



# CAPITOL THEATRE, RED DEER

## Coming Attractions

Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14

**"THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER"**

Nelson Eddy Riso Stevens  
A great musical comedy.

Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 16-17

**"ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN"**

Frederick March Martha Scott  
A down-to-earth human drama.

Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 18-19

**"BIRTH OF THE BLUES"**

Bing Crosby Mary Martin  
A hot musical

Friday and Saturday, Feb. 20-21

**"PENNY SERENADE"**

Irene Dunne Carey Grant  
A fine picture with a new angle

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday

February 23-24-25

**"LOOK WHO'S LAUGHING"**

Edgar Bergen Charlie McCarthy  
Fibber McGee and Molly  
A Laugh Riot

Thursday and Friday, Feb. 26-27

**"SUN VALLEY SERENADE"**

Sonja Heine John Payne  
A full picture of skating and skiing

Saturday, Feb. 28—One Day Only

**"GREAT GUNS"**

Laurel and Hardy  
An all laugh comedy drama



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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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COMMITTEE: Sgt. Sutherland, Sgt. Salt, Sgt. Childs

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VOL. I. No. 3

FEBRUARY, 1942

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## EDITORIAL

IT has occurred to me that a further appreciation of Canadian hospitality, which so many of us enjoy, should be expressed in our Station magazine. A large number of the magazines find their way to the Old Country, and it is fitting that our many friends and relatives there who scan these pages should know something of the hospitality we enjoy, and the friendships which have been made.

The people of Alberta have made all members of the Royal Air Force exceedingly welcome. Invitations, literally pour into camp, for boys to spend leave, week-ends, come for Sunday dinner, etc. This has led to many friendships. Friendships which shall be with us when this terrible war is but a memory. Though many miles separate us from home and dear ones, the folks here are doing all in their power to lessen that feeling of homesickness which comes cropping up at times.

I should like, as Editor, to say, very sincerely, on behalf of all here at Penhold, "thank you very much indeed for the many kindnesses you are showing us, we do appreciate them."

It is necessary once again to appeal for your support. The response, for contributions, has been very disappointing. Why not get down to it? You may not feel inclined to write a story or an article, but what about those jokes you hear—write them down now. And hand them in to the Y.M.C.A. Reading Room, addressed to the Editor, Penhold Log.

The photographic competition started last month is to remain a feature of the magazine. So photographers, I give you as a slogan Mr. Herbert Morrison's famous words, "Go To It."

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RED DEER

# FRANCE

FRANCE! A land of lights, gaiety and song, turned  
into a battlefield overnight!

IT was difficult to understand we were at War until I was posted to France. My first impression on arrival was one of wonder. How such a country could possibly have trains which took hours to get to their destinations, and trams that sounded like steam rollers working overtime, beat me! At Cherbourg, where we landed, we were immediately marched to Barracks in which, frankly, were the dirtiest rooms I had ever set eyes on. I guess some farmer must have reared pigs in it before we got there! You didn't breathe—you bit the atmosphere! Boy, was it strong? Cherbourg, like any other French town, was—well, the Greeks have a word for it! The following morning we climbed aboard an east-bound train and settled down to a very uncomfortable journey. After a nightmarish thirty-six hours in the train (during which the engine driver frequently stopped for a drink), we eventually reached our destination—Arras—at 10 o'clock one very cold night. We were immediately crowded into Crossleys and bumped and shaken for a further five miles until we reached Maroeuil, our Headquarters. It was a relief to get out and stretch one's legs after being cramped for a day and a half. We were given a hot meal and told to lie down where we were. The floor of the Dining Hall—cum-Church-cum-Cinema-cum-Centre for "Housey-Housey"—was not too soft. In fact it was darned hard! By this time, however, we thought we were getting used to sleeping in all sorts of places. As it happened, this was merely the beginning. In the morning we were delegated to "civvie" billets. My first abode turned out to be the loft over a byre. What with the smell and the fact that the roof at its highest point was only three feet from the floor, it was an admirable place for living in. A man two feet high, with a very bad cold, would no doubt have been happy, but being 5 feet 11 inches myself and free from cold, I was none too happy at the prospect of spending a few months there. It reminded me too much of Cherbourg. Our S.W.O. was a decent bloke—at least we thought so then. He decided we should move nearer Headquarters. (I do not know whether there was an ulterior motive in this move, but we seemed to be very handy when fatigue parties were needed.) I still wonder whether I prefer a smell in a small place to rats! There were dozens of them in my new billet. A favourite trick of ours, later, was to leave some crumbs in the middle of the floor at "Lights Out". A few minutes later and out would creep a rat and the boys would let fly with a dart. After a few nights' practice, we could score a hit every time! Needless to say, our billet won the Headquarters Darts Competition!

After an uneventful four and a half months, we were suddenly awakened at midnight one night by the roar of a low-flying aircraft, which proved to be German. Excitement grew and bets were placed as to the location of his target. Many thought Headquarters was in for a pasting, but not so. After circling the camp twice, he disappeared in a south-easterly direction. A few minutes later we saw, in the distance, six flashes of flame and heard the muffled explosions of bursting bombs on Arras. This was the signal for another discussion as to whom and what he had hit. We found out later that the Railway Station had been partially demolished and that the Main Street, in parts, was impassable. Two of our officers were blown out of their beds by the blast, but fortunately were none the worse for their experience. The excitement over, we crawled back to bed only to be awakened about 4 o'clock in the morning by three Heinkels, hedge-hopping in the general direction of

Arras. They also laid some eggs on the town before turning for home, but it was the last bombing raid they ever participated in. Two were shot down by Hurricanes of the A.A.S.F. (Air Advance Striking Force), while the third fell prey to our A.A. guns.

That same day things began to happen! Excitement became intense when a Heinkel, flying at 100 feet on one engine, scraped over the H.Q. buildings. Would our gun crews hit it or not? They did, and the Cooks and Butchers from the Officers' Mess did a good round-up job with kitchen knives, cleavers and brooms.

A few days later, four of us were ordered to move to Arras. There we were attached to Army G.H.Q. with Lord Gort in command. The Headquarters were underground and infested with mosquitoes, which we "shot" with Flit guns in our spare time. Everything was quiet for a time, then it came! We were ordered to move again. Where to, no one knew, except the "Old Man". In the gray light of dawn next morning, we loaded our lorry with office equipment, personal kit and beer (lashings of it), and to the accompaniment of a chorus of Bren Guns, Maxims, A.A. guns and bombs, we left Arras and commenced a "Cook's Tour" of France. Round past Vimy Ridge, where 23 years previously men had fought and triumphed for the preservation of peace. And so on to Hazebruck, where once again we set up our H.Q.

Again we had to move—this time within half an hour of arriving! Seemingly we had been sighted by a German reconnaissance plane which was followed later by a Squadron of Heinkels, who proceeded to mop-up the town! We had by this time moved to the other side of town—to an old Chateau. There we established another underground H.Q. I'll never forget that room we had as an office! Two-thirds of the floor was taken up by a cess-pool, with our desk and chairs covering the remaining third. Nevertheless, we were well compensated for this discomfiture! We found the wine cellar and quite naturally lost all count of time!

The following day brought yet more bombing raids of all types. High level, low level and dive bombing and bags of strafing with cannon and machine gun. It was hectic while it lasted! The refugees at this time were very tightly packed in the town square and it was terrible to watch them being mown down so indiscriminately. Seemingly the Air Raid Siren was U/S, and the population was taken completely by surprise, as were we. Hundreds of them never saw the light of another day. Women and children, aged and infirm—there was no mercy whatsoever. Next morning two volunteers were asked for, to accompany the Armament Officer. No one knew what the destination might be, but my pal and I volunteered. We left Hazebruck in the early afternoon of Wednesday, 29th May, in a quite ancient, but nevertheless serviceable, Renault, with our remaining kit and rifles stacked on the rear seat. And so to Dunkirk!

**DUNKIRK!** A name that will live forever in the mind of man. A name that will bring back memories, both happy and sad. One word, but it holds so much! Perhaps a joyous reunion, perhaps a heartbreak, but certainly thrills galore! What an experience! 500,000 human targets for the guns of the Huns!

My first recollection of Dunkirk was on the road from St. Omer. This road all the way was packed with refugees of every description. It was terrible to see the pitiful sights that passed along. Young children pulling their grandparents in a dog-cart, or mothers clutching to their bosoms their terrified children. All these people had the same dazed, hurt look on their faces, as though they could not comprehend the meaning of this new assault. The noise of planes continually roaring overhead, the scream of bombs, the chatter of strafing machine guns and the screams of agony from the unlucky, made one think of "Dante's Inferno". We were almost unlucky! A bomb bursting about 30 yards away blew the car off the road and a piece of shrapnel

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created havoc with our nearside rear tire. Wheel changing experts at Brooklands would have blushed with shame at the speed with which we changed wheels!

Dunkirk was an awe-inspiring sight with Heinkels, Messerschmidts and Henschels doing their best to make Dunkirk look like a slum clearance. There were so many of them at times that it was not possible to count them. Imagine a colliery conveyor belt and you have the impression created by that seemingly never-ending stream of aircraft. After spending two days in a barn on the outskirts of the town, we eventually moved towards the docks. It was then that we realized what we were in for. The town was a shambles, with bombed buildings collapsing everywhere. "Jerry" was having his usual day's sport—machine-gunning anyone who was fool enough to walk in the open. Fires were raging everywhere—bodies lay singly and in bunches all over the town, and still that sinister "woom-woom" of German aircraft. The A.A. barrage that rose to meet the enemy was terrific. Every gun on land, and on the boats in the harbour, was brought to bear on the invader. But still the bombs fell! We crept from door to door, clinging to the wall for protection. It was not much fun having to run the gauntlet across an open space, with the ever-present thought that perhaps at that moment some air-gunner had you fixed in his gun-sights, and was chuckling with fiendish delight at your predicament. Frankly, I must have broken quite a few sprint records during my brief stay in Dunkirk.

Approximately fifteen hours after reaching the docks, a destroyer edged in close to where we were lying hiding between bales of burning cotton. At first I could not believe my eyes—everything had happened so silently, yet so suddenly. One minute there was no destroyer in sight, the next minute I could almost have touched it from where I lay. We were ordered aboard a small packet steamer which had been escorted in by the destroyer. This same little ship had carried joyous holidaymakers before the war, but now the passengers were war-weary warriors. The joy may not have been in their hearts, but at least the spirit prevailed. After being chased across the Channel for about four hours by aircraft and subs, we finally reached Dover about 1 o'clock in the morning, to be served with hot, almost-forgotten, sausage rolls.

When the kit, etc., had finally been unloaded from the boat, we were bundled aboard a train, to be dropped off at Tidworth Army Camp where we were given the run of the camp.

The Navy, Army and Air Force earned the World's praise and gratitude for the most magnificent co-operation in the most strategic withdrawal ever performed in the history of Man. And so another milestone in the glorious history of the British Empire was passed, ending one of the most interesting and exciting episodes in my life.

"JOCK"

\* \* \* \* \*

(\*) Vimy Ridge, which the Canadians took on 9th March, 1917, is composed of tunnels 7 miles long and 42 feet below the surface of the earth. As the ground is chalk throughout, the atmosphere in the network of tunnels is very dry—similar to that of Western Canada. At the extreme north-west end of the original trenches, the distance between the two armies was only 30 feet. The diameter of a shell hole! It is a fact that on Christmas Day, 1916, the two armies at that particular part of the line ceased firing and swapped bottles of beer, cigarettes, etc. This was discovered by higher authorities and, I understand, the armies concerned were posted to other parts of the Front.

## How to Fly a Bomber in Two Lessons

### LESSON ONE—

(i) Find the most comfortable seat in the bomber—this is the pilot's.

(ii) Sit down, turn on all the taps, switches and knobs you can see, shouting out to whoever may be listening, "Contact, switches off, any old iron, and all together boys". If nothing happens, ask the fitter where the petrol cocks are kept. His answer will probably be, "I don't know, sir. I'm a cook and butcher."

(iii) In this case, find another bomber and repeat operations (i) and (ii).

(iv) As soon as all the engines start, seize the control column and sink into a trance.

(v) While in the trance, you will probably hear a certain noise. If it is a loud report preceded by a sinking feeling, you will know that you have turned one of the taps, switches or knobs the wrong way and have retracted the undercarriage. The particular tap, switch or knob can be determined by elimination of-on other bombers.

### LESSON TWO—

You are now in the air—do not be alarmed—whatever else happens you are bound to return sooner or later to the ground.

There are two ways of flying a bomber—

(i) The right way up.

(ii) The wrong way up.

The latter is more novel, but not so pleasant. It can be ascertained which of the two you have adopted by a simple experiment with a watch and chain. If the watch hangs from the ceiling, all is well, if, on the other hand, it hangs from the floor, something must be wrong.

Assume that you are the wrong way up and are standing on the ceiling of the aeroplane. Return your watch and chain to your pocket and swing to and fro on the control column. If you are heavy enough something is bound to happen and you will find yourself standing on your head in the bomb cell.

Return to the pilot's seat and once more turn all the taps, switches and knobs you can see. You are now ready to land, which is very simple and requires no instruction.



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HARRY P. ELLIS, Manager

**GEORGE "THE ERK"****HORS d'ŒUVRES****SPORTING NOTES**

**SOCCER**—The unexpected break in the cold weather set the soccer enthusiasts afoot once more, and several inter-hut matches have been played. A number of pairs of boots are on order, and it is hoped that these will be available when the soccer season opens in a few months' time.

**BASKETBALL**—A court is being constructed in the Drill Hall. This should be ready within the next week or so, and should be the means of providing vigorous exercise for a fairly large number of men. Basketball is one of the fastest and most strenuous of all sports and should, therefore, have an appeal for all who like "tough" games.

**BADMINTON**—Interest seems to have fallen off recently. On Thursday, 29th January, twelve of our players were the guests of the Red Deer Badminton Club, and spent a most enjoyable evening at the Intermediate School.

**SKATING AND ICE HOCKEY**

—The rinks still suffer from the water shortage on the camp, but, nevertheless, have been used or misused almost to extinction. A team was selected to play Bowden at Innisfail, but the match had to be cancelled because the rink was U/S. A team of officers is training hard for a match on February 7th at the High School Carnival at Red Deer.

**SPORTS GROUNDS**—A grant of \$1,000 has been made towards the provision of sports grounds at this Station.

**BOXING**—Training is continuing, but very spasmodically. A boxing ring is being constructed by the W. & B. This will be erected in the Drill Hall. We have accepted a challenge from No. 37 S.F.T.S., and hope to arrange a match early next month. Anyone who has had experience either as a boxer or as a coach is invited to get in touch with the Sports Officer as soon as possible.

## ENTERTAINMENTS

SINCE the report in the first edition of the "Log", the Concert Party and Dance Orchestra have been kept very busy fulfilling engagements.

One of our engagements since the formation of the company was the presentation of "Flying High", at the Empire Theatre in Edmonton, to an enthusiastic audience of fourteen hundred people. This high speed variety show was acclaimed by the press in headline, "Airmen and Audience Have Rollicking Good Time At New Variety Show." An electrical transcription was made during the performance and has been transmitted twice over radio station CFRN; this station has co-operated in every respect by "plugging" over the air all our shows since that date. The next performance was to a Penhold audience and was followed by a dance. The proceeds were in aid of the Red Cross Fund. A concert given at the R.C.A.S.C. camp in Red Deer was well received by the men in khaki.

Following the success of our first performance, the Kinsmen Club of Red Deer sponsored a second show at the Crescent Theatre, proceeds being devoted to the Milk for Britain Fund; once again all seats were sold before the curtain was raised.

The next show was a Station concert in which we were fortunate to obtain the services of Miss Betty Smith, an attractive soprano who gave an excellent show. She was the first of a group of local artistes who have kindly offered their services, and whom we intend to introduce as guest artistes in future programmes. A Light Classical concert was given by members of the Red Deer Light Orchestra, presented by AC Jackson. We wish to thank them very much for their kindness in coming along.

In the radio world, our cast is achieving further fame. AC Cooper, our talented band leader, now has a regular contract with CFAC in Calgary. His increasing fan mail proves how popular his piano recitals are with Canadian listeners. Other members of the Concert Party, Sgt. Kiddle, Sgt. Seath, AC Townsend and AC Pickles, have also featured on programmes from Edmonton and Calgary stations.

Our last production, a second version of "Flying High", was presented to an audience of twelve hundred people at the Alberta Pavilion, Lacombe, on Friday, January 23rd. Proceeds were devoted to the Red Cross Fund. Despite the last-minute casting difficulties, we succeeded in producing an excellent show to an appreciative audience.

The producer of the Concert Party would like to take this opportunity of thanking all members for their enthusiasm and co-operation at all times, despite the numerous production difficulties experienced.

The first meetings of the Dramatic Society were very encouraging. It was decided that as a first effort they were to produce the Emyln Williams masterpiece, "Night Must Fall". However, since then interest seems to have flagged considerably. At the last two meetings only two members were present on each occasion. Results so far—the loss of two copies of "Night Must Fall"!

We extend a welcome to any of the Station personnel who would like to join us. Keeness and willingness to attend rehearsals are all the qualifications necessary. We are urgently in need of the services of a scenic artist and certain other stage hands. All information regarding entertainments can be obtained from the Sports Office in the Recreation Hall.

Statistics show that our shows have done great work in raising funds for the various War Charities which help to alleviate the hardships that are suffered by the war victims in Britain. In the five public concerts we have presented, the number of people played to totals 3,730, which figure would have been considerably greater had accommodation not been limited. The amount of money raised is \$1,443. At the time of going to press, we are commencing rehearsals for a new show to be presented at the Grand Theatre in Calgary on February 21st, proceeds in aid of the air raid victims in Britain.

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FULLY LICENSED

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## FORM 441

Fortunately for his mental balance, a navigation instructor encounters a few rare flashes of humour.

For the benefit of mankind in general and fellow sufferers—sorry, instructors—in particular, we offer the following:

After a cross-country flight, a student turned in a log in which he told us that "the sky is blue" and "the Rockies look nice", and he went on to write—

"1020. Sighted a train making for Bassano.

"1024. We reached Bassano before the train."

We wonder how wide open was his motor, as he wrote this tribute to the urge given to the Oxford by our mechs.

Then later in the same day came the entry:

"Sighted an Anson heading South—I wonder where he is going?"

That wasn't all we wondered about when we read the log.

From examination papers we learn that noise is a danger in or near thunderstorms, and that another danger is changing wings.

Even the weather report has its humour, for one morning we were told of clouds above the surface or higher, and in one which really got down to details—Cloud base 1 ft. to 3,000 ft.

And now to prove that we take it. An airman in the control tower watched a "Kangaroo" landing and caustically remarked: "I'll bet that's a navigation instructor"—and I shouldn't be surprised if it was!

H.J.

• • • •

### HIGH FINANCE

Estimating the value of the mute "h" at \$10, F/O Trevor Woods has calculated that for a cost of only \$1,064,950 he can afford to mispell the entire English language.

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5:30 p.m.	10:30 p.m.
5:45 p.m.	11:30 p.m.
6:00 p.m.	12:30 Midnight
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6:30 p.m.	

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6:00 p.m.	10:45 p.m.
6:15 p.m.	11:45 Midnight
6:30 p.m.	12:45 a.m.
6:45 p.m.	1:45 a.m.
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## Going Up?

# AROUND THE FLIGHTS

By "CONDIMENT"

WHENEVER a new Course takes up residence at Penhold and carries out its circuits and bumps, the question of circuits—wide and otherwise—inevitably crops up. With Courses coming along so quickly it is now developing into a full-time debate, and the various Messes are seldom on the ground but are usually on the down wind leg, just on the cross wind leg, or making the approach to land. From "B" Flight, however, comes the tale of an Instructor whose pupils have to switch over to the auxiliary tanks as part of their vital actions going "down wind." Sounds "horsey" to us, but "A" Flight people swear it is true.

The Instructors of No. 3 Squadron are now quite used to their extra ration of carrots as part of their night flying diet. Many of them can't imagine how they spent their evenings before the Course reached this stage of their training. Too bad one of the Flight Lieutenants can't stand carrots at any price!

We received only one all correct solution to last week's quiz—"Instructors and Their Sayings." Our congratulations to Flight Sgt. Henn. In place of the proposed Course of Aeronautics, Bill has chosen to take our alternative Course—"The Conga"—in ten easy lessons.

Since the publication of our last number, we've been forced to the hitherto unsuspected conclusion that even Instructors possess that tricky thing known as a Conscience. We told of one Instructor turning his petrol off instead of "on" when about to start up an Oxford. THREE Instructors have since volunteered the information that they were the ones involved in the incident! Almost as bad are the two Flight Magicians we came across who didn't know whether the Mag starting switches had to be left "on" or "off" once the engines were started!

All readers of "TEE EMM" are conversant with the activities of P/O Prune, and we are receiving a number of enquires asking whether a certain Instructor was the original model for this well-known figure, or whether he merely models himself on the character. Doubtless "E" Flight will be only too willing to supply the answer.

A bouquet to LAC Mander for the way he dealt with a disintegrating Oxford, although we believe his first approach caused a very hardened Flight Sergeant to close his eyes and keep his fingers crossed.

In our first issue we asked ex-pupils (sorry—students) to write in and let us know when they selected undercarriage up instead of flaps. We thought they would at least wait until leaving Penhold before committing this crime, but of course someone has to be the first to do everything at a Station. Hence the sight of an Oxford without visible means of support a couple of weeks back. Cockpit Drill obviously amounts to something after all, and we trust this is the last time such a sight obstructs the view across the 'drome.

No. 3 Squadron now have to provide interpreters for any Instructor from another Squadron who turns up for night flying experience. One from No. 2 Squadron was completely stumped when a pupil about to go solo turned round and asked, very politely, "Excuse me, Sir, what's the blinkin'?" Rather taken aback, the Instructor merely "begged his pardon" and again the question was repeated. This proved too much and an explanation being called for, the following reply was received:—

"Why, Sir, you know, Sir; what's the blinkin'—time."

Congratulations to Sgt. Gregory on his promotion to the rank of Pilot Officer, and we hope he'll enjoy Calgary as much as he did Penhold.

## PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION



First Place—LAC Harris's "SKI FOR VICTORY"  
A climbing ski-er's tracks in powder snow, Banff, December, 1941



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**Second Place**

(On left)

**"THE GYRO"**

By P/O H. E.  
Addington

(Exposure 1/2 sec.  
at F. 6.3 on Plus  
X, developed in  
micrograin, 85  
lighting, one 100  
watt spotlight).

**Third Place**

(Below)

AC Transehe's

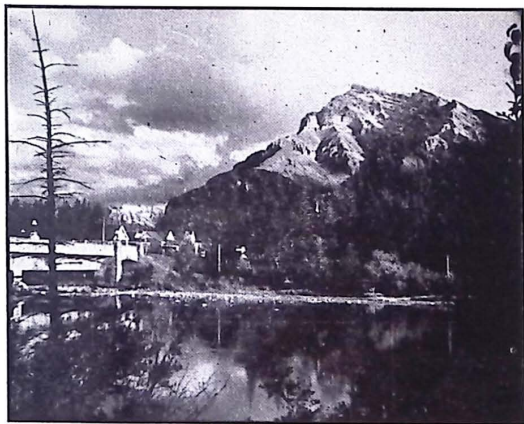
**"BOW RIVER"**

Banff

(F.8 25th Sec.,  
yellow filter, Agfa  
Finopan)

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## The Magicians

# MAINTENANCE WING

**A**T the beginning of January, all of us were feeling full of the spirit of Christmas and the New Year, but resolutely settled down to shake off its effect. This has been done to some purpose and we feel that it would be untrue now to suggest that Maintenance Squadron are saving Oxfords now that cigarette cards are abolished. Good show! Keep it up!

We also congratulate Nos. 1 and 2 Servicing Flights on their achievement of 100 per cent serviceability. No. 1 Flight, indeed, have congratulated themselves, and by the time this edition of the "Log" has been printed, will have held a dance as an expression of their joy. We are sure they will have waded into it with as much vigour as they do their work. While handing out bouquets we should like, also, to congratulate Flight Sergeants Gascoyne, Eyles and Cox, and Sergeants Smith, Jacobs, Lorimer and Camden on their recent promotion.

### **We Should Like To Know—**

WHO was the N.C.O. pilot in No. 1 Flight who taxied No. 64 into the coalyard for refuelling?

WHAT memories are recalled to which junior N.C.O. by the name "Isobel"?

WHO at a Local Trade Test Board answered the question, "Name three joints used by Metal Riggers", by the reply, "The Buffalo, The British Legion and the Cub Dance Hall"?

WHO dismantled the electric panel to put the solenoid right when the aircraft was fitted with a hand starting magneto? Is there any connection between this and the name of "Cranker" recently acquired by a certain corporal?

WHETHER a certain Sergeant of Maintenance Squadron uses a chair to view the aircraft on the aerodrome?

IS "workshops" correctly named?

WHETHER a Medical Inspection (daily) could be arranged for the Corporals of Maintenance Squadron who show marked signs of blood pressure due to lack of brake pressure?

WHETHER the grey hairs apparent in a certain Rigger Sergeant's head are due to the swing of Oxfords, and whether he still claims preference for the swing of the R.A.F. Band?

WHO has heard this and where?  
SLEEEEE!!! . . . . just a moment  
. . . . . FLIGHT!!

\* \* \* \*

### **ODE TO A CHEETAH X.**

Cheetah! Cheetah! Oh my aunt,  
Thou art a useless power plant,  
No U/T on thee rely,  
To keep on running low or high:  
Thou cuttest almost every time  
Thou goest on a trainer climb.  
Unlike a Gypsy Lion or Dagger  
Thou stoppest in a "nagger-lagger",  
Many's the trip that thou hast spoiled  
Because thy blinking plugs were  
oiled.

It's hard to get thee off the ground,  
With boost of one one-quarter  
pound:

Thou art so slow in gaining height  
Thou givest us an awful fright.  
When on wheels we have to pump  
Like hell to miss the petrol dump:  
So please try not to spit and cough  
Until we turn thy petrol off,  
Keep going until we lower flaps  
Don't do the dirty on the chaps.  
But once you've brought us safely  
down,

And we are off to Red Deer town,  
To revel in fair maids caress,  
Why then the time to go U-s,  
And don't appear again thou  
"naughty"

Until they've given thee a "forty."

1891

1941

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### SOCIETY GOSSIP

Who was the chap who thought that every dance at the M.T. dance was a "tag"? He had a certain LAC very worried, as he insisted on giving away some "home truths."

.....

The Sergeants' Mess can boast of a real "Fred Astaire" in their mess. He absolutely "holds" the place with his "La Conga" dance.

.....

The last place where one would expect to see some Don Juans is in an Orderly Room, but the one on this Station is an exception to the rule. A certain LAC is falling heads over heels (and he's not ice-skating, either) for a sweet signorita from Rocky Mountain House, and there are a few more of the staff giving the romantic little place a great deal of support.

One of the senior N.C.O.'s on the M.T. section is really stepping out at Innisfail. He can often be heard singing "Nursey, come here and hold my hand." Even the "sobbing crooner" and a very hard-working "chippy" have been visiting this little place very often lately. What can the attraction be?

.....

One of the senior N.C.O.'s in the Orderly Room must think he's back at his old school (I believe it was Narkover). All he thinks about is going "over the fence." And he's not breaking camp, either.

.....

Some of the members of the Accounts Section have not been visiting Rocky Mountain House so often lately. I believe some of the girls there have been slightly disappointed.

.....

Another sergeant instructor has been going all "Dutch" lately. Fair enough!

**WE'VE BEEN WONDERING**

WHICH Officer rang up Equipment Section and asked for Section and Reference Number of a Mobile Unit? ('s true.)

IF its pukka "Griff" that it's the "Best in the West", and if so, where we could obtain confirmation?

WHICH Navigation Section Pilot thinks a "three pointer" landing is made up of three (or more) bounces?

WHICH member of the Sergeants' Mess insists on cutting his milk teeth by biting the rims of Mess cups?

WHY the M.T. Section has been rather confused this past month or so?

WHEN a certain member of the Sergeants' Mess will lose the habit of attaching himself, uninvited, to a particular party of friends on Guest Nights?

IF it is true that the M.T. wallahs are taking lessons in spelling?

WHICH certain Flight Sergeant is trying to emulate Greta Garbo: "I vont to be alone"?

WHICH senior officer, remarking on entertainment activities, said: "I don't know about aerodrome: it will soon be a hippodrome."

WHY the cooks find it necessary to eat "hot-dogs", pies, etc., in the Y.M.C.A. Canteen?

\* \* \* \*

### ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PROBLEMS

#### Problem One—

The length of ladder required would be 26 feet. This is based on the Theorem of Pythagoras, i.e., in a right-angled triangle, the square on the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides.

#### Problem Two —

There would be no need to notify the police. The meter on a taxi registers the amount of the fare. No money is contained therein.

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---

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# THE TRUTH THE WHOLE TRUTH - - - AND NO BLONDES

QUITE the most dreary of last month's would-be-jolly news items was the report that Warner Bros.' new Hollywood Super-Special, "Captain of the Clouds", is to be a strictly accurate version of life in the Royal Canadian Air Force. "Small, London-tailored fighting man, Owen Cathcart Jones", says the story is jamming the works when producer Michael Curtiz starts using his brains. Cathcart Jones, according to the reporter, cracks: "Oh, I say, Mike, we don't do it that way, really we don't, you know", (which suggests his English is up to his London tailoring)—and the Blonde crawls out of the Bomber.

For the howling mob of Hollywood aviation addicts this is more than somewhat sinister. When they start flying Spitfires with the pilot head cover removed (see "A Yank in the R.A.F."), when Vought Sikorsky Chesapeake—service ceiling 28,200 ft.—and Curtiss Cleveland Helldivers—service ceiling 27,000 ft.—stop climbing at 5,000 ft. a minute to 40,000 ft. and above (see "Dive Bomber"), then you can stuff it back into the film canisters and leave us to Lamarr, Lamour and Love.

Just why the film magnates should be rushing headlong into True-to-Life is obscure. Maybe the roars of delight from the cinemas of Calgary, Red Deer, Moose Jaw and Medicine Hat have so filtered down the Rockies that Beverly Hills rings with hearty jeers. But, Mr. Curtiz, Mr. Zanuck, and who-else-have-you, those are cheers, not jeers, they should make your heart glad, not your face red, or do you really covet a place in the Royal Aeronautical Society? If that's it, current advice is: You've had it.

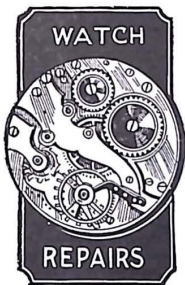
What made past sensations? Why do we treasure the memory of "Arise My Love"? Because Generalissimo (always a gentleman) Franco left a three-engined bomber—with two throttles—all warmed up, lined up, chocks away, trimmed for take-off, into wind, for Ray Milland to escape in; because when Mr. Milland had a hunch he was being followed he throttled back and heard the fighters coming up behind. Close night flying formation by Flying Fortresses was a happy idea in "I Wanted Wings", and a successful night forced landing even happier. The R.A.F. looks sissy beside this, taking the view that a crew should bail out rather than fly her down in the dark and wait for the bump. And "I Wanted Wings", of course, had the greatest of all Blondes in the Bomber.

This sort of thing does a glamour-starved aviator good without convincing him that Veronica Lake is standard equipment in U.S. long-range bombers. Some years ago there was a second-feature film drifting around about Alaskan

commercial flying. This suggested that the correct entry into an Alaskan circuit was through the hangar. At any rate, it was presumably normal because an Eskimo squaw went on supping sump-oil as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened. Again, this need not persuade a potential bush pilot that an Alaskan signals area is laid out inside the hangar, nor that Eskimos queer a servicing squadron's accounts by a taste for engine lubricants.

Morally, mentally, physically and spiritually, the most paralytically stupefying dose of celluloid ever concocted is a seven-reel record of the daily inspection of a Spitfire. That film is the facts, endlessly, all the facts. It regularly brings a well disciplined class to the edge of open mutiny. It is the greatest morale-bender in the service. It is True-to-Life. Hollywood producers who threaten a harmless, good-hearted public with true-to-life flying films should be chained to the seats of a cinema, their eyes propped open with match sticks, and shown "The Daily Inspection of a Spitfire"—all seven reels, each with the identical shattering climax: AC Erke laboriously signing F. 700.

If the film potentates insist on stowing their imaginations in the ice-box for the duration, a new low in supers can be patiently awaited: "Here To-day and Here To-morrow, the Saga of Training Command." When that happens, the last tinsel shreds of Pilot Glamour will vanish in a true-to-life picture of three-dimensional truck-driving. And then the soldiers would come back into their own, which would be a bad thing.



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## R.A.F. PENHOLD

# MALE VOICE CHOIR

The Male Voice Choir held their first Annual General Meeting in the rehearsal room on Monday, 12th January, 1942, and incidentally achieved the distinction of being the first Station Society to hold an Annual General Meeting.

The Chairman, AC Cliff Lister, opened the meeting and in a very brief speech thanked the members for their past enthusiasm and hard work, and said that he was looking forward to bigger and better performances and even more satisfactory results than had been obtained in the past. He then called on LAC Jack Seaward for the Secretary's report—as the Chairman said, the Secretary was there to do the work and he was not going to allow him to shirk his responsibilities.

The Secretary's report was as follows:

"This being the first Annual General Meeting of the Choir, you are doubtless hoping to be able to express your views on the hundred and one matters which are certain to be raised by our very enthusiastic members, and so I propose to restrict my report to a bare outline of our activities to date, in order that as much time as possible may be given over to general discussion. The Choir was formed in the middle of September, and I think we can congratulate ourselves on the progress which we have made to date, even though we expect that by the end of the winter season, the results which we have thus far achieved will fade into insignificance. It is only by real hard work that we have reached our present standard, and I am sure that no one present tonight will want us to rest on our laurels even though we do want to try and arrange that the Choir will not monopolise all of our time as it has done in the past. But that is a matter upon which it is hoped that members will voice their views later. To descend to every Secretary's stand-by at General meetings—statistics—we have to date given 18 concerts or parts thereof, a total of some 15½ hours singing. We have sung some 42 different songs, not to mention "Lords of The Air" 30 times! The number of members has decreased from 36 for the first show to 24 for the last, but apart from a large exodus after the third show when we really got down to hard work, the number has only decreased from 28 to 24, and this is due entirely to postings.

"In conclusion, I should like to thank the Commanding Officer and other Officers for the encouragement and help they have given us. I cannot close without thanking the members of the Committee, but for whom my task would have been much more difficult, for their very efficient help, and if the Committee which you elect this evening are as enthusiastic as my present colleagues, you need have no fears as to the continued success of the Choir. This presupposes that you will all give your unstinted support as you have done in the past, because, naturally, without an enthusiastic membership there would be no Choir, and so on this note of praise for the past and hope for the future, I come to the end of the first Secretary's Report."

The Meeting then proceeded to elect the officers for the coming year, and the following members were elected:

Chairman—AC Brian Gray; Secretary—LAC Jack Seaward; Conductor—AC Arthur Brown; Deputy Conductor—AC Don Walmsley; Committee Members—AC Bill Jones, AC Sid Jones, LAC Ron Money, AC Les Napier.

Conductor Arthur Brown and Accompanist Stan Philp were appointed ex-officio members of the Committee.

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# NEWS OF THE MONTH

## CHOIR SUPPER

On Wednesday evening, the 21st of January, the Station Choir held a supper and musical evening at the Penhold Hotel. The first of any of the organizations to hold such a function, it was voted by all to be the most successful.

An excellent supper, to which everyone did justice, was provided. Thereafter the party adjourned to the lounge for another feast—a musical one. Never before in the history of the Penhold Hotel have the rafters rang so loudly with music, song and laughter. The ever-popular "Tubby" (pardon me, Cliff) Lister sang several solos. The choir, by request, sang "The Holy City."

F/Lt. T. D. G. Carstairs was the guest of the evening. And should the Maintenance Wing wonder why, on the morning of the 22nd, their Adjutant was a bit hoarse . . . well, ask the choir. Everyone present contributed a solo effort to the programme. And I know the choir shall join me in thanking Stan. for his untiring work at the piano.

"Members of the choir, I thank you and congratulate you, very sincerely, for a most enjoyable evening."—Editor.

\* \* \* \*

## BROADCAST AND CONCERT

On Saturday, 31st January, 1942, our Station Choir, under the direction of AC A. Brown, entered upon a new phase in their brief history—broadcasting. The programme was given over CFRN, Edmonton, from 9 to 9:30 p.m. Several choral pieces were sung and AC C. Lister, soloist, sang, "Stout Hearted Men". The following day a very successful concert was given at the Garneau Theatre, Edmonton. The theatre was filled to capacity and several hundred people failed to gain admission. The choir was assisted by Miss Jean Braschuk, soprano, and the Tait Ensemble.

## AFTER SEVENTEEN YEARS

At a peak called Kalana in India in 1925, two men were stationed just five hundred yards apart. One was in the Queen's Royal Regiment; the other in the 2nd Battalion of the Somerset Light Infantry. Little did they think that they would meet again. But one evening in the Y.M.C.A., Mr. George Palmer (Y.M. C. A.) approached Cpl. R. Clarke (Nobby) and remarked that he felt sure they had met before. After a little thought, they both remembered—INDIA! Many a happy hour has been spent since then reminiscing. Old yarns have been retold—old acquaintances remembered. The happy days spent in that country have been relived.

Kalana is a hill station high up in the Himalayan Mountains, where troops are sent to convalesce after service in the plains, where it is 120 degrees in the shade—and no shade. This station is about one hundred miles from Dehra Dun, the base. It was a five-day march, averaging 25 miles per day. The climate here is very good, and it is a natural garden city. And now in another part of the Empire those two old comrades meet, and to use the well-worn adage, "It's a Small World!"

\* \* \* \*

## FAREWELL TO YOUTH!

The Accounts staff held a party on the 19th January at the Club Cafe, in honour of AC Leece's 21st birthday. Needless to say there were some sore heads the following morning.

\* \* \* \*

## MARRIAGE

At Medicine Hat, on the 31st January, P/O R. C. Nutter took unto himself a bride, Hilda, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Flynn.

We extend to Mr. and Mrs. Nutter our heartiest congratulations and best wishes for the future.

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*Geo. Moon*

For Your Entertainment

## R.A.F. Cinema Penhold

**O**VER 3,000 tickets of admission were sold during January! Thank you all for your support, in spite of the constant changes of playing dates and times. There were many who gave the Cinema a life of a month, but I am afraid that they have been disappointed. From reports received from other Camp Cinemas in Western Canada, the shows on this Unit compare favourably in many respects, and improvements are being considered constantly.

I have no doubt that there are many who are wondering what happens to the box office receipts which are so mysteriously whisked away each evening, never to appear again! It may be of interest to know that if only 200 people came each evening, the Cinema would have to close down. I know that at present the attendance is greater than this figure, but the expenses are constant throughout the year whether the films are shown or not, whereas the chances of enticing 200 people on some of the fine summer evenings is problematical.

To descend to sordid details, the greatest single expenditure is on the rent of the films themselves; this rental varies on different films, being on a "flat" basis on certain programmes, and on a "percentage" on others, the usual percentage being 40 per cent of the box office takings. The News appears as a separate Contract, and so do the Sunday evening features and the coloured Cartoons, a single 20-minute film costing as much as six dollars!

The next expenditure of major importance is the projecting equipment and the spares required to maintain it in perfect working order. There are in addition many other minor items, such as advertising, tickets, transport charges to and from Calgary, etc., which add up to a surprising amount in spite of all efforts to keep them to a minimum.

However, you can be assured that any surplus funds will be used for effecting every possible improvement in programmes and presentation.

In addition to the films listed below, in response to many requests, it is hoped that the film, "Target For To-Night", will be available for showing in the near future. Please do not hesitate to make your suggestions for future programmes.

## Forthcoming Attractions

**February 17th—"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE"**, starring Spencer Tracy, Ingrid Bergman and Lana Turner. Once again Spencer Tracy proves his right to his place as a two-time Academy Award winner with his portrayal of that favourite of fiction, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Admirable in his restraint, Tracy resorts to no gargantuan make-up to denote his transformation from the good Dr. Jekyll into the evil Mr. Hyde. With a minimum of facial horror, the star achieves his personality change through change of expression. The Robert Louis Stevenson novel tells the story of young Dr. Jekyll, scientist interested in man's dual personality. He believes that in all men are good and evil. In some, evil predominates over the good, in others the reverse is true. Over the objections of friends, colleagues and sweet-hearts, Jekyll continues his experiments in this field. He drinks the resulting potion. It is then his evil asserts itself and he becomes Mr. Hyde.

**February 19th—"SMILIN' THROUGH"**, starring Jeanette MacDonald and Brian Aherne. Filmed in beautiful Technicolour. Adapted from the Broadway stage play of the 1919-20 theatrical season, this film version of "Smilin'

Through" still contains all the dramatic impact, all the softness of sentimental romance, all the warmth of human interest and appeal, filled as it is with everyday material of everyday life, all the laughs and tears that colour normal existence, and all the tension and suspense of a frustrated love, that made the original play so successful. Production is at its technical best and superb use is made of the Technicolour which fits the theme like a silk glove. The soft colours and the settings reminiscent of Old England plant a most romantic atmosphere which is heightened by a subdued and effective musical underscoring. You are strongly recommended to see this fine Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.

**February 24th—"HONKY TONK"**, starring Clark Gable and Lana Turner. Here is Clark Gable as a confidence man and Casanova who takes over a Nevada town and builds it up so that he can dominate its citizenry in a legal manner while robbing the population in all the other ways. Here is Lana Turner as a beautiful and moral Boston maiden who gets the hero drunk so that he'll marry her and then sticks to him no less ecstatically because her efforts to reform him fail. Here are Frank Morgan as the girl's father, himself a crook but noble enough to die in a futile attempt to save his daughter's happiness, Claire Trevor as a dance hall girl carrying a torch for the hero, and Albert Dekker as the bad man from whom the stronger character takes over control of the city. Here is a "strong meat" story told without restraint.

**February 26th—"WEEK-END IN HAVANA"**, starring Alice Faye and Carmen Miranda, in Technicolour. A romantic story of a glamorous hosiery salesgirl whose cherished vacation is almost ruined by a steamship mishap, and John Payne as a charming bounder who agrees to provide Latin romance for a fee. The week-end of the title is underwritten by a steamship company on the girl's promise of a waiver of liability if it lives up to her dreams. That it ultimately does is incidental to enjoyment, for meanwhile there are beautifully staged song and dance numbers to complete the entertainment.

## A I R M E N

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## MUSINGS OF A PADRE

IF the men on this station were asked what are the duties of a Padre, I imagine most of them would begin by saying that his task is to help men believe in God. Doubtless in wartime a difficult enough task. Men away from home, cut loose from the habits and sanctities of the home, free to do what they like with their leisure hours, surrounded by the various temptations army life always presents, frequently reach the place where they either disbelieve in God or more often simply ignore Him. It is easy for them to refuse to ask themselves the question, "Do I believe in God, and if I do, what difference should it make in my life?" So a Chaplain's task is first of all that of reminding men that there are eternal questions and eternal truths which we should not ignore amidst the immediate concerns of day to day work and recreation on a station. To help men grow more sensitive to the eternal difference between right and wrong when the inevitable circumstances of war tends to dull the voice of conscience, is also part of our task. When a nor'easterly gale lashes the Atlantic into a wild frenzy, the mountainous seas often hide the rocks along the coast in boiling water. An ignorant landlubber may say there are no rocks there until his boat crashes in ruin upon them. So in our troublous times the fury of the storm sometimes hides from our eyes the rock of eternal verities that will still stand when the storm subsides—but stand littered with the wrecks of those who ignored or denied that there was any rock there. I think it was Napoleon who said that God was on the side of the big battalions—but Napoleon, despite his big battalions, failed, and I believe that Hitler and his big battalions will fail also.

Confidence in God is rarely easy amidst the suffering and hardship of wartime. Chesterton gave a fine expression to it in his verse:

Though giant rains put out the sun,  
Here stand I for a sign.  
Though Earth be filled with waters dark,  
My cup is filled with wine.  
Tell to the trembling priests that here  
Under the deluge rod,  
One nameless, tattered, broken man  
Stood up and drank to God.

And yet if it is important that we should believe in God and in a God who rides above the storm and can see us through, the really more important question is what God thinks of us and not what we think of God. To see ourselves as others see us is sometimes humiliating but nearly always instructive, and to see ourselves, our Empire, the cause for which we fight as God sees them should be the supreme quest of our faith these days. It must destroy all false pride and smugness. Lord Milner, rightly admired as a great Englishman, once said: "The last thing which the thought of the Empire inspires in me is a desire to boast—to wave a flag, or to shout 'Rule Britannia'. When I think of it, I am much more inclined to go into a corner by myself and pray." And yet with that proper humility I do feel that we have every right to say these days that God does believe in the British people, that with Winston Churchill we can believe that we are the instruments in God's hands which he is using for a purpose which is none the less glorious though we may only dimly perceive it.

## Y. M. C. A. NOTES

**CINEMAS**—Considerably better and newer Cinema programmes are now being received on the Y.M.C.A. Circuit. A new company has been engaged to supply film programmes, and their releases are proving very popular. A few requests are in order at this point—if you find the programme not satisfactory to your taste, just be an Arab and “steal away silently into the night”, for there are others present whose tastes may differ from yours and who wish to enjoy the film. 'Nuff sed!

Great inconvenience is being caused by refuse such as orange peels, apple cores, etc., being thrown on the floor during the programmes. This action jeopardizes the whole Cinema service, and should be discontinued.

**POSTAL REGULATIONS**—I wish to point out that the Y.M.C.A. does not run a Post Office, but for the convenience of the Station, does sell stamps and furnish all information possible regarding postal service. Owing to congestion at the wicket, we do not propose to handle single three-cent stamps, but rather to carry them in booklets of eight stamps to a book, costing 25¢. The Canadian Government, unlike the British Government, charges one cent for the booklet.

Air Mail service direct to England seems much improved lately, and letters are coming over in about ten days, in some cases. This is the thirty-cent rate.

**CANTEEN**—Our policy in operating the Canteen for this unit is to try to give the best service at the lowest cost. In many cases you will find that our prices are lower than prevailing prices elsewhere. If, on any lines we are higher, we would appreciate your informing us of this, and if an adjustment can be made, we shall be pleased to do this. Owing to continued losses on bottles, a deposit on soft drink bottles has become necessary.

**OTHER SERVICES**—Used Radio Sets are becoming more difficult to obtain, and prices are much higher, hence the delay in securing all the sets which were promised this Station. It is doubtful if sets can be obtained for all sections which have requested them.

By an arrangement with the Red Deer Library Board, the services of the City Library are available to the men of this Station. The Y.M.C.A. Services has undertaken to underwrite any losses of books by personnel of this Station, and to seek out overdue books. Please return these books promptly, and if posted, be sure to leave library books at the Y.M.C.A. office to be returned to the Red Deer Library.

Unfortunately, a shortage of material has seriously delayed full operation of the skating rink, but some use of the ice has been made and a large number of men who had formerly only known hockey by watching others play the game, are now enjoying first-hand experience. What tales they will have to tell their grandchildren!

*Red Deer Advocate*  
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WE CARRY NATIONALLY KNOWN  
CANADIAN AND BRITISH BRANDS



High altitude—dry climate—long hours of sunshine, all point to the advisability of glare and heat protection for your eyes. Tone-Ray and Calobar sun glasses made up in imitation shell frames, gold filled frames, or rimless glasses, with or without your prescription, will give you this protection.

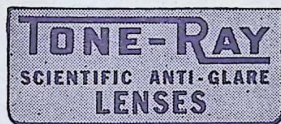
**J. A. LAMPARD**

**Optometrist**

Optical Dept., Second Floor

Phone 787

RED DEER



Advocate Press, Red Deer