

CAPITOL THEATRE, RED DEER

Screen Attractions For May 1942

Friday and Saturday, May 15-16
"THE GREAT MAN'S LADY"
 Barbara Stanwick, Joel McCrea
 A fine action adventure drama.

Monday and Tuesday, May 18-19
"JOAN OF PARIS"
 Paul Henreid Michele Morgan
 Thomas Mitchell
 Blazing adventure of an R.A.F. flier
 in conquered Paris.

Wednesday, Thursday, May 20-21
'SHE KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS'
 Joan Bennett Franchot Tone
 The laugh and love frolic of
 the year.

Friday and Saturday, May 22-23
"THE REMARKABLE ANDREW"
 William Holden Ellen Drew

Mon., Tues., Wed., May 25-26-27

"BABES ON BROADWAY"
 Mickey Rooney Judy Garland
 Another great picture from this
 great musical comedy team.
 Matinee Monday at 2:30 p.m.

Thursday, May 28—One Day Only
"FATHER TAKES A WIFE"
 Gloria Swanson Adolphe Menjou
 A real comedy riot that you will like

Friday and Saturday, May 29-30
"NAZI AGENT"
 Conrad Veidt Ann Ayres
 An outstanding modern action
 spy story.



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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

Editor— L.A.C. MARTIN Business Manager— PILOT OFFICER W. F. MILLER Art Editor— A.C. ROUGHTON

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

VOL. I No. 6

MAY, 1942

Editorial

THIS magazine is published chiefly to interest and entertain. It serves, too, as a souvenir of our stay in Canada. And what better souvenir than the printed word? There is a tremendous amount of work involved in this production, work which the layman does not see: all this is done voluntarily during off-duty hours. It is, therefore, with regret that I state, despite repeated appeals, there is very little material arriving for the magazine.

I think that it is safe to say that you all wish the magazine to continue: this will be impossible if there is not more support. In order to bolster interest, I am starting a Short Story Competition. So come on, lads, let's have something. Choose your own subject: the approximate number of words desired is 1500 to 2000.

In view of the poor response to the Photographic Competition, it has been decided to discontinue it. It is hoped, however, to continue with an Art Section in the magazine. I would be obliged, therefore, if all photographers, amateur and professional, would submit pictures for publication. Please send them to the Editor, Penhold Log, S.H.Q., or leave them at the Y.M.C.A. Reading Room.

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AIRMAN MEETS THE "STARS"

We are very fortunate this month in having what I consider a "scoop." The story behind those magic words "Hollywood," "M.G.M." and "Beverley Hills," is, as you will find, very interesting reading.

I did, after much persuasion, manage to secure a picture of the author and two of the stars he met. So, without wasting any more words, "Meet the Stars."
—Editor.

I HAVE on several occasions bemoaned my fate at being so far from my family and home. It has, however, presented for me an opportunity I had but dreamed of, namely, to visit Hollywood. Having been in the film business for a number of years, it was of particular interest to see exactly how a film was made. I undertook this very ambitious trip and it will long remain one of the more pleasant memories of my life. Before going into the more glamorous side of my experience, I should like to mention, very briefly, a little of my journey; to give a full description would fill a story book.

Leaving the Canadian border, we passed through scenic Idaho with its Kaniksu National Forest, truly a picturesque setting. From Idaho we entered the State of Washington and came to Spokane, quite a large city. I should like to mention at this point, the obvious signs of war, and was amazed at the number of men in uniform. The part of Washington we passed through I have little to mention as between Spokane and Portland, Oregon, Mother Nature does not offer much beauty, in fact, for quite some miles the terrain is nothing but desert. Nearing Portland, however, the highway takes the course of the Columbia River, and this certainly atoned for the earlier stretch of the journey. Leaving Portland, we took a southerly course and headed for Sacramento, California's State capital, city of beautiful gardens, palm trees, and stately white buildings.

From Sacramento to Los Angeles was, without any shadow of doubt, the most beautiful part of the long and rather tiring journey, at least for my part. To see oranges and lemons growing on trees, for some unknown reason just seemed fantastic, but there they were by the thousands. Also mingled between the orange and lemon groves were olive and eucalyptus trees. At last we arrived in Los Angeles, a city covering an area of between three and four hundred square miles, with everybody in a terrible hurry to get somewhere—cars: I have never seen so many in one city.

As the whole object of my trip was to go through the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, the following morning I made my way to Culver City which, I might add, is simply a suburb of Los Angeles. One incident that I thought rather amusing happened as I stood outside the studios, and is typical of the friendliness of the American people. Feeling rather like a lost soul, knowing no one and in a strange country, a chap, with a smile on his face, said, "Hi, fellah." I replied, "How do you do." He disappeared, momentarily, and then reappeared, walking towards me, and with hand extended said, "How's it going; Skelton's the name, Red."

Before giving a few details of what I saw inside the studios, I should like to give you just a few statistics. The studios cover 171 acres, have their own police force and fire service, employ 5,000 staff (this, of course, includes artistes). The electric supply plant could easily supply a city of more than 25,000 population. The studio has its own industrial centre within its gates, railroad, lumber yards, shops, foundries, machine shops, mill, and other construction necessities. Anything can be manufactured in its shops, from

a locomotive to the most microscopically correct mechanical device. More than 2,000,000 musical items can be found in the musical library. The studio laboratory prints an average of 150,000,000 feet of film annually. From these few facts it is plain to see that the motion picture industry ranks amongst the largest in the world.

I was fortunate to have made my visit at a time when there were a number of films under production. To mention a few of the subjects I saw underway: Hedy Lamarr, Bill Powell, Claire Trevor and Basil Rathbone, making a scene from "Till You Return;" Kathryn Grayson, Ann Rutherford, Van Heffin, in "Tulip Time;" Wallace Beery, Marjorie Main, in "Jackass Mail;" Mickey Rooney and Ian Hunter in "A Yank At Eton;" Donna Reed, Lloyd Nolan and William Lundigan in "Apache Trail."



All these stars I met and spoke with. They were one and all most charming and very interested in the doings of the Royal Air Force. Basil Rathbone, with whom I had a long talk, comes from my home town, namely, Liverpool, where his family still live. I also saw Clark Gable, but owing to the recent sad bereavement he suffered, was not permitted to speak with him.

I also visited Warner Bros.' studios where I saw a scene being made of Charles Boyer and Alexis Smith in "Constant Nymph," and Errol Flynn making a scene from an aeroplane picture called "Desperate Journey."

In between all this activity I was driven round Beverley Hills where, as you probably already know, a large number of the stars live, and very beautiful are some of the homes. I visited the "Cocoanut Grove" and "Slapsy Maxies," both popular venues. In the very short period I had at my disposal, I covered quite a bit of ground. And in the style of James Fitzpatrick, it was with reluctance that I said farewell to this city of dreams, interesting people and glamour.—R.G.

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S.H.Q. Notes

WISE AND OTHERWISE

The Flight Departs.—Flight Sergeant Gordon Cook has recently left us, and it seems appropriate to make brief reference to his departure. From the formation of the Unit, he occupied the position of First Clerk to Station Headquarters. Those early days were trying. Were we to adopt Canadian or R.A.F. methods? How did the postal and telegraph system work? What Returns should go to Headquarters, and which filing system would be most appropriate? Much time and thought had to be devoted to such problems, and out of all that initial confusion, Flight Sergeant Cook eventually witnessed Station Headquarters Clerical Organization working smoothly, and with a complete grasp of its responsibilities. And he had made his contribution towards this satisfactory issue. Of late the Flight had shown a great interest in his staff, and the friendliness displayed was much appreciated. Our good wishes go with him.

A Problem.—Many men have recently enquired just how one determines when our Station Warrant Officer is serious. The answer is—go and watch our Station Team play football! His goal was a real pippin, and his expression of grim determination was a sight for sore eyes. A few more shots like this and we'll cheerfully let him kick us—just for practise.

Of The Light Fantastic.—Station Dances seem to be the principal means by which airmen either gain or lose a fair companion. But many an angry glance is exchanged by the young gallants attendant at the Recreation Hall who escort, say, Rocky Rosie to the dance, only to crawl back to billet alone, whilst some lad who never even brought a dame at all, lingers long around the main gate with Rosie. Of course, the lad who invited Rosie is finished with Rocky dames for good, or at least for a day or two.

Flora. We shall have to be careful, lads, or the local folk will be thinking our camp is a pleasure ground. By the time you read these notes, roses may be climbing around the C.O.'s window, and there'll be beds (of flowers) everywhere. It will be a treat to walk around the avenues and vistas now in course of preparation. Wing Commander Mill has expressed a desire for some "London Pride," and Flight Lieutenant Corless is believed to favour "Forget-me-not" at the Accounts Office windows. The canine inhabitants of the camp are just longing for the time when all are in full bloom, it's such fun digging for bones in a flower bed. Around the Sergeants' Mess various creepers are to be seen, but it is understood that these are to be dealt with as a menace, and will be eradicated forthwith. Life can be beautiful, and with the riot of colour, dog-daisies, bleeding heart, and corn-on-the-cob will bring us, the future is assured.

Accounting, R.A.F. Style.—An airman was recently narrating the experience he had had when trying to approach the Accounts Section on a certain afternoon. Attempts at telephone communication were met by a curt "it's window day" followed by a hasty replacement of the receiver. Several similar efforts met with the same response, so the airman, being of a persistent nature, bent his steps towards Headquarters. The scene in the Accounts Office resembled window-day at Crystal Palace. Budding Accountants were to be seen clinging from every window frame, polishing with a vigour that would have put Mrs. Tickle to shame. Any mention of financial matters received nothing but scorn, whilst the work in hand went steadily forward. It did seem good that so much more anxious thought could be devoted to windows than ledger

H. H. HUMBER

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"Dear Richard:—

"The other day while looking over your latest 'Mido' catalogue, I noticed that you now have a 'Mido' automatic watch with centre second which I am sure would be very interesting for military purposes, and would greatly appreciate seeing same whenever you come around this way.

"As you know, I have been wearing a 'Mido' for a few years, and am amazed at its high precision, considering the strenuous wear it is subjected to through our regular service duties. There are also a number of officers on our staff who wear a 'Mido' watch and who are highly satisfied with theirs.

"Sincerely yours,

ROLAND POTHIER, Lieut.-Colonel,
Officer Commanding,
No. 43 C.A. (R) Training Centre,
Sherbrooke, Quebec."

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sheets. However, having almost put a foot through a storm window, the persistent airman ceased to persist and withdrew in disorder. So beware "window day," in the Accounts Office.

Joke. An officer was lecturing airmen on the supreme importance of not divulging information to enemy spies through careless talk. "Hitler," said he, "knows much about numbers, movements, and vital statistics, and may even know what you had for breakfast this morning." "Golly," exclaimed one young lad, "I wish he'd let us know what it was."

Medical. It is understood that the Medical Department anxiously await the end of the football season, for it is estimated that if the present casualty rate persists, the Station will finally cancel itself out by the end of May, 1944. Of course, some say that we shall have returned to the Old Country by that time, but time alone will tell. However, for the sake of the Nursing Sisters, please fracture less bones.

* * * * *

The pilot had taken great pains to explain all about the machine to a pretty young visitor to the airport—its mechanical features, purposes of this and that—what pilots did to meet various flying conditions, etc.

He looked at the girl and smiled:

"Now you understand, don't you?"

"All but one thing," replied the girl.

"And what's that?" he asked.

"What makes the thing stay up?"

Who is the airman who, despite the fact that on returning from somewhere near Lacombe, with his case full of confetti, and looking decidedly pleased with himself, insists that he is NOT married?

* * * * *

"You've never kissed so wonderfully before, Laura; why is it, because we are in a blackout?"

"No; because my name is Vera."

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The CLUB CAFE

Charlie Chuck

Geo. Moon

Maintenance Wing Notes

"The time has come," the Walrus said, "to speak of many things.
Of ships and planes and sealing wax, of cabbages and Kings."
So wrote Lewis Carroll in "Alice In Wonderland."
"The time has come," the Airman said, "to speak of many things.
Football results, inspections, telephone calls and springs!"

JUST what was meant when the Walrus uttered those paradoxical words remains for the reader to sort out. However, it is certain that he covered a lot of territory in his remark and left a great deal of food for thought.

Just what was meant when the airman spoke is clear to us all. True, we have undertaken many obligations since our arrival, and many have been discharged admirably. One obligation, the greatest of them all, presents quite a problem in some fellows' minds. It's that period of time when we departed from the Mother Country until we see that speck on the horizon again.

An undivided interest in a hobby will ease the strain of parted friends. Good books, interesting literature, and even carefree study, can prove an asset in later years, and can push that clock around many times. So let us resolve ourselves to one fact: we are here to do a job, and to do it to the best of our ability, and as each day succeeds the last, slowly but surely the time will come when we shall be re-united with parted friends. These re-unions will result in the separation of new found friends in this country, and there will be many who will say goodbye with a heavy heart. Yes, it's a funny old world—but we must never forget that **LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL.**

Now Let's Turn To Sport.—Maintenance Wing can be justly proud of her position in the Football League Table. All three flights are well placed and have shown some good football. We know that in the Wing there are enough personnel to produce a dozen more teams, and the advantage we have over other teams in this respect is enormous. Greater the advantage, greater the humiliation, if at least one team fails to end up in the limelight.

The principal motive in forming the League was not so much finding who would be the triumphant eleven, as offering us an opportunity of revelling in a game which we have all played at some time or other.

The League has a great appeal, as is shown by the number of spectators who offer their services, not only with punctilious remarks, but also by forming an admirable touchline.

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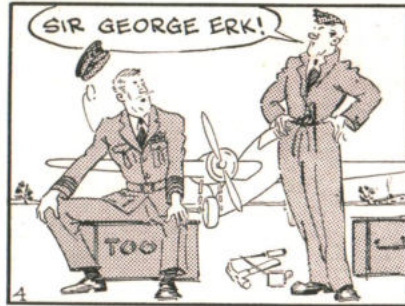
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Albert and The Oxford

(With Apologies All Round)

There's an R.A.F. station called
Penhold
That is noted for rubble and muck,
Where Albert Ramsbotham were
posted,
Which he said were just like his
luck!

A bright little lad were young
Albert,
His flying on "Tigers" were swell,
He'd got "very good" in his log
book
So tha' know that he must have
done well.

A keen little lad were our Albert,
He soon found the way to his flight
And found the instructors all dor-
mant,
A truly somnolent sight!

He went up to the nearest instructor
And showing not morsel of fear,
He bent down towards sleeping
figure
And shouted, "I've come!" in his
ear!

Instructor leapt up from his stupor
Did two flick half rolls and a bunt,
Returning once more to the para-
chute rack,
He landed with kind of a grunt.

He picked himself up sort of
sheepish
And glaring as if he were mad,
He picked up a spare seven hundred
And made a wild swipe at the lad.

Th' commotion aroused Flight
Commander
Who, to fill up his forms had to
know,
"His name and his age and pro-
fession,
And to which public school did he
go?"

With all these formalities over
Our Albert said, "What about trip?"
Instructor said "Jump into Oxford
And I'll take thee up for a flip!"

"Break tha' own ruddy neck," said
instructor,
"Tha'll get no more chance to break
mine,
And before tha' goes sign seven
hundred,
And IF tha' comes down seven
nine!"

You could tell Albert knew vital
actions,
For, putting the flaps fully down,
He loosened th' throttle nut slightly,
And raised "undercart" on th'
ground.

Duty Pilot had viewed the occur-
rence
And didn't know what to do next,
So he 'phoned up the C.I. and told
him,
And C.I. said "Eh, I am vexed!"

So Albert was sent on to C.O.
Who said "What's all this 'ere todo?
I hear that tha's been and pranged
Oxford
That was straight out of Mainten-
ance, too."

Young Albert took purse from his
pocket,
"I'll pay for't now if I may."
C.O. said "Oxfords cost thousands!
We'll have to stop some of tha' pay."

Now this made our Albert feel
gloomy,
He'd nobbut five bob in the bank;
He'd given three bob for a Spitfire
And promised two bob for a tank.

Eventually all was decided,
That to clear up this horrible mess
C.O. must send recommendation
That Albert must try C.F.S.

—D. C. Wallington

ENTERTAINMENTS

ON the Station at the moment, dancing seems to form the chief part of the entertainment. Dances are proving to be very popular with the men, and are very well supported. The Dance Committee, assisted by members of No. 35 Course, must be congratulated on the good show they put on at their dance held on Wednesday, 22nd April. There appears to be keen competition amongst the various sections as to which can make the best job of interior decoration, with the result that it gets better each time. Good show, lads! Keep it up!

I would like to point out here that the Dance Committee has been formed on the Station to help each section with the arrangements for their dance, and so far the idea has been very successful.

Another concert party is being formed to provide occasional shows during the Summer season. It is hoped that this party will get full co-operation, and it must be kept in mind that these people are giving their time and experience, willingly and voluntarily, and that it is for your own entertainment.

In my last article I appealed for more talent. In view of the fact that the men themselves were asking for more entertainment, the response was astonishing. It was exactly NIL. Come on, lads; every extra ONE offering his service gives us a chance to put on a bigger and better show.

S/Ldr. George and Mr. Allen are to be congratulated on the good films they keep offering. The selection is always very good.

The Sergeants' Mess continue with their dances, and on each occasion they are well supported. The Entertainment Committee of the Mess are to be congratulated on the decorating of the Mess and the good evening's programme they always provide for the guests.

There is a decided improvement in the Station Dance Band, and the Entertainment Committee take this opportunity of saying "Thanks, lads, for your efforts." I would like to appeal once more for talent. Any man on the Station who has any experience whatsoever of stage work, dramatics, or any other form of entertainment, please get in touch with F/Lt. Hockin, Entertainment Officer. We will be only too pleased to give you a chance. There is, definitely, talent on the camp; why not bring it to light?—W.R.S.

Red Deer Advocate

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SPORTING NOTES

THE Association Football League is in full swing. Shortage of kit is gradually being overcome by the reception of goods from Vancouver and Toronto. This difficulty is largely caused by export permits from England now having to be refused. The Station XI has been entered for the Lon Cavanagh Trophy (Alberta Football Association), and matches will commence the last week in May. The Canadian Pacific Railway will make small concessions to airmen travelling to the games. A special return fare of \$2.10 to Calgary will be charged, if 100 airmen travel, otherwise the fare would be \$2.35. Matches will be played in the evenings, on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The football ground at Red Deer may be used for occasional matches.

Kit is available for Rugby, Cricket and Tennis as soon as the grounds are prepared. The Edmonton Cricket Club has kindly consented to lend a cricket net, practice matting, and match-pitch matting. These should arrive shortly. A match at Calgary has been arranged for Empire Day (Victoria Day), May 24th, and other away matches are in the offing.

A Novices' Boxing Tournament is being organised for the end of May. It is hoped to make arrangements for the sale of tickets to the public. It is understood that practice and tuition can be obtained from Sgt. Rigby in the evenings.

A full-size billiard table has arrived after a very adventurous journey from the North, having been held up for some time en route, owing to bad roads. It was then placed on the train and thence ensconced in the Wet Canteen. If this table proves popular, it is hoped that funds will permit another later on. A darts committee has been formed by Cpl. Greatrex and Cpl. Wheatcroft, and it is intended that an inter-section league be formed.

Mr. E. B. Day is starting a riding stable in the vicinity, and anyone keen on riding will be able to obtain a fairly cheap mount. If this form of exercise proves popular, there is a whisper that the S.I. Fund may be able to help a little. The same thing applies to golf. Certain facilities might be granted by the Red Deer and Innisfail Golf Clubs for an "all in" subscription, but the numbers allowed to play would have to be limited.

Mr. Vickery (Y.M.C.A.) is making enquiries regarding the formation of a Softball League. A few games have already been played.

It is hoped that this Station will not be behind others in devoting some time to gardening round barrack huts, etc. Tools, seed and plants can now be obtained.

* * * * *

A famous statesman was once reproached by a young lady for not remembering her name, but the statesman rose to the occasion and gallantly replied, "My dear young lady; when last we met, I felt sure that your beauty and accomplishments would soon compel you to change it."

One notorious golfer was playing in a foursome when his ball landed in a bunker. Hidden from view, he hacked away at the ball. When he finally met up with his fellow players and they asked him "How many?" "Three," he replied. "But we heard six!" "Yes, three of them were echoes."



First Place—"CITY LIGHTS," Ninth Ave., Calgary. Entered by F/O. D. F. Hill



Second Place—"WINTER'S DYING KICK," by LAC Gilks.



Third Place
THE BOW VALLEY
by Cpl. Stead

Commended
"PAL 'O MINE"
by F/O A. C. Griffin



Going Up?

AROUND THE FLIGHTS

By "CONDIMENT"

THE pupils' soccer team is making great headway—as witness their defeat of the Sergeants' Mess team! A Rugger team has also been formed, and just as a beginning, the Students have challenged the Instructors to a battle to the death. We hope to include the result in our Stop Press news, together with a full list of Student casualties. Incidentally, there is no truth in the rumour that the Pupils' scoring goals against the Officers' soccer team were busy scrubbing down "kites" the following evening.

Believe it or not, a certain Flight Commander was induced to take to the air one day (bright and sunny, no wind or bumps) to test a pupil, with a view to suspending him. The test was duly carried out, all faults noted, and with a sigh of relief, the Flight Commander climbed out of the Oxford. He was greeted by a pupil in flying kit who inquired if he must climb aboard for his test. The Flight Commander, taken aback at the idea of two trips in one day, asked the student his name. Yes, the Flight Commander had made his first trip in vain—he had flown with the wrong pupil!

We've been wondering if there is any truth in a rumour that reached here via Spokane that, in these days, the normal cloth brevet is worn only by Commissioned Officers—Airman pilots wearing small metal or gilt ones? Wonderful what a few hours' dual does to the imagination!

When a certain chotah sergeant of No. 2 Squadron dies, we believe that the words "Night Flying Test Book" will be found engraved across his heart—or will it be L.T.'s?

Maybe we shouldn't say it, but "Nice work, No. 2 Squadron, on an accident-free month in April."

We have been promised two thrilling stories for inclusion in future numbers, entitled, (a) "Landings—With and Without Undercarriage," by "Blondie." (b) "The Man The Mounties Didn't Get," by "The Best In the West." **Stop Press Rugger News.**—Pupils 20 versus Instructors 6. No casualties.

Flash!

**YOUR
ENTRY IS
NEEDED**

IN THE

**Short Story
Competition**

OUR CAR

(Dedicated to "Hope")

This used car is my automobile.
I shall not want another.
It maketh me to lie down beneath it.
It leadeth me beside the repair shop.
It soureth my soul.
It leadeth me in the path of ridicule.
Yea, though I ride in the valley, I
am towed up the hills, for I fear
much when it is with me.
Thy breaks and thy engines discom-
fort me.
I have a blow-out in the presence of
mine enemies.
I anoint my tyres with patches, my
radiator runneth over.
Surely if this thing follow me all
the days of my life, I shall dwell
in the bug-house forever.

DIAMONDS

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KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

IN establishing the Knights of Columbus Huts for work in Canada and Overseas for the members of His Majesty's Forces, the Knights of Columbus are continuing the work done by them during the Great War, 1914-1918. The Knights of Columbus Canadian Army Huts serve men of all races and creeds impartially, and a welcome sign is extended to all. The mandate for carrying on this work has been placed in the hands of the Knights of Columbus, but the Order feels that it is administering a public trust reposed by the people of Canada, who are making this contribution to the winning of the war and in defence of all those sacred principles that we in the British Empire have enjoyed to the full.

Since the re-establishment of the Knights of Columbus Army Huts in the latter part of 1939, many of our Huts have been set up in prominent centres throughout Canada and Overseas, Red Deer being one of these. The Command of Auxiliary Services saw fit to place our organization here and, to the best of our ability, we are trying to serve the Forces by making their spare hours as enjoyable as possible. Since opening the Hut on December 19th, 1941, we have had quite a lively schedule of events. These include weekly, two picture shows, one dance, one concert, games (both indoor and outdoor); distribution of books and magazines, writing paper and envelopes, and many other personal services. A statistical check-up shows that from December 19th to April 30th, this organization has entertained 3,515 people at dances, 6,250 at concerts, and 23,005 at picture shows, the bulk of these being soldiers and airmen on active service. At least 56,345 have used the Hut; 1,000 magazines have been in active circulation; 150 good books are in our book rack; 20,000 sheets of writing paper and 10,000 envelopes have been distributed, and miscellaneous personal services have been forthcoming for our Service patrons.

The City of Red Deer have generously granted us the free use of two vacant lots on the east side of the building, which we intend to use for horse-shoe pitches, ball throwing, etc.

Service to His Majesty's Forces on Active Service is the central and fundamental purpose of the management of the Knights of Columbus Canadian Army Hut in Red Deer. Any suggestions for improving this will be welcomed and appreciated. J. R. Davidson, Supervisor.

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FARTHING'S STUDIO

Next to Capitol Theatre RED DEER

Towards Better Snaps

THE number of photographs taken by members of this Station is great indeed, and I know that most of these photographers are desirous of turning out something a little more pictorial than the ordinary run of snapshots. Therefore, the following hints and tips may help some of you. Some may say that they just want to take snaps to show the folks back home, but even these can be more interesting if a little care is taken when "shooting."

Probably the error most commonly committed is to have the prominent object in the centre of the picture—this divides the space into two equal portions, and the eye does not know where to rest, and so we get a feeling of unrest. Try to get your principal feature about one-third of the way from the edge. Also watch that the horizon does not cut your picture in two. Look at sketch A1 and its companion A2 and note how much better is A2, in which the tree has been moved to the right and the horizon lowered.



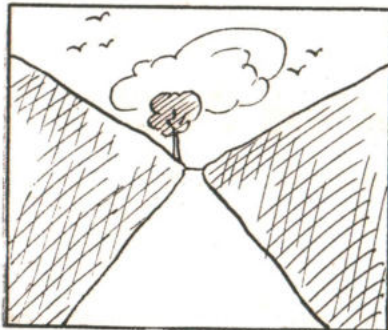
A1



A2

The same thing applies to the ever popular shot of a figure combined with a view—have your friend to one side, looking into the view. By this means the person admiring your picture will have his attention directed into the scene, whereas in the ordinary way the figure placed before the scene stops his eye and spoils the whole effect.

If you are photographing a street or road, stand to one side or the other to get away from this feeling of equality in division. Look at B1 and then see how much more interesting is sketch B2, in which the view point is from one side of the road.



B1



B2

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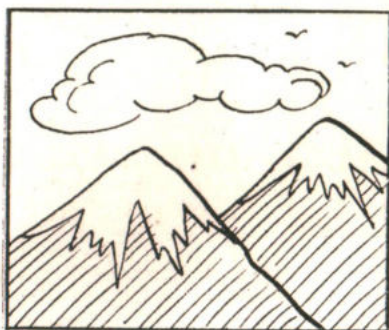
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RED DEER

Towards Better Snaps (Continued)

Whilst on the subject of views, it is remarkable how even the most ordinary scene can be enhanced by "framing" it; that is, shooting so that the branches of a tree or a doorway or gateway form a frame. The idea can be extended indefinitely—in photographic exhibitions and magazines I have seen photographs of mountains taken through a skier's legs, farmyard scenes through cartwheels. In fact, the scope of the idea is only limited by your imagination. Even if you cannot frame the scene entirely, the same additional feeling of depth and life can be given by having some object in the foreground—compare sketches C1 and C2 and see how much more interest and depth there is in the latter. By the way, if your camera has focussing or stops, don't forget to make sure that the foreground objects are sharp either by focussing on them or using a small stop to give a large "depth of field."



C1



C2

Now let us consider the question of portraiture, for probably ten times as many photographs are taken of people than of all other subjects put together.

Do try and get away from that "stand-up-and-be-photographed" air—let your victim be doing something—shooting, skiing or even flirting, but don't let him just stare at the camera. In this way your photographs will be more natural and more interesting, too.

Talking of skiing reminds that even fast moving objects can be taken with the slow shutter of a Brownie if you aim the camera like a gun and follow the moving object as you press the button. This will give you a sharp object and a blurred background, so enhancing the feeling of speed. I have seen excellent photographs of racing cars taken by this method with box Brownies. If you do take moving objects, try to place them in the picture space so that they appear to be moving towards the centre of the picture: this also adds to the impression of speed.

If you are really keen on portraiture, it is well worth while investing in a portrait attachment. You know how much more interesting is a "close-up" on the screen than a long shot, and the same also applies to still photographs. It is simple to use. All you do is to slip the attachment, which is an extra lens, over the camera lens and then take the photograph from about 3 feet. Let me give you one tip—when using the attachment, aim a little to the finder side of the object to eliminate parallax. That is, if your finder is on the left of the camera, aim about two inches to the left of the point which you wish to be in the centre of the picture, then the final result will be correctly centred in the negative.

Another useful gadget is a colour filter, which is a circle of yellow glass which, when used with 'chrome or panchromatic film, will give you nicely

rendered cloud skies. These filters are available also in orange and red, and these colours on panchromatic film will exaggerate the depth of the blue sky and make clouds stand out with dramatic contrast. Your exposure will, of course, need to be increased.

Probably the most useful gadget that you can possess is an exposure meter or calculator. You can buy one of the latter for as little as 10 cents, and the former runs to as much as you wish to pay. By telling you what exposure to give, they ensure that your negatives are correctly exposed, and they also prevent you wasting your film if the light is so poor that the exposure is longer than you can give with your apparatus, for often the eye is a poor judge of this.

Don't be afraid to shoot your pictures from unorthodox angles—from a worm's eye view or the top of a tree. You'll get more variety and interest into your snaps and make your album worth looking at.

Let me close with another tip—keep your pictures in an album. It adds 100 per cent to their pictorial value and, besides that, they are safe, too.

I trust these rambling notes will help some of you to get away from "just snaps" and help you to make "pictures."—H.J.

* * * * *

The following is an excerpt from the Albertan:—

SOCIAL NOTE

P/O and Mrs. Prune and Sgt. and Mrs. Prang, of Medicine Hat, were visitors at Calgary over the weekend. They also attended a dance at the Palliser Hotel.

TACT

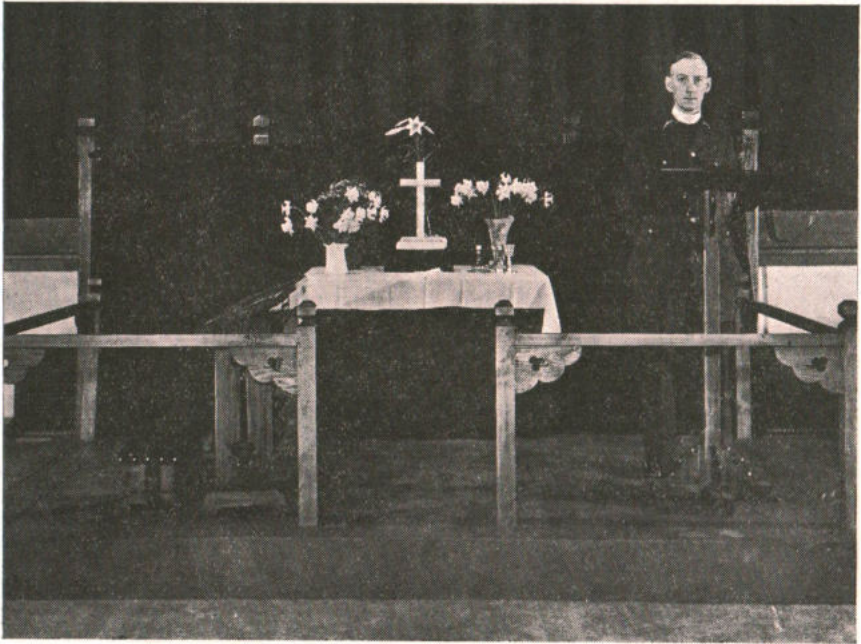
A perfectly healthy retired businessman continually called on his doctor, enquiring as to the state of his heart. Finally his doctor told him, "You need not worry; your heart will last as long as you." He left the office feeling in high spirits.

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Easter Service In The Air Force

The Padre's Notes

LIFE'S LAUGHTER

LAST month, I wrote of "Building a Sane World" out of the crazy chaos of to-day. A serious subject, that one naturally deals with soberly, if not sombrely. You would have to be almost inhuman to laugh heartily at the troubles that distress mankind in 1942.

Yet, no matter how successful we may deal with the issues of to-day and to-morrow, the world will always be cursed with its pompous jackasses, its dreary whiners, and its bilious grouches. Against such there is no effective weapon save that of humour. These are not lighthearted days, but that is all the better reason for our preserving our sanity with as much hearty laughter as we can cultivate.

Life without dignity is cheap, but dignity without humour becomes inflated self-importance. The British people are supposed to be a dignified race desiring that all public affairs should be conducted in a seemly manner, with decency and in order. We have our rules of Parliamentary Procedure. We tend to prefer church services that are dignified, whether or not they are liturgical. We hate to march, but we love processions. A strut titillates us, but lack of dignity and decorum in public officials shocks us. Our sense of humour saves us from learning to do the goose-step.

So humour plays a great part in maintaining life's balance. It helps to prevent us making fools of ourselves. There is an ancient story of a Roman Emperor who tried to persuade some rebellious subjects that he was really

a good fellow, by telling them he had lice in his beard. Whatever his other failings may have been, he certainly lacked humour. On the other hand, sometimes people can be horribly pompous, as offensively so as a jackass full of beer, especially when other people do not suspect the jackass is full of beer. A drunken peacock is a funny spectacle if you are not trying to be a peacock yourself.

I believe it was an American who wrote some lines of doggerel whose lesson is one we can cherish:

I wish I could learn to laugh at myself,
Somehow have the vision to see
That the very best joke in all of the world
Is the fellow that I call me.
I know I'm not Utopia's king,
I allow I'm a laughable joint,
But in spite of the fact that I know I'm a joke
I never have quite seen the point.

O, I wish I could learn to laugh at myself,
For it seems that a good funny streak
Would help me rejoice in the strength of the strong,
And lend a kind hand to the weak.
'Twould level my airs and pull up my gloom,
And make me a man loved of men;
So here's to the hope that I start in to-day
And never stop laughing again.

A noted Scottish preacher, G. H. Morrison, expressed in more dignified language this same thought of the victory and sanity of those who can laugh:

"There are few graces which the world admires so much as the grace of happy-heartedness. There is a certain perennial attraction in men and women who bear their burdens well. When we see a face all lined with care, it often touches the chord of pity in us. We are moved with compassion when it flashes on us what a story is written there. But the face that really helps us on our journey is seldom the face of battle and of agony; it is the face that has its sunshine still. None of us is enamoured by a frown. All of us are attracted by a smile. We recognize by an unerring instinct that in happy-heartedness there is a kind of victory. And so we love it as we love the sunshine or the song of the birds upon the summer morning. It takes its place with these good gifts of God."

* * * * *

SUGGESTION

The approach of Summer has brought forth thoughts of leave. Most of us hope to enjoy this privilege. Well, why not write a short description of where and how that leave was spent. By this means we shall have pen pictures of numerous places. This, too, will illustrate to the folks at home the many beauties which are to be found in Western Canada.

DEAR ONE

Dear One, we are parted now, and life has left it's rosy hue.

I know not when we'll meet again
to dream our golden dream anew;
But I still have my memories
that none can spoil or steal away;
Recollections of the past—

The echoed songs of yesterday,

But this I pray—that we will meet
Unbroken by the storm and strife,
And that together we'll be spared
To make a new and happy life.—

L.G.

For Your Entertainment

R.A.F. Cinema Penhold

"For the bow cannot possibly stand always bent, nor can human frailty subsist without some lawful recreation."

LOSS of foreign markets may have caused some Hollywood studios to cut their production schedules, but there's one phase of the industry that's booming at a rate sixteen times that of ten years ago.

It's Technicolour. Twenty feature-length Technicolour pictures were produced in 1941, and the same high rate is being maintained this year.

The early colour pictures were a nightmare to exhibitors for two reasons: the colours were so dark that a very strong light was needed to show even a reasonably bright picture on the screen, and the sound was always weak. One might well say—what has Technicolour to do with sound.

Well, in the early colour films, the colour spread over the entire print, including the sound-track, and since the volume of sound varies with the amount of light that can penetrate the sound-track, many colour films were practically ruined by poor sound.

Up-to-date Technicolour films have a sound-track almost identical to normal black and white films; however, the film is usually slightly thicker and costs approximately double the price of non-colour prints. Thus the sound problem has been eliminated, and as for light, well, who remembers "Moon Over Miami," or "Week-End In Havana."

It would be interesting to speculate on the length of time that will elapse before all or 90 per cent of all films shown are in colour, and what will be the next development in this industry of magic and make-believe.

Forthcoming Attractions

May 26th—"MEXICAN SPITFIRE AT SEA," starring Lupe Velez and Leon Erroll. Another hilarious episode in the hectic lives of the eccentric Lindsey family, with each and all members working at cross purposes to the others, is hilariously depicted in "Mexican Spitfire at Sea," starring Lupe Velez and Leon Erroll. Fifth in the popular comedy series, the scene of this R.K.O. Radio film is laid entirely on board a Pacific liner bound for Hawaii.

May 28th—"BAHAMA PASSAGE," starring Madeleine Carroll and Stirling Hayden. Scenes of the Bahamas are pictorially fascinating in this Technicolour romance of travel and adventure. The story told is about a "girl who has been around," who arrives with her father to take over business management of an island in the Bahamas.

June 8th and 9th—"HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY," starring Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara and Donald Crisp. Lavishly prepared, carefully planned and magnificently executed, "How Green Was My Valley" emerges

as a picture so true and beautiful that no matter what follows, it will continue to shine forth as one of Hollywood's truly great achievements. It is an extraordinary motion picture, a brilliant credit to Production Chief Darryl F. Zanuck and Director John Ford—and the acting is superb. This is the brave story of a family never conquered—not by armed men or hardship, hunger or hate—nor by the turbulent years that stole the greenness from their valley. A great book brought faithfully to the screen, this film has captured with honesty and strength all the wonderful characterization of the Llewellyn novel—its vivid scenes, such as the wedding celebrations, or the Welsh miners marching home from their daily work in the coal pits; the power of its drama, as when the preacher denounces the hypocrisy of the villagers; and its haunting charm, as when a young boy is given the faith and courage to walk once again. Walter Pidgeon's portrayal of the memorable Rev. Gruffydd is superb and makes the stardom of this popular actor even greater than before. Maureen O'Hara as Angharad reaches rare dramatic heights with her beauty and her fine talent. Donald Crisp plays the father with simple grandeur and great dramatic force; and Anna Lee makes Bronwen a believable and fascinating character. It is a magnificently compelling screen play.

P.S.—Anna Lee's real name is Joanna Boniface Winnifridh. Daughter of a clergyman, this blonde British player lived in a small Kentish village near Tunbridge Wells. She played in British films until Hollywood beckoned her director-husband, Robert Stevenson.

R.A.F. BOYS

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one of the boys who visits our store regularly or drops in periodically, we wish to thank you very much—we appreciate your patronage and enjoy your visits.

● IF YOU ARE NOT—

One of the boys who comes in the store, we wish to extend a hearty welcome to you to pay us a visit. We shall do our best to please you, and we feel sure that you will notice that we have included in our stock many items of particular interest to YOU.

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But there is one bloke who gets no
 mention,
 You've never heard his name,
 He doesn't fly in the clear blue sky
 Or pose for the press in a plane;
 Whose job cannot be called roman-
 tic,
 So he is not in the public eye,
 But the Hero can't do without him,
 And I'll tell you the reason why.

He revs. up the kite each morning,
 He fills up the tank each night,
 He sees that the engine's running
 sweet
 And the oil pressure kept just right.

He is out on the field each morning,
 And still there when twilight fades,
 Pulling his weight to keep that crate
 Ready to go on raids.

So next time you see your paper
 With its pictures of smiling crew,
 Remember the bloke who keeps
 him afloat
 Though he is only an AC 2.

And the next time you cheer that
 pilot
 And the enemy falls a wreck,
 Cast your memory on the bloke you
 don't see,
 Yours truly,

—The Humble F/Mech.

* * * *

"Why don't you settle the case
 out of court," said an Irish judge
 to the man before him.

"Sure, that's what we were doing
 when the police came and inter-
 fered."

When in Red Deer

Visit the

Buffalo Hotel *Coffee Shop*

FULLY LICENSED

Y.M.C.A. NOTES

LATE as usual (who said that?), the memoirs from that hive of industry, Y.M.C.A. office, are en route to the press a couple of days past the deadline. However, it's an ill wind—you know the rest—and we are able to report one or two items of interest that otherwise would have had to sit around becoming mouldy for a month.

For instance, this department has received from the P.S.I. ninety new worthwhile books for our swelling (and swell) library. Here are a few of the volumes, chosen at random: "THE ALASKAN," by Curwood; "LIFE OF DR. JOHNSON," by J. Boswell; "LES MISERABLES," by Victor Hugo; "ANNA KARENINA," Tolstoy; "MICROBE HUNTERS," P. de Kruif; Richard Haliburton's "FLYING CARPET," and many others to suit all tastes. Although the stack of books returned each day is about six feet high, our efficient staff (ahem) can handle many more readers without a change in stride, so, come on you worms—bookworms, I mean.

You will remember a promise made in last month's "Log" regarding softball. Well, any excuses we might have had will no longer hold water for spring days are here, robins and meadow larks are courting, ducks are stopping to feed before the last lap of their extended itinerary, the grass (if any) is colouring the landscape in spots and, oh, I forgot, we were talking about softball. Well, the lid was definitely pried off the new season in an exciting if one-sided nine-inning game. A strong team from Bowden spoiled the home debut of the promising Penhold outfit by trimming them 23 to 12 on Tuesday, April 28th, on the local diamond. More games are going to be played and a league formed before the month of the little white flowers is many moons old.

HIGHLIGHTS

As this is being written, Supervisor Allen is taking a well deserved holiday from the continuous grind and bind of No. 36. **Confidential:** He is busy planting potatoes and pansies.

Airgraph letters can be sent to civilians (there are no excuses left now).

Airmen can get a tasty coldplate meal in the canteen.

The show, "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town," set a record for attendance and entertainment. 750 unpaid admissions sat and stood spellbound throughout.

Thursday nights are tournament nights in the Y.M.C.A. writing room. Some lucky guy always wins a prize at bridge, whist, bingo, checkers, etc.

DID YOU KNOW?

That it is possible to send 300 cigarettes overseas for \$1.10, or 1,000 for \$2.75?

No kidding. Come early and avoid the rush.

That we take orders for food parcels?

That you are taxed 2¢ per day when you keep a library book more than seven days?

That the Y.M.C.A. is here to help solve any problem with which you may be burdened? Don't hesitate: Dorothy Dix has nothing on us.

That the S.W.O. caught AC Goldstein working?

That AC Taylor carries around a bottle of mint sauce in case he has to take it on the lam?

—E.H.V.

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