roy grew older, Rosser grew more and more confident—Roy really was a beautiful little dog, and very intelligent. Rosser even went so far as to start a stud book for Roy's future services! However, in the light of later developments we all came to the conclusion that those "freckles" on Roy's tummy must have been his "bar sinister." Up to the time he was six or seven months old, Roy grew up in the normal manner—a real, proper, wire-haired terrier. Then he must have discovered those spots, because he started to try and grow away from them. His head and body stayed the same size, but his legs grew so quickly and became so long that within a couple of months he looked as though he was walking on stilts.

Roy's legs kept growing and, one by one, his "Stud" fixtures were cancelled. In the end Roy was given away to the local Station-master's children who adored him. They had a large garden, surrounded by a high wall and they never allowed Roy out, except under escort; but even this high wall proved insufficient, for one day Roy discovered that his long legs could be put to good use. Rosser was walking down to the station that afternoon with the rest of us, on the way to work, talking away at the top of his voice about horses and their habit of coming in last when he bet on them. As we passed the Station-master's house there was a loud outbreak of barking on the other side of the wall and suddenly Roy came flying over, landing neatly on top of the lad next to Rosser and sending him sprawling into the gutter.

After that there was no keeping Roy in. Fortunately, however, he had grown very fond of the children, and would alternate between the two houses, flying over the wall whenever he felt like it, and frequently landing on people passing by. Roy came to be quite a favourite of our suburb, and local residents would lure their unknowing friends down past the Station-master's house and start talking in a loud Welsh accent, for then Roy would cascade over the wall to the considerable discomfiture of the unsuspecting victim.—Mac.

Notes and News

E. N. S. A.

ENSA's third variety show, "C for Yourself," maintained the standard set by its predecessor, "B for Bertie." It was played to two packed houses on February 3rd and was received with enthusiasm. Applause was spontaneous and demands for encores frequent.

The star of the show, Miss Norma Terris, delighted us with her songs from "Showboat," and her impressions of Gertrude Lawrence, Beatrice Lillie and Gracie Fields. The "Music Lesson" scene from "Bitter Sweet," played with Mr. Rowan Tudor, was perhaps the most pleasing piece in the show. The baritone singer in any show is welcomed by R.A.F. audiences, and the choice of Mr. Rowan Tudor was a happy one, since many of us remember him in ENSA's first show, "A for Aces." His dramatic interpretation of a scene from "Emperor Jones" was as exciting as anything we have seen here, and, in lighter mood, his duets with Miss Norma Terris were delightful.

Miss Jean Cameron and Mr. Claude Horton, in two sketches with a distinctly English flavour, gave much enjoyment, while Mr. Horton's comedy solo items were most entertaining. The pianist, Mr. Theodore Walstrum, was a very popular performer both in his solo pieces and as accompanist to the items on the stage. A skilled artist who plays good classical music is always a certain attraction, and Mr. Walstrum came right up to our expectations. Miss Marguerite Jackinoff and Miss Leonora Brouner graced the stage with their dancing and were well received on each appearance.

The show contained all the elements which we appreciate and enjoy, and the balanced order and tempo of the presentation, as well as the artistry of the performers, gave the show that quality which divides professional from amateur entertainment. Professional entertainment is rare on the prairie stations and we are fortunate in having the services of E.N.S.A. to provide shows like "C for Yourself" from time to time. We should like to have more of them.

EATON'S REVUE

Under arrangements made by the Calgary Co-ordinating Council, the station was visited by the Eaton Revue on Sunday, January 30th. This talented company put on a grand evening's entertainment. The main feature was Jerry Fuller's Dance Band from the Palliser, and the supporting artistes were all well-known Calgary entertainers, including some of the regular broadcasting people from CFCN. Individually and collectively the performers provided ninety minutes of delightful dancing, music and comedy which was heartily appreciated and enthusiastically applauded by a very full house. The Eaton Revue was one of the best Sunday shows that has been sent to us by the Calgary Co-ordinating Council.

FORTHCOMING SHOWS

The Station Concert Party is preparing a new sophisticated revue for presentation in the near future.

The Light Orchestra will shortly appear in a Sunday Orchestral Concert.

On March 19th, Jean Farquharson's Classics will again appear in the Station Theatre.

The Dramatic Society has decided to put on the boards two short plays in the third week in March. They are two evergreens: W. H. Jacobs' thriller, "The Monkey's Paw," and J. J. Bell's equally exciting "one-acter," "Thread o' Scarlet." Members of each cast are now hard at work attending three or four very early or very late evening rehearsals each week, and the two plays are slowly but surely coming to life.

CHOIR NOTES

This last month has been perhaps the busiest and certainly the most successful, the choir has enjoyed. Unfortunately, our ranks have been further depleted by the loss of Cpl. Brian Gray, who acted as president of the Choir ever since its inception in September, 1941. To Cpl. Gray we owe much for his long and loyal services. LAC Alex Gibson, another old timer with the Choir, has received notice that he is to be repatriated in the very near future. LAC Gibson will be well remembered by the Choir, and by many of the station personnel for his very fine renderings of some of Stanley Holloway's monologues—he will be missed by all.

February 3rd saw the Choir at Lacombe, appearing before a very appreciative audience in the Adelphi Hotel. This concert was sponsored by the Vestry of the St. Cyprian Church in Lacombe, and we wish to thank this organisation for the fine time they afforded us there, and for the pleasant entertainment provided for the Choir in the Parish Hall after the concert. Then on February 6th the Choir made an enjoyable return visit to the town of Ponoka, to appear at the Empress Theatre. Again we played to a crowded house; this time before people with whom we had made friends on the occasion of our last visit. The fine hospitality offered to us by the ladies of the L.A.A.F., the organisation sponsoring this show, was a grand repeat performance of our previous visit.

The week-end of February 12th and 13th saw a grand climax to a month's activities. The Choir broadcast from CJCA in Edmonton from 11:15 hrs. to 11:45 hrs. on Saturday, 12th. This, in itself, was a great experience, but what followed was even more of a thrill to the boys. A recording was made of some of their choral numbers; this is to be sent over to the B.B.C. for broadcasting in England, and along with this recording another was made sending personal greetings to the families at home. We are indebted to the staff of CJCA in Edmonton for their kind co-operation in all these ventures.

On Sunday, February 13th, the choir appeared at the Rialto Theatre in Edmonton in two shows, a matinee and an evening performance. These shows were sponsored by the Edmonton Club of Lions International, whose co-operation and assistance were invaluable, and made the whole effort very enjoyable. Both performances were attended by large and appreciative audiences of about four hundred whose whole hearted applause and enthusiasm helped to make the boys give of their best. And we will certainly not forget the very fine turkey dinner which was served in the Royal George Hotel, in between shows, when the members of the Choir were the guests of the Edmonton Lions Club.

We all enjoyed giving these shows, especially as the proceeds were to be donated to such a worthy cause (bombed-out children of Britain). If ever such an opportunity should present itself again, the Choir will be more than willing to co-operate.

BADMINTON

The first station Badminton tournament came to an end with Mr. Muttitt, of the Met. section, as winner and Mr. Brewster, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor, as runner up. Preparations for a second tournament are now in progress.

TENNIS

After many strenuous battles, the first tennis tournament came to a close with F/Lt. Mitchell winner and Mr. Muttitt runner-up. A second tournament has now been started, the draw sheet being on display at the sports store. On Tuesday, February 8th, this unit played A-20 in a tennis match, the result being: 36 S.F.T.S., 2 sets; A-20, 1 set.

BASKETBALL

The Inter-Section League is now nearing completion, with three teams so far undefeated, namely, Pupils "G" Flight, Flying Wing, and Minor Inspections "A". The deciding games between these three teams for the Station Championship will undoubtedly be very keenly fought. A weakened Station team lost a return match with Red Deer High School on January 10th, by 14 points to 28 points.

Station Discussion Group

After the war, new frontiers will have to be fixed for most conquered and (at present) German-occupied European countries. Establishment of these boundaries bristles with difficulties, as was found by the "panel" of three speakers, comprising F/Lt. Hudson, Education Officer; Cpl. Watson and LAC Wells (u/t Pilot), who led a debate on the "Frontiers of Europe" at a Station Discussion Group meeting on Sunday, February 13th. Following a short discussion by the "panel," the debate was thrown open to the meeting as a whole. The problem of the Baltic States and Poland in relation to the apparent aspirations of the Soviet Union was examined. When Czechoslovakia, Yugo-Slavia, Rumania, Hungary, Bulgaria and Greece were considered, most members then realised what a truly complex problem they had before them. A Federation of Europe, with international policing and unarmed borders seemed a possible solution.

This vigorous and interesting debate concluded with the following resolution: "We agree that the broad principles of the Atlantic Charter should be used in framing the frontiers of Europe." Thirty-three were in favour, with only one against.

Reasons behind Japan's aggression in the Far East and suggestions as to how the Japanese Empire should be dealt with when it is defeated, were discussed by the Group on Sunday, February 6th. Cpl. Rippon, Maintenance Wing, was in the chair and opened with an admirable summary of important features of Japan's historical and economic background. It was shown that Japan's aggressive programme bore a striking resemblance to that of Germany, even having, in the Tanaka Memorial, a brief parallel to "Mein Kampf." This document, dated 1927, visualised world conquest, with capture of Mongolia, Manchuria and China as preliminaries. The attack on Pearl Harbour was a logical outcome of that policy.

Various speakers showed how Japanese war psychology was encouraged by the military upbringing of youth, by the state-worship inherent in the Japanese religion of Shintoism and by the strong influence of the Army and leading industrialists. It was moved that: "Desire of the Japanese ruling classes for a monopoly of raw materials and markets, coupled with the general desire of the Japanese people for a higher standard of living, led to Japan's war of conquest." Eighteen approved, with only two against.

Considering what is to be done with Japan when she is defeated, the following motion was approved: "There should be an Army of Occupation, coupled with the re-education of the Japanese—by the Japanese with the aid of the Chinese, on democratic and Christian lines."

LAC Burton, u/t Pilot, was in the chair when the subject of "The Problem of Germany" was debated on January 23rd. All agreed that after the war an Army of Occupation should be maintained in Germany only until a new Government could be freely elected. A resolution that this occupation should not take place until six months after the cessation of hostilities was defeated. Only twelve members out of twenty agreed that the Nazi Government represented the aspirations of the German people in 1939.

"War and Peace Aims" was debated on January 16th, with F/Lt. Hudson in the chair. It was agreed that the leadership of the United Nations was sufficient to ensure peace in the immediate post-war period; and the suggestion was unanimously supported that a new League of Nations should be created, sponsored by the British Empire, the U.S.A., U.S.S.R. and China. Members also agreed "That an International Court, subordinate to the League, should be retained," and there was only one dissident to a resolution that "We are prepared to accept unconditional surrender by Germany before Allied soldiers set foot on her soil."

News From Home

GROWING OPTIMISM at home is reflected in a Cabinet order to local authorities to get street lighting systems in order. Mr. Churchill is said to have decided that the lights will go on again on Armistice Night on an order to be given by himself. As the "end of the beginning" moves towards the "beginning of the end," the British are indulging their flair for indignation and loud howls of wrath with renewed zest. The biggest domestic row for years was let loose by the release of Oswald Mosley. In spite of nation-wide petitioning and mass oratory, Herbert Morrison stuck to his decision to release Mosley on grounds of ill-health, and was backed up by a big majority vote in the House of Commons. Mosley is now living with his wife in a Cotswold village hotel. The villagers refuse to do any kind of work for them.

Uproar greeted the disclosure in the House of Commons that an English oil firm had sent a letter to a pre-war employee serving with the Army in India, telling him that the firm could not guarantee to give him his old job back at the end of the war. Many British firms hastily announced that they intended to reinstate all their old employees. . . . Home Guards were angrily complaining of superfluous drills and exercises which interfered with their war work. Sir Walter Citrine condemned such duties as "senseless" for men with a 60 or 70 hour working week. The Prime Minister insisted that "the highest importance" was attached to their part in home defence. . . . Husbands and wives were angrily arguing over a High Court decision that a husband had the right to any money his wife saved out of the housekeeping allowance; the case was appealed to the House of Lords. . . . Everyone was arguing about vulgarity in theatre and variety entertainment. Popular distaste for the growing trend to tolerate smut on the stage had compelled theatrical managers to launch a clean-up campaign. . . . War-working women were annoyed by a ban imposed by the chairman of the Croydon magistrates on women appearing in his court in slacks. . . . Londoners were taking sides in the enquiry started into the cost of Finsbury Park air raid shelters, the only deep shelters built by a London borough. The Borough Council was accused of extravagance—the cost, over £7,000 a year for 38 years.

Wartime Living. In spite of a flu epidemic—the type of 'flu was not virulent—England's wartime health was still sound. A London University report showed that a London boy of 12 or 13 was on average 2.4 inches taller and 10.2 pounds heavier than his father at the same age, a London girl 2.1 inches taller and 13.4 pounds heavier than her mother was. To safeguard the health of Waafs, Air Commandant Lady Welsh ordered compulsory eight-hour sleep. . . . Rations are still meagre. Lord Woolton said it was possible meat, milk and eggs would become scarcer. The first lemons to reach England for three years were never seen on the market—they were earmarked for special distribution. A girl selling oranges on Oxford Street was arrested and fined half a crown for causing a crowd to collect. Shortage of golf balls has become critically acute; they can only be bought by trading in old ones. America's ban on Zoot suits has helped to ease the cloth shortage in Britain: the British War Relief Society bought up the surplus stocks, found that one Zoot suit would make clothes for half a dozen children. . . . Christmas exposed a toy racket. The Board of Trade set a maximum price of 24s. 5d. for a "toy"; there was nothing to stop a sixpenny toy being priced at £1. At a sale of second-hand toys in Cornwall a teddy bear fetched £3 and a rocking horse £8. 10s. . . . Crime statistics are low, but there has been an outbreak of "Raffles" type burglaries of luxury flats in Mayfair. . . . War-working women are becoming beauty conscious again, and there is a boom for beauty parlours. . . . The Army is producing a new helmet—but it will only be issued as replacement

Sunday the Thirteenth

SUNDAY THE THIRTEENTH will long be remembered as The Day of the Clamp. Pupils and instructors had scattered to the remoter parts of Alberta when, without warning, the aerodrome was blotted out by a Clamp Magnifique. Far from going into hiding, the Met. Man came out with a challenging declaration that even the Almighty could not have predicted it. The gathering crowd of indignant squadron commanders, aerodrome officers, flight commanders and shaken pupils were regaled with a display of baffled fury which could only remind them of a cartoon which once hung in the Met. Office. It showed a Met. Man, surrounded with weather maps and files of weather statistics, who was seen beating his head on his desk, and saying, "I give up, I give up. How are your corns feeling to-day, Billingsly?"

Meanwhile the somnolent Sunday calm of S.H.Q. was being rudely shattered by low level circuits which apparently necessitated steep turns over the Station Master's office—an occurrence which is said to have caused much joy to the Station Adjutant who rarely sees an aeroplane. Back in the Met. Office, "Cloudy Joe" was stalking the floor, intoning a verse by the Sports writer, Grantland Rice, which has been adopted as the official lament of the weather wizards:

"And now among the fading embers,
These in the main are my regrets:
When I am right, no one remembers:
When I am wrong no one forgets."

It was only after having regained strength on a chicken dinner that "Cloudy" was able to realise that the storm had cleared as quickly as it had come, and that all our aircraft were safe . . . And at 1700 hours it clamped again, just as suddenly and unpredictably. By which time everyone was beyond caring.

for a U/S old type helmet, and it takes a hard knock to render a steel helmet U/S.

Peacetime Future. The new session of Parliament is looking towards days of peace. The King's Speech promised plans for the transition from war to peace. The Prime Minister has offered a three word policy—Food, Homes, Work. The King's Speech spoke of reconstruction of the educational system, enlarged and unified social insurance, health services and workmen's compensation, planned reconstruction of blitzed areas. To prepare for a general election soon after the war, a new electoral roll is already being prepared. . . One of England's most famous old pubs, the 13th century "George," at Alfriston, Sussex, will be missed by holiday-makers, for it has been burned down. . . . A new breed of super-laying hen may be available for the peace-time chicken run. It is a Red Wyandotte—one bird has laid an egg every day for 87 days in an egg-laying trial.

People. Died: Arthur Catterall, famous B.B.C. and Halle Orchestra violinist; Joseph Rank, Hull flour millionaire, who started with one windmill and became the wealthiest man in Britain; Owen Nares, stage and screen actor, who left £6,000; Pat Collins, the circus manager and former Mayor of Walsall. . . . The brother of Wing Commander Cunningham, D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C. and Bar, the night fighter pilot, has been awarded the D.S.O.; he is a Captain in the Royal Marines. . . . The Arsenal and England footballer, E. A. Hapgood, who holds records by playing 43 times for England (34 times as captain), is a Pilot Officer in the R.A.F. . . . Bill Bowes, the Yorkshire and England fast bowler, is now a prisoner in Germany; he was taken prisoner by the Italians near Tobruk in 1942.

Cinema Notes

In spite of several blank evenings early in the month, the attendances at the Cinema during January broke all previous records. The average number at each performance was actually fifty higher than in the previous month, notwithstanding the competition provided by some excellent stage shows. No doubt this was partly due to the widespread poverty which followed Christmas and the New Year and which rendered impracticable any excursion more ambitious than a walk to the Recreation Hall; but the figures also reveal that the programme for the month was, on the whole, a popular one.

The alterations to the projecting box took longer than was expected, although there was little interference with the published programme. The pleasure of the operators at the more spacious quarters which were slowly materialising was tempered by the difficulty of working among heaps of sheet metal and by the tiresome running up and down stairs to rewind film in the temporary accommodation below the balcony. "In the gods" it has been far from comfortable, and seating there is likely to be permanently restricted; but there should be compensatory benefits in due course.

So many requests were received for a revival of one or all of the films about roads to various places that "Road to Morocco" was booked for the end of February. It will be interesting to learn whether, in this instance, the desire to see the film is as widespread as it appears to be, or whether, once again, it is peculiar to a few insistent and vocal fans!

* * * * *

Officers' Mess Chronicle

AT the quarterly mess meeting held on January 27th, the P.M.C., in an introductory address, announced the completion of the new cloak room and mess secretary's office and a reduction in the messing charge. Although no dividend was paid, the shareholders seemed generally satisfied with the description of his tenure of office. F/O Hooper was elected mess secretary; F/O's C. F. Thomas and Locke as members of the committee, and A/S/O Wilson, by a slightly more than unanimous vote, to continue as messing officer. At an extraordinary meeting held on February 9th, it was arranged that a dance should be held on February 19th and members were requested to regard it as formal (i.e. Long Dresses).

The theory and practice of skating has painfully occupied the leisure hours of most members and brought about the founding of an officers' team at ice hockey. Playing extra time in their first match, they lost by one goal to Maintenance Wing, but the only casualty so far produced by winter sport has been the lower part of the Junior Doc.

The posting of F/O Ismay to Pearce has been a great loss to skiing, skating and Beam Approach; with him has left F/O Gilpin who is a renowned bibliographer of gramophone records and whose collection has long been the stand-by of the Musical Appreciation Society. F/O Poole has gone home, taking with him his series of malicious caricatures of Q.F.Is. F/Lt. McEvoy has left to learn the business of advanced navigation. Hero of a dozen motor-ing disasters, he never lost his nerve or his imperturbability. F/O Scholefield has also deserted the specialist flight for Patricia Bay—although he had completed an operational tour he remained excessively addicted to flying and was seldom seen on the ground. P/O Todd has left for Pennfield Ridge—on route he picked up a bride at North Battleford and won our sincerest felicitations. F/O Peters is honourably mentioned in the Station Personalities page—without his geniality and wit the adjutant's office will be a poorer and quieter place. Last, but not least, the C.I., too, is departing home. Here your scribe is indeed fortunate that an elegy in prose appears elsewhere, for his pen is quite unworthy to describe all that W/Cdr. Hayward worked for Penhold, whilst the many delightful hours spent in his company can never be repaid by mere words on a coldly printed page.

Roll On The Boat

EVIDENTLY the D.A.P.S. must have seen the photograph of the survivors of "212 Draft" in last month's Penhold Log, for with one signature to a signal, the bulk of the "old-timers" have been taken from us. The nicest tribute was the remark made by the Station Adjutant, "Practically everybody who matters is going." The list ranged from AC2 Peters to F/Lt. Elliott, who bore the distinction of being the Grand Old Man (at least in the Officers' Mess) with a becoming air of prairie wisdom. It is possible to mention only a random few for whom the unmentionable boat has rolled on, but to all we express the wish that we may one day be able to look back on Penhold over a pint of English beer.

F/Sgt. Turner's devotion to the Dominion may make this wish impossible, for we believe he hopes to return to exploit his skill in taking dip-stick readings in inclement wetaher. F/Sgt. McLintock's departure will deprive both No. 3 Hangar and Calgary of his good looks. Sgt. Sharp takes home with him a Certificate of Good Service, as well as the good wishes of those who knew him as an outstanding N.C.O. in the remoter parts of the station, and as a fencing instructor in the building off Times Square. The pupils will miss Sgt. Smith, of G.I.S., as they would a father or mother; for he had indeed fathered and mothered a long succession of pupils in a manner which made his official title of "Disciplinarian" sound harsh. The termination of Sgt. Brown's tenancy of a seat in the S.W.O.'s office robs the football team of a valuable full-back. His co-full-back, LAC "Ginger" Hopwood, having spent a period of recuperation in the Minor Inspections Flight, has also left for home after destroying his fan mail.

The P.S.I. and the "Log" will miss the financial astuteness of Cpl. Goldstein. The Goldstein Bank was to have become Sheldrick and Green, but the senior partner is also on his way, leaving the P.S.I. with no alternative but to issue "Green-backs." Innisfail loses Cpl. Buckley, who preserved his sanity, and, indeed, flourished on life at the R.I. until the invasion by senior courses took the gilt off the gingerbread. Those two vigorous athletes, Cpl. Fleet and Cpl. Hodgins, leave together, perhaps to continue their classic rivalry on greener and softer turf.

The G.I.S. loses its two foundation member photographers, Cpl. Nicol and LAC Malbert. Fuller tribute is paid to Malbert in "Editor's Gen." He suffered agonies from "mal de l'air," and proved an excellent counterpart to Cpl. Nicol, whose enthusiasm for flying was finally satiated by the North Saskatchewan Catchment Board. Cpl. Drury fulfilled the functions of deputy Disciplinarian about the G.I.S., latterly with considerable success.

In the entertainment world it will be difficult to replace LAC Gibson's mastery of Lancashire dialogues; his departure breaks up the famous Penhold Trio and also deprives the Cricket Club of an enthusiastic secretary. The "Log" will miss LAC Murray,, who regularly produced attractive posters to advertise the magazine. The Concert Party says good-bye to a crooner in LAC Nellins and the Dance Band to a pianist in Cpl. Homer, who also contrived to be a popular S.P.

The M.T. Section goes, with the distinguished exception of F/Sgt. West, almost en bloc. Cpl. Leeman, often the Commanding Officer's chauffeur, will be remembered for the good example he set his master, while Cpl. Pringle may be expected to seek out a unit where it will not be possible to confuse two hooks with four rings.

The Officers' Mess will remember LAC Bardell for the good humoured way in which he served a variety of drinks, and even more for the tact with which he broke the news almost nightly that the bar was dry. AC1 D. F. G. Smith was associated with the Officers' Mess for a long time as batman until he abandoned this quiet job for the hurly-burly of the telephone exchange, where he was distinguished by his unruffled politeness to many an angry customer who had got the wrong number.

Ice Hockey

ICE HOCKEY has become one of the major winter sports on the Station, and a Station League has come into being. Matches have been played in both the major and minor leagues. When Headquarters "A" met Maintenance "A", both teams put up a good show and after a closely contested struggle, Headquarters carried off the honours. Flying Wing "A" took on the defeated Maintenance team and added to their sorrows by defeating them by a slightly larger margin. In the Minor League, the Officers' Mess has been defeated twice, once by Maintenance "B" and again by Flying Wing "B".

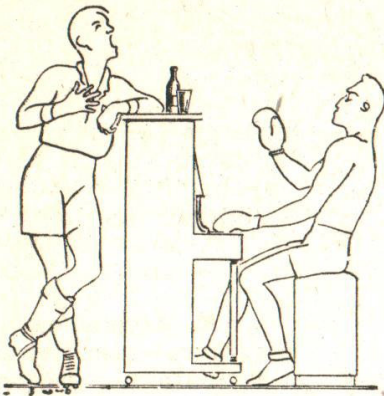
The Major League has produced some very good hockey, and the Minor League some very good entertainment.

The Station team played several matches during the month of February and, while they have been victorious only once, they have provided for the players and spectators a great deal of enjoyment and for themselves some healthy exercise. They suffered what they describe as a "handsome defeat" against A-20 in two matches, and when they played the 2-78th Battery, R.C.A., they lost only by the narrow margin of 6 to 5. Playing against an R.A.F. team from No. 37 S.F.T.S., however, on February 17th, they piled up a score of 13 against No. 37's Nil, and at the time of writing they are due to meet this R.A.F. team again on February 22nd.

Among the individual players deserving mention, LAC Cormier has proved an outstanding player close to the net, and the performances of F/Lt. Lewis, LAC Cheyne and Cpl. Carter have been watched with interest. LAC Keke-witch has been playing some very fine games in the defence position, and LAC's Trevelyan and Stapleton have worked hard on the second forward line.

Ice hockey is a truly Canadian sport which has been taken up very enthusiastically by the R.A.F. in Canada, and No. 36 is well to the fore in its following of the game. So far as the players are concerned, they are "right there," and it now remains for the Station as a whole to provide that sportman's delight, namely, an enthusiastic crowd of supporters on the touch line, whenever there is a match to be played.





Boxing

TWELVE BOUTS were on the programme of the Boxing tournament held on February 16th in the Drill Hall. In the main bout of the evening, Sgt. Crouch gained a narrow but well deserved victory over AC George. Both men were very skilful and in some of their mix-ups stood face to face and exchanged blow for blow. The Commanding Officer's Heavyweight Cup was won by AC Dethridge, who received a great ovation from the crowd. Dethridge boxed and punched with confidence, and his opponent, AC Rose, took considerable punishment but fought very gamely. AC Reynolds beat LAC Mills in a bout for the Eaton Middleweight Cup, which produced some delightful boxing, with Reynolds on the top of his form.

Army boxers from A-20 were featured in three of the bouts. LAC Munday of Bowden beat Pte. Evans in a keenly contested match. Pte. Nolan beat AC Prince in a fight distinguished by good boxing, while Pte. Northcott found AC Dixon a too formidable opponent, losing the match on points.

In the other bouts, AC Payne, giving 19 lbs., was knocked out in the second round by AC Eaton. In an interesting fight, LAC Winrow beat LAC Walsh on points. AC Mitchell won all three rounds against LAC McGann and looked the winner throughout. AC Briggs, boxing cleverly, beat LAC Foster, who connected with some tremendous right punches, in one of the best contests of the evening. AC Kelly gained a very narrow victory over Cpl. Madden in a real hard-hitting match with some toe-to-toe slugging in the third round. AC Williams beat AC Taylor in another hard-hitting fight in which both boxers won an ovation from the audience.



—Sgt. O'Neil

Blitzkrieg Diary

(In May, 1940, the "Sitzkrieg" came to an abrupt end as the Germans invaded Holland, Belgium and France. For more than a month the R.A.F. Squadrons in France fought a heroic and costly battle against the invader. These pages from the diary of a Flight N.C.O. in a Battle Squadron tell part of that story. F/O Ballantyne was then the Flight N.C.O.)

Ami-Fontaine, 10th May, 1940.

0230 hours. Three Battles D.I.'d, ready with four 250 lb. bombs each.
0630 hours. Sky covered with German bombers and fighters—everything Jerry had. They came across our 'drome and split up into formations, heading for various parts of France. Al-Marmason, 3 kilometres away, was badly smashed up. The French had a few fighters there, but not one left the ground—presumably they had not had breakfast. A couple of "MacAlpines" (delayed action bombs) were dropped on our 'drome. A few incendiaries were dropped near the Officers' Mess. The batmen came to the rescue, putting them out. Jerry circled round and let the gunners have a smack at the batmen, but luckily did not hit them. Five of the Jerries dive-bombed a troop train standing in the station at Ginnicourt, causing about 200 casualties. Batmen with first aid kits rushed to the rescue and did what they could to assist the injured and helped to carry dead bodies away. One aircraft was shot down by our "Squeak Two Battery."



Each of our flights had eight Fitter II's and eight A.C.H.'s. We waited with aircrews ready. Two aircraft were wanted from "A" Flight and two from "B". All troops on the 'drome. Midday meal—one hot pie, a bully sandwich and a mug of tea which went down lovely. For Chiefy and most of the lads this was their first meal since 0100 hours.

1522 hours. The Flight Commander's aircraft and another took off, followed by two from "A" Flight. I wondered how much damage they would do to the German convoy going through Luxembourg. Only one crew came back, with the observer wounded. He was the hero of our billeting village, and the pride of the French lassies as he walked about with his arm in a sling. Waited until 2100 hours for the aircraft to come back. Rang up "Ops" for information. They said, "You can pack up now, they won't be back." Then we scattered tractors, trailers, vehicles and flight equipment over the aerodrome so that Jerry aircraft could not land.

May 12. The Padre brought back Sgt. Odell, complete with camera, from Belgium. He told us what the four Battles had done to that Jerry convoy. He said there was no space between the Jerry vehicles. The planes made four runs each, dropping one bomb at a time from 400 feet, each bomb bouncing amongst the A.F.V. After the Flight Commander had released his bombs he kept circling for photographs until his engine was hit. Glycol was burning, the cockpit in flames. He gave the order "Stand by for crash landing." WAG Cpl. Tomlinson was first out after landing and tried to release the pilot, burning his hands while trying to undo the straps. Odell managed to get him out and rolled him on the damp grass. They managed to get a car from a Belgian peasant and took the pilot to a convent where his burns were dressed.

This was the day our Squadron attacked the Maastricht bridge over the Maastricht canal in Belgium. We were on the 'drome at 0230, with aircraft

ready to take off—three from each flight. Where are they going? Will they come back? The leading crew were F/O Garland, Sgt. Gray and LAC Reynolds. In another crew there was Sgt. Sammy Marland, a Lancashire lad who



used to sing twenty verses of Salome, and "The Next Place We Called At Was Malta." They took off at 0822 hours. They did not return. F/O Garland and Sgt. Gray were each awarded the V.C., the first R.A.F. V.C.'s of World War 2.

May 13. Chiefy was awakened at 0030 hours by the S.P.'s to answer the phone. Three aircraft were to be ready for take-off at 0330. By 0300 the aerodrome was cleared and the aircraft were ready. Then we got the "wash-out" message from Ops. and went back to the village for tea. The leave party came back. These lads, aircrew, were in Britain when the Blitz started—most of them reported for duty and were flown back.

One observer, Sgt. Belcher, left his girl standing, telling her he had been transferred to the Balloon Barrage and would not be going to France.

May 16 to June 5. Echemines

Here we got more aircraft and more aircrews. We did night bombing and for nine days all our aircraft came back. We sent one of our pilots and a fitter back to Ami-Fontaine to collect an aircraft we had left there. They found the French setting fire to lots of aircraft. No one was in charge of the N.A.A.F.I. there, so they found a tractor and water trailer and filled the trailer with what they could find—cigarettes, tobacco and matches—and drove back to Echemines. Going back on day flying we lost a few more Battles. One pilot named McPhee did four raids in six days, but failed to return from his fifth trip. We had a Canadian pilot, P/O McVeigh, who did twelve raids and always came back. I think his crew had haloes round their heads. (He was the only one of our pilots to survive the French blitz.)

At Echemines the Flight had its only accident during the battle of France, when one of our aircraft crashed with bombs on and blew up. The observer, Sgt. Reddington, was in hospital for two months afterwards. (Sgt. Reddington is now P/O Reddington, of the Navigation Section at Penhold.)

When we made our next move, Chiefy was sent in to Tours to round up everyone belonging to the Squadron, in a hurry. In one hotel he found five aircrew just sitting down to a chicken dinner. They wrapped it up in paper, with the spuds, and ate it on the top of the bus going back to the 'drome.

Soage.

This was the last 'drome we operated from in France. The billeting officer had not found us any billets, but the Chiefies soon found places for themselves and their Flights. We were soon busy building funk-holes (which are handy when one has not got even a schoolboy's catapult for defence), latrines, places to eat, stowage places for equipment, bombs, petrol, etc.

June 15. What a day! Jerry came over at 0430 hours and had a look at the main party which was just moving off for an unknown destination, and then came for another look at 0830 hours. At 1000 hours he dropped a lot from 8,000 feet, hitting the transport section which had moved out a few hours before, and the site our Squeak Two Battery had just left. 1117 hours. Ground crew starting up all aircraft (two squadrons of them). P/O McVeigh, who had taken off, dived on them. We soon found out he was trying to tell us Jerry was around. Four ground crew were killed and four wounded in this attack. Later eighteen came over, stick-bombed the aerodrome, then

flew round in line astern and fired at everything they could see, but none was hurt this time.

After dark the rear party, with four trucks and trailers, an ambulance and a six-seater, left Souge. Convoy pace was 15 m.p.h., but the Wing M.O. had the pace increased as many of his wounded were in a serious condition. The pace was increased to 25 m.p.h., but that wasn't fast enough, so we ploughed on, going down hills at 70 m.p.h., with the rear party hanging on for grim death. Airmen were picked up on the way until our party numbered 53. This move was supposed to be to a new drome, so that we could operate again, but on arriving at Rennes, an officer headed the convoy to Road N. 72 which ended up at Brest.

This journey was something that none of the lads will forget. The distance from Souge to Brest is round about 300 miles. All the boys had to keep their eyes open in case of getting bombed. The roads were crowded with refugees, all with carts or barrows, some cars with mattresses over the top—every form of vehicle. One or two cars were trying to go the opposite way. They were bumped off the road by our convoy. Small boys (French) were giving us the "Heil" salute, but when they saw we were R.A.F. they turned it into the "thumbs up." One French brasshat, or some one dressed in French uniform, tried to put us on the wrong road. A few of the lads passed some rude remarks, and Chiefy was mad because we didn't shoot him.

Before arriving at Brest, an armoured force at least five miles long was passed. All these AFV, with hundreds of motor transport, were later blown up. Arriving at Brest, troops were told to take on board what they would want for the trip to Plymouth. The boat was a Dutch passenger ship carrying 600 passengers. None of the lads wanted anything, but were shocked when none of our equipment came aboard. This also was blown up. There must have been from six to seven thousand troops about, with about 200 R.A.F.

June 17. We arrived at Plymouth. The Customs Officers had the cheek to ask if anyone had anything to declare. One lad said, "Yes; I have got what I stand up in." That was a pair of reduced-to-produce flying boots, a pair of trousers that had seen better days, a shirt and a tin hat.

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Answers To Correspondents

Dear Sister:—

Your problem is indeed a difficult one. If the S.Ad.O. refuses to sign your "48" before noon on Thursdays, then I suggest that you arrange with the S.M.O. to postpone all the more important operations until the following Wednesday—this should give you plenty of time for a jolly week-end in Winnipeg. Your friend's query where she should place her new decoration has not been satisfactorily answered by the Station Adjutant. Whilst I am sure no incivility was intended, I do feel that a clip picked out in the right coloured silks would be ornamental and at the same time act as a bracket for your thermometer. No, you are not yet entitled to wear the Surrey and Sussex clasp.

Dear A.S.O.—

Your enquiry as to the correct negligee dress for mess wear has long been a point at issue between T. Eaton's and the Hudson's Bay Stores. Both are, however, agreed that, provided your rank and sex are not lost sight of, a symphony in ketchup and custard made up in marocain could not be taken amiss. That is, of course, if you keep off henna.

You ask also for a few new names for what has become a traditional soup—here are some suggestions: "Penhold Puree," "Consomme Wing Commander" and "Creme de Cocoroach." At once unusual and deceptive, don't you think? If you care to send me a stamped and addressed envelope, I will try to answer your third question—meanwhile a cooling saline and a little light reading such as the London "Times" last thing at night should prove not entirely inefficacious.

Wing Commander F. B. H. Hayward

IF the departing Chief Instructor had any inkling of who was to write this valediction, the chances are that the pistol-brandishing which went on when his clearance chit made a somewhat tardy tour of Flying Wing would have been replaced by an artillery barrage in earnest. But it is an acknowledgement which everyone in the Wing would be eager to write. Penhold has never had such a popular Chief Instructor.

If there were compassionate grounds for wanting leave at short notice, if someone had had a raw deal, it was the Chief Instructor who lent a sympathetic ear, who took the initiative, and who moved heaven and earth to get the right thing done. It was something more than the vagaries of the central heating system in the Control Tower which kept his office door wide open from morning till night.



But his demands were exacting. On the head of the Instructor who damaged an aircraft carelessly, on the head of the pupil who could no longer plead "inexperience," a mighty wrath would fall, and if, afterwards, he was seen frequently to be wearing the "Orderly Officer" band, or was confined to camp, he knew that he had had a fair hearing, and that his punishment was well deserved.

It was a sore point with the crash tender crew that only rarely did they reach a "prang" ahead of the Chief Instructor, and at the worst, he had appeared as if by magic on the running board of the crash wagon. An accident, by day or night, on the aerodrome or a hundred miles away, meant that someone might want help, and it was the Chief Instructor who saw to it that the necessary assistance was provided. His adventures on rescue trips into the wilds would fill several issues of the "Penhold Log."

W/Cdr. Hayward had some sound and well-chosen principles which he applied unfailingly and for which he was deeply respected. Every member of his staff was given freedom to do his own job and to use his own initiative to the full. Every Flying Instructor knew that he started off from scratch, that the Chief Instructor trusted him to do his best and his utmost, and that if ever he forfeited that confidence it would be his own fault.

That men work better when they are trusted and encouraged is no new discovery, but as a thorough-going example of how well such an idealistic principle can be applied to the everyday life and work of a unit, and as an example of a real, tangible team spirit brought into being by the influence of a single strong personality despite the worst possible combination of conditions—an isolated unit, a routine job, and an ever-changing staff—the results achieved by Wing Commander "Bill" Hayward in his seven months as Chief Instructor will never be forgotten by those who have worked for him.

To have had the station record in monthly flying hours broken three times without having wanted anybody to break any records, and to have brought the accident rate down to the lowest figure recorded on the station, is a dual achievement which could have been attained only by an officer with an inherent gift for encouragement and an unobtrusive power of discipline, to whom harshness is a repulsive thing. Flying Wing, and the whole Station, will wish W/Cdr. Hayward success and good fortune in his next appointment.

This Winter--And Last



RECENTLY it was necessary to print in D.R.O.'s a reminder that winter dress means greatcoats, gloves and Yukon hats. It was an apt comment on this winter's weather—and a somewhat ironic reminder of January, 1943. For if the winter of 1942-43 was the worst for a quarter of a century, this winter will probably prove to have been one of the balmiest in Alberta weather records.

Browsing over the weather statistics in the files of the "Red Deer Advocate," we found that January 19, 1944, was 76 degrees warmer than the same day in 1943. Working out averages, January, 1944, with an average of 17 degrees above zero, proved to be 20 degrees warmer than January, 1943, with an average of 3 degrees below zero. The thermometer fell below zero on only ten days in January, 1944, compared with 24 days with sub-zero temperatures in January, 1943.

For ten days, from January 15 to 24, 1943, the highest temperature recorded was 9 degrees below zero, and the average temperature for those ten days was 27 below, with average minimum temperatures (recorded mostly at night) of -35.7. For the same period this year the average temperature was 28 degrees above zero.

By New Year's Day last winter over a foot of snow had fallen and another five inches fell in January. This year light snowfalls had melted almost entirely away in January, and in the Calgary district there were disastrous prairie fires, while in the mountains some ski grounds were almost bare of snow. In the Calgary district this winter December was the warmest December recorded for 60 years.

It is too soon to suggest that this winter is over, and one member of the Met. section can feel satisfied with a piece of basic forecasting to the effect that "February is always a bad month." And some years ago Red Deer had a foot of wet snow in 24 hours in April.

Editor's Gen

Hope springs eternal, and we are certainly hoping that among the newly arrived personnel on the unit there is some literary and artistic talent. We are particularly interested in finding cartoonists or illustrators. We have made a start this month with sketches to illustrate articles, and we hope to develop this into a precedent. Please get in touch with the Editor if you can wield a tricky pencil, and he will tell you what is wanted. All unsolicited contributions are, of course, enthusiastically received . . . whereas an exceedingly dim view is taken of concealing light under bushels.

As far as literary contributions are concerned, the most suitable are those which deal with service life, particularly those in a humorous vein. If you would like to have your contribution illustrated, get it in to the Editor early in the month—and if you can track down an artist, bring him along, too, but failing that, the Editor will do all he can to get some suitable illustrating done for you and your article.

PICTURE POLICY

It has been decided by the Committee to discontinue the centre page photographic insert, and to use the money saved by so doing to print another four pages and scatter small photos and illustrations more freely over the pages of the "Log." The size of the "Log" therefore remains the same—24 pages—though the centre page photo section is missing from this month's number. This will enable us to use more varied photos, and we, therefore, invite all sections and individuals with interesting photographs to submit them to the Editor.

BON VOYAGE

Two key-men on the "Log" committee are leaving us. They are Corporal Goldstein and LAC Malbert. Corporal Goldstein has been business manager of the "Log" as well as carrying on the onerous duties of P.S.I. clerk. He has guided the financial affairs of a magazine which makes a guaranteed loss with an efficiency and unconcerned calm which suggests he should go far in the realms of high finance. No unfinancially-minded editor could have had a better business manager, and we shall long remember his slogan, "We can afford to make a greater loss."

LAC Malbert, who is a Penhold foundation member, has been almost solely responsible for the many excellent photographs which have appeared in the "Log." The success of the "Station Personalities" feature has been very largely due to his artistry as a portrait photographer. The composite photos which have long been a feature of the centre page have been his work. Often he has cheerfully done rush jobs for the "Log" when already heavily burdened with other work. We shall find it difficult to replace such a talented photographer.

STRAWBERRY

The following is an extract from the "Edmonton Bulletin" of February 2nd: "A revelation in journalistic prowess and a letter-perfect job, is just what you would expect from the men of the R.A.F. when it comes to an airmen's publication. And that's just what the Penhold Log, official publication of No. 36 S.F.T.S., is. The Log is 24 pages, well printed and splendidly illustrated. . ."
—Cor.

PRIZES FOR CONTRIBUTIONS

Free passes to the Station Cinema for one month are awarded for contributions, both literary and artistic, which must be received by the Editor, F/Lt. W. H. Thomas, at "B" Flight Commander's office in No. 1 Hangar, or the Officers' Mess, not later than Wednesday, March 15.

STATION CINEMA

Programme for March

1944

THURSDAY, MARCH 2
"Watch On the Rhine"
Bette Davis Paul Lukas

SATURDAY and SUNDAY
MARCH 4-5
"Sweet Rosie O'Grady"
Bette Grable Robert Young

MONDAY, MARCH 6
"Holy Matrimony"
Monty Woolley Gracie Fields

TUESDAY, MARCH 7
"Happy Land"
Don Ameche Frances Dee

THURSDAY, MARCH 9
'A Lady Takes a Chance'
Jean Arthur John Wayne

SATURDAY and SUNDAY
MARCH 11-12
"The Iron Major"
Pat O'Brien Ruth Warrick

MONDAY, MARCH 13
"Behind the Rising Sun"
Margo Tom Neal
Robert Ryan

TUESDAY, MARCH 14
"The Man From
Down Under"
Charles Laughton
Binnie Barnes

THURSDAY, MARCH 16
"Paris After Dark"
George Sanders
Brenda Marshall

SATURDAY and SUNDAY
MARCH 18-19
(To be announced later)

MONDAY, MARCH 20
"The Fallen Sparrow"
Maureen O'Hara
John Garfield

TUESDAY, MARCH 21
"Riding High"
Dorothy Lamour Dick Powell

THURSDAY, MARCH 23
"Hit The Ice"
Abbott and Costello

SATURDAY and SUNDAY
MARCH 25-26
"In Old Oklahoma"
John Wayne Martha Scott
Albert Dekker

MONDAY, MARCH 27
(To be announced later)

TUESDAY, MARCH 28
"If I Had a Million"
Charles Laughton
W. C. Fields Gary Cooper

THURSDAY, MARCH 30
"Battle Of Russia"
A Documentary