

Night Flying

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THE PENHOLD



VOLUME V
JUNE



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



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F/O R. A. R. Hummel and Cpl. Wardlaw (Photographs),
Cpl. E. R. Denison Cross and Cpl. McLennan Jones.

Editorial

THE EDITOR has achieved one of his dearest ambitions. He has succeeded in being absent from the station during most of the period that this month's "Log" was being produced. That is now our ambition, too! It involved doing a not very welcome course of training in pastures (deserts?) new, but even that has hardly spoiled his satisfaction at handing the job over to one of the much-abused adjudicial types. At least two people on the station now realise that being the editor of the "Log" is a trying, thankless and little-appreciated bind.

The only other news of interest during the month was the rumour of an Invasion of France. We forget where all these foreign places are, and we've been out here so long that we've given up believing these silly rumours from Europe. Maybe we'll believe it when we get back and find that the office hours are still from eight until seven.

Acknowledgments are made this month to F/O Hummel for the "Night Flying" photographs, and to Cpl. Wardlaw for the Y.M.C.A. and "Station Personalities" photographs. F/O Tonks is leaving us, and the Editor will be glad to hear from anyone who is willing to take over his job of preparing sketches and illustrating articles.

Station Personalities . . .

The Padre

THE Reverend (Squadron Leader) A. L. Crockett, the Station Protestant Chaplain, arrived this year at Penhold, with good fortune on his side. The new Chapel awaited him, and the long snows of winter had vanished before the early onslaught of the rich Albertan spring. He was, however, entitled to a break, since his previous two years had been spent at Moncton; service which, in the opinion of many, should have earned him at least a small mitre.



It would, perhaps, be improper to refer to him as a heathen, but for twelve years he lived at Blackheath, the home of the "Heathens," and was a muscular enough Christian to qualify for the Kent Rugger Trials. He is emphatic that his football days are now over, and his decision is, no doubt, influenced by the situation of the Chaplain's Office, which overlooks the rugger pitch and gives him a clear view of the procession of casualties streaming across the sward to the Station Hospital.

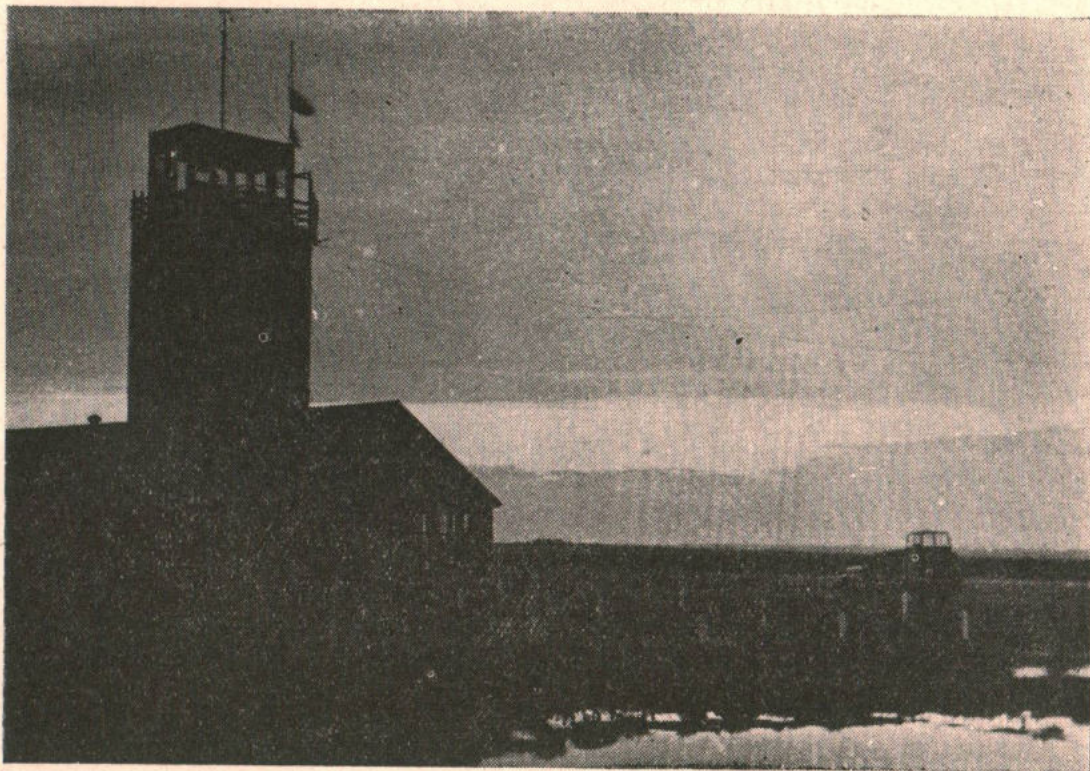
For seven years he served with the China Inland Mission, engaged in missionary work deep in the interior of China. This was a tough assignment, and he is, consequently, not likely to be discouraged by the comparable task which he has undertaken at Penhold. He left China in 1941

by one of the last boats to sail from that country to the outside world, and journeyed by way of Japan to the United States. Arriving in Canada, he was, as he puts it, "roped in" for a Royal Air Force Chaplaincy, while his wife, with three children to care for, contrives to find time to practise as a doctor in Canada. Her photograph, prominent on the wall of the Chaplain's Office, proclaims her as his only pin-up girl.

Padre Crockett not only speaks Chinese, but writes it. It is true that we have only his word that the odd signs which he produces are indeed Chinese characters, but, in support of his claim, he offers to write in Chinese a demand for immediate finger extraction for the use of anyone who suffers from the dilatory methods of local Chinese laundries. He says, however, that such chits will be issued only to those with at least six month's regular church attendance behind them—and that not too far behind.

He is pleased with the response to the experiment in voluntary attendance at the Sunday mid-morning services, but will not be satisfied until the chapel is filled every week. His missionary zeal, and his warm interest in all types, are such that this happy state of affairs is likelier to occur at Penhold than at some other less fortunate stations.

Night Flying



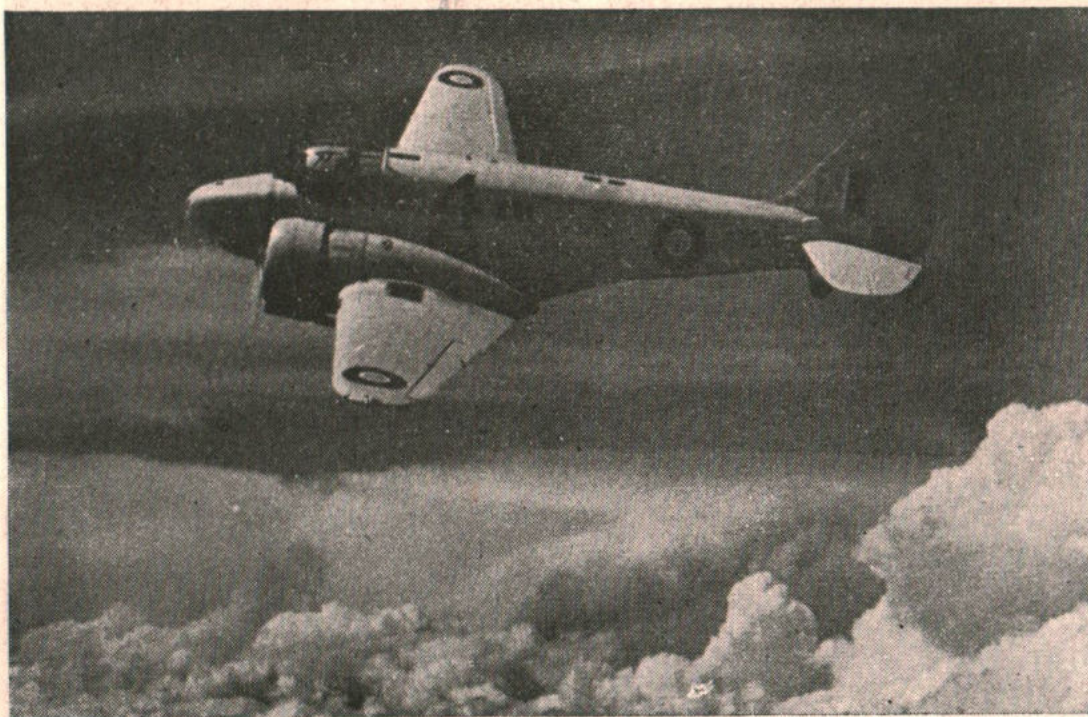
QUIET settles over the airfield for a brief space at sunset, and there is an unaccustomed silence in the shadow of the Control Tower . . . pools of water lying between the parade ground and the hangar apron are unruffled by the slipstreams of aircraft, and peacefully reflect the light of the western sky. Seen from the slopes to the southwest, the airfield is a wide empty stretch of green, fringed with a line of yellow aircraft.

Even in this brief interval between day and night flying there are men at work on the airfield—the flare path crews laying out the lighting for the night. The lights they have laid down in the early twilight begin to stand out as a pattern marking taxiing lanes and runway as the darkness settles over the camp, and once again the roar of engines provides the habitual background of sound to all the activities of the camp.

Paradoxically, night flying is a twenty-four-hours-a-day undertaking, whereas day flying hangars close down for the night. For, as soon as the last aircraft has come in at the end of a night's flying, the work in preparation for the next night's programme begins, with daily inspections and minor repairs and adjustments. After the pilots have gone to bed, the ground crews are at work until breakfast under the glaring hangar lights, or in the coolness of midsummer's early dawn. These are the men who have breakfast for supper, and in winter see little of Alberta sunshine.

Soon after the ground crews have gone to bed, the Flight Commanders are in their offices, working out the coming night's programme. For Flight Commanders with pupils on night flying, this is the first and perhaps the most important job of the day. The successful completion of the night flying syllabus is of importance not only to the course itself, but also to junior courses waiting to take their turn on the aerodrome at night. If one flight falls behind, it causes difficulties for the succeeding course, and even for

courses not yet on the station. The working out of each night's programme is no simple affair of jotting down a list of names, but involves a consideration of variable factors in the case of each pupil. His duties before and after night flying have to be taken into account to determine whether he shall go on early or late . . . the nature of his night flying practice is determined by his individual progress . . . the programme has to be switched and twisted around so that the pupil may fly with his own instructor. Stacks of scrap paper and perhaps an hour's work with charts showing what each pupil has done, and even at what times he has flown on previous nights, go to the completion of the programme which is finally taken to the Control Tower for the Squadron Commander's approval.



Soon after the Flying Wing Orderly Room has started the stencil of the night flying programme, pilots are reporting to the Night Flying Flight to test fly the aircraft for the coming night. Serviceable instruments are vital at night, and can only be safely tested in daylight. In manoeuvres such as steep turns, the flying instruments are checked for accuracy; on the climb the engines are checked for maximum power output, so that by night the pilot can be sure of a safe get-away from take-off. On the ground a taxiing test ensures that the aircraft can be safely handled in the confusing and sometimes misleading darkness.

Night flying is unquestionably more dramatic, though not necessarily more difficult, than day flying. Even the hard-bitten instructor, well on into his second log book, still feels a thrill as he watches an aircraft, dimly seen in a frame of navigation lights and the twin exhaust flames, move smoothly down the runway, and at gathering speed roar up into the night. For pupils, night flying excites a greater degree of apprehension, at least at first, than day flying. This may be felt at the briefing of pupils for cross countries. But with experience comes a new sense of assurance and a renewed feeling of mastery of alien elements.

In common with cloud flying, night flying technique is based on what psychologists would call a set of conditioned reflexes—that is, the pilot is trained to respond correctly with physical actions to the stimulus of readings on a group of dials. On really dark nights, when the horizon cannot be seen,

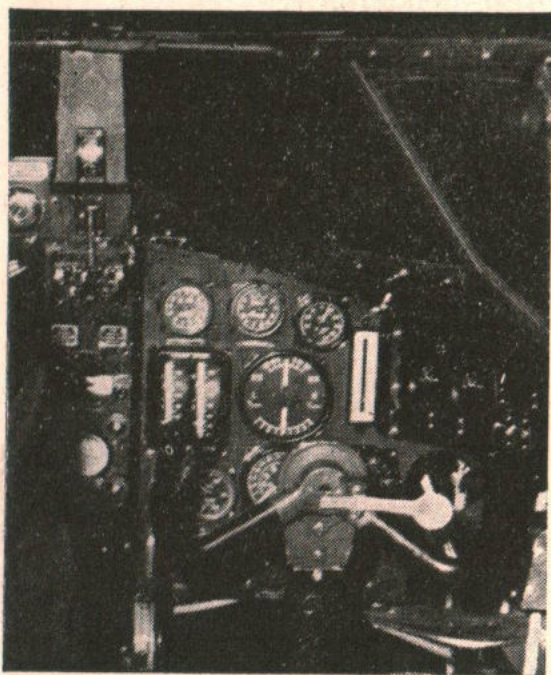
Routine of Night Flying



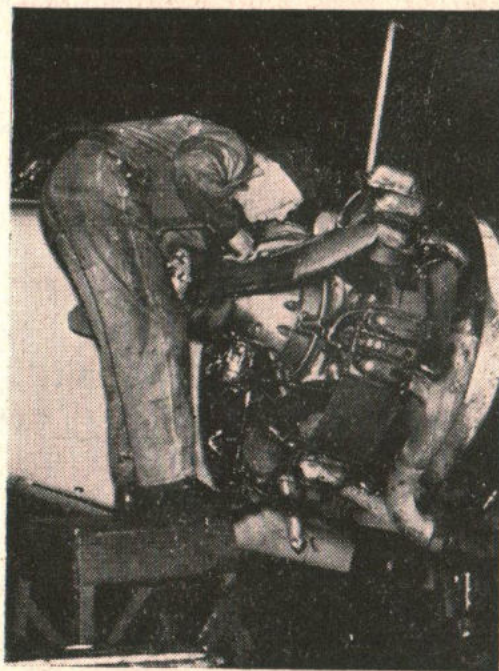
THE R/T OPERATOR



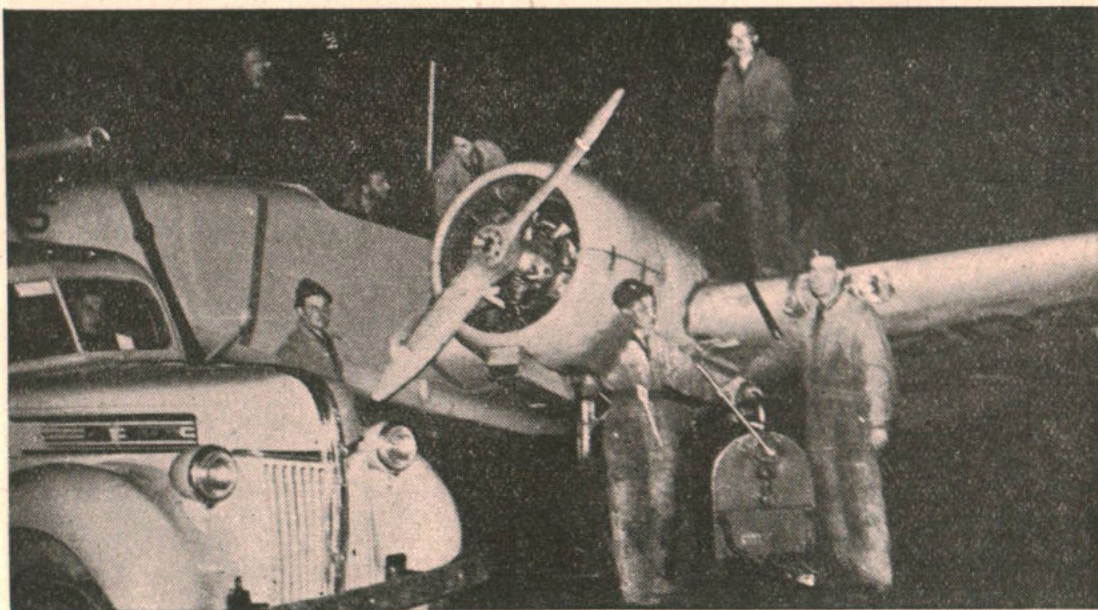
THE DESPATCHING OFFICER



COCKPIT BY NIGHT

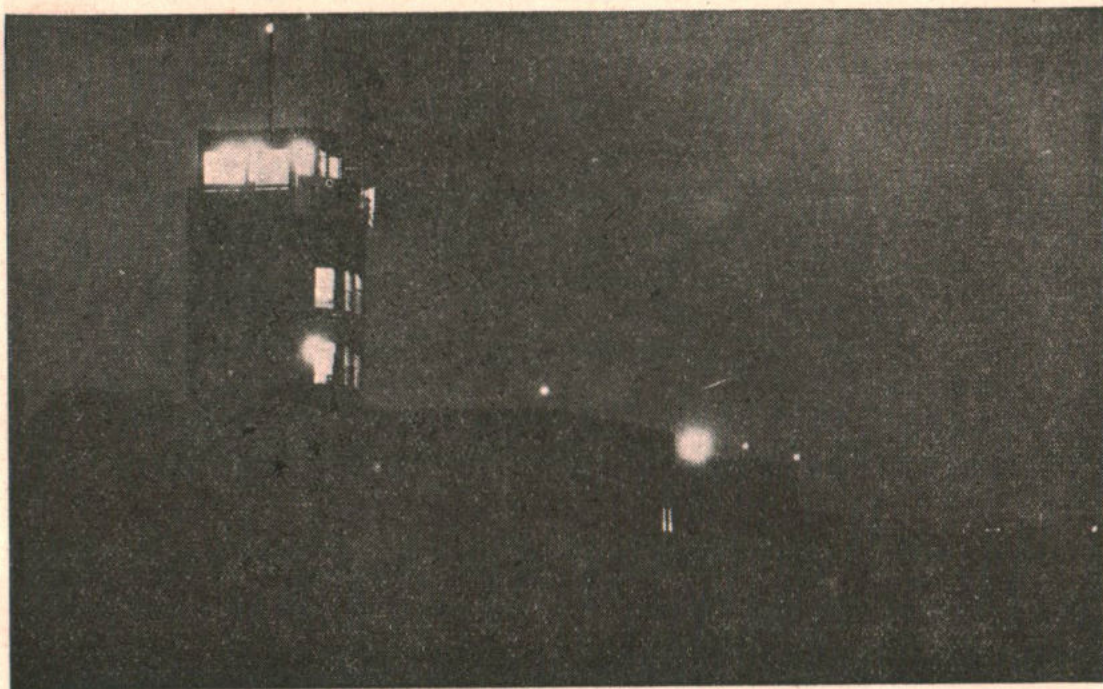


INSPECTION AND REPAIRS



the pilot sometimes feels a weird remoteness from the realities of sight and touch—the flare path is a string of lights suspended in the centre of a vast jet black bowl. In his cockpit he is alone with a set of dimly lit dials. Particularly on take-off, as the aircraft leaves, the last flare falling behind at a speed of 90 or 100 miles per hour, he is plunged instantly into a void, with only the reading of luminous needles to tell him how to handle his machine as it flies low over unseen trees and buildings.

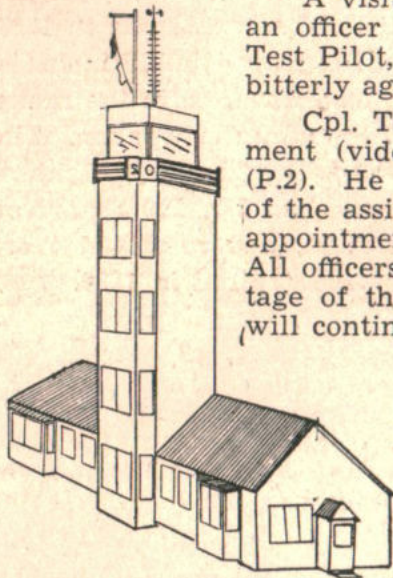
Organisation of night flying is complex. To get many aircraft into the air at short intervals at the commencement of the programme calls for staggering and a punctual start. This is the business of the despatching officer, who is down at the night flying flight well ahead of time, making out authorisation sheets and allotting aircraft to pilots. Delay in starting can disrupt the whole closely inter-locked plan for the night. The despatching officer is, in many ways, the most important of the night flying controllers—he acts as



Flaps From The Flying Wing

THE Two Dollar Air Line announces a curtailed schedule in the absence of F/Lt. J. W. T. Amey. Operations may have been resumed by the time this goes to press. A greater variety of aircraft should, by that time, enhance the attractions of the service.

Last month's applications for flying pay included some remarkable journeys. One technical officer is congratulated on having flown for the purpose of a wings test. The "wings" have been formally presented by the N.C.O. i/c the Central Times Office.



A visiting group captain is credited with having taken an officer of considerable seniority on an "air test." The Test Pilot, Sgt. Wilkinson, is understood to have protested bitterly against this usurpation of his privileges.

Cpl. Taylor, of S.H.Q., is congratulated on his appointment (vide D.R.O.'s) as assistant deputy station adjutant (P.2). He will take precedence immediately following that of the assistant deputy station adjutant (Daily Diary). The appointment is designed to discourage officers with queries. All officers of S.H.Q. squadron are expected to take advantage of the new service. The other ninety-nine per cent will continue to take their troubles to the Timekeepers.

We enjoyed F/Lt. Hibberd's remark that he thought Hannah was a place in Alberta until it got posted.

It had to happen sooner or later, but when it did happen it took us a solid hour to recover our composure. Describing a recent bombing attack, our favourite local radio station, giving, as usual, its own version of the news, announced that bombs had been dropped "In downtown London!" Which particular hundred square miles comprises downtown London is still a matter for heated argument, but no doubt the announcer had it firmly fixed in his mind as a spot between the Uptown Theatre and the Downtown Theatre and on the north side of Main Street. After a feeble squeak of protest, we gave up.

a sort of over-all flight commander, and deals on the spot with the recurrent problems which crop up during the night.

Second in effective importance is the N.C.O. in charge of the servicing. He directs the ground crews with the object of keeping the details up to time. At night a high spirit of co-operation is notable, and though it has been said of our picture of an aircraft being refuelled that never have so many men been seen on one aircraft at one time, it remains true that refuelling is carried out more quickly than in daytime, in spite of the difficulties of darkness.

Supervising the whole organisation is the officer in charge of night flying. He directs operations from the top floor of the Control Tower, where he is assisted in keeping check on all night's exercises by the Duty Pilot and the Airman of the Watch. His power is expressively reflected in the fact that he not only sits at a greater altitude than anyone else on ground duties, but also has an array of three telephones on his desk. One of these connects directly with the Radio Control Room two floors below, where the W/Ops keep track of all aircraft away on cross countries, and manage also to pick up the latest invasion news.

As the dawn begins to fill the eastern sky with its dim light, the last aircraft taxi into the hangar; lights still burn in the control tower, and the rotating beacon still swings its beam over the camp . . . silence again settles over the station, and down in the night flying flight the work of preparing for to-day's night flying starts again.

Station Personalities

The Night Flying Flight

THE N.C.O. i/c Night Flying Flight, Flight Sergeant Waye, joined the R.A.F. in 1921 as a boy. He went to Iraq in 1926 and to India in 1928.

While East, he found a Hindu named Ghandi causing trouble in India, and made the acquaintance of Lawrence of Arabia, who was then in the ranks. In 1931 he returned to England and went to No. 17 Squadron at Upavon. The squadron was flying "Bulldog" fighters. Later he moved to No. 209 Squadron at Mount Batten, and remained there until his service expired in 1933.



While on the Reserve, F/Sgt. Waye worked as a N.A.A.F.I. maintenance engineer and later as a G.P.O. engineer. In August, 1939, he was recalled and went to France in the first week of the war. He toured France extensively on aircraft salvage work, missed Dunkerque, but came home through Cherbourg. The present invasion has particular interest for him.

After service with a squadron, he joined the aircraft salvage unit which collected most of the wrecks from South East England during the Blitz.

For his work as N.C.O. in charge of an exhibition of new and secret aircraft inspected by Mr. Churchill in

April, 1943, and widely publicised in the press, he received the Certificate of Good Service. He may soon be wearing the ribbon of the 1939-43 Star. F/Sgt. Waye is a keen ballroom dancing expert, and his young daughter holds an English ballet dancing championship.

Sergeant Hartley came to Penhold from No. 37 S.F.T.S. in March. He was born in Glasgow and has been nearly ten years in the R.A.F. He was among the first to go to France in September, 1939, and was among the last to leave in June, 1940. Back in England, he worked with a squadron and was posted to Canada at the end of 1942. He served at Greenwood before being posted to Calgary. Sgt. Hartley has a daughter at home whom he hasn't seen yet.

Night Flying Flight is proud of the fact that every one of its members has volunteered to remain in the Flight after completing the length of service which can be ordered in a night duty flight.

News From Home

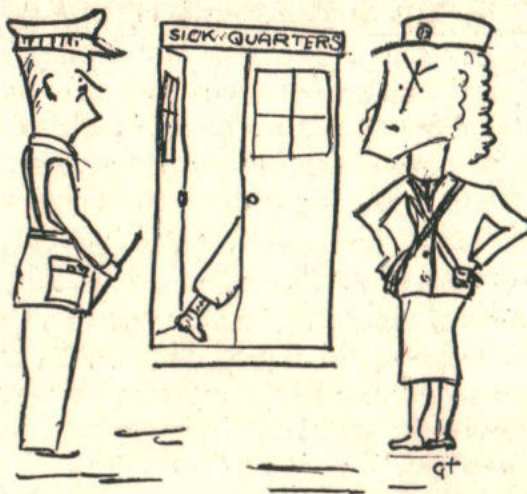
Money. The heated discussions on servicemen's pay which have recently been proceeding in England have ended with some satisfaction, though generally it will be those with better halves who will benefit. The serving man's wife will receive 35s. a week for herself and 12s. 6d. for each child. . . . Sir John Anderson continues to make Parliamentary history: the Report stage of his first Budget was passed through the House in the brief time of two hours and twenty minutes, instead of the usual day or so; there will be no further tax on beer or cigarettes. . . . There appears to be plenty of money in circulation despite the new Budget, as it is reported that perfume at 12 guineas an ounce bottle attracted eager buyers in the West End of London.

Sport. The England-Wales soccer match at Cardiff has special claims upon the historian as the International Match for which nobody knew who was to play until just before the kick-off. The only definite selection was Barnes of Arsenal, down for full-back with Wales. . . . A paratroop Rugby team due to play at Leicester parachuted on to the field, won the match, and returned to base by the same method. "We intended to practise passing the ball on the way down," a player said, "but on the way over we were throwing the ball about the 'plane and it went through the jumping-hole." . . . At the Liverpool-Everton league match at Anfield, the players had about two dozen lemons tossed to them by the crowd; they were carefully stacked behind the goal until half-time. . . . At a Dulwich cricket match, in which the American Air Force team took part, there were cheers and handclaps by the players for incoming batsmen, audible advice by fieldsmen to both bowlers and batsmen, and four photographers on the pitch near the wicket.

Services. The first contingent of Waafs has sailed for overseas—and it sailed first-class. . . . The Leicestershire Tigers, the Buffs and the London Scottish (115th, London), have all been playing a prominent part in the recent fighting in Italy. . . . P/O Gordon Malton Barrett, reported prisoner of war, is a descendant of the Barrett of Wimpole Street. . . . Outside a Stationer's shop stood a large collecting-box marked "Books for the Forces." A young Corporal came along, looked in the box, picked up first one book and then another, finally selected one, placed it under his arm, and walked away. Evidently a bibliophile who believes in "direct-to-the-consumer" methods!

. . . . During the recent London "bus strike, a certain soldier-driver found himself in a dilemma. His wife was one of the operatives on strike. The Army said, "Drive that 'bus"; the wife said, "Just you dare." Tactfully, he took the only course open to a soldier—he reported sick.

In Passing. The birth-rate is the highest since 1928; unfortunately, the illegitimacy rate has also risen. . . . Beside the Tate Gallery stands one of the new prefabricated houses, 500,000 of which the Government plans to build in the period before the building trade can erect more permanent new houses. Shaped like a shed, and looking like a shed, the house contains £80 worth of built-in fittings, including a dozen cupboards, cooker, bath and refrigerator. . . . Clyde dockers are creating records in unloading cargoes: they have discharged 21,000 tons from a single ship in 24 hours. . . . As a



change from "jazz," war-workers in a Liverpool factory have hired a Symphony Orchestra for themselves; they have booked for one night the £150,000 Philharmonic Hall and the Philharmonic Orchestra with its distinguished conductor, Dr. Malcolm Sargent.

Whisky, Beer and Cigarettes. "There's a threat of a whisky shortage lasting years," says the trade; "stocks will disappear unless distillers can get busy soon." . . . A former bottle-party "baron," wanting to protect troops from having to pay black-market prices for liquor and entertainments, has opened in London an Information Bureau from which he can direct the boys to a drink at the right price. . . . British consular officials are preparing a report on the mystery of British Red Cross cigarettes intended for prisoners of war being found on sale in Lisbon shops. . . . "Looks like rain," said the barman, handing the customer his glass of beer in an English pub. "Tastes like it," observed the customer after the first sip.

Food Supplies, in the fifth year of war, are improving a little—you can even taste the pork in the pork pies. But the Ministry of Food says it will be three years after the war before bananas will re-appear, and six years before the return to pre-war standards is completed. Professor Drummond, scientific advisor to the Ministry of Food, says margarine is as nutritious and as digestible as butter, and it may come off the ration list in 1947. Other Food Ministry prophecies are: 1945, more Mediterranean fruit; 1946, a little more meat; 1947, more fish, and the first grapefruit, peaches, pineapples; 1948, still more meat, some strawberries, more sugar and canned goods; 1949, chocolate and sweets off the ration list, jam back to normal; 1950, real ice cream.

Prices, where they come outside control orders, have rocketed. A double linen sheet, secondhand, was recently quoted at £12; a pair of secondhand silk damask curtains, £75; geese eggs—rare and unrationed—fetch 3s. 6d. each; women's handbags (formerly 30s.), £6. Spectacular prices are paid for flowers, notably by American troops buying from costers' barrows in the West End of London—12s. 6d. a dozen for daffodils, 15s. for two or three orchids, 5s. 6d. for a bunch of violets.

Odds and Ends. The sails of England's windmills are revolving again—about 200 mills are at work grinding grain, mostly in the eastern counties. . . . B.B.C. announcer, Bruce Belfrage, now in the Navy, told a "Daily Mail" reporter he did not want to go back to the B.B.C. after the war "unless they get some new ideas." . . . Britain's war-time Civil Service employs 700,000 people. . . . The British Red Cross will send out 75,000 packs of cards to prisoners of war in 1944; with existing stocks at Geneva, this is enough to provide a pack for every two men. . . . Bristol has women bus drivers, drawn from the ranks of bus conductresses. . . . Denouncing crooners on the radio, Lord Winterton said in the House of Commons, "Crooning reminds me of the caterwauling of an inebriated cockatoo." . . . Of Britain's war workers, seven million are women, two and a half million of these being wives. . . . The area of airfield runways, perimeters and aprons laid down in Britain is nearly as large as Birmingham. . . . The loneliest man in Britain is the bird sanctuary warden of the tiny barren island called the Calf of Man, which lies off the coast of the Isle of Man—he has obtained a divorce from his wife on grounds of desertion.

A Visit to "New England"

TO TRAVEL through the six States of America comprising "New England" is a bewildering experience for any Englishman. You seem to be in a sort of "Alice Through the Looking Glass" world. It is as though the people originally settling the country, wishing to keep the old familiar English names, couldn't decide which to use, and thought up a "Lucky Dip" sort of scheme, drawing the names out one by one, in very mixed order. To find that you can start off from Boston (Lincolnshire) and travel through Milton (Somerset), Braintree (Essex), Weymouth (Dorset), Stoughton (Yorkshire), Mansfield (Nottinghamshire), Raynham (Essex), to Bridgwater (Somerset), passing through a small town called Scotland on the way, and from Bridgwater pass through Halifax (Yorkshire) and Kingston (Surrey), to end up at Plymouth (Devonshire), all in a matter of from 60 to 70 miles, is rather startling, to say the least of it.

But, although bewildering, a visit to the New England States is well worth the long, wearisome journey across the vacant prairies and monotonous scrub forest country of mid-Canada, and the struggle with the seemingly endless series of documents which require to be filled in before permission to visit the United States is finally obtained.

Boston, Massachusetts, being the largest and most central city, is the best place from which to make a start. It is also very much more like an English city than most Canadian and American cities, having "grown up" little by little and not been "planned." The streets also are not the usual miles-long straight lines so familiar out here, but are narrower and crooked, with many tree-lined squares and courtyards and quiet back streets—very home-like to our English eyes. Another nostalgic sight is the throngs of pigeons strutting about the squares, completely ignoring the passers-by except, of course, when one happens to have a bag of corn or bread crumbs. During May, this year, when we were visiting Boston, an order forbidding the feeding of these pigeons by the public had been issued by the City Council, and was causing quite a furore in the local newspapers. The pigeons had been up to their usual tricks—building their nests in places where they really shouldn't and being most irreverent to the various statues and monuments scattered around the city, not to mention occasional deposits on unsuspecting pedestrians! But the pigeons did not seem to mind the City Fathers' edict—they strutted about just as pompously, whirred and wheeled about the sky just the same, with absolute confidence that, whoever else starved, the pigeons would always find enough to eat.

To anyone interested in history and historical scenes, Boston and its surrounding suburbs is enough to keep the most ardent searcher fully occupied for as long as he can stay. To those not quite so interested in history (practically everyone at Penhold!!), Boston can provide very much more up-to-date entertainment. Plenty of very good night clubs, theatres, dance halls, and so on. If you like company, too, the U.S.O.'s have some very beautiful hostesses, always glad to help a "poor, lonely soldier boy" to enjoy himself and forget the cares and worries of war. Of course, there are certain technical difficulties in the way of meeting these girls outside the U.S.O., as "dating" is actually forbidden to the hostesses, but the R.A.F. has always been noted for its initiative and these circumstances should prevent no one from enjoying himself in the best of company at all times.

Perhaps the most interesting place in New England, apart from Boston, is Plymouth, where the "Pilgrim Fathers"—fleeing from religious persecution in England—landed from the little ship "Mayflower", to set up the first colony actually to last in the New World. "Plymouth Rock," the rock on which the first landing was made, is still to be seen, at Plymouth, protected from the

The Birthday Honours List

Although no serving members of the staff were included, several names familiar to the station appeared in the Honours List.

Wing Commander F. B. H. (Bill) Hayward, who, until lately, was Penhold's Chief Instructor, received the Air Force Cross. The wires from Penhold buzzed with messages of congratulation when it became known that one of the station's most popular Chief Instructors had received acknowledgment of his many years of service to the cause of flying training.

Sergeant "Tom" Smith, who recently returned home after a long tour as Disciplinary N.C.O. at Ground School, received the British Empire Medal. The announcement of the award gave great satisfaction to all those who had known and appreciated Sgt. Smith's work at Penhold. He had a background of R.A.F. service which went back to 1917, and of Army service in the Black Watch which dated back to 1920 and covered some thirteen years. Discipline among the pupils he maintained with his own variety of philosophical diplomacy which was aimed at keeping them out of trouble and not at making them suffer for lack of the right word of advice at the right time. His fondness for leg-pulling kept the staff guessing. The pupil who did forget himself after the second beer at the passing-out party could always rely on being whisked quietly and unobtrusively away to his bunk by the ever-watchful Sgt. Smith. Hundreds of pupils remembered him with affection, and Penhold has never been quite the same since he left.

Squadron Leader David M. Bruser, who was Penhold's surgeon until a few months ago, received the M.B.E. "Doc" Bruser earned a reputation which no other medical officer or surgeon at Penhold has ever equalled. The faith which the entire station had in his skill was remarkable. He is remembered with the deepest respect for his professional skill. When his posting came through, as all postings must, it was received with sincere regret.

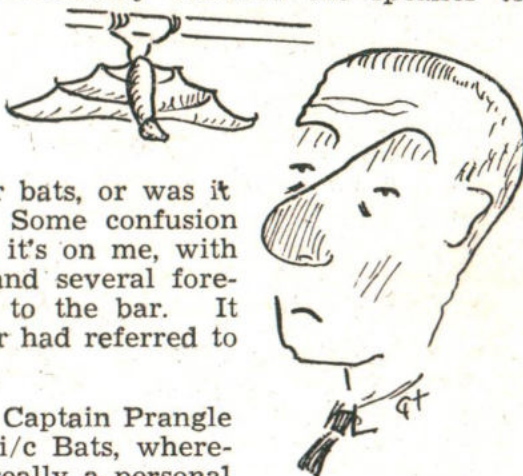
ravages of weather and the worse ravages of souvenir collectors by a beautiful white building which allows interested people to see and photograph, but not touch, the rock itself. Some time back, before the present building was erected, arrangements were made to move the Rock and house it elsewhere, but during the moving the Rock broke into two parts and it was eventually decided to leave it in its original position. The break has been mended and is scarcely noticeable.

There is also, at Plymouth, a museum of personal items, books, papers, furniture, clothing, etc., intimately connected with these first settlers in America. If you think living today is not too comfortable, just take a look around this museum and see the almost primitive houses, implements and furniture with which these people were supplied, and think of the difference between these items and those in use today. In this same museum may also be seen "The Compact," the historic document signed, in the cabin of the "Mayflower," by the settlers, binding themselves to abide by the laws and constitution enacted by the ruler of the country which had just ejected them. This document was signed on November 11th, 1620, just 298 years before the signing of another, perhaps more famous, document.

To those who have been "stranded on the prairie" here at Penhold for very long, a visit to New England is likely to cause some little home-sickness. The countryside is very like England, and the smell of the sea and the sight of streets lined with elms and chestnut trees, gardens with lilac and rhododendron bushes in bloom, with wistaria and clematis climbing the sides of the houses, the very green grass and neat gardens, will bring back memories of home, especially when connected with the familiar names of the towns and villages there.—MAC.

Bats in The Messry

AN important and most extraordinary meeting was held in the Officers' Mess the other night to discuss the posting of a bat to the Mess. Group Captain Prangle was in several of the chairs, 135 members sprawled all over the ante-room; the remaining four played bridge. Five barmen were on duty. One of the chairmen opened the proceedings by pointing out that the bat had not warned in and was therefore not officially on the ration strength. Flight Lieutenant Gilbare immediately referred the speaker to D.R.O.s. Squadron Leader Juke, looking hard at the bottom of his can, wanted to know what Command were doing anyway, since no information was available regarding pay and allowances. Squadron Leader Mack said the real point was the establishment for bats, or was it an entitlement for O.C. Beam Flight. Some confusion arose at this point as someone said no, it's on me, with the result that two legs were broken and several forehead lacerations sustained in the rush to the bar. It subsequently transpired that the speaker had referred to the object under discussion.



Calling the meeting to order, Group Captain Prangle said he proposed to appoint an Officer i/c Bats, whereupon Flying Officer Loque said it was really a personal matter, the animal being his latest hangover. Flight Lieutenant Smelly immediately testified that the bat was complete to scale and, anyhow, a "bat hangover" was a lot larger and of quite different colour. The ensuing argument threatened to throw a red bat across the trail, but the meeting was brought sharply to order and silence when the latest addition proved its existence by taking off from the bar roof. In complete silence, members witnessed an amazing aerial display, followed by several low level circuits with fine regard for wind direction, but it was noticed that Squadron Leader Roll-Stretum had crept to the bar shaking his head and muttering something about insufficient dihedral. Landing again on the bar roof, the bat taxied to a corner and proceeded with a complete D.I.

Now thoroughly convinced, the meeting returned to business, and, ascertaining that Flight Lieutenant Stutterley was attending to the casualties, ordered beers all round on his book. Two members enquired if the addition would entail further increase in the messing charges. The Mess Secretary stated that no accommodation was available, and asked if Works and Buildings could erect a concrete bat hangar in the games room. These queries started a general conversation, and Squadron Leader Juke managed to refill his can unnoticed. Several members rearranged the seating and three were closely examining a sabre.

Another concerted rush to the bar followed when the bar officer inadvertently let fall a book of "D" tickets, when searching for a bottle opener. Covered with bar ticket confetti, the company returned to its seating in triumph to hear the Chair making a last effort to obtain order and resumption of business. At this point the matter was taken right out of his hands when the bat, now completely serviceable, took off again, executed six very steep turns around a sabre, shot through the games room door, and out of the "Ladies" window. So was lost a valuable recruit to Flying Officer Bobarr's fly-by-night flight.

Gestapo Gossip

Loud Sing Cuckoo. There is a persistent rumour to the effect that summer is ycumen in. Despite what the Wheat Pool's News Service described as slight showers, some foundation for this may be seen in the appearance around the Guard Room of those drab, ill-fitting sacks, whimsically described as summer issue, R.A.F. Few can wear this with elan, though Cpl. Jones, with the aid of dark glasses, has achieved a certain nonchalant anonymity. It is this, together with his habit of tucking his tie inside his shirt which, no doubt, has led to some confusion in Red Deer, where he has more than once been mistaken for one of our American Allies. There are yet other signs that the hounds of spring have almost driven their quarry to earth. In spite of snow-fall in Calgary, cricket is here. Cpl. Dunster, whose length is almost that of a full pitched ball, has brought bodyline to Edmonton, from his native Norfolk.

Penhold Rangers. Led by Sgt. Nash and Cpls. Allen, Brassington, Smith and Greenwood, an enthusiastic posse is now at the Guard Room's disposal. It may be seen on most fine afternoons riding, like Leacock's Knight, madly off in all directions and on assorted mounts. Its members have suggested a mounted town patrol and the issue of a star, in lieu of brassard, to be worn on the shirt in the manner of a Frontier Marshal. It is hoped that these proposals are now under consideration by the Adjutant. Whatever the result, Cpl. Allen will continue to prove his affinity with all true horse lovers. Bowed as to legs, he has been discovered in the shower room hissing quietly to himself with a straw stuck between his teeth. A further suggestion, inspired by Cpls. Groves and Davidson, who wish to exchange their whistles for horns, is the formation of a Penhold Hunt. Its purpose would be to reduce the number of those gophers which have so far escaped the rifle of F/Sgt. Jones. Having fought a losing battle with the Dental Officer, F/Sgt. Jones is temporarily compelled to subsist on a liquid diet. He has been heard to complain that whatever the virtues of Guinness, Lethbridge Ale is not good for him.

Absent Faces. Because of leave, courses and official business, the Guard Room has been run by a somewhat depleted staff recently. Cpls. Roche and Minney are but lately returned from a profitable visit to Calgary, where they attended an Investigations Course. They are now eagerly awaiting something to investigate. Sylvan Lake expects shortly to welcome back Sgts. Watson and Pearce, who have spent a leave south of the Border, in the State of Montana.

Cpl. Astbury is back from Los Angeles and Hollywood. In his search for real life Pin-Up girls, he seems to have been inordinately successful. Incidentally, he has exploded two myths. It does rain in the land of orange groves, and Frank Sinatra resembles a man, at a distance.

Innisfaliana. From Innisfail we hear that a new guard hut now replaces the structure known as the Dog House. The amusing indoor sport of swinging a very small cat in a short, unrestricted arc, hitherto found impossible, may now be attempted. Cpl. Dite will also have more room in which to develop his talent for refined murals. Cpls. Heslin, Weekes and Blount, all late of Penhold, are discovering the pleasure of town patrol. Their relations with the girl in the Royal's Cash Desk are of the best.

Bushwackers. News from Blackfalds continues to improve. There have been many changes in recent weeks. With the aid of P.S.I., one room in the new billets has been furnished in early Saskatchewan style. At any hour of the day or night, Cpl. Dunster may be found here listening to the news from London, England. Undisturbed by the sharp cries of Cpl. Brassington and Partner as they go down five spades, doubled, and the mutterings of Cpl. Denison-Cross as he paces the next room in an attempt to memorise the definition of a tort. LACW Darkie has produced five kittens of undetermined sex, of whom A/c Tiger has been authoritatively proclaimed father. Family allowances are pending.

Sports Notes.

ATHLETICS

THE Station Athletic Track was opened by an Inter-Section Meet on May 31st, 1944. The New Zealand pupils emerged as winners, with the Australians and Flying Wing taking second and third places respectively. A triangular meet will be held in the near future with R.A.F., R.N.Z.A.F. and R.A.A.F. taking part. It will be seen that several sections have combined to form the R.A.F. team to challenge the supremacy of the Anzacs.

The Bowden Inter-Unit Trophy was won by the Station for the second year in succession. Unlike previous years, when possession of the trophy depended on the result of five invitation events, the mile event only was chosen as the race to decide which station was to hold the trophy. Having no outstanding milers, a trial was held to find representatives for the Station, and LAC Young, of Servicing Squadron, the Station 440 yards' expert, ran as a pace-maker to try and improve the time for the event. His pace-making was so successful that he romped home an easy winner and repeated his performance at Bowden a few days later. LAC Young deserves great credit for a grand performance leading, as he did, the Bowden entrants and a noted miler from A-20.

A cross-country course has been planned out and diagrams showing the course will be sent to each section to enable section teams to practice. Teams of eight with six count will run in an Inter-Section cross-country run in early July.

SOCCER

The first half of the Major and Minor Leagues has now been completed. In the Major League, No. 3 Servicing Flight are first and Airmens' Mess "A" are second. In the Minor League, G.I.S. and No. 103 Course are leading with nine points each, but G.I.S. are top on goal average.

League Standings as at June 15th, 1944.

MAJOR LEAGUE

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals		Pts.
					F.	A.	
No. 3 Flight -----	5	4	0	1	15	4	9
Maintenance -----	6	3	1	2	11	4	8
Airmen's Mess "A" -----	6	4	2	0	11	5	8
S. H. Q. -----	5	3	2	0	7	6	6
Minor Inspections -----	6	2	3	1	8	6	5
No. 1 Flight -----	6	1	3	2	7	12	4
No. 2 Flight -----	6	0	6	0	2	24	0

MINOR LEAGUE

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals		Pts.
					F.	A.	
G. I. S. -----	6	4	1	1	16	2	9
No. 103 Course -----	6	4	1	1	14	8	9
Sergeants' Mess -----	5	2	1	2	10	11	6
S. B. A. -----	6	3	3	0	8	10	6
Night Flying -----	5	2	2	1	12	10	5
Airmen's Mess "B" -----	6	0	3	3	7	12	3
M. T. -----	6	0	4	2	6	20	2

STATION TEAMS. As part of A-20's Empire Day Celebrations, a friendly game was played between the Penhold Fliers and A-20. The Fliers won by the one goal of the match, scored by LAC Southby. A friendly match between the Fliers and No. 32 E.F.T.S., Bowden, resulted in the Fliers winning by two goals to one goal. The Fliers' first game in the Alberta League was played on Saturday, June 17, at Meewata Stadium against No. 10 R.D. The Tigers played De Winton on Wednesday, June 21.

RUGGER

A friendly match was played against No. 32 E.F.T.S., Bowden, on May 17, at Bowden. Result: 36 S.F.T.S., 19 points; 32 E.F.T.S., 3 points. An Inter-Section friendly match between the New Zealanders and the "Rest" resulted in the New Zealanders taking a "walk over" by 26 points to 3 points. On Saturday, July 1, a team consisting of New Zealanders, Aussies and Englishmen will represent this Unit in a match against No. 2 Wireless School, Calgary.

RIFLE CLUB

The Rifle Club has continued to operate successfully during the last month and has, during that time, taken part in two matches in the Inter-Unit Rifle Competition. It is a regrettable fact that we are still close to the bottom of the list in this Competition, since it is felt that there must be some crack shots on the Station who are capable of helping the Club to improve its position. Anyone is welcome to come along and shoot on Monday and Thursday evenings in the Drill Hall. Come and have a go!

FISHING



From information supplied by the Game Warden at Raven Hatchery, it appears that the best angling in this part of Alberta is to be obtained West of Innisfail. The North and South Raven Rivers are well stocked with Brown Trout, whilst excellent sport with Brook Trout is obtainable in Beaver Creek and James River. The Clearwater River is good for Dolly Varden fishing. Phyllis Lake, 10 miles west of Caroline, was stocked with 50,000 Rainbow Trout that are now three years old, and they should be well worth fishing for this year. Swan Lake has only Pike and Lake Trout, but quite a number of Lake Trout were landed there last year, weighing between 7 and 14 pounds. The road leading to this Lake is very rough, but it is possible to reach there by car in dry weather. Trolling in this Lake is unusually good in June. Eagle Lake is excellent for Brown Trout, and they have been caught weighing up to 18 pounds. The Lake can only be reached by car when the Red Deer River is low. Red Deer River has all varieties of Trout, but they are not so numerous as in some of the other streams. However, it is an excellent stream for Rocky Mountain White Fish.

“China Calling”

THE EDITOR, with fair speech and his usual charming manner, has beguiled me into writing an article or two on the subject “China Calling.”

His main line of attack, which brought rapid disintegration to my weak defences, was the statement that many of us would possibly have a tour of duty in China before returning to the dusty bowler hat and grey spats. With such in view, some “gen” on China would be welcome.

Now, I do not suppose that the prospect of eating rations, iron or otherwise, with chopsticks and having rice daily on the menu fills you with glee, but a posting to China does not entail such tribulation. Personally, I consider an issue in such circumstances of chopsticks, bamboo; bowl, rice; and gown, Chinese, would be very sensible, but I am aware that some might object to such being put on their inventories.

I wondered for some time what title would be suitable to head the article or two I hope to produce. The contemplation of the RAF in China, brought various titles in review. For those who would welcome a China posting, “The China Break,” might be suitable, and not so drastic as “Broken China.” On the contrary, for those with an aversion to things oriental, “Binding In Old China,” might not be out of place. Finally, I decided that a vague, comprehensive subject, such as we have, “China Calling,” would fit in with more or less anything I might feel inspired to write. So I produced a little Chinese boy, who has just coughed up four large Oriental hieroglyphics, meaning in Chinese “China Calling.” Perhaps in a subsequent article I can give you a little lesson in “Chinese without tears.”

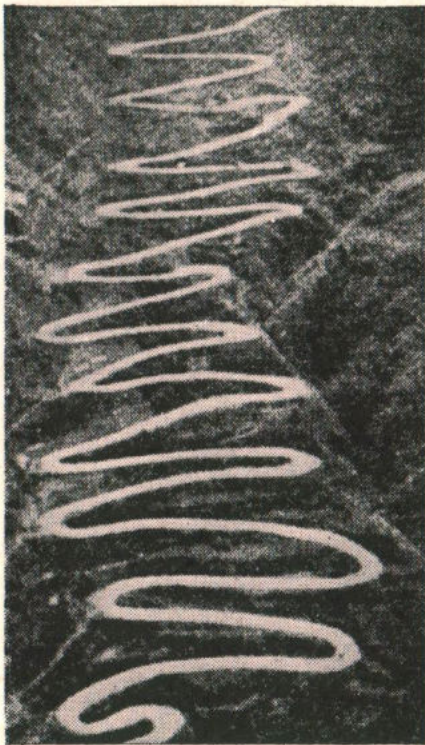


Of course, if you do get posted to China, it will make a difference to your life as to what part of that large land you have to book in at. The area of China, over four million square miles, is larger than the whole of Europe, and nearly half as large again as the United States of America. However, at present quite a portion of China has been occupied by the Japanese, and if we go to China it would probably be to one of the Western or Southern Provinces. I personally have visited some airfields in Szechwan province, in the West of China, where I lived for six years. These are now largely staffed by Americans, but when I was there the Russians used to help the Chinese. At the outbreak of the war with Finland, Russian fliers were withdrawn to their homeland and the Chinese left to carry on as best they could. For three years I lived in a Chinese city with a large airfield just outside it, not a very healthy place, as you can imagine, for it attracted Japanese bombers. The way things now stand in the Far East, Szechwan province would make, I imagine, an excellent “aircraft carrier” for operations to recover Eastern China. However, it would appear necessary first to reopen a reliable land route to West China, such as the Burma Road. This, in itself, is quite a hazardous route, as you will see from the photograph which is reproduced on the next page. On the way out of China in 1941, I flew over this road on

the four-hour-trip from Chungking to Hong Kong, but large reinforcements might well travel in by that famous road.

In travelling to West China, presumably you would see something of Northern India and Burma. I suppose there is a faint possibility of aircraft and men being sent in via Russia and China's North West provinces of Sinkiang and Kansu. Actually, for many, many years, that used to be China's "front door," through which traders and merchandise passed to and from Europe. It was a long time before China realised the clamour at her "back door," Canton, Amoy and Shanghai. Finally she found that her front door and back door had changed places. In the future they may revert to their former positions.

The name "China" is derived from the Ch'in dynasty, a feudal state which existed from 897 B.C. to 255 B.C. But the Chinese themselves have never designated their country by the name "Ch'in." The most usual name is Chung Kuoh (equals Middle Kingdom), and is represented by the two top characters the little boy is uttering. I suppose the Chinese considered "Middle Kingdom" an appropriate name, assuming their country to be the centre of the world's civilisation, while all other countries were grouped around as tributary states!



In West and South China, on a "48" or annual leave, you would see plenty of grand scenery, luxuriant vegetation, fields which produce two or three crops a year, and innumerable streams. The staple food in the West and South is rice. The mighty Yangtse, three thousand two hundred miles in length, flows east from Tibet and right through the centre of China. It is very tricky to swim in, as I know from experience, and one's arms ache for days afterwards. If you are fortunate you may get a trip through the hazardous rapids of the famous Yangtse gorges. The Canadian Rockies are tame compared to that trip. Going through, I spent the whole day with my eyes glued on the massive cliffs and other rugged scenery. Now and then we would pass a wrecked steamship that had come to grief while trying to negotiate a rapid.

China has two other large rivers, the Yellow River, and the West River. The former is known as "China's Sorrow," because in the last 2500 years it has changed its course ten times, and spread destruction to thousands of square miles of level country. The smallest of the three, the West River, is half as long again as the Rhine.

I should imagine the thousand words the Editor asked for have now been produced in this article, so I can draw a sigh of relief and finish for this month. The brief outline I have tried to sketch for you may give you a general idea of the vast country we are discussing. Perhaps next time I can think of something to say about the Chinese themselves, their language and way of life.

Maintenance Wing

MAINTENANCE WING has not been in the news recently and, being the most important Wing on the Station, we may safely assume that they like "hiding their light under a bushel." However, it is as well that the rest of the Station know that we still exist, and so here goes. The chief topic of conversation in the Wing now is the date of repatriation and when we are closing down. Rumour has it that the date is almost imminent; in three months; in six months, and so on, but it may be stated on good authority that the powers that be don't even know themselves, so that any rumours which you have heard "on good authority", e.g., the barbers' shop, or the crew room, may here and now be discounted. No events in the Wing have been outstanding recently, except that on Friday, May 26th, the Night Flying Flight were granted the evening off to hold their annual dinner, when a good time was had by all (before and after). Good wishes were extended to LAC Wright on entering the sea of matrimony which, it is hoped, will not prove too rough. We wonder when our Mitchell (811) is going to settle down to serious training for the annual sports, following his recent celebration after cashing his war bond. At the time of going to press, we learn that Minor Inspections (popularly known as Canada's Convalescent Home No. 1) is losing its chief in F/Sgt. Fowler (Nick), who has been fortunate enough to be included on the boat list for this month (and the last one for so, so long). His going will be keenly felt by the personnel under him, after the "fatherly" interest he took in them, and for his loathing of 252's. We all wish him god-speed and a return to good health after his recent indisposition.

Mention of Wing Headquarters brings us to the extraordinary coincidence of a crash which occurred the same day as the graduation dance at Ponoka, and which afforded our Chief and his colleagues a golden opportunity of visiting the crash, and also to scoop some mickeys, etc., en route. The following morning the clerks were at a loss to know whether the crash, or the visitors to it, should have been categorised as "A". The clerical work of the Wing is now in the hands of "Syko" Smith, who has, it appears, given up all ideas of repatriation, whilst "Paddy" may now be seen dispensing beer (when they have it) at the Sergeants' Mess; since when, incidentally, we understand that he is free from creditors. It is strongly rumoured that he is about to contemplate marriage, and we believe he will thus get his laundry done free of charge. The Technical Adjutant still retains a penchant for "permits" (his own and others), whilst the Administrative Adjutant may occasionally be seen hovering around with all the cares of the Officers' Mess, of which he has become Secretary, on his shoulders.

Our runner, Bill, has recently had an accident which makes his duties "lighter" than ever, and a perplexing problem to him now is whether he is in Wing Headquarters or J. Lyons & Co. In spite of many vicissitudes, we are a happy bunch, and any questions you want to ask about "going to the States" will be gladly (?) answered by our "red" hot disciplinarian, who, with his immaculate summer attire, is not so forbidding as would at first appear. That's all for this time.

Sergeants' Mess Notes

AFTER a lapse of some months, it has been decided to resume this feature of the "Log." It was discontinued, not because the activities of the Senior N.C.O.s would not pass censorship, but rather because of some slight finger trouble on the part of the individual responsible for this chronicle. The Station Adjutant precipitated the process of extraction. Hence, month by month, you will be thrilled to read a true account of activities, both within and without the confines of the Sergeants' Mess, with certain reservations, of course.

For the first time in the history of the Station, we have succeeded in fielding a good soccer team; the value of the word "good" must be assessed in relation to the prowess of Sergeants' Mess soccer teams of previous years. The results might have been better except for some slight, but hardly unaccountable, wilting, midway through the second half. In the unavoidable absence of Sgt. Sykes, our regular goalkeeper, in the match against No. 103 Course, F/Sgt. Beckett deputised and gave a performance which, at least, amused the spectators and, no doubt, shook the opposing team. Rugger is not very popular at the moment, as the last game produced a crop of plaster casts and sundry bruises. On this epic occasion, we combined with the Officers to play a team of pupils, once again No. 103 Course; after a very definite attempt to exterminate members of both messes, the pupils were defeated by 12 points to 6, but at what a cost.

The May Mess Dance was a very successful event, and it can be said, quite safely, that everyone had a very enjoyable time, that is, of course, with the exception of any sub-normal types. F/Sgt. Sillem, assisting the Station Dance Band, provided some really solid stuff on the trumpet, notwithstanding the distraction provided by another Flight Sergeant who insisted on confronting Sillem and sucking a lemon throughout the performance. Our Sunday Evening Guest Nights are becoming a very popular institution, with a variety of entertainment to suit almost every taste, usually commencing with "Bingo" and ending with Sgt. Cunning's own inimitable rendering of "Dangerous Dan McGrew."

The present "Sherlock Holmes" attitude of the Station Warrant Officer is occasioned by his search for the bright spirit who placed a signpost in his bed a few evenings ago: F/Sgt. Bott, looking less like the mad genius than usual, makes a rather sturdy Dr. Watson.

In closing, a welcome word to members: We have been promised a mess meeting in the near future, where the subject of beer rationing is to occupy less than 75 per cent of the time.

* * * * *

"The Plumber' Arms Cafeteria"

Four Star Features

- * * * * * All our Chairs (Common) are painted a dainty green (not to be looked at when feeling unwell).
- * * * * * Comforteria. Soap on Tuesdays.
- * * * * * Hide and Seek Teas. (Organised rambles to locate your grub).
Monday, Wednesday and Friday in the Ante Room.
Tuesday and Thursday on the Lawns.
Saturday in the Games Room.
Sunday in the Dining Room.
Birthdays in the Telephone Booth.
- * * * * * All floors tastefully scraped and decorated with beer and cigarette ash.
- * * * * * Gigantic floral decorations.
- * * * * * No toast for Air ranks.
- * * * * * Try our liver and onion breakfasts (or do without).

The Staff of The Y.M.C.A.



JUNE, 1944, celebrates the centenary of the Y.M.C.A., and this anniversary has been celebrated all over the world. To show the appreciation of this Station for the work which has been done by the "Y" here, it was thought that a write-up of the staff in the "Penhold Log" would be the best way of doing so. In great trepidation, but faithfully obeying his Editor's orders (which were to secure the life histories of the Y.M. staff, especially the girls, even at the risk of life and limb), our reporter approached the Canteen counter and, banging noisily on the hatch, demanded the presence of Mr. Jack Griffin, the Canteen Manager. Upon hearing our reporter's errand, Mr. Griffin solemnly shook him by the hand and wished him the best of luck. Our reporter wished for the use of Mr. Griffin's office so that each interview could be private, but this was refused, Mr. Griffin saying that the risk of our reporter damaging the window on his way through would be too great. So our reporter, shaking at the knees, seated himself at the kitchen table and was soon surrounded by the "Y" staff. This is what he came back with.

The Y.M.C.A. Supervisor, Mr. C. J. Miller, arrived at Penhold about four months ago from No. 37 S.F.T.S., Calgary, where he had been Supervisor for some time. Mr. Miller succeeded Mr. Brewster as "Y" supervisor, and Mr. Brewster succeeded Mr. Art Allen, who was in charge of the "Y" activities here when the Station was taken over by the R.A.F. Mr. Allen was forced through ill health to give up his duties here and is now residing in Red Deer. Mr. Miller is married and has two children. He now resides at Sylvan Lake, having moved there this last month. The "Y" staff say he is very energetic and very pleasant to work with. Favourite sports—golf, dancing, cribbage and eating ice cream. Mr. Miller is ably assisted in the clerical portion of his duties by his secretary, Mrs. Ward, who also does secretarial work for Mr. Jack Griffin, the Canteen Manager. Mrs. Ward, known to everyone in camp as "Vi," presides over the "Y" reading room. Vi's husband is in the

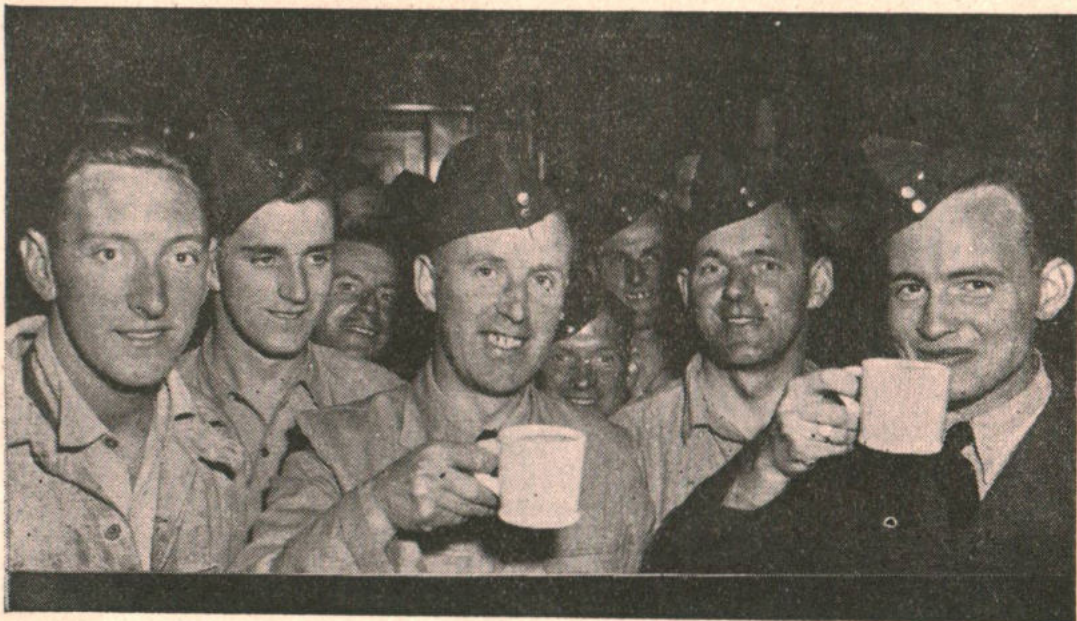
R.C.A.S.C., and this month has been on embarkation leave.

The section of the "Y" of most interest to Penhold personnel is officially known as the "Dry Canteen." When we first arrived here, this section, in fact the whole of the "Y", was staffed by men. Gradually, however, the male staff had to leave for more urgent work and their places were taken by the present staff of girls, so depriving the two Nursing Sisters in the hospital of being able to boast that they were the only two girls amongst nearly 1500 men, a boast which used to draw signs of envy from their less fortunate sisters outside the camp, or so we're told!

The Canteen is under the management of Mr. J. E. Griffin (usually called Jack), who came here from North Battleford when that station was vacated by the R.A.F. He has now been here for over four months and likes the place, too. So does his wife, who lives in Red Deer. Jack has been working for the "Y" for nearly three years and enjoys the work very much. He gets along with the RAF lads very well, he says, and will be extremely sorry when this Station closes. Jack was born in England, in "Brummagem" of all places (Selly Oak), and came out to Canada when he was only three years old, so he doesn't remember much about England. Jack has had lots of letters from North Battleford lads now home in England, saying how much they appreciated the Y.M.C.A. whilst in exile out here on the prairies.

Another refugee from North Battleford is "Red"—Melvin Maynard Corney. He is Jack Griffin's assistant (only Jack calls him something else). "Red" has ginger hair, as you may have guessed, and a large following amongst the Red Deer girls. He worked in the "Y" at North Battleford for eight months before coming to Penhold. Says he likes Battleford better, but is glad to be working on an RAF station. He's not yet married, but hopes to be some day. After the war he is going into the retail clothing business.

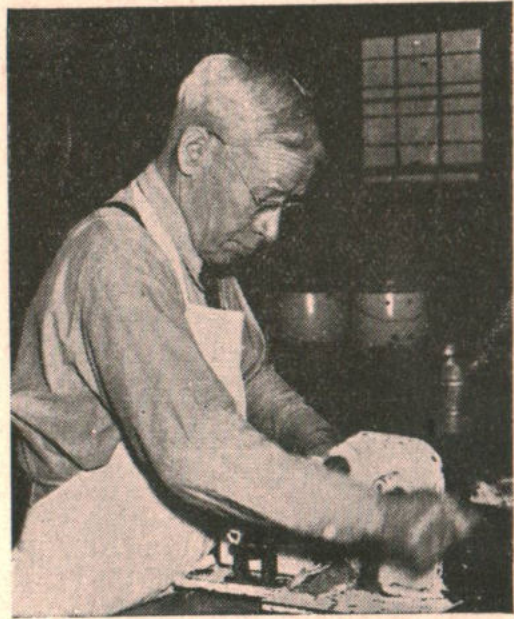
Oldest member of the "Y" staff (both in age and in service here) is Walter Harris, who is over 60 years of age, but, like Johnny Walker, still going strong. Walter has lived in Red Deer since 1912, except for three years in the C.A.M.C. in World War I. Walter boasts of being a "jack-of-all-trades" and has worked in the Canteen here since April, 1943. He used to be on the reporting staff of the Red Deer Advocate. He was born in South Africa, but spent most of his early life in England. Walter is not married. Walter's mother resides in England, and was 86 years on June 16th!



Personnel of the Y.M.C.A. Staff



JACK GRIFFIN
Manager of the Canteen



W. F. HARRIS
Member of the Canteen Staff



Standing (back row): Mr. Jack Griffin and AC Spencer
Second Row: LAC Jones, LAC Chauncey, Mr. Walter F. Harris,
Mr. Melvin Corney and AC Fishwick.
Seated: Miss Ella Ramsbottom, Miss Muriel Cowie, Miss Frances Thornber,
Miss Tilley Simpson and Miss Verleen Morigeau.

The only other man on the staff is Tom Innes—"Lofty", who is the Assistant Canteen Manager and has been on the staff nearly as long as Walter Harris. Tom is nearly six feet six inches tall. He is married, and one of his sons has been in the Royal Canadian Navy for over 2½ years. Tom was "overseas" in the last war for four years. Since then he has been a "Mountie" and for a while worked in Red Deer at the Arlington Hotel.

Now we come to the more intriguing part of the staff—the girls.

Oldest of these (in "Y" service only) is Barbara Mennie, who was the first girl on the "Y" staff. Barbara is 16 years old, has black hair, brown eyes, and a boy friend from "down under"; likes brilliant colours, especially in lipstick; likes hiking, biking and horse riding; is looking for a volunteer to teach her to dance—English style. Now only works part time for the "Y", as she is still going to school. Barbara is very full of life and very popular with the other girls. Her dad looks after the T.C.A. establishment here at Penhold.



Next on the list is Pat Lowe. Pat is tall, blonde and beautiful—very easy on the eyes!! Her own are blue, if anyone cares to know. Looks very much like Alexis Smith, or so a recent visitor to Hollywood says. Pat is 19 years old and engaged to a sailor who is now stationed somewhere in Nova Scotia—a long way away! She comes from Cardston, Alberta, but was born in the U.S.A. She likes the "Y" work. Also likes going to the movies, dancing, riding, ski-ing, and is (or was) just learning to skate! (And we're going home this winter!!!) Her favourite screen actor is Gary Cooper. Pat used to teach school. If all school teachers looked like Pat, we're willing to bet not many kids would play hookey. Plans to send a copy of this issue of the "Log" to her boy friend "just as a surprise"! And how!!! Gordon, you can see what the lads here think about Pat—better watch out, boy! Pat used to teach at Fairland School at Penhold and took the job there more or less in a spirit of adven-

ture—you know, sort of pioneering—and never dreamed that it would lead to her working in the "Y", amongst lads from every corner of the world.

Baby of the "Y" girls is Frances Marie Thornber, usually known as "Shorty," although she prefers the name her dad calls her—"Tony." Tony is just 16 years old; has dark brown hair, brown eyes and long black eyelashes. Stands about five feet high and weighs about 100 pounds. No boy friends—yet—but regularly has long letters from him. Tony was born in Calgary, but her family now reside in Winnipeg. Tony likes the work here; also likes swimming and most other activities, but is not very keen on the movies. She has two favourite film actors, though—Donald O'Connor and Gene Autry. After the war she is going to get married and hopes to have at least ten children.

"Cook" in the "Y" is Verleen Virginia Mary Morigeau—just call her Verleen. She has dark brown hair, brown eyes, a birthmark; weighs about 140 pounds and is five feet six inches tall. She is 20 years old—will be 21 in September. Likes chocolate cake, dancing and working in the "Y". Has a boy friend, a driver-instructor in the Training Centre at Red Deer. As he



is still only a private, Verleen has a low opinion of sergeants, but says she may change her mind when he gets promoted. His name's Eddie. Verleen's home is at Evergreen, 45 miles from Red Deer; her father is a farmer there. Ambition (apart from getting married, of course) is to be a nurse. (Note by reporter—Think I'll catch the measles, so we can be isolated together!! Ooo-hooo!)

Presiding over the "coffee counter" is Muriel—Muriel Irene Cowie. Muriel is around 25 years of age, has chestnut hair, hazel eyes, and a Warrant Officer for a boy friend!!! She wouldn't say more about him. Her dad is English, born in Cheshire. Muriel is a very good cook, we understand; likes shooting, dancing. Favourite actor—Humphrey Bogart—does that give anyone a clue about the W.O.?

Working with Muriel is Tilly—Tilly Simpson. Tilly is Irish, has auburn hair, green eyes and lots of freckles. Born in Ireland, at Londonderry, Tilly was brought over to Canada by her parents when she was just 18 months old. Is now nearly 20. Her dad is a farmer. Tilly likes Canada, but would like to have a look at Ireland, just to see what it's like. Has a boy friend in the M.T. (Guess where!) Tilly has been working in the canteen for nine months, and likes it still. She also is a good cook and the other girls say she looks "super" in a swim suit, which is some recommendation.

Last, but not least, of the "Y" girls is Ella—Ella Ada Ramsbottom, who is called "Alec" by her father, and "Dimples" by someone else. Her dad is W/O Ramsbottom, of the Works and Bricks section here. He was born in Lancashire, and Dimples is very proud of this fact. She is blonde, has blue grey eyes, weighs about 130 pounds and stands about five feet six inches tall. Dimples says she likes the Navy more than the Army or Air Force. She has a boy friend who is growing a moustache specially for her benefit, but she won't divulge his name. Lives at Sylvan Lake; likes swimming, dancing—always attends at Camp dances, and likes English style dancing better than Canadian. Likes going to the movies—her favourite actor being Tyrone Power. Has worked in the Canteen for five months now. Likes the work but thinks the Canteen is not so good as the one at Bowden. She likes to chew the sugar coating off liquorice sweets; is a cousin of Verleen Morigeau and has two brothers in the Army, one of whom has been in England for the last four years—lucky stiff!! "Dimples" and "Shorty" both agree that Frank Sinatra is a "drip."

Well, that's all. You lads can find out the rest for yourselves.

FROM THE TOWER

The Chief Instructor's gone away
Four days in Calgary to stay,
We'll carry on without him then,
And write rude letters with his
pen.

You went to S.H.Q. you say,
To change your duties for to-day,
The adjutant, with lack of foresight,
Put you on three times a fortnight.

You've been on "ops" both near and
far,
A clasp you want, to the "Africa
Star",
Such trinkets we will surely give
To those who go on "ops" and live.

The duty roster's gone awry
We're followed by a hue and cry,
The week-ends have been changed
about,
Excuse us while we just pass out.

Four chevrons red upon your sleeve,
Four years you never will re-
trieve;
We've no supplies to offer, mate,
We'll knit you some, if you care
to wait.

To Edmonton by air you travel,
Hundreds of flight plans we un-
ravel,
Stratto Liners move the nation,
Book it down as navigation.

A letter from old Farmer Blake,
Who lives on the shore of Sylvan
Lake,
He's making such an awful stink
Because we shot up precious mink.

Peace and quiet the mink require,
Glamorous film stars to attire;
The Chief Instructor, giving vent...
"Move his ruddy farm to Kent!"

You think promotion's overdue,
We've sent reminders 'till we're
blue,
Three stripes you want, instead of
two,
This is the Air Force, not the zoo!

Friendliness we always try to foster,
That's why we keep the duty roster
From Red Deer wending in search
of beauty,
Our roster deters you, with bags
of duty.

We fill up forms by day and night,
Thus will we shatter Jerry's
might,
For 'phone calls each, two forms we
raise,
If there be Allah, give him praise.

Labels, duty free, we issue
For your parcels, wrapped in
tissue,
If your girl friend is a beauty,
Send her "undies" free of duty.



THE Y.M.C.A. READING ROOM

Officers' Mess Chronicle

SUMMER has come again to Penhold, and what was until recently a horizon broken only by elevators and a few stunted shrubs struggling for existence in the boreal wind, has now become a landscape of luxuriant verdure with the desert blossoming like a rose. Its effect upon most has been a revival of interest in Gin Jobs, vanishing cream and insectifuge. Entertainment on a large scale has not taken place during the last month, but a series of small extemporaneous parties has filled the vacancy, and must have fulfilled to the utmost the P.M.C.'s openly expressed desire for an increase of bonhomie. At one of these, F/O Sparrow leapt suddenly to unenviable fame by felling the Station Commander, and so added another chapter to the now nearly completed manual, "The Way To Get On."

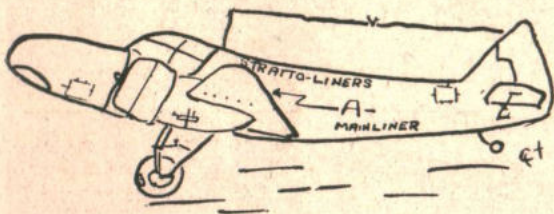
Parties worthy of record have been well attended at Bowden and at Ponoka. With Bowden, further liaison of the lighter sort has continued in Snooker matches. It was very pleasant to hear once more in the Billiard Room at Penhold the cry of "Robbed again" from the voice of F/O Frost when a return match, in which he was the loser, was being played.

The introduction of a Line Book has not had the desired effect of reducing bombast, but it has, at least, proved by its many pages that most members have a pretty wit and some fluency with the pen. It has been suggested that the intromission of a second Line Book would be of historic interest if reserved for the use of our gallant Allies.

At an extraordinary meeting, held on June 5th, it was decided that a dance would be held on July 1st. Subsequently, a good deal of time was wasted by members in the discussion of gastronomic details: it is felt that this type of animadversion should more properly be inscribed in the Suggestion Book. It is perhaps, therefore, unfortunate that the domicile of this book cannot always be readily ascertained.

There has been little home-going of late, but F/Lt. Potts and F/O's Hare, Hannah, Hyland and Wardell have all left for various courses within the Dominion. F/Lt. Pott's tour of duty must have been almost as immaculate as that of the now legendary Wallington, but an occasional defection on his part only conspired to increase his universal popularity. In losing F/O Hyland, the Billiard table has shed most of its glory. Our best wishes go to all these officers in their acclimatisation to different and possibly newer types of aircraft. To the deep regret of everyone, S/Ldr. Thomson has been posted to Pearce; probably in continuance of the policy, to which we are becoming inured, of posting most of our best instructors to that unit.

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Stratto Liners

Proprietor:
S/Ldr. "Hank" Stratton of Ponoka.
Commercial Manager:
F/Lt. Harry (Buffalo) Scowcroft.
Passenger Traffic Manager:
F/O Harry (Palisser) Peart.

FARE SCHEDULE: 25¢ per hundred miles (parachutes extra). Special terms for Command visitors. (Double fares and no parachutes).

FEATURED ROUTES: "Rookies to the Rockies."

SPECIAL FEATURES: All our aircraft have been thoroughly tested for at least six years. All our pilots are licensed (by the Alberta Liquor Control Board).

OUR MOTTO: Hank's prangers get you no place fast.

THE STATION CINEMA

In spite of the advent of warmer weather and lighter evenings, and the burst of enthusiasm for outdoor sports which these conditions inspired, the month of May saw the establishment of a new record in the attendance figures at the Cinema. There have been occasions when the temperature rose to uncomfortable heights and some were conscious of a marked craving for oxygen, but such sufferings are bravely, if not uncomplainingly, borne by a stoic audience which has through months endured the ischiatic pains induced by long hours spent on chairs, common.

"Lady In the Dark" proved very nearly as interesting as it was colourful, and led us to speculate upon the repressions which certain Station Personalities must surely have suffered in their childhood. On an evening early in July, a film of medium length entitled "The Memphis Belle," will be shown as an addition to the usual programme. Produced by the Photographic Section of the United States 8th Air Force, it is the story of the operations of a Flying Fortress over Europe. Being pukka gen, and not Hollywood's conception of an air force in action, the story is told in a manner which would not be unbecoming to any service. We can say without hesitation that the film is of outstanding quality and is one which should be seen by everyone who is connected, however remotely, with the war in the air.

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The Wives' Auxiliary

IT is with some regret that the "Log" records the passing of the Wives' Auxiliary. The few remaining supporters met over tea on an afternoon in June to talk over old times and to scan the boat list like veterans. There is now hardly enough scandal left to keep a good meeting going, and the Wives' Club is no more. A number of husbands have recovered their tea ration coupons and the bun and doughnut department of the local bakery has closed down.

The Club, rather unkindly known to Penhold as "The Snake Pit," knitted phenomenal quantities of clothing for the Red Cross, and more than one husband was badly shaken on getting out his golf bag to find it stuffed with articles of baby clothing. Recovery was usually fairly rapid when it was discovered that the stuff was destined for Russia.

When the Club was not knitting quantities of clothing for the Red Cross, it was exerting its joint efforts to mend the phenomenal holes in the adjutant's socks. The Club adopted whole-heartedly the principle that the work shall be done by the silent masses while the propaganda is put out by the executive. This organisation is said to have been copied directly from the R.A.F. Obviously it was not copied from Penhold, which has no silent masses.

We were never gracious about the Wives' Club while it existed. Now that it is no more, we feel that we might be decent enough to acknowledge that it really did some wizard jobs on the hospital pyjamas, and that its Red Cross work ought not to go without grateful acknowledgment.

NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS

The Editor's despairing note last month on the subject of lack of contributions from the airmen of the station met with a few protests from faithful contributors of long standing, but had the desired effect of awakening pangs of conscience, and innumerable digits were extracted. Consequently, it was an overburdened but contented acting editor who finally staggered down to the printers with the station's offerings. To those whose contributions have necessarily been held over to the next issue, we express our regrets.

STATION CINEMA

Programme for July

1944

Saturday and Sunday, July 1-2

Mutiny On the Bounty

Charles Laughton

* * * *

Monday, July 3rd

The Imposter

Jean Gabin Allyn Joslyn

* * * *

Tuesday, July 4th

Phantom Lady

Ella Raines Franchot Tone

* * * *

Thursday, July 6th

Guadalcanal Diary

Preston Foster Lloyd Nolan

* * * *

Saturday and Sunday, July 8-9

**Ali Baba And The
Forty Thieves**

Jon Hall Maria Montez

* * * *

Monday, July 10th

Thousands Cheer

Kathryn Grayson Gene Kelly

* * * *

Tuesday, July 11th

See Here, Private Hargrove

Robert Walker Donna Reed

* * * *

Thursday, July 13th

Show Business

Eddie Cantor George Murphy

* * * *

Saturday and Sunday, July 15-16

Crazy House

Olsen and Johnson

Monday, July 17th

**The Miracle of Morgan's
Creek**

Eddie Bracken Betty Hutton

* * * *

Tuesday, July 18th

Escape To Danger

Eric Portman Ann Dvorak

* * * *

Thursday, July 20th

Her Primitive Man

Louise Allbritton Robert Paige

* * * *

Saturday and Sunday, July 22-23

**Andy Hardy's Blonde
Trouble**

Mickey Rooney Lewis Stone

* * * *

Monday, July 24th

Three Men In White

Lionel Barrymore Van Johnson

* * * *

Tuesday, July 25th

Days of Glory

Tamara Toumanova
Gregory Pack

* * * *

Thursday, July 27th

North Star

Walter Huston Anne Baxter

* * * *

Saturday and Sunday, July 29-30

Madame Curie

Greer Garson Walter Pidgeon

* * * *

Monday, July 31st

Buffalo Bill

Maureen O'Hara Joel McCrea