



VOLUME V

MAY

# THE PENHOLD LOG



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



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and Cpl. McLellan Jones.

*Editorial*

THOSE few who read editorials will remember that in last month's issue the re-patriation of the Editor was announced. Immediately this was irrevocably printed, the Editor learned that his posting had been cancelled. Although still indignantly awaiting an apology from much higher authority, he has now reconciled himself to the superfluous waste of energy in completing a clearance chit, the loss of a wisdom tooth, an inoculation and a vaccination which "took." Consequently the promise of the announcement of a new Editor cannot be fulfilled, although the position was offered to various adjutants without success.

However, the artistic side of the production problem has been complicated by the departure of F/Lt. Andrew, who combined a ready wit with a fluent pencil, and by recent restrictions on the use of photographic materials. In the new set-up, F/O Tonks has taken over the job of illustrator, and F/O Hummel is now the official "Log" photographer. Rev. (S/Ldr.) Crockett replaces the previous Padre on the Advisory Board, and with the addition of F/Lt. Hibberd to the Committee, we establish a triumvirate of literary adjutants to report on the affairs of the Station. If the criticism is offered that the "Log" is managed by an overwhelming preponderance of officers, we can only reply that the number of airmen contributors is disproportionately—and deplorably—small.

# A Guide to Ground School

OVER the drawbridge—or duckboards—which lead up to the doors of the Ground Instruction School have passed all the many pilots who have been trained at No. 36 S.F.T.S., Penhold. The G.I.S. is not an impressive building, but from its classrooms have gone officer and N.C.O. pilots who are serving with operational squadrons in most parts of the world—at home in Britain, in the Mediterranean, at Atlantic outposts, in India and Burma. Some of these pilots have been decorated, and all carry with them round the world a mental picture of the lecture rooms of Penhold.

Life in the Academy of Knowledge, as it is sometimes known, begins early in the day, when at 0745 hours pupils who are maimed or sick stagger to the Disciplinarian's office to report their ills and to receive encouragement from the little N.C.O. behind the desk. By night the G.I.S. has housed the Duty Armourer, spectrally draped in sleep on a table beside the Hispano cannon. As he lies there serenely, the first early visitors to the Armoury have been tempted with the idea of loading and firing his bed companion as a morning salute.

All day long the corridors fill and empty with the surge of pupils moving from one lecture to another. As comparative peace settles over the building with the commencement of each lecture, a stroll through the corridors proves instructive. On your right a Scots Sergeant is endeavouring to instil a knowledge of the intricacies of aero-engines into an awed and gaping class of pupils—from whom an application has been received for the issue of a Gaelic interpreter from Stores. Next door the Morse key is singing its leisurely song, while someone tries to get the latest news on the "1155", but instead gets "Women of America." An instructor brushes past you, and is identified as the Section goalkeeper track-crawling his way to the map room, Computer in hand and grim determination on his face.

Down at the end of the second corridor a class sits in the dim light of a curtained room. This is no seance, for a Flight Sergeant is sitting by a projector throwing briefly a silhouette onto a screen. Was it an aeroplane? It was . . . but what type, mark and wing span? In another corner of the building a quick glance into the general lecture room may reveal certain pupils locked in a death struggle on a small and creaking table, while the spectators sit round making chairs G.P. perform the function of shooting sticks. This is not in the syllabus.

## Crime Detectors

Immediately on entering the Ground School, one is confronted by the Disciplinarian's office—a modest room, with Forms 295 more prominently displayed than birches or thumb-screws. For the Disciplinarian Sergeant and Corporal, in spite of the severity of their title, are more father and brother to the pupils than the dispensers of wrath and punishment. Sgt. Hinds has a long experience of British pupils in Canada, for he was at Swift Current, De Winton and No. 37 S.F.T.S., Calgary, before coming to Penhold last March. He is one member of G.I.S. who qualifies for the 1939-43 Star by reason of service in France in the first year of the war. He is a keen boxer and footballer—he played for the formidable Calgary team last summer, and of the 28 times he has appeared in the boxing ring in Canada he has lost only one fight. His assistant, Cpl. Diffley, has grown to be a disciplinarian of pupils after serving in Balloon Command and Station Headquarters. While with the Balloons he went through the blitz in Sheffield, Coventry and Birmingham. He also is an athletic type; he plays football, swims, and declares that he is fond of running, in spite of his experiences in S.H.Q.

## Chief Ground Instructor



SQUADRON LEADER N. G. MINOR is the C.G.I. He came to Penhold in August, 1943, after serving nine months in France at the beginning of the war, and subsequently gaining wide experience of R.A.F. training with Technical Training Command, at an I.T.W., and at an S.F.T.S. and an F.I.S. in Great Britain. He served in the R.A.F. during the last war, but as a u/t Observer commencing training in 1918, he was cheated of his Observer's wing by the Armistice, which, for him, came just a few days too soon. He had previously enlisted in the Royal Warwickshire Regiment in 1915, but was discharged for "having made a mis-statement as to age" . . . and being only 15 at the time, he went Home to Mummy.

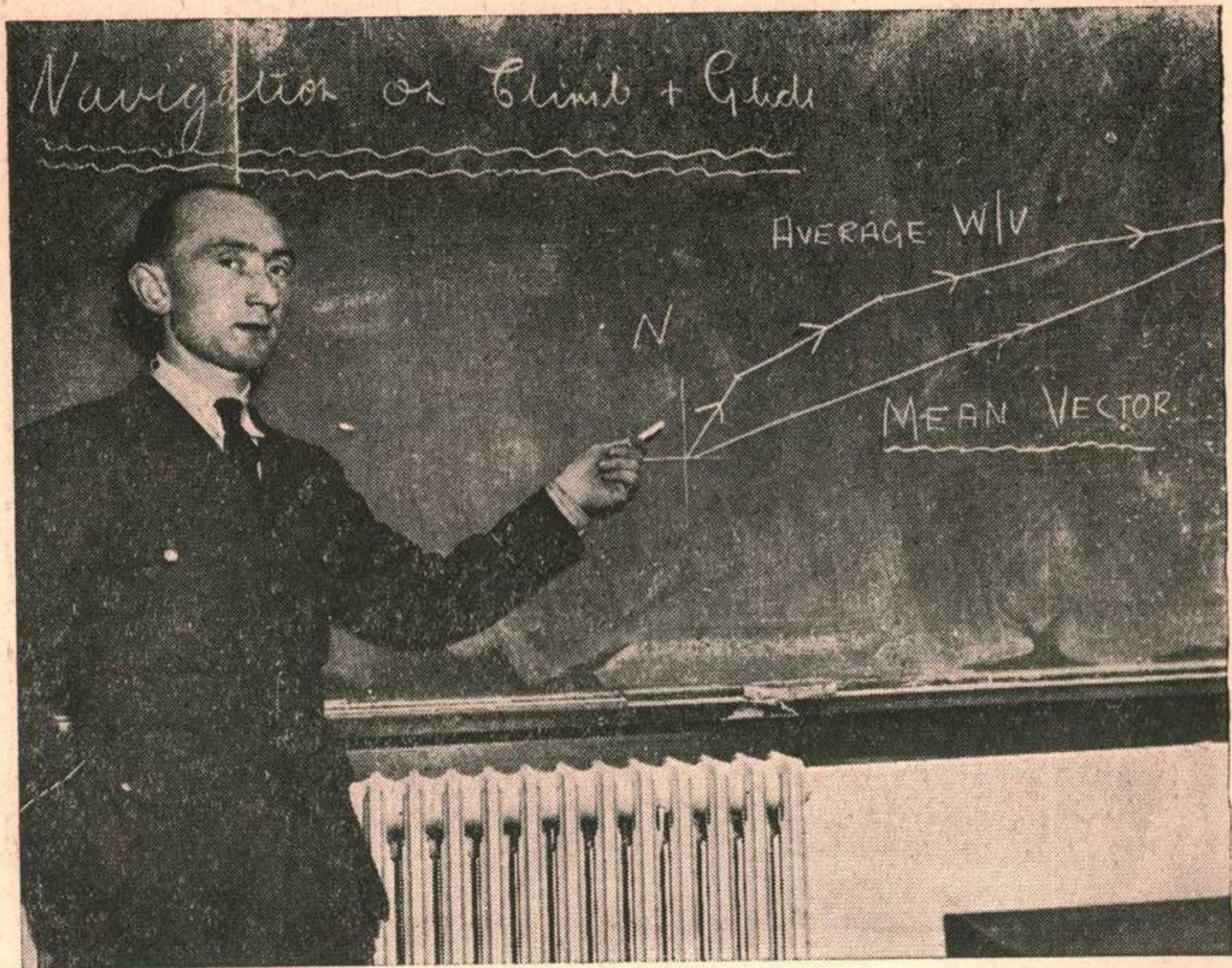
In peace time, S/Ldr. Minor was connected commercially (and not by pipe-line, he adds) with a Birmingham Brewery. He was well-known in Warwickshire sport-

ing circles as an outstanding tennis player, being a finalist in the Warwickshire Junior Doubles in 1934, and as a Midland Counties Amateur Boxing referee. Cartilage injuries deprived him of the chance of playing for the Warwickshire County tennis team. He is fond of all sports, shuns big cities, and moves off when duties permit to Rocky Mountain House and points west. As a snooker player, when partnered by the Chief Accountant Officer, he has been able to glean a few cents from the pockets of his opponents.

Nicknames—everything from Major to Two-ton—have always clung to him. Weighing 17 stone, the R.A.F. was unable to produce a set of webbing equipment equal to his girth when he went to France in 1939. When he returned to Britain after the evacuation in June, 1940, he claims to have lost a stone or so, but in Canada, he says, he has at last recovered the weight he lost in those trying early days of the war.

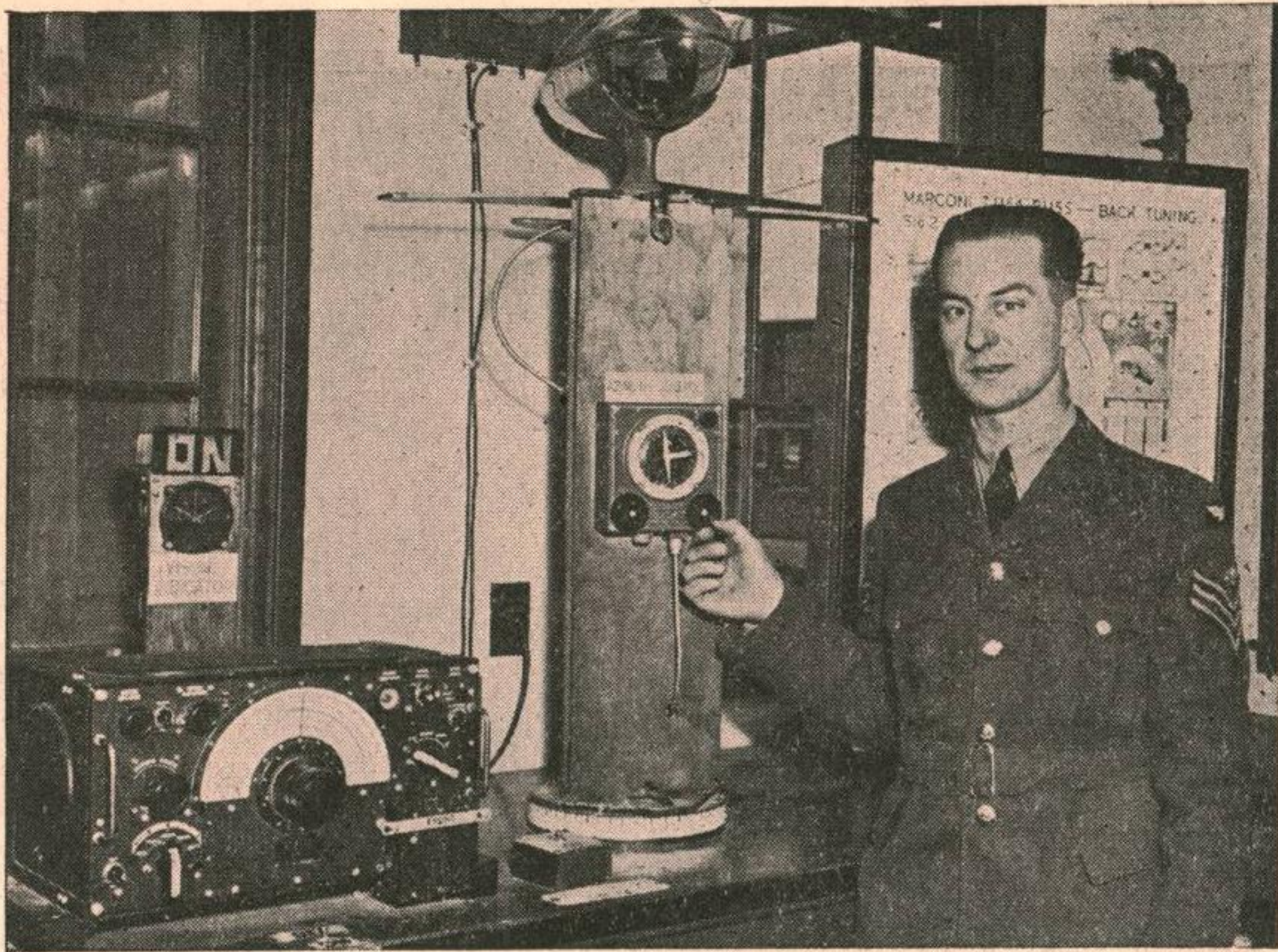
## Per Ardua Ad Astro-Nav

How to fly from A to B is the problem vigorously attacked by the Navigation instructors—and the answer is far from simple, as the complex tangle of vectors to which F/O Reddington is drawing attention in our picture vividly suggests. F/O Reddington is slight, but determined, and has been known to excite a degree of alarm even in the hearts of those ex-navigator u/t pilots who have happily flown over Germany in ten-tenths cloud. The remorseless pursuit of those who feature on his loan cards, and his ability to detect the improper possession of a compass key concealed about the person of an other-



wise innocent sergeant, has made him feared far outside the bounds of G.I.S. According to one report, he is "a hard man, constantly imploring his pupils to get more candle power in their Toc H lamps, who in off moments becomes almost benevolent." He has been in the R.A.F. since 1935, and was with the famous 12 Squadron in the Battle of France until he had the misfortune to be blown up in a crash. He was over six months in French and British hospitals, and was subsequently grounded as unfit for flying duties. Since then he has been a navigation instructor at three training schools in Britain, and at Calgary and Penhold in Canada. That he has survived such a long spell of pounding sense into the pupil brain with comparative equanimity convinces us that beneath a stern front there beats a heart of gold. His charms recently led him to be quietly and successfully married in Calgary.

F/O Reddington's two assistants, F/O Worley and P/O Welbourne, both became navigators via a pilot's course. F/O Worley remustered from store bashing to be a navigator, but higher authority selected him for pilot training. However, after a spell at E.F.T.S. he finally achieved his ambition to be a navigator. P/O Welbourne also started off as a pilot, and from Bowden he came to Penhold, to "G" Flight, as a pupil, and has consequently seen the G.I.S. blackboards from the back row as well as from the instructor's stand. After passing on to the Edmonton A.O.S. and the staff navigator's course at Port Albert, he came back to Penhold to impart knowledge with quiet distinction—and is credited with earning the title of "The Frank Sinatra of G.I.S." It is not known whether he croons on being told that A.S.I. position error is the distance from a D.R. position.

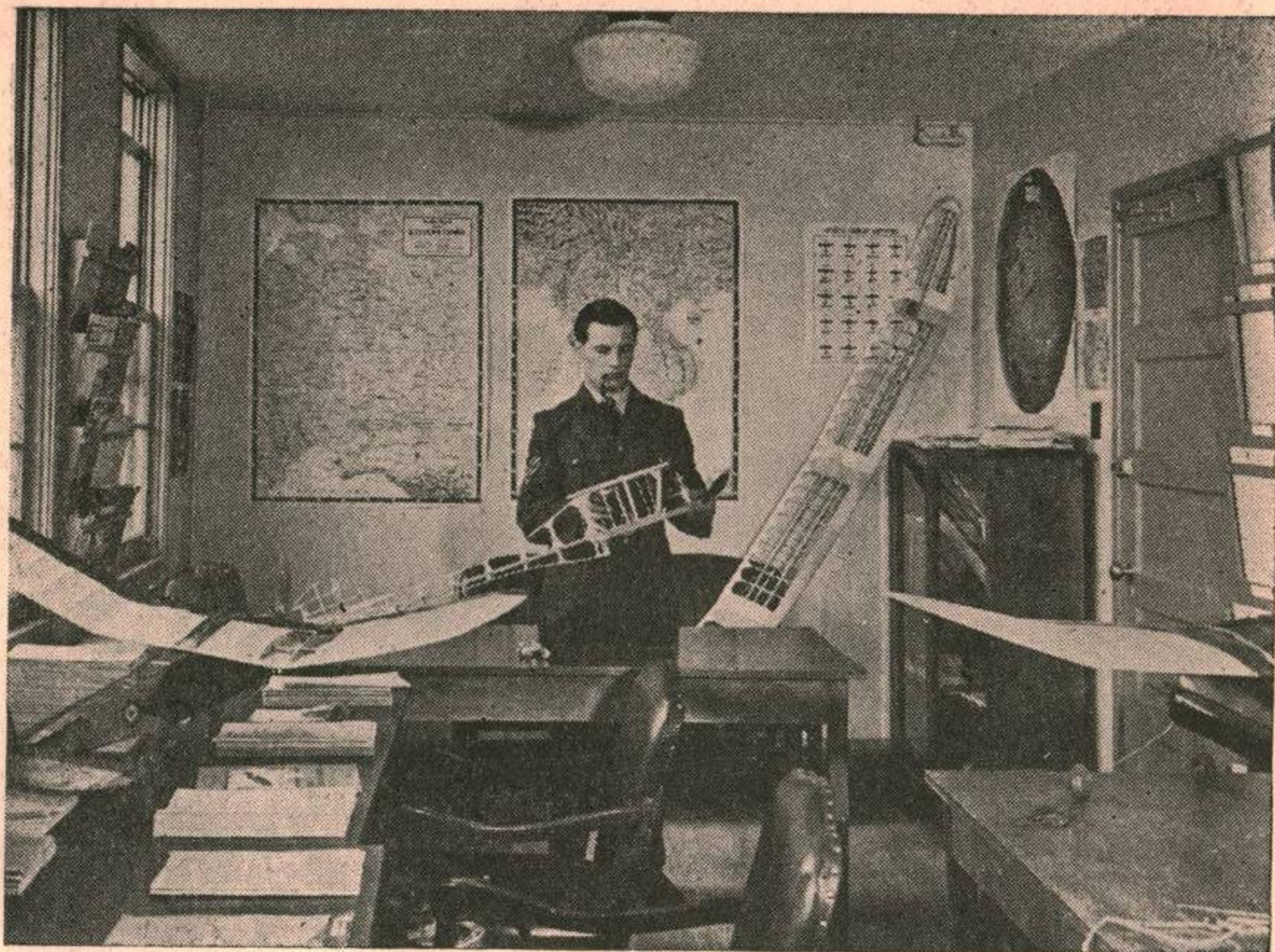


## Di-Di-Di-Da-Dit

Passing the C.G.I.'s office, and at the turn of the corridor, we come upon perhaps the noisiest of the G.I.S. classrooms, where a constant stream of Morse signalling is dispensed for the general good. Here you may find Flight Sergeant Weller, perhaps the only R.A.F. man to have been arrested and jailed as a German spy. It happened during the Battle of France. F/Sgt. Weller, being a fluent French linguist, and his squadron's interpreter, had been left behind after his squadron moved back, to settle up payment of billets. In the general scare at that time, he was arrested by the French, and it took him six hours talking and shouting to argue his way out of jail.

F/Sgt. Weller also showed originality in being born in Australia, educated in France, and joining the R.A.F. in England in 1937. When war broke out he went to France to establish a high speed (200 words per minute) Morse station. After the German break-through, he got back home via Marseilles and Gibraltar. In England during the blitz he was in charge of "hush-hush" radio sites. Since coming to Canada in 1942 he has helped to train twenty courses, but it was only recently that his self-assurance as an instructor was shaken; that was when an Australian course complained bitterly that he was sending too slowly . . . so he gave them a dose at 24 words a minute . . . and they got it down right.

Last Autumn, F/Sgt. Weller was married and lives in Red Deer. As a hobby, he has taken up horse riding—with such enthusiasm that on two occasions he has spent fourteen hours on end in the saddle. F/Sgt. Weller looks forward to the defeat of Germany even more eagerly than most of us, for his father is a prisoner of war, and his mother and sister are living in occupied France.



## Aircraft You Should Know

Down the corridor from the wireless room is the special territory of Flight Sergeant Sillem, who is said to combine the duties of aircraft recognition instructor with those of president of Sillem Aircraft Inc. He is pictured with those Sillem type aircraft which are now off the secret list. His passion for wing span severely tries the hangar space of the G.I.S. and suggests that he must be acquainted with the balsa wood black market. When not engaged in solving the aerodynamic problems of model aircraft, he listens to music and reads, and prefers this to more violent leisure activities. His experience of teaching the tricks of high speed aircraft recognition to both instructors and pupils has wrought in him an air of infinite patience, and he has been heard to remark that at the end of most courses his pupils can distinguish a Hurricane from an Me 109 without looking for the black cross or the roundel . . . personally, we abandoned that method quickly on discovering that F/Sgt. Sillem's extensive library of aircraft views contained a high percentage with the wrong national markings. But it is believed that he has not yet tricked anyone with an Oxford with black crosses.

David Sillem has been in the R.A.F. eight years, as an armourer and armament instructor; in 1940 he went to France in time to join in the general retreat, where for seven weeks he deserted armament for despatch riding. He is 25 years old and comes from Bedfordshire.



## Ballistics Baffles Brains

Upstairs is the armament kings' playground, presided over by the Station Armament Officer, Flight Lieutenant Bradford, who completed an energetic spell of flying instruction before being elevated to the ranks of office workers. He claims to be enjoying a peaceful existence behind a pile of files, but he has been unable to conceal his devotion to flying. He has been the good friend of many Flight Commanders, who have been only too pleased to satisfy his craving for night trips into Southern Alberta. In fact, he has been up and down so often since nominally retiring from the hurly-burly of life on the tarmac that his middle ear registered an emphatic protest, and he was compelled to spend ten days thinking over the folly of his ways in hospital.

He shares his office with Warrant Officer Clegg, who had the distinction of commencing his service career as Kennelman to the R.A.F. Beagles at Cranwell. It is not decided whether this constitutes a "line," but when moved to tell his inexperienced associates to "get some in," W/O Clegg can tell tales of the East, collected while with H.M.S. Eagle on a tour of duty which brought Malaya, China, Japan, the Phillipines and the East Indies into the itinerary. He is now engaged on collecting tales of the West.

Flight Sergeant Smees, seen fondling a practice bomb in the photograph, is possibly more at home with Browning guns, for at the beginning of the war he was with a fighter squadron during the Battle of Britain. He then became an instructor, and has been in Canada since 1942—for over a year at Greenwood, as those who have listened to his "lines" may recall. He came

to Canada single, but it is believed he will leave the Dominion married. He is a sharp shooter in the Rifle Club, and is also engaged as a footballer in assisting G.I.S. win the Minor League.

Sergeant Pearson, third of the Armament trio, is landlord of the grain elevator (alleged to house a bombing teacher) next door to the G.I.S. It is his special business to teach pupils the behaviour of falling bodies, notably bombs. He has had a wide experience of O.T.U. work, and came to Penhold from Patricia Bay. While an instructor at a Bombing and Gunnery School in Britain, he handled 180 pupils with only two failures. Sgt. Pearson was persuaded to join the R.A.F. after seeing an Empire Air Day display in 1937. On completing his training, he served aboard H.M.S. Ark Royal, but was transferred to a ground station at the outbreak of war. This did not prove the quiet job he might have expected, for he spent the summer of 1940 at Manston, under constant bombing and strafing.

The armament staff includes two Canadians, Cpl. Carter and Cpl. Gretchen. Both have seen most of Canada from the windows of railway trains since joining the R.C.A.F. Cpl. Gretchen claims to have travelled 15,000 miles in one period of six months before settling down with the R.A.F. at Penhold. Cpl. Carter was born in Alberta, and for ten years before joining up lived not far from Penhold. But before getting back to home ground, and establishing himself in Red Deer with his wife and son, he did a tour of duty in Newfoundland, after being trained in Ontario.

## Dark Room Secrets



The other tenants of the top floor in G.I.S. are the photographers. They are elusive, habitually hiding in the dark room when not taking tea in the little cafe at the top of the stairs. Flight Sergeant Archer has been an R.A.F. photographer for almost ten years, for he enlisted in that trade in 1935. Apart from the period of the Battle of Britain he has spent almost his whole service career abroad—three years in India until January, 1940, a Mediterranean cruise in H.M.A.C. Argus after the Battle of Britain, followed by a posting to Canada. He is a keen athlete, playing football, cricket and tennis in any part of the world. His principal assistant is Cpl. Wardlaw, who has divided his service career into a brace of two-year spells, the first at an operational station in

south-west England, and the second in Canada—he was stationed in Eastern Canada for more than a year before coming to Penhold. Back in England he was a keen athlete, doing a lot of cross-country running in Lancashire and Cheshire. Before the war he was a photographer in civilian life, largely in South Wales, where he met his Welsh wife, who now lives in Red Deer. He may be seen on the 5:10 bus with his S.O.P. securely tucked away in his wallet. Cpl. Wardlaw has done much excellent work for the "Penhold Log" since coming here last February, and the photos in this section were taken by him.

## The Aircraft Search

THE night of May 5th, 1944, was for Penhold a fateful occasion which led to the longest and most extensive search ever made for an aircraft missing from this unit. More than one pilot that night looked forward with fervour to the day when Penhold would release them for more satisfying hazards than the vagaries of the Alberta climate.

Night flying was well under way; bush fires burning locally on a small scale, and on a large scale north of Edmonton, caused no alarm until one of our aircraft reported dense smoke moving over Gull Lake and rapidly approaching Penhold. Soon after midnight the Chief Instructor was called from his bed to find the aerodrome covered by a dense smoke pall and half a dozen aircraft reported missing. Returning pilots found the smoke so thick that they could not locate the flarepath, even though they passed over the aerodrome. The narrowest escape from a mid-air collision occurred when two aircraft nearly met head-on over the camp in the smoke. One by one the aircraft which had not reached base before the smoke blotted out the aerodrome, landed at distant points and were struck off the "missing" list.

One aircraft was not located for six days. During that time searches for it were carried out by eight stations, some of which put fifty aircraft into the search. An area of 100,000 square miles, all the way from north of Edmonton to the United States border, was thoroughly explored. Aircraft from this unit alone flew more than 22,000 miles, although hampered by bad weather and dense smoke haze. Finally a concentrated search of the most likely areas resulted in the crash being spotted not many miles from the aerodrome. The aircraft had crashed into a thick copse and had disintegrated among the trees. Unhappily, both occupants had been killed.

The aircraft was found by F/Lt. Mitchell, who, a few days earlier, had spotted a small yellow panel in a field near Sylvan Lake—a clue which proved to be irrelevant. F/Lt. Mitchell showed remarkable acuity of vision in discovering the crashed aircraft, for it is certain that a number of pilots had previously flown over or near it. Subsequently an experienced instructor who was informed of the position of the crash was unable to locate it when flying in the vicinity at 1,000 feet, so hidden by the trees was the wreckage.

### *Flying Officer David Merry*

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death of Flying Officer David Merry in a flying accident. Flying Officer Merry, who came from Trinidad, was one of the senior instructors stationed at Penhold, having been an instructor on the unit since February, 1943. He was known as an enthusiastic cricketer, and was captain of the Station Eleven. On behalf of all at No. 36 S.F.T.S., we extend to his friends and relatives our sincere sympathy.

# Monthly Routine Dis-orders

(Issued by Prang Commander Wingle)

1. GREETINGS. The Station Adjutant wishes everyone Good Morning, a break-down in the bell and telephone systems and the removal of the gift of speech from all personnel except himself.

2. ADMINISTRATION. SOLAR ARRANGEMENTS. For the coming week the hours of daylight are officially declared to be from 06.00 to 22.00. Night flying, however, will continue to begin at 18.00 hours daily. This may sound like nonsense, but it makes things easier for everybody except the station diarist.

3. DISCIPLINE.—48 Hour Passes. The following periods for 48-hour passes are in future to be rigidly observed:—

S.H.Q.—A.D. Friday to P.T. Monday.

Flying Wing—Ad. Lib.

Maintenance Wing.—First thing Friday to second shift Monday.

W. & B.—By arrangement.

Station Police.—Summer Rules now in force (i.e., every week-end at Sylvan Lake).

This might at first appear to be hard on the Night Flying Flight, but with a little intelligent anticipation, coupled with Met. gen, there seems to be no reason why they should not leave at dawn on Tuesday.

4. PARADES. S.H.Q. Tea Parades will take place in future at 09.00, 10.00, 11.00, 14.30 and 15.30 daily. Admission by ticket only after application has been made to the Adjutant not less than a quarter of an hour before each parade.

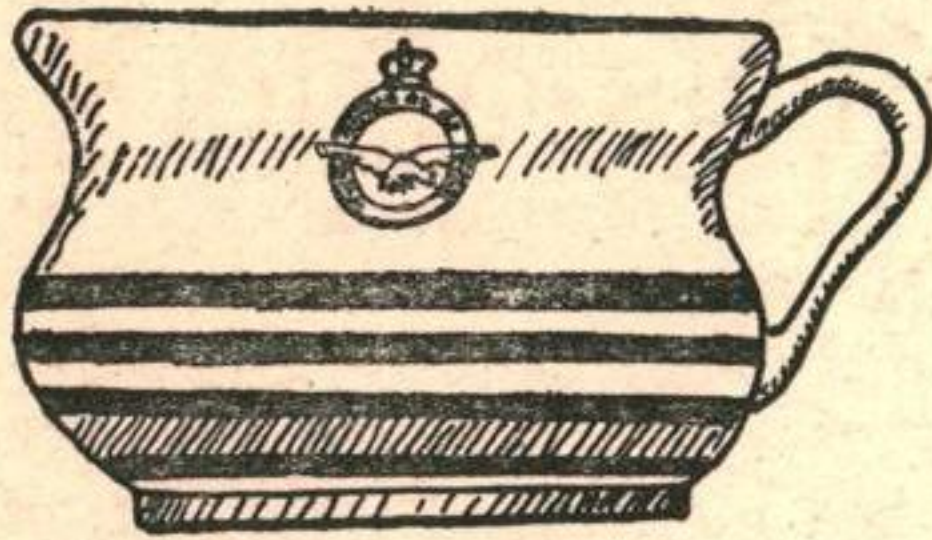
5. REMUSTERING. Applications will be considered from any Fitters I for remustering to the convalescent trade of ACH/Water-diviner. Those recommended will be required to undergo a course of training lasting approximately two years at Estevan. This will in all probability be followed by a refresher course at Ponoka.

6. APPLICATIONS — Airmen. No application of any sort from an airman will in future be considered unless submitted with forty handwritten copies through the usual channels until they get blocked. By this process, which is both wearisome and uneconomical, applications should in no time be reduced to a minimum.

7. DISCLAIMER. The first of P.S.I. (MacKenzie Lowndes & Green Inc.) wishes it to be known that no change in management or staff is contemplated and that the business has no connection with any other swindle. Recent rumours regarding amalgamation with Pencil Sharpeners Inc. and Bird Men Ltd. are quite unfounded.

8. BOWLING ALLEY. The bowling alley is now available for use as a guide for the right hand file during the March Past on Ceremonial Parades, though not for bowling. Right hand files are on no account to attempt to march through the bowling alley.

9. SECURITY SLOGANS. The slogan "Don't Mail it—Yale It" does not constitute a reason for yaleing mail, nor for mailing yale. Correspondence will be mailed through the normal channels to avoid misyaleing.



With rings, black and Blue, in proportion to rank, Officer, of Air Rank, for the use of.

## News from Home

**B**RITAIN and the British prove as funny as ever, usually unintentionally. Someone has dug this out of the Admiralty Stores List: "Pots, Chamber, plain. Pots, Chamber, with Admiralty monogram in blue, for hospital use. Pots, Chamber, fluted, with royal cypher in gold, for Flag Officers only. Pots, Chamber, round, rubber, lunatic." . . .

During the recent Derbyshire bye-election, a constituent told an "Evening Standard" reporter, "This election is the best bit of fun since the murder seven years ago." . . . A Windsor woman, when reprimanded for damaging her gas mask, said she had removed the glass because it made the mask fit more comfortably. . . . This advertisement appeared in the Aberdeen "Evening Express": "Four single pound notes lost, vicinity Market Street; sentimental value." . . . Two men fainted at an auction sale of whiskey in Glasgow. . . . The Buckinghamshire "Weekly News" reported, "The future of fox hunting and the future of all was in the success of the landing made and the early submission of our enemies." . . . This head-line appeared in the London "Evening Standard": "Later School Leaving Age Likely to Limit the Supply of Jockeys."

Recent issues of "Punch" have been about as funny as usual. One of the best sketches was a conversation between a civilian and a pilot in a train. Did the country look like a map from 22,000 feet, the civilian asked. No, said the pilot, because you could not see the lines of longitude and latitude. Pondering a bit, the civilian said, no, he supposed not, and it would not have "Printed and Published by the National Map Publishing Company" in the bottom right hand corner. The pilot thought this over, and then added, "There is no bottom right hand corner when you are stooging around. Even if there was such a thing, you could not possibly see it at 22,000 feet, not unless the print was extraordinarily large." We also liked the true story of a pilot visiting an aircraft factory, who was told by a worker that he earned £15 a week. "I only get £8 a week, and I fly the planes," said the pilot. "But I have to work through alerts," said the worker.

**Beer** provides a bond of sympathy between Canada and the old country. In the two thousand discussion groups run by the N.F.S. and Civil Defence services, it is a popular topic (other debatable subjects: Beveridge, euthanasia). More beer was drunk in Britain last year than at any time in the past thirty years. Nearly thirty million barrels were brewed in 1943, an increase of 20 per cent over 1939 figures. Since 1938 the tax on beer has increased 350 per cent, and since the beginning of the war a reduction of 15 per cent on standard strength has been permitted. There has been less drunkenness, and there is still a "shortage," compelling public houses to curtail "opening hours." The black market has made a good thing out of whiskey, which has sold at auction sales at 30 times its peace-time price. The distilling of whiskey has been banned for nearly two years, but existing supplies are being tapped off. At the present rate, the supply of matured whiskey will have been exhausted in 1950, and as whiskey takes eight years to mature, there is likely to be a gap of three years or more in the '50's when there will be no matured whiskey.

**Shortages** are incalculable. Combs have practically disappeared, and fetch five times their peace-time price. All stocks of wallpaper are exhausted. Needles and pins are frequently unobtainable—a serious blow to a people forced to patch and mend. Meanwhile "austerity style" restrictions on men's clothes have been repealed, permitting double-breasted suits with turn ups and pockets where you like. On the occasion of this concession, the President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Dalton, said in the House of Commons, "The women

have been much more reasonable and much less conservative than the men." Women object less to the short "austerity" skirt than men do to trousers without turn-ups. The women, however, are getting a more glamorous war-time rayon stocking at controlled prices. They are re-modelling their old dresses—and for these spring renovations they are paying their tailors more than the original cost of the dress.

**Taxis** in London are the object of much ineffectual hailing. There are just over 5,000 licenced drivers in the London area, but only 4,000 cabs are operating. About a thousand of the ten years old or older models are laid up through lack of spares for their repair.

**Air Raids** on London have been the worst since 1941. With 961 killed in February, England experienced the worst casualties since May, 1941. The new rocket gun barrage was effective, at least 38 raiders being destroyed in five nights. According to the "Daily Mail," new anti-aircraft equipment was being installed just when the blitz was re-opened. It was rushed through to completion in a few days. Every shot fired is now aimed at a precise target. In one raid four chickens were buried under debris—they were dug out alive fifteen days later.

**Sport** is booming. Lords Cricket Ground offers the best war-time fixture list yet, with a two-day match between England and Australia at Whitsun, and another two-day match between England and the Dominions for August Bank Holiday week-end. An England team will also play the West Indies, and the R.A.F. is scheduled to play matches against the R.A.A.F. on three occasions during the summer. England's pre-war captain, Hammond, is back from the Middle East, and may be able to lead English teams. . . . The chief events of the flat racing season, the Derby, Guineas, Oaks, and St. Leger, will again be at Newmarket this year. Three stables will have claims on Gordon Richards this season—he will ride for Fred Darling, Frank Butters and Charles Pratt's Lambourn stable. . . . Thousands of pounds are being paid for greyhounds in anticipation of a dog racing boom after the war. The record price is £2,047 10s. for the dog, Jubilee Time. For a litter of ten puppies sired by Ballynennan Moon, £1,000 is being asked. . . . With many Canadians and servicemen from the northern states of the U.S.A. in Britain, there is a boom in the popularity of ice skating at London and provincial rinks. Sandy Herd, the famous golfer, who holed out in one nineteen times during his career, has died at the age of 75.

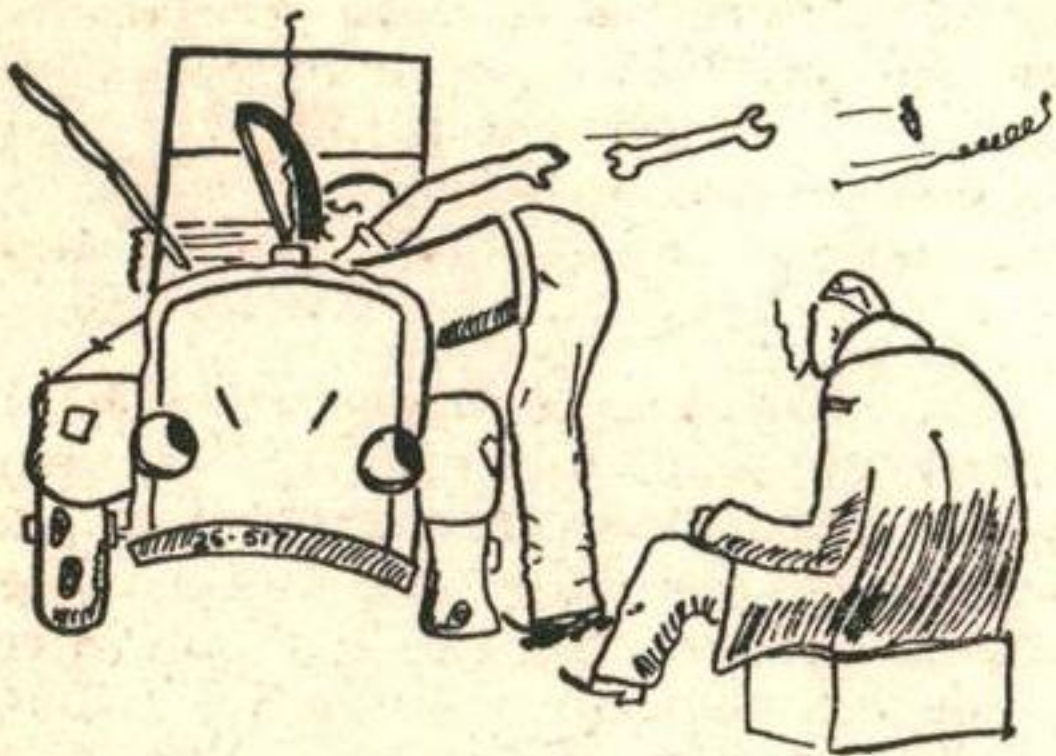
**Crime**, though generally still on the decrease, still provides sensational stories. London's most impertinent burglar steals from houses and flats which are occupied, leaves his signature, "Tip Toes," written with lip-stick on bedroom mirrors. Detectives have been unable to determine how he opens locked doors and windows, leaving no trace. . . . Doping of greyhounds at London dog race tracks brought two men into the dock at the Old Bailey, charged with fraud at Hackney Wick and Hendon stadiums. The ring-leader of the gang, known as "London Joe," is still at large. He is known to bribe attendants to give dope pills to four of the six dogs in a race, then bets heavily on the other two who are certain to beat their doped competitors.

**Post-War Reconstruction** occupies much attention. Proto-type pre-fabricated houses have already been built. One Surrey firm claims to be able to produce 60,000 average sized houses in one year. Weston-Super-Mare, inviting suggestions for post-war re-planning, has been overwhelmed with ideas from local residents. The scheme for re-building the City of London is complete down to the last details, but it is being kept a close secret for fear of encouraging land speculators. The Archbishop of Canterbury has declared that speculation in land values in blitzed areas should be classed as treason. Plans for the County of London, less detailed than those for the city, have been published. The rehabilitation picture looked less rosy when it was revealed that some ex-servicemen of this war are already begging for alms as street musicians—but many London street musicians earn as much as £10 a day.

# With Rod and Jaloppy . . .

## Benny Goes Fishing

ONE DAY LAST SUMMER, my oppo Benny pokes his head through the hatch in our wall, whistles at me and says, "How about catching a few goldeye tomorrow evening, Mac? I hears they're biting better than the skeeters up at Blindmans!" "Okay," I says, "suits me fine. But how about getting there—no use hitch-hiking these days, you know." "Leave it t'me," he says, "leave it t'me. We'll go in the old jaloppy. You draw the kit and meet me down at Works & Bricks at half five tomorrow."



So next morning I hangs around near the hatch so as to spot when the O/C Fishing gets in, to catch him before he starts work. Sure enough he rolls in about 9:30. I nips up the passage after him, tells him what I wants, and we settles down to a good two hours talking "fish." Of course, being as it's pay day, we gets interrupted a

bit, but you know the Fishing Club's late officer i/c. He don't let work interfere with fishing. He fixes me up with a couple of rods, reels, gumboots, haversacks, landing nets and a collection of hooks and flies, and about 11.30 I gets back to the Orderly Room. Chiefy there, not being very bright as you know, says, "Where the . . . you bin this last two hours?", just as though he couldn't see from what I was carrying.

Well, the day passes and eventually five o'clock rolls round. I shoots off to the cookhouse, gets through my tea, gallops round to the billet, picks up my mosquito goo and shoots round to Works & Bricks. Benny ain't there.

Ten minutes later I thinks I hears a W. & B. tractor coming. It's Benny and his jaloppy. Some jaloppy, too, some jaloppy! Benny hops out and says he has to fill her up with water; so we does this. The water runs out of the radiator almost as fast as we puts it in, but Benny says, "Oh, it don't matter, we got all the river to fill her up from when we gets there."

So off we goes; books out at the guard room and departs, stopping by the barrier to pick up a couple of blokes trying to save bus fares. There is quite a few whistles blowing about this time. We gets along about 50 yards past the barrier when a horse with a bloke on him comes tearing out of the farm there and scares our jaloppy, which stops. The two erks in the back seat makes rude noises and goes back to the bus queue.

Benny steps on the starter button. Nothing happens. Then he remembers there ain't much juice in the battery, so he says, "Have a crank at her, will you, Mac?" so I gets out and cranks her. Nothing happens. I gets back in, nursing my arm, and looks at Benny. He don't look at me; sits there trying to look intelligent.

After a couple of minutes he gets out, undoes the strap which holds the bonnet on, but forgets to hold the bonnet, which is loose, and which falls right off on the other side and into the ditch. Benny don't say nothing, just takes a swipe at something with the spanner he's holding. He starts to fiddle around with the plugs; then suddenly he gives a good grin and says, "I know what it is, it's that Autovac!" This is a sort of round tin box with pipes and a glass jar which the petrol goes through somehow. Benny takes this off—it's quite

dry inside. I sits in the car and watches. Then Benny says, very injured like, "Ain't you gonna help?", so I gets out and looks.

Benny says, "The petrol ain't getting through," puts his mouth to one of the pipes and sucks. The petrol comes through alright that time. Benny spits it out. Then he fixes the Autovac back on, gets the bonnet out of the ditch, puts that on, straps it down, and we both get back into the car. Benny is smiling beautiful and says, "That's fixed it." He steps on the starter. Nothing happens. He stops smiling, and mutters. Steps on the starter again. Nothing happens. So he gets out. Off comes the strap, the bonnet, the Autovac. Benny sucks again and gets another mouthful. He has a nice oily smear right down his face, too, which improves it, but he just mutters under his breath when I tells him. He spits the petrol out, fixes the Autovac back on and we gets back in the car. He steps on the button. Nothing happens. Benny sits there. Then he mutters something, gets out and goes to the back of the car. He takes the cap off the petrol tank and peers in. There is very little petrol, just enough to cover the bottom. No wonder it tasted nasty.



The bus passes, one bloke trailing a bit of string and grinning all over his beastly face. There is also a few remarks passed.

Benny remembers he has a pal down the road who might lend him enough petrol for us to get to the garage at Penhold, so he picks up his water bucket and sets off. I sits in the jalopy. Another bus queue forms. I ignores their remarks. Benny comes back.

He has half a gallon and is grinning again. He sloshes this into the tank and gets in the car. Steps on the button. Nothing happens. Benny says, "Sometimes it takes a little while for the petrol to get through." So we waits. He steps on the button again. Nothing happens. Benny goes purple in the face, jumps out, kicks the bonnet, which is lying on the ground, and gives the Autovac a good hearty clip with the spanner. Nothing happens. The little glass jar in the Autovac is empty, so Benny starts fiddling with it. He tells me to step on the starter button while he prods the Autovac. I does. Nothing happens. Off comes the Autovac and Benny sucks the pipe again. The petrol comes through alright this time. On goes the Autovac, I steps on the button; nothing happens. The little glass jar is still empty, so I says maybe it should be filled first. Benny gives me a dirty glare, starts rooting around in the back of the car and comes up with a bit of rubber hose and a tobacco tin. He goes round the back, takes the lid off the petrol tank, sticks the hose in, and sucks. Nothing happens.

There is a slit in the hose about halfway down which Benny hasn't noticed. I tells him this and he chucks the hose into the ditch. After a bit he cools off and says, "I'll go back into camp and try to borrow a bit."

While he's gone I has a bright idea. I gets a big nut out of the car, ties it in a bit of rag, ties a bit of string on and drops it in the petrol tin. When I pulls it out the rag is soaked with petrol, so I squeezes this into the petrol tin. It takes a lot of squeezes to fill that tin, but by the time Benny comes back I has the tin full. He hasn't got any hose. When he sees the tin full of petrol he don't say a word, just empties it in the Autovac. The little glass jar fills up, Benny puts the top on, puts the bonnet on, straps it down, gets into the car, steps on the button and she starts.

It is now about 9:30 and too dark to go fishing.

Benny looks at me and I looks at him. We don't say nothing, but he starts the car and we keeps going until we is outside the pub in Penhold. In we goes and sinks as many as we can before 10 o'clock. When we comes out, Benny finds his cap is missing.

All in all a good evening's fishing.

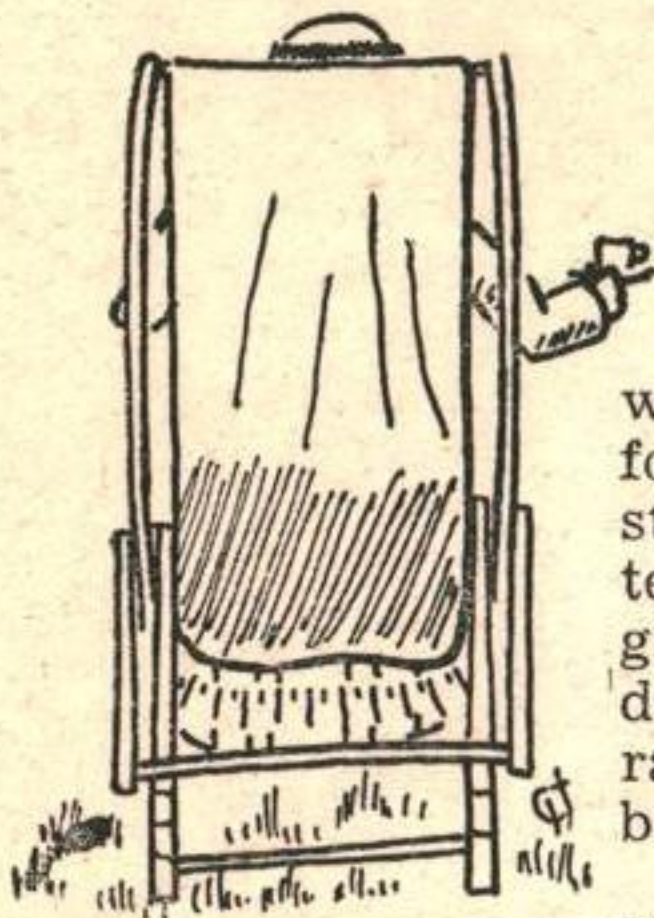
It is quite a long time before we goes out again.—MAC.

# Officers' Mess Chronicle

AT the quarterly meeting held in April, W/Cdr. Gifford was appointed President of the Mess Committee; the Maintenance Wing Adjutant F/O Pearson was elected Mess Secretary and was joined on the committee by F/Lt. Hill of the Servicing Squadron and by F/Lt. Smalley. The effect on the mess of this overwhelming maintenance representation was immediate and dynamic. After days loud with rumour and carpenters' tools, the rooms emerged gleaming with aureate floors and a bar constructed from a good imitation of satinwood, whilst gay paper flowers and notice boards appeared as though by magic. All was like another Eden until the finger of organization, after writing somewhat inaccurately upon the menu cards, directed one at luncheon to the very seat that one did not wish to occupy.

Pending the arrival of the mosquito season, tea and crackers are served on the lawn; this enables the late-comer to pass directly to supper without

## Tea On The Lawn



being embarrassed by the accusing eyes of the waiters, but the system whereby tea is prepared in urns, transferred to pots, poured into cups and finally fanned by breezes from the Waskasoo, has for some while been recognized as the most scientific means of cooling tea yet invented by the mind of man.

On May 6th the first dance since the vernal equinox was held, unmarred on this occasion by breakages, save for an occasional heart. The party finished in traditional style with a lunch at Molly's at which the C.O. poured tea. The A.O.C.s' inspection on May 11th necessarily gave rise to entertainment in a more formal vein, but a domestic party held later in the evening permitted the raising of both glass and voice a trifle higher than had been thought seemly earlier in the day.

The late P.M.C., S/Ldr. Scholefield, has left for Moose Jaw, whose mess he will no doubt at once delight and confound with his sturdy Yorkshire humour and an invincible obduracy in argument. To England has gone the S.M.O., S/Ldr. Steward, whose modest blacks, although endemic, merely served to endear him more lastingly to all whom he encountered. Padre Bloxham has thrown in his Albertan mitre to carry the good work to Hamilton. F/Lt. Wild, who long bore the distinguished position of S.P.O., both on and off horseback, with affable imperturbability, has left for home, taking with him another "old timer", F/O "Bill" Young, who was one of Penhold's greatest authorities on R.A.F. phrase and fable. F/Lt. Andrew, famed as Penhold's first Penhold-trained instructor, left on the same train, preceded by a large crate marked "dangerous" and presumed to contain his charts and pipes. F/O Biscoe has been posted to Debert to add to his already unbounded aviational omniscience, whilst F/O Turner, in quietly adventurous manner, alighted from the train of repatriation to wed in Winnipeg and win our sincere congratulations.

Officers continue to pour in, largely to glean some learning from F/Lt. Darlington and the other minor exponents of the Beam; others whose position in Penhold remains equivocal, drift moodily to the bar and, tempting the Adjutant to indulge in the wrong sort of Sherry, are invariably heard to enquire "Is my posting in?"

It is necessary to record one major black which was committed when a comparatively junior officer was caught in the act of making an apple pie bed for a very senior officer. The junior officer explained that he was under the impression that the senior officer had done the same for him on a previous occasion. This incident has been filed for reference by the compilers of "The Way To Get On."

# A Trusty Tankard



This photo of Sgt. Giuseppi and Cpl. Willis, rulers of the G.I.S. Orderly Room, is incomplete in that the Giuseppi Tankard is missing. It is highly probably that it is hidden under the table. For Sgt. Giuseppi is more attached to his tankard than any man is to his pipe or walking stick, and he has carried it about with him wheresoever higher authority has decreed that he should carry on his duties . . . namely, all over northern France, in northern Ireland,

and in eastern and western Canada. It should be added that the Giuseppi Tankard is no mere useless bauble or souvenir, for it serves the important purpose of containing beer—in the proper places and on proper occasions. Sgt. Giuseppi carries his thirty-nine years as cheerfully as he carries his tankard. Before joining the R.A.F. in 1938 he had been a cable telegraph operator in Madeira, had worked in a solicitor's office, and had tried to sell practically everything except ladies' underwear. In 1939 he was attached to the staff of an Intelligence Officer, and on the day before war was declared he moved to France and served under Intelligence Officers until the evacuation in June, 1940. During that time he slept and worked in lofts, tents, town halls, and a barn specially painted up for the benefit of visiting Prime Ministers. On returning to Britain he continued with Intelligence work in Northern Ireland. He has since dissociated himself with Intelligence in the Orderly Rooms of Flying Wing and Ground School at Penhold. He has been described as Penhold's Eric Blore.

His colleague is Cpl. Willis, who is second only to F/Sgt. Sillem as a builder of bigger and better aircraft models. He is a kindly soul who has been persuaded in the past to exchange an amended edition of C.A.P. 100 for an unamended one (keep it under your hat). Before coming to Canada he was working on International Red Cross reports (Intelligence section) and it is, therefore, natural that he should have teamed up with Intelligence maestro Giuseppi. In addition to dabbling with glue and balsa, he shoots and fishes, and is planning to get married to a nurse from the Red Deer Hospital.

\* \* \* \* \*

**NOW OPEN !!**

## “The Plumbers’ Arms Cafeteria”

(Opposite Studley's Convalescent Home)

### FIVE STAR FEATURES:

- \* \* \* \* \* Centralised Sustenance.
- \* \* \* \* \* Vitamin Control (All vitamins served on a roster).
- \* \* \* \* \* Home Grown Garden Produce (Our Plots are dug by the highest ranks).
- \* \* \* \* \* Serviettes for new arrivals.
- \* \* \* \* \* Damask tablecloths.
- \* \* \* \* \* Dainty Croquet Teas on the Lawn.
- \* \* \* \* \* Carbonade of Beef.
- \* \* \* \* \* Salted peanuts free at the Bar. Other foreign dishes to order.
- \* \* \* \* \* Authentic Coney Island atmosphere enchants the Ante Room.
- \* \* \* \* \* Sandwiches, 5 Cents (free at closing time).

# Christenings



THE first christenings in the Station Church at Penhold were conducted by Squadron Leader Bloxham on Sunday, April 16th, when the baby daughters of Flight Lieutenant and Mrs. Amey and Flight Lieutenant and Mrs. Lewis, and the baby son of Flight Lieutenant and Mrs. Pearce, were baptised. A small congregation of officers, wives and Red Deer friends of the families were present on this historic occasion, as well as an appreciative group of the children of R.A.F. families living in Red Deer. The babies were christened Rosemary Ann Amey, Maureen Patricia Lewis, and Roger Frederick Spencer Pearce. This was the first occasion the new font, constructed out of propeller bosses, was used.

The ceremony went to the tune of the customary wails, and at this stage of the proceedings only one minor black was registered when it was found necessary to rouse to a sense of his duties one of the god-parents who had unwisely elected to take an after-lunch nap in the Mess. The occasion was subsequently suitably celebrated at the homes of the parents, once the babies had been safely placed out of harm's way. In the course of these festivities, it was determined that the Amey Mansion was hardly spacious enough for double somersaults, and that access to the Lewis home via the roof was not an easy route of entry. It is to be hoped that the antics of their elders will have no abiding effect upon those in whose honour the festivities were held.

On April 30th, a second christening service in the Station Church was held when the son of Flight Lieutenant and Mrs. Andrew was named John Phillip Andrew. Squadron Leader Crockett took the service, and Flying Officer Wilson played the organ with a satisfactorily soothing effect on the infant. Friends of the family subsequently were entertained to the customary cake and beverages at the Andrew home.

## The Station Adjutant--Duties of

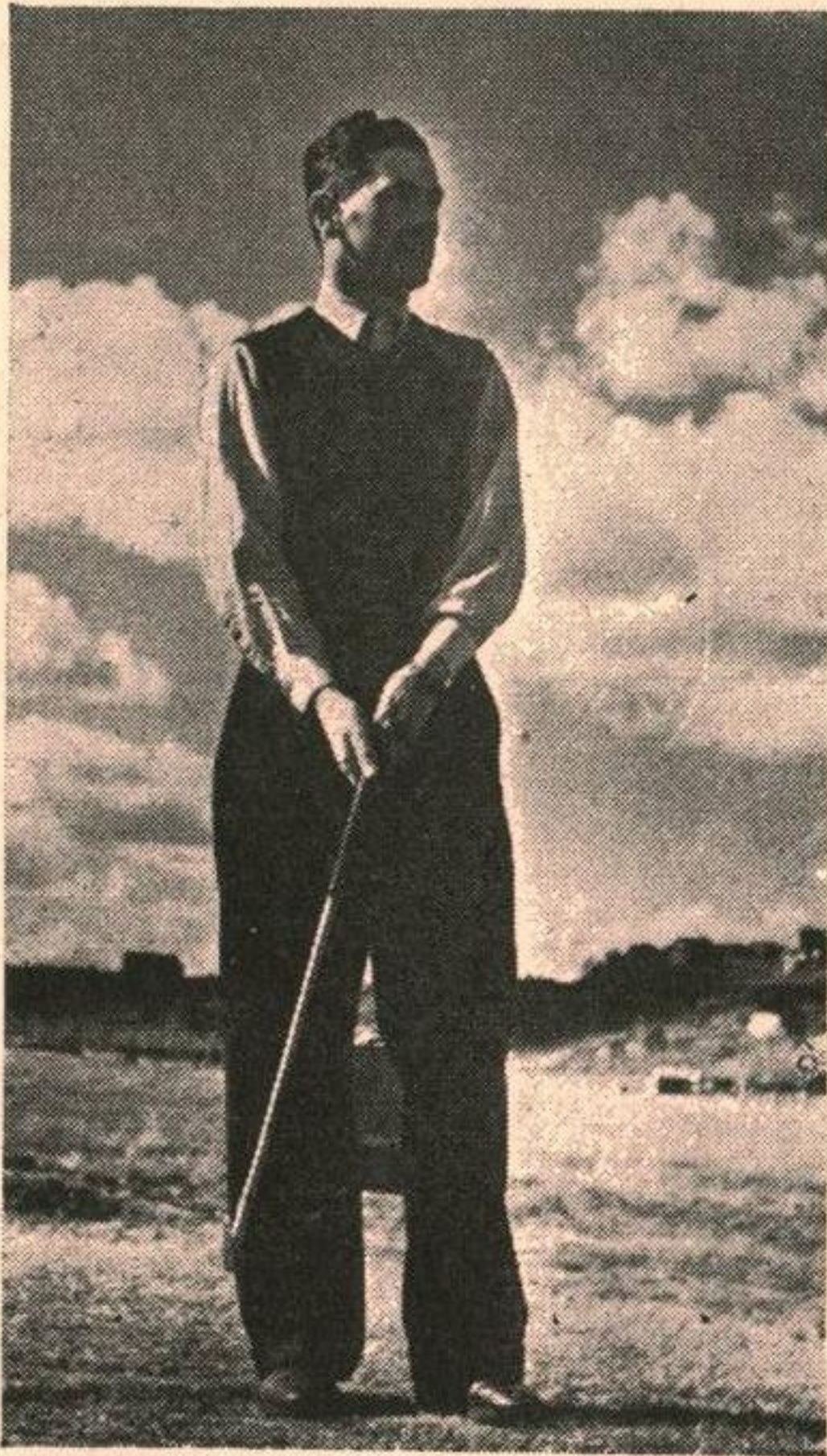
**B**AFFLED and bewildered by the carefree and even happy-go-lucky air which is common to Station Adjutants, we have long wondered what were the precise functions of this important dignitary. Any lingering doubts as to the nature of his powers have at last been cleared up by the answers to the question, "What are the duties of a Station Adjutant," which recently appeared in an examination paper on Administration. For here we learn, "The Adjutant looks after practically everything," or, as another answer had it, "The Adjutant attends to things of minor importance that the Commanding Officer has no time for."

From the standpoint of the Commanding Officer, the Adjutant is clearly a person of considerable account, for he not only "keeps the C.O. informed as to what is going on on the station," but he is also required "to read the

C.O.'s mail." In more general terms, "he sees to the C.O., and accompanies him on most trips (business)." It appears that the Commanding Officer depends upon his Adjutant to protect him from the rowdy and importunate approaches of the populace, for we are told, "The Adjutant acts as a buffer for the C.O. He acts as a sieve or filter." When not manifesting these mechanical tendencies, the Adjutant is highly privileged, for, "He gives the C.O. orders."

In his relationships with the great world outside Station Headquarters, he is also a power to be reckoned with, for "He reads all correspondence coming into the station . . . he sees that administration is efficient and not wastefully extravagant . . . He sees that the personnel on the station are presentable and up to R.C.A.F. standards." But he is not impossible to pin down, for among his duties he must "type out orders given by the C.O." And finally it must be remembered, "He is responsible for complaints by airmen."

Penhold's present Station Adjutant is Flight Lieutenant T. J. Gilbert. He is pictured here relaxing gracefully, having thrown off his multiple cares and taken to "civvies" and the pursuit of the



golf ball. In view of the fact that his signature includes no recognisable initials, it is not surprising that he is known to friends and others as "Gil." Thanks to a relationship to the famous Gilbert, he is also known to some as "Sullivan." In sheer fact his christian names are "Tristram John," an idiosyncrasy which the Command short-hand writer at courts martial has finally mastered. Flight Lieutenant Gilbert takes a poor view of the current North American tendency to call people by the first half of their surname, but he is believed to have taken an even dimmer view of the officer's wife who decided to call him "Tristy."

Flight Lieutenant Gilbert is renowned for his fluent "Officers' Mess Chronicle," into which he usually contrives to insert an abundance of obscure words culled from the pages of the dictionary which he keeps on his desk. He is also renowned for his devotion to the "Heaven and Home Hour," which each morning pours out of his radio as he performs his ablutions—his de-

# Flaps From The Flying Wing

WHAT is the minimum safety speed of the Oxford aircraft before, and after, the pilot has undergone the Harvard Step Test? Our sympathy goes out to the Instructor who didn't quite realise how weak his legs were after doing the notorious Test until an engine failed in the air, and he had to make a single-engine landing with enormous pressure on the rudder. If his companion had done the Test, too, we hate to think what might have happened. When the time comes for the next three-monthly torture (and it soon comes round), it is proposed to hold a "Lancaster Step Test" on suitably generous lines, and to follow that up by disbanding the Unit.

\* \* \* \* \*

Is it true that the Chief Instructor and his Adjutant, anxious to "get on," have applied for P.S.I. jobs?

\* \* \* \* \*

We rather liked the resolution that, in future, S.H.Q. might be more closely identified with the rest of the Unit.

\* \* \* \* \*

The month's best remark was made by a Flight Commander. Asked for an opinion on the discontinuing of the green Aldis for take-off during daylight, he asked, "What green light? I've never seen one!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Congratulations to Sgt. Vennell for a praiseworthy attempt to wipe out what was then the entire Examining Staff on April 14th, when all concerned had one of their narrower escapes.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Wing expresses a regretful farewell to three of its remaining ACH's/GD who so abruptly deserted their cameras obscura and other playthings for duties of greater war significance in the cookhouse and on the salvage squad. Our sympathy goes out to the junior officers who have taken over their duties in the Wing.

How we sigh for the days when every Flight had its own Timekeeper who not only knew all about the mysteries of timekeeping, but held the unofficial post of flight-adjutant and understood all those progress charts so much better than any Flight Commander ever did.

Never will we forget the look of unutterable scorn with which they greeted the news that, once they had gone, the Instructors would do their own timekeeping. How right they were! That was all many moons ago, but the Central Times Office, dragging statistical order from the Chinese manuscripts alleged to be flight authorisation sheets, still mourns their passing, and longs for the sight of their neat columns of figures.

\* \* \* \* \*

The performance put up by one of our Flight Commanders in writing-off the "Moth" during an attempt to take off from a field at Didsbury, is rumoured to have led a rival station to offer the loan of a suitable type of elementary trainer for visiting forced-landed aircraft, with one of their pupils to fly it.

Pupils of "H" Flight are advised not to refer to the incident.

\* \* \* \* \*

According to an examination paper, "Saluting is the Air Force way of saying Hello." And presumably the riggers' salute (or semi-clenched fist) is the Air Force way of saying "Hi-i-i."

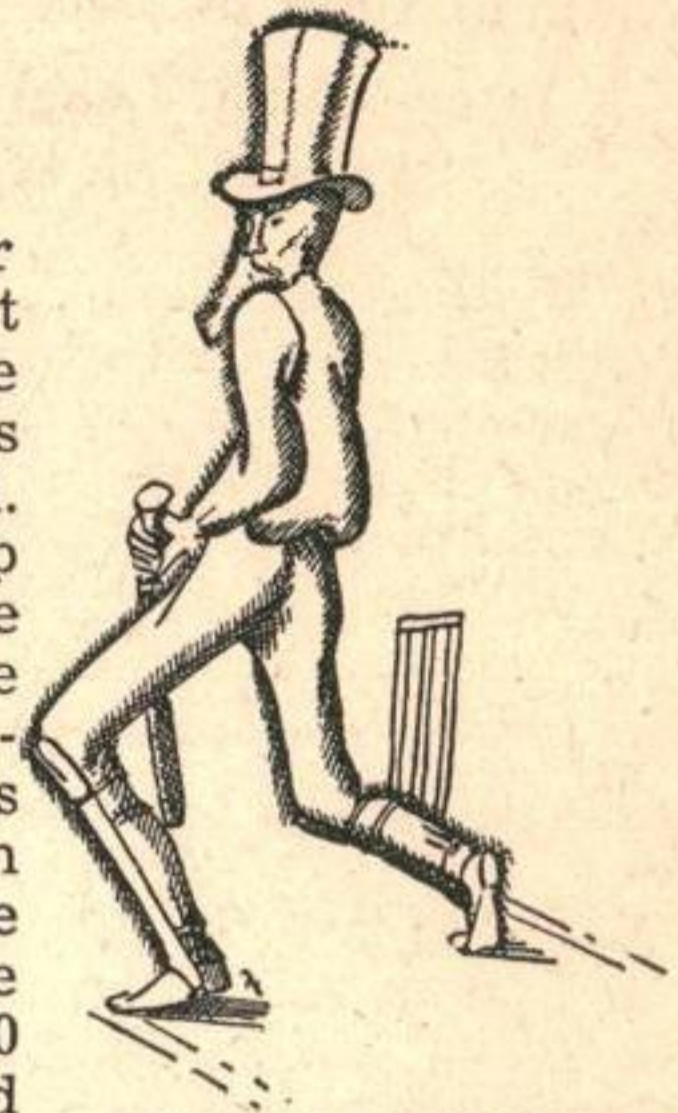
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parture for Three Hills with blankets for a week-end has been prevented only by the watchful eye of F/O Hummel, who holds the Officers' Quarters inventory. A married man, F/Lt. Gilbert is naturally domesticated, and he has partially overcome the monastic atmosphere of Penhold by farming out his tattered pyjamas and ruined socks to the wives of repatriated officers for repairs.

# Sports Notes. . . . .

## Cricket

May saw the opening of the cricket season for Penhold, with two very successful games against Edmonton. Considering that the majority of the team were not used to played on the matting wickets met with over here, the performance was very good. Despite the fact that the wicket was inclined to help the bowler, the Penhold team collected the runs quite easily. The first match against the A.O.S. gave little trouble, the opposition being rather weak. The second game, however, proved very interesting and was won by four wickets. The match was against an army team—mostly old hands from England. We started off well with four cheap wickets, but the Edmonton team recovered and made a total of 70 runs. Penhold opened well and had 30 on the board before the first wicket fell; two more quick wickets fell, but we passed their total with four wickets in hand.



The secretary has received numerous requests from various people—not to mention a certain fast bowler—that the majority of games be played in Edmonton; we think this may be due to the fact that certain attractive “popsies” appeared at the game.

Another highlight of the week-end was the fact that F/O Hutchings had to return to the scene of a party to retrieve his braces—we wonder how he lost them?

The team has suffered a great loss in the death of F/O Merry, who was elected this year's captain. F/O Merry played consistently throughout last season, being the mainstay of the batting. All Penhold cricketers wish to express their deepest sympathy to his family and friends.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Soccer

The 1944 Soccer season has got off to a fine start, and both the Major and Minor Leagues are progressing very successfully. In the Major League, S.H.Q. are leading, but 3 Flight are lying second on goal average with two games in hand, and are generally favoured for the Station Championship. Innisfail have encountered transport difficulties, but they are very keen and are managing to carry on.

In the Minor League, 103 Course are leading, but GIS, who are second, have a game in hand and a better goal average. It must be remembered that the top two teams in each League will play off for the Station Championship, so there may be one or two shocks from the Minor League.

The Station Team has had two friendly games against Bowden, and has won both games, at Penhold by 3 goals to nil, and at Bowden by 2 goals to 1. The Bowden XI is a fast and powerful combination, and it is a great pity that they are not entering the Alberta League, owing to their closing down in August.

The Penhold “Fliers” will certainly have a solid defence, but more weight and “bustle” might be to advantage in the forward line. Competition for positions on the “Tigers” team is still very keen, and the final composition of this team is still undecided.

Our position with regard to the Alberta League is now clarified. The

League will definitely function and we shall, as usual, enter two teams. Reports of outstanding teams come from De Winton, A-20 and No. 2 Wireless School, but we are quietly confident that the Penhold "Fliers" will retain the championship in 1944.

Inter-section League standings up to May 18th are shown below:

MAJOR LEAGUE				Goals		Pts.
P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	
S. H. Q.	5	3	1	1	9	7
3 Flight	3	2	0	1	5	5
Maintenance	5	2	2	1	10	5
Minor Inspections	3	2	1	0	7	4
Airmen's Mess "A"	4	2	2	0	5	4
Innisfail	3	1	1	1	11	3
1 Flight	3	0	2	1	3	1
2 Flight	4	0	4	0	1	0

MINOR LEAGUE				Goals		Pts.
P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	
103 Course	5	3	1	1	13	7
G. I. S.	4	3	1	0	10	6
S. B. A.	5	3	2	0	5	6
Sergeants' Mess	4	1	1	2	6	4
Night Flying Flight	4	1	2	1	7	3
Airmen's Mess "B"	4	0	2	2	7	2
M. T.	4	0	2	2	5	2

## Athletics

The hard work put in by Works and Buildings, the Australians and 109 Course in making a cinder track for the Station, deserves a better response to the repeated requests in D.R.O.s for airmen to come forward to build up a Station Athletic team. It is proposed to hold a triangular athletic meet with the New Zealanders, Australians and R.A.F. as contestants. The Australians are already well forward in training a team and are anxious to wipe out the defeat handed out to them by the New Zealanders at rugger. It would be a blow to the R.A.F. if these lads from down under, in their keen rivalry, should defeat an R.A.F. team, for Maintenance Way alone should be able to provide an athletic team good enough to meet this Anzac challenge.

Only two members of last year's Station Athletic team remain, and with Bowden deciding that the result of the mile event in their sports meeting in June should decide the winning or losing of the Bowden Trophy, the Station must develop a couple of good milers.

On June 3rd the Station will be represented at the Inter-Services Athletic Meet at Edmonton, and it is hoped that a good team will be raised by that time.

## Rugger

The presence of New Zealand and Australian personnel on the Station has given an Empire flavour to the Station rugger fifteen, and high hopes of seeing some good rugger have been more than realised. Two preliminary games were played before a Station side was selected. In one of these games the Sergeants' Mess narrowly defeated the Officers' Mess by the only try of the game, and in the other the New Zealanders claimed superiority over the Aussies to the tune of a clear thirteen points. The latter game showed that there was some fine material available on the camp. The first Station game was played at home against Bowden, and all who were fortunate enough to see it agreed that it was one of the best games they had ever witnessed. The backs and three-quarters moved with precision and were given every opportunity to show their handling skill by a grand set of forwards. The game ended in a fine win for the Station by a margin of twenty-five points.

Before the return game with Bowden, the pupils of 103 Course challenged

their instructors and had the satisfaction of beating them. At Bowden in pouring rain and on a sodden ground the Station fifteen proved that they could handle a greasy ball with confidence and, despite adverse conditions, brought off some beautiful passing movements to emerge winners by nineteen points to three.

It is hoped in the near future, and whilst the ground is ideal for rugger, to pit the New Zealanders against a fifteen drawn from the rest of the camp. This should be a game worth watching and should prove to be a good tryout for the needle match against No. 2 Wireless School at Calgary.

## Golf

When the last "Penhold Log" went to press, fees for the 1944 golf season had not been finally settled. A bulk subscription has been paid to the Red Deer Golf and Country Club, and personnel of this station may now become Members for the whole of the 1944 season at fees of 75¢ for Corporals and A.C.'s, \$1.50 for N.C.O.'s, and \$2.00 for officers.

Officers who wish to join should obtain their membership cards from the Mess Clerk. Other personnel may obtain membership cards from the P.S.I. Clerk at S.H.Q. on payment of the appropriate subscription. The number of members among Corporals and A.C.'s has fallen short of expectations.

Clubs and balls are available at the Sports Store.

The Red Deer Golf Course has eighteen holes with a total length of 5,749 yards. The longest hole is 512 yards, but two others exceed 500 yards. Par for the Course is 70. The cafe at the Club House has opened for the season and refreshments are available.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE STATION CINEMA

**H**ITHERTO, it has been the policy to charge an entrance fee to the Station Cinema sufficiently large to ensure a fairly substantial profit. From the money thus provided it was possible to enlarge and to improve the operating box, to instal suitable lighting, to buy apparatus which assisted in the presentation of the films and, elsewhere on the camp, to provide recreational facilities of an entirely different nature. Now that higher authority has set a term to our occupation of Penhold, and has imposed a prohibition on extraordinary expenditures, the accumulation of large profits has lost its point. The price of admission, for all airmen of the rank of corporal and below, has therefore been reduced to ten cents, which is a small enough amount even for the most impoverished. A very dim view will be taken in future of anyone heard to express the opinion that some evening's programme was not worth the money.

It is expected that "Lady In the Dark" will be shown during June. This film, with Ginger Rogers in glorious Technicolour sequences which endeavour to convey the sensations and impressions of a dream, is something of an experiment. Even if elements of its inner meaning escape the comprehension of some of us, one of Ginger Rogers's dreams is bound to have its moments of interest and the film should be well worth while—even at ten cents!

### DISCOVERY OF THE CENTURY

#### DUTIES OF THE INSPECTOR GENERAL

**"The Inspector General represents the King and can abolish the Air Force if he deems it necessary."**

—vide answer in an examination paper on Administration.

Applications for remustering to the trade of Inspector General cannot be considered, as at present there are no vacancies in this trade.

# Annual Inspection

*By the A.O.C.*

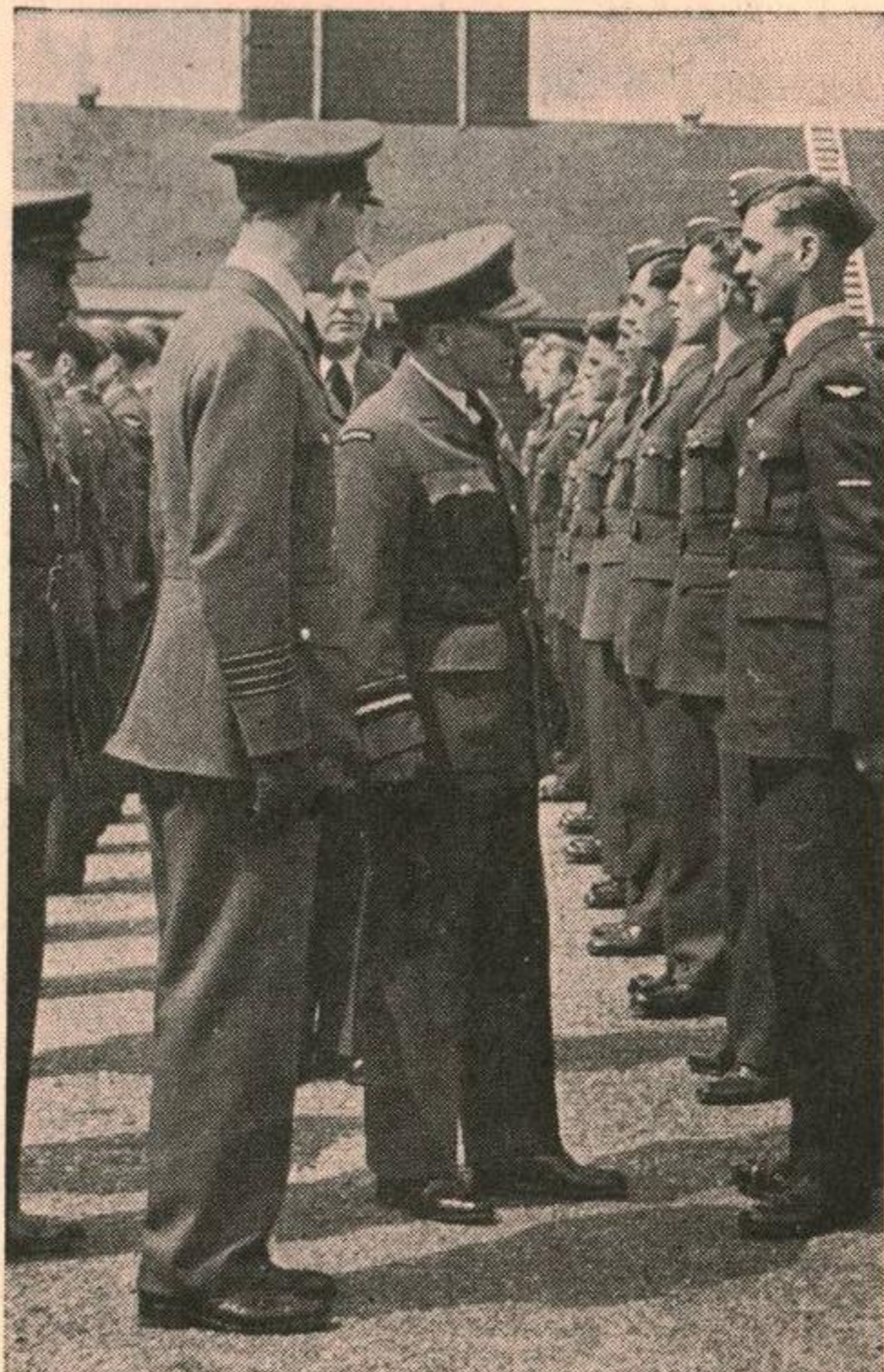


INSPECTION PARADE

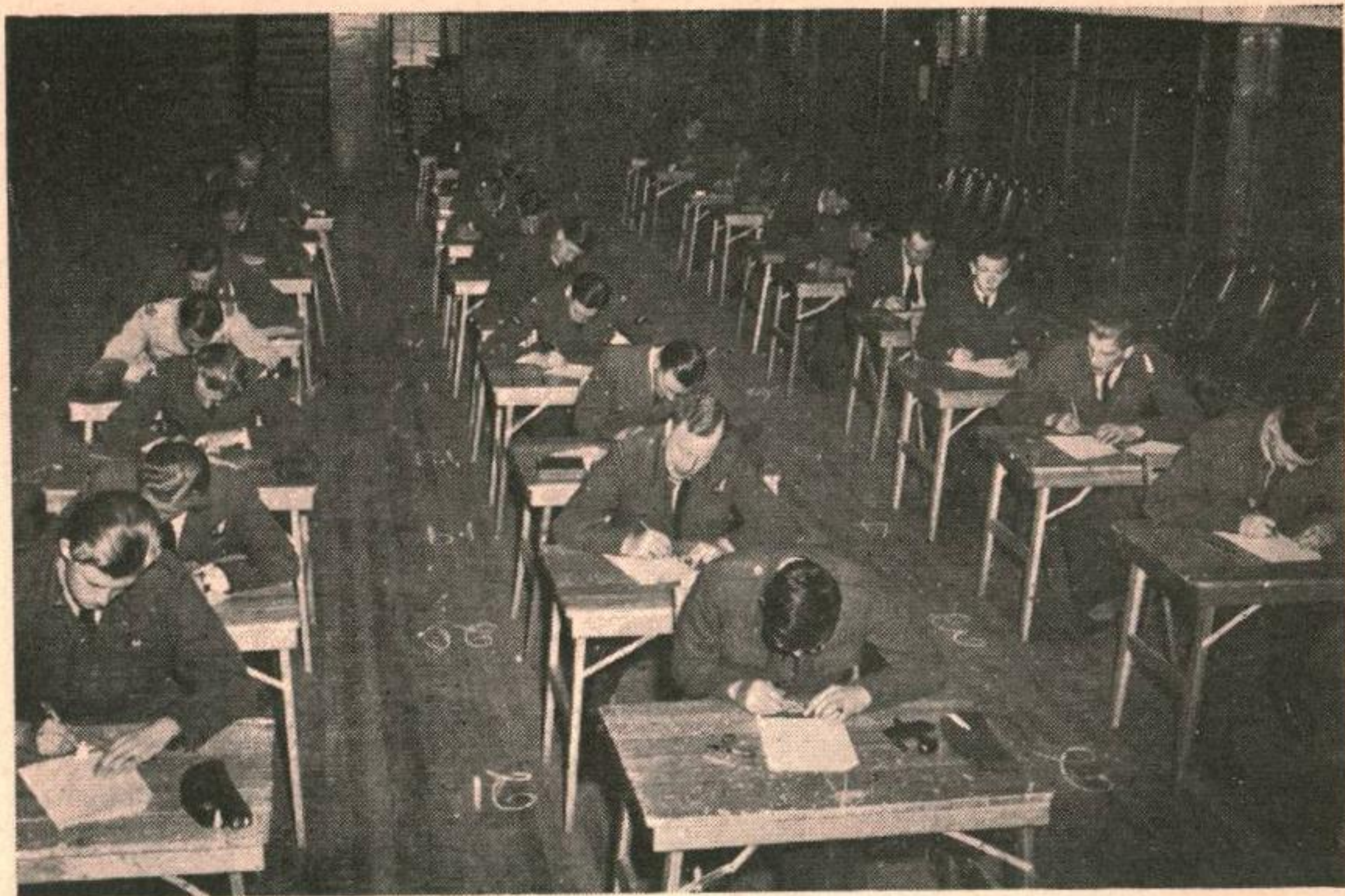
The A.O.C., No. 4 Training Command, Air Vice-Marshal G. R. Howsam, M.C., accompanied by his P.A., F/Lt. Smith, and by Group Captain W. Dicks, arrived by air from Calgary at 10.00 hours on May 11th, 1944, and immediately began an inspection of the Station.

After luncheon in the Officers' Mess, at which the A.O.C. met Senior Officers of the Unit, an inspection parade was held which was followed by a march past. The Station Band's performance during the parade added greatly to its impressiveness and drew from the A.O.C. a well-deserved word of congratulation. Subsequently the technical sites of the Station were inspected and after tea, the A.O.C. left for Red Deer.

At the right the A.O.C. is seen inspecting a Flight of Cadets.



# Examination Day



## *Well, What Do You Know?*

The time has come, the Minor said, to talk of many things,  
Of bombs and comps and angle off and compasses and  
swings,  
Of Claudel Hob and U.M.O.'s and all the Maintenance  
fellers,  
Of venturis and boost control and variable pitch propellers;  
Of wireless waves and aircraft accs and of remote contrac-  
tors,  
Of night effect and heterodynes and various other factors;  
Of thunderstorms, and highs and lows and clouds of great  
extent,  
And isobars and mist and fog, all things from heaven sent;  
Of bearing plates, and drift sights, and aircraft recognition,  
Of plots and logs and vectoring a new D.R. position;  
Of R.F., M.F., H.F., D.F. and of G.M.T.  
And R.T., Q.C., Q.D.M. and also T.N.T.  
The time has come, the Minor said, to see if you can cope;  
Please answer all the questions and write down all the dope.  
The Minor added thoughtfully, if you haven't got a clue,  
Then it's H.T.M., it is, my lad, it's H.T.M. for you.

(H.T.M.: Home to Mummy)

# STATION CINEMA

## Programme for June

1944

Thursday, June 1

### Rationing

Wallace Beery      Marjorie Main

\* \* \* \* \*

Saturday and Sunday, June 3-4

### Princess O'Rourke

Olivia de Havilland and  
Robert Cummings

\* \* \* \* \*

Monday, June 5

### Lady In the Dark

Ginger Rogers      Ray Milland

\* \* \* \* \*

Tuesday, June 6

### Curse of the Cat People

Simone Simon      Kent Smith

\* \* \* \* \*

Thursday, June 8

### Passage To Marseilles

Humphrey Bogart and  
Michele Morgan

\* \* \* \* \*

Saturday and Sunday, June 10-11

### Fired Wife

Robert Paige      Louise Allbritton

\* \* \* \* \*

Monday, June 12

### Destination, Tokyo

Cary Grant      John Garfield

\* \* \* \* \*

Tuesday, June 13

### Yellow Canary

Anna Neagle      Richard Greene

Thursday, June 15

### Young Ideas

Mary Astor      Herbert Marshall

\* \* \* \* \*

Saturday and Sunday, June 17-18

TO BE ANNOUNCED LATER

\* \* \* \* \*

Monday, June 19

### Tarzan's Desert Mystery

Johnny Weissmuller and  
Nancy Kelly

\* \* \* \* \*

Tuesday, June 20

### Action In Arabia

George Sanders      Virginia Bruce

\* \* \* \* \*

Thursday, June 22

TO BE ANNOUNCED LATER

\* \* \* \* \*

Saturday and Sunday, June 24-25

### Top Man

Donald O'Connor      Peggy Ryan

\* \* \* \* \*

Monday, June 26

### Oklahoma Kid

James Cagney      Humphrey Bogart

\* \* \* \* \*

Tuesday, June 27

### Hot Rhythm

Dona Drake      Robert Lowery

\* \* \* \* \*

Thursday, June 29

### Lady, Let's Dance

Belita      James Ellison