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THE PENHOLD

The cover features a large, stylized map of Canada in the background. Overlaid on the map is a grid with various labels: 'YEAR', 'AIRCRAFT', 'PILOT', '2nd PILOT', and 'DUTY'. A silhouette of a biplane is shown flying across the map. In the lower right, there is a profile of a pilot wearing a helmet and goggles. The word 'LOG' is written in large, bold letters across the center of the map. The name 'B.W. ROUGHTON' is written in the bottom right corner of the grid. The word 'CANADA' is written vertically along the left side of the map, and 'ALBERTA' is written vertically along the right side. At the bottom of the cover, the text '36 S.F.T.S' is displayed.

MARCH
VOLUME I



1942
NUMBER 4

CAPITOL THEATRE, RED DEER

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"HERE COMES MR. JORDAN"
 Robert Montgomery, Rita Johnson
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 Madeleine Carroll, Stirling Hayden

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 Charles Boyer, Olivia De Havilland

Wednesday, March 25
 One Day Only
"RISE AND SHINE"
 Jack Oakie, Linda Darnell

Thursday, Friday and Saturday
 March 26-27-28
"SERGEANT YORK"
 Gary Cooper, Joan Leslie
 The great story of World War I
 Hero. A "Must-See" picture.

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The *Penhold Log*

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Group Captain W. B. Farrington,
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COMMITTEE: Sgt. Sutherland, Sgt. Salt, Sgt. Childs

VOL. I No. 4

MARCH, 1942

Editorial

DURING a recent visit to Calgary, my host and I were comparing tastes in literature, poetry, etc. My friend asked me if I had been reading any of Tennyson's works lately. I confessed that I was afraid that Tennyson had been on the bookshelf since school days. He brought me a book of Tennyson's and drew my attention to a poem he had been reading. Four stanzas in particular claimed my attention. They were the following:—

For I dipt into the future,
Far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the World,
And all the wonder that would be.

Saw the heavens fill with Commerce
Argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight,
Dropping down with costly bales.

Heard the heavens fill with shouting,
And there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies
Grappling in the central blue.

Far along the world-wide whisper
Of the south-wind' rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples
Plunging thro' the thunder-storm.

'Till the war-drum throb'd no
longer
And the battle flags were furled,
In the Parliament of man,
The Federation of the World.

Those lines are from "Locksley Hall," written in 1842—exactly 100 years ago. Aren't they amazingly prophetic? And that last stanza, is not that the goal for which we fight to-day?

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RED DEER

From Homestead to Town

1884 - 1942

WHEN Dr. Leo Gaetz and his sons built the first house in what is now the City of Red Deer in the Spring of 1884, this pleasant community began to take shape. This was the first in the town, and the Doctor could be accurately described as the father of Red Deer. There were other settlers in the district when the Doctor arrived, and it was to their generosity that he owed the satisfactory and speedy erection of his home.

In 1878, Angus McPhee, D.L.S., who was well-known to the early Red Deer people, made his first trip through the Red Deer River valley, with which he was delighted. In 1881, John T. Moore traversed the valleys of the Assiniboine, the Qu'Appelle and Saskatchewan Rivers, buying land for the Saskatchewan Land and Homestead Company. He made extensive purchases in the district, thirty miles long and twelve miles wide, of which Red Deer is the centre. It was by arrangement with Mr. Moore that Dr. Gaetz made his scouting trip through the West in 1883. There were other settlers in the district when Dr. Gaetz arrived to make his home here.

The first white settlers in the valley were Mr. and Mrs. Dan Dobbler, who returned to Ontario in the early days. Then there were Wm. Kemp, Robert McLennan, and the Beatty brothers, George and Jim. In the winter of 1883, George and William Byers came in, and in January, 1884, Sage Bannerman arrived at the Crossing. The Crossing was the name given to the settlement. It was at this point that the river was forded on the Calgary and Edmonton trail. John Stewart and family settled a few miles south of the Crossing in 1884, and Rev. Isaac Gaetz came in 1885 and built the second house in what is now Red Deer. John Halgren and John J. Gaetz came in in 1885 and took up the land on which they made their homes for a number of years.

In August, 1884, G. C. King, of Calgary, asked Dr. Gaetz to take over from him the small trading post he had established at the Crossing in 1883. Dr. Gaetz agreed to do so, and his eldest son, Ray (R.L.) was placed in charge; there was another post at the Crossing run by John Burch. There were several houses at the Crossing then. Sage Bannerman opened up a ferry service and Wm. Springbett started a blacksmith shop, so there was a flourishing little settlement there. It is interesting to note that Wm. Springbett still continues his blacksmith's business to-day in Red Deer.

The Crossing was the most important point on the trail between Calgary and Edmonton, and travellers always made it their stopping place. The Indians for many miles around used to come to the Crossing to trade.

Dr. Gaetz was keenly interested in the prosperity of the place where he had established his new home, and in 1886 he journeyed to Ottawa with samples of grain grown on his farm. Sir John Carling, the Minister of Agriculture, was greatly interested in the Doctor's description of the district and the Doctor's oats, weighing 53 pounds to the bushel, completely swamped some Scotch oats which Dr. Saunders, director of experimental farms, had brought over as standard for Canada.

When the Calgary and Edmonton railway was projected, and James Ross, William (afterwards Sir William) MacKenzie and Dan (afterwards Sir Daniel) Mann came before Parliament for aid in money and land, they called Dr.

Gaetz east to support their claims as to the value of the land in Central Alberta, through which it was proposed to build the line. Dr. Gaetz's testimony turned the scales in favour of the promoters, and they were given the money and the land to help them build the line. Three preliminary surveys for crossing the Red Deer River were made, and Rev. Dr. Gaetz, Rev. Isaac Gaetz and Mr. H. Gaetz pooled their interests with those of MacKenzie, Ross and Mann at an important interview in Dr. Gaetz's house, and the railway crossed and the station was built at what is now Red Deer. The railway reached Red Deer in the fall of 1890, and a number of new settlers arrived with it.

1890 saw the first store established in Red Deer when a 10 by 12 shanty was built by Mr. Stevenson on the corner now occupied by the Snell-Dodds block. Frank McBride opened a general store on the site now occupied by the Royal Bank, and soon after, in 1891, Ray Gaetz and John Burch moved into town from the Crossing.

The Riel Rebellion in 1885 did not affect the new settlement, but in order to avoid trouble, the women and children were shipped off to Calgary where they spent three months.

The formation of a school district in 1886 was another milestone along the road to civilisation. Application was made to Regina, and Red Deer School District No. 104 was authorised. There were seven pupils, two of the McLennan children and five of the younger Gaetz's. The first teacher was Geo. W. Smith, who married Dr. Gaetz's eldest daughter, and who served the town and district of Red Deer worthily over many years. At his death in July, 1931, he was a member of the provincial house for Red Deer.

With the coming of the railway, the entire population of the settlement at the Crossing, eighteen people, moved down to the new town site and the Crossing was deserted. New settlers began to arrive on every train. Farm implements, livestock and household effects came in a steady stream, and the development of the district went ahead rapidly. Conditions prior to 1897 did not favour farming, as the country was too dry. Early frosts were troublesome, and in the early '90's it was necessary to bring in seed oats, as the oats did not ripen owing to frost. In 1897 it rained for three solid weeks in the fall, and Red Deer has never known a really dry year since.

In 1901 the Town of Red Deer was incorporated, and a few years later the waterworks and sewerage systems were installed. Then came the building of the power house and the cement sidewalks. The establishment and operation of the Great West Lumber Company's mill in North Red Deer was a big factor in the industrial life of the district in the early 1900's. Two brick-yards were operating, and building in the town was going on steadily, and by 1913 the town had assumed pretty well its present appearance. The purchase of the Western General Electric Co. power plant by the city in 1926 was a sound municipal investment, and the citizens have reaped the benefit each year in lower rates and reduced taxation.

Since that time the changes have been in the nature of refinements. The streets and lanes have been gravelled, the power and light distribution system has been renewed, an automatic telephone system has been installed, the hospital has been enlarged and modernised, old buildings have been demolished, boulevards planted and seeded, and the town generally smartened up. And to-day, Red Deer, situated in the beautiful river valley is one of the prettiest and most attractive towns in Western Canada, and its standard of citizenship makes it a delightful town in which to have a home.

* * * * *

Your popular rumour, unlike the rolling stone of the proverb, is one which gathers a deal of moss in its wanderings up and down.—"The Old Curiosity Shop."

H. H. HUMBER

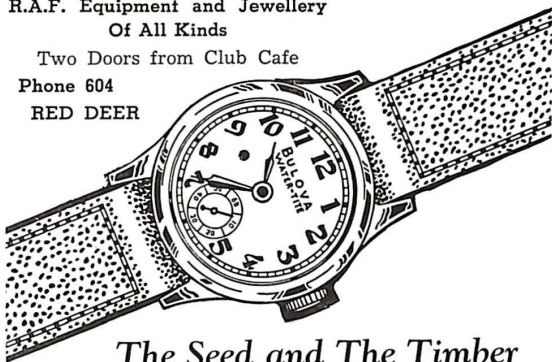
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RED DEER



The Seed and The Timber

February, 1908, two men, fresh from the frozen lake which has served them as a flying field, are thawing out by a roaring cabin stove. Their faces are flushed, partly by elation, partly by the warmth of the room after the icy bite of the winter air outside. The younger of the two is scribbling excitedly in a diary, the words tumbling swiftly, impetuously, from his pencil "Today we flew—flew! Yes, after all these weary months of work, we have done it. 826 feet in one straight flight! Even now I can hardly believe it"

February, 1942. Thirty-four years on, and the seed so laboriously planted on that icy February day out on the frozen lake, is now broad, strong timber. On the tarmac outside the airport buildings, a giant, streamlined sky-leviathan is waiting to take off. Time marches on—Thirty-four years. It is a short time in which to progress from perilous three-hundred-yard hops to regular trans-continental flights. Yet even now, who can tell how immeasurably far we are from full efficiency in the air?

In their respective fields, a fine Watch represents the utmost in skill, ingenuity and accuracy. The watch merely ticks away fleeting time—it's powerful counterpart is saving hours which would otherwise be lost forever.

JACKS OF ALL TRADES

(From Our Correspondent With The Forces)

KEEN interest has been aroused at Penhold airfield by rumors of a new training scheme shortly to be introduced. Already the Blind Flying Instructors (or Linqueens, as they are respectfully called by the admiring troops) receive dual instruction in the air; now a scheme has been produced whereby all R.A.F. personnel are to fly. It is pointed out by those in authority that they are called airmen, and should be true men of the air: but this new and revolutionary plan is to go further and envisages a complete inter-change of duties. Batmen, cooks and butchers, and clerks, are all to have five hours flying instruction a week: flying instructors are, in exchange, to receive dual in bed-making, cooking, potato-peeling and coal-shovelling.

A well-known ace of No. 2 Squadron at the field (laughingly referred to as Masterpilot by his buddies) was asked by our correspondent if he would state his opinion on the proposed scheme. "Gladly," he replied, smiling below his heavy moustache. "The new scheme sounds to me like a bit of good 'gen', as we used to say in the old days. As things are at present, after my two morning P.T. parades and ground crams, and the completion of my chats, books, ledgers and files, I have nothing to occupy my time until evening P.T., lectures and ceremonial parades. I would welcome the opportunity to be a flying man, ha! ha!, and perhaps I shall be the first to solo on a typewriter. Ha! ha! ha! . . ."

Here our correspondent managed to check the flow of wit by inquiring as to the meaning of "P.T."

"P.T., old boy?" was the reply, "why, physical training made the Air Force what it is. When I was on operations (here he was interrupted by mystifying but clearly admiring cries of "Line" from the bystanders), we found it made all the difference. Why did we lose the Battle of France? No P.T. And why did we win the Battle of Britain? Because, and this is a little-known fact, all pilots did half-a-dozen press-ups before running to their aircraft on an alert. And what will win us the Battle of Germany? P.T.—you can take my word for it. Don't you know why we are building huge bombers like the Stirling? So that the crew can all do hand-stands together on the way to and from Berlin. Why, I was talking to one of my pupils in hospital the other day (poor fellow, he broke a leg on the parallel bars), and I said to him, 'Laddy boy', I said . . ."

Here our correspondent made good his escape during the confusion caused by a breach of taste on the part of "Masterpilot's" canine chum, but further bulletins from the airport will, we are confident, be eagerly awaited by all our readers throughout the dominion.—"Effendi."

* * * *

Take a Scotch tip: Stay at home
and let your mind wander.

Flirtation is paying attention
without intention.

* * * *

* * * *

Judge: "Are you married?"
Prisoner: "No, sir; that scar is
where a mule kicked me."

The perfect score in golf has
finally been achieved by a nudist
who went round in nothing.

SPORTING NOTES

SOCCER—Games are arranged whenever the two bogeys, work and weather, condescend to be propitious simultaneously. We have now fifty pairs of boots for issue on loan or for sale. There are hopes that the soccer pitch will be improved in the near future.

BASKETBALL—The long awaited court has finally been declared open, but a cease-fire order has had to be enforced pending the arrival of strong cages for the lights. In the course of time, the Drill Shed floor will be boarded over, and it is hoped thereby that the dust problem that is so vexatious at the moment will be solved for good and aye.

ICE HOCKEY—Further developments have made possible the inauguration of an inter-section league which is being run by Mr. Allen, Y.M.C.A. The first games have already been played and, weather permitting, the programme should end next month.

BOXING—The arrival of F/Sgt. Ovens has given boxing a decided fillip. A group of keen, aggressive looking young men undergo intensive training fairly regularly in the Recreation Hall. We should like to discover new talent, as there are still a few vacancies in the team.



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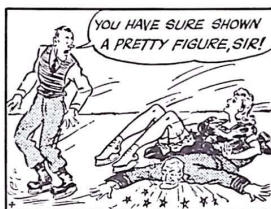
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RED DEER

HARRY P. ELLIS, Manager

GEORGE —"THE ERK"



FIGURES IT OUT!



IF

WITH APOLOGIES TO KIPLING

- IF you can get up early, wash and shave before it's light,
While others go out on parade without a wash or bite;
- IF you can keep your buttons bright and not the usual green,
And shine your boots beneath the bed and keep your floor
space clean;
- IF you can keep your hair so short, although it looks a farce,
And always turn up long before its time to start a class;
- IF you can drill and swing your arms the regulation height
And believe there's no excuse for ever getting tight;
And get to bed before lights out and never come in late;
- IF you can stay in camp and bind while others have a date,
IF you can do the things above without a single flaw,
I have no doubt you'll reach your goal—
Commission's yours, I'm sure.

Going Up?

AROUND THE FLIGHTS

By "CONDIMENT"

THE new organisation of Courses and Flights makes it almost impossible for us to keep in touch with the activities in each Flight without co-operation from Pupils and Instructors. We suggest that one Pupil on each Course should make himself responsible for forwarding "gen", cookhouse or otherwise, to one of the Instructors who can then pass it along to one of the staff.

We've been wondering whether the great enthusiasm shown by ground crews to remuster for aircrew duties is born altogether from a love of flying or merely wishful thinking for a change of scenery! We must say, however, that the ground crews at Penhold have always shown a certain amount of enthusiasm for the occasional flip, when the weather is to their liking. Now at long last we can mention the tale of a Flight Mech, in "A" Flight, who had so much trust in a pupil that he did an hour's circuits and bumps with him—this being the pupil's third hour solo!

The party given by a certain course for the ground crews of No. 3 Squadron turned out a really smashing success—"how amazing!" Maybe the personal appearance of the original "Mrs. Gibson" had something to do with this success—"how incredible!"

Flying Instructors are now settling down to becoming quite familiar with the customs out here. The technique now being employed at all the best dances, including Sergeants' Mess Stampedes, is to approach the blushing maiden one wishes to dance with and coyly remark, "Say, how about lending me your frame for a struggle, Babe?"

As the weather improves and evenings become brighter, it is hoped to organise inter-flight soccer and ice hockey matches (while the ice lasts, of course), and it is hoped that Instructors will turn out for their Flight teams where possible. Imagine the satisfaction to be obtained from giving the Flight Commander a really hefty tackle! Somehow we think the Instructors will take care of themselves, however—after all, they are all super-fit men.

* * * * *

EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE

A Red socialist once knocked at a house in Park Lane, London, and shouted to the footman: "The Revolution is here!" "All Revolutions must be delivered at the tradesmen's entrance," replied the footman coldly.

The while I swat
The buzzing flies,
I can't restrain
My thoughts and sighs;
I needn't swat
Until I'm blue
If Noah had
Just swatted two.

—Mich. Daily

DIAMONDS

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MAINTENANCE NOTES

There is very little that ever happens on the Wing, that someone doesn't find out about sooner or later. However, as each day succeeds the other, more "Wingers" continue to make fools of themselves in some small way.

Nearly the entire personnel of No. 1 Flight enjoyed some foolish fun at their recent dance. It was fortunate that night flying was held off until a late hour, which gave the night hawks a brief respite before settling down to some hours.

An artist, apparently unexploited until that night, made his debut with a batch of cartoons which bedecked the walls of the Hall of Recreation. They were good. Is he too shy to try his hand at a few sketches for this page?

Staff changes continue daily. The recent addition of a Flight Sergeant to Maintenance Squadron is worthy of note. Could it be that he has come to put a little "heart" into the Squadron?

One change leads to another. The outcome of a recent swap-over resulted in a Senior N.C.O. worrying about his lack of room for "serviceable" planes. It's not very clear whether he said "serviceable." There is still a certain timekeeper who thinks that "Oleo" is a South Sea love-call.

Who were the two Blind-Flying Instructors who had an embarrassing moment with the U.S. Army Air Corps and a Curtiss P.?

Then there was the Corporal Rigger who thought that a Meadowlark was a picnic with a girl friend. Needless to say, someone put him right and is he disillusioned!

Time and tide wait for no man.
Neither does the Camp bus.

* * * *

SEZ YOU!

Overhead in a cafe in Banff:—
"Oh, I thought S.P. meant Sweetie Pie!"

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ENTERTAINMENTS

CONCERT PARTY.—The members of the Concert Party have been busy rehearsing their new production—a Revueville Show, "Here We Are Again," which was presented in the Recreation Hall on March 4th, in the Edmonton Empire Theatre on the 7th March, and in Camrose on the 12th, in aid of the Milk for Britain Fund. The party still finds great difficulty in arranging rehearsals. On many occasions these have occurred after the second Cinema show!

* * * *

DANCES.—Two successful Section Dances have been held, and it is probable that another will be arranged very shortly. The Dance Band is now twelve strong, and is rapidly improving. Through the co-operation of officers i/c Sections,

many afternoon rehearsals have been organised and these have given the band leader an opportunity of welding the players together. We should like to welcome all instrumentalists who can be spared to these rehearsals, as we are anxious to build up a really first class band.

* * * *

SUNDAY MEETINGS.—Mention must also be made of the Sunday evening meetings conducted by the Padre in the Recreation Hall. These are of a varied nature and have been very successful affairs. Sing-songs, lectures, debates and quiz contests have so far been arranged. And it is hoped to expand the programme still further by holding talent competitions and by inviting guest artists to contribute items.

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5:15 p.m.	9:45 p.m.
5:30 p.m.	10:30 p.m.
5:45 p.m.	11:30 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.
7:00 p.m.	

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RED DEER

With the Puckchasers

Prangers' Ice-Biting Draw

BATTERED but unbeaten, Penhold Prangers honourably survived an ice hockey debut before 2,000 spectators when they drew two goals all against Red Deer Ladies, the Amazons, at the Red Deer High School ice carnival last month. Briefly, Prangers were so shaken at finishing the first period without a goal against them that they boldly scored two in the next. Amazons, equally shaken by the same goalless predicament, brought on a heavily camouflaged substitute of exceedingly dubious sex who took a girlish part in equalising the score.

Dominating the game was Prangers' happy ignorance of the rules and the referee's fortunate loss of his whistle. This reduced the affair to basic principle, and a good prang was had by all. The Amazons were possibly hampered by the English school of defence, notably demonstrated in the Pickering technique of falling face down on the puck, while as a variation of the same basic strategy the Walsh stick-work from the fully prone position was seen to have an effective radius of action. Tripping lightly over these obstacles, the Amazons made frequent attacks on goalie Hill in the first period, but could not beat him. Crawling around with professional calmness, the Penhold puck-stopper swept all attacks disdainfully away. Meanwhile, Prangers had made several furiously uncoordinated attacks which were lustily beaten back by Helen Hayhoe and henchwomen in the defence.

The second period was opened by Lydia the Hideous Substitute with a nice line in strategic back-chat at the face-off. Whereon both sides got down to the business of scoring, Penhold's Canadian Adams banging in a Haddon miracle pass, and Lydia immediately answering back for the girls. Defence chief Dixon got out of position to score another goal (Canadian brand) for Penhold, only to be beaten himself in defence a moment later by the guileful weavings of Adelyne Stephenson who went on to mesmerise goalie Hill into a puck-missing state of pop-eyed paralysis. And so with a hey-ho and a crack on the skull the battle was mutually agreed closed.

Newsworthy highlights were: The Broadley climbing turn into the crowd followed by a one eye-brow landing; Penhold Chivalry in helping a girl up after knocking her down; an indiscreetly unconcealed trip which landed a very charming lady as the evening's sole occupant of the penalty box; and a "Prune" reply to the Red Deer Mayoress, "Lady, this is no laughing matter, that hurt."

Line-up:—

Amazons—Goal, T. Crundwell; defence, H. Hayhoe, H. Hopfe, M. Cronie; forwards, A. Townsend, A. Stephenson, T. Trueman, M. England, J. Yuill, V. Wituik, M. Gore-Hickman; sub, Lydia (Silverman).

Prangers—Goal, F/O D. F. Hill; defence, Capt. C. Dixon, F/O J. E. Turnbull, F/O O. Broadley; forwards, F/O D. J. Raby, F/O A. A. Adams, F/O R. C. Pickering, P/O E. G. Haddon, P/O L. N. Walsh, F/O J. H. Johnson; Manager and helper-opper, P/O W. H. Thomas.



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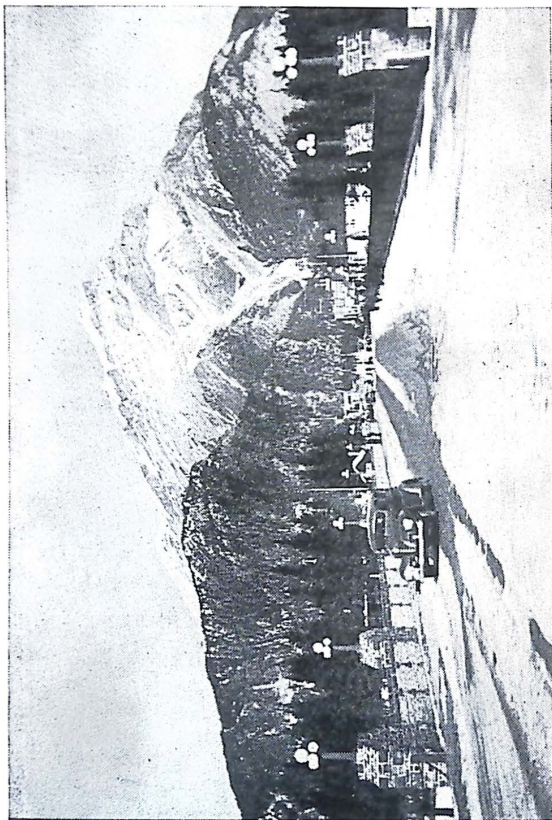
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PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION



First Place: "MAJESTIC BANFF," (Stoney Squaw Mountain), by Cpl. Oliver.



Second Place
(Above)
"SUNSET ON
CRIMSON LAKE"
(near Rocky
Mountain House)
by AC Henderson

Third Place
(On Right)
"WINTER ROAD"
by AC Carling



LOOK AROUND!

By
KERRY WOOD

Your Editor has asked me to write an article for the Penhold Log. "Something about Nature," said he. "Tell the lads what to look for, this Spring."

Well, one bird that you do not see in the Old Land may attract your attention, and perhaps it is the finest bird on all this North American Continent. The Canada Goose, or Honker. No other bird has such a dramatic appeal for western folk as the big "Canada." Along about mid-April you may hear their flight music, a glorious wild bugling that never fails to stir the blood. Look south! Look high! And soon you will see a V of the great honkers, with giant wings beating a measured rhythm, and the honking coming as a solo, in chorus, now chanting, now clamorous, as the birds stretch their long necks eagerly onward to the North. When the living V passes, you'll find yourself wishing you could follow them. They are the very symbol of the glorious freedom of the wilds. Humans aren't very tame, as yet, and perhaps that's why the Spring challenge of the Canada Geese finds such a ready response in our hearts.

Look for more than twenty varieties of flashy colored warblers, bubbling over with song. Look for thirty-odd singing sparrows. From the woodlands will sound the mellow, flute notes of the Olive-backed Thrush, the Veery, and from the quieter shadows of the spruces the rich, haunting melody of the Hermit Thrush.

The Western Meadow Lark will soon be singing from the fence posts: a cheery, robust song you will come to cherish. If you miss your English skylarks, look for a tiny bird, spiralling in the high sky, whistling a trilling song that is the equal of your skylark's song, in the opinion of ornithologists who have heard both. This wee bird will be the Pipit.

Look for fifteen and more varieties of ducks, plentiful on every "pot-hole slough," our way of saying "pond." In full mating plumage, the ducks are vividly dressed to delight the eyes.

And watch the gulls. Behind every farmer's plough you'll see a wheeling, screaming flock of black-headed Franklin Gulls, snatching up cutworms and other pests from the newly-turned sod. Evenings, you'll see them flying west and north to the large lakes where they nest on the marshy flats. They fly at an average speed of 40 miles an hour, and they are on the wing 15 hours daily after food. 600 miles a day!

Look for our hawks, a varied clan including buzzards, harriers, and the noble falcons. To those of you who have acquired .22 rifles and want to shoot vermin, let me urge you never to aim at any of our hawks. The bad ones are extremely rare here; the good ones are common. Each Swainson's, Roughleg and Red-tailed Hawk is worth more than \$1,000 a-piece to the farmer—sad to say, many farmers do not know that fact as yet. These are gopher-eating hawks, and they kill an average of two gophers a day during their summer stay with us. Each gopher, given the chance near a grain field, destroys nearly a bushel of grain per season. The hawks catch two a day for approximately 180 days, so figure out how much money that saves the farmer, even at the low price of 60¢ a bushel for wheat. Such hawks live about 20 to 25 years, so you will readily understand why each one is worth so much to the farmer.

If you want to shoot vermin, pick on the gopher, whose proper name is Richardson's Ground Squirrel. Or go after that black rascal, the Crow, an eater of duck eggs and destroyer of game, and a cunning fellow who has a well developed sense of humour and likes to get the last laugh on humans. He has his good points, too, but on the whole he is a bad bird and you can shoot him with a clear conscience. But be sure you have a safe background for your bullets—every year the farmers lose many head of stock because boys with .22 rifles skitter bullets carelessly across the fields.

Look for beaver on our Waskasoo Creek and Red Deer River, the smartest animal engineer in the world, and the animal whose pelt brought about

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RED DEER

the exploration of this vast Continent. In the early evening you'll see beaver at work, felling trees, building dams, making their stick-houses. They are well worth watching.

Look for Fatty, the Porcupine, our animated pin-cushion who carries thousands of two to five-inch spears to slap into any unwary creature unlucky enough to touch him. Look for woodchucks, or ground hogs, whistling shrilly from their burrows. Look for the long-tailed Prairie Weasel (ermine), one of the bloodiest killers in the animal kingdom. And look out for the Skunk. Stay ten feet away, chum, or you'll get sprayed with a free dose of an 'orrid perfume.

Look for flowers. The purple crocuses of spring, the scarlet tiger lilies in June, the shy clematis of the dark ravines, the rare white moccasin, or lady slipper, and the heady fly-speck orchids of the swampy woods. Look for our silver willow shrub, so pungent smelling when in bloom. This is the "greasewood" of the Zane Grey books. Look for our red willow, which is really a dwarf dogwood: the roots provide a concoction that Indians used as a fever-driver, the same as we use quinine. Look for our black spruce, common here but prized in other parts of the world because it makes the best guitars and other stringed instruments. Our saskatoon shrub yields a tasty berry, and once gave the Plains Indians their finest bow-wood.

Look for mushrooms; nut-flavored morels in spring, the tasty "button mushrooms" in July, the meaty puffballs in August, and the delicious inky toadstools and shaggy mains in September. Better borrow a mushroom textbook from our Public Library and be careful what you pick, because the most poisonous mushroom in the world, the Death Cup or Destroying Angel, grows in this district. So does the dangerous Fly-spotted Aminita, the one used by hardy Siberian peasant folk to put "kick" in their vodka.

Look for garter snakes, pretty and harmless. There are no poisonous snakes in this part of the province. Listen to the spring peepers, trilling from every pond all night long during May. They are tiny, inch-long Tree Frogs and make their music by much the same system as the Scots bag-piper. Be careful not to step on toads under the street lights: these warty-backed fellows do wonders to thin out injurious insects and are assets in every garden. You can't catch warts from them: that's a myth.

At night, in the moonlight, you'll see flying squirrels flash by if you go walking amid the tall spruces. They are quite common here, though seldom seen in daylight. The deep booming of the Great Horned Owls may startle you, but the soft, bell-tolling of the little Saw-whet Owl is charming.

In the river are pike, pickerel, gold-eye, suckers and ling, none of them plentiful except the scavenger sucker which is hardly fit to eat. If fishing is your fun, go to Pine Lake and try for the plentiful perch there, or thumb a ride fifty miles west to the creeks and rivers where Loch Levin trout and Grayling (Rocky Mountain Whitefish) rise to the deft-thrown fly.

Look for swallow-tail butterflies on the chokecherry blossoms, and watch the silver-spotted Ghost Moth perform his Figure 8 mating flight over the willows. The giant polyphemus, one of the silkworm moths, is here, and so are many of the death-head hawk moths. Some of our spiders are parachutists, climbing trees on windy days, spinning long silken threads for chutes, and taking off and floating hundreds of yards with the wind. Never mind looking for mosquitoes: let them do the looking. But watch out for wasps during berry-time: a good-sized paper nest will house several thousand of the vicious little beggars. In August they feed on fermented honey dew provided by the plant lice, and often get drunk on it! The shocking feature about it is that all wasp tipplers are ladies. While there is still snow around, look for Snow Fleas. Millions of them congregate under the spruces, literally blackening the snow with their tiny, sixteenth-inch long bodies. They are truly tough bugs to thrive in our winter season.

Look around, boys! The fields, the woods, the hills and earth and sky are filled with a thousand wonders to interest and amaze you. All you need to do is Look.

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SUCH HAPPY QUARTERS!

By I. WURKTHOR

STATION Headquarters Orderly Room really is the "gen" department of the Station. Everyone working within is credited by those engaged without as possessing startling information relating to personal arrivals and departures, the future of the Station as a whole, and even as to whether the C.O. is consuming all those tinned beans but recently removed from the delicate tables of our mess. Actually, of course, S.H.Q. Orderly Room remains in ignorance of many things, and obtains all its really important information from the Orderly Room of the Maintenance Wing. Yet personal contact with so many H.Q. administrators does tend towards an insight as to how the other half of the world lives. Let these words go no further, but sometimes high officers use profane words, and even criticise their own counterparts in other sections. But hush, such things must remain secret.

To return to the Orderly Room, it should be stated that the maintenance of friendly relations with outside sections is the supreme concern of the N.C.O.'s and staff. Even the hostility of some of the Dining Room gentlemen has not prevented this minority being received with the utmost courtesy when visiting us with some personal query. Of course, most airmen call upon us at some time or other during their career, and here a word of advice. When approaching the Orderly Room, do not be discouraged by the "Out of Bounds" notices. All places of interest within the camp are "Out of Bounds" anyway, so just don't bother. This is done to hinder the free functioning of the Station, just as in the case of the Legion Club in Red Deer. However, having once gained access to the Orderly Room or Records Office, do sit down. You'll find the Flight Sergeant most sympathetic in this respect. If one of the airmen doing nothing fails to leap at you immediately you enter, just bang your foot on the floor, and see what happens. The F/Sgt. will be as polite to you as he would be to us were we late on duty in the morning, although such a suggestion is really quite out of the question, for even when a miserable airman fails to call an officer at 07.00 hours, that officer would still arrive on time, maintaining the traditional punctuality of S.H.Q.

Once in the Orderly Room, what will you have? We can supply a good line in nominal rolls, most popular things on this station, worse luck. Nominal Rolls of airmen's wives, babies, grandmothers, airmen's tools (Equipt.), tea cups (pinched from the Cookhouse), and of that infinitesimal group of airmen wishing to return home. So accurate are our Nominal Rolls and Returns, that we can give you the Station Ration Strength as it will stand two months ahead, thus forecasting the sickness, leave, movements, etc., of everyone of you in advance. You can imagine how accurate our returns must be.

So you don't want a Nominal Roll? Then try a specialty posting, guaranteed to take you the opposite direction from that which you would wish to take. The Corporal in charge of travelling facilities (he enjoys a craftily disbursed fee from the C.P. and C.N.R.'s) just loves to fix you up with a super class dining car and sleeping berth, and a Senior N.C.O. to polish your boots and buttons. By the way, should you ever be in Edmonton without a pass, do ring us up and we will take steps to have you carefully collected through our travel department. Further, the S.W.O. will provide a corporal (superman) escort for you. Really, the kindly Service Police should take care of you, but they are much too busy, so they send a corporal who apparently has nothing else to do.

One of our most popular services is the daily publication of D.R.O.'s. Part I is of little interest to anyone, for it deals mainly with parades, either dental

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or inoculation, or something similarly unpleasant. Thank goodness there are still a couple or so of personal duties which one can perform individually without parading. Do attend the pay parade though, for pay accounts are so sensitive about the absentees, and the paying officer just loves to smile at each airman as he collects his dollars in order to return them to the income tax collector. But Part II D.R.O.'s really are our pride. Do you realize that without the consent of D.R.O.'s it is useless to contemplate Holy Matrimony, that if you depart from this station and D.R.O.'s do not confirm the fact, you are still here? And whatever you do, don't forget to have the baby promulgated. You'll never regret it. Actually, Part II is so important to you that we recently considerably curtailed its distribution about the station. If you feel like a rest in the guard room for a spell, just stroll out of the camp for a couple of weeks, meanwhile we'll put your name on Part II, D.R.O.'s, and by the time you return we shall be all ready to enter the award that will be given you by a kindly administrative officer.

And now how about some stationery? The Stationery (usually called Stationary) Clerk would supply you if only he could, but what you want is out of stock. Still, you have the happy consolation of knowing that your item is definitely on order, or at least that's what he tells you. Well, let's try to get something "run off" on the Gestetner. So sorry, the operator is too busy, there's no foolscap (haven't you read D.R.O.'s?), it's too late in the day, the stencils need re-cutting, D.R.O.'s must be run off, and anyway you're a blooming nuisance.

Do enter the Central Registry, where the Corporal in charge of files (not steel ones) has devised a system whereby documents can sometimes be traced by secret code numbers. The only difficulty is that apart from himself, nobody can understand the system. Still, if you want information about the I.G.'s unexpected visit, or to see one of those rare letters to No. 4 T.C., just ask the Corporal, and although he won't show you the file, he'll tell you where it should be according to his record card. Whilst with the Corporal, a bee-like buzz will penetrate your ear and a stenographer will panic amongst a confused permanent pile of papers on his table, grab a note book, swish past you and away to attend the C.O.'s shorthand needs. Sometimes he returns in two minutes, sometimes he is gone for days. When available, he will type you anything from a bed card to the "Penhold Log."

Well, we also offer you our "go when and where you like" leave system (at your own expense), a 24-hour personal service by our kindly duty clerk (you try waking him at midnight) and if you care to wait an hour or two you can always see our Adjutant. In short, you want the service, and we provide it—I hope.

Red Deer Advocate

PRINTERS &
PUBLISHERS

A REMINDER

It is necessary once again to remind contributors that all copy must be sent in by the last day of each month. In the past, copy has come dwindling along three, four and in some cases five days after the final date. Please co-operate.

Interest in the photographic competition appears to be waning. How about it photographers? Address your entries to the Editor, Penhold Log and deposit them in the Y.M.C.A.

How Come?

The horse and mule live thirty years
And nothing know of Wine and
Beers;

The goat and sheep at twenty die
And never taste of Scotch and Rye;
The cow drinks water by the ton
And at eighteen is mostly done;
The dog at fifteen cashes in
Without the aid of Rum and Gin;
The cat in milk and water soaks
And then in twelve short years it
croaks;

The modest, sober, bone-dry hen
Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at ten;
ALL ANIMALS are strictly dry
Then sinless live and swiftly die;
But Sinful, Ginful, Rum-soaked
MEN

Survive for three-score years and
ten.

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RED DEER

“Just Doggerel”

It was a sunny afternoon in September last year when I first made his acquaintance. I was a new arrival at Penhold; this was probably the reason he introduced himself as soon as he saw me. I was exploring the countryside when we met. “Hullo,” I said. He replied in his own inimitable way. He took me down to Penhold. We went around the grain elevators and other places of interest. Frequently he would dash off to greet another friend. Thus my first meeting.

Several occasions since, he has joined me in an outing. He shows a complete disregard for R.A.F. legislation. He walks on the right-hand side of the road, leaves camp without booking out and commits various other offences, so far, to my knowledge, without appearing, under escort, at the door of destiny.

He goes on frequent 48's and has been seen strolling along Jasper Avenue. He has a definite pull over the bus company, too. He travels regularly, without paying, to Red Deer and has never been known to miss the bus. He usually returns on the last one. I nearly forgot, I haven't mentioned his name. He is very well-known to all at the Station and should he be posted, he would be greatly missed. Never again would we find one with such a sweet temper, such soulful eyes, and with such a devotion to the R.A.F. I feel sure that he will remain with us. In fact, life would not be the same without “Our Bob.”

* * * *

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Our appreciation and thanks are due to Mr. Kerry Wood, for his kindness in writing such an interesting and informative article. Mr. Wood is a very busy man, and to find time to write for our magazine is an honour we do appreciate. Thank you, very much.

Thanks, too, to our Printers, the Advocate Press, for permission to reprint the short history of Red Deer which appears in this issue.

Clot Quiz

(Elementary)

Are you a clot? Tap your instructor's feelings by answering the following questions (marks in brackets). Do you, or did you:—

- 1 Trim back when it zooms after take-off? (5)
- 2 Either (a) fiddle with the trim (5) or (b) ignore the trim? (5)
- 3 Go round Penhold village on the outside, or more than one-third of the way to Red Deer, on the circuit? (10)
- 4 Apply rudder towards the dropped wing in a stall? (10, +5 if your instructor has a wife and/or family).
- 5 Pull back the u/c lever catch when selecting u/c down? (5, doubled for persevering with this trick).
- 6 Let the aircraft dive when (a) testing u/c horn, (b) putting down flaps? (5 each).
- 7 Fly with engines de-synchronised? (5). Take 10 bonus points if your instructor does it himself).
- 8 Approach to land at more than 90 m.p.h.? (10).
- 9 Wait for the instructor to moan when you know you are doing it wrong, instead of correcting it at once yourself? (25).
- 10 Tell your instructor: “I know you are doing your best for me, sir, but I always learn better by myself when I've gone solo”? (50)

Scoring: Good types, nil; amiable clots, up to 35; increasing degrees of dimness, over 35.

* * * *

COWARD—One who in perilous emergency thinks with his legs.

PATIENCE—A minor form of despair, disguised as a virtue.

POLITENESS—The most acceptable hypocrisy.

ADVICE—The smallest current coin.

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If you have not observed these points, we invite you to drop in whenever you are in Red Deer—and we shall do our utmost to serve you well.

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RED DEER, ALTA.

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For Your Entertainment

R.A.F. Cinema Penhold

WHEN, as usual, the Editor had informed me for the last time that the closing date for this month's article had arrived, I misguidedly asked my Chief Operator what subject he suggested would be of particular interest to the great majority of readers. I say "misguidedly" because the answer was shot back promptly, that he would like to know when the P.S.I. is going to provide the Cinema with comfortable tip-up seats, since I understood him to say that a certain portion of his hard-earned cash found its way into this Mysterious Fund. I had to side-track this issue, by pointing out that this was hardly my province, my job being merely to provide the fun, rake in the shekels, then crave audience of the P.S.I. (Presence sitting impassively) and hand over the spoils. Doubtless largesse will one day be dispensed, to the great benefit of our sit-upons.

Having, as I had hoped, disposed of high finance in last month's chat, it then occurred to me that there might be a certain number of the audience who are wondering how the music is now played without a pause between the records for needle-changing, etc. There was one rude individual who asserted that I had not changed the needle for some weeks, and in any case the answer seemed too easy, so I was forced to consider describing the more technical problem of changing-over from one projector to the other.

This closely-guarded secret has nearly been given away on one or two occasions by the projectionist's zeal to speed up the show by opening the shutter too early, revealing the magic numbers six-five-four-three! For further information, see the 16-mm shows where the absence of a 2nd Projector gives our tame Operator grey hairs!

I could see no future in enlarging on this procedure, so turned to the even more technical subject of extracting beautiful music—shades of Glenn Miller and Jack Teagarden—from a 1/8-inch strip along the side of the celluloid film. After carefully working out the main principles of the photo—electric cell circuits and 7-tube (sorry, 7 Valve) amplification, I began to realise that there would be no room in the article for film reviews.

Being a believer in the principle that unless the Cinema's potential audience have some idea of the entertainment available for their amusement, it is unlikely that they will take advantage of the wonderful technical achievements that have made the filming of pictures possible, by condescending to rest their weary limbs on the comfortable—nay, luxurious—seats provided in this Super Camp Theatre (sorry, Cinema). I decided that no useful purpose would be served by giving the audience more opportunity to criticise the production by knowing more about film projection than I do.

One day, I intend to write that article for publication in the form of a souvenir programme costing 25 cents a copy, all proceeds to the Managers' fund to help pay maintenance on a certain green car with an obnoxious horn! Herewith this month's reviews—don't miss "Birth of the Blues", if you're a "Swing" fan; I can guarantee that it will set your feet tapping. . . .

Forthcoming Attractions

March 17th—"GREAT GUNS", starring Laurel and Hardy. Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy return to the screen in this hilarious film, designed to see how many laughs can be condensed into 75 minutes! Audiences have laughed themselves into near hysterics at this mixture of pantomime and slapstick, proving that their appeal has not diminished, nor their power of dispelling "old man depression." The story has them as servants in a household, the young master of which has been thought ill for years. When he is enlisted,

they enlist to take care of him. Following them to the Army encampment is a pet raven, which manages to complicate their lives with hilarious results. (20th-Century Fox Picture).

March 19th—"BIRTH OF THE BLUES," starring Bing Crosby and Mary Martin. About half-way through this more or less historical accounting for the rise of rhythmic music in the world, Bing Crosby steps into the chorus of "Melancholy Baby" and sings the rafters right off the auditorium. But this is just one of nine popular tunes of other years sung by Bing and others in this hit musical of today and tomorrow. When it isn't musical, which it is most of the time, the picture is concerned with depicting the rise of ragtime from its dusky beginnings, with Mr. Crosby as clarinetist and vocalist, Mary Martin as feature singer, and the ever-popular Rochester as valet to supply the comedy. Listen for Jack Teagarden and his world-famous trombone. (Paramount Picture).

March 24th—"TWO-FACED WOMAN," starring Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas. In effect, there are two Greta Garbos in this film because she is the "two-faced woman", playing the innocent nature-loving ski-instructor and her invented twin-sister, an international siren! A number of beautiful skiing shots are particularly notable, and as would be expected, Miss Garbo gives a splendid performance, bringing to life each of the distinct and opposed characters, her most entertaining scene being as the twin, dancing in a New York night club. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture).

March 26th—"PENNY SERENADE," starring Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant combine in this successful drama, in which the girl marries a penniless reporter in Tokyo. Driven to San Francisco by the Japanese earthquake of 1923, they lose their baby, then find happiness through adopting another. (Columbia Picture).

NOTE:—Attendance figures for February were 15 per cent higher than for January.

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INNISFAIL

“By Their Fruits Ye shall Know Them”

THIS is a quotation which flashed across my mind when I received word from the Editor and Business Manager of “The Penhold Log” asking me for a contribution for the March issue. First of all, I would like to congratulate those responsible for such an excellent magazine; may its success continue!

The theme of my subject is “Character.” “By their fruits ye shall know them.” The Christian Church, at present, is observing the Holy season of Lent. What does Lent really teach us? It teaches us of the noblest character that ever traversed this earth, and tells us to emulate His life. If we have character, we have the greatest of virtues, for it is the crown and glory of life. A life lived well, a character uprightly sustained is no slight legacy to leave behind. There is nothing a person desires more in life than character—it means more to us than wealth or fame. Character is human nature in its best form. Tennyson wrote:

“For who can always act? but he,
To whom a thousand memories call,
Not being less but more than all
The gentleness he seemed to be,
But seemed the thing he was, and join’d
Each office of the social hour
To noble manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind;
And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of Gentleman.”

A man of character is a man of influence. Though he has comparatively little culture, some ability, and but small wealth, yet, if his character be of sterling worth, says Samuel Smiles, he will always command an influence, it does not matter in what field of life. Character creates confidence in men in high station, as well as in humble life. “The officer,” said Lord Stanley, “who forgets he is a gentleman does more harm to the moral influence of this country than ten men of blameless life can do good.”

Character is a fabric made up of thousands of threads and put together by uncounted stitches. Some characters are stoutly sewed; others are only basted. The character of a man is made up of his experiences—not of the memory of them, but of their influence and effects. We are all of us the product of what we have thought and done. Our aim in life should and must be towards a good character. Do we want to attain to the highest character? If we do, we shall have to carry the picture of Christ before us.

Character is power, and more so than knowledge is power. During these days of war, much depends on the morale of the men in the services as well as the civilians. Even in war, Napoleon said the moral is to the physical as ten to one; it is the moral qualities in the main which rule the world. Everything depends on the individual character. George Canning (1770-1827), an English statesman who wielded profound influence upon the times in which he lived, wrote: “My road must be through character to power; I will try no other course; and I am sanguine enough to believe that this course, though not perhaps the quickest, is the surest.”

Lord Erskine, a man of noble character, once said: “It was a first command and counsel of my earliest youth always to do what my conscience told me to be a duty, and to leave the consequence to God. I shall carry with me the memory, and I trust the practice, of this parental lesson to the grave. I have hitherto followed it, and I have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has been a temporal sacrifice. I have found it, on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth, and I shall point out the same path to my children for their pursuit.”

T. J. WILLIAMS,
St. Mark's Rectory, Innisfail.

Y.M.C.A. NOTES

READING ROOM AND LIBRARY OPENED.—The Y.M.C.A. Reading Room and Writing Room is now operating and practically fully furnished. The furniture was purchased with funds provided by the Y.M.C.A. Services and the P.S.I. Fund. A local group of ladies kindly made the curtains which are greatly admired. The front door only is now used. The room is open from 1030 hours to 2200 hours daily. The wicket may be closed for a short period at lunch and dinner time, but the front doors are not. If there are any suggestions as to how the room may be made more attractive, or the service improved, please jot a note on a slip of paper and drop it in the suggestion box.

AIRGRAPH LETTERS.—It is now possible to send Airgraph letters from the Y.M.C.A. Writing Room. Form are available at the wicket, and messages may be sent to members of the forces in Britain and the East. Note that these messages may be sent **ONLY** to members of the armed forces.

HOCKEY.—Bad luck has dogged the attempts to play hockey at the Station this winter. A combination of bad weather (sometimes too cold, mostly too warm), water shortage, etc., has cut into the play considerably. However, some fine practice games have been enjoyed, and a regular league started which, with some better weather, promises to be very successful.

LIBRARY SERVICES.—A shipment of 500 additional books should be on the shelves of the library by the time this appears in print. There is still a rather small supply of books available, and so the need for regulations permitting books to be kept only one week, and no more than one book may be taken out at a time.

CHECKERS AND CHESS.—Enthusiastic members of these clubs are meeting regularly in the Reading Room, and many interesting games are played. If you are interested in these games and would like some competition, you are invited to attend.

CANTEEN.—The Canteen staff is under orders not to sell goods out of hours, and many not under any conditions break these orders. Inasmuch as the canteen hours here are longer than those observed by any other canteen in Alberta, it would seem reasonable to request all ranks not to ask the staff to sell out of hours.

She: "I'm a dairy maid in a candy kitchen."

He: "What do you do, milk chocolates?"

* * * *

One authority says that waists will be higher this year; while another is equally emphatic that they will be lower. We fancy that we can trust the R.A.F. to find them where ever they are.

The collectors were pressing down on Rastus Jones during a drive for church funds. "I can't give nothin'," pleaded the old Negro. "I owes nearly everybody in dis here town already." "But," said one of the collectors, "don't you think you owe the Lord something, too?" "I does, indeed," said the old man, "but he ain't a pushing me like my other creditors is."

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