

Flying Wing

PRICE  
10 CENTS

# THE PENHOLD

The cover features a large, stylized map of Canada. Overlaid on the map is a silhouette of a biplane in flight. In the center, the word 'LOG' is written in large, bold, outlined letters. To the right, there is a profile illustration of a pilot wearing a helmet and goggles. The text 'CANADA' is written vertically along the left edge of the map, and 'ALBERTA' is written vertically along the right edge. At the top, the title 'THE PENHOLD' is prominently displayed. Below the title, there are several smaller text elements: 'YEAR', 'PILOT', '2nd PILOT', and 'DUTY'. A small table with columns for 'YEAR', 'PILOT', and 'DUTY' is partially visible. At the bottom of the cover, the text 'S.F.T.S.' is written in large letters, with the number '36' to its left. The name 'D.W. ROUGHTON' is written in the bottom right corner of the cover.

YEAR	PILOT	DUTY

36 S.F.T.S.

D.W. ROUGHTON

VOLUME V  
MARCH



NUMBER 3  
1944



VOLUME V

MARCH



NUMBER 3

1944

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



EDITOR

F/Lt. W. H. Thomas

ADVISORY BOARD: S/Ldr. Bloxham, F/Lt. Gilbert, F/Lt. Hudson

COMMITTEE: F/Lt. Andrew, F/O Street, L.A.C. McLellan Jones.

*Editorial*

ACCORDING to a published statement made at Ottawa, No. 36 S.F.T.S. is due to come to an end at Penhold on December 15th, 1944. By courtesy of a Calgary Ginger Ale news broadcast, these tidings were noisily bruited abroad the camp long before Station Headquarters knew that an unsettled future had been officially settled. It was perhaps fitting that the moment of this long awaited proclamation should put the grapevine into reverse . . . for the grapevine that has long tapped such absolutely authoritative sources has been so consistently disappointing that we are now completely converted to the Calgary Ginger Ale news service, and feel that it should be Tanoy-ed to S.H.Q.

This official news should serve to kill the crop of rumours of Penhold's future which only served to distract everyone from their work. We can now turn ourselves steadily to the job of maintaining the high reputation gained No. 36 S.F.T.S. in the last nine months of its existence. The worst of the winter is over, and on the law of averages we are due for a good summer. It may be hoped that next winter will hold back its rigours until after the sailing of the promised Christmas boat.

Finally, it should be put on record that March 13th, the day of promulgation of this unit's sentence, was also the day we heard, by courtesy of the Wheat Pool news service, of the relaxation of Federal restrictions on the sale of beer . . . by and large a day to remember.

## Station Personalities



S/LDR. H. A. C. STRATTON, A.F.C.

Squadron Leader "Henry" Stratton joined the R.A.F. in 1923 "to learn to fly." Perhaps that is why, as Cpl. Stratton, he appeared as a member of armoured car crew in Iraq in 1925-26 and participated, with great relish we suspect, in what was known in the Service as the "annual sports" but which higher authority called "tribal skirmishes." He left that country two days too soon to qualify for a couple of campaign medals.

In 1927 the long-awaited pilot's course materialised and in 1928 he left No. 4 F.T.S. Abu-Sueir, Egypt, as one of the handful of R.A.F. pilots. After five years of overseas service, he returned to England in 1930 and later went to Central Flying School, where he stayed for five years. In 1934 he obtained an Instructor's A1 category.

S/Ldr. Stratton was flying with Penhold's present Commanding Officer at the Hendon Displays of 1935-36, as members of the Flight which took a poor view of flying aircraft the right way up, and they narrowly escaped mutual extermination on more than one occasion. However, both happily survived, to meet again in Canada.

In June, 1937, after ten years as a sergeant-pilot, S/Ldr. Stratton left the R.A.F. to become a civilian flying instructor with Air Service Training Ltd., a Hawker-Siddeley subsidiary, at Hamble.

Commissioned in the R.A.F.O. in 1938 and recalled to the R.A.F. on the outbreak of war, S/Ldr. Stratton was back at Central Flying School in June, 1940, and remained there until transferred to the Empire Central Flying School on its formation in March, 1942. There he served two courses as a tutor, and then as a member of the E.C.F.S. Examining Squadron, toured the British Isles, flying nearly every modern type of operational aircraft used by the R.A.F. Many of the training and handling manuals now in use are the work of Committees of which he was a member, including the instructors' "Hand-

book of Advanced Flying Training," which is used by all S.F.T.S.'s.

In October, 1943, S/Ldr. Stratton was posted to Canada and came to Penhold early in this new year. He is still recovering from the shock of being asked by a leading aircraftman in Calgary (fortunately not a R.A.F. type) whether he was trained in Canada! He is believed to have muttered something about Edmonton not being the crossroads of his world, and to have gone into a slow roll. His total of nearly 6,000 flying hours is not merely an indication of age, and of the fact that he has spent long periods in aircraft that take a long time to get anywhere! Flying Wing is still racking its gi-normous brains in the effort of thinking up a hundred-dollar question on flying matters which he cannot answer. Flying Wing hasn't much hope.

S/Ldr. Stratton's hobbies are, or were, walking round the English countryside and carrying out research into the qualities of English ale. His wife, son and two daughters are living in Wiltshire.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Canadian D.F.C.

Flight Lieutenant W. M. Lewis, D.F.C., "G" Flight commander, known to all as "Butch," is one of that distinguished band of Canadians who saved up their money to cross the Atlantic to join the R.A.F. He enlisted in April, 1939, was trained at Hatfield and Little Rissington, and skipped O.T.U. to go straight to a Blenheim Squadron. He did the first twenty of his many operational



sorties in Blenheims during the time of Dunkirk and the Battle of France. He was shot down in June, 1940, behind enemy lines, but escaped. Asked how he did it, he replied, "Just ran like hell for half an hour or so, that's all."

In August, 1940, he was posted to the Middle East, spent three months near Aden, followed by two months of operations in the Western Desert on Blenheims. He then made a trip to the Gold Coast to pick up Marylands, and then went back to the desert till September, 1941, engaged on Jack-of-all-trades work which included photography, reconnaissance, bombing, strafing, and fighter escorts.

It was after completing his tour of duty in the desert that he was awarded the D.F.C. His best effort on these desert ops was the day he attacked a line of about one hundred

Ju. 52's which were lined up unloading troops and refuelling. Noting that the wind was blowing down the line, he attacked from upwind, so that the flames would spread from aircraft to aircraft. He was credited with destroying 20 Ju. 52's in this attack, and received a signal of congratulations from Air Vice Marshal Collishaw, the A.O.C. Western Desert. In the citation for the award of the D.F.C. it was also stated that he had successfully brought his aircraft back to base after being wounded in the head during a raid on Beirut. While playing the part of fighter pilot in a Maryland over the desert, he shot down an S.79.

On completing this tour of ops, F/Lt. Lewis returned to train as an instructor. He was posted back to Canada, and for six months was an instructor at Estevan. Then he felt it was time to go back on ops again, and went back to England to a Boston squadron to do a tour of "circus" operations over France and the Low Countries. When he came to Penhold in August, 1943,

for his second spell of instructing, he had 67 operational trips to his credit, a total which does not include a further 20 sorties on which he was unable to complete the mission.

"Butch" comes from Fort Chipewyan, on Lake Athabasca, about 600 miles north of Edmonton, though before joining the R.A.F. he had come south to civilisation to live in Edmonton, Winnipeg and North Battleford. An outstanding ice hockey player, he was a member of the North Battleford team in peace time. He has been coach to the station team at Penhold. He is married, and talks proudly of his beautiful nine-month-old daughter. As a Flight Commander, he is famous for his passionate devotion to figures and indulges in highly abstruse analyses of the course's progress and prospects. He hates shooting a line about his operational experiences, and spent about two complete days in the air in all kinds of weather in an attempt to evade the "Log" reporter—and was only cornered immediately after breakfast.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Examining Officer

Examining Officers are held in much tediously earned awe by virtue of undertaking the "Wings Test"—a misleading title for a flight which is no final guarantee of appearance on the Wings Parade. Flight Lieutenant John Amey, No. 1 Squadron Examining Officer, is one of R.A.F. Penhold's earliest settlers, having arrived here in October, 1941, and since then he has served No. 1 Squadron in all capacities from sprog (comparatively) instructor to acting Squadron Commander. Before coming to Canada he was an instructor at South Cerney, where he acquired his now famous flying overalls. Once white, they now speak of years of contact with the interior decoration of the Oxford cockpit.

These historic overalls bear on the breast pocket a badge, an heraldic contrivance of three "B"s. After many pupils had pondered over this insignia there arose a popularly accepted story that F/Lt. Amey had been a test pilot for the Bristol Aircraft Company, a story which caused an examining officer no harm, and indeed gave him a little light amusement. But we could never satisfactorily account for the initials "B.B.B." in terms of this fiction, unless it was that the motto of Bristol's test pilots was "Blenheims Be B——." The true story is that this was the badge of F/Lt. Amey's flight at South Cerney, and the heraldry incorporates that crystallised heart of service wisdom, "Bull Baffles Brains."



When not flying, John Amey has successfully fulfilled the role of chauffeur extraordinary to Flying Wing Headquarters Staff and the Bar Officer. His gasoline ration is apparently as inexhaustible as his good humour. Though sometimes seen wearing a worried look, John is a well-schooled product of London Rugby Football circles and is consequently the life and soul of the party and an intrepid leader of "The Muffin Man." His theme cry is "Who'll take the mail to Dead-wood Gulch?" He is married, has one daughter, and a wife who keeps the dinner hot for him in Red Deer pending his arrival with passengers after evening refreshment in the mess.

## Local Boy Makes Good

Displayed for the amusement of those who wait their turn in the Station Adjutant's office is a gallery of Course photographs going way back to the autumn of 1941. Those who seek inspiration in the good looks of 31 Course will find in the back row a juvenile and cheerful Groucho Marx garbed as a u/t L.A.C. The key indicates that the name is "Andrew." Behind the Adjutant's desk is a further group of photos (a criminal looking bunch, on



whom the Adjutant firmly turns his back), and there may be seen a striking similarity to L.A.C. Andrew, this time described as "F/Lt. Andrew." This is the pictorial outline of a Penhold saga, "From Pupil to Flight Commander in Easy Lessons".

F/Lt. Noel Andrew, better known as "Drew," arrived at Penhold on October 14, 1941, after an unpleasant voyage across the Atlantic in a meat storage hold. As a pupil in "C" Flight, he was flown by F/Lt. Elliott and F/Lt. Millbank in days when they were Pilot Officers. He was awarded his wings on January 30, 1942, and was snatched away from Penhold for three months to be converted from pupil to instructor. Back at Penhold, he returned to his old flight, and has generally circulated around No. 1 Squadron until he is now Flight Commander of "D" Flight.

As an instructor, "Drew" is notable for a helmet with a reinforced chin-strap which, when tightened up, makes speech impossible. As a Flight Commander he is notorious for keeping the most confusing course progress graph on the unit. It consists of a multitude of coloured triangles attached to the main progress line, and is clearly designed to baffle examining officers, squadron commanders and other intruders. His artistic flair is on occasion put to better purpose, for his drawings have appeared in the "Log," and a number of dances in the Officers' Mess have been enlivened by witty Andrew murals.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Penhold Grandchild

If Flight Lieutenant Andrew may be held to be of the first generation of Penhold's creative endeavours, Flying Officer C. J. R. Wilson holds the unique distinction of being a grandchild who has returned to the family bosom, for he was trained at Penhold, at least in part, by Pilot Officer Andrew, of "B" Flight, in the autumn of 1942. On leaving Penhold he became an instructor and served for a year at North Battleford before coming back to Penhold at the end of February.

On his return, Flying Officer Wilson came quickly and unhappily into the public eye when he had the misfortune to tangle with another (albeit friendly) aircraft at Innisfail. He hopes to live down this unenviable notoriety, for he has other talents which should rapidly establish him as a station personality in the entertainments world. Before joining the R.A.F., Flying Officer Wilson was assistant organist at Ely Cathedral, and he has kept up his musical interests in his service life. He was station choir leader at North Battleford,

and has taken over leadership of the Penhold Male Voice Choir on the posting of LAC Stan Philp. He has also taken part in amateur dramatics, notably in a sketch called "The Impenitent Pranger," which was a huge popular success at North Battleford. F/O Wilson hopes to present this sketch to Penhold audiences in the near future.

Before commencing training as a pilot, F/O Wilson was a special duties clerk in a Fighter Operations Room—but has, disappointingly, refused to shoot a line on this theme.

\* \* \* \* \*

## The Flying Wing Adjutant

The omission of "Uncle" (sometimes known as F/O A. E. Street) from these thumbnail sketches might have resulted in the sudden discontinuing of "Flaps From the Flying Wing," a shortage of eulogies of departing Chief Instructors, and in the loss of a member of the "Log's" Committee.

Joining the R.A.F. in July, 1940, he bashed the squares of Padgate and Wilmslow, served at Compton Bassett, Cranwell, Blackpool, Bottesford and Swinderby as a clerk accounts, and decided that something ought to be done about administration when he appeared before the Air Ministry Selection Board at the end of 1941 with an incomplete set of documents!

After commissioning at the Officers' School in 1942, he went to Swanton Morley as assistant adjutant, and later, after the usual spree in Newcastle while ostensibly undergoing an intensive course at the School of Administration, went to Watton as assistant administrative officer.



"Uncle" reluctantly parted company with Bomber Command in January, 1943, and reached Penhold in the following month. His wife was one of the last to come to Canada, and "Uncle" cheered up considerably when "Aunty" joined him last July.

Uncle is now serving his third Chief Instructor in a year as Flying Wing Adjutant. Keeping up to date with the complicated machinery of flying training administration and arranging the duty rosters so that they do not clash with Flying Wing's innumerable social engagements is a full time job, and it was not for nothing that a notice appeared on his door asking (with apologies to the

railway companies), "Is Your Interview Really Necessary?"

His golf is atrocious, but that hasn't deterred him from acting as Chairman of the Penhold Golfing Society. He denies having any capacity for journalism, but possesses a wicked sense of humour, and no issue of the Penhold Log contains less than two of his articles. He has been throwing lead rocks at the local curling rink this season, but still prefers a dartboard and a tankark of old and mild.

At Penhold his hobbies include changing his office furniture round every seven days and pinning pictures of places like Paramashiru on his notice board to give it variety.

## Pupil Personality

**L**ADEN with parachute, clobber, and possibly with care, an anonymous pupil goes out to his aeroplane for a routine training flight. The pupil is the centre and *raison d'être* of a service flying training school, yet he has small opportunity to become a personality in his own right. He is a transient member of the unit, just one of a course, judged largely in terms of his flying ability and his flying hours. It is often only in retrospect that he stands out as a personality, remembered for

his idiosyncrasies, and more often for the things he did wrong than for the things he did right. Time gives perspective to the urgent hurly-burly of flying training, and it is months after the passing out of a course that each pupil begins to stand out in instructors' memories as an individual personality.



It is then, browsing over a flying log book—that notebook for scores of biographies, that we remember the man who on initial dual throttled back each engine in turn to test the under-carriage horn . . . the man who led a formation over unbroken cloud and handed over the lead heading north in a position estimated to be over Ponoka . . . the cheerful youth who forced landed in a snowstorm a few fields north of the aerodrome and walked back to camp while an area search for him was in full swing . . . or the two who reached the aerodrome simultaneously in a blizzard, each choosing the first likely looking runway—one landing north and one south, touching down at the same moment, and skilfully avoiding a disastrous head-on collision by the simple expedient of each executing decisive ground loops to the right.

pedient of each executing decisive ground loops to the right.

Pupils are remembered, too, for the chance saying. There was the Metropolitan policeman with the Oxford accent who regularly abashed his instructors at the end of each flight with the remark, "Thank you so much, Sir; that was an absolutely wizard trip." There was the pupil who prefaced his suspension with these famous last words, "Do you know, Sir, I'm sure I'm not so bad as you seem to think I am." And there was the browned-off pupil who had stood just about enough binding from his instructor—"Where the devil do you think you're going," bleated his instructor as he swung sixty degrees off after take-off; "Somewhere up north," shouted the disgusted pupil in reply. Which reminds us of the loathsome youth who opened up the

## Duty Pilot

THE job of Duty Pilot is an important but thankless one which involves, among other things, sitting on a chair (common) for long hours in the confined space of the top floor of the Control Tower. To Flying Wing personnel the Duty Pilot is a power of much consequence, for it is he who decides that pilots shall land dead into the setting sun, or float alarmingly far down a runway on to which the wind is blowing from the starboard quarter . . . or so the pilots say. Like the weather man, the Duty Pilot is blamed when things go wrong, but rarely remembered for his steadily efficient, if unspectacular, performance of routine duties. Officers in charge of night flying know something of the physical suffering inflicted by the chair (common) which the Duty Pilots endure with cheerful fortitude—and would all sign a petition for a chair (arm, office) as a minimum consolation for a job which is sometimes ordered as a form of penance for naughty flying instructors. Then there are nights when the Duty Pilot keeps vigil with his wooden eyrie swaying and creaking before a prairie gale, the lone occupant and guardian of Tottering Towers.

Son of a rugger international, Sgt. Carpenter, the Senior Duty Pilot, played rugger for Gloucester himself before the war, and hopes to join Penhold's team when conditions permit the start of a rugger season in a Province which obviously wasn't designed for the great game. Born at Sunderland in the Forest of Dean in 1919, he was assistant manager to a butcher in Gloucester before the War.



Joining the R.A.F. in March, 1940, he suffered the usual disciplinary training at Cardington, then went to a Fighter Control Station in the south of England where he became Deputy Controller. He remained there from April, 1940, with breaks for courses at Fairwood Common, Arbroath and Watchfield, until coming to Canada in September, 1943. Sgt. Carpenter came to Penhold in November, 1943, and has been duty-piloting ever since. He has spent an impressive number of hours in the air.

Sgt. Carpenter is not married and is reticent on the subject of feminine entanglements. When he is not

playing rugger, he swims, when he can find anywhere to swim.

---

floodgates for an hour's merciless bullying with the cheerfully smug remark, "My I/F is not much good, I'm like Jimmy Cagney, I fly by the seat of my pants."

It is a peculiarity of training that it is often only at the passing out party that the pupil, given a new self-assurance by the prospect of receiving his wings, comes out in his true colours. It is then that he emerges as a personality . . . and it is then that instructors would like to revise their character and leadership assessments.

# Station Entertainment

## Boxing



**P**ENHOLD sent a team of seven contestants to the Boxing Tournament at No. 32 E.F.T.S., Bowden, on March 1st. We won two bouts and lost five. Probably the best fight of the evening was between LAC Munday, of Penhold, and L.-Cpl. Evans, of A-20, Red Deer. Evans took revenge for his recent defeat at Penhold with a victory on points. Both boxers slugged it out toe to toe, never easing up for a moment. AC Mitchell (Penhold) beat LAC Purkiss (Bowden) with a clever display of boxing; he handed out plenty of punishment to gain a well deserved points victory. The

second Penhold victory was gained by AC Dixon in a bout against AC Chapman (Bowden) in which the pair only occasionally tried to mix it.

AC Walsh (Penhold) was evenly matched with AC Cooley (Bowden), but lost narrowly on points. Another very close fight was that in which AC Stanton (Bowden) was awarded the decision over AC Mills (Penhold). Mills fought back admirably after being forced against the ropes and taking many hard punches in the early stages. The only knock-out of the evening was gained by AC Purvis (Bowden) over AC Stevens (Penhold) in the second round. AC Wingnall (Bowden), with a slight advantage in weight over AC Briggs (Penhold), gained a narrow but deserved points victory in a bout marked by stylish boxing.

• • • • •

## SPORT NOTES

Indoor sports such as tennis, badminton and basketball have been curtailed during the past month owing to the Airmen's Mess taking over the Drill Hall, but at Innisfail the "Big Bend" backwoodsmen have been aroused from their wonted lethargy by the arrival of Cpl. C. McCormack. A very enjoyable games evening, including basketball, badminton and table tennis, took place at Innisfail High School on March 9th.

**HOCKEY:** The "Penhold Fliers" have had their ups and downs during the last month of the season, losing to A-20 and 11 E.D., and winning against No. 37 S.F.T.S. and 2-78th Battery (R.C.A.), Red Deer.

## SUMMER PROGRAMME

Now that the thaw has come at last, it is time to discuss our Summer programme, which at Penhold includes games normally played in winter.

**SOCCER:** It is not certain yet whether the Alberta Inter-Services League will operate in 1944, as in previous years, due to the "zone" system now laid down for all service sport in Alberta. Under this system the winners of each zone play off for the championship. Whatever is decided, we will be "all out" to retain in our last year at Penhold the Soccer Championship which we have held since 1942.

**RUGBY FOOTBALL:** Among the recently arrived personnel there are many enthusiasts for rugger, and with the help of the New Zealand pupils we should have a very strong team this year.

**ATHLETICS, CRICKET, SOFTBALL:** Thanks to the co-operation of F/O Riddell, a 440-yard track, including the usual jumping pits, etc., will be constructed on the north side of the railway spur. The area will also include a softball diamond and a concrete cricket wicket, and we intend to organise for the first time an Inter-Section League for Softball and Cricket.

## CONCERT

A very colourful concert party filled the Recreation Hall stage on Sunday evening, March 19th, thanks to a second visit to Penhold by Mrs. Jean Farquharson. This time, she presented the Calgary Ukrainian String Orchestra, led by the baton of William Holowach. The music and dancing of the Ukraine, containing the spirit and tradition of Russia, past and present, could not have been brought to us at a more appropriate time. Twenty girls, dressed in the holiday garb of Ukrainian peasants—noted for their lovely needlework in coloured silks—played old-time mandolins. Supported by violins, 'cellos, piano and an accordion, they gave full expression to their National music. Prior to the intermission, however, the theme of "Colonel Bogey" found its way to the programme, much to the delight of the gallery.

The second half of the concert was devoted mainly to the interpretation of the Russian dances, which left us with the impression that people who dance like that for pleasure, must indeed be healthy and full of vitality. While all performers were appreciated, special mention is made of Nettie Yaremko and her always popular accordion, and the pianist, Mary MacDonald. Our thanks go to this concert party which gave us a most pleasant evening.

\* \* \* \* \*

## STATION DISCUSSION GROUP

Canada has given many of us added interest in the British Empire, and the Station Discussion Group's new series of debates on the British Commonwealth is attracting large attendances. Australia and New Zealand formed a popular subject on Sunday evening, March 12th. Speakers emphasised that over 95 per cent. of the people in Australia and New Zealand were of British stock and ties of sentiment and economics with the "mother country" were very strong. New Zealand had no colour bar, and whites and Maoris got on well together. Both Australia and New Zealand had developed industrially in recent years and had a high standard of living with social security measures comparable to the Beveridge proposals. Altogether, our New Zealand airmen proved redoubtable advocates for their own country and made it sound an attractive land in which to live.

The first debate in the Empire series was on March 5th. Various speakers showed how the Empire was held together by ties of kingship, economics, sentiment and blood, military and naval protection. Regarding the Colonies, the United Kingdom wished to retain control, they thought, for strategic, economic and conscientious reasons, successive governments having pledged help until the Colonies could stand on their own feet.

\* \* \* \* \*

## CHOIR NOTES

In the last month, the smooth running of the Choir has been somewhat disrupted by the repatriation of three of its oldest and keenest members. Chief of these is LAC Stan Philp, former pianist and, in the latter months, conductor. His untiring work and insistence on correctness of detail have been largely responsible for the Choir's success. Cpl. R. C. Smith, Secretary, and LAC Gibson will also be greatly missed in future activities.

The problem of conductorship has been settled by the recent arrival of Flying Officer Wilson, a former organist of Ely Cathedral. LAC Gleave has taken over the duties of President, the secretaryship being undertaken by Sgt. L. Coan. It is hoped that new members may be found among the recent arrivals at the Station, and a cordial invitation is extended to all lovers of choir work.

The February highlight was the Choir dinner and dance, held in the Buffalo Hotel, Red Deer, on the 24th, when about sixty members and guests spent a very enjoyable evening, with excellent dance music supplied by the Penhold R.A.F. dance band. On March 8th, a successful concert was staged in the United Church, Red Deer, where a very keen audience showed their appreciation by donating freely to the Lions Club in aid of their charity for the bombed-out children of England.

## "OLD SWEATS'" STORIES

EVERY DAY at Penhold, or any other camp for that matter, has its own peculiar "atmosphere." There's the quiet, somnolent "hush" of Sunday; the reluctant but forced activity of Monday; the cheerless gloom of Tuesday's hangar inspections; the sartorial misery of Wednesday's parade; the enforced cleanliness for Thursday's barrack inspection; the lively expectancy of Friday's week-end exodus; and, finally, the gentle cadence of Saturday's "half-power hum." Given a little imagination, these various tempos could provide enough material for an Eric Coates to compose a "Penhold Suite" that would equal "Knightsbridge" or "London Town."

In addition, there is one particular period in the week that has its own special "charm", namely, "Domestic Evening." This episode opens noisily with the clatter of forms and the swish of scrubbers, interspersed with hearty language and cries of "Roll on, the boat." And then, after the major hut jobs are finished, only a gentle murmur is heard, broken occasionally by raucous laughter. This interesting interlude occurs when clothes are being folded, buttons polished, and story-telling comes into its own. This is the time when "The General," oldest of old sweats, re-lives his past. Every article of clothing he touches awakens some memory of life by some other sea or desert, as the case may be, and the tallest of tall stories are told, which lose nothing in the telling.

It is then that the lads gather round to listen as "The General" revives the "good old days." If a microphone were installed beside "The General's" bed it would produce a perfect record for a "line book"—something like this: He'll pick up his tunic, notice the "props" are getting worn, and murmur, "These old props are looking the worse for wear—remember when I got them? Way back! That's when Boards were Boards. The Board officer put about six types of hammers in front of me and told me to tell him what they were. I got five right, but when I got to the hide hammer I was stumped, so he bawled at me "Hide! you chump," so I nipped outside and got down in a slit trench.

"But I 'ad 'im beat when he asked me 'ow I'd get an aircraft in that 'ad wrote off its undercart. I told 'im I'd jump on the mainplane, shout 'til I got a little ho(a)rse, strap 'im under the fuselage, fix up some reins, nip in the cockpit and drive 'im back to camp, makin' sure to book in at the Guard Room."

After "The General" had put his tunic tidily away he proceeded to fold up his trousers and noticed a shiny mark down the left hand side. Someone asked what it was. "That's when we used to wear bayonets for walking out, during the riots in the East. I remember one chap lost 'is bayonet and made a wooden one. On inspection at the Guard Room one day the Sergeant S.P. said, 'Let me see your bayonet,' and the fellow refused. When the Sergeant gave a direct order '. . . or else,' the lad said 'I never draw a bayonet on my mother's birthday, but orders is orders, so may the Lord turn steel to wood.' Then he pulled the bayonet out and the Sergeant fainted.

"Yus, there's nothing the Air Force can't do. Why, I remember at a fun fair one day a soldier challenged an airman to a shootin' match for stakes of a quid. They went along to the shooting gallery where the celluloid balls were going up and down on streams of water. The airman, polite like, ses 'You take first go, Tommy; senior service, you know,' and the Tommy knocked five balls off, one after another, and said 'Beat that, airman, or give me a quid.' The airman took one shot, knocked all the balls off and took the quid. The 'swaddy' only found out next day that the airman 'ad shot the woman who pumped the water.

"Look at these white gloves! I got these when I was Mace Waver in the band. It was queer 'ow I got that job; I was caught playing banker, and when I was up in front of the old man, he said he was a bit of a gambler too, and told me to cut the cards to decide 'ow many days. When I drew the Joker, he appointed me Mace Bearer in the band.

## Our Radio

IN OUR BILLET we have what is called a "Radio"—a small rectangular box, painted white, with knobs on. Inside it has five tubes (or valves) and some other stuff, and attached to it about fifty yards of wire, which is festooned over the ceiling, walls, lockers and those beds next to where it stands. This radio is supposed to provide the occupants of our billet with amusement, edification and instruction—all at different times, of course—through the medium of the various broadcast programmes which are floating about in the air at all times. These programmes our radio snatches out of the air, chews them over slightly, and spits them out at us, when it feels like doing so. That's the rub, though. What goes in don't always come out, not properly anyway.

Any evening you like to drop in to our billet, around 1730 hours, you will find it nice and peaceful, all the occupants reclining more or less gracefully on their bunks, with the silence disturbed only by old Sid's snores, various noises bursting from other people (notably Jed and 'Arry), and Larry grinding his teeth.

Then a particularly loud burp (or other noise) will wake Sid up and, thinking he has been asked to turn on some music, he will reach over and switch on the left hand button on our little monster. For several minutes peace will still reign; then a deep hum starts, which gradually grows louder and louder and louder, developing a sort of buzz-saw action as it goes along. Finally the noise reaches crescendo and throws in a T.T. race for good measure, or the sound of a Harvard stunting. By this noise we realise that someone in another billet is using an electric razor and our radio is taking full advantage of it. By this time Sid is fast asleep again—nothing disturbs him. Even when, in the middle of the night, his upper half decides to take a walk and plants his foot right on Sid's face on the way down, Sid just mutters something like "That's enough for tonight, darling," and turns over.

Suddenly the radio starts, loud and clear ". . . the forgotten half of your stomach. Take Carters' Little Liver Pills," and a suave voice says "The foregoing was transcribed," which is a polite way of saying "That was a gramophone record, chum."

That's the amazing part about it—our radio definitely has a mind of its own, and is determined we shall receive a good radio education. All the lurid details about the insides of our stomachs and other organs, the way we smell, what we should buy and why and where, all the dreary talks and uplift messages, our radio brings out absolutely clearly. But let anyone like Harry James, Dinah Shore, etc., start to amuse or enthrall us, then our radio decides such stuff is not good for us and deliberately starts out to force us to change to another, "purer", programme.

Our radio's best efforts are always made later on in the evening, particularly when the news is coming through. It has lately picked up a new trick. Every two or three minutes it will say, in a very loud and determined voice, "Keep your engines running until Bowser bites you, please keep your engines running until Bowser bites you," then gives a loud and satisfied "Click" before continuing the normal programme. This happens no matter to what wave length the radio is tuned in. Sometimes the words are varied and we hear, "I cannot hear you, Ponoka, I cannot hear you" or "You are coming in loud and clear, Ponoka, aircraft at Ponoka, you are coming in loud and clear, can you hear me, over." How an aircraft can come in loud and clear beats me. I've seen 'em come in low and bumpy, but never loud and clear. Probably something the Night Flying Flight keeps just for their own benefit, the greedy brutes. They should let us have a look at one sometime. This sort of thing may go on for hours and our radio particularly delights in doing it when the news is on. We get, "This is the C.B.C. News loud and clear please keep running over until Bowser bites you loud and clear click click," and so on.

Disgusting, isn't it?—Mac.

# The Great Fire at Penhold

IN DAYS TO COME a Board of Officers, wearily sifting through the mass of files that will be all that is left of Penhold, will come across one containing the proceedings of a Court of Inquiry on a fire which took place in the airmen's mess on a winter's night early in 1944. And, gazing listlessly through the formal evidence, question, answer and exhibit, will know nothing of its startling incandescence or of the heroism and many hours of gruelling work that finally led to its extinction.

A young Pilot Officer, returning hungry and weary from a long night cross-country over the lands beyond Camrose, unwittingly became the first cause of the disaster by demanding a late supper. The rapid reaction of a cook's hand to an accidental application of unexpected heat when he touched a tin of boiling fat, caused some of the fat to spill on to the stove, then the fat was literally in the fire. Flames shot up and set the lot alight and, leaping to the ceiling, quickly set the roof timbers ablaze. After the arrival of the fire tender, the S.D.O. was quickly summoned and he awakened the Adjutant and O.O., who that night were happily sharing the same room, with the words, "The cookhouse is on fire," and added somewhat thoughtfully, "Gosh, what a scoop for the Penhold Log!" Calling the C.O., they all sped rapidly to the scene of the fire where the C.O. directed operations to the end. It was soon obvious that the central kitchen wing was to be lost, and the efforts of all were turned to preventing the fire from spreading to the dining halls. As the firemen grew weary, cooks, pupils and others helped bear the enormous hoses aloft while the C.E.O. organised all possible salvage and the removal of furniture to the drill hall.

Meanwhile, through the rousing of the hospital staff, A/S/O Wilson was informed of the destruction of her life work. Casting but one glance at her blazing headquarters, she marched resolutely to the supply depot where she was soon deep in planning a normal menu for the morrow's breakfast. Meanwhile, the Adjutant, as of second nature, produced cups of tea from the Officers' Mess and of coffee from the depot, and was busily engaged running from one to the other whilst the S.D.O. drew up and dictated to a somnambulant duty clerk a stirring D.R.O. on the "Business as usual" lines. Unfortunately, it never reached subscribers but it temporarily satisfied the need for action of the administrative mind.

In the meantime, F/Sgt. Kiel, with his firemen and voluntary assistants, achieved his aim and prevented extension of the fire to the dining wings and finally, within four hours, had extinguished all but a few glowing embers. The casualties were limited to bruises from falls on the icy ground, but the kitchen roof and interior walls had gone and the refrigerating plant was ruined.

The S.Ad.O. in Red Deer had sought the help of the R.C.A.S.C. and, accompanied by their messing officer, arrived at the station with an auxiliary benzine stove. Cooking on this and in the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes, breakfast was served in the drill hall at the normal time. Deep was the pleasure felt by all when an airman was heard to remark that it was one of the best breakfasts he had ever had at Penhold. The next day representatives of the W. & B., Fire and Dietician Staffs of No. 4 T.C. arrived and immensely gratifying to all concerned was their unanimous approval of the work that had been done during the fire and afterwards. By now, already hardly a trace of it remains, but everyone decided that, while it lasted, it was a jolly good fire.



## Ski-ing The Hard Way . . And How

**S**KI-ING is pronounced as well as perfected the hard way. If you have been gulled into the idea that you can ski merely by reading an article or a book on the subject, let me tell you just what happened to me—for I, too, had pictured myself swishing down the snow-carpeted mountainside in graceful Christianias, or floating high through the air with skis on my feet, in emulation of the experts I had seen! Alas, the gulf and the pain that exist between the dream and the reality!

My first introduction to the sport (after having sold my portion of the car and rendered into him of the three brass balls sufficient of my property to provide the wherewithal) consisted of a linguistic hotch-potch of Gelandesprungen, Vorlage, Ab-stem, Langlauf, Schuss, Christiania, Telemark, Arlberg, Bildstein, Achtung, Sitzmark, Donner und Blitzen—to quote (but not necessarily spell correctly) only a few ski-ing terms. I resigned myself to starting at the bottom rung of the ladder (hoping that it would soon be replaced by an Elevator) and plodded on for days, diligently but not very successfully, practising walking, climbing, gingery little downhill, stems and stem turns and things. I had swallowed my twenty-first mouthful of snow one day and, refusing in disgust to struggle to my emplancked feet again, I sat, and watched, and wondered. Youngsters on barrel staves, dainty young ladies and ageing men floating past me in such skilled and confident manner set me thinking of my fallen (how often!) manhood. Methought, to the top of the slope I'd go, and "schuss" it straight, just like that popsy! And, yes, I would go up via the vertigo express, too, Damn it!

So off to the Ski Tow I sauntered, payed my fare, girded my loins, and, with the utmost nonchalance, took hold of the endless rope which, running on pulleys, is driven by what, in basic R.A.F. English, would be described as "a dirty great Diesel." The infernal contraption immediately pulled me off my feet head-first into the snow, and I thought my arms had been disengaged from their sockets! After the fourth attempt I did manage to get under way, but the setback nature of the ski track was too much for my shaken equilibrium.

In disgust and complete resignation I sallied forth to climb the remainder of the way without the aid of so Heath Robinson an invention. After about half an hour of exhaustive and hectic effort in a battle to overcome the inherent tendency of skis (with my unfortunate person bound to them!) to slide backwards in regression against my attempts at progression, I eventually arrived at the top of the ski slope in a state of complete collapse. Another quarter hour barely sufficed to regain my lost breath, after which I began to pluck up courage for the descent, pondering carefully all the things my Instructor had tried to tell me about vorlage, bend ze knees (not ze elbows) and what-not.

Unfortunately my skis were ready to move off long before I was and, behaving just like a pair of wild horses in harness for the first time. I tried to stop them by digging my poles into the snow ahead of me, but only succeeded in impaling my solar plexus! Efforts at clawing the air were equally unavailing, and so, since my feet were strapped to the skis, I had perforce to accompany them. My speed increased, with my fear (and/or vice-versa), and down I went on a ski ride contrasted with which John Gilpin's effort on his solid-hoofed quadruped must pale into complete insignificance.

What a schuss! Screeching "Achtung" (the only Germanic expression I recalled which seemed to fit the occasion), with arms and sticks flailing in a desperate effort to preserve a precarious balance, I shot down that slope, via

## Pukka Gen Den

THOSE of you whose footsteps don't often take you as far as No. 5 hangar wouldn't know the Old Chapel now. Recently, it's been converted from a place of worship to a seat of learning. It now comprises the Unit Education Section, and as such contains a Lecture Room mainly for Trade Training purposes and an Information Room or Airmen's Study. The latter—a real "gen den"—houses the Unit Reference Library of over 800 volumes. Whether your taste runs to "Health and Human Welfare" or "Diseases and Parasites of Poultry," whether you want an "Automobile Guide" or a "Sheet Metal Workers' Annual," a biography of Queen Victoria or George Bernard Shaw, John Gunther's "Inside Asia" or the same author's "Inside Latin America," a German grammar or Latin text, an abstruse volume on "Invertebrate Palaeontology" or a somewhat slighter book on "Aeronautical Meteorology," you'll derive satisfaction from a visit to the Library.

If you're interested in the progress of the War (and who is not?), you'll find a whole wall of the Information Room decorated with maps on which pins with coloured heads denote the fronts in the Pacific War Zone, and in eastern and southern Europe. When the Second Front is opened, a new chart will make its appearance to enable you to follow the sequence of events in the new theatre of operations.

On another wall is a series of political and economic maps of Canada. There are also large-scale maps of our own workaday patch of prairie and of the playground region of the Banff National Park.

On two large folding tables lie many pamphlets and magazines, of interest. "The Listener," "London Calling," "Saturday Night," "Standard Weekly," "Macleans," "Canadian Geographical Journal," "Canadian Art," "Canadian Review of Music and Art," "Canadian Nature," "Canadian Forum," "Food For Thought," "Canadian Affairs," "War," "Current Affairs," "World Affairs," "Britain," "The Empire Digest," are some of the magazines which are received. They are available to all personnel.

The Airmen's Study is open at all times to all personnel. The Reference Library is open for the issue of books from 09.00 to 12.00 and from 14.00 to 17.00 hours daily, except Sunday; and also on Wednesday evenings from 18.30 to 20.30 hours.

---

the line of least resistance, leaving a trail of fallen bodies in my wake, heading straight for the collection of embryo skiers near the foot of the slope to whom the pro was giving instruction, blissfully unaware of the fate which was descending so rapidly upon them. In retrospect it seems remarkable that on a slope previously dotted with so many people a path should have been so quickly and accurately cleared. The thrill of a lifetime was crowded into those few seconds, to the exclusion of any ideas of trying braking actions or anything else which might ward off an impending fate—all my thoughts and all my efforts were concentrated on preserving my ungainly equilibrium! In the few short spells that I dared open my eyes, all I saw was the Ski Class in my direct line of flight.

To my salvation be it said that (on my death-bed, as it were) I recalled the advice of the Ski Instructor, who said: "If all else fails, then just fall down; you'll stop all right." And I did! With supreme resignation I described the most beautiful Sitzmark you ever saw, and landed heels and skis overhead in five feet of snow in the midst of a very much impressed Ski Class. I will not dwell on the time it took to excavate me from my snow bivouac, the crater-like pitfall I left for others, or the encouraging remarks of the Ski Instructor. One thing I will say is, that in no other sphere have I made so great a mark as I did at the culminating point of that gloriously crazy first

\*Schuss of mine!

(\*) Schuss: a straight run downhill at full speed.

## News From Home

Ideas for the post-war future are increasingly eagerly debated at home. Many books and pamphlets are published, and many conferences and meetings held to debate what shall be done with the peace. The major issue lies between state control and free enterprise. Progressive Conservative, Eton and Oxford, M.P. Robert Boothby asks for state control of finance in a book called "The New Economy." Boothby's aim is social security through full employment; the method: maintaining the purchasing power of the people up to the point of full consumption of goods produced through controlled finance. He would make the Bank of England a state-owned institution and banking a public service instead of a profit-making business.

Richard Acland, leader of the new Common Wealth party, has published a book called "How It Can Be Done," defining the objects and methods of his drastic socialist policy. He would cancel all individual rights to private property with limited compensation to property owners. This, he says, is "the minimum proposal required to assure to our country an orderly democratic development." The object of his policy: to run the country "as a production unit and not as a financial tangle."

Further ideas for dealing with Germany after the war have been offered by the London journalist, Hamilton Fyffe. He would shut the Germans up inside Germany and segregate them there. Other nations would be forbidden to trade with Germany, no visitors to Germany would be permitted, and no German would be allowed outside German frontiers. He would renounce any idea of occupying Germany, or exacting reparations.

**Wartime Living** is still hard. Whiskey is unobtainable, even at 25s. 6d. a bottle. The government has declined to intervene in the whiskey crisis. . . . Household coal deliveries are limited to 4 cwt. a month in Southern England, 5 cwt. a month in Northern Scotland. . . . The acute shortage of furniture has caused wild bidding at auction sales for secondhand articles which before the war would have disappeared on to the scrap heap. The production of "Utility" furniture has not relieved the demand for secondhand cast-off goods, for "Utility" furniture is rationed only to the bombed-out and the newly-married. Private buyers at auction sales outbid dealers, who are forbidden by price control to sell secondhand furniture above its original price. . . . There is good news for women, for cosmetics manufacturers have been permitted to increase output up to 25 per cent; cosmetics have provided a happy hunting ground for black market racketeers. . . . One of the more inexplicable wartime booms is in Philately—collectors of postage stamps are paying record prices for rare issues. At a London sale two Mauritius stamps were sold for £40 and £21.

**Births, Marriages, Deaths.** Statistics of current population trends show that Britain's population is likely to decline by 25 per cent in the next thirty years. At present a quarter of our population is under 14—in 1975 it is likely that only one-tenth will be boys and girls. At present only one-tenth of the population is over 60—in 1975 it is estimated that this proportion will have risen to one-third. . . . In the September quarter of 1943 the birth rate in Britain for the period was the highest since 1926, but marriages were fewer than since 1918. But the infant mortality rate was the lowest ever recorded. . . . Meanwhile, under stress of war, the London divorce courts were swamped with almost 4,000 divorce cases, far more than four judges could handle. More divorce judges were appointed, some to go out to handle the cases in the provinces.

**Medicine.** In an article in the "Lancet" it is reported that heavy meals slow down brainwork, help to explain the slowing of mental processes noticed by brain-workers now doing heavy manual work and taking larger meals in the services. . . . The "Lancet" also reports that goitre could be wiped out in a generation by iodising table salt. . . . The latest cure for sea-sickness is the

poison used by the murderer, Crippen—a drug called hyoscine; it has a slightly unpleasant after-effect, but not so unpleasant as sea-sickness.

**Etiquette.** The Y.W.C.A. published a booklet "How To Be a Lady." Extracts: Eating and Drinking—Managing



knives and forks is "quite straightforward because you always work from the outside edge inwards." "Eating loudly is an offensive habit, even though in some countries smacking the lips is a great compliment. Do not leave your table in a mess." Fanning tea with your hat is barred. Introductions—Introduce your boy friend to your parents, "Not the other way round." Dances and Concerts:—"Dancing cheek to cheek is not done." Sitting on the boy friend's knee "may cause uncharitable people to say uncharitable things about you." How To Get Invited Again:—Week-ending is really simple. "Arrive when you say you will . . . don't make pools on the bathroom floor . . . don't talk through News, although you may

be bored and/or dislike the announcer's voice . . . offer to clean your hostess's shoes." Conversation:—Beware of being "The Bore . . . the Social Deadweight . . . the Giggler . . . the Dumb . . . the Chatterer . . . the Gossip." Equality of the Sexes:—Fine, but "never wear slacks to go out to tea with your grandmother." Make-up:—"Grand for morale," but do not put it on in public. "Your boy friend doesn't like this" and "it gives away secrets." In Church:—It is "not done to stand on your seat to see the bride better." If, in

a strange church, you are "dazed or angry . . . do not bolt out . . . there are obvious times in every service to make a getaway."

**Food.** The kick is being put back in English mustard; it comes from brown mustard flower—white mustard flower is almost tasteless. The Food Ministry has fixed the percentage of brown and white mustard flower which makes up mustard. The missing kick is technically called "allyisonthiocyanate". . . . An Itchen Abbas (Hampshire) cow claims a world's milk producing record. A 16-year-old Shorthorn, she has averaged 1,500 gallons a year, supplies 100 people daily with their milk ration. She has produced 13 calves, four of which are likely to break their mother's record. . . . Kent farmers, suffering severe losses in poultry and sheep from foxes which roamed the country in packs like wolves, turned out with Land Girls, Home Guards and soldiers, to hunt them down. Fifty foxes were shot in one sector in one hour.

**London's Crystal Palace** may be rebuilt after the war. Plans have been submitted to the trustees, with the news that the Crystal Palace has more funds in hand than was paid for the original building, which was burnt down in 1936. Investments and cash in hand amount to nearly a quarter of a million pounds, and the site is valued at half a million pounds. Features of the newly planned building, which would be of glass and of modern design, include an arena to seat 8,000 for boxing tournaments, band festivals, etc.; concert, dance and exhibition halls; swimming pool, ice rink, and courts for various indoor sports; half a mile of roof gardens and promenades.

## Of Mice and Men

THERE has always been in the mind of the healthy airman a reluctance to eat his tomatoes cold when he preferred them fried for breakfast, and what civilised being would eat cold tomatoes at breakfast? The thought of all those beneficial little vitamins bubbling into oblivion in the frying pan has never caused any of us the loss of a minute's sleep. Maybe we're bad types.

The Airmen's Mess Committee, now variously known as Vitamins Unlimited, The Guinea-Pig Fanciers' Association, and White Mice Incorporated, had one of its better meetings on February 10th. Having unearthed the fact that its diet was rigidly controlled by a schedule of vitamins to be consumed, the Committee, which wouldn't know which vitamins to salute and which to ignore if it met them, had the temerity to enquire how the vitamin-content of food samples from Penhold and elsewhere (is there anywhere else, Daddy?) was fixed.

The explanation that the food was fed to guinea-pigs, compulsorily, was greeted with hoots of derision. The guinea-pigs are understood to display airmanlike reactions, but to possess inferior vocal powers.

The oldest surviving guinea-pig, "Pride of Penhold" (by Bin out of Swill), is being promoted to the rank of temporary corporal and remustered cook and butcher. Some mention of a service medal has been made. The whole matter is, however, being referred to the Committee of the "Save Every Hog" campaign, who will deal with cruelty to mice, guinea-pigs, and airmen, but not, we hope, in that order of priority.

Is Penhold to accept for ever the dicta of the guinea-pig farm whose proclamations are final to mice and men? Is Penhold to exercise its right to eat the roast beef of Old England? Are the descendants of the Empire-builders to eat food approved by guinea-pigs?

Next month—"Guinea Pig finds vitamin in haggis! Eats same!" Don't miss the report of the next exciting meeting, exclusive to the Penhold Log.

\* \* \* \* \*

## The Magna Carta Committee

THE Magna Carta Committee, which is at present re-writing Penhold's Station Standing Orders, almost had its work brought to a standstill by the lack of beer at the flat of the honourable member who provided hooch and shelter for the midnight-oil-burning Committee of Three. A breakdown in the proceedings threatened in the early days when the station adjutant intimated that he would have to resign if the Constitution were produced in English. Pronouncements of such dignity and weight could, he maintained, be expressed only in Latin.

In its probings into the musty pile of existing standing orders, the Committee was distressed to find that a lack of facility in the use of the language had led its predecessors to place all buildings in the camp "Out of Bounds" unless the buildings in question happened to be on duty. The Committee accordingly ruled that all buildings would henceforth be considered as "on duty" with the exception of the Bowling Alley.

The Committee's first attempt to define the boundaries of the camp led to an impasse. The camp, it was decided, was the place inside the boundary fence. The boundary fence, it was decided, was the thing round the camp. At this juncture a few landmarks would have been helpful. A tankard of old and mild would have been even more helpful.



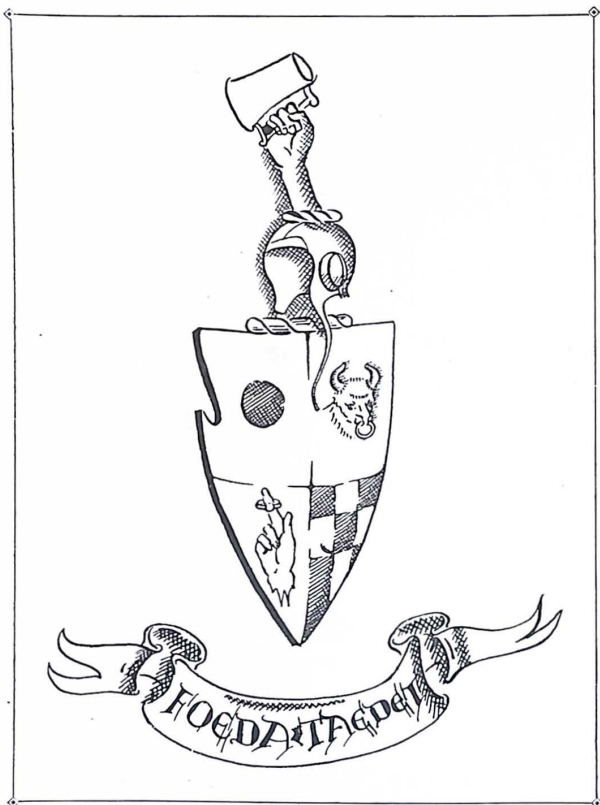
## The New Station Church

After many months of watching a small building being erected opposite the large barrack block known as 304, it was eventually realised that this would be the new Church.

On Sunday, March 5th, the Royal Air Force Staff Chaplain, Rev. Wing Commander G. W. N. Groves, visited Penhold, and with all dignity dedicated the new Church. The lesson at this service was read by the Commanding Officer, Group Captain H. J. Pringle, A.F.C., and the service was taken by the Station Chaplain.

At this service, tribute was paid to all those kind friends who had made it possible to have such a beautiful place of worship. The work of F/O J. Riddell, and his able staff of workmen, has been greatly appreciated, for the beautiful background to the Sanctuary at the Protestant end of the Church, the gilt crosses, and the novel baptismal font were their work. The ladies of St. Luke's Anglican Church (Senior Women's Auxiliary) kindly gave the Altar Frontal, and the T. Eaton Co., Red Deer, have given the blue carpets which cover the two Sanctuaries.

The Church has a Roman Catholic chancel at one end, and a Protestant sanctuary at the other end. It is gratifying to know that while this Station operates, there is a very adequate place for worship, for Sunday services and for private devotions at all times.



### A COAT OF ARMS FOR PENHOLD

In dexter chief argent an orb noir (dual only); In sinister chief azure a bull proper; In dexter base azure a finger dedans (or in); In sinister base argent chequy gules (no flying); On a wreath of the colours a helm(et) proper with crest, a hand tilting a tankard proper (empty).

Designed by F/Lt. Andrew, this coat of arms will not be submitted to the College of Heralds for approval.

# Flaps From the Flying Wing

For the benefit of pupils, it should, perhaps, be explained that the remark, "Should go a long way in aviation circles," has no reference at all to the Penhold circuit.

\* \* \*

Our recently-departed Chief Instructor left Alberta still smarting under the indignity of being addressed as "Cap" by a well-meaning visiting pilot of the U.S.A.A.F.

\* \* \*

One hopes that when the O.C. "D" Flight next plays the good Samaritan to the extent of relieving two of our Instructors of the task of seeing their lady friends home from a Mess Dance, they will not, after being deposited safely in the back of the coupe, regale him with ribald songs, while insisting that they are being taken home by the Padre, who, they fondly imagine, is taking them to "Molly's Cafe" for lunch. A supper-dance at "Wimpey's" is indicated on such occasions.

\* \* \*

One of the best recent "howlers" came from the secretary of a choir who claimed that they had appeared "At Air Force stations and other charitable institutions." The Station Adjutant is believed to have marked the letter "Concur" and to have added his baronic signature.

\* \* \*

The remark, "Oh, but we don't do it that way at North Battleford," which almost led to some fatal conflicts in Flying Wing during February, acquired new significance after the astonishing prang at Innisfail in which a North Battleford pilot landed on top of a local pilot's aircraft.

\* \* \*

Penhold's motto is still in doubt. A Flying Wing favourite of the moment—"Vice is Nice"—awaits translation into the Latin and approval by the College of Heralds. The Station Adjutant offers: Foeda Taedet, or "Sin is such a bore." "Semper in Alta" is, however, still regarded as the answer to the hundred dollar question in the ecclesiastical circles domiciled in the room next to the C.O.'s office.

\* \* \*

It will long be said of the departed Chief Instructor that he left the Officers' Mess at Penhold as dry as any bar has ever been. The prestige of the liquor controllers can never have been so low as on his last appearance in the Mess when all that could be found to drink in his honour was something—we hardly dare mention it—called grape wine. Did His Majesty send bits of his Royal Air Force six thousand miles that they might suffer the indignity of a toast drunk in such concoctions? . . . Was it significant that the Chief Instructor left us . . . "Penhold" (uttered in a tone of deepest contempt) . . . "to do with as you will." . . . May its proud motto "Base-Bashaw-Base" be written in grape pips across our hearts. . . . May the drinking of grape-wine never again become an exigency of the service.

\* \* \*

We have been asked by the proprietor of Stratton Air Lines (Western) Ltd. to publish the following announcements:

A vacancy exists for a traffic manager on the new "Rookies to Rockies" route. Retired Works and Buildings officers are not eligible. . . . Vacancies exist for eighty-five hostesses. Five more vacancies will occur when five more Instructors arrive. . . .

The following, by transcription: "Stratto-liners carry you in safety, in comfort and at speed." . . . A.L. 1 Delete "Safety." . . . A.L. 2 For "Comfort" read "Misery." . . . A.L. 3 Delete "Speed." . . . Our Specialty: Single-engine take-offs.

## Cinema Notes

FEBRUARY proved to be an outstanding month in the history of the Cinema, and in more ways than one. There was a greater number of evening performances than ever before, and the attendances were sixteen per cent higher than in the previous month, itself a record. We must mention, too, though with some reluctance, that the kind of nightmare which makes us wake sweating in the night became, for once, reality. The wrong film arrived from the distributors, and that on the day of the most eagerly anticipated feature of the month's programme! In such circumstances an apology seems painfully inadequate, and one cannot hope thereby to annihilate the suspicion that members of the audience have been persuaded by false pretences to pay their entrance fee. It is hoped that "Phantom of the Opera" will appear on the screen before long, but it will now, perhaps, be something of an anti-climax.

The innovation of instrumentalists in place of gramophone records between performances is very welcome, and we are grateful to those who give us this pleasure. More elaborate "Floor Shows" would be attractive, but the limited time available seems to be an insuperable difficulty. Suggestions have been made that there should be talent competitions (with an earlier opening of doors) at week-ends, and it is possible that their adoption may prove feasible.

LAC Burns, whose repatriation was providentially delayed long enough for him to secure immortality in last month's "Log", has at last left on his homeward journey. No one kept an ear closer to the ground than he, and his sure appreciation of the likes and dislikes of the local "public" was invaluable to his associates on the Cinema staff, as was his complete devotion to his voluntary duties. It is fortunate that LAC Atherton remains to carry on this work with comparable fidelity.



CASCADE MOUNTAIN, BANFF

## Officers' Mess Chronicle

**D**URING the past month, changes of personnel have taken place almost hourly, and most replacements having come from the now disbanded No. 35 S.F.T.S., North Battleford, the suggestion that this unit be renamed No. 71 S.F.T.S. has met with approval in some quarters. The various disparate elements now including representatives of all the Dominions as well as of the Army, have quickly fused themselves into homogeneity largely through the reactive agents of the bridge table and a common tendency to deplore the liquor ration. F/Lt. Thomas, on returning from a long spell of leave, was moved to remark that having still a 13 oz. bottle of gin he would be able to give a party to entertain all those he knew who still remained at Penhold.

The formal mess dance held on February 19th was largely a good-bye party for W/Cdr. Hayward. Our sadness at his going cast a shadow over the merriment which was not less adumbrated by the breaking of F/O Steel's leg. Both are, however, doing as well as can be expected at Moncton and in hospital, respectively. With the opening of the new chapel, the station has been visited by many eminent divines and on March 11th by G/Capt. White, the head of the New Zealand Air Liaison Mission.

The list of departures again is a long one and is headed this time by the patriarchal figure of F/Lt. Elliott, who was one of Penhold's Founder Members.



His wide knowledge of German had led newcomers to believe that the elegant scar across his cheek had been born in some student quarrel in old Heidelberg. Strangely enough the truth was, for once, more prosaic, for his disfigurement came to him one afternoon near Blackfalds when his aircraft refused to continue to defy the more simple laws of dynamics. S/Ldr. Linton has followed him home—many long hours in the dark room, developing his magnificent shots of a complex hernia, made him unwilling to face the daylight in Sunny Alberta, and it was generally towards dusk that his wan face, tortured by the physiological horrors over which he had been browsing, turned slowly towards the mess.

F/Lt. Crowe, after leaving, got off the train at Moose Jaw and made his way to Mossbank, where he joined a W.D. in wedlock and then continued his journey home. His friends, namely all at Penhold, wish him sincerest congratulations. From Maintenance Wing has also gone F/O Ballantyne, who was famed as the first aerial stowaway and will be long remembered at Pen-

hold for the ghastly boxing encounters he so zealously organized. F/O Thomas, of the Armament Section, was also notorious but for different reasons, for he was the proud possessor of the largest all-red moustache between Banff and Bassano. He was bereft of this splendid ornament on the eve of his departure by tearful friends who were unwilling that it, too, should leave the province. S/Ldr. Sheldrick has won his boat, for which he was so long and loudly clamant, and he has taken with him S/Ldr. Clarke who supported him with longanimity, largely because he was able to switch off his receiving set when the occasion demanded. Flying Wing has lost F/O.s Teare, Lowrie and Marriott. Teare was a mainstay of the Officers' Mess ice hockey team, and it was therefore curious that a small cut received on the chin should

have so extensively alarmed him that he spent most of Christmas Day in a taxi seeking medical opinion all over Alberta. Lowrie had recently married a nurse and, becoming attached to the profession as a whole, spent the rest of his time in Canada in the sickquarters, supposedly suffering from 'flu. Marriott was another winter sport enthusiast, but even he would be surprised at the stories of his prowess that continue to trickle through from Sunshine. A/S/O Wilson has gone "active," to the regret of everyone except, we hope, her husband, who is understood to be somewhere in Britain. Those who remember the charm with which she nightly dispensed coffee and cookies will not easily forget her beneficent and culinary sway. To Bowden has gone F/Lt. Frost—the ugly rumour that his was a compassionate posting to a better stocked mess was soon dispelled by his obvious and real sorrow at going and the unconscionable time he took in finally clearing himself.

To all those who have gone, the best of good wishes, and to those who have come, a courteous welcome is extended. The latter will realise that irrefragable requirements have temporarily limited both bedroom space and beer, but a happier day dawns for Penhold with the broadcast announcement that the end is in sight and the quota is to be increased.

## Nursery Rhymes

### Retold . . . .

Hey jingle jingle,  
Our G/C's called Pringle,  
Our C.I. has flown to the moon.  
The C.E.O. laughed  
Because the aircraft  
Was due for a Major quite soon.

\* \* \*

Sing a song of Penhold  
A bottle full of rye,  
Twenty pilot officers  
Have drunk the bottle dry.

When the bar was opened  
They all began to shout,  
"Give us back our permits  
And pull your finger out!"

\* \* \*

Hickory, dickory, dock,  
What on earth has happened to  
Locke?  
The clock's struck one,  
Parade has begun,  
Please ring up the Junior Doc!

## DAINTY DINNERS at the DRILL HALL CAFE



Snacks Served After P.T.



# STATION CINEMA

## Programme for April

1944

SATURDAY and SUNDAY  
APRIL 1-2

"Higher and Higher"

Michele Morgan and  
Frank Sinatra

MONDAY, APRIL 3

"The Major and the  
Minor"

Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland

TUESDAY, APRIL 4

"Her's To Hold"

Deanna Durbin, Joseph Cotten

THURSDAY, APRIL 6

"Phantom of the Opera"

Nelson Eddy, Susanna Foster

SATURDAY and SUNDAY  
APRIL 8-9

"Tender Comrade"

Ginger Rogers, Robert Ryan

MONDAY, APRIL 10

"Around the World"

Kay Kyser            Joan Davis  
                                 Mischa Auer

TUESDAY, APRIL 11

"Hostages"

Luise Rainer, Wm. Bendix

THURSDAY, APRIL 13

"Corvette K 225"

Rand lph Scott, James Brown

SATURDAY and SUNDAY  
APRIL 15-16

"Lost Angel"

Margaret O'Brien and  
James Craig

MONDAY, APRIL 17

"Souls at Sea"

Gary Cooper, George Raft

TUESDAY, APRIL 18

"No Time for Love"

Claudette Colbert and  
Fred MacMurray

THURSDAY, APRIL 20

"Song of Russia"

Robert Taylor, Susan Peters

APRIL 22-23

To be announced later

MONDAY, APRIL 24

"Tornado"

Chester Morris, Nancy Kelly

TUESDAY, APRIL 25

"Whistling In Brooklyn"

Red Skelton, Ann Rutherford

THURSDAY, APRIL 27

"In Old Oklahoma"

John Wayne    Martha Scott  
                                 Albert Dekker

SATURDAY and SUNDAY

APRIL 29-30

To be announced later