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

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Editorial

THIS is the last of the regular monthly issues of the "Penhold Log," the station magazine of No. 36 S.F.T.S., which has appeared regularly each month since December, 1942. This is the thirty-second issue, and with the publication of a Souvenir Number next month, the "Penhold Log" will pass out of existence. Those who have enjoyed reading the magazine in recent months owe a debt of gratitude to those who founded it nearly three years ago. The first Editor, AC Charlie Martin, and the first Art Editor, AC Roughton, were both experienced in newspaper work in civilian life; they set a professional standard of style and lay-out which, with the constant help of the Red Deer Advocate staff, it has been possible to maintain to the end.

In the course of the preparation of some 800 pages since December, 1942, a great deal of talent has been discovered. All four Editors have known their moments of despair, but in each crisis they have always had a little band of devoted contributors to fall back upon. Their names, as they have come and gone, have appeared at the head of page one. We believe that some of the literary and artistic features which have appeared in these pages may be assessed highly on the best standards. And we hope that these contributors, deprived now of their regular medium of publication, will not under-estimate their abilities, but seek wider fame in the pages of our national magazines.

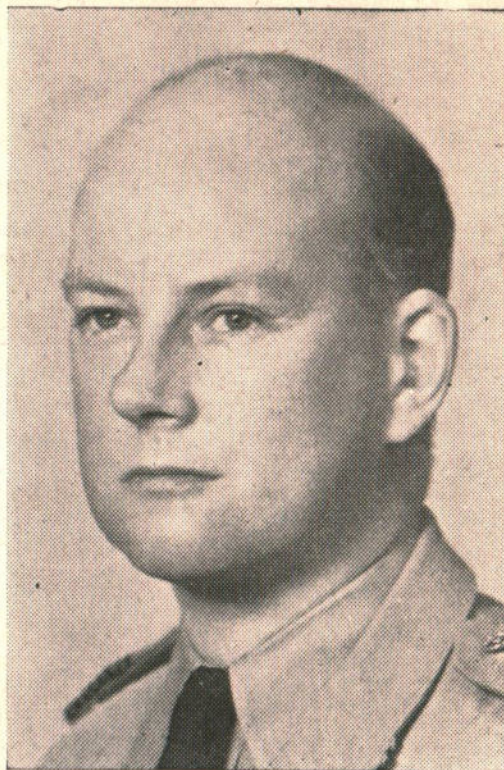
The Commanding Officer

GROUP CAPTAIN W. T. F. WIGHTMAN, D.F.C., is the third officer to take over the command of No. 36 S.F.T.S., Penhold, succeeding Group Captain Pringle at the end of July. He has had wide experience of both training and operational flying. On passing out from the R.A.F. College at Cranwell in 1929, he was posted to a fighter squadron, flying Siskins. In 1933, after taking a course at the Central Flying School, he returned to the R.A.F. College as an instructor, and in 1938 was promoted to the rank of Squadron Leader.

The beginning of the war found him in command of a fighter squadron, equipped with Gladiators and later Hurricanes, in the Middle East. In 1940 he was promoted to the rank of Wing Commander. He took part in the operations in Aden, Somaliland, Eritrea, Egypt and Iraq, and was mentioned in despatches and, in 1941, awarded the D.F.C.

On return to England in 1941 he went back to instructional work, first as Chief Instructor at an Advanced Flying Unit and subsequently on the Air Staff of Headquarters Flying Training Command. In September, 1943, he was posted to Canada, and before coming to Penhold was Chief Instructor at Medicine Hat. From that region of scorched earth he has brought stories about rattlesnakes and Rocky Mountain fever which make Penhold sound almost as green and temperate in climate as England.

The C.O. is married and has one son. In the Mess he may be seen burning large quantities of tobacco and matches. He is frequently seen about the tarmac, for he seeks relaxation from the business of administration by making regular sorties in the Harvard.



A Message From The Commanding Officer

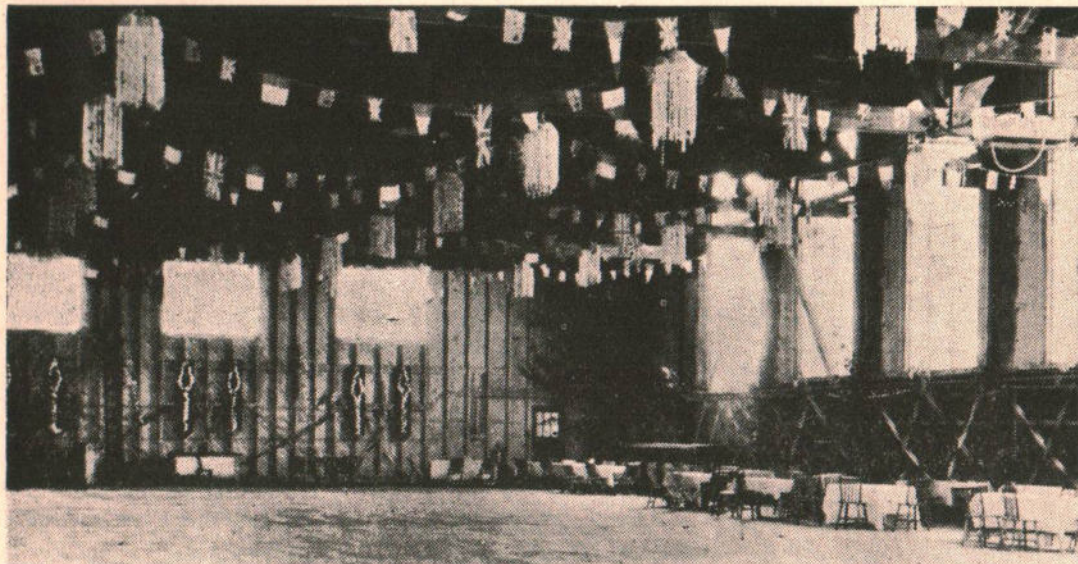
THIS is an occasion of mixed feelings. The signs of disbandment are now evident; the patter of pupils' feet on the ground and the uncertain roar of Cheetahs in the air are steadily diminishing. To those who are going home I wish the very best of luck, and thank them for all they have done for this station. I have only been here a very short time, but the good work they have put in is obvious.

Some of our airmen will remain in Canada, and I hope that those naturally impatient personnel who have had their training delayed owing to the small number of casualties overseas, will spend the minimum time in "useful employment." My especial sympathy is with those long suffering officers and N.C.O.s, the flying instructors. They had, I know, anticipated returning to a more active sphere when this station closed down, but owing to the exigencies of the service they must complete their tour at other units in this country where they will, I am sure, give of their best, as they have done here.

There is much work to be done, however, before we close, and there can be no relaxation until that haven of rest, No. 31 P.D., is reached and all ranks remaining here until the final date will, I hope, ensure by their efforts that Penhold finishes up in a blaze of glory (metaphorically!).

W. T. F. WIGHTMAN

GALA DAY



The Drill Hall on August 9th.

PENHOLD'S THIRD ANNIVERSARY was marked by a Sports Day and Carnival which has since occasioned the use of so vast a flood of superlatives that it may seem redundant at this stage to repeat that it was an unqualified success, and altogether a magnificent show. From two o'clock on the afternoon of August 9 until the early hours of the following morning, Penhold opened its gates to the public to put on a programme of entertainment which included athletics, the fun of the fair, a flying display, dancing (with a floor show), and the usual flow of convivial refreshment. From the crack of the pistol which started the first race in the afternoon to the final playing of "God Save the King", more than twelve hours later, the show moved along with clockwork precision, and when next morning the time came to reckon up the score, the Hospital could claim not a single casualty and the Policemen not a single transgressor. Such success is not achieved without enormous effort in preparation. It is impossible to mention by name everyone who shared in the work, nor, for that matter, would they wish it. Yet it should be put on record that the embryonic idea of "a big day" to celebrate the third anniversary and, at the same time, to mark the beginning of the end of No. 36 S.F.T.S., Penhold, was conceived by Wing Commander Gifford as far back as the middle of June. By the end of June the C.O. had approved the scheme, and Wing Commander Gifford had formed a committee to put the idea into effect. This committee, under the chairmanship of the C.E.O., was hard at work for nearly six weeks before the sports day. It was the universal opinion that the committee and their many assistants did a first-class job, and they have every reason to feel that their energy was well spent.

The Sports Meeting

The afternoon opened with the athletics contest for the inter-section challenge shield. For this occasion, F/Lt. Garrett, with F/Sgt. Heywood and his Works and Buildings staff, in collaboration with F/O Locke, the Sports Officer, had prepared a grass track, with jumping pits and field events sites, which was a good deal nearer the civilised end of the camp than the cinder track at the rear of No. 6 Hangar. It was also felt that the seating arrangements were an improvement on the ready-made grandstand afforded by the coal-dumps. The track was in excellent condition, and thanks to the incle-

ment summer weather, very pleasantly green. Happily, and to the deep relief of many, it was a fine and sunny afternoon.

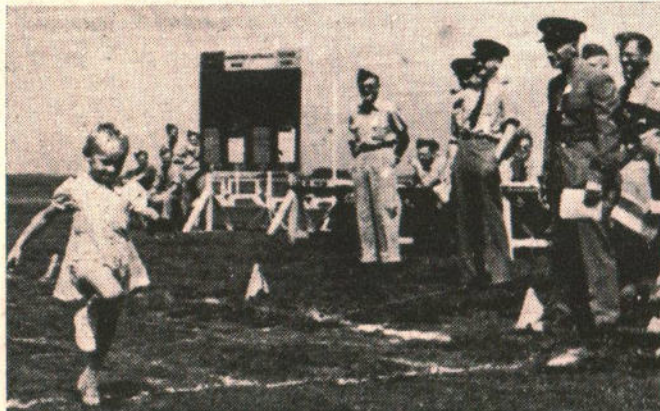
Three events had been run off earlier, the cross country, the mile and the Medley Relay. In these events LAC Young had already begun stacking up points for Maintenance Wing, and for himself in the Victor Ludorum contest, by winning the cross country and the mile, while the New Zealanders had given a hint of the strength of their team by winning the medley relay. The first event of the afternoon was the half mile, which provided Young with a further victory, by five yards over LAC Blick of New Zealand. Blick led on the first lap, but Young confidently took over the lead at the beginning of the second lap and stayed ahead to win in the excellent time of 2 minutes 8 seconds. The second race, the 100 yards, also produced an excellent time—which some thought incredible—for P/O Botting returned 10 seconds dead. But Botting is a very strong sprinter and he won comfortably. It would have been interesting to see what time he could have made in the 220 yards, but he left this race to be won by a fellow New Zealander, LAC Goddard, in 23 seconds, again an exceptionally good time on a grass track.

Meanwhile the first of the field events were taking place. With some smart nipping from here to there and back, LAC Warne, of the Australians, was able to win both the high jump and the shot put more or less simultaneously. He showed a good knowledge of technique in both these events, and his "western roll" in the high jump suggested he should be able to do better than 5 ft. 3 ins. The first of the extra-championship contest events, the Sergeants' 100 yards, was won by F/Sgt. Rawles in dashing style, with approximately the length of the Accounts Section counter to spare.

About this time F/O Pearson, operating with much wit and persuasion over the Tanoy system, was appealing for more entrants for the obstacle race, but a brief look at the obstacles convinced all but the fittest that this was a commando course rather than what we had been brought up on at the parish fete at home. It proved something of a walk-over for an Australian, LAC Gray, who scaled the major obstacles with such ease that he was able to devote at least ten seconds to fitting himself into a sack for the final dash without any risk of being pipped on the post.

The first of the inter-station events was the mile, which was just another occasion for LAC Young to lead all the way, and to win in a good time, in spite of a sprint which gave the impression that he thought three times round was as far as he had to go. Lance-Corporal Siak, of A-20, was second after shaking off LAC Edwards of Bowden. At this stage of the proceedings the competitors had been marshalled to the starting point so punctually that the programme was getting ahead of itself, and F/O Locke had to counsel a somewhat more leisurely tempo.

While the long jump and the discus throw were being completed, bringing wins to LAC Pitt of the Australians and LAC Holden of the New Zealanders with "high average" performances, officials were combing the crowd for competitors for the two children's races. For the "under 10's"



the entry was small in all senses—four very small competitors lining up for the 75 yards. This was a walk-over for Muriel Prendergast, who ran with a self-possessed determination which showed exemplary sprinter's technique. This race also proved a fall-over for the small boy who finished the course in spite of two head-long prangs. The children over ten fought out a very close finish with

Tim Hives nosing out ahead of Donald Gray and Garry Fairbanks.

By this time the New Zealanders were pulling out into the lead in the points competition, often picking up third and fourth places in events they did not win. Their chances looked even rosier as they won the Tug-of-War heat from the Flying Wing team, pulling them home on their stern ends. Their position was also improved when Botting and Blick took second and fourth places in the 440 yards, with the inevitable Young producing the winning sprint to the tape. The struggle for second place in the championship contest grew keener as Flying Wing picked up two victories, LAC Hayward winning the javelin, and F/O Sealey the hurdles; these were two more cases of the triumph of technique over brawn.

Three more of the "funnies" raised plenty of laughs. In the three-legged race it was obvious that the winners, Nancy Stevenett and AC Miller, had tried this sort of thing before, and it was even rumoured that they train all the year round, in the hope that they may one day make a living at it. The Officers' 100 yards handicap was a walk-over for the Padre, who proved that, in addition to his handicap, he had something that the others hadn't got, namely a pair of rubber soled shoes; he was followed in at a distance of about ten yards by a terrifying mob of officers who resembled a charge of Indian braves of one of the more decadent tribes. The Ladies' Race was a colourful event which was won by Marie Parsonage in all too swift a flash of colour.

This completed the twentieth event of the afternoon, and F/O Locke was beginning to look less worried, for the programme was running to schedule within five minutes. The last of the challenge trophy events, the Tug-of-War final, completed a victorious afternoon for the New Zealanders, for they showed they were able to overcome the burly Maintenance Wing representatives who, as one spectator remarked, "have been pulling ropes for years". The last of the track events was the inter-station relay, which was a clear cut win for Penhold, each member of the team doing something to increase the lead.

There was still one race to come, but this time with the competitors on horse back. Shortly before the scene had rapidly been transformed into what might have been a corner of the Epsom Downs on Derby Day, with Jimmy (Fairplay) Holloway (alias F/Sgt. Wall) taking a pitch near the Officers' Enclosure to offer attractive odds on the products of the Chisholm Stable to a milling crowd of eager punters. Meanwhile the jockeys should, according to custom, have been attending the saddling up of their mounts in the pad-



The finish of the Penhold Stakes

dock. In fact, two of the jockeys were unsaddling their mounts, to the tune of unfriendly comments on the knobs on the Canadian saddle, and with the expressed opinion that they would rather ride bare-back, which they did. And so the entrants for the famous Penhold Stakes moved off to the starting point south of the track.

The Penhold Stakes proved perhaps the most exciting race of the day. There was a terrific battle all the way for the first three places, with LAC Cantor on Mistress, LAC McGough on Darky, and LAC Bennett on Princess, running neck and neck down the opening straight. If anything it looked as though Darky might be the fastest of the three, but the one bend in the six furlongs course gave Cantor on Mistress the chance to seize a short lead which he was able to hold to the finishing post. Two lengths covered the first three in a race which vindicated the opinions of the bare-back Australian riders, Cantor and McGough.

Just at this time there was some anxiety for the weather, which seemed



Mrs. Amey presenting the Challenge Shield to the New Zealand captain.

likely to deliver the first of the customary evening storms, but after a few spots of rain the shower passed over to allow the prize-giving to go ahead as planned. Prizes and trophies were presented to the winning teams and competitors by Mrs. Amey, who has been in Canada longer than any other of the English wives, and whose husband is one of Penhold's foundation members.

The competition for the Challenge Shield had proved a very closely matched affair. At the beginning of the afternoon, Flying Wing led by a few points, with Maintenance Wing, the Australians and the New Zealanders sharing second place. During the afternoon the New Zealanders gradually pulled ahead, with the biggest threat appearing to come from the Australians.

Finally Flying Wing went into second place together with Maintenance Wing with equal points, with the Australians only half a point behind. The outstanding individual performance was that of LAC Young, who won every distance from the cross country to the quarter mile, and had to have assistants to carry off the prizes. He has a delightfully easy style, and if he were to concentrate on one distance should be able to turn in a top class performance.

The afternoon's sport was concluded by an exhibition of aerobatics in a Harvard (which was incorrectly identified by one member of the crowd as a Liberator). The Harvard was flown by Wing Commander Stratton, until recently Chief Instructor at Penhold. This was reminiscent of the best at Hendon, though somewhat higher, and made an impressive conclusion to the afternoon programme.

During the afternoon the Military Band from A-20 added a pleasant background to the scene by playing a number of musical selections, and completed their afternoon's activities with a brilliantly cacophonous "Band Race."

The Midway

For those who find athletics in quantity tedious, the Fair Ground to the north-west of the track was a haven, if not of rest, certainly of infinite diversion. Rarely have we seen a better Fair, or as it is called on this side of the Atlantic, a Midway. Visitors were heard to say that it compared favourably with the best brought to Red Deer by professionals, and it was blessed in that it did not smell of hamburgers. This was the product of great labour and ingenuity expended by F/O Nicklin and a gallant band of workers drawn largely from Maintenance Wing, notably led by F/Sgt. Wall and F/Sgt. Barker. The crowd thronged the skilfully designed and gaily painted side-shows, both in the afternoon on the field, and in the evening after the more mobile sets had been transported to the Bowling Alley. The skin gang had shown much enterprise in the construction of many of the side shows, and their decoration had the authentic fair ground touch. The design and painting was the work of Cpl. Herbert, LAC Foster and LAC Williams; we feel they should be permanently employed in future designing colourful interior and exterior decoration for the station aircraft.

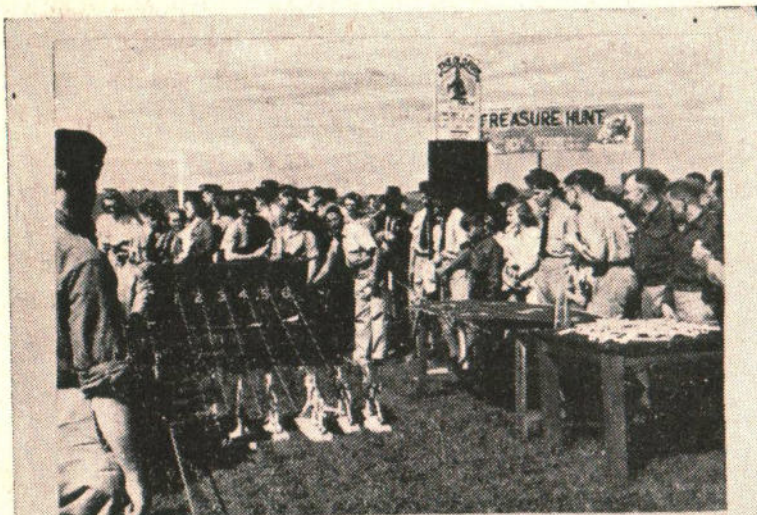
In the course of a stroll through the Fair, there were many signs of the professional touch. F/Sgt. Barker's conduct of the Bingo Booth implied years of service, and we particularly liked his cry, "Come and see the only man in Canada who combs his hair with a towel." F/Sgt. Hurlock also proved a commendable Bingo master. One of the more costly side-shows was run by Sgt. Dart and Sgt. Sams. Described as "Can-Can," the game looked easy enough—to knock down a set of tin cans with a well aimed mop-head but such a missile proved allergic to aim. It is not possible to name all who were vigorously running the side-shows, but it was clear that all were a success. All competed with lusty cries for the attention of the public, and some had the advantage of large brass instruments, not to mention a drum, in shouting down their rivals. Those who wished to know their luck could have their palms read before going to a turn at the dice, the wheel of fortune, roll-a-penny, hoopla, or synthetic horse racing. The more active were able to take a pot shot with a football at any one of the three Axis dictators, while for our younger visitors the fishing pool was a source of endless delight. Those who wearied of the afternoon's excitements could seek refreshment at the Y.M.C.A. tent, if they had the strength and determination to battle their way through to the counter where record business was being done.

After the conclusion of the sports and the flying display, visitors were taken to the various messes for tea, where the waiters coped with a huge influx of the hungry and thirsty of all ages with fine expedition. It is interesting to note that more than 2,500 teas were served in the Airmen's Mess, and similar outside crowds were filling the dining rooms of the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes. In all there were probably at least 3,000 people on the station. It was pleasant indeed to see the walks and buildings about the camp peopled with so many of the station's friends.

In the early part of the evening the cinema started playing to crammed houses, and side shows and Bingo in the Drill Hall drew many customers before the beginning of the dance. The cinema put on a current Technicolour hit, "Pin Up Girl," which was shown to two houses, and gave a good idea of the excellence of the camp cinema.

Roll Up! Roll Up! For All--

The Fun of the Fair





The Dance

The Dance was generally agreed to have been the best ever held anywhere on the station. Because of the large crowd which was expected, the Drill Hall was selected as the only suitable building big enough. Now the Drill Hall, to put it mildly, is a bit of a barn, and has a concrete floor. But on the evening of the dance it could have competed with the Winter Garden at Blackpool. This was a triumph for S/Ldr. Gavin Duke, who, with a gang of tireless helpers, led by F/Sgt. Kent, spent three days decorating the rafters and concealing the plumbing. As they began the decorating it seemed that they would never be able to conceal the hideous facts of service architecture. However, every flag owned by the City of Red Deer was put at our service, and troops went far afield hewing down trees to camouflage the walls. By the night of the dance the hall was a riot of bunting and green foliage. Several days after it was all over, all the decoration had not yet been removed, though de-decorators had been constantly at work.

The problem of turning concrete into a dancing floor was equally successfully solved by the application of sacks of borax. If it was impossible to introduce spring into the solid stone, the surface was delightfully polished for dancing, and has rendered the customary Drill Hall pursuits of tennis, basketball and badminton more than a little suicidal pending a thorough hosing down.

The Dance Band was hard at it from 9 p.m. to 3 a.m., with a short break for a midnight floor show presented by Penhold's well-known stage stars, when a performance was put on by the world's grossest chorus girls, with AC Murgatroyd in black net, and Cpl Jeans equally immodestly attired, with White Ridley as compere. The Dance Band, with the assistance of three instrumentalists from A-20, who converted rapidly from the military to the swing style, was at full strength with twelve pieces in all, and Cpl. Rippon doing a fine job as vocalist.

In spite of the large crowd, there was still a pleasant air of spaciousness at the dance, and it was evident that a good time was being had by all. It was late when the crowds finally drifted away, and we went back to bed feeling that it had been a great day—and feeling grateful, too, for the thoughtful concession which permitted a nine o'clock start in the morning.

Sports Results

880 yds. Final: Time, 2 mins. 8 secs.—1st, LAC Young (Main.); 2nd, LAC Blick (N.Z.); 3rd, LAC Morgan (Aus.). High Jump: Height, 5 ft. 3 ins.—1st, LAC Warne (Aus.); 2nd, LAC Pitt (Aus.); 3rd, LAC Fenn (F/W). Shot Put: Distance 37 ft. 3 ins.—1st, LAC Warne (Aus.); 2nd, LAC Logie (F/W); 3rd, LAC Holden (N.Z.). 100 yds. Final: Time 10 secs.—1st, P/O Botting (N.Z.); 2nd, LAC Pitt (Aus.); 3rd, LAC Mitchell (Main.). 220 yds. Final: Time, 23 secs.—1st, LAC Goddard (N.Z.); 2nd, LAC Mitchell (Main.); 3rd, LAC Lamb (N.Z.). Long Jump: Distance, 18 ft. 11½ ins.—1st, LAC Pitt (Aus.); 2nd, P/O Botting (N.Z.); 3rd, LAC Fenn (F/W). Discus Throw: Distance, 92 ft. 11 ins.—1st, LAC Holden (N.Z.); 2nd, LAC McNeil (F/W); 3rd, LAC Spittal (Main.). 440 yds. Final: Time, 56 1/5 secs.—1st, LAC Young (Main.); 2nd, P/O Botting (N.Z.); 3rd, LAC Gray (Aus.). Javelin Throw: Distance, 143 ft.—1st, LAC Hayward (F/W); 2nd, LAC Spittal (Main.); 3rd, LAC Morris (N.Z.). 120 yds. Hurdles: Final: Time 18 secs.—1st, F/O Sealy (F/W); 2nd, Cpl. Cook (Main.) and LAC Thompson (N.Z.). Tug-o'-War Final—1st, New Zealand; 2nd, Maintenance Wing; 3rd, Australia; 4th, Flying Wing. Individual Winners of Cross Country—1st, LAC Young (Main.); 2nd, LAC Hoggarth (Aus.); 3rd, P/O Lea-Wilson (F/W). One Mile, held on August 8th: Time 5 mins. 2 secs.—1st, LAC Young (Main.); 2nd, P/O Lea-Wilson (F/W); 3rd, LAC Gray (Aus.). Medley Relay, held August 8: 880, 440, 220 and 220 yds.—1st, New Zealand; 2nd, Flying Wing; 3rd, Australia; 4th, Maintenance Wing.

Final Results: 1st, New Zealand, 52 points; 2nd, Flying Wing and Maintenance Wing, 39½ points; 4th, Australia, 39 points.

Inter-Station and Other Events

Inter-Station Mile: Time, 5 mins. 5 secs.—1st, LAC Young (Penhold); 2nd, L.-Cpl. Siak (A-20); 3rd, LAC Edwards (Bowden). Inter-Station Medley Relay—1st, Penhold; Runners, LAC Young (Main.), P/O Botting (N.Z.), LAC Mitchell (Main), LAC Goddard (N.Z.); 2nd, A-20; 3rd, Bowden. Sergeants' 100 yds. Handicap: Time, 12 secs.—1st, F/Sgt. Rawles; 2nd, Sgt. Houldcroft; 3rd, W/O Lucas. Obstacle Race: Time, 70 secs.—1st, LAC Gray; 2nd, LAC Bury; 3rd, Cpl. Cook. Officers' 100 yds. Handicap: Time, 11 secs.—1st, S/Ldr. Crockett; 2nd, F/O Pearson; 3rd, S/Ldr. Duke. Penhold Stakes—1st, LAC Cantor riding Mistress; 2nd, LAC McGough riding Darky; 3rd, LAC Bennett riding Princess.

Organising Committee

The Organising Committee was as follows: Chairman, W/Cdr. Gifford; Sports Organisation, F/O Locke, S/Ldr. Dunlop, P/O Lea-Wilson, Sgt. Matheson and LAC Banks; Track and Structural Work, F/Lt. Garrett; Side Shows, F/O Nicklin; Transport and Funds, S/Ldr. Minor; Advertising, Prizes and Decorations, S/Ldr. Gavin Duke; Bands, F/Lt. Smalley; Floor Show, F/O Thompson; Cinema, F/Lt. Hibberd; Messing and Bar Arrangements, S/Ldr. Mackenzie; Light Effects and Amplifications, F/O Bilsland; Y.M.C.A. Catering, Mr. Miller.

Prizes

Our grateful thanks are expressed to the following citizens and business houses of Red Deer, who made contributions to the prize fund for the Sports: The Mayor and City Council of Red Deer; T. Eaton Co., Ltd.; North West Motors; Munro & Co., Ltd.; Gaetz-Cornett Drug & Book Co.; Red Deer Advocate; Club Cafe; Lawrence Ltd.; Sorensen Bus Lines; A. B. Mitchell, Esq.; Red Deer 5¢ to \$1.00 Store; Holmes' Drug Store; Capitol and Crescent Theatres; Red Deer Creamery; H. H. Humber, Jeweller; Buffalo Hotel; Dancocks' Taxi; T. R. Johns & Co.; Phelan Hotels; Sylvan Lake Hotel; Red Deer Bottling Co.; Stewart Brothers; Lord's Garage; Red Deer Laundry; Orme Funeral Home; Central Alberta Dairy Pool; Farthing's Studio; Ben's Bowling Alley; Mrs. W. Morris; Horsley's Drug Store; Mr. John Umrsh.

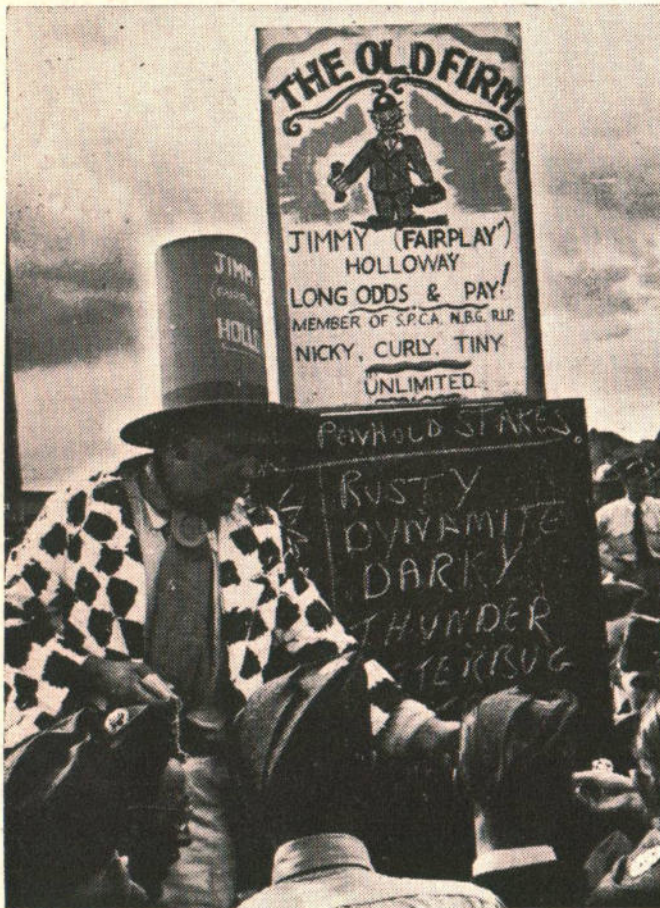
A Field Day for . . .

Athletic Types



Fair Ground Personality

MOST colourful personality on Sports Day was Jimmy "Fairplay" Holloway, who took a pitch to shout the odds for the Penhold Stakes. The chequered coat and giant top hat only partially disguised Flight Sergeant Wall, who is N.C.O. in charge of the electrical work at Penhold. He was not only a colourful bookie, but it could also be said that he was the fairground king, for he played the major part in advising on the selection and



construction of the side shows. In civilian life, F/Sgt. Wall had for many years run side shows at east coast holiday resorts, and he had previous experience of running all the attractions which appeared in the Penhold Fair.

Before the war, he was a constructional engineer specialising in work on sea-side piers. This naturally led him to the entertainment business, so that his year became divided between repairing piers in the winter and working shows on them in the summer. Most of his work was done at Walton-on-the-Naze, where in addition to his normal business he ran two Boxing schools, and was captain of the swimming and athletic club. He has won two Royal Humane Society Life Saving certificates for rescuing customers who fell off the pier into the sea. This, he adds, was quite a regular occurrence.

As a bookie, he showed to the Penhold crowd a rich knowledge of the traditional patter. This he learned from his interest in greyhound racing. He bred and raced greyhounds at coursing meetings in the eastern counties, and on most of the better known tracks in the London area. At Ipswich he used to race his own dogs and make a book at the same time, because he found it paid better that way. He has also bred and raced pigeons, and won a "district first" in a race from Ireland to Essex. Soon after he rejoined the R.A.F. in 1939, his pigeons were called up, too.

F/Sgt. Wall first served in the R.A.F. from 1919 to 1923, and during this time he became the R.A.F. middle-weight overseas boxing champion. He fought during these four years without being beaten. On rejoining the R.A.F. he rose from AC to F/Sgt. in less than two years while serving with a Beau-fighter coastal squadron. On coming to Canada, he went first to Patricia Bay, where he ran a Boxing School. He arrived at Penhold in April, too late to take part in the winter's boxing activities. But during the summer his wide interest in all forms of sport led him to the football field, where he has refereed a large number of matches. A tall man, and built to a correspondingly broad scale, his nickname is inevitably "Tiny."

R.A.F. Rascals' Revue

PROBABLY the last and perhaps the best of Penhold's stage shows was presented to enthusiastic audiences in the Recreation Hall on August 14 and 15, and again, by popular request, on August 18, followed by a performance at Bowden on August 21. This revue included the old favourites, notably the Atkinson-Ridley-Murgatroyd team, and at the same time disclosed such abounding new talent that, were Penhold's lease to be extended, it is clear that the reputation made by 36 S.F.T.S. for sparkling stage productions would continue to flourish. The new talent came largely from Flying Wing, and notably from the pupils. No previous show contained so many pupil names in the cast.

The Australian element was notable from start to finish, with the periodic incursions of LAC Wilkinson, who played the part of compere's stooge with sustained brilliance. There was a ludicrous inconsequence about his clowning which made his regular appearances intently awaited and greeted with cheers. A Marx Brothers or Olsen and Johnson streak seems to define the Australian flair, for they presented two of the more fantastic scenes—LAC McGough appeared as the Human Cannon Ball with immense solemnity and a colossal array of paraphernalia, and was discovered suspended from the gallery rail without leaving any doubt as to how he got there. The tableau, "Mysterious Mose," was all Australian, assisted by a delightfully corny tap dance by Atkinson, and turned out to be the most lunatic set of Heath Robinson mechanics seen for many a long day.

Lunacy perhaps reached its peak in the singing of the Toreador song by LAC Gleave, who has a fine tenor voice, and had already sung one ballad so pleasantly that we were persuaded that we could even enjoy this hackneyed piece just once more. It turned out that this was the most attractive presentation of the song we had ever heard—or seen—for it so happened that Gleave sang the song (very well) clutching a piece of toast, and with the assistance of an Indian rope trick and a stage horse as further diversions—all of which is presumably unique in stage history. Another old chestnut which we smother when it crops up on the radio—"Tea for Two," from "No, No Nanette"—was given new life by White-Ridley, singing the tenor part with wriggling bashfulness to Atkinson who responded for the soprano in a fruity baritone.

Which brings us naturally to the girls. Atkinson was quite luscious dressed in what can only be described as a bride's nuptial nightie, and with a new head of hair. It may be added that the Can-Can number revealed that his underwear was a considerable improvement on the P.T. shorts displayed by some of the chorus, who were otherwise very prettily arrayed and might have deceived the eye at a distance, but for certain hirsute spots.

Murgatroyd wins a paragraph to himself for, as a female impersonator, he sported a number of dresses which tax a reporter's descriptive powers to the limit. One may be said to have been a creation of pink vine leaves and lace. Another was black and beaded, cut low over neck and shoulders, and fluted about the skirt. In the last scene he wore a hat which might be described as a gilded version of the crown of oranges worn by the Doukhorbor Son of Heaven, or alternatively as the top half of a Christmas tree. As to his figure, the stomach line was that of an ageing and ample woman who has at last given up the struggle and abandoned her corsets. He also appeared in an ancient Egyptian strip tease which finally revealed him briefly clad in a very small Union Jack.

The biggest surprise was provided by three grass-skirted crooners (we could only penetrate the disguise of one, F/O Thompson), who proved to have the voices, and mannerisms of a very famous feminine trio. In perfecting this piece of diabolically accurate timing, this male trio is understood to

. . . Athletics . . .

An Inter-Services Athletics Meet was held at Clarke Stadium, Edmonton, on August 19. From Air Force teams competing at this Meet, a "Northern Zone" team will be selected to take part in the Inter-Zone Meet at Calgary on September 2. Team standings were as follows: 15 S.F.T.S., North Battleford, 51 points; 36 S.F.T.S., Penhold, 39; U.S.A.A.F., Edmonton, 16; Army, Camrose, 13; Navy, Edmonton, 12; and 4 I.T.S., Edmonton, 4 points.

Once again we won both relay events, and it is interesting to note that Penhold has won all relay events in every Athletic meeting at which a team from the station has been entered.

Individual results, which scored points for Penhold, were as follows: 100 yds., 2nd, LAC Tandy; 220 yds., 1st, LAC Goddard, 2nd, LAC Mitchell; 880 yds., 2nd, LAC Philips; Mile, 1st, LAC Young; 4x110 yds. relay, 1st, Penhold; Medley relay, 1st, Penhold.

* * * * *

Soccer

By winning the first half of the Alberta Services Soccer League, Penhold Fliers have ensured themselves a place in the final deciding matches. Since then they have taken a resounding beating from an R.A.F., Carberry, team, in a "friendly" game, and have suffered their first defeat at the hands of a Canadian team when they lost to A-20. The Red Deer Army team had some new and good players in their side, and we were not at full strength. Postings may be expected to deplete the Fliers' stock of regular first team players, but we still feel reasonably confident of taking the championship for the third year running.

have worn out half a dozen records and driven themselves, and their room-mates, near to the madhouse.

Of the slightly more serious sketches, "The Impenitent Pranger" was a delight, with excellent acting performances by all, LAC McLaughlin, as the "puny pupil pilot," and F/Lt. Wilson as the Flight commander, being outstanding in the lead parts. "Binders Rigid" was another farcical affair which went down with applause, and which was written by the pupils who acted the two parts, LAC's Southby and Palmer. "The Green Eye of the Little Yellow God" brought S/Ldr. Gavin Duke and F/O Brown into the front row seats resplendent in scarlet mess kit. From this advantageous position they passed a series of devastating comments on the recitation from the stage, and proved that they should clearly be seconded from the R.A.F. to the Indian Army. That famous dialogue, "The Stately Homes of England," found F/Lt. Wilson and F/O Sealey in top hats, putting on their most superior airs.

The show concluded with an ambitious reconstruction of an air raid on London. The stage set was brilliantly done and the sound effects were authentic, having been recorded during an actual attack.

Throughout the show, P/O Gaunt, as compere, maintained a ready flow of wit. He showed real skill in a difficult job, for there was never once the hint of one of those all too common empty pauses. The orchestra was again in the accomplished hands of Gordon Morris, and they not only contributed their own musical overture, intermission and accompaniment to the show, but were evidently also enjoying their front row seats.

The organization and production were in the hands of F/O Thompson and LAC Atkinson, who can congratulate themselves on producing a show which was perfectly in tune with the topicalities and taste of service life, and at the same time was marked by a professional polish.

Editor's note:—Photos of the revue were available too late for publication in this month's number. Some will appear in the Souvenir Number.

News From Home

Hitler's Secret Weapon.—The name of Hitler's secret weapon varies according to the paper you read. The "Observer," "Sunday Times" and "Manchester Guardian" refer to it as a "pilotless" or "robot" plane; the "Times," "Daily Mail" and "Daily Sketch" prefer the term "flying bomb"; the "Daily Mirror's"



choice is "buzz-bomb." Some of the R.A.F. pilots talk about "doodle-bugs," and other people speak of "bumble-bombs" or "whirleys" . . . When such a weapon recently fell

in a garden near a church and destroyed the organ, a churchwarden played the violin at the Sunday service. . . . A woman was saved from harm by two wardrobes which, falling in different directions in her house, locked together to form a shelter. . . . A man who threw himself to the ground when a bomb passed a few feet above him complained that for two minutes after the explosion it "poured with rain"; later he realised that the bomb had fallen into a river, and that it was the water from that source which had soaked his clothes. . . . Buildings in London recently damaged include the Royal Free Hospital, Australia House and Dulwich College. . . . The clearance of debris is being expedited; damaged roofs are being repaired with tarpaulin; glaziers are hard at work on windows; craftsmen are being brought in from outside London, and many naval ratings, Royal Marines and airmen, are being drafted to lend a hand with repairs. . . . Women and children seeking sanctuary from the robot bombs have met with very varied receptions in billeting areas. Most hostesses have been anxious to do their best for the evacuees, but a few have furnished reasons why they should not billet them; for instance, one householder said her husband was too shy; and two sisters were too devoted to the care of dogs and cats to accommodate mere humans.

The Girls and Our Gallant Allies.—A girl alleged to have stolen shoes and clothing from a Surrey shop attempted to excuse herself by saying, "I only did this to make myself smart to cause an impression on a Canadian soldier." . . . Due partly to "one-arm driving" habits, American Service drivers in England have been banned from offering lifts to stranded British Service girls. . . . Mr. Kendall, M.P. for Grantham, has been collecting evidence of immorality allegedly due to the presence of American troops in the town; he complains that it is "unfit for a woman to walk unescorted." The Chief Constable, however, is "entirely satisfied with the American troops' conduct."

War-Time Clothes.—Spots and stripes are almost equally popular as patterns in the newest dress materials. . . . Washable buttonholes of cotton, fashioned into roses or convolvuli, represent the latest attempt to introduce gaiety into wartime clothing. . . . In a paper read at a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Arts, James Laver pointed out that during times of war or revolution, women invariably discard corsets with consequent loss of waistline, and cut their hair. Ten years before it arrives, a fashion is said to be "indecent"; five years before, it is "shameless"; one year, "outré"; and in the first year of its time, "smart." Thereafter it becomes dowdy, ridiculous, or simply quaint. After the present war, Laver expects a disappearance of corsets, prevalence of plain colours and simple styles, short hair and scanty skirts.

Health.—"War stomachs" present a new medical problem; duodenal ulcers—caused largely by worry, nervous strain and malnutrition, are increasing in such great numbers that the Ministers of Food and Health have combined to issue a pamphlet guiding doctors on suitable diets for sufferers. . . . A member of the Blood Transfusion Service has now given a record of 100 transfusions. . . . Men wounded in France are generally returned to hospital in Britain within twelve hours; 99 out of every 100 wounded are saved by beachhead surgery and medical care. Volunteer Service concert parties

The Souvenir Number

This is the last monthly number of the "Penhold Log," but it is not the Souvenir Number. Desperate endeavours are being made to produce the Souvenir Number by the middle of September. As planned at present, it will consist of 64 pages, almost entirely of pictures. The price will be, as usual, 10 cents. Those leaving the unit before it is published may have a copy sent them, postage free, by leaving their name and address and 10 cents with the P.S.I. clerk at Station Headquarters.

have already begun to entertain hospital patients, who prefer cheery songs and light music to sentimental songs and crooning, clean and amusing jokes to long stories.

Sport.—The Jockey Club has decided that, following the Derby, when a mere half-length separated Ocean Swell, the winner, from Rameses, fifth home, there may be something in the idea of photographic evidence in deciding a touch-and-go finish. A committee has been set up to investigate the problem. . . . The R.A.A.F. Cricket XI is still unbeaten. They have now defeated the R.A.F., the Army, and drawn with the Civil Defence. . . . Eton beat Harrow in the fifth war-time fixture between the schools, by five wickets. . . . Constantine, the West Indian cricketer, has been awarded damages of five guineas in his lawsuit against the Imperial Hotel, London, for refusing to lodge him.

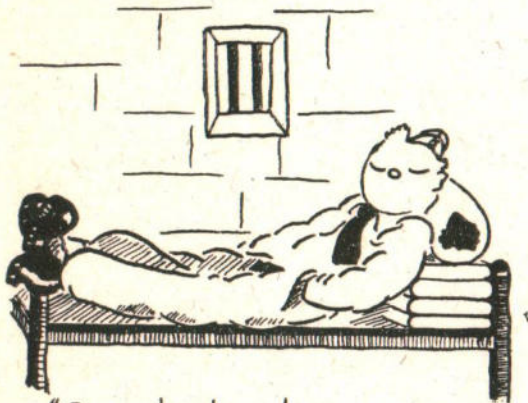
Those Post-War Houses.—R. G. Tarran, a Hull builder, who claims his system of house construction can be learned in a week, is prepared to build 200,000 houses a year. They can be erected in about ten hours, painting and decorating the interiors requiring about another three days before the occupants move in. . . . The latest in pre-fabrication is a kitchen wrapped up like a sandwich and delivered to your door; it consists of a cooker, refrigerator, stainless steel sink, draining-board, pot-rack, crockery cupboard and large drawer. . . . The Dudley Report on Housing has recently been issued. It is concerned with the 4,000,000 permanent houses to be built in the first decade or so after the war. It is notable for its liberal standards of space, its recommendations on fittings and equipment, and its appreciation of the need to design communities as well as individual buildings. . . . The Portal emergency house is now to have an extra door from hall into living-room, so that visitors do not pass through the kitchen; and a separate shed for bicycles, etc., which allows for a square hall large enough to take a pram comfortably.

Your Post-War Job.—The Government's White Paper on Employment has generally received favourable comment for its suggestions regarding the maintenance of full employment within the immediate post-war transitional period, and in the longer period to follow. But the T.U.C. General Council has found it inadequate. So has Sir William Beveridge, whose own plan is now in the hands of the printers.

A National Figure.—Jane, the famous comic "strip" star of the "Daily Mirror," continues to lose her clothes. In a recent exploit she got them wet in a pool where she was nudely bathing, hung them out to dry from the roof of a Service car in which she was riding, and discovered near the end of her journey that they had blown away; fortunately, her destination was an all-female A.T.S. site.

Poet's Corner

Service Police.



"If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose" Shakespeare
'Tempest' Act IV

Y. M. C. A.

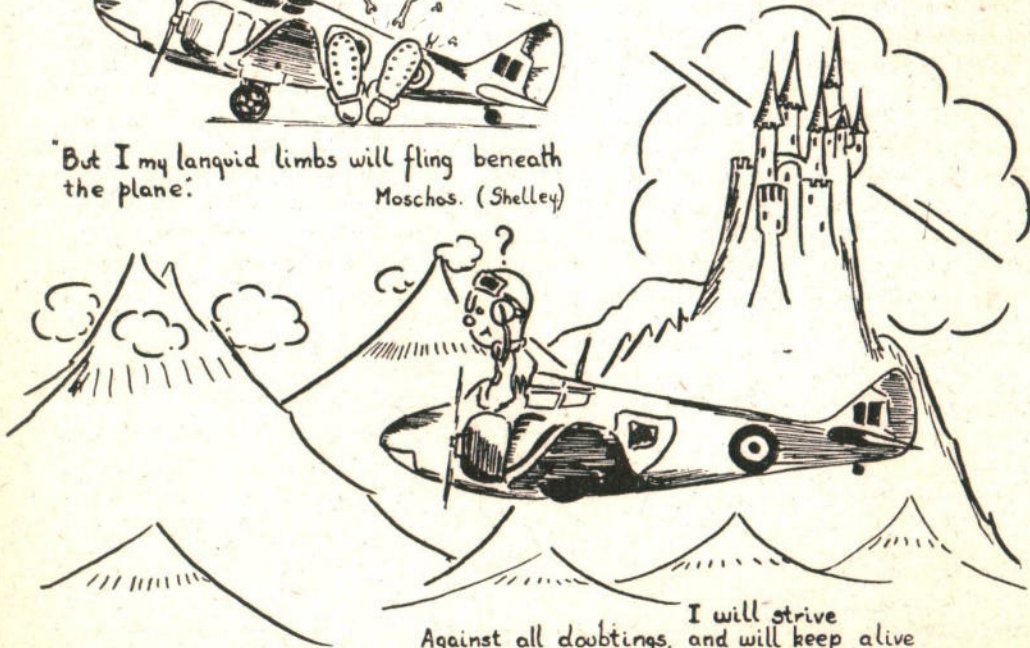


"There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil."
Milton. "Samson Agonistes."

Minor Inspections.



"But I my languid limbs will fling beneath
the plane." Moschos. (Shelley)



Cross Country. (Off Track)

I will strive
Against all doubtings, and will keep alive
The thought of that same chariot, and the strange
Journey it went. Keats. "Sleep & Poetry"

“China Calling”

PERHAPS the Editor, in putting in a requisition for three articles on China, had in mind a parson's notorious “firstly,” “secondly” and “lastly.” In that case, as my first was an introduction to China and her people, the second some potted “gen” on the Chinese language, I feel my third and last should be on “How a Westerner should behave in China”!. That, homiletically, should complete a good sermon, for it points out what we should do with our knowledge. The fact is, a good many Chinese, and not without cause, consider the average Westerner as being quite “Ts'u,” i.e., coarse, rough, rude. We are so direct in our conversations, we negotiate business deals so bluntly, we are so inconsiderate of the feelings of others. We bustle about riding roughshod over the Chinese national corns, and tend to patronise when we see signs of their advancement in Western scientific knowledge. At times we have the attitude “They will be all right when they are civilised!” We are prone to forget that when in Britain we were savages, without reading, writing or culture, in China civilisation was quite advanced.

But if a Westerner on arrival in China has the unashamed attitude of a learner, he will be successful in winning the confidence and respect of the Chinese. He will make social mistakes and no doubt drop enough bricks in his first years to build a decent sized house, but he will be freely forgiven if his attitude is one of a humble and sincere learner.

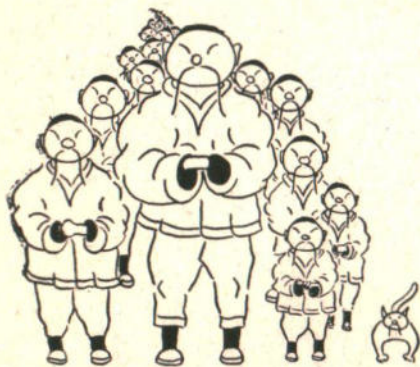
A good friend of mine, an English clergyman, after about a year in China, was sent to help the Chinese Church at a city in Szechwan province, in Western China. He was very zealous to see the Christian work go ahead and was quite dismayed when at a vestry meeting of the Church elders, he discovered something he did not consider quite honest regarding some Church property. He was seated at a table with a number of venerable Chinese gentlemen, mostly older than himself, gathered round sipping tea and discussing Church matters. In high indignation, and not realising what he was doing, the young missionary jumped to his feet and tapped the table sharply to draw attention to the protest he was to make. With one glance at him, several of the elders quietly arose and went out of the room. Later, the Englishman discovered that it was highly rude, and a personal offence, to rap a table in the presence of one's elders. He had just to eat humble pie and go and apologise to the Chinese he had hurt. He was freely forgiven and is to-day still in China and respected and understood by the Chinese.

I learnt a lot about practical Chinese etiquette from a veteran Australian missionary, who went out to our district in West China in 1899 and is just about to retire from the work. He is a wizard at the spoken language and expert in clearing up personal misunderstandings. He is even asked to be a “chong ren” (middle man) to help clear up difficulties between Chinese themselves. And it is an education to see the rapt attention and watery eyes of the Chinese when he tells, in perfect Chinese, the story of how he had to bid farewell for the last time to his old mother in Australia before leaving for China. They reverence filial affection, which is in keeping with their veneration of old age. It is the done thing when you meet a stranger, after asking his honourable name and country, or city, to ask his great age. A person of 60 or over would feel very hurt if you neglected to do this or failed to sigh with envy when he told you his “small years” were a mere 84!

If while on a “48” in inland China, you are given hospitality in a Chinese

home, probably some feasts will be arranged. How often I have sat for two or three hours at one of these, while dish after dish of different meats and vegetables are placed in the centre of the table. On one occasion I remember there were about six of these, following one another, when I was taking a big Chinese funeral. It lasted two days and at the end we rather envied the dead man! The use of chopsticks is soon acquired, and table etiquette can be learnt by tactful questions and watching others! A word of warning, however. The Chinese are bound to want to seat you, as a guest of honour from a far country, in the place of honour at the table. But when bowed there, do not go too quickly or without due humility and protestations of unworthiness. Remark that age should come before distance or nationality, and you will have helped "the face" of the elderly gentlemen present and fallen in with their usual procedure. It may seem silly to you, but so does taking off one's hat to a woman to the Chinese mind. But many an educated Chinese, versed in Western customs, has gracefully doffed his to my wife. And in the majority of cases such Chinese had never been abroad or, for that matter, out of inland China. Of course, you must have the seat of honour eventually, but by an indirect course.

When you are free to accept an invitation out to a feast, you write a character on the sheet that is brought round to you which means "I will help entertain your more important guests." When you cannot go, you write on the card, beneath your name, the character for "thanks"! When you arrive at the feast, do not be offended when your host tells you that "the teacher has arrived very early." That is a tactful way of saying he is very complimented at your coming. An efficient lady I know, when she arrived and heard this remark, replied rather tartly, looking at her watch, "actually I am on the late side"! The mere expression of the idea of your coming early is symbolic of your eagerness to be present at the feast. After the courses are all finished and you depart, you do not as a rule thank the host, but you do the next time you meet him, say the following day. Perhaps this is to give you time to get over indigestion and test out the effects of the food he has provided! Usually at a feast the host and hostess do not sit with the guests but go from table to table seeing they have all they desire and that the waiters are properly looking after people.



The social fabric is built round
the family.

In China, the social fabric is built round the family, not the state (as in modern Germany) and not the individual (as in England). For the Chinese, his primary loyalty is to his family. He lives and dies, but the family persists. Several generations of the family may well live in the same house together, and while this system tends to distribute the household chores, yet it makes for family feuds. But it is good policy to ask about the history of the family and to pay respect to the oldest living member. It may be less exciting, but will be definitely safer, than paying attention to some of the younger members!

At present there is a great movement going on in China. She is adjusting herself to the challenge of the West. The new China is in a state of embryo and is sure to have, in time, an important place in the world. She not only has the largest population of any one nation in the world (about 480,000,000) and wonderful natural resources, but her sons and daughters, with an ancient background of education and culture, have a firm foundation on which to build a strong modern structure. Let us appreciate that because the building will have oriental peculiarities, it is no less worthy than our own. Let us try and give them the best from the West and in return desire to learn from their experience and culture.

Flaps from The Flying Wing

A FLYING WING which no longer "flaps" is a sorry thing indeed, and much as we have regretted ever having started "Flaps from the Flying Wing" (we regretted it every time we saw the editor with that determined look on his face), it gave us an unpleasant shock to realise that this would be the last.

August saw the posting of more old faces and the closing of "E for Efficiency" and "F for Ferry" Flights. North Battleford has been almost cut off from the outside world since "F" Flight closed its booking office.

* * * *

The question of who might command the remnants of No. 2 Squadron led to a rumour of an increase in the quota of dispersed flight lieutenants. It was even believed that K.R. would shortly be amended to permit flight lieutenants of more than four years' standing to increase a little the regulation gap between their rings.

* * * *

Our usual bout of grouching was quelled the other day by one of the Chief Instructor's more profound remarks—that there are eight happy people in the R.A.F., and they run it.

The Flying Wing Adjutant, incredibly aged and soured by twenty months in the Control Tower (and four Chief Instructors) looks forward to going home where he can fill a Section Officer vacancy and release a W.A.A.F. for active service.

* * * *

A Training Command Headquarters is a lot of ex-stationmasters living over a shop, with Mars as janitor.

* * * * *

The Penhold School for Chief Instructors, only school of its kind in Canada which does not advertise air conditioning, under the headmastership of F/O "Uncle" Street, expresses doubt as to whether its fourth pupil will graduate without a course extension, and threatens to C-T the fifth and any others before they start.

Many grateful letters of acknowledgment have been received from ex-Chief Instructors, who unanimously agreed that they found themselves well qualified, on leaving, to fill minor administrative posts. Unlike a certain F.I.S. which, a little pompously perhaps, claims to fit its pupils to "Deliver the bomb and the bullet to the enemy," the School merely undertakes to remove their fear of "rockets" (fired from a launching platform in the "Penthouse of Mars") by judicious application of the principle that familiarity breeds contempt. Its pupils are deplorably familiar with "rockets."

While the School does not aspire to turn out a pupil who can compose a signal which will express a clear meaning in a minimum number of words (a trick which seems to give even higher authority a lot of trouble), it did once produce a temporary pupil who, in less than fifteen minutes, found the correct rectangle in the corner of the signal form in which he was supposed to sign his name. The effort, however, was too much, and he forgot to read the signal, with disastrous results.

* * * * *

The journalistic efforts of Flying Wing H.Q. staff have been creeping into the national press. We always knew August was the newspaper's silly season, but Cpl. McLellan Jones was frankly stunned when he heard an article of his on Pin-Up Girls quoted on the C.B.C. News—it had previously provoked the Calgary Herald to ring up and ask the Adjutant awkward questions. The Editor was abashed, for he had kept the story lying in his tray for some months, and has since been heard muttering that the R.A.F. has destroyed his "nose for news." The following day F/O Street made the pages of the Calgary Herald with a cute little story about mice in the Padre's bottom drawer. Cheques are awaited.

THE STATION CINEMA

ALTHOUGH the Station Cinema will remain in being for still a few more weeks, the time has come when its past is very nearly the history of its whole existence. Since there is scarcely any future on which to speculate, or for which to plan, and since this is, in effect, the farewell number of this magazine, it may be interesting to some to learn a few facts relating to a station organisation which has undoubtedly provided more entertainment for the camp than any other single form of recreation.

The Station Cinema was born on very nearly the same day as the Penhold Log. It was by the industry and tenacity of Squadron Leader P. J. George that two 35 mm. projectors were obtained in place of the normal issue of one 16 mm. machine; and it was very largely his skill and labour which turned the Recreation Hall from a barn into something resembling a theatre. Throughout his tour of duty at this station, the cinema occupied most of his off-duty hours, and he was able to rally to his assistance a team of loyal and enthusiastic airmen helpers. His technical knowledge, and his exceptional interest in his self-appointed task, inevitably made his departure, late last summer, a blow from which the cinema has never fully recovered. Yet, with such a sure foundation, its development has continued favourably.

In its early days, performances were given on only eight evenings a month, and there was some excitement when, in January, 1942, three thousand tickets were sold. Each of the early months of 1944 saw about ten thousand persons pay for admission, with performances on some twenty evenings. It is a reasonable prediction to say that, by the time the Royal Air Force vacates Penhold, nearly a quarter of a million tickets of admission will have been bought and some four hundred and fifty "feature" films presented.

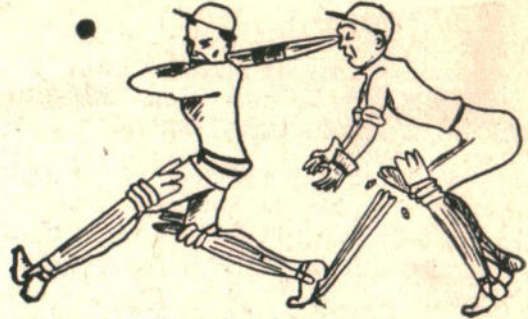
We feel that the devotion of the voluntary staff should be recorded. The operators, over a long period, have each week spent more than twenty of their leisure hours in the projection box and, even assuming that they enjoy the management of the machines, the physical discomfort which is inevitably theirs during the summer months makes their constancy wholly admirable. The door-keepers and cashier, under conditions slightly less harsh, have shown equal fidelity, and we cannot recall an occasion upon which the audience has been failed by the staff. In addition to their routine duties, emergencies have sometimes made necessary much tedious labour continuing into the small hours of the morning, to ensure that the next evening's show be presented as arranged.

Penhold's audiences have a reputation for ready response and generous appreciation, whether confronted by living artists or by the silver screen. Their reactions to comedy, or to exhibitions of the Hollywood brand of patriotism, have been a joy to themselves and to detached observers. The sober and informed critics have been uniformly helpful, and those of the lesser sort have not been begrudged their pleasure in indulging the British serviceman's traditional love of a grouse. The Station Cinema has been great fun for everyone and without it we should have found Penhold a sadder (and no wiser) place.

Editor's note:—With his usual irritating modesty, the writer of these notes, F/Lt. Hibberd, has neglected to record that it was F/Lt. Hibberd who took over the management of the Station Cinema soon after the departure of S/Ldr. George. The overflowing houses which have continued to fill the cinema are proof that he has managed it with great success. A man of somewhat ascetic tastes in entertainment, he has catered cheerfully to those who like their celluloid lush with popsies and loud with boogie-woogie. He has given up many evenings to attending the performance of films which it has been painful for him to watch. He has also regularly given colour to the pages of the "Log" with Cinema notes distinguished for both grace and punch in style.

Vancouver Cricket Tour

A VERY SUCCESSFUL cricket tour to Vancouver and Victoria was made by a combined Penhold and Moose Jaw eleven during August. The weather was good until the last two days of the tour when the last match had to be cancelled owing to rain. Five matches were played, of which we won three and lost two. Four were played at Brockton Point, Vancouver, and one on the Island. Brockton Point is the ideal ground for cricket. Its background of stately trees, with the Pacific and the Rockies in the distance, together with the well kept ground itself, makes it, what many consider to be the most beautiful cricket ground in the British Empire.



We reached Vancouver on Wednesday morning, the day of our first fixture. We were met and entertained to lunch by the Mainland Cricket League, before proceeding to Brockton Point for our first match, which we lost. The Vancouver Mainland XI, batting first, scored 228 runs, F/O Roberts taking four wickets for 48. Our score was 148. Meadows 37, F/O Clear 22 and Robson 21, being our best scorers. F/O Clear's "knock" comprised four 4's and a 6—much to the delight of the spectators who had turned out in force.

Catching the midnight boat, the team arrived in Victoria on Thursday morning, where they were met and entertained during the rest of their stay by the Victoria Hostess Club. Thanks go to Mr. Dymont, secretary of the Victoria Cricket Club, for these arrangements.

In the afternoon on the Beacon Hill Park ground, against an R.A.F. Comox XI, we batted first and scored 105, F/O Roberts 29, not out, and Randall 27 being the best scorers. The Comox XI were dismissed for 63; Meadows, with 5 wickets for 30, and Randall, 3 for 31, bowled unchanged.

The most exciting match of the tour took place on the Saturday at Brockton Point, when a crowd estimated by the press at 1500 was present. Batting first, the Vancouver Mainland eleven were all out for 163. The bowling honours went to Cpl. Lee with 3 wickets for 9, and F/O Roberts, 3 for 41. We started well with 102 for 3 wickets; the next 5 wickets fell for 13 runs. F/O Clear, however, came to the rescue with a brilliant 45, not out, and the innings was closed with 182 for 9 wickets. F/O Roberts 39, Ramsdale 28, and Randall 25, were the next best scorers. At the close of this match, all players were entertained to dinner and a "smoker" by the Mainland Cricket League.

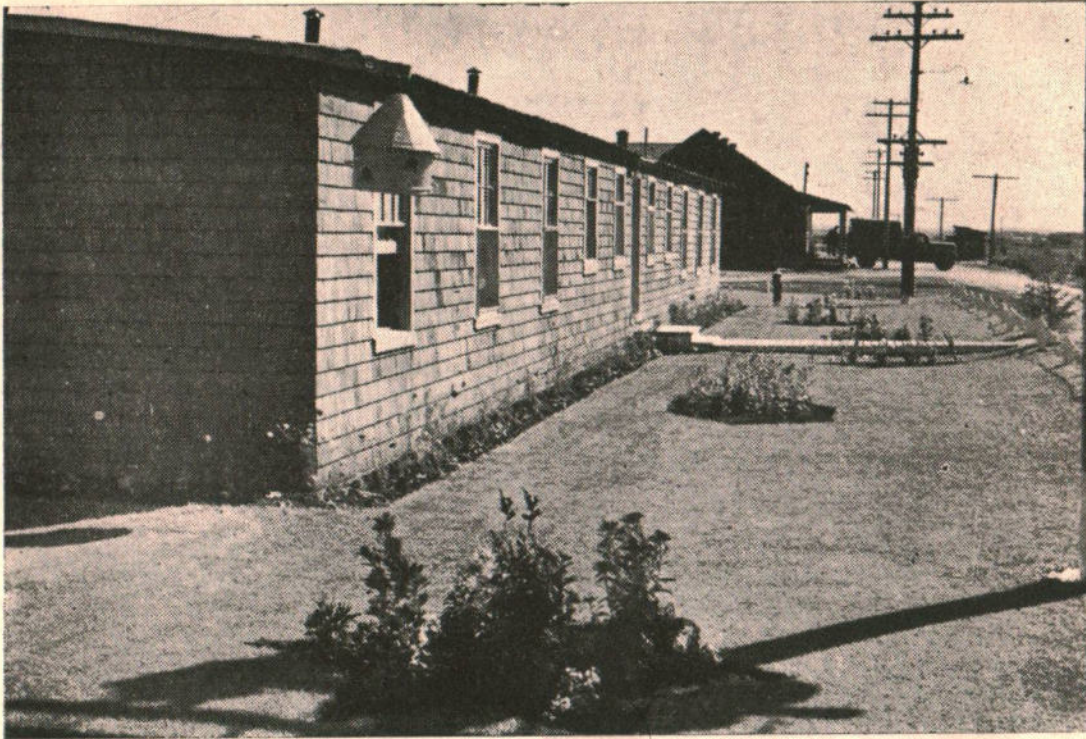
Another entertaining match was played the next day against a Vancouver eleven, when we were beaten by 13 runs.

On Monday we met a United Services eleven, who batted first and were all out for 86, F/O Roberts taking 5 wickets for 36. Penhold and Moose Jaw scored 128 for 9 wickets; F/O Spinks 25, and F/O Lenton 20, were our best scorers.

We were extremely sorry that the final fixture for the Wednesday had to be cancelled owing to rain, as we were looking forward to meeting a Wednesday League eleven.

It was a memorable tour, and our sincere thanks go to Mr. Flowerdew and Mr. Dymont, the Vancouver and Victoria secretaries, our hosts and hostesses with whom members of the team stayed, and to all those in Victoria and Vancouver who helped to make this tour such a successful and enjoyable one.

Station Gardens



The M.T. Section Garden

DEVOTED GARDENERS, far from their own home plot, have done much to add colour and gaiety to otherwise drab walks about the camp, and it was fitting that their industry should be recognised in August in the form of a prize competition sponsored by the P.S.I. The day originally chosen for the judging of the station gardens was preceded by a deluge which left gardens and gardeners more than a little bedraggled, and for this reason the judging was postponed for a week, during which time the flower beds had been renovated, new blooms had burst forth, and the lawns had received their final trim.

The judges made their tour of the station, ranging from the Post Office to No. 7 Hangar, on August 8. None of the Barrack Huts had entered the competition, and the money which had been allocated for a contest between the huts was, therefore, added to the prizes for the section contest. In coming to their decisions, the judges took into account general appearance, lay-out and neatness, and the amount of labour expended in proportion to the size of the section concerned. A good show of flowers did not, therefore, necessarily earn higher marks than a stretch of turf which industry had made to triumph over the climate. Fresh paint could win marks by adding to an air of well-groomed neatness—though the resulting combination of the hues of nature with the products of Bapco was not always too happy.

The judges were unanimous in awarding the first prize to the M.T. Section, which had produced an excellent lawn, a fair selection of flowers and a general air of quite exceptional neatness. Station Workshops were a close second, with a fine show of flowers. Third place was shared by S.H.Q. (whose S.W.O. might well win a prize as the Station's Most Notorious Gardener), and No. 1 Servicing Flight (who had New Zealanders and Australians to help them). Consolation prizes were won by the Minor Inspections Flight, No. 7 Hangar, the Post Office, and No. 5 Hangar. A particularly noble effort was put up by No. 7 Hangar, which, cursed with soil too impregnated with oil

Maintenance Wing Notes

PERSONNEL of Maintenance Wing who "knew" they were on the first boat list, now know otherwise, for their cherished dreams of "Blighty" have been rudely shattered owing to the internal Canadian postings they have received. Not all, however, have been so unfortunate, for we find such personalities as McQueen (President of the Band of Hope), Rippon the Binder, Boylan the Basher, and Morrison the allotment ghoul, all now entrained and possibly homeward bound. Quoting a line from a hymn, "We may not know—we cannot tell", seems to exemplify the feelings of the rest of us who are on the remaining boat lists, for we are loath to leave Penhold for other Stations, except perhaps Moncton, and not all of us that one, for our stay here has been a very pleasant one, and, with such a fine band of Officers we should have a long way to go to find a station its equal. Still we are hoping against hope that Ottawa will spare us any more "internals" and that the presents we are now accumulating will go direct to the boat centre.

Activities in the Wing are now confined solely to aircraft, for after August 9th airmen were actually seen working on kites instead of Hoopla and Crown and Anchor Stalls, etc. However, much credit is due for the excellent work put in by personnel of the Wing in connection with the side-shows, etc., acknowledgement of which will be found elsewhere in these pages. Mention of every section in the Wing presents a somewhat difficult task, so it has to be done month by month, and this month we make particular mention of the Control Room. This office in No. 6 Hangar contains a record of every kite and engine (whether a correct one or not), and if you want to know (which you won't) just how many hours any particular engine has run since manufacture, all you have to do is to ring 60 and trust to providence. The office is manned by F/Sgt. Buziau, an organ tuner with a knowledge of engines; Cpl. Cooper, a statistical expert but with no knowledge of other "figures", and Taffy Bevan, not a clerk, but should be. This Control Room is the pride and joy of the Chief Engineer Officer and is the show piece for visiting big-wigs. It is believed that it is being given to the National Trust in perpetuity after the closing down of the Station, in order that future historians and lexicographers may unearth the real meaning of "serviceability."

A marriage has been reported in the Wing recently, that of Gordon Morris of Minor's, who took Miss Pat Neale to the altar (or did she take him?). Treble-seven Stevie has gone back to England, which means that our soap and hair cream will now last much longer, and incidentally our cash. In conclusion, there is one obituary notice, that of "Percy" the Eagle who, it is presumed, met a hawk, and was advised to "walk you . . . walk."—"S.S."

to bear flowers, nevertheless could show a vegetable garden containing onions, carrots, lettuce, beets, peas, corn and beans.

Each section boasted a wide selection of flowers, with Station Workshops proving the fertility of the prairies with no less than sixteen different varieties—lobelia, alyssum, stock, aster, antirrhinum, carnation, tagetes, dahlias, gladiolus, viola, petunia, nemesia, nasturtium, sweet pea, tobacco plant, iris.

The process of germination in the course of the summer has not been entirely without surprises, for one garden produced a row of potatoes which, to the delight of many, was seen to run through a row of lettuce, one of parsley, and a well-used path, ending almost on the doorstep of the senior N.C.O.'s quarters. A prize for Improvisation, it is felt, should have been awarded to the gardener who reared tomatoes in what is politely known as a bedroom utensil . . . it is regrettable that the occasion of the transplanting proved too much for the seedlings. Finally, a word of commendation is put on record for all those who have shown such unquenchable enthusiasm for the art of collecting, whitewashing and arranging stones.

Station Personalities . . .

The Editor of the "Penhold Log"

TO HAVE BEEN IN CANADA since October, 1941, is a distinction which F/Lt. W. H. Thomas, editor of the "Log" since July, 1943, shares with F/Lt. J. W. T. Amey. Neither is proud of it. Each deplors his ineligibility for "ops." The editor is a married man who is still, if only just, on the right side of thirty. His wife joined him in Canada "away back", and they have a wizard blonde daughter who is two years old.

Although he learned to fly in 1934 in Cambridge University Air Squadron in the days when aircraft had tail skids (we've recorded the line), he con-

siders himself to have been a clueless pupil and takes an unpardonable pride in having flown an aircraft backwards — the result of a Prune-like tail slide off an intended stall turn. He has also flown sideways, an achievement which involved completing his E. F. T. S. course by leaving the starboard wing of a Tiger in a tree when coming in to land. An excellent look-out to port was being kept. The tail wheel of the "Tiger" was salvaged. His subsequent two thousand hours have been deplorably lacking in incident.



These aerobatics are not included in the Airmanship Lecture Notes which he recently compiled while resting between issues of the "Penhold Log" and which are on the point of being adopted from coast to coast as the standard notes on the subject, a fact in which he takes pride much as if they were being adopted throughout the Isle of Wight.

In his younger days, the editor was an athletic type; ran for Cambridge University against Oxford in Relays, and made regular trips with the British Universities' team to Paris at Easter for the "Round the Houses" relay race which was run through the streets of the French capital. His best performance was put up one year when he was paced for 800 metres along the Seine Embankment by a tram. (We did pretty well ourselves once in the same spot, but we were being chased by a gendarme).

"Tommy" gave up this sort of nonsense on becoming a journalist, but had one brief come-back at the age of twenty-seven when he won the Penhold 440 yards in 1942 with a time of 53 seconds. He was finally convinced that it

Accounts Letter

THE BOAT LISTS roll in. Many are the fortunate ones who are chosen. Please don't tell us, we know all about it, and we shall be here when the Station is "dead"—still looking for that set of plugs that someone gave to his girl friend as a souvenir of the R.A.F. in Canada. However, seeing that we know that we are destined to stay to the last, it would seem that we are making the best of things—and, from the rumours running around the Section, it seems that we are—or maybe—on the eve of "great things." To wit—it has been whispered in the billet that Canada's one and only Flying Cowboy, Trigger (Two-gun) B., is slipping into the bonds of matrimony—or something. Furthermore, it would seem that one of our illustrious Flight Sergeants is slipping out of same. Postcards from Reno and numbers of moonlight views of the film city on his recent trip to the States can but make us wonder—can it be that one so staid has fallen for the American popsy world? Then, to cap it all, Bill—our Merry Friar—returns from Vancouver with dozens of photos of luscious dames—and we hear of the trail of the broken hearts from Calgary to Vancouver. That's the worst of these highbrow folks. The Rocky Mountain House and Sylvan packs seem to be doing pretty well to date, and there are stories told of the "Nighthawk" who flits 24 miles a night—on foot—two or three times a week, returning in the early hours of the morning to waken the weary ones with the clank of his steel-tipped shoes as he "creeps" to his virtuous couch. And then he says that he has only been to see his sister! Our Tsar Ivanovitch remains his usual jovial self, and is often heard muttering away in furious cockney jargon about his plans for a greater Communist homeland after the war.

Rumour, too, has it that some of the Section have formed themselves into the Penhold Long-Distance Paddlers' Club, in the belief that there will be no boats in evidence when it comes to our turn to go. Anyone with suggestions on long-distance ocean-going (self-paddling, if possible) canoes should get in touch with the section as soon as possible.

was all too tiring ("It's the altitude, you know"), and moved his bath chair into No. 1 Squadron Office along with the others.

His three years at Cambridge were enjoyable but, he thinks, unprofitable, and left him without a knowledge of shorthand and typewriting, which he later learned, with incredible pain. Both are still peculiar.

His next move was to become a reporter in Hull. There he was violently unpopular as an ex-university man, and "a bloody southerner" at that, who "talked well off" (i.e., with a southern accent). The prejudice melted overnight when he was sent to cover a brewery annual dinner at which he drank pint for pint with the Chief Photographer until the small hours, and not only survived, but did so in sufficiently good condition to crank up the Chief Photographer's car, an operation which that gentleman could no longer perform, and to see him safely home. From that night on he was firmly established as a good type. Being a journalist in Hull involved doing all the usual reporter stuff, from church fetes to murders.

"Tommy" has enjoyed being his own editor, but has been heard expressing a wish, during moments of hair-tearing and throwing in of hands, that he could have more authority over his staff, whose appreciation of a dead-line has sometimes been a little vague. (We've put that rather nicely, because we think it means us).

Editors are, from birth, ambitious. Ours has an ambition to develop a pompous style and to fill an establishment vacancy on "The Times." Little does the "Times" suspect that one day it may reach the literary standards of the "Penhold Log."

Sergeants' Mess Notes

IT IS NOW THREE YEARS since the inception of this unit, and this month also marks the "beginning of the end." It is time to look back over the three years of life in the Sergeants' Mess and to remember some of the mighty personalities who have spent their brief span with us and then moved on to greater conquests. Although we realise that to mention names of past mess members will convey little to most of the existing station personnel, we feel that it is necessary to do so in order to give a true picture of life on the unit during the past three years. On looking at a Sergeants' Mess group photograph taken in February, 1943, it was discovered that only twelve of the people represented there are still with us; of the others, well—who knows?

Probably everyone has heard of "Richard the Lionheart," W/O Sabin to you, noted for his prowess on the soccer pitch and in the boxing ring. No doubt most of the airmen who knew him will remember his voice: it has been said that it was such that he could stop an erk in his tracks while he walked past No. 7 Hangar by bawling from his office in Station Headquarters. F/Sgt. Griffiths, who was a foundation member of the unit, was also noted for his voice; he, however, put it to rather different uses, notably that of rendering his own inimitable ditties in the mess, while exercising his right arm quite considerably in the process. He became a changed man, however, after discovering a Rhode Island Red cockerel crowing lustily in his room one morning; he was restored to comparative equanimity only when he ascertained that his room mate, of the red face fungus and rotund figure, had been on a party the preceding evening.

There are many names and personal associations F/Sgt. "Scats" Turner and his violin, W/O "Wally" Cockshott, who was consistently pursued by the ghost of a huge police dog; F/Sgt. Arthur Pannell who played chess every evening and was once seen with a glass of beer; Sgt. (now F/O) Johnny Evans and his Cyril Fletcher impersonations; W/O (now F/O) Martyn Ammatt who broke a bone in his hand while skiing at Banff, and then broke a collarbone at Penhold demonstrating how it had happened. There were also the two instructors, F/Sgt. Ron Robson and F/Sgt. (now F/O) Max Hunter, who purchased a share in the "Palliser" during their stay at Penhold; F/Sgt. Tony Cleeve (now P/O), who drank quantities of milk at each meal and called it "Superman Juice" (who are we to doubt the wisdom of his words having seen the Cleeve frame?); F/Sgts. Frank Rudduck, Bill Henn and Don Wallis will be long remembered by we who participated in the most terrific party ever seen in the Penhold Sergeants' Mess which they organised on the occasion of their commissioning. Another instructor, who was almost in at the birth of the unit, was F/Sgt. Tony Lowman: we remember him particularly for his conception of "a brave new world," upon which subject he was known to hold forth for hours on end. There are many other people who have played an important part in the birth and growth of the unit, but space does not permit us to mention them all by name—if this copy of the "Log" should happen to fall into their hands, we hasten to assure them that they have not been forgotten. Of present members we shall say nothing, for idiosyncrasies are, most often, humorous only in retrospect.

The mess itself has passed through various stages of decoration and redecoration. When your chronicler first arrived on the unit, the ante-room looked rather like a Manchester fish and chip shop trying to make a bit on the side by selling beer. After a minor rebellion, the present restful cream colouring was evolved which, with certain modifications, is still in vogue. The dining room, at present blue, has recently suffered the addition of various cartoons on the wall; queries as to their interpretation from various civilian guests have confirmed the opinion that R.A.F. humour differs vastly from the civilian brand.

Officers' Mess Chronicle

JUST over three years ago, the first denizens moved into the Officers' Mess at No. 36 S.F.T.S., and it is meet that we who have in after days dwelt there so happily and so comfortably should be reminded of our debt to these early settlers and remember them with gratitude. Of the 1941 Class, F/Lts. Amey and Thomas now alone remain; the stories of their early vicissitudes are sometimes fantastic, but they have by now been woven into the woof of the tapestry of Penhold and, although unconfirmed in the austere pages of the Daily Diary, remain ungainsaid in the Penhold Log.

Before the end of the first summer, a lovely garden had been planned and planted by the colourful and incoherent W/Cdr. Mill; a verandah facing on to it had been built and a fireplace of native hand-hewn stone had been constructed. The next year saw the erection of an extension to the quarters—it also saw it almost immediately blown down. Masking with indifference their surprise, the builders returned the same Saturday afternoon and quickly put it up again. During the winter of 1943 the "usual offices" were improved and enlarged, and during the last few months the present magnificent bar appeared.

Although but a handful of officers now remaining have been at Penhold for more than a year, yet, compared with most messes in England, the population has been far more static, and this fact, combined with the notorious adaptability of the English, has made of it indeed a second home. The necessity for beguiling away many hours of leisure and the distance from active warfare has brought about the burgeoning of a diversity of talent and a widening of interests praiseworthy in the extreme. The piano and billiard table have been invariably occupied by players and non-players alike; the quarters are filled with wireless sets, gramophones and records; out side in their proper season, the many sports for which Canada is so justly famed have been indulged in with zest and enjoyment; moreover, in the neighbouring towns hospitality has been unbounded, leading in many cases to the foundation of lifelong friendship, and sometimes even to wedlock.

Notwithstanding the almost continual flow of binding with a strong under-current of a C.C.L. attitude exhibited by most members, there will finally be found few who are not genuinely sorry to leave Penhold, just as it will be recalled in Monte Cristo, the hero, on escaping, gave a parting and sorrowful glance to the cell in which he had been incarcerated some 15 years.

If at times the monthly chronicling of the Officers' Mess activities has proved an almost unbearable strain on your scribe because of the balance he has endeavoured to maintain between truth, on the one hand, and benevolence tempered by discretion on the other, yet he has had his compensation in knowing that what he has written has not been merely news but, because of the part to be played by the protagonists in time to come, the stuff of which history is made.

* * * * *

Music Appreciation Group

Recently the fortieth concert of the Music Appreciation Group's present season has been presented. Meetings have been held every Tuesday evening since October 5th, 1943, and have attracted an aggregate attendance of 700; the largest gathering has numbered 35, the smallest six. During the season, members have heard fifteen symphonies by eleven composers, seven piano concertos by five composers, four violin concertos, twenty-two overtures, arias from twenty-three operas, and ten pieces of ballet music, as well as many miscellaneous orchestral and vocal works. Concerts will continue to be held each Tuesday evening, at 2015 hours, in the Education Section, No. 5 Hangar, until the Station closes. All personnel are welcome, and can depend upon an interval cup of tea or coffee (kindly provided by the Y.M.C.A.) as well as musical refreshment.—F.S.H.

Taff Goes to Early Pay Parade

ONE MORNING, Taff comes in off early morning parade and tells us he is Orderly Corporal. He is very despondent about it, as he has a date with his popsie that night and can't get anyone to change with him. About a quarter to nine he suddenly realises it is pay day and that he will have to go on the early pay parade. So he rushes about and gets himself a chit signed by Chiefy, and off he goes up to Pay Accounts. This is about a quarter past nine, and the chits have to be in by nine. Taff comes back about fifteen minutes later muttering to himself and still red in the face, but he has managed to get his name down for the parade.

Parade is at 10 o'clock, so a little while later off he goes. He comes back about 11 o'clock and this time he is a lot happier. In fact, he is nearly splitting himself laughing and falls out of his chair when he tries to sit down. Finally he calms down a bit and tells us what's happened.

When he gets around to the Drill Hall for Pay Parade, there is quite a lot of blokes milling around there and a sergeant, but no tables and chairs for the accounts lot. When the sergeant sees Taff, he must have said to himself, "This looks like a good type," because he tells Taff to take four bodies round to the cookhouse and collect two tables and forms from there.

So Taff picks out four bodies and off they trot to the cookhouse. In they goes, picks up the tables and forms and starts out. Before they'd gone two yards, out dashes the cookhouse sergeant from his office yelling, "Hut hem hables hack—hyou han't hake any hables out hfrom here." So Taff says "O.K., we was just told to fetch two for the Pay Parade," but he don't get them, and goes back to the Drill Hall and reports to the sergeant there what has happened.

"Go and get two tables and forms," says the sergeant in a loud voice; so Taff and his squad about-faces and goes into the cookhouse again.

This time they is luckier. They gets the two tables and forms out of the cookhouse, only unfortunately they knocks over one of the water-filled fire extinguishers on the way. So Taff says, "Let's get out of this in a hurry," and they all starts trotting towards the drill hall. There is no sign of the sergeant until they is nearly into the hall, when he comes dashing out of the cookhouse side entrance yelling, "Hring hem hables hack, hring hem hables hack. I'll heach you hoo hinch hmy hables." So they just drops the tables and scoots into the Drill Hall and tries to explain the situation to the sergeant there.

He is quite annoyed by this time, gets on the phone to the S.W.O. and starts yelling at him to say something to the cookhouse sergeant. After a while the S.W.O. finds out what he is talking about and tells him to send Taff and his men back to the cookhouse and he (the S.W.O.) will phone and say they can have the tables.

As soon as Taff pokes his head into the cookhouse, one of the erks there says "Sergeant wants you in his office"; so in goes Taff. The sergeant has a big loan card all made out for Taff to sign for the tables and forms, and says, "Hyou han have he hables if you hign hthis—hyou heople hnever hring hem hack hotherwise."

Of course Taff aint going to sign for the tables, and tells him just what to do with them, quite respectful like. This gets the sergeant quite annoyed and he follows Taff out of the office shouting at the top of his voice. When he gets to the cookhouse door he suddenly notices the pool of water made by the fire extinguisher falling over earlier on. In the sudden ominous silence Taff manages to get out the door. When he gets back to the Drill Hall the sergeant there has borrowed a table from the Sports Store, and Taff has missed his place in the Parade and has to wait till last before he gets paid.—MAC.

STATION CINEMA

Programme for September 1944

Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 2-3

The Eve of St. Mark

Michael O'Shea Anne Baxter

Monday, September 4

The Canterville Ghost

Charles Laughton and
Margaret O'Brien

Tuesday, September 5

Ladies of Washington

Ronald Graham Trudy Marshall

Thursday, September 7

Cobra Woman

Jon Hall Maria Montez

Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 9-10

Follow The Boys

Stage and Screen Entertainers

Monday, September 11

The Sullivans

Anne Baxter Thomas Mitchell

Tuesday, September 12

Reap The Wild Wind

Ray Milland Paulette Goddard

Thursday, September 14

Adventures of Mark Twain

Frederick March Alexis Smith

Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 16-17

Ladies Courageous

Loretta Young and
Geraldine Fitzgerald

Monday, September 18

Story of Dr. Wassell

Gary Cooper Laraine Day

Tuesday, September 19

The Hitler Gang

Robert Watson Victor Varconi

Thursday, September 21

Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble

Mickey Rooney Lewis Stone

Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 23-24

To Be Announced Later

Monday, September 25

Bathing Beauty

Red Skelton Esther Williams

Tuesday, September 26

Gaslight

Charles Boyer Ingrid Bergman

Thursday, September 28

Two Girls And a Sailor

Jimmy Durante Van Johnson
Harry James

Saturday, September 30

To Be Announced Later

