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THE PENHOLD



VOLUME V
JULY



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Published by kind permission of Group Captain W. T. F. Wightman, D.F.C.
Commanding Officer No. 36, S.F.T.S., Penhold.



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LAC Nicholas (Photographs), Sgt. N. R. Smith (Illustrations),
Cpl. E. R. Denison Cross and Cpl. McLennan Jones.

Editorial

BY the time the next issue of the "Penhold Log" is published, some of us will have already packed our bags for the boat, and set course for home. Those of us who stay behind to work out the closing stages of Penhold's history as an R.A.F. unit will envy the advance parties going back to a 70-hour week and one 48 every three months, back to the black-out, robot bombs and no bacon and eggs. Undoubtedly we shall miss the relative luxury and ease of service life in Canada; we shall probably find the English climate, on renewing acquaintance with it, even worse than an Alberta summer. But however much we may appreciate the importance of air training in Canada, we, all of us, wait expectantly for the moment when we return to within sight and sound of the final battles of the European war.

On repatriation, many of us who have worked together at Penhold will be scattered to a variety of units. Yet friendships made here will be renewed; distance, no doubt, will lend enchantment to the Canadian scene, and many a tall story of snow or mosquitoes, of mud or ice, will be recalled in the cheerful round of reminiscence in some English pub. So to the first of the many bound for the boat we say "Bon Voyage; we'll be seeing you."

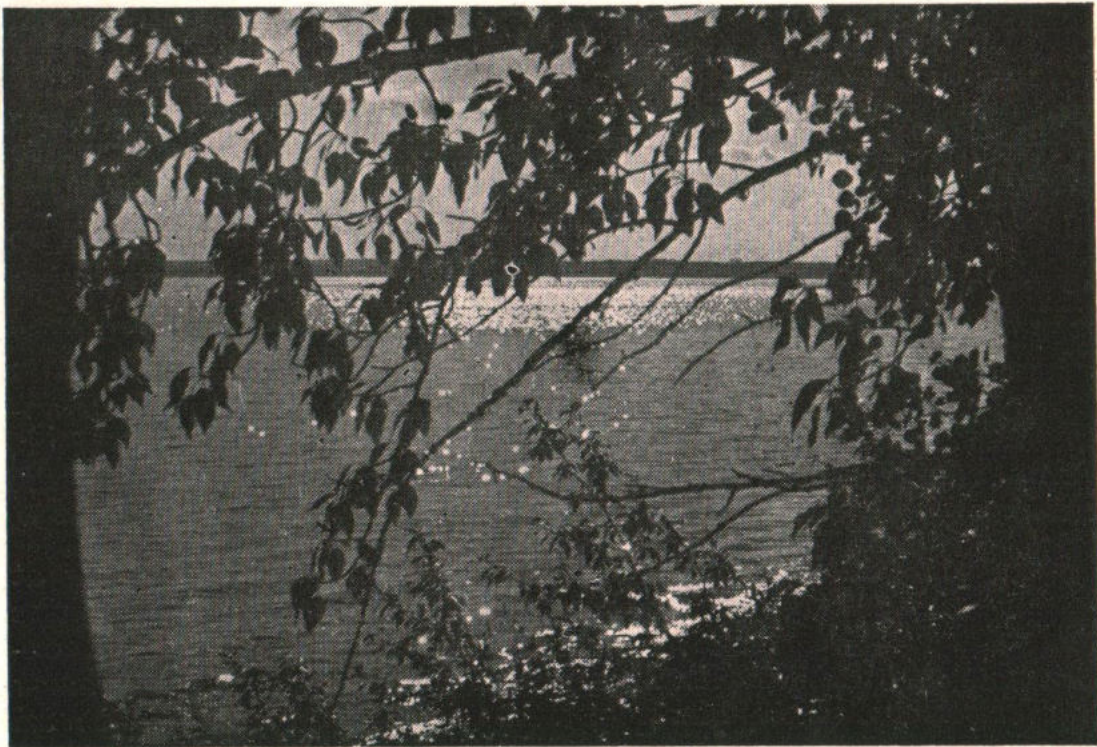
A Change of C.O.s

GLOOM and despondency reached hitherto unplumbed depths at Penhold when it became known that both the Commanding Officer and the Chief Instructor were posted. Group Captain Pringle leaves to take over an important position at the U.K.A.L.M., and we congratulate him on his appointment. Wing Commander Stratton goes to be Chief Instructor at Medicine Hat, in place of Group Captain Wightman, who comes here as our new Commanding Officer.

Much has already been written in the pages of the "Log"—both on and between the lines—of the Group Captain and the C.I., and though we know they would rather be spared the customary eulogies of farewell, we must repeat that Penhold, under their administration, was a very happy unit. Dismay at the news of their posting was intensified because we were all assuming that we would spend our last months here under their command . . . though someone had remarked, only a few days before their posting, that it seemed almost too good to last.

Group Captain Pringle had been with us a little more than a year. He has always expressed his versatility by inspiring exact, meticulous thoroughness in working hours, and a gay abandon off duty. Wing Commander Stratton had been at Penhold six months; with disarming modesty he imparted his great knowledge to all in Flying Wing, and to many instructors he gave a renewed and keener respect for the niceties of flying both as an art and a science. We wish Group Captain Pringle and Wing Commander Stratton success in their new positions.

Group Captain W. T. F. Wightman, D.F.C., is already known to a number of us on the station, and we can appreciate that Medicine Hat was upset to learn that he was leaving for Penhold. We are delighted to welcome him here, and we hope he may find some advantages in moving to the green and wooded hills of Central Alberta.



Sylvan Lake

The M.T. Section or . . . Gilbert's Taxi Service

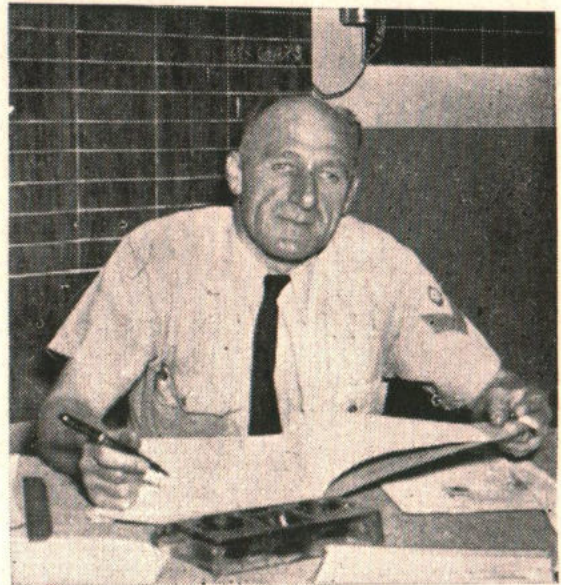


“GILBERT'S TAXI SERVICE” (Phone Penhold 15), operates on a 24-hour basis. Vehicles are at your disposal day and night at a maximum charge of nothing. All you have to do is ring 15 and say, “Is there anything going to Red Deer?” That's all you have to do, but you should see the consternation in the office. First of all, the office staff scratch their heads in perplexity and try to figure out the estimated time of arrival of the “Blackfalds Run” or the “Sylvan Lake Snoops Run,” but on finding out that these two are out of the question, some brilliant driver pipes up and says, “'Ow abaht a bahser?”, which when translated into intelligent language means, “How about sending a bowser?” Anyway, after running around in circles for some time, “Geordie” Robertson will suddenly hit on the brilliant idea of ringing No. 4, when the phone rings and a voice on the receiver says but one word—“Gilbert.” Then, from our end, one can hear a series of Yes Sir's and No Sir's, and finally, “Very good, sir. Thank you. Oh, yes sir, I will send the board up to you for signature, Sir . . . Ha-ha-ha” (This after the connection has been broken). Then, with the staff car duly booked out, there commences the arduous task of finding a driver. The job of finding one is none too easy, unless the time of booking out is somewhere in the region of 10 a.m., and then any amount of drivers can be found in the morning rest period, drinking “Rosy Lee.” Having found a driver, he is informed that he has to take S/Ldr. Gavin Duke to Red Deer, so he crawls inconspicuously out of the Rest Room amidst loud cries of “Bobber.”

The proprietor who, in his spare time, is also Station Adjutant, is accustomed to visit the shop on the occasions when his tea-maker is having a day-off, when he is sick of pretending to be busy in his other office and, more often, when he is simply on the scrounge. But enough has been written of his peculiarities so we'll pass straight on to some words about other members of the firm.

Manager and Head Chauffeur

Having served in the R.F.C., F/Sgt. Price is now enjoying his second war. After being called up as a reservist in 1939 from his garage at Falmouth, he was immediately drafted to France where he remained until almost too late. Two years instructing at Weeton rendered him sufficiently mad to merit a posting to Canada, where he has passed his time at Moose Jaw, Patricia Bay and Penhold. Undismayed by all these fearful journeys, his leave took him so far into the backwoods of Alberta that his return was delayed by floods after unprecedented rainfall until finally he got away by fording a swollen stream on horseback. Most of his time off the station is spent in the company of the S.W.O. and the Head Policeman, which only goes to show how discreet he is.



Sgt. McLuckie, the head chauffeur, must be one of the most static persons in the R.A.F., for apart from his training at Weeton, the only other station he has been at before coming to Canada was Wilmslow, where he watched countless others taking the wrong boat until his turn finally came. Always difficult for a Southerner to understand, a fortnight in Chicago with Cpl. Bishop has made him almost incoherent.

For all the apparent fun in the Section, there is more to it than meets the eye of the casual observer. There is, for instance, the maintenance of all the vehicles, which is very capably carried out by Cpl. Bishop and his staff. This "staff" consists of five very good mechanics, namely, LAC's "Nig" Dunn and "Tich" Martin, AC's Mick Davies, Frank Cairns and "Shag" Brison. It would be a long job to give the names of all the drivers, but there are the few who are well known for their visits to Lacombe, Innisfail, Sylvan Lake and the Windsor Hotel in Red Deer. The little country boy famed for his visits to Lacombe and his recent "splurges"—"Tich" Martin—is more commonly known as the Wolf in R.A.F. Clothing. The California Playboy—Tony Currigan—is also a recent but very frequent visitor to Lacombe; perhaps the Chief Constable's daughter might be the attraction, but who knows? Then there are "Zoot Suit" McKeag and "Louie" Hamilton, both noted for their visits to Innisfail whenever a free moment presents itself. However, those who know their interests in that little town may agree they are quite justified in visiting it on all their time off. "Geordie" Robertson and his little friend, "Tiny" Dewar, are the two best known visitors to the Windsor Hotel, for it is said that is where C.W.A.C.'s may be found partaking of nourishment. The Legion Hall in Innisfail can boast of the never-failing presence of "Tomato King" Young, "Lofty" Emanuel, "Jock" Begbie, and the best dressed man in Penhold—Gordon Eggleston. The more frequent visitors to



dressed man in Penhold—Gordon Eggleston. The more frequent visitors to

Sylvan Lake are "Nig" Dunn, "Taffy" Breese and, of course, that rather dubious character "Paddy" Wright.

There is much musical talent in this Section, headed by the famous "Gus" Kemp and his one-string fiddle. He is closely followed by "Scruff" Barton and his recently found "Jews-Harp," "Oor Wull" (Bill Campbell) and his rather dilapidated "Gob Organ," and "Cherry" Aldington and his paper and comb. "Frying Pan" Dann is the self appointed crooner of the Section and is very efficiently—or fortunately—drowned out by the other singers. To appreciate this "talent" one would have to be in the room marked "All Drivers Must Keep Out" immediately after the cry of "Tea Up," when the poor despatcher has to shout so hard to make himself heard that the S.W.O. comes tearing down to find out who is being murdered.

Tea Swindle

The "Tea Swindle" is the sole pride of "Tich" Martin. He is the one who gets the blow lamp going and proceeds to boil the "kettle" (an old 5 lb. jam pail). If some of the mothers, wives and sweethearts back in Blighty could see the way the tea is made, they would probably tear their hair out at the very thought of their "Dear Boys" having to drink it. But if we may say so, it is a lot more like tea than that for which we have been known to pay a coveted nickel.



The worst moments experienced in the Section are when "Chiefy" comes round and asks for three volunteers to "do a little job." Having got the "volunteers" by the age-old method of pointing and the use of the four words, "You, you and you," he looks at the shaking remainder of the lads, and choosing one, says, "I've got a little job for you, Jack," . . . and then every-

body may be seen running around with what-have-you, busily intent on trying



mops, brooms, shovels, buckets and to convince the boss that they are working. Nothing, however, escapes the watchful eye of "Mac" (Sgt. McLuckie), and between the two of them the place is whipped into something resembling cleanliness.

To see the Night Shift is really something. The Duty N.C.O., either "Geordie" Robertson, "Binder" Jones or "Jack Pritchard," works hard trying to convince the Duty Driver that the bottom bunk is strictly reserved for him—the N.C.O.—while the crash-tender driver equips himself with an armful of blankets and proceeds to Night Flying Flight, meanwhile keeping his fingers crossed and hoping that no "Dim Types" will prang and disturb his "kip." The A.C.P. Driver just curls himself up and sleeps in his van, thus affording

the "Skeeters" a bang-up feast. The remaining drivers pray that the Gods will be kind to them and send along a "Clamp."

Not many people realise the true value of the Transport Section, but on looking into it, it can be seen that we are one of the most important Sections on the Station, for we have to transport all the rations to and from the "City," we also haul the gas to refuel the aircraft, the cash to pay the "Erks, Non-comms., and Officers," the clothing to dress them, we "go get 'em" when they're sick or when they prang, and take them away when they kick the proverbial bucket. So the reader will see that the "Gilbert Taxi Service" plays a big part in the running of the Station. Notwithstanding all the carefree joviality in the Section, there is a deep-down devotion to duty in every man, which can be seen by the way every little job is carried out. It can be said, however, that this devotion to duty might have something to do with the ever-present threat of "Jankers" or stoppage of 48's. There is only one motto in this "Taxi Service," and that is "Chiefy's on the warpath, boys—scramble," and needless to say, when somebody yells that out, we "Scramble."

* * * * *

Church Mice

With eaglets in No. 7 Hangar, mice in the Padre's office, gophers behind the C.I.'s radiator, and odd skunks visiting the camp at night on odd occasions, the place is becoming more like a zoo every day.

It was a very surprised Padre who opened his bottom drawer to find that six holy mice had been born in the Church. We have a bottom drawer like that, too, but we don't think we shall ever open it again. It has given birth to odd things at times, usually files which the whole station had been looking for for weeks, but the Padre is a laugh ahead of us with his nest of mice. The mice were born on or about Wednesday, June 28th, and were baptised by immersion on Friday, June 30th. We regret to announce that they failed to survive the ceremony.

Sister Scott is believed to have taken a dim view of their arrival, in a deceased state, in neat formation, on her desk.

Gestapo Gossip

Hospital Blues.—Since last month's column, your reporter has spent a fortnight in the unaccustomed luxury of the Col. Belcher Hospital, and has been, consequently, out of touch with Guard Room scandal. While there, he had leisure to reflect on various matters pertinent to his condition, and takes this opportunity to warn all stomach sufferers that the consequences of chronic acidity are applications of the stomach pump. Some conversations were held with Cpl. Gove, when he could be induced to leave his voluntary duties as orderly to the W.D.'s ward. It was with regret that we learned of Cpl. Heslin's admittance on the day of our discharge. We wish him a speedy recovery. Despite our incapacity, our spies have been active and, while we were being ministered to by charming nurses, who can persuade one to submit to an enema almost as readily as one will accept a beer, they have garnered a little grist for the mill.

Achtung!! Mosquitoes!!!—It seems that one of the hazards unmentioned in any of the pamphlets on Service (with a smile) in Canada is "bugs." Of these, the mosquitoes are in a class by themselves. They are of a size and ferocity sufficient to take on the full strength of the Luftwaffe. In fact, Cpl. Brassington, who has suffered round-the-clock strafing from those squadrons based on Blackfalds, suggests bitterly that they might, with profit to us all, be posted to the Western and Pacific fronts. Then we could all go home.

"The Greatest Show on Earth"—Calgary lured many police during the big week. The Penhold Rangers turned out in force. With two months' riding behind them, they were eager to enter any of the open events, particularly the bucking horse riding. Enthusiasm rapidly became tempered with caution when it was noted to what fantastic heights a bucking horse can buck. It was generally conceded that any riders courageous enough to attempt the seemingly impossible feat of remaining for longer than a second on the back of such a pegasus, would be justified in wearing a parachute and applying for flying pay. All were greatly impressed by the colourful western pageantry.

Comings and Goings.—Leave still keeps the Guard Room staff slightly depleted. F/Sgt. Jones has spent a fortnight in Calgary. Rumour has it that he was, regretfully, compelled to turn down a remunerative contract to appear in the stampede. While in process of imbibing some of his liquid diet, a promoter overheard him speaking in Arabic and could hardly be persuaded that he was not a member of some hitherto undiscovered Indian tribe. Cpls. Allen and Greenwood, with Sgt. Nash, have recently returned from Los Angeles and San Francisco. They have intrigued us ever since with stories of highballs and whiskeys sour, taken with California peaches. We don't know about the peaches, but the whiskeys sour have a definite appeal. Cpl. Swingler, known to all as the Back Room Boy, is vacating his office and the trials of roster making, for leave in Chicago. He would like to take his typewriter with him, but feels that Chicago violins must come larger than most, for he cannot find a case to fit it. Cpl. Champion accompanies him to the Windy City. We say good-bye to Cpl. Smith, who has gone to 4 T.C., and hope we may meet him on the boat. In his place we welcome Cpl. Davis, who seems to have spent much of his tour of duty in crossing Canada from coast to coast. Cpl. Chapman has also left us, having been repatriated for health reasons. We hope the much-maligned English climate will effect a speedy cure.

Congratulations To Cpl. Jones, whose engagement to Miss Wynne Bennett, of Red Deer, has been announced. The wedding takes place in August. We understand that Miss Bennett will follow her husband to England and are glad to assure her that Canada's loss will be our gain.

Officers' Mess Chronicle

DURING the end of June and the beginning of July, the rains broke with some force and did considerable damage to the variegated aquilegia in the mess garden; teas on the lawn were brought to a standstill and the mosquitoes, breeding madly in the stagnant pools, had the time of their lives. Not content with the volumes of water poured from the skies, a senior officer was nearly drowned in bed owing to a little forgetfulness in the matter of a bath tap; there is a suggestion that his batman, who was fortunately a strong swimmer, will be recommended for the Royal Humane Society's Medal.

The life of F/Lt. Mitchell continues to be packed with incident; undeterred by being lost on two occasions in those parts of the foothills hitherto untrodden by the foot of the white man, he selected for a week's leave yet another remote spot and cannot even now be persuaded to describe in full the horrors there encountered. A fortnight's rest at Pearce was then decreed him by a benevolent C.I., but unluck continued to dog him, for on his arrival there he found that his tunic, cap and suitcase had been left behind. The only result of his frantic telephoning was the arrival of another aircraft bringing with it this time a suitcase containing the pyjamas of F/O Manthorpe. A policy letter on officers attending courses is expected hourly.

An informal (uniform or dark lounge—dress for ladies, optional) dance was held on July 8th. The most striking feature was the floral decoration, plucked, planned and carried out by S/Ldr. Gavin Duke in a play-suit. He is to be congratulated on the success of his scheme and will, no doubt, be equally execrated by the inhabitants of Alberta, for there can be hardly a flower left in the whole province. The customary crop of incidents occurred during the evening, but most were forgotten in the livid light of a more than usually repulsive dawn. Another mark-worthy entertainment was the games evening to which was invited a large number of the members of the Sergeants' Mess. On this occasion, S/Ldr. Dunlop, presiding over a game of Bingo, displayed much inventive genius in discovering a synonym for almost every number from one to ninety-nine.

Of the departing members, F/O Macdonald alone has been posted to the boat, and it has hence been feared by some that this was brought about by his misunderstanding instructions not given him in his native Gaelic. F/Os Tonks, Brian Thomas, Underwood and Greening and P/O Owen have left for pre-repatriation courses. F/O Tonks has long been outstanding as an artist, caricaturist and retailer of crew-room gossip: of F/O Thomas little should now be said but to congratulate him on his engagement; F/O Greening was noted for his choice of tweeds which drew even from the local Bohunks swift cries of admiration; F/O Gil Underwood and P/O Owen lived in a world of their own and of recorded music.

It is with deepest regret that we report that F/Lt. "Butch" Lewis has been converted to the R.C.A.F. and has left us for Claresholm. We have always been proud of the Canadians serving with us in the R.A.F., and as far as Penhold is concerned, "Butch" is the first apostate. Prior to his departure, he put up several more inches of medal ribbon, and spent many socially agreeable hours at the bar learning the art of sucking coke. It was during one of these sessions that he announced that he felt it was time he went back to England, and went on to suggest to a very senior officer, "Well, I suppose now I'm in the R.C.A.F. I may as well call you 'Brother'." We trust that "Butch" will shortly be engaged in navigation exercises which necessitate landing at Penhold.

The number of u/t Pilots posted here for useful employment continues to increase; after the excitements of operational life, theirs is a sorry lot, but all at Penhold bid them welcome and thank them for the colour and excitement they have brought to the Mess.

Penhold Priory Loses Its Head

ALL THE CHAPS, even the rotters, were awfully fed up when they heard that the Head was leaving, though, of course, they were bucked that he was getting a diocese. It was bully that the new man was a good scout. He was at coll. with the Head and got his divinity degree the same year. We had all heard of him, of course, because he had been a rural dean in the county. The Senior Prefects thought that it would be jolly good if we asked the old Head to a feed in the Hall the night before he left, with oodles of bottles of minerals, and a sing-song. So that was what we did. The Head made a ripping speech and was ever so nice to everyone, even to the rotters, who really looked as though they wished they weren't. (One of them was found reading Kipling's "If" the next day, and the Chaplain made another notch in his lectern). Actually, it was decent of the cads not to have slipped down the ivy and snooped off for snooker at "The Green Man," as usual, and showed that they knew the Head was decent, really.

The Asistant Head was leaving, too, to take over a deanery, and he made a speech as well. We gave him a lovely moustache cup for his coke. He was ever so touched. We gave the Head a volume of Landseer's engravings because we had noticed how he loved wandering about the countryside, interested in wild life. We thought that "The Stag at Bay" might remind him of a moose. He said he liked it and might find it useful one day. When we had all had lashings of coke and were really jolly (though, of course, when we remembered what the party was for it was hard not to blub), we sang "Play up, play up" and the Boating Song. Some of the reckless chaps did slides on the polished floor, and one of the oldest prefects (he could grow a moustache if he liked) actually stood on the mantelpiece. It was a bit thick, really, but the Head was awfully decent. I suppose he didn't think it was worth giving people lines and trusting them to send them on to him at the palace.

Chaps were still excited when we went to our cubicles. We got into bed and barricaded the door and then some Sixth Form bounders came and knocked and said they wanted to say good-night. We said they could say it through the door and we wanted to go to sleep so that we could get up early and do our prep. Some of them went round and tried to get in the window, but I closed that like a flash. Then I dashed across to help my chum hold the door, only I forgot I was standing on a table and it hurt like mad when I hit the floor. Then the door came off the hinges and the chaps came in and said goodnight, and were ever so decent, really. Later on, a day boy who gives us tuck at his house, came in all wet, although it wasn't raining. He took his clothes off so that he wouldn't catch cold and went out of the window in his pants so that he wouldn't meet any of the chaps who were still excited. Next day everyone said what a topping rag it had been, and I think the Head thought it was pretty decent, really.

* * * * *

MORONS

Did you hear of the Moron who—

- | | |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> (1) Stayed up all night to study for his blood test. (2) Stood on a busy corner with a piece of bread in his hand waiting for a traffic jam. (3) Served Bullets for dinner so that he could pass the ammunition. (4) Moved into the City because he heard the country was at war. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> (5) Cut off his fingers so that he could write shorthand. (6) Tried to play Tennis on a court of inquiry. (7) Wouldn't talk through a screen door because he didn't want to strain his voice. (8) Took a ruler to bed with him to see how long he slept. (9) Thought he was a magician because he kept turning into Beer Joints. |
|--|--|

Flaps From the Flying Wing

A RECENT loss of faith in air transport on the part of station personnel has led to offers of lifts being turned down, usually with some derisive reference to the comparatively low casualty rate on the railways. The motto of Stratto Liners "Hank's prangers get you no place fast" has been abandoned in favour of the archaic "What goes up must come down." Passengers are advised to assist the cause of safety by tapping the pilot firmly on the shoulder if they happen to observe, during the downwind leg, that the sky is underneath.

So severe has been the loss of business that Stratto Liners has combined forces with the Two Dollar Air Line. The management of the new firm is in good hands.

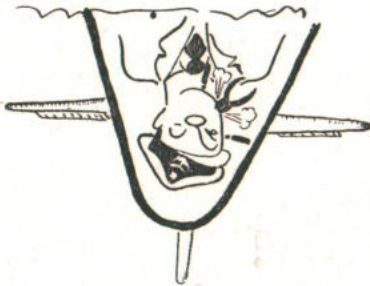
President—W/Cdr. H. A. C. Stratton, M.A. (Oxford).
 Pilot—F/Lt. J. W. T. (Hangman) Amey, B.A. (Harvard).
 Engineer—W/Cdr. (Serviceable Sam) Gifford, B.Sc. (Sopwith Pup).
 Treasurer—Darlingleader Squadrington.
 Solicitors—Sackett, Bloxham and Crockett.
 Catering by the Alberta Liquor Control Board.

The company's laboratories report that they are about to discover a means of overcoming the force of gravity, a considerable increase in the strength of which has been observed.

The laboratory has already discovered that the T.E. aircraft tends to remain airborne more readily if both fans can be coaxed into turning at the same time. They appear at present to operate on some sort of shift system, and are rarely seen working in pairs.

The amalgamation of our rival air lines will not necessitate any alteration in the headgear of Specialist Flight, whose Instructors will continue to wear, for each exercise, a different selection from their range of hats, caps, topees and turbans, to the discomfiture of the pupils.

* * * *



Didn't Arf Larf.

The C.E.O. was recently heard expressing the view that when a station closed down, the aircraft would all be D.I.d and left in serviceable condition ready to fly away, if the plumbers were keen types. We thought it a little unkind of a flying instructor to remark that it was a pity that such a desirable state of affairs had to wait for closing down.

Will the mechanic who nearly exterminated S/Ldr. Dunlop by leaving a heavy pair of pliers in a "Harvard" before an aerobatic trip, please do it again. We haven't laughed so much in years.

* * * *

The arrival of aircraft from distant Units these days enables Penhold to keep in touch with the summer fashions in aviation. A tasteful blend of blue battledress and khaki trousers seems to be standard attire, and is very becoming. Our hopes of seeing top hats worn with parachutes have not yet been fulfilled. We are reminded of the old saying, "Anson is as Anson does." Fashion notes from the Control Tower may, repeat may, continue to appear in these columns.

* * * *

The threatened attempt to comply with the Discussion Groups order, on a scale comparable to that of the Athenian Assembly, has led to the formation of the League of Strong Silent Men of Flapping Wing. On the grounds that their brilliant views on liquor, New Worlds, popsies, useful employment, and overseas postings, would be of assistance to the enemy, and in the knowledge

that pearls of wisdom falling from their lips would not be recorded in "Confidential" files until they had been published in the local press, they have resolved to say nothing about anything, but to continue thinking a lot about some things.

The relative standards of airmanship and plumbing will be omitted from the discussion subjects in order to keep the casualties down.



A Promising Patrol

The wing adjutant was observed completing an issue voucher for ties, red, presumably for wear when discussing anything but "48's" with his bellicose orderly room.

* * * *

We were intrigued to learn from D.R.O.'s that the Station Adjutant (or D.A.P.M.) "proceeded on temporary duty by private motor car to Sylvan Lake . . . Duty: Police Patrol." It is understood that a very promising patrol was terminated by a puncture.

In July, Penhold welcomed the usual crop of distinguished visitors from the Calgary Stampede (on attachment from A.F.H.Q.) The interruption of their duties in Calgary was clearly not to their liking and it was noted that the return trip was made with alacrity. It is hoped that comparable hospitality will be offered next "Stampede Week" by our successors at Penhold.

In July we were hosts to the Visiting Flight. During their stay here, Strattoliners—operating aircraft "B" with two senior captains aboard—put up one of their better shows by taxiing out at Calgary just behind The Shining Lockheed and taxiing in to the Penhold Control Tower just in front of it. The somewhat abashed Lockheed pilot was constrained to ask the Strattoliner pilot, "Say, what speed do you cruise at?", and was further mortified by the reply, "Oh, it's just a matter of knowing how to get the most out of your aircraft." There was some more talk, it is said, of how to put the least into your circuit.

* * * * *

Alas, Poor Betty Grable!

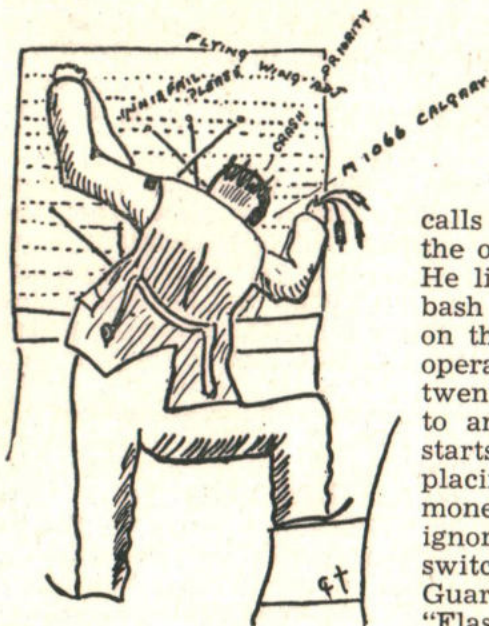
And alas, too, for all her fellow "pin-up" girls! For they are banished from their homes. No longer may their shapely legs and torsos, draped or otherwise, pose in pictured splendour above our sleeping heads. No longer may their white-toothed smiles, their perfect profiles, greet us, like visions from a sultan's paradise, on wakening in the morning. No longer can imagination endow their beauties with life, so that in dreams a special favourite might sometime step from her printed frame and lead us into perilous adventure.

No! the edict has gone forth. In place of Betty and her companions, in the place of honour, in the exact centre of the insides of our lockers, in place of beauty and shapely form must be seen a more utilitarian, business-like form, a Bedcard.

Alas, poor Betty,
In place of your bust
A lowly bedcard
Is now a "must";
In place of your legs—
It's laid down in "Regs"—
We must stare very hard
At a pin-up Bedcard.—Mac.

Attention, Blower Bashers!

YOU know the Telephone Exchange, that abode of the Golden Voices of Penhold? You don't. Well, it's a little room tucked away in the vastness of S.H.Q. where your calls, queries, time checks and various other little whims are dealt with. It is the clearing house for your surplus bad language, spare sarcastic remarks and afterthoughts. It can be fun working in the Exchange sometimes, but it can also be a dead loss. To one who has had the dubious pleasure of working there for a while, Penhold seems a camp of moods. For instance, some mornings everyone who comes on the line is cheerful and polite, and then again, other mornings they snap and growl.



operator, is there a show in the Cinema tonight?", or "Doesn't matter now, I've changed my mind, thank you." The operator, of course, is not allowed to say the first thing that comes into his head, although at times the temptation is very great.

Then you have the "try anything once type" who will ring up and ask for a number. The operator rings the number and upon not getting a reply after several minutes, informs the party, who calmly answers, "O.K., I didn't think there would be anyone there, anyway."

You think you have something to bind about? You come up to our end of the line sometime, and we'll show you!

Another interesting fellow is the time check fiend. This little chappie never owned a watch and probably can't tell the time, so he phones the Exchange. There is a certain section which at 23.30 hours rings the Exchange asking for the time. This continues until it is time to go to supper, then all is quiet on the Exchange Front.

Next we have the "Hurry Bug." He reaches for the phone, picks it up, asks for his number, and then after a second hangs up, leaving the embarrassed operator to apologize to the unfortunate party who has been rung by this man in a hurry.

The "Bad Sport" is the next. He gets his numbers crossed. Instead of asking for 13, he asks for 31 or something like that. When 31 answers, does

All types of people use the phone, and each one is carefully graded in the operator's mind for future reference. The best known is the "Flasher." This person seems to be under the impression that his calls must have priority, and that his phone is the only one that the operator has to attend to. He lifts the receiver and immediately starts to bash the arm up and down, causing the light on the switchboard to flash like an Aldis. The operator, who at the time is trying to deal with twenty to thirty local calls and a long distance to an even more outlandish place in Canada, starts to tear his hair. What is he to do? Finish placing the long distance, which is costing money every minute, answer the "Flasher" or ignore him for the moment, or smash the switchboard and have a peaceful rest in the Guard Room? When he does answer the "Flasher" he will probably be asked, "Oh,

Chiefy's Dream of Home

ONE of those wet days we has at the end of last May, Taff goes into the Adj's office to see Chiefy about something or other. The Adj is out and Chiefy is sound asleep on the big box in the corner, lying flat on his back with his feet up on the desk and snoring away something horrid. Just then a most beautiful smile comes on his face, his mouth closes and he stops snoring. There is a big bluebottle on the window, which is buzzing away like a Harvard. This is no doubt what Chiefy is dreaming about. He is a Spitfire ace with fifteen barrage balloons to his credit. His hands is darting about in the air, curving in and out. He has old Goering or someone in his sights and is just having a bit of fun with him, from the sounds he is making. One hand sort of makes a very sharp curve, he stops snoring and says in a loud voice, "There, you fat basket, take that—Br-rr-rr-rr Br-rr-rr-rr. Boy, or boy, I shot his pants right off."

The bluebottle stops buzzing. Taff thinks to himself, "There's no future in disturbing Chiefy now he's happy for once. Wonder what else I can make him dream of?" So he nips back sharp into the Orderly Room. One of the lads has a bottle of stuff he's bought to send back to his girl. It's called "Dream of Desire" and ain't arf potent. One sniff and you can see hula-hula girls dancing in front of your eyes. So Taff borrows this "Dream of Desire" and in he goes to the Adj's office. Chiefy is still asleep, snoring again something terrible. So Taff uncorks this bottle of stuff and waves it in front of Chiefy's nose, stroking Chiefy's wavy hair at the same time

In about two seconds Chiefy stops snoring and gives a big, long sigh. The silliest look you ever saw comes over his face and his false teeth nearly falls out. His hands keep clenching and he's panting like Uncle after his usual afternoon dash and his face gets very red. He looks very funny indeed. After a while he pants so much he nearly falls off his box and bangs his head on one corner which nearly wakes him up. Taff gives him another good sniff of the "Dream" stuff and catches hold of his hand to steady him. Old Chiefy quietens down again but keeps a steady grip of Taff's hand, which he starts to stroke and pat, murmuring under his breath, "Aren't you glad we lives in a nice part like Osterly, darling?" Taff laughs so much he can't stop himself and this wakes Chiefy up. He doesn't wake up quick, though, but sort of slowly. Then he suddenly realises he's holding Taff's hand!

Taff comes back in the Orderly Room and you can't speak to him the rest of the day but he busts out laughing. Chiefy don't come in at all.—MAC.

he say, "Sorry, I've got the wrong number?" Does he, heck! He says, "Damn, they've given me the wrong number."

Most detested are the types that left their manners at the square bashing school or the Wings Parade. In our opinion, there is little worth saying about them. They have forgotten "Please" and "Thank you." They are under no obligation to us, and nothing whatsoever can be done about it.

More amusing are the ones who require a line to Red Deer or Long Distance. Upon being informed that the lines are busy, they enquire, "How long will they be?" Now, I ask you, are we clairvoyants?

Maybe you get a wrong number sometimes, or you have to wait awhile, but remember, we do not do it on purpose. The operator is here to answer your calls, and he will do so as quickly as possible. No matter how you swear, flash, talk or whatever you do, you are not the only person who requires a call at that moment. There are lots of phones, lots of calls, and, I am sure, in a lot of cases, lots of time.—C.K.D.

Maintenance Wing Notes

THE controversial article on Maintenance Wing in the last issue of the "Log", and the comments arising from it, has caused some serious thinking, and by all accounts the first and foremost action demanded is to publish an apology or a retraction of the supposed disparaging remarks directed against Minor Inspection Flight. When this Flight was described as Canada's Convalescent Home No. 1, it was with a full knowledge of its personnel and their capabilities, or otherwise, but on reconsidering the point, it was found to be a far too lenient statement, for "convalescence", according to Webster, is a state of "renewed vigour"; hence in R.A.F. jargon these words are N/A. It is now known that the personnel of this Flight have at last found something to occupy their leisure time, in the study of ornithology, and "Percy" may be viewed Mondays to Fridays, inclusive, between the hours of 9 and 11:30, the takings going towards the Flight's proposed "do." For the benefit of Station Headquarters, it is mentioned that the bird is on view in No. 7 hangar, a region of the camp hitherto unknown, we believe, to the scribes of that domain.

Repair Squadron news so far to hand is that the Compressor is no longer in use now that W/O Otten is back in fighting form. It is believed that AC Eves is contemplating another night out so that he may acquire a set of harness to go with the nag he recently "came by." We hear that a certain Flight Sergeant emulated Gypsy Rose Lee at a function for senior N.C.O.s, and that it was either by accident or design that the Nursing Sisters were absent that evening. Night Flying flight has had a nice break lately, due to bad weather conditions, and it is still wondered whether the N.C.O. i/c is on the "night" or "day" gang, as rumour has it that he is conveniently on "nights" round about the C.O.'s parade days and on "days" when required for the D.E.O. roster.



F/Sgt. Gypsy Rose Lee

Several changes in the Wing have taken place recently, and we welcome back Sgt. Greig from R.1; congratulations are extended to him on receiving his Certificate of Good Service. No. 1 Flight has had a switch round, particularly noticeable when telephoning Minors and now getting an accent in reply quite different from the "Cunning" accent. Wing Headquarters sees the return to duty of Paddy Nutt, who, by the time this article appears, will have been happily wed. Belated congratulations are due to LAC Bevan of the Control Room, on his marriage, and to mark the occasion his colleagues presented him with a set of plate. In spite of the rumours that all repatriations were "frozen" until August, a boat list has come in and we have lost some of the older hands. No official "gen" will be forthcoming as to when you will be going home, until the time comes.

News From Home

Stage and Screen.—Ivor Novello was recently imprisoned at Wormwood Scrubs for conspiring with a woman admirer to evade war-time restrictions on the use of motor-cars. . . . Max Miller is now Britain's highest-paid music hall performer, with £700-£800 per week. Wilfred Pickles, the ex-BBC announcer, whose Yorkshire accent offended delicate southern ears, is now earning £250 a week as a comedian. . . . The deaths of two well-known stage personalities have recently been announced: those of Sir John Martin-Harvey, at the age of 81, and Wilkie Bard, at 70. . . . A new play by J. B. Priestley has been appearing at the Apollo Theatre. Called "How Are They At Home?", the author has written it for Ensa to take to troops abroad (including those in Canada?). It concerns a gathering of various war-types in a country-house. The owner, Lady Farfield, has just been promoted to be a charge-hand at the local aircraft factory; she entertains two R.A.F. officers, an American Army officer, a corporal from the Eighth Army, a politically-left land-girl, and an elderly civil servant, who bewails the absence of a string quartet.

Radio.—The New General Forces programme is being criticised by both civilians and members of the Forces. The latter want fewer talks, though these occupy only 3 per cent of programme time, and more dance music, though this already fills 17 per cent of the total. The most popular programmes in order of popularity are: 1—News, 2—Dance music, 3—Variety and music hall, 4—Swing music, 5—Light orchestras, 6—News commentaries, 7—Musical comedies. The three most unpopular features are talks, short stories and plays.

Music.—Sir Henry Wood has been made a Companion of Honour in time for the opening of the 50th season of "Proms" at the Albert Hall. . . . Dame Ethyl Smith has died at the age of 86. She was Britain's foremost woman composer.

Sports.—Aston Villa have won the League (North) Cup, after defeating Blackpool in the second leg by 4-2 before a crowd of 55,000. . . . A new Jack Hobbs has appeared as a leg-break bowler and bat for Bath. . . . In a match at Lords', England beat the West Indies by 166 runs. F/Lt. Wally Hammond, returning from a long tour in the Middle East, where he contracted fibrositis, made a century in under two hours.

Food and Drink.—If one is early to lunch at most of the first-class London hotels, it is still often possible to buy roast pork with haricot beans; that plus a soup and sweet may cost you 8s. 6d. The British Restaurant across the way will provide you with a similar meal for 1s. 6d. . . . Scarcity of beer in many districts has brought back home-made wines, made from cowslips, dandelions and rhubarb, often sweetened with honey. . . . A baby girl weighing only 1 pound 12 ounces at birth is being fed through a fountain-pen filler with brandy, glucose and water at Hillingdon, Middlesex.

The Stars and Stripes For Ever.—West End hairdressing saloons were filled shortly before D-Day with Americans who believe in having not merely a haircut every fortnight, but "the Works", i.e., shave, haircut, shampoo, and massage. The regulars, therefore, have difficulty in obtaining service. . . . To an American being shown round London was pointed out the grave of a man called Wren. He pondered for a moment, then said, "Oh, yes. I remember. 'Beau Geste,' of course!" . . . A Londoner addressed a U.S. soldier outside Buckingham Palace: "The King has to work awfully hard, you know." "Yeah," came the reply, "and not much chance of promotion." . . . In a recent "Lend-Lease" exchange between American and British Camps in England, the Americans decided that our Army rations may lack variety, but that our Army cooks are better than theirs. . . . Popular subjects for



The Station Cinema

NOT LONG AGO, a suggestion was made that the lighting in the Recreation Hall might be increased before, and during the intervals between, the cinema performances. This seemed rather an odd notion to us, because we had imagined that any cinema audience enjoyed restful anticipation of the programme in a soft illumination. It was found, however, that the suggestion was inspired by the inadequacy of the present lighting for comfortable reading, and observations showed that the anxiety of bibliophiles not to waste a minute is shared by others with different tastes. The Station Cinema, indeed, satisfies cravings for various diversions in a way that we had not

suspected. On most evenings, we find a few card parties in progress, a small school of cross-word addicts engaged with "The Daily Telegraph", and a few vocalists who modestly augment the music of the "pick-up". These last clearly prefer the dim lighting, if only as an aid to anonymity. Above all else, however, the hall is a place for bodily refreshment. The morning never fails to yield a gross or so of chocolate bar wrappings, the skins of half a hundred oranges, several empty bottles and, occasionally, a dejected sandwich or two. The British are adamant in their determination to mark the site of their amusements with refuse, ignoring garbage cans and choosing to make life sad for the cleaners. The habits of Hampstead Heath and Box Hill are as strong in exile as ever they were at home, and it seems to be as unthinkable to visit a cinema in Canada unarmed with food as it is for an English family in peace-time to travel two hours by train without a packet of sandwiches and enough oranges to ensure a disagreeable smell throughout the compartment. Perhaps we should take pride in our resolve to maintain our national character, but we have other qualities more deserving of advertisement.

American photographers in England are thatched-roofed cottages and railway goods trucks ("cute little things").

Road and Rail.—Britain's first motorist—Mr. F. R. Simms—has died at the age of 81. He brought the first car—a De Dion—to England from France 51 years ago, and drove it 58 miles at a speed of 8½ miles an hour. When passing through towns and cities a man had to run before him waving a red flag. . . . Although there are fewer vehicles about now, civilian casualties on the roads far exceeded all British war casualties from September, 1939, to June, 1944: nearly 600,000 have been killed or injured on the roads since the war began.

In 1943, British railways carried 106,000,000 more passengers than in 1942, and 1,000,000 ton-miles more goods traffic every hour than before the war. They have also provided 110,000 men for the Forces.

R.I.P.—One of Surrey's beauty-spots—part of Pirbright Common—is being levelled to provide an Allied cemetery. . . . A woman of Plymouth—possibly the only woman undertaker in the country—has now buried over a hundred people. She has taken over her husband's business while he serves with the R.A.F. . . . People visiting family graves in Southgate Cemetery, London, are provided with shears to keep the cemetery tidy by cutting grass. . . . Bodies for dissection purposes are running short, according to His Majesty's Inspector of Anatomy. . . . The following notice has appeared on the door of a Lake District church: "Owing to the scarcity of labour and lack of ground space, only dead people living in the parish can be interred here."

Sergeants' Mess Notes

WE FEEL that our first remark in this month's "Log" must be to extend our appreciation to the officers for a notably successful "Games Evening" held in their mess at the beginning of the month. We can only hope that our hosts found the occasion as pleasant as we did. In a delightfully informal atmosphere, we released the full force of many mis-spent days of youth and pitted our skill against the officers at snooker, darts, bingo and shove ha'penny, and although the results were in favour of the home team, we feel that in the return event we might put up a rather better show. We were introduced, also, to various other games which do not appear to be listed in any publication purporting to be a comprehensive catalogue of indoor sports. These little diversions seemed to combine the more crude elements of our favourite English winter sports, with the advantages of a tap-room atmosphere, the result being that we eventually discovered various types wandering around in a rather more bemused state than was justified, even by the ample refreshment provided. In return for this initiation, some of our members obliged with one or two old R.A.F. classics, to the obviously reminiscent delight of the senior officers, and the open mouthed amazement of the junior officers.

We have become accustomed to the changing face of Penhold, and to walk into the mess these days and gaze upon a sea of unfamiliar faces arouses little comment. It seems, however, that Penhold occasionally stretches out an arm and reclaims one of its wandering sons, for F/Sgt. Gwinnell walked into the mess one day towards the end of June as nonchalantly as if he had just returned from a 48, rather than from six months on the Pacific coast. We gather that the rumour that he sat down and made the next move in a game of chess against Sgt. Lynch, which began seven months ago, is entirely without foundation. We welcome him back to the fold and warn him that it is no longer considered original to make deprecatory remarks about the liquor situation in Alberta, everything that could be said having already been voiced.

We have heard from F/Sgt. George Hall, who is relaxing at a delightful little Eastern township pending his return to the U.K. Most of his comments are unprintable, but he seems to have formed the opinion that Penhold wasn't so bad after all. F/Sgt. Ron Robson is now at a station in Gloucestershire, where he has had the good fortune to meet W/Cdr. Hayward; we wish him the best of good luck in all future activities.

In the sporting field, the unpredictable F/Sgt. Beckett has earned undying fame as the only person, this season, or any other season, so far as we know, to score a goal direct from a corner kick. Just to make it an even more striking effort, he scored again in the second half, thereby earning the title of "Two Goal Beckett" and securing the option of a contract with the Arsenal on his return to the U.K.

Little need be said about the June Mess Dance; it fulfilled the expectations of both guests and members, and through the mists of sleep on the following morning we heard, to our pained surprise, that one particularly redoubtable Flight Sergeant could still give a vociferous rendering of "Oh what a beautiful morning." It seems hardly necessary to say that his opinion was not shared, and we doubt if, on this occasion, even he really believed the words of the ballad which we now know as the "Moore Signature Tune."

The Penhold Fliers

For the third year in succession, R.A.F., Penhold, has a first class soccer team competing in the Alberta Inter-Services League. After winning the championship two years running, the team is going all out to win the trophy again before the last boat sails for England. The "Fliers" had won their first four games at the time of going to press. Here are pen portraits of regular members of this year's "Fliers" team.

LAC Willetts. George Willetts, Captain and Centre Half of the Fliers, has played for the "Wolves," Stoke City, and Manchester City. An exponent of the "third-back" game, George is a tower of strength in the Fliers' defence, and we have yet to see a centre forward he cannot hold.

AC Dethridge. Bob Dethridge, our popular goalkeeper, combines a very safe pair of hands, intelligent anticipation, and a fine understanding with Willetts, and has played a great part in our victories to date.

LAC Lamb. at right full-back, tackles strongly and always clears well up the field. He also possesses a fine turn of speed for a full-back, and is very useful with his head.

LAC Walker. Jimmy Walker, who played in the Corinthian League in England, is outstanding in the defence at left full-back and, upon occasion, will move up the field to help in the attack. He kicks and heads very well, and is one of the most consistent players in the Fliers team.

Cpl. George Cook, at right half, is a veteran of the 1943 season. He combines stubborn defensive play with aggressive spirit.

Cpl. Cullis, at left half, another of last year's players, is a hard-working "90 minute" player, and, with Cpl. Cook, completes a keen half back line which has mastered all forward lines the Fliers have met so far.

AC Ferguson, at outside right, has appeared for the "Wolves," Watford, and Manchester United. A player with speed, ability to beat his man, and all-round knowledge of the game. "Joe" forms with LAC Dalzell a right wing which is fast, clever and always dangerous.

LAC Howard Dalzell, at inside right, is a former County schoolboy player. Keen and constructive, Howard combines well with Joe Ferguson and provides many openings for the Fliers forward line.

LAC Foster, at centre forward, has speed, weight, and "first time" shooting ability. He is the leading goal-scorer in the Alberta League to date.

Sgt. Weston, inside left, shows effective use of weight and speed, with a flair for clever dribbling and constructive play of a high order.

AC Sheppard, at outside left, has a powerful shot, and shows great judgment in placing his centres. He was a member of the 1943 champion team.

Results of matches so far played by the "Fliers" and "Tigers" are as follows:

- June 14—Penhold Fliers vs. No. 10 R.D. Won 9-3.
- June 17—Penhold Fliers vs. No. 2 Wireless. Won 3-2.
- July 5—Penhold Fliers vs. Penhold Tigers. Won 6-1.
- June 21—Penhold Tigers vs. De Winton. Won 6-1.
- June 28—Penhold Tigers vs. No. 10 R.D. Lost 5-2.
- July 5—Penhold Tigers vs. Penhold Fliers. Lost 1-6.
- July 15—Penhold Fliers vs. DeWinton. Won 3-2.

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Inter-Section Soccer

In the Major League, the four leading teams all have a chance of being

Notes From Accounts

WHY, HELLO! Accounts here—believe it or not—and sober, too—even though you may not think so, having been paid fifteen dollars short last pay-day. If you were, don't let it worry you, we probably over-paid you twenty the week before—we're always doing things like that—or are we? Of course, you cannot expect very much when everyone is rushing off to Vancouver for a few days. Reckon the popsies there must have something. Most definitely—to account for all the far-away looks that there are on all the returned faces. Not all the Section go to Vancouver, though. One member at least—known locally as Lupus Calgarius—definitely goes elsewhere. Every time the Calgary train goes by, his tongue lolls out and, when the whistle blows, his eyes burn with a fierce fire and his howls are those of a soul tormented.

After one of our particularly late nights a short while ago, the following morning our bleary eyes and aching heads beheld an amazing letter from Gremlin Command A.O., as follows:—

“Herewith instructions for closing June Quarter Ledgers:

Balance the ledgers, IF you can,
Alter the charges against each man.
Bring down the figures, if black, in red;
Bring down the red ones in black instead.
Add debits to credits; take away date.
Cancel all vouchers that come in late.
On taking to abstract, reverse each figure,
Make big ones smaller, and small ones bigger.
Bind ledgers together, add one huge blot,
Extract the totals, and BURN THE LOT.”

We have only just discovered that this applies only to English ledgers—which we don't use!!

You know the old saying; “Where your pay is, there will your heart be also”? Well, leave your pay to us, and we'll guarantee you'll be heart-broken in no time. Ours have been broken for years.

included in the knock-out for the Station championship.

In the Minor League, G.I.S. cannot be challenged for the leading position, while 103 Course, by their 6-1 victory over S.B.A., are favourites for the second place.

LEAGUE STANDINGS AS AT JULY 12

MAJOR LEAGUE

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals		Pts.
					F.	A.	
Maintenance -----	8	5	1	2	17	7	12
3 Flight -----	7	5	1	1	18	7	11
Minor Inspections -----	9	5	3	1	16	10	11
Airmen's Mess "A" -----	9	5	4	0	20	12	10
S. H. Q. -----	6	3	3	0	8	9	6
1 Flight -----	8	1	5	2	9	20	4
2 Flight -----	7	0	7	0	4	27	0

MINOR LEAGUE

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals		Pts.
					F.	A.	
G. I. S. -----	10	8	1	1	22	3	17
103 Course -----	9	5	2	2	20	10	12
Night Flying -----	9	5	3	1	16	13	11
S. B. A. -----	10	5	5	0	13	17	10
Sergeants' Mess -----	8	2	3	3	10	14	7
M. T. -----	8	1	5	2	12	22	4
Airmen's Mess "B" -----	10	0	7	3	9	23	3

STATION SPORTS AND GALA

TO CELEBRATE the Third Anniversary of the opening of the Station and also the commencement of its closing down, a Sports and Gala is to be held on the Unit on Wednesday, August 9th, 1944, when the Station will be open to the public, and No. 36 S.F.T.S. will be en fete.

A grass track will be laid out on the Sports field, and the athletic events will take place between 1400 and 1730 hours. The Sports organisation is in the hands of F/O Locke, aided by S/Ldr. Dunlop, W/O Lucas, Sgt. Matheson and LAC Banks. Teams will be: Australian pupils; New Zealand pupils; Flying Wing and Station Headquarters, and Maintenance Wing. It is expected that the Station Championship will be contested point by point. Training has already started and will have reached its peak by August 9th, and there should be some fine athletics to watch.

The usual inter-section events will take place, while other events will be: Veterans' race; children's race; obstacle race; Officers' and Sergeants' race, and the final event will be a horse race for the Penhold Stakes.

To enliven and add colour to the sporting events, side shows have been arranged, including: Darts, Can Can, Roll-o-penny, spinners, magnet fishing, treasure hunts, Bingo, and fortune telling.

During the afternoon the A-20 Band, by kind permission of Colonel Burton-Willison, will play musical selections. At approximately 1730 hours it is hoped that it may be possible to stage an aerobatic display by one or two Harvards.

After the sports, tea will be available in the various messes for Officers, N.C.O.s, airmen, and their guests and visitors. During the interval between tea and the dance, there will be a free cinema show in the Recreation Hall, and also a mammoth Bingo contest in the Drill Hall with prizes ranging up to \$25.00.

At 2100 hours the Station dance will commence in the Drill Hall, to the strains of a 24-piece band. For those who do not want to dance there will be side shows and bowling in the Bowling Alley. During the dance intermission, it is hoped to put on a 15-minute floor show. There will be a Bar Service in the Drill Hall, supplying a variety of refreshment.

It is not possible to arrange a Pay Parade on August 8th, and the last Pay Parade before the Sports will be on July 31st, so airmen are advised to put a little by for this big gala day. The side shows should permit all ranks and visitors to make a little money if they choose to take a chance.

The Committee is working very hard to make this show a big success, as it is probably the last occasion that the whole Station will be gathered together at Penhold, and a souvenir programme will be published to which our many friends in the district have promised to contribute.

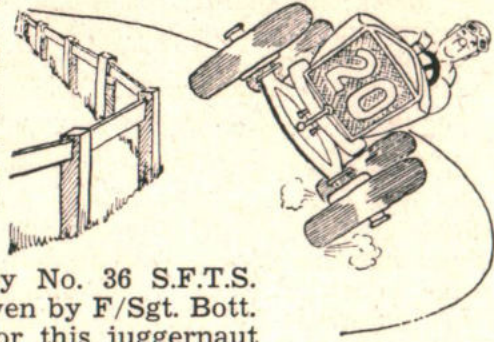
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SOCCER

The New Zealand pupils at No. 2 Wireless School, Calgary, felt confident that their challenge to a game of rugger would be accepted by the Station Rugger XV, and also that they could hand out the same medicine to No. 36 S.F.T.S. as they had done to other stations. A game was duly arranged for Saturday, July 1st, at Mewata Stadium, Calgary, and it proved to be a fine exhibition of the game. The "Wags" opened the scoring with a penalty goal, but behind the scrum Penhold were irresistible. Tries were scored by LAC Goddard and P/O Botling, and the game ended in a fine victory for No. 36 S.F.T.S. by 21 points to 8 points. With Claresholm, No. 2 Wireless School, Lethbridge, Pearce, and No. 3 Manning Depot all boasting of good rugger sides, it would be well if playdowns could be arranged by No. 4 Training Command to declare a champion fifteen for Alberta. It is hoped that such a tournament may be possible.

Penhold's Salomey Prangs

"SALOMEY," Penhold's entrant in the Model T Races held in Red Deer on Saturday, July 1st, provided the highlight of an afternoon's dicing round the half-mile track when it turned over after being sandwiched between two competitors on the top bend. Happily, the drivers were thrown clear and escaped with shock and bruises.



The car was sponsored and built by No. 36 S.F.T.S. Works and Buildings section, and was driven by F/Sgt. Bott. It is understood that the name chosen for this juggernaut (by Ford out of Oxford) has something to do with L'il Abner and nothing whatever with the old traditional song of that name. The car had been driven around the station for the previous three weeks by F/Sgt. Bott, with the Padre as reserve driver, at great risk to the occupants as well as to perambulating station personnel; it had there shown such a rate of knots that it was thought a certain winner. However, most of the other entrants proved to have the legs on it, and the members of the R.A.F. betting fraternity returned to camp sadder if not wiser men.

The meeting was opened by Group Captain Pringle over the broadcast system in uncommonly good weather. There were three races of 7½ miles, with a final of 15 miles for the Central Alberta championship. In the intervals between races, the large crowd was entertained by the Band from A-20.

First prize winners were: First Race—Buffalo Hotel, Red Deer. Second Race—Aircraft Repair, Edmonton, (No. 36 S.F.T.S., Penhold, fourth). Third Race—Reliable Motors, Standard. Central Alberta Championship—Aircraft Repair, Edmonton.



BY FORD OUT OF OXFORD



An ancient Bridge in Western China, about 150 miles northeast of Chungking

“China Calling”

(This is the second of three articles on China by the Rev. (S/Ldr.) Crockett, who has lived for some years in Western China.)

The Chinese Language

HOW LONG did it take you to learn Chinese,” is the type of question I would class with “Where shall we be posted when we go home.” Firstly, because the frequency with which the question is asked indicates widespread interest, and, secondly, because it is impossible adequately to answer. It depends on what is meant by “to learn.” Quite a number of business men and government officials quickly acquire a smattering of the spoken language, and are content to call that “learning Chinese.” However, most missionary societies insist that their members take a course of study which may well extend over five years or more. I myself was required to plod through six quite difficult examinations which took me through most of the Bible in Chinese, the Chinese Classics (Works of Confucius, Mencius and other Chinese sages), Chinese letter writing, newspaper reading, and countless oral tests, speaking and reading. But all this was designed as a foundation for a life study of Chinese, and anyone on a R.A.F. tour of duty in China, of average intelligence, together with a fairly musical ear, should be able after six months to converse a little in simple though not over-elegant language.

For those not interested in some potted “gen” on the “set-up” of the Chinese language, I advise you to stop here, for I am going to plunge into some technical details. I am encouraged to do this, even if but to have something to hand to the next person who asks “How long did it take you to learn Chinese.” After reading to the end you can appreciate something of the immensity of the task that the Westerner has in trying to get a working knowledge of the Chinese language, so as to be able to speak, read and write it.



The old Chinese character for “horse” (centre) is like the sketch of a prancing horse. It has developed into the modern character at the right.

Although in the standard Kangsi dictionary there are well over forty

thousand characters or ideographs, yet for ordinary purposes 5,000 or 6,000 are sufficient. There is no Chinese alphabet as such, and each character has to be separately studied and memorized, each one representing a word. Moreover, all the words are monosyllabic, and in ordinary Mandarin—the language spoken with slight variations over four-fifths of China—there are only about 430 sounds. Intelligible conversation is, therefore, only possible by the use of tones, which constitutes a great difficulty for the Westerner with no ear for musical values. Each sound has four or five tones, so that kwei (1st tone) means a custom, kwei (3rd tone) means a devil, kwei (4th tone) means a cupboard, and kwei (5th tone) stands for a nation. It would, therefore, be quite possible for a Westerner to get the tones wrong and send his servant “to the devil” (3rd tone), when he really wanted him to go “to the cupboard” and fetch something! The language student may well be appalled when he finds sixty-nine characters with the same sound i, and he is not greatly consoled when he is told that ten of them are pronounced in the first tone, 28 in the second, 10 in the third, and 21 in the fourth!

The written language is very fascinating. Some scholars are convinced that there was a primitive Chinese script at least 4,000 years ago. The earliest characters, scratched on bone or tortoise-shell, were obviously hieroglyphic pictures of the objects represented (e.g., sun, moon, eye, mouth), or of the idea to be conveyed. For instance, the construction of the Chinese character for “righteousness” or “justification,” produced here in its modern form, illustrates this. The character is made up in two parts, the top meaning “a lamb” or “sheep” and the bottom “I” or “Me”, signifying trust in a lamb for justification, a lamb covering “me”. This character, in its primitive form, was first written thousands of years ago, and indicates the possibility of the Chinese at one time having been influenced by the ancient religion of the Jews.

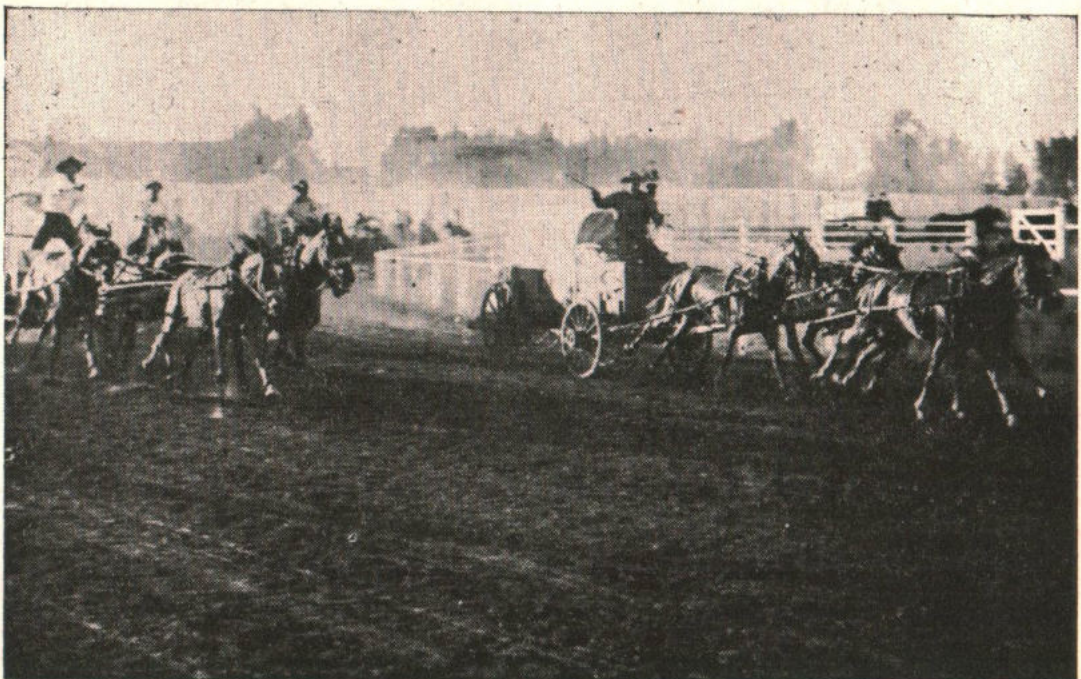
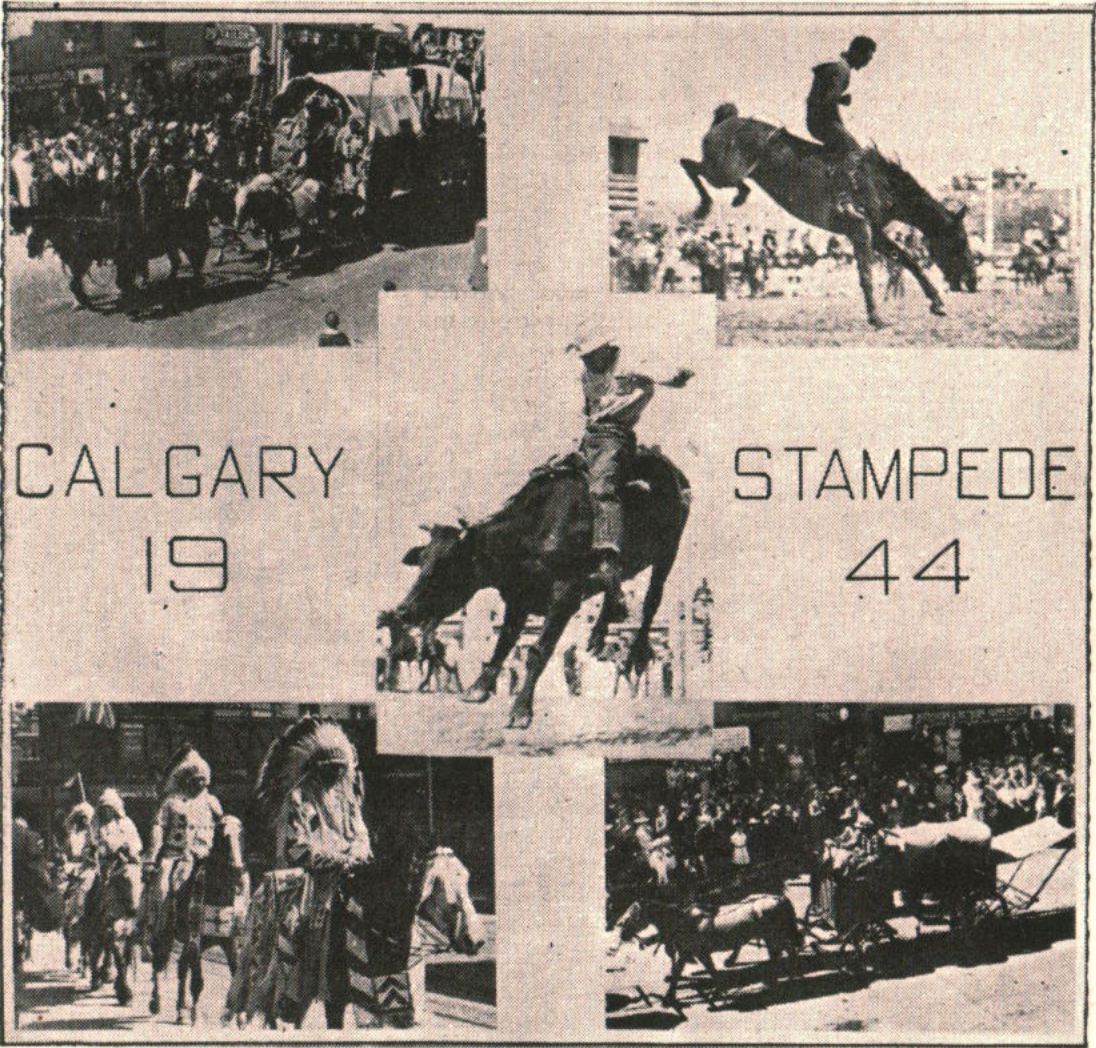


To convince us of its peculiar place in the world's languages, Chinese has no declensions, conjugations, tenses, cases, no inflections of any kind. Therefore, idiom and the right use of words becomes extremely important. Bamboo or wood was used in the time of Confucius (551 to 479 B.C.) and perhaps in the 3rd century B.C. the hair brush was invented for writing on silk or cloth. Paper came into use about A.D. 100, more than a millenium before it was known in Europe. The earliest known printed book, a Buddhist sutra, was struck off from wooden blocks in A.D. 868, so that the Chinese had printing long before Gutenberg or Caxton “invented” it.

Until some twenty-five years ago the majority of literary work in China was produced in the very cramped and stilted Wen Li, the language of the scholar, but to-day under the leadership of Professor Hu Shih, and the ever increasing influence of the Bible in Chinese, the Pei Hua, or vulgar tongue of the people, has been elevated to the position of the national language of China. This is the language for the Westerner to learn, as the Bible, poetry, essays, newspapers, novels, text-books, are all written in this new medium. It is a comfort after years of hard study at this National Language to know one can travel in about 90 per cent of the territory of China proper and Manchuria and be understood.

* * * * *

With reluctance I must bring this brief and inadequate description of the Chinese language to a close. It is a mode of thought wonderful and fascinating, and for which I am full of admiration. Let us hope the Chinese will not discard their ancient script for a phonetic system, for, as has been said “the day the Chinese discard it they will surrender the very foundation of their culture.”



CHURCH BELLS . . . FOR WHO?

IT is not really surprising that the attendance at Sunday morning voluntary services should be so consistently good. Of course, it varies according to the numbers on week-ends and the nature of the duties of those who remain. Naturally, few like being forced anywhere, especially to Church, but when given the opportunity, many may well desire to attend. While regular Church attendance, as such, will never pile up merit to convert one into a Christian, yet in these days it is one of the best tests of a person's religious faith. Fifty years ago it was different, for then it was the "done thing" to go regularly to Church. Fortunately, there is no social stigma attached to those who never attend public worship, and this tends to purify the motive.

In the Forces, because men are away from home, some full Church members seem to feel no obligation to attend public worship at their usual denomination. The old idea of local family idols persists. This seems especially so in the Air Force, if we are inclined to over emphasise the individualistic point of view at the expense of the community spirit. We tend to forget that Divine Worship on Sunday mornings is a corporate act of the Station, and that it is the privilege and duty of every Church member, not on essential work, to attend. Being the youngest Service, we have built little tradition in this way, but it is bound to come with time. One can understand that the person "forced" to put down "C. of E." as his religion has little, if any, sense of duty to attend worship regularly, but it is difficult to appreciate how the full Church member can carry on week after week without taking his part in the denomination which he joined at confirmation. The usual excuse "the parson is a wash-out" (true at times!) will not stand the test of honest logic.

There is a spiritual fifth columnist bit of propaganda abroad to-day that a person is still a good Christian even if he does not habitually attend Divine worship. A good Christian should surely desire to follow the example of His Master, who we read "as his custom was" went to Church. Neither does he do his bit in following the tradition of real Christians down the ages, and such underground work will only undermine the Christian foundation, and stunt his own spiritual growth.

Here are some practical reasons for regular Church attendance:—

1. To join in the corporate worship of the Station to Almighty God.
2. To take one's part in public prayer to God for our King and country, for the course of the war, and for our relatives and friends. God has promised especially to answer corporate prayer.
3. To help preserve our Christian tradition and develop true religious observance in the Service.
4. For the growth of our own soul. For instruction through the Bible reading, the hymns and perhaps even through the sermon!

Some say they never go to Church because they never get anything out of it. That is not surprising, for the motive is in such a case entirely wrong. We go to Church to render our thanks to Almighty God and to worship Him, first and foremost, not for what we can get out of it. True, many have said to me that they "feel better" after being to Church, but that feeling is, so to speak, a by-product.

While Church worship should never try to be an entertainment (sometimes things happen which inadvertently are!), I would be glad of suggestions as to improvements, favourite hymns, subjects for sermons, etc. Please put these in the Question Box at the Church entrance. I am here to serve you and am anxious for our spiritual welfare. In closing, may I suggest that any criticisms of what I have said in this article be given to me direct. Some things I have purposely made provocative. Opposition is better than indifference. If Christ is what a good many of us believe He is, we should be doing more about His Claims, don't you think?

Your friend,
THE PADRE



Christenings

MULTIPLE CHRISTENINGS are becoming a fashion at Penhold. There seems to be a movement afoot to make a "Christenings" page a regular feature of the "Log." On Sunday, July 2nd, three sons were baptised. Such a preponderance of boys, the Padre believes, indicates that the end of the War is near. Our faith in statistics is non-existent, but we like the idea.

Michael Jeffrey, born May 2nd, 1944, is the new son of LAC Leslie Raine, of No. 6 Hangar, and Mrs. Raine (right).

Paul David, born May 16th, 1944, is the new son of Cpl. Robert C. Grayson, of M.T. Section, and Mrs. Grayson (centre).

Thomas William, born June 3rd, 1944, is the new son of Sgt. Robert J. Hind, the Disciplinary N.C.O. at Ground School, and Mrs. Hind (left).

The last "Penhold Log" report of Christenings perpetuated the fatuous grins on the faces of the proud fathers. This time, with the aid of its worldwide services, your favourite magazine presents a much more popular feature—a photograph of three very proud and attractive mothers with three prospective R.A.F. recruits in their arms. The "Log" offers its hearty congratulations.

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A Very Urgent Relief Case

Among the many letters received at Washington, D.C., during the present war, we quote the following as being one of the best:

"Mr. Headquarters, U.S. Army.

"Dear Mr. Headquarters:—

"My husband was induced into the surface long months ago and I ain't received no pay from him since he was gone. Please send me my elopement as I have a four months old baby and he is my only support and I need it every day to buy food and to keep us enclosed. I am a poor woman and all that I have is at the front. Both sides of my parents are very old and I can't suspect anything from them as my mother has been in bed thirteen years with one doctor and she won't take another. My husband is in charge of a spittoon. Do I get any more than I am going to get? Please send me a letter and tell me if my husband made application for a wife and child and please send me a wife form to fill out. I have already written to Mr. Roosevelt and got no answer, and if I don't hear from you I will write to Uncle Sam about him and you.

Very truly,

(Signed) MRS. PAT IRWIN

P.S.—My husband says he sets in the Y.M.C.A. every nite with the piano playing in his uniform. I think you can find him there."

Giant Souvenir Number!

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for a special souvenir number of the "Penhold Log," to be published in September. It will be about twice the size of the usual issue of the "Log," and will consist mainly of photographs. It will be sold—at a loss to the firm—for 25 Cents a copy.

A pictorial record of life on the unit, together with photos of Red Deer, Sylvan Lake, Edmonton, Calgary and Banff, will make this number a souvenir not only of Penhold, but also of our stay in Canada in general. We plan to cover many of the features of the Alberta scene; for instance, we already have photos of snow—and mud; of C.P.R. engines—and Sorensen's Bus; or skating and ski-ing; we plan to take pictures of locally famous drug stores and beer parlours; we intend to print a characteristic Canadian cafe menu, and a short-hand "take" of some of the more famous radio advertisements . . . those are a few of our first ideas. Back home, you will be able to tell your friends what Canada was like by showing them a souvenir number of the "Log."

Many appeals have been made in the past for contributions to the "Log." This is positively the last. We ask you to write a note to the editor, F/Lt. Thomas, at Flying Wing Headquarters, saying what you would like to see in the Souvenir Number. We should like to borrow suitable photo negatives. We can arrange to photograph your favourite haunts, or write up memorable occasions.

Some may be leaving Penhold before the Souvenir Number is published. We hope they will order a copy to be posted on to them, at an extra charge of One Cent to the United Kingdom, or Two Cents in Canada. Simply write on a slip of paper, "Please mail to . . . (give your name and address) a copy of the Souvenir Number of the Penhold Log," enclose 26 cents—or 27 cents for Canadian addresses—and address the envelope to "P.S.I. Clerk, Station Headquarters."



A ROAD NEAR ROCKY MOUNTAIN HOUSE

Farewell Message

From Group Captain H. J. Pringle A.F.C.

IT IS WITH GENUINE REGRET that I have to say goodbye to so many good friends at Penhold. I had not thought it would be my lot to write a farewell message until the final number of the Penhold "Log," but such is the fate of us who serve in the Forces: we must be ready to move at any time and to anywhere when the call of duty comes.

It has been a privilege and a pleasure to serve with you all in No. 36 S.F.T.S., and I wish now to express my true appreciation of and gratitude for the loyalty and co-operation which have been given to me throughout my tour of duty as your Commanding Officer. I am truly sorry that this tour has come to such an abrupt ending.

I think I can say without fear or favour and without danger of boasting, that Penhold has been a happy Station generally, which is proof positive of the existence of a fine team spirit that has made for smooth and harmonious running between the various Sections, in which each and every one has pulled his weight with honest and cheerful goodwill.

The present war situation is, happily, so favourable for the Allied Nations now that the task assigned to No. 36 S.F.T.S. is considered to be almost completed. Soon you will be either returning to the land whence you came, or turning to fresh fields for conquest. It is my sorrow that I cannot remain with you till the end when I am confident that it will be possible and true to say that the job has been well done. For this last satisfaction I thank you, and I take this opportunity of wishing you one and all the very best of good luck and God Speed.

STATION CINEMA

Programme for August

1944

Tuesday, August 1

The Purple Heart

Dana Andrews Richard Conte

Thursday, August 3

In Our Time

Ida Lupino Paul Henreid

Saturday and Sunday, August 5-6

Follow the Boys

Stage and Screen Entertainers
All-Star Camp Show

Monday, August 7

Gambler's Choice

Chester Morris Nancy Kelly

Tuesday, August 8

The Hairy Ape

William Bendix and
Susan Hayward

Thursday, August 10

The Gang's All Here

Alice Faye Carmen Miranda

Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 12-13

Jane Eyre

Orson Welles Joan Fontaine

Monday, August 14

Going My Way

Bing Crosby Rise Stevens

Tuesday, August 15

To Be Announced Later

Thursday, August 17

Hey, Rookie!

Ann Miller Larry Parks

Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 19-20

The Lodger

Laird Cregar Merle Oberon
Cedric Hardwicke

Monday, August 21

Summer Storm

George Sanders Linda Darnell

Tuesday, August 22

Voice In the Wind

Francis Lederer Sigrid Gurie

Thursday, August 24

A Guy Named Joe

Spencer Tracy Irene Dunn

Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 26-27

The Private Life of Henry VIII

Charles Laughton

Monday, August 28

The Hitler Gang

Robert Watson Victor Varconi

Tuesday, August 29

Up In Mabel's Room

Marjorie Reynolds and
Dennis O'Keefe

Thursday, August 31

The Scarlet Pimpernel

Leslie Howard