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Douglas Fairbanks Ruth Warrick

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A MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDING OFFICER

THE Penhold Log has now been running for six months, and this is the first number of the second Volume. I would like both to thank and congratulate the management and the contributors who, by giving up so much of their time, have made the first Volume the success it has been. I would like also to thank those who have so kindly taken up advertising space and so helped considerably with the finances of production.

I know that it has been hard going at times, and constant effort is required to keep up the standard and improve it. I am sure, however, that we have the necessary talent in the Unit, and I would ask everyone seriously to consider whether they cannot write some article or story so as to give the Editor plenty of copy to choose from.

In writing this introduction to the second Volume, it gives me the opportunity to record our great appreciation of all the hospitality that has been extended to us while we have been in Canada. Not having our own homes and old friends to go to as in England, these new friendships have made all the difference. Although we are always made to feel that the enjoyment is mutual, this hospitality is a real contribution to the War Effort, in that it helps to keep us in good heart and do our job all the better.

W. B. Jamington.



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RED DEER

VOLUME II
JUNE



NUMBER 1
1942

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



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P/O W. F. MILLER

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A.C. ROUGHTON

COMMITTEE: SGT. SALT SGT. SUTHERLAND SGT. CHILDS A.C. HART

Editorial

I N thanking the Commanding Officer for his very kind and encouraging words, I should like to take this opportunity to express my personal thanks to the staff and to the contributors, without whose continued efforts the magazine would fail to function.

I regret to say that we are to lose the services of our Art Editor, A.C. Roughton. He leaves us to take up a Pilot's Course. We shall all miss his "George," whose adventures we looked forward to monthly. Our very best wishes and "happy landings," Bruce.

This being the first number of the second volume, several alterations and additions are included. The introduction of the Art Section is a distinctive feature. To maintain this standard, I am counting on your support—don't disappoint me. Remember, suggestions and ideas are always welcome and shall receive full consideration.

Penhold-Edmonton By "Greyhound"

A CASUAL "week-ender" to the fair capital of Alberta observes a surfeit of blue uniforms in cafes, department stores and cinemas. He quickly connects these Air Force types with the service camps in the vicinity, forgetting that a station known as Penhold lurks somewhere in the region of a hundred dusty miles down the Edmonton-Calgary highway.

Yes, a number of us do find Edmonton, and all that it provides, very attractive, with the result that the coach stops on the main road opposite the camp to pick up quite a reasonable party every Friday afternoon.

Among those who are lucky enough to get away at this blissful hour, may be seen the "Glad-to-get-away Flight Meek," "Hard-worked Admin" and "even harder-worked Instructor" types.

We have strolled, cantered or ridden down the all too stony path from the camp, according to the degree of procrastination peculiar to our natures, and are now gazing expectantly in the direction of the approaching coach. Some of us wonder, "Will there be room in the dratted thing?" others again imagine themselves standing through all of the hundred miles that lies ahead, while the crafty ones jockey for position so that they at least will ride in comfort.

The coach draws up and with a slight scramble and much fumbling for "cash" and "return halves," we eventually find ourselves accommodated—some in comfort, a few strap-hanging.

First stop, Red Deer; the standing ones are informed that there is enough room in a following coach. They cheerfully leap out, while a number of youthful Canadian news boys leap in and dispose of numerous copies of "Edmonton Journals," "Red Deer Advocates," etc. The driver gets out for a cup of tea or other beverage, and a flying instructor unwittingly lingers in the absent driver's seat while talking to someone outside. He is immediately accosted by a flurried woman who asks, "Driver, when is this coach due out?" He immediately goes a deep crimson round the collar and murmurs, "Madam, I may be a bus driver, but not of the four-wheeled variety." There is a faint suggestion of a chuckle amongst the seated passengers and the "offended one" gracefully leaves the site of his impropriety.

The unlucky few who leave the coach to find seats in the alleged following vehicle discover that their lot is far worse than expected. The vehicle turns out to be the "Camp Red Deer motor buggy!" The self-inflicted journey in this "Jack Rabbit contraption on four wheels" commences, and before we have gone many "bumping miles," we wonder why our choice of travel was by road.

Ponoka looms up in sight and as the little bus bounces to a halt, the driver informs us "ten minutes' rest." We wonder who the rest is intended for. Shaking off loads of Alberta dust, however, we disembark for a "Coke," and for those who have not already had a sumptuous repast of grime—a "hamburger." We pull out of Ponoka to make one "hop" of the remaining sixty odd miles. The instructor type in the back has the semblance of a seat all to himself. He thinks it is a good idea to try a "stretch-out." I find it a most unconvincing sight, but he seems to "stay put"—perhaps he has had some practice in the gentle art of riding the draw-bar. A rather hearty jolt parts him from his somnolence and he sits up midst a flurry of dust and unsavory regards for the transport company.

"Where are we," he asked. He seems to have proved himself a hardened out to be the "Camp-Red Deer motor buggy!" The self-inflicted journey in "Good! Where shall we eat."

"I'd rather find a good place for a pint of beer," I reply drily.

"TRAVELLER"

Another Spasm from Gerald Dean

14B Hotel, Second Avenue,
RAFTOWN, Penhold.

Dear Mother:—

I really must say thanks for all the letters you have been sending. I expect you thought I would never write another "newsy one," but honestly, Mum, I have been so busy since I arrived here that I just haven't had the time for anything but my usual "few lines."

Well, Mum, after my week in the "pool," which Mr. Brown arranged for me, I had to go to work. Apparently they were short-handed in the Town Restaurant, so I started there one Monday morning as an Apprentice Dish-Washer. Gosh, Mum, what a job! I had to stand at one end of a big "Steam-box" and push plates through all day. I lasted for a fortnight. At the end of that time, the plates hadn't, and there were no more left to wash. There were dark murmurings of what sounded like "664B Action," and it was decided to promote me to Dining Room Orderly. This was better, but the chairs were too hard for me to sit on all day, and the customers didn't like having to wait on themselves. They even expected me to clean the tables between sittings. Blow that for a game. Every man for himself, says I. So I struck, and asked for a raise. Old Mills, the Head Cook and Bottle-Washer, swapped me over to what they call a U/T Cook. Old Mills says it means "Usual Type Cook," but AC1 Blackbird, better known as Penhold's Playboy, says it means "Useless Tyke Cook." Of course, I don't take much notice of him, he's one of those dim types that live to eat, instead of eating to live. Believe me, Mum, he won't use a cup with a tide mark—huh, he ought to see what you used to give us at home! Anyway, I did very well there, and put on pounds and pounds, until they got a new manager—a Mr. Beckham. Coo, isn't he a one! His motto is "Cut and come again." Mine was "Come again and—," so we fell out, and he handed me over to the local "Bobbies" for what he called "W.O.A.S. something or other."

It was the "WOAS" that done it. P/O Prune, who defended me, said it meant "Woe to me," and he was right. The Sheriff remanded me, and the Mayor just landed me into the local "clink" for 14 days jankers. Gee, are they tough there? The Chief Warder, Mr. Gilder, used to bring his involuntary guests (Honest Joe, Sunshine, Wicked and me) tea to bed at six in the morning. We had a separate room each. At nine, we had our breakfast, a packet of fags, and the morning paper. At eleven, a stroll down to the Hospital so that the Borough Medical Officer could see if we were being properly treated, and not losing weight. After lunch we had our siesta, and rose for a cooked tea about six. Immediately after, the revolvers would come in to clean our rooms and collect any messages we might have written, or take any bets for the next day's racing, whilst at eight we all attended the Warder's Chess Club, of which we were automatically honorary members. At ten we retired to bed, so as to be ready for the Orderly Officer to visit us, tuck us up and kiss us goodnight. Good old days! I was quite sorry to leave there, but I'll be back—I'll be back.

Things weren't so good when I got out. The Welfare Johnny got hold of me and said he had a job. (Funny how their minds always run to jobs.) Of course, mater, I had to take it, or I'd have had no dole, so to the Sports Department I went. Sports my eye. All they knew about sports was Pee Tee. It was a most exhausting job. I sat in the office all day and watched them—Officers, Non-coms, non-compus-mentuses, non-combatants, and non-entities (AC Plonks), jumping about and running around like nobody's business. It made me sweat to see them, and I wore myself to a shadow answering the 'phone from morning to night. The 'phone never ceased, with someone or other wanting to tell Mr. Morris that "They couldn't get down

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this morning, because they had torn a shoulder muscle, or put an elbow out, or broken a collar bone, or were on duty as Orderly Officer, or had to go to Red Deer to arrange about Adverts for the "Penhold Log." The sorrow they all expressed over the phone was more than I could bear, and poor Mr. Morris—well, he just wept—I guess he had reason. Well, Mum, I've left there now, Pea Sea Farren, late of the C.I.D., took my place. I expect he's made of sterner stuff.

However, Mother, no one ever said that your son wasn't a tryer, so I volunteered to go to Headquarters as a runner. My experience in the Sports Department was a great recommendation, as they knew I must be physically fit. You've no idea how onerous a job this is. I am up and down, here and there, thither and yon, from Dawn to Dusk. Every few minutes the bell's "dah-dah-dah" tears the stilly silence, as the Mayor, Sheriff, Town Clerk, his Deputy, and all the blinking Corporation push, press, thump, caress, cajole and bang with unimaginable frenzy, those inoffensive push-buttons. They all call me "Lightning." I always arrive at the third attempt, and they send me all over the town. Of course, I get used to certain set jobs. At 10 o'clock the Deputy Town Clerk rings, and I know that means the nobility want their tea made—one cup each for them—two for me. At 10:30, Mr. Sabin (Mr. Brown's successor in the Employment Exchange) does likewise, and sends me to the Town Restaurant to bring his "elevenses." I like this particular run, as I always take an hour, and get a nice little snack, free, whilst I wait. The rest of the morning I usually spend basking on the lawn outside, where I am, in fact, at this minute, writing these few lines to you. So, Mum, don't worry about me, like Charlie's Aunt, I'm still running.

So keep smiling and chins up until we're home again.

Your loving son,

GERALD

P.S.—Tell Sis I showed her photo to our Corporal. He must be affected, 'cos he hasn't been the same since.

* * * * *

Flash!



YOUR

**ENTRY IS
NEEDED**

IN THE

**Short Story
Competition**

A man once owned a very fine horse, the envy of all his friends, and had many offers for the purchase of it, but he refused all. The horse eventually died, and the owner sent it, by way of a joke, to a trader who had been very keen on buying it. When next they met, the original owner asked the trader how he liked the horse. "Oh, fine," replied the trader, "I made £1,000 off him." "How did you manage that off a dead horse?" "Quite easily. I sold raffle tickets." "But wasn't anyone annoyed?" "Yes, the man who bought the winning ticket, so I gave him his money back."

* * * * *

The dear old 90-year-old Countess was once asked, "When does a woman stop hoping for romance?" She answered, "I don't know YET."

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Maintenance Wing Notes

IT was the privilege of the writer to have related to him first hand a story that concerns the "Captain of the Ship." It took place at a time when collapsible "undercars" were just an experiment and the Oxford was no bigger than a Moth.

A brand new dummy flight deck had been rigged up for inspection by an authoritative. The job had been finished and was the apple of the eye of those concerned.

True to tradition, the inevitable happened—not two or three hours before the inspection was due. A Pilot, apparently under the impression that it was possible to do anything with, or without, these new undercarriages, puts down "slap-bang" in the middle of our favorite Flight deck. Needless to say, this act was neither clever, nor appreciated. After several typical and very unpopular suggestions had been voiced on how to move an aircraft minus its wheels in a very short time, a brainwave struck!

With the help of the Warrant Officer, a gang of men were procured (almost an impossibility now) and were thoroughly drilled in some very unusual movements.

Down on the knees! Up on the feet to a crouched position, by numbers One! Two!!

Eventually the idea caught on and the said gang of men vanished beneath the structural shadows of the plane.

Down on the knees! Up on the feet to a crouched position, by numbers One! Two!! Quick March!! and the offending article of human ingenuity slowly arose and moved away, creating the impression that it had grown human legs, grunting and groaning as it went.

So far, so good. Well clear of the scene of the crime, the procession was halted. With a sad blow a devastating conclusion was reached—and voiced.

"I'm sorry, men, but I've carefully figured out how to get you under there, but I've completely ignored any ideas for relieving you of your increasingly heavy burden."

With that, a voice, torn and strained with human emotions, flowed from within that mass of milling, groaning, and freely sweating bodies.

"How about—Puff—putting the—undercarriage down."

Which just goes to show that two heads are better than one.

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RED DEER

Without an "E"

Although "E" is the most frequently used letter in the alphabet.

Silvanus sought to find a thought
That might, in song and story,
Bring unto him no honour dim
But instant, lasting glory.

Far north, far south, through rain
and drought,
In classics dusty, hoary,
Silvanus sought, but all for naught,
In fightings, gallant, gory.

Consort and King, wild birds on
wing,
'Mid snowy clouds, high-flying,
Count, Lord, and groom lift not his
gloom,
But fill his soul with sighing.

World touring now! With many a
vow
And with full colours flying,
Atlantic's palms, Pacific's calms
Or winds always a-braving.

Far Arctic calls, Antarctic thralls
'Mid blinding snow-clad mountains,
And torrid lands with blazing sands,
Sigh loud of sparkling fountains.

Niagara's roar—outdoing Thor,
Nyanza—always flowing,
Had him most "sold"—but as of old,
Silvanus is still going.

The above was sent me by an
Edinburgh reader.

* * * *

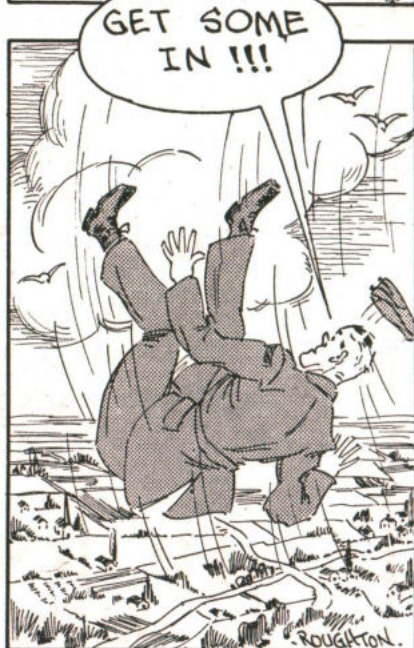
WE'VE BEEN WONDERING

Who was the electrician who, whilst exploring under the panel of an Oxford, got his feet caught in the seat and had to remove his boots before he could get out?—Ask No. 3 Flight.

Which Airman of No. 3 Flight, who, since he came back from Chicago, is being called "Two Gun" or "Romeo" by his pals.

Who was the Airman who cried when a certain tall Flight Sergeant was posted?

GEORGE "THE ERK"



GETS HIS WINGS!

S.H.Q. Notes

WISE AND OTHERWISE

By "JOE"

Novelty.—Romances originate in a variety of ways, but we of Penhold appear to enjoy a type of romantic introduction to the fair sex hitherto unknown. Attention has lately been drawn to the number of coy little notes, included with airmen's linen returned from the laundry. Not always notes, either. Sometimes a little token such as an ear-ring, a brooch or a delicately perfumed silk handkerchief, or something. This really is fine, but it would be as well if the sender could find time to advise the happy recipient of sex, age and other appropriate particulars. It is a little disappointing when Joe, aged twenty, fixes a date through the laundry medium and finds himself accompanying a merry widow of forty-four. So let's be hoping for more detail in the future.

Slap-Stick.—Do you remember those comedies featuring Charles Chaplin? Well, he often exploited the fun that could be derived from passing through swing doors, double doors and the like. Sometimes a door would be unexpectedly locked, and the pail of whitewash he was carrying would descend from his head to some other unfortunate. Or else the famous comedian would insist on entering by a door definitely marked "Exit" to the utter confusion of those on the other side. Anyhow, what has all this to do with Penhold? Somewhere, lurking behind the counters of the Airmen's Mess is a person possessing the humorous qualities of Charles Chaplin in relation to doors. Each Dining Hall has three pairs of double doors, and it would be safe to defy any airman to say, with confidence, which door will or will not be available, say this time tomorrow. Still it is fun to see smiling airmen first try one door, then with a cheery quip, dash off and rattle another, only to find that it is the third door that should have been tried at first. Of course, when one is inside the Dining Halls, there is no telling as to whether it will be convenient to the staff to allow you out of the same door by which entry was made. However, this system does familiarise one with all ways in and out, thereby minimising any monotony which might arise.

On Drawing Pay.—Sitting at a side-table recently, watching a pay parade, the writer was struck by the grimness of the whole business. This seemed particularly odd in view of the pleasant nature of the occasion. The lucky recipients of nickels and dimes looked so sad that it seemed as though someone should devise a method whereby smiles and cheerfulness might reign at this fortnightly parade. But as time wore on, various reasons for this state of affairs were explained. Some airmen, in fact many, were not receiving so large a purse as one might desire, and this due to some private escapade such as absence, minus official blessing, the loss of gear, voluntary allotment, made in a moment of supposed weakness, or the early redemption of some mortgaged belonging, resulting in a disastrous reduction of the cash about to be received. Some folks looked uncomfortable because they were carrying unauthorised articles such as cups, books, etc., and it was amusing to watch these passed from hand to hand, as those about to receive went forward to the table of dignity. It just goes to prove that money always brings trouble, even when one does not receive much of it. Anyhow, it's a good job the service feeds us!

Nocturnal Choristers.—The other night, somewhere around the witching hour, all was dark without, whilst within our sleeping chamber, quiet and peace reigned. Suddenly, without prior warning, in burst many revellers fresh from choral activities at Penhold Hotel. Yes, it was the Penhold Male

Voice Choir, or part of it, or two choirs, perhaps. Why so many members of the choir must sleep in the same room I know not, but there is the fact. Anyhow, they must have been singing continuously throughout the evening, for their faces were red and breathing short. Having discussed the evening at some length, and after several attempts to strike up the singing once more, these worthy nightingales crawled between the sheets and closed down for the night. Funnily enough, however, no chorister seemed prepared to raise a note at reveille.

Reminder.—Any airman attached to a S.H.Q. Section, having appropriate matter for these notes should forward them to the Editor, Penhold Log. This is the second time the invitation has been extended, so the ball is still in your court. So far no contributions have been received. What do you think? I'm thinking quite a bit.

Salvage.—The Unit has recently been urged to save paper, and quite a few airmen have suggestions. These chiefly concern the complete withdrawal of certain forms, such as General Conduct sheets, Minor Offence Reports, and D.R.O.'s, Part I. The need for the retention of Form 295 is strongly emphasised. However, the general view seems to be that K.R.'s might be carefully read and all those parts dealing with the correction of difficult airmen, or those that cannot fit in with K.R.'s be removed, and added to the salvage pile. Well, there are always plenty of ideas, anyway, even if they are permissible in phantasy only.

* * * * *

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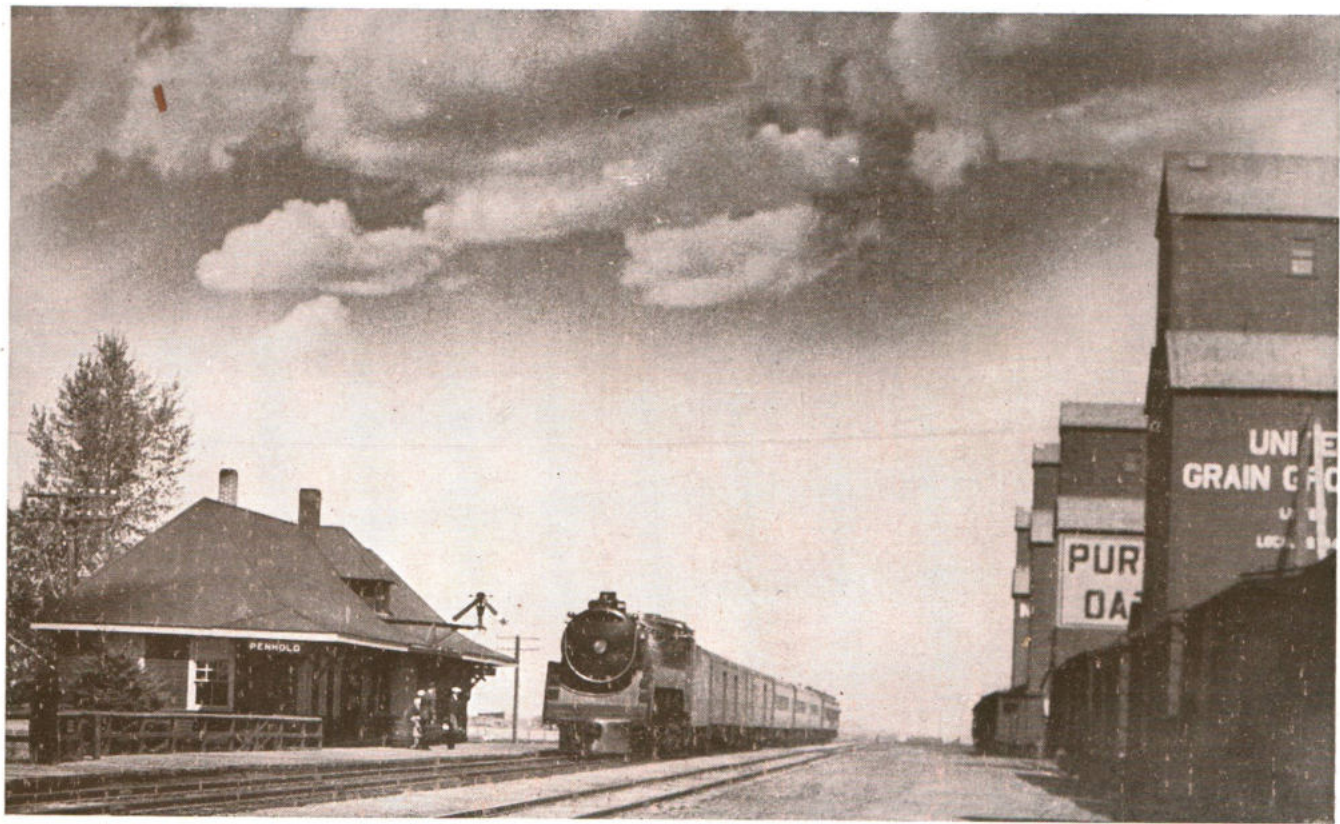
RED DEER—Gaetz Avenue. Looking North



RED DEER—Ross Street, Looking West



RED DEER—Ross Street at Night, Looking West



"THE CHINOOK" AT PENHOLD

Association Football

Now that the League is in full swing and all sections have played several games, I think that a few remarks from the Secretary is called for. It has been my privilege to have witnessed all the matches which have been played, and I must congratulate all teams on the improvement shown. The League table is very open and it is difficult to forecast the winner. The championship is going to be very interesting indeed.

LON CAVANAGH TROPHY—The Station Football Team continue on their winning way. We have a first-class side and they are worthy of your support. Roll up to the home games and cheer them on. Their record to date is: Played 3, won 3; goals, for 35, against 2.

Next Home Game—36 S.F.T.S. v. 37 S.F.T.S., at Exhibition Grounds, Red Deer, on Saturday, 13th June. Kick-off at 6:30 p.m.

* * * *

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

It is a common practice in this country for any team partaking in sport to have a nickname, so in the interests of anyone concerned, below is how the Canadian sees our entrants:—

- 1 Flight—Sharpshooters.
- 2 Flight—Bearcats.
- 3 Flight—The Inspectors.
- Maintenance—The Stalemates.
- Workshops—The Pluggers.
- Officers—Oakleaves.
- Officers' Mess—Acorns.
- Sergeants' Mess—The Tigers.
- Orderly Room—Commissionaires.
- Pupils—Prangers.
- M.T. Section—The 658's.
- Signals—The Madmen.
- Flying Wing—The Strainers.
- Airmen's Mess—The Bottleshwashers.
- P.S.I.—Flotsam & Jetsam.

Sewing On A Button

"Jock, seen my 'housewife'?"
 "Yes, laddie, I borrowed it."
 "Well, where is it now?"
 "Jimmy had it after me. Said he was out of thread."

"JIMMY!"

No reply.

"JIMMY!"

Still no answer.

"He's gone to the Canteen, I think."

"How long since?"

"Ten minutes."

I felt like telling somebody what I thought of them.

The door opened and Tubby Harrison waddled in.

"Tubby, lend me your needle and thread, Jimmy's got mine and is away at the Canteen. If I don't catch the next bus, my life won't be worth living."

"Sure, you can borrow mine if you can find it."

I give up. What a bright lot of pals. Here's me with a date on my mind, and button off my coat.

"Has anybody got a needle and thread?"

Apparently not. With that, Jimmy walked in.

"Hey, Jimmy; got my housewife?"

"No! I only took a needle."

"Well, where's the needle?"

Spider had broken it. Trust that man to break anything. I looked at my watch. Five minutes to go. Well, I shall have to risk it, that's all. Grabbing my coat, I dashed off out. I'll find that "housewife" when I get back if it's the last thing I ever do.

Outside the hut I had a brain-wave. I'd carry my coat and then the missing button wouldn't be noticed. I started to fold it.

Funny! there's no button missing from this coat—I must have the wrong one. No, this is mine. My gloves and cigarettes in the pocket . . . I smiled and hurried on.

Just managed to catch the bus.

R.A.F. on Broadway

"So you're gonna New York? Say, mister, you're gonna be on velvet!"

YOU must not get the idea from this remark that all Americans talk strictly according to the scripts of the gangster films which have for some years flooded the English Cinemas. They don't, except perhaps in Brooklyn. There, certainly, unless you can pronounce "first" as "foist", you will not be understood. It is just as stupid to expect all Americans to speak slang as it is to expect all Englishmen to speak with a Lancashire or a Cockney accent.

We British accuse the Americans of "blowing", but when you see Manhattan from the top of the Empire State Building you will realise that if they do "blow" they certainly have something to "blow" about. I mention the Empire State Building, because the first thing you do on arriving in New York must be to go on top of it with a fifteen-cent map, to get an idea of the layout of the mass of towering buildings that make up the Island.

In the distance to the north the island is bounded by the Harlem River, and the district of that name is in fact situated in this section. If you pass through you will see nothing but the darker race. You will see a "pub" (there are plenty in the States), and a funeral home side by side. Darky children will play in the streets, but their fathers may be driving past in cars, for they are by no means the poor of New York, nor are they the down-trodden. They are free and happy, and the sound of their voices adds a touch of colour to this otherwise white metropolis. South of the Black Belt, as some call it, you come to Fifth Avenue and Park Avenue, and Central Park spreading expansively in the centre of the mass of buildings below you. There is peace in the Park from the noise of the traffic, from the stir and bustle of the city where life goes on without pause, where every day is a twenty-four-hour shift. There are trees just bursting into life now as Spring finds its way to the east, and a great sleepy lake once the reservoir for the city. In the sunshine, a fabulous car may drive through while its owner sniffs the first breath of the new season, but under the trees there is a man sleeping. Some might call him a "bum." Others would be more just and say he's tired and wants a little quiet and the sweet smell of the fresh grass. Overhead a west-bound plane climbs from La Guardia.

On your left is Broadway, which is as long as the Island itself, although the part best known to visitors is that near Times Square—"The Great White Way." Here are the cinemas, the theatres—it is truly the Mecca of the stage world. The lights don't shine so brightly now as they did before the American entry into the war, but even still you will stand for hours awed, indeed, thrilled by the vast array of dazzling lights. It is literally true that Piccadilly could be placed in one corner and lost, not that we have any desire to lose it, but such is the size and splendour of Broadway.

To the east runs the Hudson River, and down by the riverside are the wharfs of every famous European Line. There is the Normandie, now known as the Lafayette, lying on her side like some defeated monster, with tiny creatures crawling over her upturned side.

One of the greatest single, privately-owned constructional schemes ever attempted is the Rockefeller Centre, one of New York's tallest buildings. Here you can buy a needle, have your hair cut, or broadcast to the world, for when you hear: "This is WJZ New York," that voice is coming from Radio City, from Rockefeller Centre, in the heart of downtown New York. Up above, you can dance sixty-four floors above the hurried life of the city, in the famous Rainbow Room. No place could have been more accurately

named, for as you dance you can look out and down on the lights of New York and New Jersey, on the reflections of the moon on the Hudson River, and it is just a Rainbow of colour.

Behind you now to the south, in the lower part of Manhattan, lies Wall Street, scene of the famous crash, amidst a cluster of giant buildings. It is narrow and somewhat winding. The actual entrance to the Exchange is on Broad Street, at one end is the old Treasury Building outside of which George Washington became America's first president. In this section the streets go by names, and here it is perhaps possible to get lost, but it is impossible to stray in the rest of New York if you check on the number of the street, and whether it is "east" or "west."

Men in the forces, and that includes all of us, can get free tickets to theatres, cinemas, shows, concerts, dances, etc., if they apply to the United Services Organization at 99 Park Avenue. You're probably wondering when I'm going to get down to basics. All right! As I have said, there are plenty of pubs in the States, and you can drink until the early hours. Moreover, you don't have to be a member to visit the night clubs. You just go in, buy one drink at the bar and come out only fifty cents down, but for that fifty cents you can say with utter nonchalance, "Oh, yes, I've been to the Stork Club." If you're a film fan, go to the El Morocco. If you don't bump into an autograph hunters' paradise, you're in the wrong place.

A word about the people. They are worth much more than one word, but space is limited. They are busy, dynamic people, happy and gay, and their pride in their city does not end in empty boasting. They will take you out and show it to you, give you a good time, and love it. All they will ask is: "Say, mister, are you having fun? You are! Well, say that's swell!"

We who are not of the country can make no comparison with London. Let us just say that London is ours, and we love it. New York belongs to the Americans, and we cannot but admit we like it very much.—"Waleno."

A I R M E N

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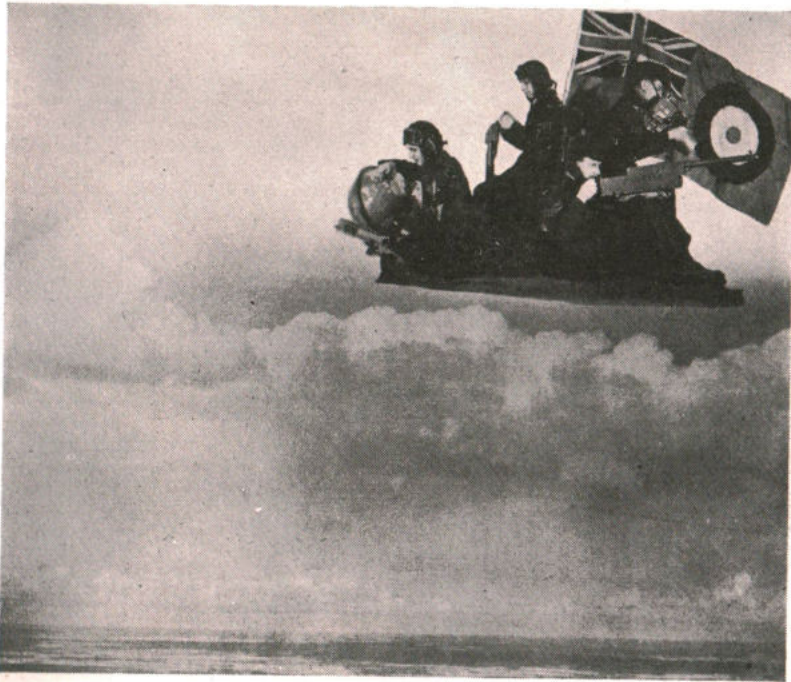
Penhold's Secret Weapon

or

A Flight of Wishful Thinking

DAWN was breaking, No. 2 Squadron Mechs. had pulled their fourth kite out of the bog and the night flying pilots had left the ground crews to carry on. In the eerie light of dawn there was a feeling of subdued excitement, for at the back of No. 5 Hangar lay a carpet, apparently just a normal grey carpet, with a blue border and emblazoned across it the magic letters "R.C.A.F." But this was no ordinary carpet for at Penhold lives a Genie, a sergeant, whose name we'll not disclose. He, by voucher action, converted this from "Carpets Ordinary," to "Carpets Magic—L.T.I.'s, for the use of." His genius lay in his ability to wear a pair of enamelled Silver Wings without a blush and scoff numerous sandwiches. In the words of "Wotta Scoffer," quote Daily Herald, "he was a ground locust."

At this unearthly hour before any store-basher was awake, the Genie and a Flight Magician arrived to do a "daily" midst a small crowd of admiring groundlings.



On completion, the carpet was rolled up and carried through "Scats" Turner's holy office and launched through the window on to the tarmac. The Genie told the "Fabric-basher" to scrounge a chair—this was necessary—who ever heard of a pilot sitting crossed-legged. Further equipment was borrowed from the Aeroplane Cemetery in No. 5 Hangar. When the carpet was ready

to fly, the rest of the crew arrived, as is the wont with "mortal" birdmen. Even a 10-cent atlas was unnecessary, as the same silly source which made flying possible made even this simple aid to navigation redundant. The hour was 05.30 (12:30 G.M.T.), the crew were all aboard. To the amazement of an awestricken audience, this raggy aerodine leapt into the atmosphere. 05.32 the course was set for Spokane—there was a purpose in this, as the intrepid aviators would fane gaze once more at the scenes of their earlier conquests before heading for the blue.

At 06.30 hrs. set course due west. It was daylight by this time and so the Blind Flying Instructor prepares to rest. Out over the Pacific panic reigned among this strange crew, the carpet developed a distinct judder, the Artificial Horizon and the Rate of Climb Ind. went u/s despite assuring entries in the L.14 to the effect that they had been "Bench tested and certified serviceable." Quoth the navigator, "I wish a certain Flight Sergeant was here: he would know how to cope with the instrument situation." However, they managed on that, the rigging defect was their immediate concern.

A groan of horror from the Magic Carpet Pilot. "I've lost my Silver Wings; unless that brooch is found we are undone." The carpet by this time had spent more time in a loop than other mortals had spent flying, was bucketting like the Sherriff's Mare, and was liable to drop into the ocean at any minute. All this time the crew were searching for the brooch, and after ten minutes, at wave-top height, covering 300 miles, this piece of jewellery, made originally for female adornment, was found in that Axminster pile beneath the pilot's seat. "We are saved," roared out the joyous crew. "Even now we can benefit our country."

Nothing more of note disturbed this monotonous flight, the navigator went to sleep, so no log was kept. Posterity was denied the written word of the epic flight (of fancy). All we know is that the participants were back at work by 13.00 hrs. that afternoon, but they would not discuss their exploits. In the news the same day we learnt that Tokio had been bombed. Where they got their bombs from we do not know—possibly from the same source that gave them the power of flight. This explains why the Japs cannot locate the base from which they were bombed.

QUERY:—Do they get flying pay for this?

So they stand today—

Sans Wings—Sans Glory—Sans Everything.

CHARLIE CHOTAH-PEG.

Red Deer Advocate

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Make Your Country Walks More Interesting!

WE, all of us, enjoy country walks, but how few there are who could name even a small percentage of the wild creatures likely to be encountered when off the beaten track of their everyday lives. It is quite easy to become better acquainted with wild creatures and their ways, so when next you go a-roaming, why not take careful note of any bird or animal into whose private life you may happen to intrude, and by comparing such notes, whether they be mental or on paper, with a text book readily obtainable from the local library, try to identify your new acquaintance. Wild creatures, to be observed to the best advantage when in their native haunts, must be so unaware of the presence of a watcher that he becomes to them part of the landscape. Had this been written in the days before the war, it might have been mentioned at this stage that those who wished to see the wild folk at home would be well advised to wear clothes that fit in with Nature's colour scheme, in which, of course, brown is predominant. These days, however, most of us have not the privilege of choosing our apparel, but in spite of this handicap, a great deal can be accomplished by remaining quite still and exercising a little patience. It is imperative to successful observation at close quarters that the watcher refrains from all unnecessary movement, but if he does have to move, either to obtain a closer view or for the sake of comfort, this should be when the bird or animal has its head turned away. Rarely, however, is it possible to move without any knowledge on the part of the observed—the eyes of nearly all wild things have a much wider field of vision than do ours—but if no sudden movements are made, it is surprising how closely ordinarily timid creatures may be approached. Naturalists have noted that animals apparently pay particular attention to the eyes of their watchers, and in some cases the flicker of an eyelid is sufficient to dispatch the creature in panic to hiding.

For those who would go farther than the stage of casual observer, equipment is not elaborate, but unfortunately the purchase of the most essential item—a good pair of field glasses—involves considerable expense. However, even without their aid, field work is not difficult. I was foolish enough when leaving England to forget to pack my field glasses, much to my regret on more than one occasion since then, but even so I have been able to observe quite a deal of North American wild life. A camera, although by no means a necessity, is also very useful, as by this means permanent recordings in the form of pictures can be made. For my part, I possess only a cheap model and am no photographer, but even with these disadvantages, I have secured pictures of lasting interest to myself and, I hope, to others.

In the spring of the year is, of course, the season when birds may be observed to the best advantage, as it is then that their concern for the safety of their eggs and young overcomes, for the greater part, that inborn fear of man. When attempting to locate the position of a nest, knowledge of the kind of situation likely to be chosen by the particular species under observation is almost essential, and it is here that information gained previously will prove invaluable. Should it be noticed that a pair of birds, or even a single one, shows special interest in a certain stretch of territory—and, by the way, birds are most particular about their territorial rights—it is a good bet that the nest will be located therein. Here the possession of a pair of field glasses

would prove a boon, as it would then be possible to view the birds at a distance from which they would show no fear and so betray the position of their treasure.

When a nest is found, and a person who trains himself to be observant will find many, it should be borne in mind by the finder that he then becomes an intruder into the home of the owners. He should be careful not to break down the surrounding foliage in his endeavours to view the contents more closely, and should not handle the eggs or young as the case may be. Small birds, nearly all of whom do far more good than harm, have quite enough enemies, both feathered and furred, without a so-called naturalist making himself a foe too. If it is desired to watch a sitting bird return to the nest from which she has been flushed, the observer should retire to a discreet distance and, with any luck, she will come back before long. If, however, she will not do this before the eggs or young have a chance to get cold, he had better continue on his way.

Perhaps it would not be out of place here to write a few words expressly for those who, following man's natural desire to be a hunter, carry a small bore rifle or other firearm when on their walks or whatever they may call them. The majority do, I trust, limit their attention to magpies, crows and gophers, all of whom are harmful to the agriculturalist. But there are some who blaze away at any unfortunate creature that happens to cross their path. Let all who have rifles learn the game preservation laws and abide by them. Such laws were not, as some would have us believe, formed by a body of antiquated cranks, but resulted from careful and scientific observation by practical sportsmen. Next time, therefore, that you, who are offenders in this respect, have a living target within your sights, think first before you allow your itching finger to squeeze the trigger.—"WAYFARER."

* * * * *

BUSINESS METHODS

One American parson does a roaring business in marriages. He records the ceremonies and gives a free record to each couple.

A certain cinema proprietor packs his theatre by offering each male patron a kiss from his favourite usherette.

Another American church committee puts a dollar bill in one hymn book each week to stimulate attendance.

Sitting in a concert hall waiting for the concert to begin, a man saw a little boy in front of him, studying a watch. He bent forward and asked: "Does it tell time?"

"No," answered the boy, "you have to look at it."

* * * * *

Corporal: "Why did you salute that truck driver?"

Rookie: "Don't be so dumb! That's no truck driver; that's General Hauling."

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\$1.00 Pair

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Between Canadian Legion and Theatre

INNISFAIL

AN UNBORN ACE

By HAROLD JACKSON

DON'T ask me to vouch for the truth of this tale, but Butch swears to its truth, and who am I to argue with three rings and a D.F.C. Butch is a big blonde Australian who was in the first Berlin and Turin raids—no imagination at all which makes me believe his yarn. His size is matched by his tastes—Wellingtons, big beautiful bombs and large whiskies; he only tells this story when the whiskies have been plentiful.

But let him tell the story in his own words.

"It was in the early days of the war before the big raids when an occasional Jerry would call on us on his way home from a 'town in the Midlands' and drop the odd visiting card which he hadn't disposed of elsewhere.

"I was F/O then, and I was doing Duty Pilot at an aerodrome in the North East of England. It was just before dawn and our boys were coming in and landing down the flare path. One of them, or at least we thought it was one of ours, for he had his navigation lights on, did a circuit and came in to land. He seemed to have misjudged his approach for he opened up his engines as he came over the end of the runway. It was then that we knew that he wasn't one of ours, for we saw the flash of bursting bombs as he laid a 'stick' along the runway. A Blenheim, which was just taxiing away, went into a weird stilted somersault.

"By this time the Hun had doused his lights. We heard his engines roar as he did a tight turn and came back to gun the hangars and tarmac. We'd flung ourselves flat as the bombs exploded. Lead spattered all around as the plane swept over, but then we rose to our feet for, mingled with the roar of the bomber's engines, we heard a new note—a Merlin note.

"Against the faint first gleams of the dawn we saw the elliptical shape of a Spitfire's wings as he swung to attack the Junkers. We saw tracers fly from the Junkers to the Spit, and then the eight guns of the British fighter burst out as the Spitfire swept by to bank again to the attack. Once more his guns barked. The big plane dropped a wing, turned its nose to the earth and screamed into the 'deck.' It struck with a terrific crash and a blinding flame.

"Overhead the Spit did a Victory roll and came in to land. The Hun must have hit him during the brief exchange of shots, for the fighter landed on his belly as if his hydraulics had been shot up. He landed near the hangars and the pilot climbed out, slapped the quick release of his parachute and dropped it on the ground. He asked for the D.P. and strolled over to me, his helmet dangling from his hand. He must have been hit, for the side of his head was covered with blood. He was a short, stocky lad, fair haired, with a strange unearthly light in his eyes. I asked his name. 'Sergeant Pilot Les Craven, sir. I'm sorry I had to land the kite like that, but I'd no undercart!' Before

I could ask him what he meant or where he came from, I was called away to the phone. When I came back he'd gone and we never saw him again.

"Amongst the few deaths that morning was a young mechanic who, on the previous day, had tried to remuster as a pilot but had failed on eyesight. He had been shot through the head and had died instantly at his post on the tarmac when the bomber swept us with bullets, and his name was Les Craven.

"Oh, yes, we did trace the plane—it was one we'd had in for repairs and jacked up in a hangar without an undercarriage, and the doors were still closed!"



An Airman

He's been around the world a bit
And gazed upon the Sphinx;
And he's been in "Dear Old
Lunnon,"

Where there is no ban on drinks.

He's oft been seen in Paris,
On curio-hunting trips;
And on the streets of Glasgow,
Buying fish and chips.

He's seen the brave toreadors
Fight the maddened bulls of
Spain:

Where their graceful señoritas
In their dark-eyed beauty reign.

He's just like an R.A.F. bloke
Whose only mortal fear
Is that he has to spend a forty-eight
In a place they call Red Deer.

With apologies to no one.—J.M.

* * * * *

A man, asked by his friend what
he was doing, replied that he was
writing his autobiography. "What's
it about?" his friend asked.

* * * * *

"I don't think I look thirty; do
you, dear?"

"No, darling, not now. You used
to."



Pukka

According to the latest "Gen", the
cooks are due for a local trade test
by Mr. Middleton. This may ex-
plain the activity recently displayed
outside the cookhouse. Or is some-
one playing CROWN without the
Anchor?

* * * * *

Two Italian business men met in
the street.

"How's business?" asked one.

"Very much better," said the
other.

"Better!" cried the first in sur-
prise.

"Yes, very much better than next
year," the other explained.

* * * * *

Epitaphs, dating back to the
"Good old days."

"He called Bill Smith a liar."

Played five aces,

Now playing the harp.

* * * * *

Hotel Customer: "Porter, what
about these shoes, one's black and
the other brown."

Porter: "Well, if that don't beat
everything; that's the second time
it's happened this morning."

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ROYAL HOTEL
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Served

That's Our Job. A Snack or a Dinner.

The CLUB CAFE

Charlie Chuck

Geo. Moon

For Your Entertainment

R.A.F. Cinema, Penhold

IT is rumoured that on the last Thursday night before pay-day, there were one or two who could not rake up the price of admission. There is nothing extraordinary in this, although there are many who will be surprised to learn that there are usually more five and ten dollar bills presented the day before pay-day than at any time!

However, the chief concern of the moment is the individual who has spent, lent, or otherwise disposed of his loose cash, but still hopes to crash the gates without the necessity of climbing through one of those guaranteed-to-open-at-the-most-unexpected-moment windows.

Well, here's your chance! Twelve free tickets of admission will be presented for the Cinema Show on Tuesday, July 14th—and it's going to be a specially good show—to the prize winners of the following extremely simple (?) competition.

At the back of the Cinema on a board are mounted eight coloured cartoons, plainly numbered one to eight, and each one of these pictures represents a film release in America within the last nine months. All you have to do is to write down on a sheet of paper the characters shown in the cartoon and the title of the film represented. Enter your name on the sheet of paper and the Barrack Hut you are in, and place it in the box provided. Only one entry will be considered from each person, but there is no limit to the number who may enter.

Just a few words of advice. Some of the films are very recent releases, and have not yet been shown at the Camp Cinema, but you have probably read all about them in your magazines. Remember that speed is essential, as the first twelve correct entries will be entitled to the free admission tickets. Do not, however, hold back your entry because you can only guess half the pictures or half the characters, as one or two of the cartoons are not too easy, and on June 30th, if no correct entries have been received, the tickets will be awarded to those who have the answers nearest to the correct.

This competition is the first of a series which it is hoped will be run for the amusement of cinema-ites! Incidentally, if it is found that no correct entries are being submitted, clues will be announced to audiences during the last fortnight in June, but it is more than probable that the audience's intelligence has been under-estimated rather than over-estimated.

Anyway, if you have any suggestions for future competitions or complaints of the management, just pop them in the box with your name on the sheet, and you may win a free seat for that. On the other hand, if your suggestion is rude, it would be advisable not to add your name for obvious reasons! And if you have any "crack" about the seats, leave it unsaid—the management knows that one now, as well as the one about having some ventilation with a perfect (?) blackout. If it drives you crazy, think of the Operators who are working for every performance in a much warmer and less ventilated room—and be thankful!

RATIONING IN THE FILM INDUSTRY

A blazing white spot about the size of a postage stamp, in the aperture plate of the projector, contains and covers all there is to the art and industry of the motion picture world. Now rationing of the stuff that film is made of has arrived. That same nitro-cellulose which is film base, with a touch of this and that, mostly just more oxygen, is gunpowder.

Film begins, just as many of the explosives begin, with cotton fibres and nitric acid. Both have come to be made from cotton "Linters," which are just the fuzzy little short fibres that stick to the seeds when the cotton is ginned. Thus it is certain now that for most pictures, and all the successful ones, prints are going to have to serve longer.

The present print is shown approximately ninety times and then scrapped. As far as the Camp Cinema is concerned, the fact that fewer prints will be produced is unlikely to have any adverse effect for some considerable time since the majority of the films are being shown within six months of release, and therefore have not reached the end of their life.

The modern projector is a precision machine, and unless the sprockets are adjusted to within ten thousandths of an inch, the film perforation is being damaged and the life of the print being reduced considerably. Under perfect conditions, it is estimated that a print could last for 800-1000 showings, a very different figure from the actual working life!

STATISTICS DEPARTMENT

Total Attendance since January 1st exceeded 15,000 by the middle of May!

In spite of the warmer weather, attendance for April was higher than that for January!

Forthcoming Attractions

June 16th—"NAZI AGENT," starring Conrad Veidt and Ann Ayars. Frustration of a plot to blow up the Panama Canal is the highpoint of the story in which Conrad Veidt provides realism and suspense by his portrayal of a dual role. (M-G-M Picture)

June 18th—"THE COURTSHIP OF ANDY HARDY," starring Mickey Rooney and Lewis Stone. All who have seen and enjoyed previous offerings in the "Andy Hardy" series will be sure to be pleasantly entertained by this excellent comedy. (M-G-M Picture)

June 23rd—"THE SHADOW OF THE THIN MAN," starring William Powell and Myrna Loy. Again it is a murder mystery to the accompaniment of comedy, or vice versa, and who is there that can resist either? First-rate press reviews. (M-G-M Picture)

June 25th—"SWAMP WATER," starring Walter Huston and Walter Brennan. The first film of its kind to be presented at this Cinema, strange and full of nameless horrors that will thrill all who see it. (20th Century Fox Picture)

H. H. HUMBER

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General Agents for MIDO Watches

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Wrist Watch's Serviceability.**

Here is the opinion of a peace-time jeweller and war-time officer in command of an important training centre, expressed in a letter which was written by Lieut.-Colonel Roland Pothier, Officer Commanding Training Centre No. 43, Sherbrooke, Quebec, to Mr. Richard Marceau, Mido representative in the Province of Quebec:

"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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RED DEER

The Padre's Notes

CONSISTENCY

WE are repeatedly informed the first thing we must do to understand Germany and Hitler is to read *Mein Kampf*. Few of us do since the argument advanced is neither attractive nor convincing for us. Yet when we do read it, we come to appreciate better that Nazi-ism is not completely insane, and that however incomprehensible some of its beliefs and many of its actions may appear to be, when you reach the inner core of their faith—the dominance of the Aryan race—you find what appeared to be the actions or ravings of a madman has an inner consistency and logic that startles you.

They really believe in the superiority of the Aryan race and its right to achieve hegemony over Europe and the civilised world. We may deny the right of such a creed to clothe itself in the garments of scientific or philosophical respectability. We may explain it as a psychological perversion based upon an inferiority complex. We may study the historical and economic forces that helped to produce it, but despite all this, the German people still believe it and still practise it. The horror of the Nazi regime is the utter consistency and wholehearted enthusiasm with which they have practised it. "Heil Hitler" is not merely the vocal expression of Hitler's dictatorship, but also and even more the symbol of the absolute subjection of every other interest and loyalty to this supreme loyalty to the state and race. Naturally such a concentration of loyalty and driving power has provided Hitler with sufficient explosive power to blow European civilization to pieces.

In contrast with that, the democratic countries have proceeded upon the theory that government is the art of compromise. Sometimes the British talk as though they were the past-masters of that art. However, Canada, with its conflicting regional, racial and religious groups, has practised it with such good effect that frequently it seems to achieve an equilibrium that is almost indistinguishable from motionless. There is no clique more popular with our politicians than Emerson's "Consistency is the bugaboo of little men."

Certainly there is a sense in which compromise can even be said to be a Christian art, providing the solvent for our hates and the basis of all tolerance. It may even be regarded as the practical expression of the Golden Rule that we should do unto others as we would that they should do to us.

Yet if society is not going to drift from one crisis to another, if it is to progress in a definite direction, there must be a greater degree of consistency between our Christian ideals, to which we pay lip service, and the practical affairs of ordinary life. Some time ago a national poll in the United States showed 91 per cent of the people registered faith in God. I do not suppose our own people would vary greatly from that figure. Yet if one had to state the proportion of the population to whom belief in God made any difference in their mode of living, how much smaller it would be. How frequently do we hear it pointed out that it would be very difficult to judge a man's faith by his actions. Remember Charles Lamb's whimsical remark that his children were to be brought up in their father's religion, if they could discover what it was.

We are frequently told that we are fighting to preserve the decencies of a Christian civilization, which I resent as a slander on Christianity. Rather we are fighting for an opportunity to create a Christian civilization—an opportunity which will be lost unless our inconsistencies trouble our consciences more than they have in the past.

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We welcome to the Station S/Ldr. B. H. Sackett, our new padre, successor to F/Lt. J. A. Hockin, who has gone to Vancouver.

Y.M.C.A NOTES

CINEMAS.—Another list of good programmes has been posted on the bulletin board at the Y.M.C.A. Library. The situation for continued operation of 16 mm. programmes does not seem very promising at present. There are a number of new stations opening which will have no cinemas at all, and it is quite possible that stations having both 35 mm. and 16 mm. equipment will lose the 16 mm. equipment. Naturally we will be loath to part with our free pictures, but it would be rather selfish to insist on keeping both types of equipment when other stations have none.

All is not beer and skittles in arranging these picture shows. Early in May we had a very hectic time because of a defective projector. The projector was sent to Calgary for repairs. It did not arrive in Red Deer on Wednesday morning. A hectic time ensues. A trip to Penhold is made—no projector. A phone call to Calgary gains information that, if possible, the machine will be put on the afternoon train and arrive in Penhold at 7:14 p.m. (if the train is on time). We meet the train and take off a strange projector, of a type which we have never before operated. With some misgivings the machine is set up in the projection booth and we discover that the lens throws too large a picture. Nothing daunted, the machine is taken down—stairs, threaded, turned on—and eureka! It works! It is true that the performance was delayed about half an hour, but a very good show is put on and everyone is happy, especially yours truly—who is also greatly relieved.

Incidentally, the break that occurs during the programme is not a breakdown, but is made necessary when film reels are changed. Some programmes consist of three reels, necessitating two changes or breaks, others consisting of four reels require three breaks for changes of reels.

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"GEN."—Word has come through that cigarettes may no longer be sent to members of forces other than Canadian, at the low rates of 300 cigarettes for \$1.10. Too bad!

Airgraph letters may now be sent to civilians in England from service personnel in Canada.

Postage on "Toronto Star" is generally 4¢. A large issue is 5¢. Don't try a 3¢ stamp or an extra charge is made at the destination.

It is reported that if a sufficiently large sum of money can be collected, we may be able to induce the Indians to take back this part of Canada. I shall see Chief Mountain Horse about this when he lectures here. (This is written during our May snow storm.)

With improvements now being made in the Y.M.C.A. Canteen, it is hoped to have this one of the best in Canada. Your co-operation in keeping things clean and tidy will help realise this. Tribute should be paid to the airmen and civilian staff of the Canteen and the Y.M.C.A. Office for their faithful work. It is not the nicest work to be on duty when all your friends have time off and are enjoying themselves.

Softball is a coming popular sport. Very little equipment is required, and a game can be arranged with little trouble. Learn to play before you go back home!

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