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LOG

GRAND TOTAL HOURS
 1942

B.W. ROUGHTON

36 S.F.T.S

JANUARY
VOLUME I



1942
NUMBER 2

CAPITOL THEATRE, RED DEER

Friday and Saturday, Jan. 16-17
"WILD GEESE CALLING"

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday
January 19-20-21
"HONKY TONK"

Thursday, January 22
"THE MEXICAN
SPITFIRE'S BABY"

Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23-24
"SKYLARK"

Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 26-27
"ADAM HAD FOUR SONS"

Wednesday and Thursday,
January 28-29
"NAVY BLUES"

Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31
"DR. JEKYLL AND
MR. HYDE"

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday
February 2, 3 and 4

"LOUISIANA PURCHASE"

Thursday, February 5
ONE DAY ONLY

"I WAKE UP SCREAMING"

Friday and Saturday, February 6-7
"SHADOW OF THE
THIN MAN"

Monday and Tuesday, February 9-10
"BLUES IN THE NIGHT"

Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 11-12
"WEEK-END IN HAVANA"

Friday and Saturday, February 13-14
"HOLD BACK THE DAWN"

Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 16-17
"ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN"

News Reels, Monday, Tuesday,
Wednesday and Thursday



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The *Penhold Log*

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Group Captain W. B. Farrington,
D.S.O.
Commanding Officer
No. 36 S.F.T.S., Penhold

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VOL. I. No. 2.

JANUARY, 1942

EDITORIAL

THE Christmas trees have gone—the decorations removed. The turkey and pudding are but a memory. A New Year is ushered in. What does it hold in store for us? That is the question on everyone's lips. And it is a question the answer to which would be mere conjecture. But this magazine does not intend to discuss that. Our object is to interest and entertain and in some small measure, help to brighten life at Penhold.

The success of the first number has prompted us to increase the size of the magazine. We can only maintain this if your support is forthcoming. The urge to write comes to most of us at some time or another. So why not obey that urge instead of procrastinating. Let's have that story of your New Year leave: "How I Shot a Grizzly," or perhaps it was "Ski-ing Down The Mountain." No matter what—write it this time and we shall all enjoy it!

Introduced in this number is the first of a series of war experiences. I am sure you will enjoy it. Also in this issue are the winning pictures in the photographic competition. Congratulations, photographers—keep it up!

We welcome to the Station Hon. F.-Lt. Hockin, our new padre. A number of you have already made his acquaintance. To those who have not, I would say, "If you have any problem or wish advice at any time, you will find in the Padre a wise counsellor and friend."

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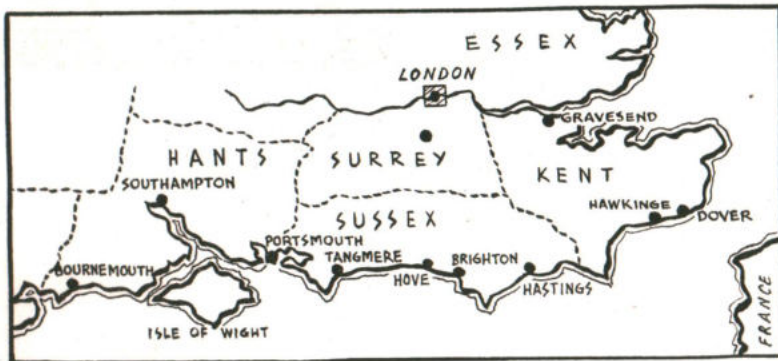
RED DEER

A Day in the Battle of Britain

FOREWORD:—A Foreword is to a literary effort what hors d'oeuvres is to a dinner, just an appetizer—a palate tickler. Well, I have been asked to produce this unnecessary prelude to the "strong meat" you will find on this and the next few pages. I think that it is the general desire that these stories should be told, and the only difficulty has been to find the men with, first, the tale to tell, and second, the ability to tell it. Of these, Sgt. Wallace is the first we have bullied into print, and we are already working on victim No. 2. And so to our tale.—Gerald Dean.

"IT'S three o'clock, Sergeant." One of the ground crew threatened to hit me on the head with a monkey-wrench if I didn't get out of bed immediately. I protested that I was sick, but he just shook his head and stood defiantly next to my bed threatening to carry out my Canadian Flight Commander's orders. I got up. The previous evening our squadron had done the dusk patrol over the channel from our advanced base at Hawkinge, which meant that when we got back to Croydon it was about 23.00 hours. While we were snatching a few hours, the ground servicing crews worked like niggers patching up our battered Hurricanes and inspecting them in the space of four hours, ready for the dawn patrol. Not a single moan did I ever hear from one of them, and my crew in particular will never be forgotten.

I had just staggered into the pilots' rest room tying up my Mae-West when the message came from the controller: "One, One, One Squadron scramble Dover, 15,000 ft." Within 60 seconds the whole twelve of us were awake, airborne and climbing eastwards with formation lights on. Sqd.-Ldr. Jack Thompson, ex-rugby star and D.F.C., was a man of steel and had led us on



countless occasions ever since Dunkirk. Never once did he fail to intercept against odds of anything up to 20-1. Never once did he fail to put us in the best position before attacking. Just one single miscalculation and the whole squadron could easily have been slaughtered, and as we swept across Kent, eyes skinned everywhere, we all had the feeling that no matter what the odds, we would follow our C.O. to Hell and back. This particular morning the team was slightly weakened, as we had about three or four brand new

fledglings to fill the gaps from the previous day's losses and therefore everybody's senses were sharpened to an even keener pitch than usual, which was a good thing, as it later in the day proved. Over the radio we heard, "50 hostile aircraft proceeding North West, 10,000 ft." They usually timed their early morning hit and run raids so that they came out of the sun just as it was showing its full face above the horizon. We spotted them half-way across the channel as we reached Dover, so my C.O. just kept climbing up to 20,000 right over the top of some high cloud, after giving the "tally-ho" signal to the ground.

Allowing them to pass underneath us, we screamed down on their tails out of the sun, with perfect timing in sections line abreast. As we closed in quite unnoticed, we could clearly identify them as ME 109's, and nobody bothered to count them. I estimated them at two squadrons of twenty each. They were flying in line astern, stepped up and staggered, and the first they saw of us was our tracer tearing through their rear formations. This broke them up in all directions, most of them resorting to an evasive tactic new to us of a flick half-roll to the left, then a loop, finishing with a half-roll off the top. These well executed aerobatics were easy enough to follow, as we had heard through our Intelligence of other people being caught out, by the "huns" finishing on their tails, with the same bag of tricks. Within a few seconds, dog-fights were raging from 15,000 ft. right down to the sea. A few got through and set some balloons on fire, but a good many were left with their lift coming from a thin bit of white silk, with the rest of the flying fire-eaters nursing their D. Benz engines for more speed. We then landed at Hawkinge for ammunition, fuel and breakfast. On checking up, we found that we had bagged six and damaged many others so badly that they probably never reached their base. Only one of our machines was badly damaged, but the pilot was quite safe.

A greasy sausage was stuck in my throat when we were ordered to patrol base at 15,000 ft., so the rest of my breakfast had to consist of oxygen. Here we orbited for two hours without seeing a thing excepting another squadron of "Spits" on channel patrol who investigated us from an uncomfortably close range, apparently thinking that we were ME 109's. We then had a rest from about 11 a.m. until shortly after lunch, at Croydon, but only in a state of 15 minutes available, which meant Mae-Wests on.

At this stage in the Battle of Britain the Germans had concentrated mainly on our shipping areas and coastal air bases, most of the fighting being done over the channel and the coast of Kent. That afternoon they ventured a step farther and sent about 80 Do. 215's with 50 ME 110's and 100 109's as protection, inland, North of the Thames Estuary, bombing aerodromes and various defence points. We intercepted with the help of two Spitfire squadrons who attended to the fighter escorts, while we tried to smash the bomber formations. Several were shot down and many of the tail gunners went home dead, but we couldn't stop them from bombing.

The majority of the Londoners at this stage were rather worried as to whether we could stop the air front from closing in on them, and the first daylight attack on the Capital was expected at any minute. About 4 o'clock 100 JU 88's, protected by 100 ME 110's, attacked Tangmere, Thorny Island and the Southampton area. We were sent among the ME's at 25,000 feet, lost three pilots and shot down seven. The 88's were completely smashed up by another squadron of Hurricanes. In this action, Flt.-Lieut. Nicholson earned the first V.C. of Fighter Command by shooting down a ME 110 with his own aircraft blazing. He was very badly burnt, but, by a miracle, he lived.

When we gathered the remnants of the squadron at Croydon, we found that we had nine serviceable pilots to stand by until dusk. Goebbels had just announced over the Zeesen radio that the Luftwaffe had superiority of the air, and that Goering could own the air over London any time he wanted

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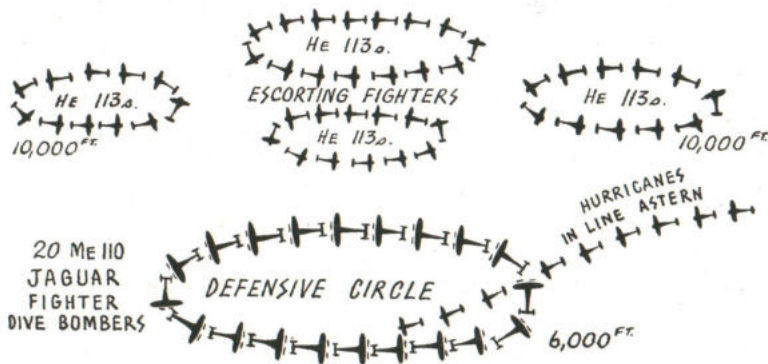
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RED DEER

it, as the British Fighter strength had been smashed and their aerodromes obliterated. At about 7 in the evening, just as we were beginning to think that our day's fighting was done, Goering made a daring attack on Croydon aerodrome, preceded by a clever bit of decoy work. This was the big test, and my squadron was the last line of defence in the protection of London. A large formation of mixed bombers and fighters crossed the South coast at about 15,000 feet and headed Northwards, crossing the Thames, East of London. Just before reaching Gravesend, a specially selected formation of ME 110 Jaguar fighter-dive-bombers with picked crews totalling the small number of 20, for tactical reasons, broke off from the main formation and climbed to a great height where they met a pre-arranged escort of about 25 or 30 HE 113 fighters, the much vaunted, and so far unseen, most secret fighters of the Luftwaffe. Suddenly they dived straight for our aerodrome at a terrific speed at a time when all our available fighter strength was busy dealing with the main formation. This was very simple strategy, but also very effective. Before our controller in the operations room knew what was happening, they swooped down over our heads with such suddenness that the last man of the squadron was just leaving the ground as the first bombs fell. As I was climbing up in formation next to my C.O. to meet them, I could see the hangar in which I resided smashed to the ground. People were running for shelter, as no sirens had been sounded. It wasn't long before we got high enough to attack. Our strategy was also very simple. As we closed on them they immediately stopped dive bombing and formed their famous defensive circle, which until then was extremely effective, with their escorts milling above them.



This was a definite challenge, so my C.O. dived straight into their circle in line astern, turning inside of them in the opposite direction. We performed a series of short head-on attacks which, incidentally, was invented and perfected by our squadron, on these glass-nosed ME's which proved too much for their pilots, who cracked up and broke away after the first attack, with the cream of the Luftwaffe sitting up above and not daring to come to their rescue. Bombs were jettisoned all over the place and as the ME's dived towards the deck to race home over the tree tops, possibly the best evasive tactics they could adopt under such circumstances, I heard my C.O.'s instructions, "Every man for himself," and then we really started shooting. As they levelled off, each of us was waiting to attack from above and behind. My first attack brought no return fire, so I closed in to almost point blank range and with a five-second burst left both engines pouring thick black smoke and one rudder shot clean off. Suddenly it zoomed up to about 600 feet, did a

stall turn and dived straight into a field where it burnt up with the pilot, navigator and gunner in it. About four miles away was another ME streaking home. Diving on him from the beam, I did a short attack, allowing full deflection, but excitement and trigger itch made the range too long for any results. His gunner took a shot at me at the same time and I saw his tracer miss me by a good 50 yards. Perhaps he laughed at my effort as well. Eventually I got on his tail and his job obviously being to get home as quickly as he could, he couldn't turn. A three-second burst at 100 yards was all I had left. However, it was just enough to put his gunner out of action and damage his plane severely. Suddenly the channel loomed up in front of me and, as I had very little petrol left, I decided to leave him and, turning back, I saw something which almost caused me to black-out. Immediately behind on my tail was what I thought to be a HE 113, but on closer examination and with a sigh of relief, I found that it was a Spitfire. (These two machines from certain angles are almost identical.) He closed in and sent the ME nose first into the Channel, crew and all.

When I got back to Croydon I had to pancake in between the numerous bomb-craters. That same night, Lord Haw Haw boasted that the fires could be seen from the Coast of France. The following morning our press had the following headlines: "Daring German Daylight Assault on Croydon.—Civilians machine-gunned in streets—NOT ONE RAIDER RETURNED."

Yes, we shot every bomber clean out of the sky between nine of us and the assistance of a few stray Spitfires. Goering's invincible 113's watched the ME's they were supposed to protect being annihilated, without even firing a shot. We never suffered one bullet hole.

The following day, after our Intelligence had had time to make a thorough check-up, we learned that our fighters' total bag for the day was 180.

We received a message of congratulations from the Chief of Air Staff, Sir Cyril Newall, and Mr. Winston Churchill.

SGT. T. Y. WALLACE, D.F.M.

R. A. F. Boys

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at the

Arlington Hotel

RED DEER

HARRY P. ELLIS, Manager

Stayed here at Xmas

Helped Mr. Ellis drink his whiskey!

SPORTS

LET us platitudinize. Canada is a vast territory (in the words of one of our respected—they all are, of course—adjutants, “just miles and miles of damn all”.) Airmen like playing games. For games we need pitches—sometimes large ones—and a reasonable climate. This is Sunny Alberta. Therefore, with logic absolute, we deduce that members of the R.A.F. in Canada have unlimited opportunities to indulge in their favourite sport—that of kicking, hugging or chasing a “bag of wind”—to their hearts’ content (though what atavistic tendency that strange delight demonstrates is not my business to divulge in this sports’ boosting article).

Our ideas concerning recreation have had to suffer a considerable re-orientation (or should it be re-occidantation?) during the last three months. Cricket or soccer have had to be translated into baseball and American rugby, played in an atmosphere which is strongly suggestive of the jousts and tourneys of medievaldom.

It might have seemed strange to the more impetuous and the less perspicuous amongst us that we did not plunge into an orgy of cricket and football as soon as we had found our prairie feet. Why not? Firstly, because of a lamentable lack of suitable pitches. The surface of the ground is quite unsuitable for even mild usage and it is unlikely that we shall have any decent pitches for at least another two years! Secondly, lack of funds; and thirdly, lack of sports’ equipment in the local stores.

Facilities for the playing of badminton and tennis have been available for some time. Roller skating proved to be a popular pastime, but the quality of skate was not good enough to withstand a concrete floor. Two ice hockey rinks are being constructed—one a shambles for ice hockey enthusiasts and the other a circle for the more gentle natured where they may develop contusions, strains, broken limbs and other concomitant luxuries of winter sports at their leisure. Luckily we shall not feel the cold this year (our blood is thick!!)

A boxing team was assembled and trained under extremely adverse conditions. We scored a noteworthy win over the R.C.A.S.C., Red Deer, in our one and only tournament. Cpl. Barton, who did so well against his opponent on that occasion, is no longer with us, and it is feared that the team will suffer from the want of his expert coaching.

Gone also from the Sports department is Cpl. Simmons who, by virtue of his versatility and efficiency, was an ideal man for the post he filled at this station. We wish them both the best of luck.

To conclude, here is a word or two of advice. It will be worth your while to become interested in some form of recreational activity in the station itself, because there is every prospect of your being boxed in camp for many a long, weary winter’s night. There is nothing to equal an enjoyable recreative activity as a means of relieving the tedium of barrackroom duties.—“Verb Sap.”

PERSONALITIES

The Flying Adjutant has rejected as a motto, “Life is very sweet, brother.”

Flying Officer Attwater will shortly extend his mural decorations to the ceiling.

Flight-Lieutenant Foxley-Norris’s guinea pig is turning into a dog.

Two well-known Flying Instructors have joined the ranks of the “Skating-Snowballing, Dead End Kids.”

Going Up?

AROUND THE FLIGHTS

By "CONDIMENT"

THE highlight of the past month was undoubtedly the Graduation Parade of the Senior Course. No doubt we'll get used to these ceremonies in due course, but this, our first one, was certainly a novelty. How different from the procedure at home, where one receives a chit and is told to report to Stores, there to be confronted by an irate "stores basher" (sorry—Equipment Assistant, Group A), who curses the world in general and U.-T. pilots in particular. After a leisurely look around, he usually discovers that they ran out of Wings two Courses ago, and is sorry, but the only remedy he can suggest is that one buys a pair down in the nearest town! Nevertheless, the parade went over very well, and the lads certainly looked "on top of the world" as they received their Wings which, after all, is just as it should be. The award to Sgt. Catley gave added zest to the ceremony, although he looked a little hot under the collar. The dinner and party in the evening was a very successful conclusion to a highly satisfactory Course. The outstanding feature was a high-diving act by one of the Instructors, and we trust that he will continue practising until in time he will doubtless be able to do a "death or glory" act from the top of the control tower.

We think it only fair that No. 1 Squadron's new Course should receive an informal introduction to their Instructors, and so here are a few remarks we've often overheard in No. 1 Squadron and no doubt after a short time here the pupils will be able to identify the Instructors to whom these remarks apply.

"Take some coal off, son, we're a bit high!"

"There's a space on the wall; let's put up a chart."

"Look, chaps; I don't want to be a cad, but my office"

"The times' book must be wrong."

"Too rough for dual—let's send them solo?"

"Come across the road to the Academy."

To the pupil sending in the first all correct solution to the above quotations, we'll pay for a specialist course at the Henn Academy of Aeronautics!

The only remark one hears in another squadron these days is: "Fetch a rag; look what the little — has done!"

We heard a strange tale of an Instructor attending the weekly Instructors' Convention at the Palliser, falling asleep and then swearing by all the Saints that he was not responsible for the contents of his room next morning.

What a pity the Oxford has such a limited endurance. Otherwise one of No. 2 Squadron's pupils would probably have made Buenos Aires on a certain ferrying trip.

Early in his career, a pupil in No. 3 Squadron almost qualified for the title of Chief Holder-Off-er at Innisfail. We believe the "plop" was heard in Edmonton as his finger came out.

Shame on the Instructor of No. 2 Squadron who climbed into an Oxford and turned the petrol "off" instead of "on"!

We believe the ground crew made suitable remarks to the "Stoogent" who sat calmly pressing the undercarriage emergency red light switch in mistake for the starter switch, while the said crew turned merrily away!

Congratulations to Les Tweed on his "calling to the Bar", and to Arthur Brown on his elevation to the Peerage. Bigger and better congratulations to Les on the large amount of back pay he received.

We trust that No. 1 Squadron's new pupils will enjoy their brief stay with us, and hope to receive news of their activities for our next issue.

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5:00 p.m.	9:00 p.m.	5:30 p.m.	9:15 p.m.
5:15 p.m.	9:45 p.m.	5:45 p.m.	10:00 p.m.
5:30 p.m.	10:30 p.m.	6:00 p.m.	10:45 p.m.
5:45 p.m.	11:30 p.m.	6:15 p.m.	11:45 Midnight
6:00 p.m.	12:30 Midnight	6:30 p.m.	12:45 a.m.
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RED DEER

SIGNALS

PLAIN LANGUAGE (2 minutes)

VE-AAA.—Eh Bien!—Voyez-vous? It's a matter of 'im . . . ! Despite the loss of two of its most esteemed members, Kelly and Brice, the Signals Section still functions merrily. Sorry they could not be here for Christmas. Perhaps they have found some good 'phone numbers—Ann Sheridan! Hedy Lamarr! Blondes—Brunettes! Our favourite song is now, "California, Here I come"—Voyez-vous?

We are honoured with appointment of a real Signals Officer—Flying Officer Wright. One of his ambitions, it is rumoured, is to increase his w.p.m. We are looking forward to his presence at Supplementary Morse Classes—Voyez-vous?

The "Crown Prince of Reciprocalia" was amazed at the high standard shown by the "pups" during the recent exams. And so were the U.T.'s—Voyez-vous?

* * * * *

QUESTION—

Has any U.T. during his initial solo found the Appleton Layer? Would he return same to third on right in C.G.I. building. Anything found on Christmas or New Year's Eve is a matter of 'im . . . !—Voyez-vous?

* * * * *

Pome—

NIGHT SIGNALLER'S LAMENT

Lead kindly light
Every freezing night
Dithering red for green
No supper chits or supper can be seen

And green for red
How I wish I was back in bed
Fraternizing with the A.C.P.,
This is no life for you and me,
How I wish to be
In Red Deer—with my Emilie,
It's another name for Purgatory.

—Voyez-vous?

We wish to take this opportunity of wishing the Signals Officer and the "Crown Prince of Reciprocalia" a Happy New Year.—Voyez-vous?—

AR.

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

It will be our earnest endeavor to merit a continuation of your valued business.

RED DEER STEAM LAUNDRY

A. SHADDICK, Prop.

where mine goes

KENTISH VILLAGE

A silver haze envelopes all the weald,
 And sparkling drops bejewel hedge and field,
 The distant hills are outlined soft and grey,
 The brooklet murmuring skips along its way.

The mere below is smooth and steely bright,
 Its placid face reflects the morning light,
 The farm's red roof and chimney smoking blue
 Gives mingling tones of generous warmer hue.

The hedgerows, full of promise for the Spring,
 Are rich with bursting buds, and as they swing
 The golden catkins fringe the hazel trees
 Waving a welcome to the gentle breeze.

And underneath amid the ivy vine
 Are found the brilliant cups of celandine;
 Trim, crinkled primrose leaves in groups abound
 Protecting yellow flowerets near the ground.

The thrush from stately oak, is heard above
 To trill melodiously his song of love,
 The finch and linnet chirp in notes as gay,
 The blackbird tunes with pride, his nuptial lay.

The watchful sheep dog, sounds a muffled whine
 As thro' the farmyard stray the lowing kine.
 The cock crows shrilly, then in regal vein
 Resumes with arrogance his kingly reign.

The church bells chime a triple ding-dong dell,
 The organ softly peals, then in a rising swell
 Unites with tuneful voice, 'till in loud accord
 Is heard the great Orison, "Let us sing unto the Lord."

Thus in a Kentish village, one may find
 A welcome rest and comfort for the mind,
 With quiet joy and respite from the labour daily borne,
 To share the peace and gladness of an English Sabbath morn.

R. W. DRURY

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PROBLEMS

Problem 1—

The data in this problem was:

Hot tap alone fills bath in 10 minutes.

Cold tap alone fills bath in 8 minutes.

Plug alone empties bath in 6 minutes.

Therefore, during one minute:

Hot tap will have filled $\frac{1}{10}$ of a bathful.

Cold tap will have filled $\frac{1}{8}$ of a bathful.

Plug will have emptied $\frac{1}{6}$ of a bathful.

i.e., one-tenth plus one-eighth minus one-sixth takes 1 minute.

Which is the same as $24 \div 30 = 40$,

or $14 \div 240$ of bath are filled in one minute. Therefore to fill the bath will take $240 \div 14$ minutes = $17 \frac{1}{7}$ minutes.

* * * *

Problem 2—

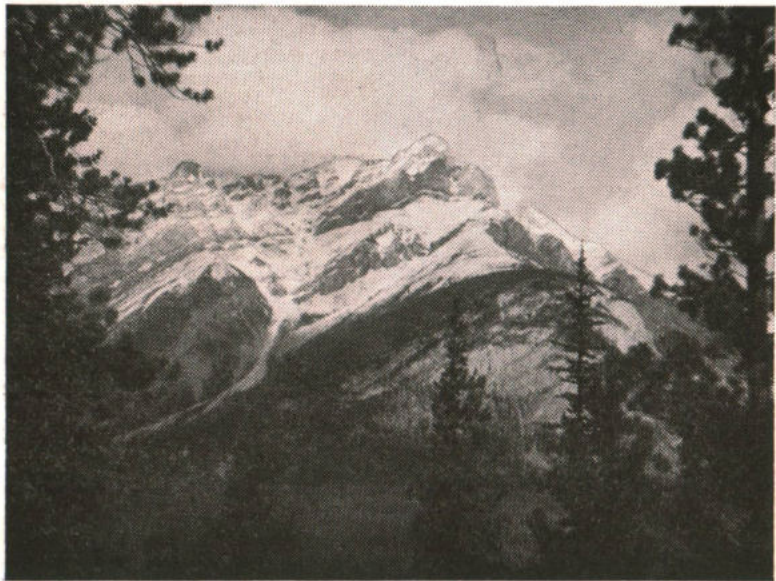
The car proceeds one mile up the hill at 30 m.p.h., and therefore takes 2 minutes to reach the top.

To attain a speed of 60 m.p.h. over the full distance of two miles, the car would have to complete the trip in two minutes; but as it has already taken two minutes on the first mile, the average speed for the full distance can never run to 60 m.p.h., however great the speed of descent.

PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION



First Place—F.-Lt. Corless' "SILVER LINING"
(1-50 F.11 Green 2x Filter, Super Pan Film, 16.50 hrs.)

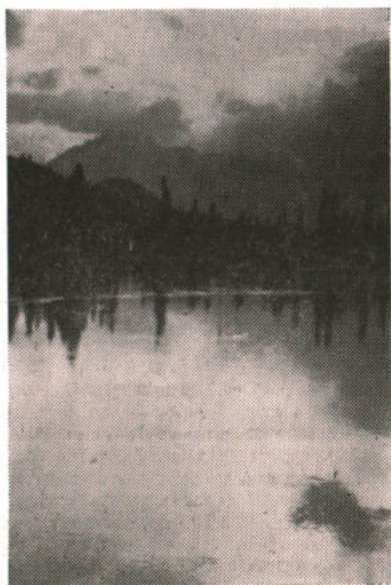


Second Place—AC Leece's "STONEY SQUAW MOUNTAIN"



Above—"FAREWELL TO BANFF"
with Cpl. O'Neil's compliments.
This photograph was not entered in
the competition.

On Right—Third Place: AC Jones's
"SUNSET OVER THE ROCKIES"
from Bow River, Banff.



The Magicians

MAINTENANCE WING

A SPECIAL ORDER of the day, issued by the Commanding Officer in D.R.O.'s, expressed appreciation to all ranks of Maintenance Wing for the results obtained and for the manner in which difficulties have been overcome. We are very proud of this message, and our efforts in the future are not likely to be less for its encouragement.

The message was the more acceptable after reading the local paper. Good wine, we knew, needs no brush, and we were resigned to blushing unseen in the pale light of obscurity, leaving others to be dazzled by the fierce glare of publicity.

No. 1 Servicing Flight was honoured by being asked to form part of the Graduation Parade. We wonder if the unbounded joy of the personnel concerned was not unconnected with such mundane things as late lying in; late breakfast; and the day off which followed the Parade. We also understand that the camp barber was heard to ask in a pathetically weak voice if this sort of thing was going to happen very often!

Talking of hair, we deny that white locks detract from appearance, and assure the Sergeant that he is still beautiful, though whiter.

We continued to find unexpected talent, and the children's party furnished an example. We have in our midst some specimens of the genus "Clown." AC Lightfoot and Sgt. Price were nearly professional in their efforts, and were rewarded by the wide-eyed ecstasy of the children, and the speculative glare of other personnel of Maintenance Wing to whom this sort of clowning was something new. They had previously associated it with hangars and aircraft. Sgt. Childs excelled as our Master of Ceremonies, and obviously has a way with children (Local Spinsters please note).

Ground Crews are grateful for the weight taken off their hands by the use of tractors. Following this, it is suggested that a new Air Force Trade be established: ACH-Tractor Driver. Qualifications: A good sense of judgment and direction—a double-jointed neck—and bags of confidence. It is also essential that any applicant should be able to drive and keep his cap at an angle of 45 degrees.

Numerous members of ground crews had a shrewd suspicion that the Canadian Winter was not what it had been cracked up to be, and temperatures in the region of the "belows" were accepted as a myth. Needless to say, the last few days have proven otherwise, and crews' opinions have altered to the extent that they are unprintable. This cold weather also provides an opportunity for missing a shave now and again. "Balaclave."

Overheard In a Hangar: "Never, in the field of human conflict, was so much of me so 'browned off' by so many, over so few things."

ROCKY ROCKS THE R.A.F.!

During the Christmas leave, a number of airmen were guests at Rocky Mountain House. During their stay, an ice hockey match was arranged between the local Ladies' team and the R.A.F. We regret to report Rocky won by 10 goals or more to 1—even that goal was doubtful.

Mind you, the R.A.F. had to let Rocky win, as they were guests; to make it realistic, every other airman pretended they could not stand on their skates and at short intervals would fall down, with no uncertain force on the ice, deliberately. In their exuberance and desire to lose honourably, one fellow consented to having a tooth knocked out, another was taken back to Penhold in the station ambulance (thank you, S.S.Q., for your collaboration) with a twisted knee. Several pushed the girls over in a most ungentlemanly-like manner.

Thank you, Rocky, for a most enjoyable time.

Welcome R.A.F.

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RED DEER



Stand
By
And
Smile
Awhile

Another thing that has been knocking around town in Red Deer, rather a lot of late, is our old friend the one and only Crowe. Surely his light snacks at the Club Cafe cannot be because he is hungry, or doesn't he get fed at the camp? What is the great attraction there for Penhold's favourite playboy?

Which Senior N.C.O. was unceremoniously ejected from his room in a certain hotel in Edmonton, and for what reasons?

The old R.A.F. queues in the Cook house have started again. Could this be attributed to the posting of a certain Warrant Officer?

Flash in the Wheat Market:—Certain airmen have been visiting the grain elevators rather a great deal lately, especially the few at Penhold. Well, according to statistics, grain is better seen by daylight.

Does this recall anything to mind?
"Hold my horse while I get my tea."
"HANK-RAF"

SOCIETY GOSSIP

Which certain orderly Sergeant, whilst celebrating in the Sergeants' Mess, took an involuntary beer bath, the first in his life?

Which certain Medical Sergeant thinks that Innisfail Dance Floor is softer than R.A.F. Beds?

Who was the member of the Chief Ground Instructor's Office who, one Sunday night on Jasper Ave., began singing the original words of Colonel Bogey, whilst in the company of two women?

School teachers and nurses have been in the news lately, owing to a certain Airman of the Watch visiting Ponoka. Could he be looking for an education, or trying to give one?

WE'VE BEEN WONDERING:

If a certain "tall, dark and handsome sobbing crooner" is responsible for the tuning of No. 1 Squadron's aircraft?

Which erk in No. 3 Squadron sat in a Harvard "minding the brakes" whilst an Air Commodore helped push the 'plane from the hangar?

Did a certain Link Instructor lose his flowing moustache by getting it tangled in the "crab"?

If a very senior member of the Sergeants' Mess is thinking of living in a wigwam next Spring?

How it was the Camp laundry failed to arrive one Friday morning?

Overheard In No. 1 Squadron Maintenance Office

"When I was in the Aircraft Industry"

"We've got 6, 9, 12, 13, 14 this morning, but 6, 9, 12, 13 and 14 are U.S." *(unserviceable)*

AFTER HIS FIRST SOLO!



1891

1941

G. W. WEST & SON

We carry complete stocks in

Men's and Boys' Wear

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear

Children's Clothing

Dry Goods

Boots and Shoes

Meats

Groceries

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INNISFAIL

ALBERTA

Our Short Story

THE LAW OF AVERAGES

THE reader no doubt is aware of the very friendly atmosphere that prevails at any gathering of the sporting fraternity. It was not a surprise to me, then, when after shouting the first winner home, the middle-aged party standing next to me asked if I had been lucky enough to back the winner. I replied in the affirmative. The odds had been pretty generous and I was feeling in a very good mood. He tendered the information that, although he saw the opening event, he had not speculated at all. This in itself was not an uncommon occurrence, as there are many regulars who only have one or two bets at a meeting. I asked him if he intended betting in the next race. He replied that he was intending to follow his system, as he always did.

At this information, I looked at the individual rather surprised. For, as many a sporting man knows, there are two kinds of systems—the very good and the very bad. By that I mean this, that some men, after a very lengthy and expensive study of dog-racing, evolve some sort of sound betting which, coupled with their experience of the game, may be labelled as systematic betting. The very bad consists of all the queer and idiotic notions that the inexperienced and get-rich-quick screwballs can conjure up in their deluded minds. They usually finish up in the madhouse or in the jug for stealing the petty cash. They are the sort of people that should never be given the job of looking after the P.S.I. money.

Now the experienced man has a certain look of concentrated cunning that can never be mistaken. Years of matching one's wits against the grader and the erratic performances of some greyhounds cannot fail to leave their mark. The other guys, though, have that wacky look that makes one understand why certain gentlemen make a good living by selling shares in London Bridge; they wear their hair all over their face and a bundle of books can be seen protruding from their jacket pocket, usually statistics, allegedly proving that all dogs born in March should win on a Friday evening.

My newly-found acquaintance, however, looked rather like a school teacher on an illegal spree, and I was rather curious to know which particular form of systemitis he had succumbed to. I had not long to wait! "It's the law of averages," he confided. "In my spare time I have studied the results of this meeting, and I have discovered that if the winner of the first event was in trap one, then trap one will be successful again during the evening. It has worked every night for three months." "What guarantee have you," said I, "that it will be the same tonight?" "It will be; it's the law of averages; I can't go wrong." I lapsed into silence then, wondering how long his convictions would be so strong. "Of course," he explained, "I increase my stake every time, so that when I do win I cover my losses on the other losing bets." I nearly ventured to remind him that one of these beautiful nights he would not have the pleasure of drawing winnings off any penciller, and seven losing bets right through the card would kill his system. I had not the heart, however, to spoil his fun.

The rest of the evening he stuck like glue to the trap in question. The number was four. The second and third races found the two dogs in that particular trap had no desire to catch that hare at all; maybe they did try, but their efforts were not appreciated at all by my systematic friend who would persist in shouting encouragement to dogs who had no more chance of winning than I have of beating Joe Louis. "Number four walks the race," he would bellow as the poodles flew past us. I still can't think whether he was short-sighted or over-confident. The next few races gradually slowed him down. There were only two races left for number four to go up to the winning frame again, and the guy was getting very anxious. His hat (Anthony Eden) had long since been pulled to pieces in his frantic endeavours to force his dog home by physical and vocal efforts. His face had developed a fiery

hue, something similar to that of a ripe tomato, and his voice which was originally a very full baritone, gradually declined into a dismal croak.

"It has never been so long before," he wheezed. "I shouldn't worry," I replied. "There are two more rounds yet." The next race I thought he had broke his duck. Number one and four passed the line together. They showed four in the ring and I really thought that the old boy had some money to collect. He couldn't bear the suspense of waiting for the numbers to go in the frame, and when number one went in, I was getting ready to catch him. I was sure he would pass out. He was a trifle wobbly on his pins now, and having loosened his collar to give more power to his rapidly fading voice, he gave one the impression that he would take off any minute. Struggling with his tie knot, which had somehow transferred itself from the region of his Adam's Apple to a spot just below his ear, he tried to kid me that he wasn't at all worried. He didn't look it much: although the night was cool, he was dripping with perspiration, and as the dogs went into the boxes for the last event I could have sworn that he was praying to himself.

Number four flew from the trap and established a commanding lead. This was expected, as this particular hound was a very fast animal for the first 400 yards, but slowed down a lot after that. The guy jumped, shouted, screamed and whistled all in the same breath; as they went round the last bend, however, he began to avert his eyes and hung on to yours truly for support. Number four was stopping fast and two dogs travelling strongly were catching her. It was a question who would get to the line first. The wise boys were laying 2 to 1 on the leader, and they are seldom at fault in their judgment. The three of them scrambled across the line together. I could feel the mug trembling as he laid on me. "Four's won a certainty," he whispered. The man's luck was indeed in: the number he had been chasing all night went into the frame. His sigh of relief could be heard all over the stadium. I hastened to congratulate him on his very good luck, as the odds had been rather tasty. "Luck nothing!" he gulped, "that's me system!"

A.L.

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SMOKERS' SUPPLIES

LEONARD FUNK, Prop.

Ross Street

RED DEER

The Flying Instructor's Lament

"What did you do in the war, Daddy,
How did you help us to win?"
"Circuits and bumps and turns,
Laddy,
And how to get out of a spin."

Woe and alack and misery me! I
trundle around in the sky,
And instead of machine-gunning
Nazis I'm teaching young hopefuls
to fly;

This is my service rewarded, my
years of experience paid,
Never a Hun have I followed right
down nor ever gone out on a
raid.

They don't even let us go crazy, we
have to be safe and sedate,
So it's nix on inverted approaches,
they stir up the C.F.I.'s hate.
For it's oh such a naughty example,
and what will the A.O.C. think!
But we never get posted to fighters
—we just got a spell on the Link.

So it's circuits and bumps from
morning till noon, and instrument-
flying till tea.

"Hold her off, give her bank, put
your undercart down, you're
skidding, you're slipping"—that's
me.

And as soon as you've finished with
one course, like a flash up another
one bobs,

And there's four more to show
round the cockpit and four more
to try out the knobs.

But sometimes we read in the papers
of the deeds that old pupils have
done,

And we're proud to have seen their
beginnings and shown them the
way to the sun;

So if you find the money and turn
out the planes we'll give all we
know to the men

Till they cluster the sky with their
triumphs and burn out the Beast
from his den.

With acknowledgement to Flight-
Lientenant Peter Chave.

I'VE BEEN INFORMED—

(By "A Little Bird")

THAT—

Never has so much been offered
for so little to so many.

A Voluntary P.T. class was held
recently—both volunteers attended.

Airmen being confined in camp,
is a natural result of the birth of a
new station. So also is labour!

The term D.R.O.'s does not mean
Dirty Rotten Orders.

40 BELOW

Under Training

It is rumoured that several U.T.'s
who have received their wings, are
now suffering from pneumonia.

MALICIOUS RUMOUR

Investors in the Canadian paper
industry would like to know which
company supplies the Flying Wing.

Instructors have been able to fit
in some instructing in the intervals
between P.T. and lectures.

This Month's Problems

PROBLEM ONE

The roof of a building is 28 feet
from the ground. The building is
surrounded by a ditch 10 feet wide.
How long a ladder will be required
to reach from the edge of the ditch
up to 4 feet from the top of the
building?

PROBLEM TWO

It's a very dark night in the
London blackout; on turning a
corner into a deserted street near
St. Paul's, you notice a taximan
extracting cash from his meter.

Assuming that it is not a privately
owned taxi, but is operating for a
combine, would you feel justified in
notifying the police?

(Answers next month.)

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We aim to please you, and we appreciate your patronage.

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL

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WATCH

Buy a Rolex at Askin's.

LORNE W. ASKIN

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER

Crescent Theatre Building

RED DEER, ALTA.

AIR CADETS OF CANADA

No. 7, Penhold Squadron

THE newly-formed No. 7 (Penhold) Squadron, Air Cadets of Canada was formally affiliated to No. 36 S.F.T.S., R.A.F., Penhold, by direction of the Chief of Air Staff, Ottawa. Unfortunately, necessary copy was not received to incorporate it in our first number. We would like now to pay a well-earned tribute to the keenness, fortitude and loyalty which has inspired so many of the lads of this district to enrol and undertake the training necessary to allow the Air Cadets of Canada to take their place in the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. And it is no exaggeration to say that the ultimate and full success of this vast training scheme will be influenced, to no small degree, by the Air Cadet Squadron.

No. 7 (Penhold) Squadron comprises four flights of altogether nearly 200 cadets, drawn from the neighbouring towns and districts of Bowden, Innisfail, Red Deer, Sylvan Lake, Eckville, Benalto, and Rocky Mountain House. The squadron is therefore composite in its make-up and organization and in this respect it is believed to be the only one of its kind. It was felt that the difficulties of transport, etc., for so widely dispersed a squadron might be solved by asking for local car drivers in each area to undertake the fortnightly journey into Penhold for the drill and training syllabus which had been arranged in conjunction with this station. The magnificent response from residents in those areas has more than answered this difficulty. In all other respects we feel that the "esprit de corps" of No. 7 (Penhold) Squadron will be, if anything, enhanced by its composite make-up; leading to a keen but very friendly rivalry between the different flights.

It is worthy of note that cadets from the Rocky Mountain House district are brought a matter of some sixty-five miles. Even in Canada we think that night journeys every fourteen days of 130 miles are deserving of very great credit. To all these volunteer car drivers we say, "Thank you—you are doing a wonderful job." Each of the four flights have their own cadet officers, almost all of whom have service in the last war to their credit. In addition, the squadron has its own Medical and Dental officers. A Liaison Officer from the R.A.F. has been appointed by the Commanding Officer. A close and friendly understanding has developed between No. 36 S.F.T.S. and our cadet squadron. We are looking forward, with confidence, to that time when our cadet squadron will be fulfilling its destiny in the great B.C.A.T.P. by providing Air Force Training Schools in this Dominion with such valuable and keen personnel, ready trained, in many respects, for their further service. We can be sure that, in due course, the Air Cadets are going to play a vital and essential part in the B.C.A.T.P. And as valuable personnel for future air crews, under this scheme, we welcome them; no less than for the spirit and enthusiasm of the Air Cadets and their officers amongst whom we would mention C-F.O. R. N. Thompson of Innisfail, Squadron Commander. Also the following: C-F.O. E. S. Brett, M.C.; C-F.O. H. S. Mann, C-P.O. W. P. Graham, C-F.O. J. Cuthbertson (Squadron Adjutant), C-P.O. F. B. Moore (Equipment Officer), C-P.O. C. Lord, C-P.O. R. M. Parsons (Medical Officer), and C-P.O. C. J. Greene (Dental Officer).

We feel sure that their officers are well capable of turning out their cadets as a well-trained and disciplined body. We look forward in due course to receiving them into our own ranks.

A final word of appreciation must go to Mr. E. W. Willis, who is Hon. Chairman of No. 7 Squadron. Due to his keenness and foresight, the squadron was organized and in being as an independent effort in June, 1941. Congratulations!

Thanks Boys

We feel we have enjoyed a very large share of your patronage since your arrival here, and we appreciate it very much.

MAY THE NEW YEAR BRING YOU ALL MUCH
HAPPINESS AND SUCCESS

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*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

For Your Entertainment

R.A.F. Cinema Penhold

AT the new reduced prices of admission, and with the improved list of popular film successes, the attendance figures have shown, in less than two months, that the Camp Cinema is adding, in some small way, to the entertainment of the Station.

On January 1st, the Cinema became fully "R.A.F." after a helping hand had been given by outside professional operators to enable a smooth start to be made. We do not presume to guarantee "no breakdowns," but we will guarantee enjoyment and increased efficiency of production as time rolls on!

Owing to the many demands made on the use of the Recreation Hall, and the desire to continue the Y.M.C.A. free shows, and thus increase the choice of programmes, films are now shown twice nightly in all cases, and playing dates advertised in the monthly programmes will be subject to alteration by notice in D.R.O.'s, and for those who do not read D.R.O.'s, posters will be displayed!

Forthcoming Attractions

January 19th—"BLOSSOMS IN THE DUST," starring Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon.

Besides departing from the usual Hollywood formula for drama, this film, photographed in Technicolour, shies away from the ordinary brilliant tones formerly used, and for the first time uses colour as a means of furthering the plot rather than catching the eye. Only delicate, pastel tones are used, but they serve to accentuate the brilliant titian colouring of Miss Garson.

The most dramatic and heart-touching story ever brought to the screen, the picture opens in the gay, colourful Gibson Girl period of 1906, when lovely Edna Kahley meets, falls in love with and marries Sam Gladney, played by Pidgeon. Her outstanding characterization since she gave the screen "Mrs. Chips" in "Goodbye Mr. Chips," Miss Garson portrays Mrs. Gladney's life from her young womanhood to the present day.

January 22nd—"ANDY HARDY'S PRIVATE SECRETARY," starring Mickey Rooney and Lewis Stone. An M-G-M Picture.

The family is re-united at a most important time in the life of their son. He is about to graduate from Carvel High School which is in a turmoil of final examinations and preparations for festivities which usually follow. Mickey Rooney interprets a role which, perhaps, is more difficult than any he has done to date. His young life is one of utter frustration, and conscience and embarrassment weigh heavily upon him, but he lives through the period to a rousing climax.

Lewis Stone ever is the kindly, sensible father—a pal whom any one gladly would accept for his own; and Fay Holden is warm, human and sympathetic as his understanding mother. This latest Andy Hardy yarn maintains the standard of the best of the popular series.

January 27th—"CITIZEN KANE," starring Orson Welles and The Mercury Actors.

This picture is so unusual that you are urged to see it from the beginning. It is the most controversial, the most interesting, the most different; in fact,

almost any "most" anything picture ever to come out of Hollywood.

Technically, "Citizen Kane" brings one excited gasp after another to the true movie fan. The lighting! The photography! The sets! All so different, so radically different, from the customary picture. Characters speak in total darkness, step into the light when they finish, and somehow—through the subtle craftsmanship of Director Orson Welles—the emotional content of their words is heightened a hundredfold.

Director Welles uses "shock" sound technique—a sudden blaring band, the scream of a frightened woman or of a fantastic tropical bird, coming into the quiet of a low scene. There is plenty of excitement in "Citizen Kane!"

January 28th—"WILD GEESE CALLING", starring Henry Fonda and Joan Bennett.

In this superb motion picture from an outstanding novel, Henry Fonda, as the two-fisted lumberjack with a love for the outdoors, gives the finest performance of his career, and Joan Bennett, the dance hall queen, is excellent in an entirely new kind of role.

All the action, drama and romance of this fine story of the great Northwest, which was awarded the gold medal of the Commonwealth Club of California as the outstanding novel written by a resident of the state in 1940, has been retained in the film.

Henry Fonda, searching for his friend, Warren William, meets and marries Joan Bennett, a dancer in a tough waterfront saloon. Their adventures enroute to Alaska are heightened by the realization that Joan and Warren are former sweethearts. Amid the wilds of Alaska, "Wild Geese Calling" builds swiftly to its smashing climax.

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GREETINGS FROM THE PADRE

FIRST of all, I would like to take this opportunity of extending to all those stationed at No. 36 S.F.T.S. my very best wishes for 1942. We must be very thoughtless not to appreciate that 1941 has been very good to us, and more especially, as well as more important, to the cause for which we fight. It has been a year of surprises, climaxed by the surprise attack on Pearl Harbour. One of the minor ones was when you were posted to Canada. Few of you expected to find yourselves stuck down in the middle of the wild and woolly West. I did not expect to find myself ministering to the spiritual needs of 1200 homesick Englishmen. I can only wish that the surprise was as pleasant a one for you as it has been for me. And may I take this opportunity of thanking you for the courtesy and kindly helpfulness shown to me by one and all on the station. We in Canada have an intense admiration for the R.A.F.—the men in it, what it stands for and what it has accomplished. And as a sort of ambassador to the R.A.F. from the Canadian people, it is my desire to help you in every way I can, that your stay in our midst may be as pleasant as possible.

Being an R.C.A.F. chaplain with the R.A.F. has certain advantages. I can be a bit of both, without the danger of developing a split personality. First of all as your chaplain, who has had something to do with arranging Christmas and New Year's entertainment for the men, may I express our deep appreciation of the generous hospitality so enthusiastically proffered us by the people of Alberta. No airman can honestly say he has not had an opportunity of enjoying genuine western hospitality at its best, nor can he say it was necessary for him to spend his leave wandering the city streets. I am sure you will carry back to the Old Country many pleasant memories of happy contacts with the Canadian people. I say that as your chaplain. As a Canadian, I would like also to say how much the people have enjoyed having you in their homes. On the whole, the conduct of the airmen in the homes they visited has been so excellent they have been more than welcome to return whenever possible. Such temporary war migrations as that of the R.A.F. do help greatly to bind the British Commonwealth closer together in ties of friendship and better understanding of each other's problems and points of view.

Facing 1942, let us be cheerfully optimistic. A few years ago we banished the optimists from our midst as a peril to the State—which they were. But it is time they returned, if they have learned the bitter lessons of this war. I am not Scotch—but I have a dour streak in me somewhere, and am apt to magnify the clouds on the horizon. Yet, as we face 1942, I feel more hopeful and even enthusiastic about our prospects than I have felt for many a long year. As Winston Churchill expressed it, the tide has turned. We still have a long way to go before our democratic strength reaches full flood tide. Yet every day it is coming higher and, if we are faithful to our tasks, the reverses and disasters that are still certain to be ours may make us pause—but nothing can stop us now.

Coming down to our personal hopes for 1942, I believe it is correct to say that the great majority of us wish, above all, that in 1942 we might return to England; and even those of us who are Canadians would like nothing better than to be sent overseas. Naturally we want to play our part in more exciting spheres of action. Undoubtedly 1942 will give us many pleasant surprises, and perhaps that will be one of them. Yet the work of these schools must go on and increase, rather than decrease. They have a vital part to play in our war programme, and it may be 1943 will find us enduring the rigours of a second Canadian winter. The other day, Winston Churchill, when speaking of the Canadian troops in England, whose position is not unlike your own, expressed his conviction concerning them that "the peculiar kind of sacrifice involved will be cheerfully or at least patiently endured." May I suggest that as our motto for 1942.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES

CINEMAS.—Unfortunately we are unable to give a complete account of the coming attractions for the next month. The new set-up for January will provide for two shows per week by the Station Cinema, at which a charge will be made, and two shows per week by the Y.M.C.A. Services, which will, as usual, be free. Dates will be announced later in D.R.O.'s.

POSTAL REGULATIONS.—Air Mail service to Australia, New Zealand, India and Malaya via England is not to be accepted for onward transmission. Stamps carried at the Y.M.C.A. Office are in denominations of 3¢ stamps in 25¢ books, 6¢ Airmail, 30¢ Airmail. The 6¢ stamp takes a 1 oz. letter to Halifax by air, and across the Atlantic by boat. The 30¢ stamp takes a ½ oz. letter to England by air. Canadian newspapers cost 1¢ for 4 oz. for transmission to England, and American papers take 1¢ for 2 oz. for transmission to England.

READING AND WRITING ROOM.—Perhaps by the time this appears in print we shall have taken over the Reading and Writing Room again. This is to be furnished with funds supplied by the Y.M.C.A. War Services and the P.S.I. Fund. We hope to have this furnished comfortably and to provide a pleasant place to spend the evenings; we also hope to be able to give better service than formerly possible. If you have any suggestions as to how we can improve these services, we shall be pleased to hear from you.

TELEGRAMS AND CABLES.—We can forward any telegrams or cables for you from the Y.M.C.A. Office. You pay us and we pay the telegraph office, getting you a receipt which is available the next day or so.

OTHER SERVICES.—If you are unable to get to Red Deer to have your films developed, you may leave them with us and we will arrange to have them developed. Our service is rather slower than that obtained in Red Deer. We have a supply of used magazines on hand for distribution free of charge. Please do not take the newspapers away from the Reading Room; we have only a few of these on hand.

CANTEEN.—Hot food may now be obtained at the Canteen during the evening. If you require any goods or services not already offered here, let us know, and if the demand warrants we shall be pleased to add to the services. We are here to serve you and, as you know, the profits from the operations here all revert to this station. The Canteen Orderlies can keep the place much cleaner if you deposit all rubbish in the boxes provided. Owing to the loss sustained due to missing bottles, it has become necessary to take a 5¢ deposit on milk bottles. Please do not take bottles out of the Canteen.

Red Deer Advocate

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