

Mem 100 (#342)

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5 CENTS

# THE PENTHOLD

36



DECEMBER  
VOLUME I

1941  
NUMBER 1

Red Deer and District Archives  
71.21.1

# CAPITOL THEATRE

## *Coming Attractions*

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, DEC. 31st, JAN 1st

### "INTERNATIONAL SQUADRON"

Ronald Reagan                      Olympe Bradna  
ACTION!            THRILLS!            SUSPENSE!

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, JANUARY 2nd and 3rd

### "YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH"

Fred Astaire      Rita Hayworth      Robert Benchley  
The finest musical comedy of 1941

MONDAY AND TUESDAY, JANUARY 5th and 6th

### "CITIZEN KANE"

Orson Welles and the Mercury Actors  
The most talked-about film of a decade.

### DOUBLE PROGRAMME

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, JANUARY 7th and 8th

### "TARGET FOR TO-NIGHT"

The R.A.F. is its cast! The R.A.F. filmed it!  
——— and ———

### "GLAMOUR BOY"

Jackie Cooper                      Susanna Foster  
Satirical comedy with music.

A double feature showing, that should be on your "must see" list.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, JANUARY 9th and 10th

### "SHADOW OF THE THIN MAN"

Bill Powell      Myrna Loy      Asta  
The first "Thin Man" picture in two years—and it's a honey!

MONDAY AND TUESDAY, JANUARY 12th and 13th

### "OUT OF THE FOG"

Ida Lupino                      John Garfield  
A fine drama you will long remember.

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, JANUARY 14th and 15th

### "UNCERTAIN FEELING"

Merle Oberon      Melvyn Douglas      Burgess Meredith  
A romantic comedy that is sure to please.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, JANUARY 16th and 17th

### "WILD GEESE CALLING"

Henry Fonda                      Joan Bennett  
A fine action picture of the great North-West.




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Group Captain  
W. B. FARRINGTON  
D.S.O.

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Officer  
Commanding  
36 S.F.T.S., Penhold

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THE introduction of a Station magazine is somewhat of a venture in the dark. I would like to thank all those concerned who, by their enthusiasm and hard work, have launched this the first number of "The Penhold Log."

I hope the management will be given all possible support so that they will not want for copy for future numbers. There should be plenty of talent in a unit of this size, so I would ask contributors to come forward to help make each number better than the last. We can all help, by buying a copy for ourselves, and by trying to increase the sales.

I wish "The Penhold Log" every success.

*W. B. Farrington.*

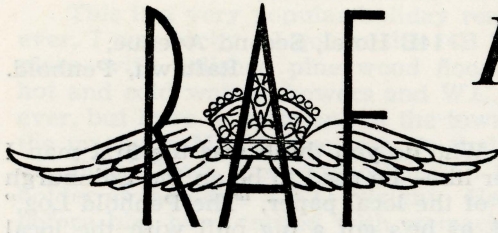
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The  
*Penhold Log*

Published by kind permission of  
Group Captain W. B. Farrington,  
D.S.O.  
Commanding Officer  
No. 36 S.F.T.S., Penhold

Editor— A.C. MARTIN      Business Manager— PILOT OFFICER W. F. MILLER      Art Editor— A.C. ROUGHTON  
COMMITTEE: Sgt. Sutherland, Sgt. Salt, Sgt. Childs

## EDITORIAL

WE have much pleasure in presenting, for your approval, our first number of "The Penhold Log." We hope that our readers will find, within these pages, something of interest and amusement.

To our Commanding Officer we say "Thank you, Sir, for your very encouraging words and also for your kind permission which has made this project possible."

We wish to convey to A.C. Roughton our congratulations on his winning entry in our "Title and Design" competition. To all other competitors we express our thanks for their entries.

The magazine is primarily a Station magazine, so send along your criticisms, suggestions, and above all YOUR contribution. We regret that lack of space has prevented the use of all the material in the first number. Please, contributors, do not be discouraged but continue with the good work. And with your continued support and that of many new contributors, each succeeding number will be larger and better than its predecessor.

We also take this opportunity of thanking the advertisers for their co-operation. And if you, the readers, support the advertisers they will continue to support your magazine.

A very Merry Christmas, and a Brighter and Happier New Year for everyone is the sincere wish of the Editorial staff of "The Penhold Log."

## Returned to Sender

14B Hotel, Second Avenue,  
Raftown, Penhold.

Dear Mother:—

Well, here I am in Raftown at last. Who do you think was the first man I saw? It was old Martin—you remember him—he used to be on the Edinburgh "Evening News". Well, he's the Editor of the local paper, "The Penhold Log," now, and very lucky for me it proved, as he's got a big pull with the local "big-wigs", and through him I met all sorts of people whom otherwise I wouldn't.

The first place old Martin took me was the Local Reception Centre and the Town Gaol. There were two fellows standing in the hall, and Martin introduced me. One was the Police Inspector, I think his name was Coad, and the other the Chief Constable—a chap called Miller. I was a bit shy, but managed to say "Good evening, Officer," to Mr. Coad. He seemed horrified! Apparently you only call the Chief Constable "Officer" or "Pilot Officer" or something over there. Queer, isn't it? Not a bit like Little Muddlecombe, and old Inspector Bloggs—he didn't mind if I called him "Jack", especially after a couple of pints! Anyway, apart from that slight frostiness, they were very decent to me, and showed me around the cells. Awful people in them, Mother. Very dangerous, too, Mr. Coad said. I think some of them must have been murderers, because two trustees and a warder came in with their tea in a special box, brought from one of the town's restaurants, and gave it to them through the little hatch in their cells. They always do that for the condemned, I'm told.

From the gaol we went over to the Town Hall. Oh, what a big rambling place—full of drones buzzing around—and workers sitting about. They sometimes call it the "Gen Hive", I believe. The Town Clerk, F.-Lt. Phillips, and the Borough Solicitor, F.-Lt. Jenkins, were deep in a discussion on what sounded like "Bodies" and "Accommodation", and seemed a bit acrimonious, but didn't keep me long, for they showed me into the Mayor's Parlour to see His Worship the Mayor, Group Captain W. B. Farrington, and the Sheriff, S.-Ldr. Radford. I think there must have been something wrong with the Mayor's typewriter, for when I came in I'm sure he said, "Another Poor Type." The Mayor didn't wear a chain, Mother, but he had the most lovely "Titfa" with gold oak leaves on the peak. He was awfully friendly, and asked me if I had any money! Well, you can guess what I said—"Not Pygmalion Likely." As for the Sheriff, he turned out trumps, too, and sent for the Borough Treasurer, S.-Ldr. Crawford, and the Assistant Borough Treasurer, F.-Lt. Corless, to tell them to arrange for my pocket money until I got a job. Of course, I didn't like the sound of the word "job" much, but I couldn't disappoint such decent chaps, could I, Mum? So a commissionaire, called Vaisey, took me along to the local Employment Exchange, which they call the S.W.O.'s office here, to see the manager, a Mr. Brown. They were having a "Tea Swindle", so I had some, too, and Mr. Brown told me he would put me in what he called a "Pool" for a week until I found my feet. Of course, I didn't mind that, even if I had to work at the end of it, as Mr. Brown's assistant, Corp. Owen, told me that there is neither Dole nor Unemployment here.

All the roads in Raftown seem to be as straight as a die, and we walked down past the school buildings just in time to see the Headmaster, S.-Ldr. Kirsten, shaking his fist at some boys with white flashes on their Titfas, who were trying to shoo away a little white dog busy investigating the possibilities of a flag pole in the playground opposite. Everything is very handy here. Next door to the school is the Indoor Roller Skating Rink, and Indoor Badminton Courts, which are run by the manager of the Raftown Ice Hockey Club, Flying

Officer Morris. He's a very versatile man, as apart from all this he seems to run the Local Dancing Academy and various other "sidelines."

This is a very popular holiday resort, and all the hotels were full. However, I was lucky. I got in the 14B Hotel on Second Avenue. It's a lovely place, with polished pine wood floors, specially air-conditioned atmosphere, hot and cold water, showers and W.C. We don't have our meals there, however, but have to go to one of the town restaurants. The food isn't at all bad, the manager, Mr. Holmes, sees to that. As an additional safeguard, we have an official Town Taster who tries all the food before we get it. The present holder of the office is F.O. Wright. He has only just come, as the two we had before him have retired with stomach trouble—they don't usually last long! There are two chefs—Messieurs Greatrex and Petty, and they are so proud of their culinary efforts that they almost beg you to partake of second helpings. The headwaiters—Corporals Collins and Hooker—were most suave, and gave me a special table—near the door—in case I felt ill, I suppose.

After a wash and brush-up, Martin took me to the Municipal Library and to the Snack Bar in the next block to see Mr. Allen of the Y.M.C.A., but he wasn't in, so we went on to the Airport Cinema just up the road to see William Powell and Myrna Loy in "Love Crazy". The manager, S.-Ldr. George, mistook me for the Chief Fireman of the Raftown Fire Brigade—Cpl. Smith—and gave me a free ticket for the Local Music Hall next week. It's the Christmas Pantomime, and seems quite a good show with a splendid cast, starring Billy Bennett Salt, Hi-Li Pickles, George Formby Thompson and Tauber Llewellyn, and our broadcasting star, Richfield. Not to mention Turner and his Larry Adlers, Brown and his Don Cossack Choir, the two Charlie Kuntz—Payne and Chowns, and the Theatre Orchestra conducted by Charles Shadwell Norton. I asked Martin if Cpl. Smith attended all the local shows with his lovely fire engine, but Martin said he didn't think so. Apparently the Deputy Chief Officer of the Brigade, Pilot Officer Richardson, always attends the dances at the Town Ballroom, as otherwise none of the girls for miles around would come. It will be very slow in the winter when he hibernates.

By this time I was pretty tired, and thought I'd hit the hay, but, believe me, I'd hardly got my head down when the local "Wakie-Wakie," Sgt. Gapp, what we in Little Muddlecombe call a "knocker-up", shook me gently and said very respectfully, "It's time to get up, Mr. Dean, sir. Your tea is here, sir, and shall I run your bath now, sir?" Well, as you know, I always enjoy breakfast in bed, but I don't like people hurrying me to get up, and I wasn't a bit pleased when the two sub-editors, Messrs. Sutherland and Childs, came to ask for an interview, and then to take me out. First we called at the Borough Hospital, where Dr. Stewart, assisted by two very pretty nursing sisters, gave me a Dick Test. I didn't mind this, as I was quite positive I'd be negative. The girls were so nice that I asked if there were any vacancies for a hospital orderly, but I was told that they were usually filled by promoting butchers from the nearby cookhouse, their professional skill in cutting up rough being found very useful. Apparently the dentist next door, Dr. Oatway, had an opening, but I was scared he might find the one in my tooth, and if he drills as hard in his surgery as Flight Sgt. Meyrick does outside, I'd take a pretty dim view of it.

There was a lovely building just opposite, called the "Offmess Hydro", but, of course, we couldn't get in there. Not that we wanted to much! They have to wash and dress for dinner there, and one of the waiters told me that they only get the same grub as us, and have to pay three times as much for it. The joint managers, Messrs. Carstairs and Gresswell, are most fearful swells, and are at daggers drawn with the "Ye Olde Sergeant's Arms" just up the road, which is not quite so posh, but makes up for it by running a kind of nightly cabaret show.

Of course, I mustn't forget to tell you about the photographers, where Mr. Hill made me watch the "Dickie," nor the Gent's Natty Outfitters, where

# Gaetz-Cornett Drug Store

WELCOMES

## The R. A. F. Boys

You are invited to inspect our fine stock of—

STATIONERY and NOVELTIES

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CONFECTIONERY

KODAKS and CAMERAS

SHAVING SUPPLIES

CHRISTMAS GIFTS OF ALL KINDS

We will gladly wrap any gift for mailing.

## The Gaetz-Cornett Drug & Book Co. Ltd.

THE REXALL STORE

RED DEER

Flight Sergeant Turner gave me lots of hand-me-downs quite free. Nor the Toy Department, where Mr. Oakley let me play with his model airplanes. Nor the four big Factories, with literally hundreds of men taking dozens of engines apart, putting them together again, and finding enough parts left over to make some more for the Borough Engineer, W.-Cdr. Mill. He's such a good man. While I was there he was telling the Lord all about it! I couldn't recognize the make of the engines from his description, but it sounded something like "Sanguinary."

Without doubt, the town is most go-ahead. It even has a small airport attached, run by S.-Ldr. Dale and his assistant, F.-Lt. Lowry, but I don't think that it's a commercial proposition yet. In that, it differs from the Borough Busways, which must be a gold mine for its owners, in spite of competition from the nearby city of Red Deer.

The roads here are so clean, thanks to our dustmen, that you could see a dollar bill a mile away, if they didn't see it first, and Dustman Clarke's spiked-stick drill has to be seen to be believed. The Post Office here is really good, and Postmaster Stanley is a most efficient type—he even delivers them himself to make sure we get them. I wonder if he'll come round at Christmas time for the usual?

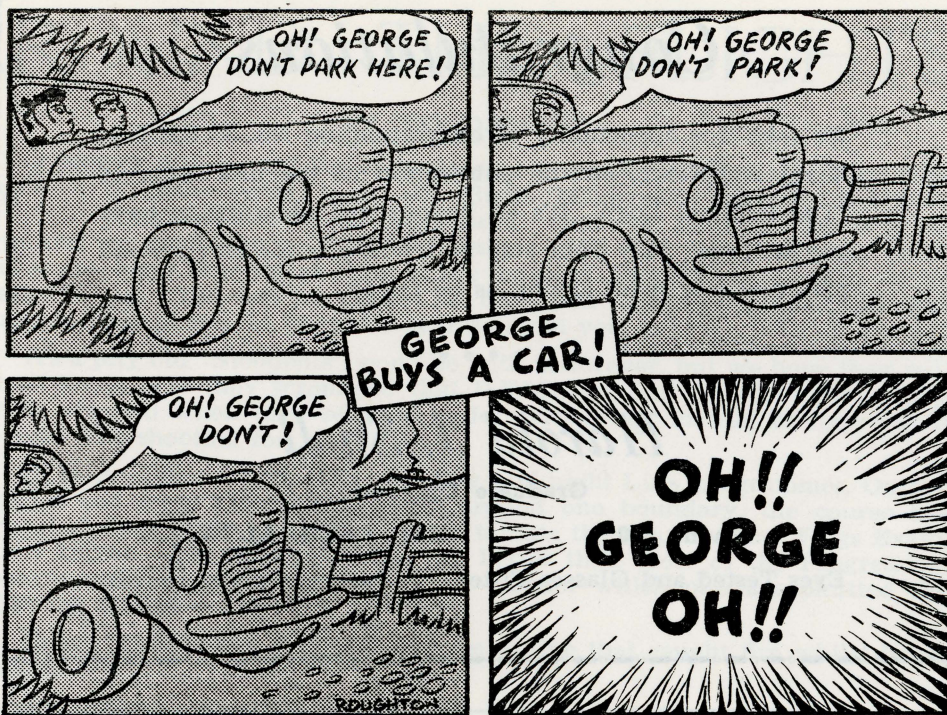
Well, mother, it's time for me to go round to the local pub, "The Airman's Rest", for a pint and a game of darts with the landlord, old Oliver. His beer's not bad, and I'm hoping to meet some of the Frontier Guards there to-night. Lumme, I wouldn't have their job. You should hear those two upholders of the outposts of Empire, McLeod and Deebank, talking about the good old days when Raftown was being built, and it was 50 degrees below zero—that is 82 degrees of frost! They fairly seem to warm to their work, and do they earn their pint!

I'm afraid that's all for now, Mum. Keep smiling, and tell Sis to come out soon—there's plenty of jobs for chambermaids here.

Your loving son,

GERALD

OUR MONTHLY CARTOON



# Royal Air Force Boys

WE WELCOME YOU

May you enjoy your visit to this part of Canada as much as we  
enjoy your being here.

When in Red Deer, drop in at the Red Deer Pharmacy—(the  
corner Drug Store with the Florescent Lights).

## Complete Soda Fountain Service

CAMERAS

FILMS

FILM DEVELOPING

TOILET REQUISITES

SMOKERS' SUPPLIES

# Red Deer Pharmacy

Your Friendly Drug Store

RON HOLMES, Prop.

## *Congratulations*

We take this opportunity of congratulating No. 36 S.F.T.S., Royal Air Force, on the publication of the first issue of "The Penhold Log". It's an honour and pleasure to have you with us. May your stay better fit you for service, and may the time spent among us be happy.

\* \* \* \*

### *Harold J. Snell*

Graduate Optician

Phone 640

RED DEER, ALTA.

Eyes Tested and Glasses Fitted

Prompt Optical Repairs

## *T H E Season's Greetings*

*TO ALL AT*

*No. 36 S. F. T. S., Penhold*



## *The Buffalo Hotel*

FULLY LICENSED

RED DEER

Going Up ?

## AROUND THE FLIGHTS

By "CONDIMENT"

MOST of this month's news is devoted to pupils' activities, but we hope to have news from all Flight Magicians, Riggers, and even plumbers, before our next issue. Don't be nervous, this is a big firm and we don't mind a few libel actions. Get that moan off your chest, but at the same time let us hear of the amusing things that happen to so many of you. We, too, have been in love, yes, and even pushed our feet through main planes, so let us be hearing from you.

It's a pity our "Stoodents" won't be with us forever, but we hope they will let us know how they scrounged that D.F.M. and Bar, or about that prang which resulted when they selected undercarriage up, instead of flaps—we'll do your line shooting for you!

In spite of many obstacles, including mid-night Link programmes, Oxford aircraft and even a mound of earth around one boundary, the course has struggled along quite capably, although to date the result of the Wings Exam. is not known. Let us hope results are better than those of the Progressive. Speaking of the progressive exam., we wonder which pupils submitted the following boners:—

Ques.: "How would you deal with an engine that caught fire whilst being started?"

Ans.: "Grab someone's hat and stick it in the hole!"

At least we've always made a point of being explicit as to which hole!

From the same mighty pen:—

"Before answering this question, I wish to point out that I am giving two answers—my own, which I believe to be correct and, secondly, the instructor's which I consider incorrect!"

Ah well, we have always believed in that old motto, "Where there's smoke there's a 'furniss'."

Congratulations also to the pupil who would "persuade" his pilot to fly straight and level when bombing, and to the laddie who set his "internal capacity scale to infinity." We always knew these ex-army people were great drinkers.

Why make donations to the 'chute section by lifting 'chutes by the shiny handle? And why use a "forced landing" as a means to a night out?

L.A.C. Ferries was lucky enough to gain the distinction of being first pupil solo—both day and night.

The three outings that were arranged—two to Banff and one to Edmonton—were greatly appreciated, although it was a pity the bus gave up the ghost half-way there on the latter trip!

We were very pleased to welcome our second course to Penhold after their safe passage from home. To date there is very little news to report, but everyone seems to be settling down well. Most of the pupils are now solo, although a few appear to find it quite a struggle to make the Oxfords return gracefully to earth. We know Calgary is the home of the Stampede, but why try and make an Oxford go through the antics of a bucking broncho? Nevertheless, we trust all these troubles will be overcome and that the course will make the most of its stay here and have a really enjoyable time.

# ICE HOCKEY

**I**F this current season is to run true to form, snow and heavy frost should soon arrive, and with it outdoor ice hockey and skating. Possibly there are quite a number of you who have not had the pleasure of donning a pair of ice skates. No excuses can be accepted for not learning when the season arrives, because the period of snow and frost will undoubtedly be quite lengthy and the rinks being constructed here, at this Station, should be ample to accommodate all.

If you have learned to roller skate, you have an advantage over those who have not. At least you have learned, from sad experience, of the helpless sensation and possibly painful after-effects when your rubber legs suddenly collapse and the good earth rises up to meet you. Similar reactions are encountered in ice skating, and you are doing your good turn by polishing the ice.

Ice hockey, being Canada's national sport, is played generally from coast to coast by both young and old alike. Ponds and creeks are usually the youngsters' first ice rinks, and they may be seen darting around the ice with an old shinny and a lump of coal for a puck, casting danger to the wind, in their efforts to score against their opponents.

To those of you who confess to knowing nothing whatsoever of the game, a few essentials are outlined.

An organized hockey game comprises two teams of at least six players to each team. Substitutes are essential, roughly another six players per team, but under no circumstances are more than twelve players allowed on the ice at one time during the game.

A team is composed of a goal-keeper, as in soccer; two defence players (right and left), two wings (right and left), and a centre player. The defence players are posted on either side and in front of the net or goal to break up the scoring of the opposing team. The wings' position is towards the centre of the rink on relative sides, and they support the centre man by carrying the play to their opponents. The centre's position is exactly the centre of the rink.

Now for the game. The referee drops the puck between the hockey sticks of the two centres who face each other, with sticks on the ice, both ready to scramble for possession. This is called the face-off. The centre gaining control of the puck dashes up the ice towards his opponent's goal with his wings on either side, passing the puck across the ice to avoid opponents. One of the three finally shooting it into the net past the goal-keeper. After each goal, the face-off is again made in the centre of the ice.

This article does not try to cover how a game of hockey should be played, as there are various rules too lengthy to delve into here. Witness a few games of hockey and you will soon see the fine points. It is one of the fastest games played and sometimes one of the wildest and roughest. Goals can be scored in a matter of seconds, and a hockey game is not won until it is finished. Temperatures of spectators rise as rapidly as those of the players, and quite frequently fistcuffs break out between the two as, of course, happens in most other exciting games.

**Overheard at Airmen's Dance:—**  
Sir, the cloakroom is simply crowded with ladies' coats.

\* \* \* \*

There is little danger of customers falling asleep in the camp barber's shop these days. The newest design in wallpaper ensures customers' eyes being wide open. Yes, sir!

The fact that an airman said he had just been to the barber shop is not sufficient excuse for appearing on parade with a red tie.

\* \* \* \*

There is no truth in the rumour that a number of Carpenters are coming to take over the duties of Electricians and Fitters.

*In order to eat a Good Dinner  
You must have a Good  
Dinner to eat*

WE HAVE IT



*The CLUB CAFE*

*Charlie Chuck*

*Geo. Moon*

**Airmen Attention!**

You are cordially invited to visit our modern store and  
inspect the big range of

*Moderately Priced Merchandise*

SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

**Red Deer 5c to \$1 Store**

RED DEER - ALBERTA

Gaetz Avenue South

(Opposite Eaton's)

"A COMPLETE VARIETY STORE"

## Alas! Poor Archie

This is the tale of Archie Zeff  
 Who thought he'd join the R.A.F.  
 And so was caught in the usual way  
 And signed for 2s. 6d. a day.  
 At once to Penhold he was sent  
 And as he had no choice—he went.  
 Upon arrival there he heard  
 About the order so absurd,  
 That every morn at eight o'clock  
 He would arise—oh! what a shock,  
 Then don his little shorts and vest  
 And do P.T. with all the rest.  
 The morning came so cold and dark,  
 He rose as bright as any lark  
 And out into the cold he went  
 And then by numbers stretched and bent.

Thus through the fall and Indian  
 summer  
 And every morning he grew number,

Until one morning in the fall  
 He could not feel his feet at all.  
 But he would not admit defeat,  
 His keenness had reached fever heat,

He scorned pneumonia, colds and  
 chills,

He said "Who cares? We've made  
 our wills!"

Ere many mornings more had gone,  
 Too frozen now to carry on,  
 Poor Archie Zeff took to his bed,  
 Within an hour the lad was dead.  
 The moral plain as plain can be  
 Is there for all you "erks" to see,  
 If you would stay both safe and  
 sound,

Don't do P.T., just scrub it round.

—Wagstaff

(Half-brother to Shakespeare!)

(F.O. Morris states that the above  
 will not be considered sufficient  
 authority for missing P.T.—Ed.)

\* \* \* \*

Talking of the Suckers' Club—  
 does a certain honorary member  
 think there is such a thing as a  
 genuine sucker in the woodpile?  
 It's been noticed—and rather than  
 condemn—they think he is saving  
 his cents for a rainy day, or a trip  
 North.

A Small Space But

## A Big Wish

A VERY MERRY

CHRISTMAS

AND HAPPY LANDINGS

in 1942

## Farthing's Studio

RED DEER

ALBERTA

## Our Best Wishes

To No. 36 S.F.T.S., R.A.F.

— for —

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

and

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

\* \* \* \*

## Meeres-Hill Electric

Ross Street

RED DEER

## ENTERTAINMENTS

THIS important branch of recreation is developing satisfactorily, with its headquarters at the Y.M.C.A. Hall. An Entertainments Committee was formed soon after our arrival in Penhold, and a plan of campaign prepared. It was decided that the first essential at the Station, from the entertainment point of view, was a dance band. We were lucky in being able to find really talented instrumentalists who settled down very quickly into an efficient dance band combination. When at full strength, it is composed of seven players, but it is hoped to augment it still further as soon as the financial position will permit the purchase of more instruments. An effort is being made to form a second band, in order to relieve the strain that frequent dance engagements impose on the regular players.

The next project was to improve the stage by enlarging it, providing dressing room accommodation, curtains and lighting effects. These alterations "mirabile-dictu" have almost been completed and have not only added considerably to the amenities of the hall, as far as entertainments are concerned, but have also vastly improved the appearance of the whole place.

Two concerts have already been held at the camp, and one at Red Deer where we performed to a full house. The press report (submitted by a member of the committee) was particularly encouraging.

The next big event was a show at the Empire Theatre, Edmonton, on Saturday, November 29th, and part of the show was broadcast two days later. A very large proportion of the concert party is a male voice choir which was one of the first groups to be assembled. It now functions as a separate body and is controlled by a very efficient committee (upon whose "verrucae" let no man tread except at his peril!). The choir has performed locally and far afield on numerous occasions, and has been very well received everywhere, the high-spot being at a charity concert in Edmonton on November 15th.

We now boast (literally) of a Harmonica Band which is rapidly reaching a stage (so versatile are its members) when it will be able to provide an evening's entertainment all on its own.

Space will not permit mention of all the artists who have worked so hard to make these concerts a success, but the committee would like to take this opportunity of thanking them all for their help and for the way in which they have carried on in spite of almost insurmountable difficulties.

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### PROBLEM ONE—

A batman intent upon filling an officer's bath turns both taps full on, but omits to put in the plug.

He then becomes so absorbed in other pursuits that the bath is forgotten.

Given the following information, how long will it be before the bath overflows?

Hot tap alone will fill the bath in 10 minutes.

Cold tap alone will fill the bath in 8 minutes.

Outlet will empty a full bath in 6 minutes.

### PROBLEM TWO—

A and B are two huts one mile distant from the top of a hill. A motorist leaving A travels to the top of the hill at 30 m.p.h. How fast must he travel down the hill to B to average 60 m.p.h.

(Answers next month.)

\* \* \* \*

Congratulations to the "Albertan" news-hounds. While other papers reported the British advance in Libya on November 20th, the "Albertan" reported this on October 20th.

\* \* \* \*

Who is the "Great White Chief?"

## WE THANK YOU

We're glad to have you R.A.F. boys here,  
and we want to thank you for your valued patronage.

*A Complete Drug Store Service*

# HORSLEY'S Drug Store

Corner Gaetz Ave. and Ross Street

RED DEER

## Every Success To

### *“THE PENHOLD LOG”*

## LEONARD'S Billiards and Bowling

Proprietor—L. FUNK

RED DEER

## Our Short Story

# EDINBURGH TO LONDON

I HAD settled down comfortably in a corner seat of the compartment, surrounded by copies of the "Strand," "Argosy," "Scotsmen," etc., completely armed for my seven-hour train journey to London, when suddenly the door burst open and an agitated, elderly gentleman rushed in. "I've made it," he gasped, and dropped into the vacant seat in the opposite corner. The guard's whistle sounded and the "Flying Scotsman" was off.

My companion, now that he had recovered from his last-minute rush, bade me good-morning and asked if he might borrow a paper. I passed over the desired paper and settled down to the "Strand".

It was soon evident that my companion was not in a mood for reading. At discreet intervals he would start conversation. He thought that the Hearts had lost their chance of winning the Cup with the outbreak of war. He told me what Hitler's next move in Europe would be. I replied in monosyllables. Realizing that the "Strand" appeared to be of more interest to me, he folded his arms, and resting his head on the window, dropped off to sleep.

We had just passed Newcastle when my companion awoke with the dining car attendant's call: "Take your seats for second lunch, please." "Shall we go," he asked. "Certainly," I replied. After a very satisfying lunch, a glass of beer and a smoke, we returned to our compartment on very friendly terms. We swapped yarns; experiences were related and compared. "I must tell you of a remarkable experience a young friend of mine had," he said.

"This young man had just been appointed chief salesman for a large firm of diamond merchants in London. His business took him abroad quite a lot. He was called by his chief one day and told that a well-known French firm had written regarding the possible purchase of a consignment of diamonds. His chief emphasized the value of this order and asked my friend to deal with it personally."

"He caught the night boat and reached Paris about midday. His appointment was for three o'clock. He fixed up a bedroom, had lunch, and prepared to leave for his appointment. Glancing at his watch he discovered that he had half-an-hour to reach "Hotel Anglaise". As the hotels were only two hundred yards apart, he decided to have a stroll. He walked in the direction of the Arc de Triomphe. He was about to cross the road when a chauffeur-driven Renault glided up to the curb immediately opposite him. A lady's hand, covered with a black lace glove, slid through the rear window. An envelope was poised between the finger and thumb. This was released and dropped at his feet. The car moved off as noiselessly as it had approached. Bewildered, he stooped and picked up the envelope. Inside was a card with some strange lettering upon it. A nearby clock chimed three. With a start he remembered his appointment. Stuffing the card and envelope into his pocket he hurried off.

"His business transaction was very successful and his client suggested a drink. Seated at the cocktail bar, he remembered the incident of the letter. He told his client about it and produced the card. The Frenchman looked at it a moment, then rising, he bowed stiffly and said, 'Bon jour, monsieur, our business she is over. I buy diamonds elsewhere,' and turning walked quickly away. Too astonished to speak, my friend picked up the card from the table and left the hotel.

"Back at his own hotel he studied this amazing card which had lost him the biggest order of his career. Wondering if the hotel manager could assist him, he rushed down to the manager's office. After hearing his remarkable story, the manager asked if he might see the card. He studied it for a few

minutes, then said, 'Sir, I must ask you to leave this hotel.' 'But why?' my friend asked. 'I have nothing further to say, please go.'

"My friend left that evening. He caught the first available boat for Dover. He was, as you will realize, in a very depressed state of mind. And he was not looking forward to his interview with his chief. The following day he entered the office and prepared for his ordeal. He was sent for immediately. 'What's all this about,' he demanded. 'I 'phoned last night only to learn that you had lost the order. What is the reason?' My friend told his story and produced the card—this accursed message—which had caused him so much trouble. His chief looked at it for some time, then rose and walked over to the window. 'Please go,' he said quietly. 'I shall send for you.'

"My friend waited for an hour. He was asked to come in again. 'I'm very sorry,' he said, 'but I'm afraid the firm no longer requires your service.' 'What does it all mean?' my friend cried. 'Why should I suffer like this?' 'I'm sorry, really I am,' his chief said, 'but the firm has a reputation and we cannot retain you now. I should destroy that card and forget all about it, if I were you.' 'Destroy it? I shall find out this secret—I must.'

"He returned to his apartment, wrestling mentally with his problem. All night he thought of possible friends who might be able to help him. At last he remembered one—Professor McDonald, an old friend of his father's. An authority on languages and hieroglyphics. He 'phoned his Glasgow home only to discover that the professor had gone to the Highlands on a shooting holiday. Deciding he could not wait any longer for the answer to his problem, my friend caught the morning train to Scotland.

"Arriving at the shooting lodge, he discovered that the professor was out on the moor. He would be back in about two hours, he was told. There was nothing for it but to wait. At last the professor returned. 'Hullo, laddie, how are you?' he greeted my friend. 'You're just in time for dinner. How are you liking the diamond business?' 'That's why I am here. I am no longer in the diamond business. I had——' 'Let's have dinner, first, laddie,' the professor interrupted. Dinner finished, and seated in front of a glowing peat fire, my friend told his story. 'Before showing you this card, sir, I must have your assurance that it will make no difference to our friendship.' 'You know me better than that, laddie. Let's see this terrible message.' My friend put his hand in his pocket. 'Good Heavens' he cried, 'I've lost it.'"

My travelling companion had risen to his feet. He opened the door and stepped out. I hadn't realised the train had stopped. "King's Cross", a voice bellowed.

## ATTENTION ARTISTS!

Are you useful with pen or pencil?

Have you ideas for cartoons, etc.?

If so, call on our Art Editor—  
A.C. Roughton, at 12B. He  
will welcome you.

A young pupil pilot decided to visit the large dance hall in Red Deer. This being his introduction, he somewhat boldly marched up to a young lady seated along the wall. "May I have the pleasure of this dance?" he enquired in his best English accent. She looked at him and replied coldly, "I'm sorry, but I do not dance with children." "My apologies, madam," he came back; "I was not aware of your predicament."

\* \* \* \*

On and after December 30th the golden-voiced lady from the nearby hamlet will devote her attentions to A.C.'s. The sergeant-pilots and others in the mess have had that privilege too long.

# Welcome R.A.F.

WE'RE GLAD TO SEE YOU

*For a Snack or a Meal*

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## THE DUTCH MILL

Gaetz Avenue, Red Deer

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You'll be welcome at our Edmonton or Calgary  
restaurants, too.



### *Our Appreciation*

Allow us to express our sincere appreciation for the good will and loyal support from the boys of the R.A.F., and we wish you every success in the publication of "The Penhold Log."

Our Christmas gift stock is complete and of the highest quality merchandise—prices are very moderate.

In our Repair Department, we employ three qualified tradesmen who are giving the public the very best of service and workmanship—at the most reasonable rates.

"The Little Store With the  
BIG Heart"

## LORNE W. ASKIN

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER

Crescent Theatre Building

RED DEER, ALTA.



## Stand By and Smile Awhile

Who is the Senior N.C.O. who repeatedly forgets himself — and knocks on his own office door before entering?

\* \* \* \*

Embarrassment was spared a certain N.C.O. who talks in his sleep. The fact that he was asleep was his salvation. His wife's name is Judy —so Beryl must be enjoying herself!

\* \* \* \*

We hand out a pat on the back to the A.C. with a return bus ticket now shewing rapid signs of wear. Apparently he has figured a way out to beat the expense of a trip to Calgary—or is it Edmonton. For a small charge, this magazine is willing to divulge the secret.

\* \* \* \*

Who is the No. 1 Flight N.C.O. who loves his work so much that it affects his sleep?

### WE'VE BEEN WONDERING—

Which instructor has to 'phone a local school ma'am and ask her permission before taking his popsie to the movies. Does he use a brown, black or green late pass form?

Why a certain Sgt.-Pilot is no longer interested in buying shares in a local taxi company. Can this be taken as pukka griff?

Which three pilots lost two nights' sleep in Calgary trying to solve "the mystery of a knock that never came"?

Which Link Instructor tells the local girls that he is a Blind Flying Instructor?

\* \* \* \*

Our local laundry is rather mystified. Tomato ketchup seems to be the reason. Can the Suckers' Club be active again.

# G. W. WEST & SON

1891— DEPARTMENTAL STORE —1941

WISH THE OFFICERS AND MEN

of the R.A.F. a

VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS  
and A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Phone 15

INNISFAIL, ALTA.

Diamonds

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# A. B. Mitchell

Jeweller and Watchmaker

Gaetz Avenue South (Opposite T. Eaton Co.)

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RED DEER, Alta.

## For Your Entertainment

Presenting

# R. A. F. Cinema, Penhold

IT was hoped that this article would be printed before the new Cinema commenced its activities, but in view of the long—and cold—winter evenings, the chance was taken to provide first-class entertainment without waiting for the editors to agree on the date of publication of this first number of the Log.

Before discussing the attractive list of films lined up for presentation during the next few weeks, a short note on the reason for the changeover may clear up a few doubts in your minds. When the scheme was first suggested, an evening was selected to ask the Cinema audience whether the idea of having modern films, under the arrangements at present in being, appealed to them. In spite of the extra cost, the proposal was greeted with great enthusiasm. Quite apart from this enquiry, however, many advantages of installing 35 mm. equipment spring to mind, including, in addition to the age of the film, the improvement in production and the reduction of breaks in the programme to a minimum.

Accordingly, the essential but lengthy procedure for obtaining exemption from entertainment taxes and the arrangements for the installation of equipment and booking of films were put in hand with the result you now see.

Contrary to expectation, your organizer is not trying to make his fortune from the prices of admission, although an explanation of the apparently high cost is necessary. Admission to a Camp Cinema in England was admittedly cheaper, but then so was admission to the Cinema in your local town cheaper than admission to the public cinemas in this country. This is partly explainable by the higher carriage charges on films due to greater distances, and to the high cost of projecting equipment, a complete installation costing upwards of \$2,000 in this country. It is confidently expected that, in a very short time, when the initial costs have been surmounted, and you have shown by your frequent visits that the shows are being enjoyed, a lower price will be possible.

What are the immediate aims of your Cinema?

Every effort will be made to provide the most popular, and the best of the film industry's product—and to present this product in such a way that the maximum enjoyment can be obtained from it, so that this Cinema shall carry out an essential function on the Station.

To choose the best films requires considerable care, involving scrutiny of film reviews and attendance figures of past performances. In this respect, suggestions will always be welcome, and criticisms will be appreciated in order that future programmes can be improved. Turning now to the showing of the films, it is interesting to note that, in order to present a smooth unbroken programme there are on duty two trained projectionists who must possess a high standard of technical knowledge to cope with the problems which crop up at the most unexpected moments.

Fortunately, in a remarkably short space of time, three volunteers have come forward, all of whom have had many years' experience in civil life as cinema operators, and you can rest assured that if it is possible to carry on the show, these operators will find a way.

After such a lengthy opening introductory message, it is necessary to explain that next month more space will be available for up-to-the-minute film reviews, which will be a regular feature of this page.

## Forthcoming Attractions

**December 15—"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH"**, starring Bob Hope, Paulette Goddard, Edward Arnold and Helen Vinson. As refreshing as a cool breeze on a hot desert! This story is about a young man who wagers that he can tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, for twenty-four hours. Never was Bob Hope more suited to a role than he is to this one, and the female love interest is in the hands of the vibrant Paulette Goddard, who plays up to her comically frustrated hero to the limit.

**December 17—"ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS"**, starring Dorothy Lamour, Jon Hall and Lynne Overman. The last word in Technicolour! Thrills are provided by suspenseful volcanic eruptions skilfully carried out by artistic special effects; in addition, novel ceremonials and native dances add to this awe-inspiring production.

**December 22—"THE DEVIL AND MISS JONES"**, starring Jean Arthur, Robert Cummings, Charles Coburn and Edmund Gwenn. As the "richest man in the world", Charles Coburn discovers to his horror that employees of a department store which he didn't even know he owned, have hanged him in effigy. Determined to get to the root of the trouble himself, he poses as a shoe salesman, with consequent complications of both a humorous and fantastic nature.

**December 29—"I WANTED WINGS"**, starring Ray Milland, William Holden and Brian Donlevy. Thrills, comedy and drama are blended in this heart-stirring personal story of sound human interest which culminates in tense climaxes. . . . Transitions from sky to drawing-room, from barracks to nightclub, from mass manoeuvres to personal exchanges, are negotiated without a break in sequence. An epic Air Service drama.

## A WELCOME

awaits the boys of the R.A.F. at the

### ARLINGTON HOTEL

RED DEER

HARRY P. ELLIS, Manager

**BULOVA'S NEW**  
 MILITARY  
**"Commander"**  
 — the Gift-Watch supreme  
 for "Over There"

WATER-TITE  
 15 JEWELS

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Other Watches Priced from \$5.00 up

R.A.F. Supplies and Jewellery of all kinds

**H. H. HUMBER**

Two Doors from Club Cafe

RED DEER

## The Padres' Page

St. Mark's Rectory,  
Innisfail, Alberta.

I FEEL privileged in being asked to write a few words for the first issue of your Magazine. I am writing as Rector of the Parish in which the No. 36 S.F.T.S., R.A.F., Station is situated; and also as officiating part-time Chaplain. It gave me, as an Old Country man, a thrill to welcome most of you to Penhold on Sunday, August 24. I am sorry I have not been able to meet you all personally, but with a parish of approximately 1,000 square miles, I have only been able to make two weekly visits to the Station. I understand you will soon have a full-time Padre. I wish to thank those of you who have come to me with your problems; a padre is on the Station to be made use of. I know many men regard a parson as someone who is out of touch with the normal run of life. Make no mistake, a parson is, usually, a man who has had a good deal of experience of life. He is a friend to anyone and everyone who needs a friend. Take your problems to him; he is there to give you guidance and counsel. I hope to meet those of you who come to Innisfail, either to St. Mark's Church or to the Recreation Hall; make use of both, they are for your use.

T. J. WILLIAMS

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## The Spirit of The Times

THIS is an introduction to a series of articles which will appear from time to time. It may be truly stated that we live in cataclysmic times. Death and destruction of all those things which we hold most dear, our homes, our families and our churches, are not spared.

This time it is not two or three nations fighting one against the other, it is the whole world that has become embroiled in this bitter struggle, either by actual fighting or by helping those that are fighting. Such is the panoramic view of the world today. The dominant thought that comes uppermost in our minds as we gaze upon this tragic scene is the fact that Christian nations have risen up against each other.

We who pride ourselves on our Christian and cultured heritage which our forefathers have built up for us since the time of Christ, are witnesses to the fact that in Germany it is being torn to pieces in the most ruthless manner possible.

Can we dare to say that we are entirely blameless? I do not think so. If anything, the fault lies with us all in that we have not adhered to that Christian ideal of life which Christ left to us nearly two thousand years ago. That ideal life which Christ himself set for us by His own example while here upon earth.

Verily, indeed, the spirit of the times is far from the spirit of Christ. A materialistic age has come into being and seeks to divorce Christ from the minds and hearts of the people and set up the god of materialism in His place. I hope to enlarge on this topic in a future article.

S. G. STEWART,  
Chaplain (R.C.)

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In our next number we will be publishing our first article from the pen of Hon. Flight Lieutenant J. A. Hockin, our Station Chaplain.—Editor.

## Y. M. C. A. Notes

I wish to take the opportunity afforded me by the Editor of our station magazine to outline the services offered to the personnel of this station by the Y.M.C.A. War Services. There are two branches of the Auxiliary War Services represented here, the Programme branch and the Canteen Services. In the spring of 1941 the Canadian people contributed over \$6,000,000 to a fund to provide Auxiliary Services to the Canadian forces. With the developing of R.A.F. stations in Canada, it was decided to give the R.A.F. stations the benefit of these same Auxiliary Services, and the Y.M.C.A. was asked to provide these services for all R.A.F. stations in Canada.

These services include providing sports equipment and helping and coaching in sports, running reading rooms and libraries and securing the books and equipment involved in this, helping arrange dances and other entertainments, securing invitations to homes, running picture shows (cinemas to you), and in general doing all possible to make life happier and more satisfying for men on the station. It is quite interesting to note that approximately 10,000 men saw moving pictures on this station during October. The Y.M.C.A. Services are here to serve you.

When the R.A.F. set up its training stations in Canada, its representative asked the Y.M.C.A. to operate dry canteens on all stations for the R.A.F. Briefly, the conditions are these: the Y.M.C.A. operates the canteen under regulations set up in an agreement between Air Vice-Marshal McKean and the National Council of the Y.M.C.A., which provide that the Y.M.C.A. shall operate the dry canteen, taking out of the proceeds only the operating expenses and turning all profits over to the station to be used as the P.S.I. fund administrators see fit. May I take this opportunity to state that suggestions and constructive criticisms concerning the operation of our services here will be welcomed.

ARTHUR ALLEN,  
Supervisor, Y.M.C.A. Services.

## Postal Information

Ordinary Mail (within Canada) ..... 3¢ first ounce, 2¢ each additional ounce.  
Air Mail (within Canada) ..... 6¢ each ounce.

### Mail to Great Britain—

Ordinary Mail ..... 3¢ first ounce, 2¢ each additional ounce.  
Air Mail to Coast ..... 6¢ each ounce.  
Air Mail All The Way ..... 30¢ each ½ ounce.

### Parcels—

Not exceeding 1 lb.	.....	24¢
1 lb. not exceeding 2 lbs.	.....	42¢
2 lbs. not exceeding 3 lbs.	.....	60¢
3 lbs. not exceeding 4 lbs.	.....	78¢
4 lbs. not exceeding 5 lbs.	.....	96¢

Not more than 2 lbs. of any one foodstuff may be sent in any parcel.

Articles of silk or part silk are dutiable. Further information can be obtained at the Y.M.C.A. Reading Room.

With us it's  
"Calgary"



CALGARY is manufactured by an old Western firm which is long practised in the making of keener, more uniform refreshments. The way it pitches in and quenches thirst . . . holds its smooth mellow flavour to the last drop, is a treat and thrill for every taste.

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THIRST TAKES  
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**CALGARY** *Ginger Ale*

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Extend to all ranks of the

ROYAL AIR FORCE

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*The Compliments of*

*The Season*

