

Stage Stars

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# THE PENHOLD

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CANADA

ALBERTA

LOG

36 S.F.T.S

B.W. ROUSHTON

VOLUME V  
FEBRUARY



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Commanding Officer No. 8, R.A.F.C.E., Penhold.

LECTURE

F. L. W. H. Thomas

ADVISORY BOARD: S. Ldr. Richards, F. Lt. Gilbert, F. Lt. Hudson

COMMITTEE: F. Lt. Andrew, P. O. Street, L. A. C. Maffey,  
L. A. C. McLeish Jones

BUSINESS MANAGER: Col. Goldstein

*Editorial*

GLAMOUR is traditionally associated with stage and screen, and in this number we tell something of those who provide Penhold with theatre and cinema entertainment. But we have hesitated to call them "Glamour Boys," for the fact, as opposed to the legend, is that hard work rather than glamour is the hall-mark of theatre life. For a few brief hours of glory behind the footlights there are many weeks of slogging, patient rehearsal, and much tedious work before the curtain rises.

Penhold is fortunate in having so many talented individuals who willingly devote their leisure to making entertainment for the unit. Few units in war-time can have seen better shows than those put on by them in the Recreation Hall. Postings which deplete the ranks do not make the problems of production easy, but the Penhold tradition in the realm of entertainment should provide sufficient incentive to new members of the unit to keep alive what others before them have so well begun.

## Station Personalities

### Theatre Gen Man

**LEO STANLEY G. ATKINSON** is the Director of the Station Concert Party and will be remembered for his appearance as, as well as for his stage direction, of the new shows, "Band Wagons" and "The Grand Christmas Concert and Performance." He is Penhold's theatre gen man.

When Atkinson, in daily life, is that genial botanist who "does" for the C.G. It doesn't take very long to get a good idea of Stan, who has the like and so on. Quite a number of pounds of Englishmen with a face that wrinkles into a hundred good-natured lines in easy response to a joke, a hand that would perhaps not cover a little more hair, a pair of legs that perform wonders, and an extensive but slender of the West End.

Upon meeting Stan, he will probably greet you with, "Why, hello, dear boy," which, apparently, is a theatrical way of saying "Hi, eh, eh," and from then onwards a breath of the London stage pervades the air. His actions and speech have the hall-mark of the theatre, but he is at the same time "one of the boys."

He is good-natured, although he does stamp his foot somewhat at dress rehearsals. He does not scorn the efforts of those who are just budding and are not to feel undue overshadowed by the great one in their midst, but is ready to help one and all.

Born in November, 1903, he went on the stage at the age of 28 and has appeared all over England and in London in some of the best known stage productions. In 1929 he was playing Fred Astaire's part in the touring company of "Kiss Me, Kate" and played juvenile lead in "No, No, Nanette" for two years. He sang and danced with Marie Hale in "Boy Doll" at the London Hippodrome in 1935. Then Stan Atkinson went to Drury Lane for a part in Don Novello's production, "Christmas Night." In "White Horse Inn" he succeeded David Dukes, and played his part for four performances at the London Coliseum in 1938. Christmas of that year found him stage managing the production "Aladdin" at the Golden Green Hippodrome, and at the same time he succeeded Harry Welchman. During all this time he also played juvenile lead in few revues and, as if this was not enough, he found time to play several parts in those notable British films, "Mister Roberts," "Jungle" and "Evergreen."

He came to Canada in April, 1940, straight to Penhold, after Halifax and London, where he was producing R.A.F. shows, and he is always to keep up the good work. Another venue is scheduled for March, but he says he wants to produce a straight drama when he can get around in E. He joined the R.A.F. in 1941 in the Balkan Battalion and now declares he is "having his way out." Stan, he lives at Windstone Hill, North London. His stages revolving and occasionally indulging in a little horse-riding. He owns, however, to use today only—the Theatre.



### Producer

**P/O H. V. PETERS** (Person in his stage friends, Pete to most ordinary mortals) is nearing the end of his time in Canada. He arrived in December, 1941, and resided in the country at Casson, where he worked for a while under the command of W. C. H. (then S. L.) Hayward. He came to Penhold in June, 1942, and was first appointed Adjutant of Maintenance Wing; he has graduated as assistant administrative officer.

Always interested in the theatre, without succumbing to taking his amateur status, he has produced plays for the Theatre Troop and for the Old Theatre in Kingston, Surrey. While at Casson he wrote a half-hour entertainment titled "London Memories," which was broadcast to an equally attentive audience over C.F.R.B. at Moose Jaw. This performance received the "press" it deserved and came to be described as an equalized success.

To H. V. G. at Penhold he has introduced the lang of greater path and the artistic organization. Looking not only for the best voices of the post-war Shakespeare, he has shown a talent for organization which has enabled him to produce and perform in two successful variety shows at the same time as he was engaged in writing a Daily Diary entitled in the respectful style of Gilroy. What remains of his time is passed in assistance on a horse's back, and in winter study on his own back. He is seen here directing a production problem with Atkinson. In England he has a wife residing in Toronto, in which town he was long an resident in the Somerset County Council.



### Dance Band Leader

How many times, when standing round the Recreation Hall on a Wednesday evening, have you looked up to the stage and noticed the small dandy fellow getting by with a new number? Many times, probably, and you've thought to yourself "That Briddick is a gem." Well, what about this chap Briddick, who is he, what is he? He is a personality who puts his everything into providing music for dancing and entertainment. Born in 1916 at Bishop Auckland, County Durham, he taught himself to play the telephone band and started and then led his own dance band prior to the war. He joined the R.A.F. in 1940 and was stationed at Malabar, Devonshire and, Malabar, in Canada in August, 1941, and found himself at Penhold. Music called, and now he leads the Station Band.

Now is about 5 feet 8 inches, dirt, weary glasses and has a happy disposition. He can just anything, and usually does. His time is spent in arranging and pressing for the forthcoming dance, and he has done a fine job of work.



## Compere

LAC KEN REDLEY is Penhold's chief public relations and compere for the Garrison Concert Party. With his hair combed and glasses half-way down his nose, he successfully manages an hour or so of entertainment which is comforting in the formal surroundings of S.H.A. After putting up the usual barrage of questions and answers, he proved to be easy meat for any reporter who can read his own shorthand.

"I was born at a very early age," he started. "I remember very well how I was born because at the time I was taken to see my Mother who wasn't feeling too good and had to go to hospital. All this sounds old I went to Scarborough where my Father kept a newspaper's business, and I went to Treasurer's Secondary School where I managed to be continually in trouble through talking too much—was I boring you? too bad—and then I went up to Hayes, Middlesex. I picked up with a musical party there called the 'Haysters' and travelled with them to entertain the troops and war workers, until I found they had a pay-off and had missed me, and then I picked them up and started out on my own.

"I worked into the Aston recruiting office on November 23, 1941, and begged to go to sea. They examined me, blind eye, deaf ear and all, and said O.K. so I went to Washington. Here I overcame a show for the R.A.F. in Redington Royal Sea Theatre, and, finding this got me in good with the Flight Sergeant, who I thought was a big god, I carried on. I was moved to Upper Hayford where my application to perform remained in the Entertainment Officer's Office for three months before I was second prize in a talent contest—oh studio—and then I was fixed there.

"I volunteered for overseas, being in my usual state of perpetual ebullience, and came to Canada and went to St. John's Corner where I had a 600-line run course before being posted to Penhold where I had the good fortune to meet Gene Atkinson, who taught me more in two weeks than I had learned in 19 years—and the rest you know."

Having remembered to flatter professor Atkinson, he went on to tell us that he is writing the script for a slick revue which it is hoped will be produced in the Station Theatre in March. In addition to his Concert Party work, Ken Redley is also composer and conductor for the Male Voice Choir.

## Music Maestro

LAC GORDON MORRIS, the Concert Party's Musical Director, was once quarrelled in an arm-chair, one leg dangling over an arm, and his hair combed the way a young boy does his hair when he is in a hurry. His hair was combed and his eyes had a look of concentration as he talked quietly and semi-quietly down with ferocious intensity. This is the Maestro, and in every movement the same fit him. Penhold owes a lot to Gordon Morris, who is the father and conductor of the Light Orchestra, Musical Director for the Garrison Concert Party, and conductor of the Military Band. Born in Lanesville, of a musical



family, in 1921, he was first taught music by his father and later studied under Dr. Matthew Walton. He joined the R.A.F. in February 1940, shortly after leaving school and, after being stationed at Locking and Marlow, he came to Canada and reached Penhold via Nepean, Medicine Hat and Moose Jaw. He arrived at this Station in August, 1943, and almost immediately things started to happen. The Light Orchestra was formed and the first two weeks after its formation it gave a very creditable performance at the Dool Wagon concert. The Military Band began to find more night notes than ever before, and the Parade changed very little. It had a hundred times between the Drill Hall and the Parade Ground. Then it found Wagon, and ever active in the Command Performance, the Maestros played and sang and was dressed excellent. At the Grand Christmas Concert he proved himself a musician with his portrayal of the Mad Maestro. He now proposes to present an Orchestral Concert in the Station Theatre in the near future.

A composer as well as an instrumentalist and conductor, he has composed a rhapsodic entry for piano and orchestra called "Canadian Prelude" for "Prestige" Radio "MONTREAL" and had a dance score which are intended to have their destination somewhere in England. He is now engaged on writing his first symphony.

While in Canada he has twice broadcast a recital of songs and piano pieces at C.F.R.S. Montreal and C.M.A. Moose Jaw, and while in England he had the good fortune to appear in a R.A.F. show at Kew Lynn in which ARTHUR ASHBY and BINGER BISHOP were guest artists. On the last evening ever to be played in a concert, with Anne Stenke's "We have our hats off to the Maestros, and as we march on parade we can truly believe that musicians still happen, for not only is the tempo right, but at times the music fits in as well."

## Flaps From the Flying Wing

It was a beautiful evening. Even the Chief Instructor and his Adjutant were absent on spending leave. The Squadron Commanders and their respective Executive Officers had almost agreed on a second Doll of Vital Actions. Even F.L.A. Avey's car had started without being parked. This was the sort of evening on which to supply the fourteen days' leave and be sure of getting it. Even Sergeant Gilbert Edmund Barrows, who for forty years has never replied to a question unless it was "important" and was involved in a conversation.

The fact was that news of the closing down of Penhold had been announced from C.F.R.S. that evening, by courtesy of Kildywell Station Inc. The announcement had been made between Brother "Crazy Bang" and a hot version of "Pistol Puddin' Mornin'."

Then we arrived.

The staff of Flying Wing is now changing to replace that in place of the monthly "Allocation of Extraneous to Flights" with weekly announcements in the Wing Detail, the Powers at the Towers are now maintaining a "Times of the Hour" broadcast on a bang-to-bang look-up to all Flights on the latest of networks.



## Choir Leader

The audience applauds, and once again the Station Male Voice Choir has made a hit, and once more the tall, lanky, fawn-haired Jandy who leads them with his propelling pencil has just cause to be proud. Alan Philip, the man who has lost more pipes than most men lay in a lifetime, has done more for the Station Choir than any other.

Born in Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1896, he did Church Choir work in his home town for 18 years, and ran the Remington Dance Orchestra for ten years. He joined the R.A.F. in August, 1940, and, after being stationed at Compton, Bassett, North Wood, and Newmarket (two small towns), came to Canada in September, 1941, and to Penhold where he continued in his career as an entertainer by "sounding pleasant to the Dance Band and by accompanying the Concert Party. He accompanied the Choir on its inception in 1941 and last season took over the duties which he has since lost, so he now uses his propelling pencil. He is well known to the Canadian public as a member of the "Penhold Trio," having broadcast ten times over CPBC.

He writes a large number of songs for his solo act, and with his easy personality scores a hit nearly every time. . . . Nearly, because at a certain point where there is a certain hospital, he booked by mentioning the hospital but, alas, he carried on, steering his Choir around and leaving a trail of good-will and good entertainment behind him. The biggest show of his career was when he conducted the Choir in the Radio Classica, Edmonton, on February 21, in a broadcast performance which was recorded for re-broadcasting in England.



## Ode of Innisfail

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfail  
And a small cabin build there, of brick and wattle made,  
Nine leanna's will I have there, and "for the tiger" one,  
And four slabs in the k— load glass.

And I shall have to pause there, with sweat dripping low,  
Drooping from the sleep each morning to when the Verry hours  
There night is full of glass lamps and rows a ghostly show,  
And evening full of the Oxford's prongs.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day,  
I hear instructions yapping, with bad words by the score,  
While I prang on the runway, or on the tarmac grip,  
I hear the Chief Instructor's snort.

## Cinema Personalities

ATTENDANCE figures tell the story of the ever-growing popularity of the Station Cinema. And how easy in the audience's mind of what is going on behind their backs in the projection booth! The staff of any Cinema necessarily operates behind the projector or behind the cash desk, winning little public glory. There are few who do more for the entertainment of the officers and men of the unit than the small group of volunteer enthusiasts who give up so much of their leisure time to provide top class Cinema shows at Penhold.

Manager of the Station Cinema is P/O C. J. L. BIRMEAD, who arrived from England in the autumn of last year, just five years after he had joined the Auxiliary Air Force. On mobilization in August, 1935, he was ordered to serve in Balkan Command where he played an important high number of operational hours. Subsequently he served as a station adjutant in Northamptonshire and on the Standing Committee of Adjutant-General. In Penhold he has passed his time starting with quiet infantry work 800 yards a distance in Manchester Wing, with an occasional break in being sweeper and left to the office of the station adjutant.



But it is when the taxpayers have been allowed for the day that his energies come to life. As manager of the Station Cinema, he is not only busily employed, but doubly blessed. He says that he took over this appointment with some trepidation at first, as the only entertainment he may have given his fellow men had been entirely unsuccessful. He popularized his in-between-operations amusements program to be that many, it is said, per their admiration for only to listen to that dulcet blended voice and then, entranced with emotion, slip sleepily away.

Born in the Isle of Wight, he spent many years in London following the warlike calling of banking. Later he made his home in Guilford where his wife and child await his return.

Johnny Barnes, Cashier and Doorkeeper, is a Scot from Argy, and is a fraternal member both of the Camp and the Cinema. Coming to Penhold with the first draft in August, 1941, he was associated with the Cinema in its earliest days and there has rarely been a performance when he has not been present, keeping an eye on the cash, the seating arrangements, and the audience. He maintains strict supervision of the arrival and departure of the film, and is able to pass on in momentary detail of the tradition, established by Squadron Leader George, and to which he has, himself, so largely contributed.

In a staff which, at present, consists mainly of enthusiastic amateurs, A/C Bill Reed, the chief operator, provides the technical skill and professional calm which frequently saves the situation when a breakdown or other occurs.

gney serves in the "box." Born 29 years ago at Stamford in Iowa, he was an operator at several stations in Kansas before joining the R.A.P. in May, 1943. He came to Canada in January, 1944, and was soon spending his evenings penning that he was "back in Clevelo Street." to the girls of patrons of the Cinema.

**AC Charles Gibbs** is the second operator, in which employment his civil trade of electricity is of great assistance. He also rewrites and repairs film at quite noticeable speed! Having done Grimsby, he joined the R.A.P. in September, 1942, and came to Canada in March, 1943. He was at work in the box within two months of his arrival and has been a regular operator ever since. With Denny and Ross, he forms the backbone of the Cinema staff. All three have so far evaded matrimony!

Guardian of the Cinema gate is **Captural Hobbs**. Born in 1920 at Bradford, Captural Hobbs later moved to Bristol, joining the R.A.P. in March, 1940. He came to Canada in March, 1942, and nine months later assumed the robust duty of the door of the Cinema which he has performed so conscientiously ever since. During this time he has issued many thousands of tickets and taken custody of a proportionate number of dollars, with the situation well in hand, whatever the length of the queue.

Offering his services to the Cinema some three months ago as Assistant Operative, **AC Frank Gallagher** has, until recently, been something of a "trifling." He is now, however, able to operate with the best of them, and is additionally useful in his readiness to employ his skill as a carpenter in effecting minor improvements. He was born at Bannockburn, near Liverpool, and joined the R.A.P. in August, 1942, coming to Canada in May last year.



## Good Old English Mongrel

**T**HE OTHER NIGHT, in our billet, we got to talking about dogs. How dogs and cats must be very funny in their habits and ways of thinking.

At one place I lodged some years back, in Manchester, there were several railways, amongst them a Welshman, **Rosser Williams**. Rosser had a passion for puppies and, during the time I knew him, must have had half a dozen at one time or another, every one of which he would give up a forethought. I can see now the figured look on our landlady's face when Rosser would come in with another pup, but she was too well-behaved and always pretended to believe what he said about them.

Rosser went to his home in Wales for countless days holiday. Three or four weeks later a telegram came for Rosser—Duggie left on train from Aberystwyth. Rosser was immediately on the telephone to London Road Station to find out when the pup should arrive. Five or six hours next evening Rosser and two or three others of us met the train—but no pup, and no advice of its coming had been received by the Railway Company. We knew a good number of the staff at London Road, so Rosser rushed in to the Travellers Office, showing his telegram and saying in Welsh—at least I so-called like cursing. After a bit of trouble, the pup was located at Cardiff, where it had been sent "by mistake." Rosser raved, and the LMS had to promise to give the pup special treatment all the way up. As it was, when she made it to our next day, the poor little thing was very nearly dead. However, under Rosser's gentle treatment the pup revived enough to make a meal all over Rosser on the way home.

This pup was named Roy. He was a wire-haired terrier, at least when he arrived. Rosser was sure he had a thoroughbred like him, but everyone else was dubious, although Roy really did look like one. He had a most beautifully shaped head and body. The only fault we could find with him was that he had several large brown spots, like overgrown freckles, on his snout. As they grew older, Rosser grew more and more convinced that Roy really was a beautiful little dog and very intelligent. Rosser even went so far as to start a stud book for Roy's future services. However, in the light of later developments, we all came to the conclusion that some "trifling" on Roy's family must have been his "bar sinister." Up to the time he was six or seven months old, Roy grew up in the normal manner—a sad, proper, wire-haired terrier. Then he must have discovered those spots, because he started to cry and grow away from them. His head and body grew the same size, but his legs grew so quickly and became so long that within a couple of months he looked as though he was walking on stilts.

Roy's legs kept growing and, one by one, his "stilt" stanzas were constructed. In the end Roy was grown away in the local Swansea master's children who adored him. They had a large garden, surrounded by a high wall and they never allowed Roy out, except under escort, but even this high wall proved ineffectual, for one day Roy discovered that his long legs could be put to good use. Rosser was walking down to the station that afternoon with the rest of us, on the way to work, talking away at the top of his voice about horses and their habits of coming in last when he got to them. As we passed the Swansea-master's house there was a loud "clunk-clunk" coming from the other side of the wall and suddenly Roy came flying over, landing nearly on top of the last next to Rosser and sending him sprawling into the gutter.

After that there was no keeping Roy in. Fortunately, however, he had grown very fond of the children, and would always behave in a law-abiding way, lying over the wall whenever he felt like it, and frequently leading to people passing by. Roy came to be quite a favourite of our school, and local residents would have their unknowing friends down past the Swansea-master's house and start talking to a loud Welsh accent, for that Roy would cascade over the wall to the considerable discomfiture of the unsuspecting victim—Mac.

## Notes and News

## E. N. S. A.

ENSA's third variety show, "C for Cavendish" maintained the standard set by its predecessor, "D for Darius", it was played to two packed houses on February 2nd and was received with enthusiasm. Applause was spontaneous and abundant for scenes frequent.

The star of the show, Miss Norma Terris, delighted as with her songs from "Sweetest," and her impressions of Gertrude Lawrence, Beatrice Lile and Grace Fields. The "Miss Lonsdale" scene from "Bliss Street," played with Mr. Norman Taitel, was perhaps the most pleasing scene in the show. The burlesque singer in any show is welcomed by R.A.F. members, and the choice of Mr. Norman Taitel was a happy one, since many of the members like to ENSA's first show, "A for Aves." His dramatic interpretation of a scene from "Empress Janet" was as exciting as anything we have seen here, and, in lighter mood, his duets with Miss Norma Terris were delightful.

Miss Joan Casson and Mr. Claude Horton, in two sketches with a distinctly English flavor, gave much enjoyment, while Mr. Horton's comedy solo scenes were most entertaining. The pianist, Mr. Theodore Walskova, was a very popular performer both in his solo pieces and as accompanist to the three on the stage. A skilled artist who plays good classical music is always a certain attraction, and Mr. Walskova came right up to our expectations. Miss Margaret Jackman and Miss Leonard Browner graced the stage with their dancing and were well received on each appearance.

The show retained all the elements which we appreciate and enjoy, and the balanced order and tempo of the presentation, as well as the ability of the performers, gave the show that quality which makes professional home amateur entertainment. Professional entertainment is rare on the Pacific station and we are fortunate in having the services of ENSA, to provide shows like "C for Cavendish" from time to time. We should like to have more of them.

## EATON'S REVUE

Under arrangements made by the Calgary Co-ordinating Council, the stakes was started by the Eaton Revue on Sunday, January 22nd. The talented company put on a grand evening's entertainment. The main feature was Jerry Fuller's Dance Band from the Palliser, and the supporting artists were all well-known Calgary entertainers, including some of the regular broadcasting people from CFMT. Individually and collectively the performers provided many minutes of delightful dancing, music and comedy which was heartily appreciated and enthusiastically applauded by a very full house. The Eaton Revue was one of the best Sunday shows that has been set to us by the Calgary Co-ordinating Council.

## FORTHCOMING SHOWS

The Station Council Party is preparing a new sophisticated revue for presentation in the near future.

The Light Orchestra will shortly appear in a Sunday Orchestral Concert.

On March 19th, Jean Panopoulas's Classics will again appear in the Station Theatre.

The Dramatic Society has decided to put on the famous two short plays in the third week in March. They are two one-acters, W. H. Auden's "Orpheus," "The Monkey's Paw," and J. J. Bell's equally exciting "one-acter," "Edward's Banquet." Members of each cast are now hard at work standing their feet very early on very late evening rehearsals each week, and the two plays are slowly but surely nearing to the.

## CHORUS NOTES

This last month has been perhaps the busiest and certainly the most successful, the choir has enjoyed. Unfortunately, our ranks have been further depleted by the loss of Cpl. Brian Gray, who acted as president of the Choir ever since its inception in September, 1942. To Cpl. Gray we owe much for his long and loyal services. LAC Alex Gibson, another old timer with the Choir, has received notice that he is to be repatriated in the very near future. LAC Gibson will be well remembered by the Choir, and by many of the stations personnel for his very fine rendering of some of Grand Holloway's choruses—in all his singing he was assisted by all.

February 2nd saw the Choir at Lacombe, appearing before a very appreciative audience in the Adelphi Hotel. This concert was sponsored by the Vestry of the St. Cyprian Church in Lacombe, and we wish to thank the organization for the fine time they afforded to them, and for the pleasant entertainment provided for the Choir in the Parish Hall after the concert. Then on February 8th the Choir made an enjoyable return visit to the town of Ponoka, to appear at the Empire Theatre. Again we played to a crowded house. This time perhaps people with whom we had made friends on the occasion of our last visit. The fine hospitality offered to us by the ladies of the L.A.A.F., the organization sponsoring the show, was a grand report performance of our previous visit.

The week-end of February 12th and 13th saw a grand concert in a month's activities. The Choir had been from CICA in Edmonton from 11:30 P.M. to 11:45 P.M. on Saturday, 12th. This, in itself, was a great experience, but what followed was even more of a thrill to the boys. A recording was made of some of their choral numbers; this is to be sent over to the R.M.C. by headquarters in England, and along with this recording another was made using personal greetings to the families at home. We are indebted to the staff of CICA in Edmonton for their kind cooperation in all these ventures.

On Sunday, February 15th, the choir appeared at the Radio Theatre in Edmonton in two shows, a matinee and an evening performance. These shows were sponsored by the Edmonton Club of Lions International, whose cooperation and assistance were invaluable, and made the whole effort very enjoyable. Both performances were attended by large and appreciative audiences of station men and their families and children. The matinee and evening shows helped to take the boys give of their best. And we will certainly not forget the very fine turkey dinner which was served in the Royal George Hotel, in between shows, when the members of the Choir were the guests of the Edmonton Lions Club.

We all enjoyed giving these shows, especially as the proceeds were to be donated to such a worthy cause—disabled soldiers of Britain. It goes with an opportunity should present itself again, the Choir will be more than willing to co-operate.

## BADMINTON

The first station Badminton tournament came to an end with Mr. Heston, of the 1st unit, as winner and Mr. Brewster, 1st C.A. Supervisor, as runner up. Preparation for a second tournament are now in progress.

## TENNIS

After many strenuous battles, the first tennis tournament came to a close with P.L.L. Mitchell winner and Mr. Matzli runner-up. A second tournament has now been started, the draw sheet being on display at the sports club. On Tuesday, February 22nd, this unit played 4-30 in a tennis match, the result being 38 S.E.T.E., 2 sets, 4-30, 2 sets.

## BASKETBALL

The Inter-Station League is now nearing completion, with three teams to be considered, namely, "D" Flight, Flying Wing, and Blue Impassable. The winning game between Blue Impassable and the Flying Choir—"A". The winning game between Blue Impassable and the Flying Choir was held a return match with Red Deer High School on January 19th, by 14 points to 22 points.

## Station Discussion Group

After the war, new frontiers will have to be faced for most compared and at present German-occupied European countries. Establishment of these borderless frontiers with difficulties, as was found by the "panel" of three speakers, comprising P.L. Hudson, Education Officer, Col. Watson and Lord Wells by P.M. Smith, was the "Frontiers of Europe" at a Station Discussion Group meeting on Sunday, February 23rd. Following a short discussion by the "panel," the debate was thrown open to the meeting as a whole. The problem of the Baltic States and Poland in relation to the apparent aspirations of the Soviet Union was discussed. When Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Hungary, Bulgaria and Greece were considered, most members then realized what a truly complex problem they had before them. A Federation of Europe, with international policing and unarmed frontiers seemed a possible solution.

This vigorous and interesting debate concluded with the following resolution: "We agree that the broad principles of the Atlantic Charter should be used in founding the frontiers of Europe." Thirty-three were in favour, with only one against.

Russian hatred Japan's aggression in the Far East and suggestions as to how the Japanese Empire should be dealt with when it is defeated, were discussed by the Group on Sunday, February 26th. Col. Napier, Maintenance Wing, was in the chair and opened with an admirable summary of important features of Japan's historical and economic background. It was shown that Japan's aggressive programme has a striking resemblance to that of Germany, even having in the Tanaka Memorial, a leaflet headed to "Mein Kampf." This document, dated 1897, visualized world conquest, with capture of Manchuria, Malakka and Ceylon as prerequisites. The attack on Pearl Harbour was a logical outcome of that policy.

Various speakers showed how Japanese war psychology was encouraged by the military spinning of myths by the state-owned press in the Japanese religion of Shintolism and by the strong influence of the Army and leading industrialists. It was agreed that "Desire of the Japanese ruling classes for a monopoly of raw materials and markets, coupled with the general desire of the Japanese people for a higher standard of living, led to Japan's war of conquest." Eighteen approved, with only two against.

Considering what it is to do with Japan when she is defeated, the following motion was approved: "There should be an Army of Occupation, coupled with the re-education of the Japanese—by the Japanese with the aid of the Chinese, an democratic and Christian base."

LAC Burton, A.P. Pilot, was in the chair when the subject of "The Problem of Germany" was debated on January 23rd. All agreed that after the war an Army of Occupation should be maintained in Germany only until a new Government could be freely elected. A resolution that this occupation should not take place until six months after the cessation of hostilities was defeated. Only twelve members out of twenty agreed that the Nazi Government represented the aspirations of the German people in 1938.

"War and Peace Aims" was debated on January 30th, with P.L. Hudson in the chair. It was agreed that the leadership of the United Nations was sufficient to ensure peace in the immediate post-war period; and the suggestion was unanimously approved that a new League of Nations should be created, sponsored by the British Empire, the U.S.A., U.S.S.R. and China. Members also agreed "that an International Court, subordinate to the League, should be retained," and there was only one dissentient to a resolution that "We are prepared to accept international surveillance by Germany before Allied soldiers set foot on her soil."

## News From Home

**G**ROWING OPTIMISM at home is reflected in a Cabinet order to local authorities to get street lighting systems in order. Mr. Chamberlain is said to have decided that the lights will go on again on Armistice Day on an order to be given by himself. As the "end of the beginning" moves towards the "end of the end," the British are indulging their fair indignation and local boils of wrath with renewed zest. The biggest domestic row for years was laid loose by the release of Oswald Mosley. In spite of nationwide petitioning and mass meetings, Herbert Morrison stuck to his decision to release Mosley on grounds of ill-health, and was backed up by a big majority vote in the House of Commons. Mosley is now living with his wife in a Cotswold village hotel. The villagers refuse to do any kind of work for them.

Oppium greeted the discharges in the House of Commons that an English oil firm had sent a letter to a 20-year employee serving with the Army in India, telling him that the firm could not guarantee to give him his old job back at the end of the war. Many British firms hastily announced that they intended to reinstate all their old employees. . . . Home Guards were angrily complaining of superfluous drills and exercises which interfered with their year work. Sir Walter Citrine condemned such duties as "senseless" for men with a 40 or 70 hour working week. The Prime Minister stated that "the highest importance" was attached to their part in home defence. . . . Households and wives were angrily arguing over a High Court decision that a husband had the right to stop money his wife saved out of the housekeeping allowance; the case was appealed to the House of Lords. . . . Everyone was arguing about vulgarly in the streets and many criticised the popular debate for the growing trend to tolerate men on the stage who accepted theatrical managers to launch a clean-up campaign. . . . War-widows' houses were attacked by a lion imposed by the chairman of the Creditors' Committee on women appearing in full court in slacks. . . . Landlords were taking sides in the country stowed into the net of Finsbury Park air raid shelters, the only deep shelters built by a London borough. The Borough Council was accused of extravagance—the cost, over £1000 a year for 30 years.

**War-time Living.** In spite of a 24 epidemic—the type of the war not vindictive—England's wartime health was still sound. A London University report showed that a London boy of 12 or 13 was on average 24 inches taller and 182 pounds heavier than his father at the same age, a London girl 21 inches taller and 224 pounds heavier than her mother was. To distinguish the health of Warrick, Air Commodore's Lady Webb ordered compulsory night-hour sleep. . . . Relations are still tense. Lord Woolton said it was possible meat, milk and eggs would become scarcer. First letters to reach Germany for three weeks were heard near on the market—day were restricted for special deliveries. A girl selling oranges on Oxford Street was arrested and fined half a crown for counting a screw to collect. Shortage of gold balls has become critically acute; they can only be bought by trading in old ones. America's ban on zinc puts has helped to raise the cloth shortage in Britain; the British War Relief Society bought up the surplus stocks, found that one zinc ball would make clothes for half a dozen children. . . . Christmas opened a new week. The Board of Trade set a minimum price for stockings. . . . There was nothing to stop a husband's being kept at all. At a sale of second-hand toys in Corwen's library book fished off and a rocking horse 30s. 6d. Crime statistics are low, but there has been an outbreak of "Ruffin" type burglaries of luxury flats in Mayfair. . . . War-widows' houses are being sold. The Army is producing a new helmet—but it will only be used in nightmares.



## Sunday the Thirteenth

**SUNDAY THE THIRTEENTH** will long be remembered as The Day of the Clang. Pupils and instructors had gathered to the rear part of the Alberta when, without warning, the aerobus was blown out with Clang Magnificent. Far from going into hiding, the Mat. Man came out with a challenging declaration that even the Almighty could not have predicted it. The gathering crowd of indignant spectators, concerned, aerobus officers, fifty consultants and shrewk pupils were regaled with a display of buffed, airy which could only remind them of a surface, which were being in the Mat. Office. It showed a Mat. Man, surrounded with weather faces and feet of weather statistics, who was seen leaning his head on his desk, and saying, "I give up. I give up. How are your boots feeling to-day, Billings?"

Meanwhile the somewhat Sunday case of N.H.Q. was being subtly sketched by low level circles which apparently reconstructed sleep lands over the William Miller's office—an occurrence which is said to have caused much joy to the Station Adjutant, who rarely sees an aeroplane. Dark in the Mat. Office, "Cloudy Joe" was striking the floor, entering a verse by the Sports writer, Greenland Han, which has been adopted as the official lesson of the weather station:

"And now among the fading clouds,  
There is the said as my desire;  
When I am right, no one remembers  
When I am wrong no one forgets."

It was only after having applied strength on a shikhan dinner that "Cloudy" was able to realize that the storm had cleared so quietly as it had come, and that all was almost very safe. . . . And at 1300 hours it changed again, just so suddenly and unexpectedly. By which time everyone was beyond caring.

for a US oil type helmet, and it takes a hard knock to render a steel helmet US.

**Penalties Future.** The new series of Parliament is looking towards four of peace. The King's Speech promised plans for the transition from war to peace. The Prime Minister has offered a three week policy—Food, Homes, Work. The King's Speech spoke of reconstruction of the educational system, enlarged and unified social insurance, health services and workers' compensation, planned reconstruction of killed areas. To prepare for a general election next after the war, a new electoral roll is already being prepared. . . . One of England's most famous old pubs, the 13th century "George" at Altrincham, Lancs., will be missed by holiday-makers, for it has been burnt down. . . . A new breed of super-laying hen may be available for the post-war chicken run. It is a Red Wyandotte—one bird has laid an egg every day for 87 days in an egg-laying trial.

**People.** Died: Arthur Catterall, former B.C.C. and Halle Gleditsia millionaire Joseph Bush, 74th year millionaire, who started with one vitamin and became the wealthiest man in Britain; Owen Hore, stage and screen actor, who left H.M.S. Poi Collins, the stress manager and former Mayor of Walsall. . . . The brother of Wing Commander Cunningham, D.S.O. and R.A.F. Officer and ace, the night fighter pilot, has been awarded the D.S.O.; he is a Captain in the Royal Air Force. . . . The Annual and England footballer, E. A. Hinde, a First Officer in the R.A.F. . . . Bill Boyer, the Yorkshire and England fast bowler, is now a prisoner in Germany; he was taken prisoner by the Germans near Tilsit in 1942.

## Cinema Notes

In spite of several bleak evenings early in the month, the attendance at the Cinema during January looks all previous records. The reason for this is that each performance was actually fifty higher than in the previous month. This extraordinary competition provided by some excellent stage shows. In addition this was partly due to the widespread popularity of the Christmas and the New Year and which reached its peak on New Year's Eve. More welcome than a walk to the Recreation Hall, but the figures do reveal that the programme for the month was, on the whole, a popular one.

The attention to the programme has been longer than was expected, although there was little interference with the published programme. The programme of the operators of the more spacious quarters which were slowly maturing was interrupted by the difficulty of working along steps of sheet metal and by the frequent running up and down stairs to reach the in the temporary accommodations below the balcony. "In the gods" it has been the case, and the programme has been longer than was expected, but there should be compensatory benefits in due course.

No many requests were received for a revival of one or all of the films about roads to various places that "Road to Moscow" was looked for the end of February. It will be interesting to know whether in the future, the desire to see the film is as widespread as it appears to be, or whether, once again, it is peculiar to a few transfer and vocal fans!

## Officers' Mess Chronicle

**A**T the quarterly mess meeting held on January 27th, the P.M.C. in an introductory address, announced the completion of the new cloak room and mess secretary's office and a reduction in the mess charges. Although no dividend was paid, the shareholders seemed generally satisfied with the description of his tenure of office. P/O Hopper was elected mess secretary; P/Os E. F. Thomas and Lewis as members of the committee, and A/O/O Wilson, for a slightly more than two years, to continue as training officer. At an extraordinary meeting held on February 10th, it was arranged that a dinner should be held on February 18th and members were requested to report it as Annual G.A. Lunch Dinner.

The theory and practice of sharing has painfully occupied the leisure hours of most members and brought about the breaking of an officers' term at Ice hockey. Playing extra time in their last match, they lost by one goal to Mainwaring Wing, but the only casualty so far produced by winter sports has been the lower part of the Junior Dec.

The getting of P/O Henry to Perrow has been a good loss in skiing, skating and tennis. Apparently will join his left P/O (Gibbs) who is a thorough tennis player. Of programme records and whose collection has long been the steady of the Messal Appreciation Society. P/O Poole has gone home, taking with him his series of excellent miniature of Q.F.S. P/O Malloy has left to leave the business of advanced navigation. None of a dozen working officers, by never had his name or his incomprehensibility. P/O Schuchler has also deserted the sported by night, for Patrick May—although he had completed an operational tour he remained conveniently addicted to drink and played an operational tour on the ground. P/O Todd has left for Portland Ridge—no more to be picked up a bride at North Buxton and now our sincere congratulations. P/O Patten is presently stationed in the Service. Periodicals page—without his gratuity and with the adjutant's office will be a source and training place. Last, but not least, the C.I. too, is departing home. Here your notice is indeed fortunate that in order to give some attention to his job in spite of the fact that he is a P/O. However, we are glad to see that he will be able to spend his leisure hours again in his company (so never be equal to more words on a weekly printed page).

## Roll On The Boat

EVIDENTLY the D.A.P.S. men have seen the photograph of the survivors of "The Unity" in last month's Pennshold Log, for with one exception to a signal, the bulk of the "soldiers" have been taken from us. The named article was the remark made by the Station Adjutant, "Practically everybody who matters is going." The last named from the Station is F.C.I. Elkin, who bore the distinction of being the Grand Old Man (at least in the Officers' Mess) with a serving of about 40 years. It is possible to mention only a random few for whom the unenviable boat has rolled out, but to all we express the wish that no man may ever be able to look back at Pennshold over a pier at English Bay.

Ft. Sgt. Turner's devotion to the Dominion may make this wish impossible, for we believe he hopes to return to replace his skill in taking dip-trick rods, for in factment systems. Ft. Sgt. McIlwain's departure will deprive both No. 3 Range and Calgary of his good looks. Sgt. Gerry takes leave with his Civilian of Good Service, as well as the good status of those who leave him as an outstanding N.C.O. in the master parts of the station, and as a fine naval instructor in the budding of Three Squads. The pupils will miss his genial presence as they would a father or mother; he had indeed tutored and mentored a long succession of pupils in a manner which made his official title of "Superintendent" sound harsh. The invention of Sgt. Brown's treasury of a seat in the S.W.C.'s office took the forward lean of a valuable full-back. LAC "Ginger" Raymond, having spent a period of recuperation in the Minor Investigation Flt., has also left for home after destroying his sea suit.

The P.S.I. and the "Log" will miss the financial astuteness of Cpl. Goldstein. The Goldstein Bank was to have become Rhadrick and Green, but the senior partner is also on his way, leaving the P.S.I. with no alternative but to name "Green-bank".

The final loss of Cpl. Teasdale, who preserved his sea-life and indeed, furnished on life at the R.I., until the invasion by senior courses took the gilt off the gingerbread. Those two vigorous athletes, Cpl. Fleet and Cpl. Madigan, leave together, perhaps to continue their classic rivalry on soccer and water polo.

The G.I.S. loses its two foundation member photographers, Cpl. Mical and LAC Mallett. Fuller tribute is paid in Mallett's "Editor's Gem".

We welcomed the world it will be difficult to replace LAC Gibson's mastery of Lancashire dialogue; his departures break up the famous Pennshold Trio and also deprives the Cricket Club of an enthusiastic secretary. The adjutant the magazine, The Desert Party says good-bye to a crooner in LAC Nalick and the Dome Band to a pianist in Cpl. Homer, who also departed to a popular S.D.

The R.I. Section gains, with the distinguished exception of Ft. Sgt. West, almost an ideal Cpl. Leader, when the Commanding Officer's chauffeur, will be remembered for the good example he set his men, while Cpl. Wingo may be expected to seek out a unit where it will not be possible to confuse two looks with four rings.

The Officers' Mess will remember LAC Randall for the good humoured way in which he served a variety of drinks, and even more for the fact with which he broke the news almost rightly that the sea was dry. ACJ D. F. G. Smith was associated with the Officers' Mess for a long time as business agent, he abandoned this quiet job for the lively-busy of the telephone exchange, when he was distinguished by his unruffled politeness to many an angry customer who had got the wrong number.

## Ice Hockey

ICE HOCKEY has become one of the major winter sports on the Station, and a Station League has come into being. Matches have been played in both the major and minor leagues. When Headquarters have been played in between "A" and "B" both teams put up a good show and after a closely contested struggle, Headquarters emerged off the winners. Flying Wing "A" took on the defeated Maintenance team and added to their victories by defeating them by a slightly larger margin. In the Minor League the Officers' Mess has been defeated twice, once by Maintenance "B" and again by Flying Wing "B".

The Major League has produced some very good hockey, and the Minor League some very good entertainment.

The Station team played several matches during the month of February and, while they have been victorious only once, they have provided for the players and spectators a great deal of enjoyment and for themselves some healthy exercise. They suffered what they describe as a "handsome defeat" against A.20 in two matches, and where they played the 27th Det., R.I.C.A., they lost only by the narrow margin of 1 to 3. Playing against an R.A.F. team from No. 27 R.F.C.S., however, on February 15th, they piled up a score of 11 against the R.A.F. and at the time of writing they are due to meet this R.A.F. team again on February 22nd.

Among the individual players deserving mention, LAC Currier has proved an outstanding player close to the net and the performance of P.L.A. Lovell, LAC Christie and Cpl. Carter have been watched with interest. LAC Kibben, who has been playing some very fine games in the defence position, and LAC's Trevelyan and Stapleton have worked hard on the second forward line.

Ice hockey is a truly Canadian sport which has been taken up very enthusiastically by the R.A.F. in Canada, and No. 36 is no less in the following of the game. So far as the players are concerned, they are "right down" and it now remains for the Station as a whole to provide that spectators' delight, namely, an enthusiastic crowd of supporters on the bench line, whenever there is a match to be played.





## Boxing

**T**WELVE BOUTS were on the programme of the Boxing tournament held on February 18th in the DIME Hall. In the main bout of the evening, Sgt. Cross gained a narrow but well deserved victory over AC Duggan. Both men were very skilful and in some of their side-eps stood true to form and exchanged blow for blow. The Commanding Officer's Heavy-weight Cup was won by AC DeKridge, who received a great ovation from the crowd. DeKridge boxed and punched with confidence, and his opponent, AC Egan, took considerably punishment but fought very gamely. AC Reynolds beat LAC Mills in a bout for the Eaton Middleweight Cup, which produced some delightful boxing, with Reynolds on the top of his feet.

Army losses from A-26 were heaviest in three of the bouts. LAC Mackay of Hawker beat Pte. Evans in a heavily contested match. Pte. Nolan beat AC Preece in a fight distinguished by good boxing, while Pte. Northcott beat AC Dixon a less formidable opponent, losing the match on points.

In the other bouts, AC Payne, giving 21 lbs., was knocked out in the second round by AC Egan. In an interesting fight, LAC Windsor beat LAC Walsh on points. AC Mitchell won all three rounds against LAC McGinn and looked the winner throughout. AC Briggs, boxing severely, beat LAC Foster, who recovered with some tremendous right punches. In one of the best contests of the evening, AC Kelly gained a very narrow victory over Cpl. Macklin in a real hand-knitting match with some fine-toe jumping in the third round. AC Williams beat AC Taylor in another hand-knitting fight, in which both boxes won an ovation from the audience.



—Sgt. O'Shea

## Blitzkrieg Diary

On May, 1940, the "Blitzkrieg" came to its abrupt end as the Germans invaded Holland, Belgium and France. For more than a week the R.A.F. squadrons in France fought a heroic and costly battle against the invaders. These pages from the diary of a Flight N.C.O. in a Battle Squadron tell part of that story. F/O Bellbridge was then the Flight N.C.O.

**Anti-Fortune, 18th May, 1940.**

**0230 hours.** Three Battles D.V.M. ready with four 20 lb. bombs each. **0300 hours.** Sky covered with German bombers and fighters over the Jersey coast. They came across our wireless and split up into formations, heading for various parts of France. At 03.45 hours, 3 kilometres away, was badly smothered by the French but a few fighters there, but not one left the ground—presumably they had not had breakfast. A couple of "Blitzknipers" delayed action bombs were dropped on our "downs". A few incendiaries were dropped near the Officers' Mess. The kitchen came to the rescue, putting three out. Jerry circled round and let the Germans have a smack of the bottom, but luckily did not hit them. Five of the Jerry dive-bombers a long time sweating in the skies at Dieppeport, coming about 200 casualties. Battles with first aid kits rushed to the rescue and did what they could to assist the injured and helped to carry dead bodies away. One aircraft was shot down by our "Squadron Two Batters".

Each of our flights had eight Pinner II's and eight A.C.M's. We worked with airwaves ready. Two aircraft were wanted from "A" Flight and two from "B". All troops on the ground. Midday meal—one hot pie, a hotly savoury and a mug of tea which went down lovely. For Christy and most of the lads this was their first meal since 0200 hours.

**1840 hours.** The Flight Commander's aircraft and another took off, followed by two from "A" Flight. I wondered how strange they would do to the German convoy going through Luxembourg. Only one was seen, back with the observer wounded. He was the hero of our killing village, and the pride of the French ladies as he walked about with his arm in a sling. Waited until 2100 hours for the aircraft to come back. Gave up "O" for information. They said, "You can park up now, they won't be back." Thus we abandoned tractors, trailers, vehicles and flight equipment over the air-drome so that Jerry aircraft could not land.

**May 21.** The Padre brought back Sgt. Kibell, complete with wounds, from Belgium. He told us what the four Battles had done in that Jerry cockpit. He said there was no space between the Jerry vehicles. The planes made four runs each, dropping one bomb at a time from 400 feet, each bomb bursting amongst the A.P.V. After the Flight Commander had received his bomb he kept circling for photographs until his engine was lit. (Byrd was having the cockpit in flames). He gave the order "Stand by for crash landing." WAF Cpl. Tomlinson was first out after landing and tried to release the pilot, tearing his hands while trying to undo the straps. Chief messenger to get him out and rolled him on the damp grass. They managed to get a car from a Belgian peasant and took the pilot to a concert where his burns were dressed.

This was the day our Squadron attacked the Maastrecht bridge over the Maastrecht canal in Belgium. We were in the "downs at 0300, with aircraft

ready to take off—three from each flight. Where are they going? Will they come back? The leading crew were P/O Cleveland, Sgt. Lenny and LAC Reynolds. In another crew there was Sgt. Rowley Harford, a Lawesville lad who



May 18 in June 1. Robinson

used to sing twenty verses of Shiloh and "The Next Place We Called At Was Berlin." They took off at 0825 hours. They did not return. P/O Cleveland and Sgt. Grey were each awarded the V.C., the first R.A.F. V.C.'s of World War 1.

**May 13.** Chiefly was awakened at 0300 hours by the S.P.'s to assess the phone. Three aircraft were to be ready for take-off at 0300. By 0300 the atmosphere was cleared and the aircraft were ready. Then we got low "radio" messages from Ops and went back to the village for tea. The landing party came back. These lads, however, were in Britain when the B21 started—most of them reported for duty and were down here.

One shaver, Sgt. Balch, left his girl standing, telling her he had been transferred to the Bedford Barrage and would not be going to France.

Here we got more aircraft and more airmen. We did right handling and for nine days all our aircraft came back. We sent one of our pilots and a store back to Anti-Fortune to collect an aircraft we had left there. They found the French setting fire to lots of aircraft. No one was in charge of the N.A.A.F.I. Here, as they found a tractor and some trailer and fixed the tractor with what they could find—sawdust, shrapnel and whatever—and drove back to Robinsons. Going back on day flying we lost a few more B21s. One pilot named McEwen did four raids in six days, but failed to return from his fifth trip. We had a Canadian pilot, P/O McNeigh, who did two or three raids and always came back. I think his crew had broken through his head. He was the only one of our pilots to survive the French B21s!

At Robinsons the flight had its only accident during the battle of France, when one of our aircraft crashed with loads on and crew up. The observer, Sgt. Redington, was hospitalised for two months afterwards. Sgt. Redington is now P/O Redington, of the Mercantile Division at Fifehead.

When we made our next move, Chiefly was sent in to there to stand up crewmen belonging to the Squadron, in a hurry. In one hour he found five aircraft just sitting down to a station dinner. They smugged it up in paper, with the spoils, and ate it on the top of the base going back to the "Green".

#### Snaps.

This was the last "snaps" we operated from in France. The killing effort had not found us any longer, but the Chlozes soon found places for themselves and their flights. We were soon busy loading fuel-bags (which are handy when you are not got even a tin-kettle's oil) for defence, latrine, places to eat, various places for equipment, food, petrol, etc.

**June 15.** What a day! Jerry came over at 0800 hours and had a look at the main party which was just moving off for an unknown destination, and then came for another look at 0825 hours. At 1800 hours he dropped a lot from 8,000 feet, hitting the transport column which had moved into a few hours before, and the big air base near Hattery had just left. 11.15 hours. Ground crew started up all aircraft two squadrons of General. P/O McNeigh, who had taken off, died on the way. We soon found out he was trying to tell us Jerry was around. Four ground crew were killed and four wounded in this attack. Later eighteen more crew, stuck-together the accidents, than

few round in line astern and fired at everything they could see, but none was lost this time.

After dark the rear party, with four trucks and trailers, an ambulance and a six-seater, left Soignies. Convoy party was 25 (i.e.), but the Wing B.O. had the party increased as many of his wounded were in a serious condition. The party was increased to 25 (i.e.), but they wasn't lost enough, so we stretched out going down hills at 7 1/2 (i.e.), with the rear party hanging on for dear life. Airmen were picked up on the way until our party numbered 35. This move was supposed to be to a new base, so that we could operate again, but on arriving at Brunet, an officer headed the convoy to Road 3 N 72 which ended up at Brunet.

This journey was something that none of the lads will forget. The distance from Soignies to Brunet is about 200 miles. All the boys had to keep their eyes open in case of getting bombed. The roads were crowded with refugees, all with carts or barrows, some men with muskets over the top—every form of vehicle. One or two cars were driving in the opposite way. They were bumped off the road by our convoy. Most boys (French) were living on the "half" ration, but when they saw we were R.A.F. they turned it into the "buncho" up." One French lieutenant, as some one dressed in French uniform, tried to put us on the wrong road. A few of the lads passed some nice remarks, and Chiefly was real hot when we didn't about him.

Before arriving at Brunet, an awareness there at least five miles long was passed. All these A.P.V. with hundreds of motor transport, were later blown up. Arriving at Brunet, troops were told to take no load when they would wear for the trip to Pignoyth. The boat was a Dutch passenger ship carrying 600 passengers. None of the lads wanted anything, but were shocked when most of our equipment came aboard. This also was blown up. There must have been from six to seven thousand troops about, with about 200 R.A.F.

**June 17.** We arrived at Pignoyth. The Customs Officers had the check to see if anyone had anything to declare. One lad said, "Yes, I have got what I stand up in." That was a pair of reeked-to-put-on-going boots, a pair of trousers that had seen better days, a shirt and a tin hat.

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## Answers To Correspondents

Dear Editor—

Your problem is indeed a difficult one. If the S.A.G.O. refuses to sign your "MP" before noon on Thursdays, then I suggest that you arrange with the S.M.O. to postpone all the more important operations until the following Wednesday—this should give you plenty of time for a job to be done in Wednesday. Your friend's enemy, whose idea should place him, has not been satisfactorily answered by the Station Adjutant. While I am sure he is not being answered, I do feel that a clip should not in the night changed into could be commended on at the same time and a knock by your correspondent. In, you are not yet entitled to wear the Star and Sussex clip.

Dear A.S.O.—

Your enquiry as to the correct regulation dress for 1944 was his long been a point at issue between L. Balton and the Station's Sgt. Green. Both are, however, agreed that, provided you are not in a dark shirt at a symphony in between and cannot make up in trousers could not be taken away. This is, of course, if you keep off boots.

You ask also for a few new names for what has become a traditional song—here are some suggestions: "Faded Purple," "Cannons Wing Commander" and "Dress de Cannon." As ever unusual and descriptive, don't you think? If you care to send me a stamped and addressed envelope, I will try to answer your third question—don't write a cooling notice and a little light reading such as the London "Times" last thing at night should prove not entirely inoffensive.

## Wing Commander F. B. H. Hayward

**I**F the departing Chief Instructor had any inkling of who was to write this recollection, the chances are that the glad-remembering which went on when his departure had made a somewhat tardy start at Flying Week would have been replaced by an arduous barrage of protest. But it is an acknowledgment which everyone in the Wing would be eager to write. Henshold has never had such a popular Chief Instructor.

If there were compassionate grounds for granting leave at short notice, if someone had had a raw deal, it was the Chief Instructor who led a sportsman's war, who took the initiative, and who never flinched and failed to get the right thing done. It was something more than the vagaries of the control hearing system in the Control Tower which kept his office door wide open from morning till night.

But his demands were exacting. On the head of the Instructor who dropped an aircraft seriously, on the head of the pupil who could no longer pilot "impersonally," a mighty wrath would fall, and if, afterwards, he was seen frequently to be wearing the "Orderly Officer" band, or was confined to camp, he knew that he had had a fair hearing, and that his punishment was well deserved.



It was a man's point with the crash leader crew that only rarely did they reach a "young" school of the Chief Instructor, and at the worst he had appeared as if by magic on the running board of the crash wagon. An accident, by day or night, on the airfield or a hundred miles away, meant that someone might wear his, and it was the Chief Instructor who saw to it that the his adventures on rescue trips into the wilderness were justified.

W/Cdr. Hayward had some sound and well-known principles which he applied unflinchingly and for which he was deeply respected. Every member of his staff was given freedom to do his own job and to use his own initiative to the full. Every Flying Instructor knew that he started off from scratch, and that the Chief Instructor treated him as he had, and his class, and that it was he himself that confidence it would be his own fault.

That men work better when they are treated and encouraged in so new a discovery, but as a through-going example of how well such an idealistic principle can be applied to the everyday life and work of a unit, and as an example of a real, tangible team spirit brought into being by the influence of a single strong personality despite the most possible combination of handicaps—a detailed unit, a routine job, and an ever-changing staff—the results shown by Wing Commander "Bill" Hayward in his seven months as Chief Instructor will never be forgotten by those who have worked for him.

To have had the status record in monthly flying hours broken. To have brought without having waited anybody to break any records, and to have brought the accident rate down to the lowest figure recorded on the station, is a dual achievement which could have been attained only by an officer with an unshakable faith in encouragement and an unshakable power of discipline, to whom hardness is a positive thing. Flying Week, and the whole Station, will wish W/Cdr. Hayward success and good fortune in his next appointment.

## This Winter--And Last.



**R**ECENTLY it was necessary to print in H.R.O.'s a reminder that winter dress means gaiters, gloves and Tuckin hats. It was an apt comment on this winter's weather—and a somewhat ironic reminder of January, 1941. For if the winter of 1941-42 was the worst for a quarter of a century, this winter will probably prove to have been one of the balmiest in Alberta's weather records.

Browsing over the weather statistics in the files of the "Bad Deer Advocate," we found that January 13, 1942, was 36 degrees warmer than the same day in 1941. Working out averages January, 1942, with an average of 11 degrees above zero, proved to be 29 degrees warmer than January, 1941, with an average of 2 degrees below zero. The thermometer fell below zero on only two days in January, 1942, compared with 24 days with sub-zero temperatures in January, 1941.

For ten days, from January 15 to 24, 1942, the highest temperature recorded was 8 degrees below zero, and the average temperature for those ten days was 21 below, with average minimum temperatures recorded mostly at night of -32.7. For the same period last year the average temperature was 28 degrees above zero.

By New Year's Day last winter over a foot of snow had fallen and another two inches fell in January. This year light snowfalls had settled almost entirely away in January, and in the Calgary district there were disastrous prairie fires, while in the mountains some ski grounds were almost bare of snow. In the Calgary district this winter December was the warmest December recorded for 60 years.

It is too soon to suggest that this winter is over, and one member of the Mat. section can be satisfied with a piece of basic forecasting in the effect that "February is always a bad month." And some years ago Red Doss had a lot of wet snow in 24 hours in April.

## Editor's Gen

Here springs eternal, and we are certainly hoping that among the newly arrived personnel on the unit there is some literary and artistic talent. We are particularly interested in finding cartoonists or illustrators. We have made a start this month with sketches to illustrate articles, and we hope to develop this into a procedure. Please get in touch with the Editor if you can wield a tricky pencil, and he will tell you what is wanted. All unsketched contributions are, of course, enthusiastically received. . . . whereas an occasionally fine view is taken of concealing light under bushels.

As far as literary contributions are concerned, the most suitable are those which deal with service life, particularly those in a humorous vein. If you would like to have your contributions illustrated, get in on to the Editor early in the month—and if you can track down an artist, bring him along, too, but failing that, the Editor will do all he can to get some suitable illustrating done for you and your article.

### PICTURE POLICY

It has been decided by the Committee to discontinue the centre page photographic insert, and to use the money saved by so doing to print another four pages and another small photo and illustration more freely over the pages of the "Log." The size of the "Log" therefore remains the same—24 pages—though the centre page photo section is missing from this month's number. This will enable us to use more varied photos, and we, therefore, invite all sections and individuals with interesting photographs to submit them to the Editor.

### BON VOYAGE

Two key-men on the "Log" committee are leaving us. They are Corporal Goldstein and LAC Mahfest. Corporal Goldstein has been business manager of the "Log" as well as carrying on the essential duties of P.S.I. Clerk. He has gained the financial affairs of a magazine which makes a guaranteed loss with an efficiency and unswerving sales which suggests he should go far in the ranks of high finance. No unfavourably-minded editor could have had a better business manager, and we shall long remember his slogan, "We can afford to make a greater loss."

LAC Mahfest, who is a Penhold Foundation member, has been almost solely responsible for the many excellent photographs which have appeared in the "Log." The names of the "Station Periodicals" feature him being very largely due to his artistry as a portrait photographer. The composite photos which have long been a feature of the centre page have been his work. Often he has cheerfully done rush jobs for the "Log" when already heavily burdened with other work. We shall find it difficult to replace such a talented photographer.

### STRAWBERRY

The following is an extract from the "Edmonton Bulletin" of February 1951: "A revolution in journalistic process and a letter-packet job. It just what you would expect from the men of the R.A.F. when it comes to an avian's publication. And that's just what the Penhold Log, official publication of No. 36 S.P.C.A. is. The Log is 28 pages, well printed and splendidly illustrated. . . . —Cap.

### PRIZES FOR CONTRIBUTIONS

Five pages in the Station Gazette for one month are awarded for contributions, both literary and artistic, which must be received by the Editor, P.O. W. H. Thomas, at "B" Flight Commandant's office in No. 1 Hangar of the Officers' Mess, not later than Wednesday, March 13.

# STATION CINEMA

## Programme for March

1944

THURSDAY, MARCH 2

"Watch On the Rhine"  
Bette Davis Paul Lukas

SATURDAY and SUNDAY  
MARCH 4-5

"Sweet Rosie O'Grady"  
Bette Grable Robert Young

MONDAY, MARCH 6

"Holy Matrimony"  
Monty Woolley Gracia Fields

TUESDAY, MARCH 7

"Happy Land"  
Don Ameche Frances Dee

THURSDAY, MARCH 9

"A Lady Takes a Chance"  
Jean Arthur John Wayne

SATURDAY and SUNDAY  
MARCH 11-12

"The Iron Major"  
Pat O'Brien Ruth Warrick

MONDAY, MARCH 13

"Behind the Rising Sun"  
Margo Tom Neal  
Robert Ryan

TUESDAY, MARCH 14

"The Man From  
Down Under"  
Charles Laughton  
Binnie Barnes

THURSDAY, MARCH 16

"Paris After Dark"  
George Sanders  
Brenda Marshall

SATURDAY and SUNDAY  
MARCH 18-19

(To be announced later)

MONDAY, MARCH 20

"The Fallen Sparrow"  
Maureen O'Hara  
John Garfield

TUESDAY, MARCH 21

"Riding High"  
Dorothy Lamour Dick Powell

THURSDAY, MARCH 23

"Hit The Ice"  
Abbott and Costello

SATURDAY and SUNDAY  
MARCH 25-26

"In Old Oklahoma"  
John Wayne Martha Scott  
Albert Dekker

MONDAY, MARCH 27

(To be announced later)

TUESDAY, MARCH 28

"If I Had a Million"  
Charles Laughton  
W. C. Fields Gary Cooper

THURSDAY, MARCH 30

"Battle Of Russia"  
A Documentary