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B.W. ROUGHTON

VOLUME II  
AUGUST



NUMBER 3  
1942

# CAPITOL THEATRE, RED DEER

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Mon., Tues., Wed., August 10-11-12

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"TOMBSTONE"

Richard Dix, Frances Gifford

Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 17-18

"APPOINTMENT FOR LOVE"

Charles Boyer, Margaret Sullavan

Wednesday, Thursday, Aug. 19-20

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Eddie Bracken, June Preisser

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"THE TUTTLES OF TAHITI"

Charles Laughton, Jon Hall

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EDITOR  
L.A.C. MARTIN, C.



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## *Editorial*

**T**HIS month brings our first anniversary. A great deal has happened since those early days of confusion, wonder and rumour. The first mentioned has completely disappeared and to-day we have one of the finest organized Stations in the Dominion. The majority of the pioneers are still with us, although a few have since gone to other units.

The wonders of our surroundings faded as we became familiar with them, only to be reawakened by the opportunity to travel which leave has afforded.

The last named, rumour, shall always be with us. It is the life-blood of the airman, and many hours have been spent debating each item of "Gen" which has emanated from the so-called reliable source. However, that day shall dawn when we shall be reunited with our families. Meanwhile, let's make a resolution to do the job even better this year than we did last.

## Canada's Role In World Affairs

THE role which Canada may be forced to play in world affairs is one which few Canadians themselves realize. This is, in many ways, understandable. It is, however, unfortunate. Geography, the exigencies of economic enterprise, and the historical antecedents of the Canadian peoples have given them a role to play between the peoples of Europe and those of the Western Hemisphere which cannot be evaded. The forces of political, geographical and commercial circumstance make Canada, not only a bridge between Great Britain and the United States of America, but, more significant for our times, the honest broker between Europe and the Americas. This role of liaison between Britain and the United States has become most important since the present war started. In the days of reconstruction, Canada can play a role the importance of which may be estimable only in historical retrospect.

Geography and the needs of economic enterprise direct the eyes of the Canadian people beyond their borders to all parts of the earth. The eastern ports of Canada connect with the North Atlantic Basin. The western rail-heads tap the trade of Eastern Asia—one of the few remaining regions where a mighty industrial power can yet emerge. Joining these two terminals of world trade lanes—one to Europe, the other to Asia—is a network of railways built to serve a trade of intercontinental, rather than intracontinental, proportions. The northern half of North America is fast becoming one of the major international highways. The increase of air transport and the development of polar transit must give Canada an importance as a transit land in world trade far exceeding either her population or her wealth. The time is not far distant when routes by sea, by rail and by air will be expanded immeasurably to include routes by automobile highways extending across Eurasia, meeting one through Alaska linking up with the trans-Andean and American network. These are not possibilities for the future. They are definite probabilities.

The requirements of the Canadian economy impel this nation to use her unique relations with Europe and the Americas in the interests of a saner and more equitable economic reorganization. The strangulation of world trade has lain at the bottom of most of our troubles since the last war. Economics since then have been subordinated to politics. Canada has had an uneasy economic existence since 1920. The economic life she has built for herself is brittle—and unavoidably so. She stands, on the average, somewhere near fifth among the trading nations of the world. It is a precarious position for her exports are chiefly raw materials with an increasing number of semi-manufacturers. Any diminution of world trade, any sudden contraction of world markets, causes marked distress in some part of Canada. The glut in world wheat markets and policies of self-sufficiency in Europe have caused the vast Canadian Prairies unbelievable difficulties. The over-supply of copper and base metals in the early thirties was felt on the Pacific Coast. The dumping of Baltic timber during the last two decades gave Canadian lumbermen grave concern in the finding of markets. The economy of Canada

is tied to world trade and is vitally affected by the conditions under which that trade is conducted. Canadians must strive, in order to exist, for the making of a saner commercial and economic life among the various regions of the earth. The conditions under which they must live make the people of Canada world-minded. It is for this reason that provincialisms in Canada are more distressing than in most other countries.

No country, Canada least of all, can escape the results of her geographical setting in relation to the rest of the earth's regions. In the case of Canada, however, new results are beginning to flow from the change in industrial enterprise. The introduction of new processes, new sources of power, the lighter metals and plastics, and faster modes of transport is altering the bases of industrialism. In order to see more clearly the Canadian setting, it is necessary to look at the world of economic activities as a whole. We see the dominating regions of the earth—political, industrial, commercial—grouped in a round-the-earth system between the 30th and 50th parallels of north latitude. This is abundantly clear if one studies the land distribution of the earth and its predominating regions and peoples on a globe. Between these parallels lie the commercially dominant regions of Europe, Asia and North America. The rest of the earth is marginal to these regions, acting largely as hinterlands in an interdependent global system. The controlling part of this circular route of communication and activity is formed by the Great Atlantic Trade Route, anchored at one end by the industrial heart of the world in North-West Europe, and at the other by the equally strong and industrialised North-Eastern United States. Here, with New York at one terminus, London and the Rhine cities at the other, is that area of the earth whose power must always be mightiest in world affairs. Not only does this great economic region of the North Atlantic Basin contain the basic materials and sources of power for industrial dominance, it also forms a pivot for world trade and industrial activity.

The land masses and economic regions of the earth are arranged in an almost continuous circle around the Arctic Seas. Since men learned to use the oceans and consequently developed the New World, and since the rise of industrialism, economic activity has tended to shorten its lines of communication and movement. The Panama and Suez Canals were cut. Trans-continental railways across Eurasia and America were built. The orbit of activity has moved towards the north. Today air transport is shifting the concentration of economic activity still further north. Regions such as Australia, South America, Africa and the scattered tropical islands and colonial lands will find their economics tied more than ever to the needs of the North Atlantic Basin. They need not remain purely sources of raw materials. No doubt they will intensify the present trend to engage in the simpler industrial processes like textile manufactures. But it is inevitable, and world trade must be organized on the fact that the North Atlantic Basin shall determine the character of world industry and commerce. The tremendous industrialization which will take place in China and India cannot shift the centre of gravity from North-Western Europe and the North-Eastern United States of America. It will and should alter the character of trade in many respects. This is a good thing. It will make possible a greater degree of multilateral trade and provide greater opportunities for the development of new processes.

And where does Canada fit in this picture? First, there is a political role for which the historical antecedents of the Canadian peoples have given them a peculiar aptitude. Canada is a political extension of Europe, across the Atlantic, into the Americas. Astride the North Atlantic routes, dependent on having her commerce flow both to the United States and to Europe, politically tied to Great Britain and thus to Europe, yet part of the American system, culturally a Euro-American hybrid, Canada is the link between the two great branches of the English-speaking world. Because of this, she forms, as well, a bridge between the two divisions of western civilization—between the old world of Europe and the new world of the Americas. So much have

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Canadians felt this that they have declined to join the exclusively western hemispheric Pan-American Union, feeling it inconsistent with the bonds which tie them to Europe.

The part which this country must play in the community of nations and economic regions of the world is dictated by the necessities of her own economy. Here is a country without iron, without a large home population, and without the raw materials for a great industrial power. She has fallen far short of the United States in economic development. Yet her weaknesses, her scattered and isolated regionalisms and her dependence on world markets are not altogether without advantage for the world. Her own necessities for economic well being may be the necessities of the world at large. And, standing as she does in intimate and dependent relationship economically to Great Britain and the United States, Canada must draw these two nations to each other. She must engage their support in the making of a world of freer trade, greater stability and more widespread security. Canada can, and must, act in such a fashion that those nations which, like herself, are not self-sufficient either in materials or markets will not be penalized on that account.

Britain and Europe are the most dependent on foreign trade of all regions; the United States is one of the least dependent of great industrial nations. In reconciling the economic requirements of all states, great or small, dependent or self-sufficient, lies the hope for the attainment of President Roosevelt's four freedoms. The destiny of the Canadian people is to be found in drawing the British-American people together and in gaining their support for a common programme. When this war is over and each of the world's peoples is in danger of isolating itself from the world community, the role of Canada in Euro-American collaboration may be of crucial importance.—A.G.K.

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# Leave

PENHOLD is a wonderful place—when you are two or three hundred miles from it! When I left Penhold a few weeks ago to go on my vacation (sounds good), armed with a railway warrant, a pass, a good deal of money and bags of “gen” about my destination, I was all primed to make my holiday the best ever. It’s a long journey to the Coast, especially when you are anxious to get there.

To get on with my story. After passing through Banff and Lake Louise, there is a veritable barrier of mountains to be crossed: From a distance they do not look very big, but when you get into the heart of them it’s an entirely different outlook. All around you there is a wall of rock, towering into the skies. At times the tops of the mountains are hidden in the clouds! At the Great Divide, where you are 5,332 feet above sea level, you have the feeling that you are on top of the world, but after looking around you soon find out to the contrary. Mountains are still towering high above you, so you crawl back into the carriage, wondering if the train can possibly climb any higher. Your doubts are soon dispelled, however, by the trainman reciting a “commercial” on the mountains, valleys, torrents, etc. It is then you find that you have passed the highest point on the route. From then onwards, apart from a few minor bumps, the track descends.

Leaving the Great Divide behind, the train drops 1,100 feet in 28 minutes, into the Kicking Horse Pass. Through the mountains which make this natural bowl, wind the Spiral Tunnels. A marvelous feat of engineering. They wind back and forth through the mountains, and at one point, where the tunnel does a figure of eight, if the train is long enough one may watch the spectacle of the engine passing directly under the last coach! And so down to the river bed. After passing through numerous small stations, you enter the Connaught Tunnel, which is 5 miles long. This tunnel commences under Mt. Macdonald, piercing the summit of the Selkirks and finally emerges at Glacier. Sixty-eight miles past Glacier, at Craigellachie in Eagle Pass, one may see an obelisk beside the track commemorating the driving of the last spike where the rails from east and west met on November 7th, 1885.

At Sicamous, the railway station appears to be a military objective. The unwary service traveller, much to his discomfort, may be pounced upon for failing to wear his hat or tunic. “You know, you can’t walk around like that, especially in Sicamous.” The harassed one, scowling darkly and with a tinge of red around his neck, drags himself back to his carriage as one sentenced to the firing squad. After much checking, re-checking, cross-checking, etc., etc., you can usually prove you are not A.W.L., and that you do have permission to wear plain clothes.

Travelling on from Sicamous, one passes such places as Salmon Arm, a great fruit-growing district; Shuswap, where one may see bags of bow-legged Indians, and Kamloops, where ranches are very prevalent. At Lytton, where the Thompson River meets the Fraser, there is more wonderful scenery. From here to Vancouver the track winds along the banks of the Fraser River, while the C.N.R. track follows the opposite bank. I could describe in detail the countryside, but it would take too long. Sufficient to say it is wonderful.

Vancouver itself reminds one of any large English industrial town. Looking across the Fraser, one can see the “big city” smoke pall hanging over North Vancouver. This pall at times almost reaches the clouds hanging low over the mountains surrounding the city. Connecting the City of Vancouver with North Vancouver are two bridges, the most outstanding of which

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is the Lions Gate Bridge, so named after two mountains in North Vancouver which resemble lions. This massive structure, the longest single span in the British Empire, is 1,550 feet long, and at high tide has a ship's clearance of 210 feet. In the City of Vancouver there is an abundance, almost a surplus, of large stores, cinemas, cafes, where you may spend a few enjoyable hours. To anyone visiting Vancouver, I would definitely recommend the Georgia Dugout, a servicemen's Club. This Club caters for all types of entertainment, including dancing—you can take your own partner. That should not be difficult!

In closing, may I say that the people of Vancouver, as in every other town in Canada, are very hospitable, and you will never lack entertainment. Possibly you will not be able to accept all your invitations.—JOCK.



## R. A. F. Football

# England v. Scotland

Saturday, July 18th, is a day that will live long in the memory of all the soccer fans who were fortunate enough to witness the International match at Mewata Stadium, Calgary.

It was a perfect evening. The ground was in wonderful condition, and all that was needed to complete the setting was for the teams to serve up some first-class football—this they did. The English side opened the scoring with a brilliant goal by W/O Sabin, centre-forward, which brought forth loud applause from the 2,000 spectators. The Scotsties were in no way dismayed, and their continued pressure was rewarded when Lawson, the clever inside forward from Calgary, drew the defence and slipped to Loutitt who equalised. The game continued with thrills every minute, both goalkeepers making wonderful saves.

It was real international stuff, and it was difficult to single out any player, so well did they all play. The goalkeepers, F/O Attwater and Cpl. Smyth, what a grand exhibition they gave us. Then there was Waddelow, the English right half, always on the mark ready to feed his forwards or to

help the defence if necessary, and as one spectator said, "Every inch a footballer." Space will not permit me to mention others, but every man was on the top of his form and the spectators were well satisfied with the game which ended in a win for the Scottish XI by 5 goals to 4.

The scorers were: W/O Sabin (3), P/O Sewell (1), for England, and Lawson (4) and Loutitt (1) for Scotland.

The teams were as follows:

England—F/O Attwater, Meeks and Corns, Waddelow, Jillings, Wilkinson; P/O Sewell, Houghton, W/O Sabin, Ward and P/O Arnold.

Scotland — Smyth; Wyllie and Stewart; Laird, Robertson, Brown; Rae, Ross, Loutitt, Lawson and Mowbray.

Referee—Cpl. Smith, 37 S.F.T.S.

It is worthy of note that seven of the English team and two of the Scottish team came from this Station. I think that all readers will agree that this speaks very highly of Penhold's Soccer Team. Those players were again selected for last Saturday's International Match.





**"I THINK NIGHT OPERATIONS ARE MUCH MORE FUN THAN DAYLIGHT RECONNAISSANCE, DON'T YOU, MISS LIKELY?"**

## Male Voice Choir

The Choir shall commence its Winter session on Tuesday, September 1st. A full attendance of members is requested. Details of time and place shall appear on D.R.O.'s.

An invitation is extended to the Officers and Senior N.C.O.'s to join the Choir. All interested in choral work shall receive a hearty welcome. The Choir had a successful season last year, and big things are expected of them in the coming winter. It is a grand way to pass the winter nights, and there are many enjoyable outings.

So let's make it a representative Choir this year! Rally round and make the R.A.F. (Penhold) Male Voice Choir the premiere choir of the Province.

## Awakening

Climb into the Austin,  
Head towards the sea!  
'38 in August  
Quite agrees with me.  
Nothing really matters  
If I'm having fun—  
"What if silly Europe  
Falls before the Hun?"

Climb upon the cycle—  
Petrol's hard to get.  
Out into the country;  
War's not reached me yet.  
May in 1940  
No one's yet awake  
"France will surely hold him,  
Luftwaffe's just a fake."

Clamber in a Spitfire  
'42 is here.  
Through the mind enlightened  
Runs one idea.  
"Blast the German forces  
From the good earth's face—  
Build a decent world for  
All the human race!"—SATRAP.

S.H.Q. Notes**WISE AND OTHERWISE**

By "JOE"

**Tattoo.** The Barrack Hut allocated to S.H.Q. is, during the greater part of the day, as quiet as the grave. Just an occasional night worker may be found slumbering peacefully, or someone reclining briefly between duties. But, in one room at least, activity really commences at 23.00 hours. This, of course, is the time when every good airman should drop off to sleep at the word of command. But do they? Not likely. Of course, the main lights go off, and the pilot light comes on, but that is the sign for bags of backchat and repartee. Starting from the centre of the room it usually runs like this:

Cpl. Ilkinson: "Manchester is the centre of English culture."

Cpl. Martout: "Baloney—go to sleep."

LAC Baddelow: "All the culture is found in Kew Gardens."

LAC Bray: "Yes, agriculture, and other things near the soil, such as you, Baddelow, when doing a little homework with Audrey."

LAC Ring: "You're only jealous, Bray, and, anyway, all Northerners come south for a job."

LAC Kollitt: "That's only because they are so dim in the south, and have to be shown a few things."

Cpl. Smythe: "Good old 'Arry, give it to 'em."

Cpl. Leaward: "We can take all you can give and then some."

LAC Bane: "You should all come to Zomerzet."

LAC Younger: "Pipe down, and let's have a little bit of hush."

And so it goes on. The man in the first bed, ablutions end, keeps moaning for peace and quiet as the battle between north and south waxes wilder. Then there is a lull, and just as everything seems at rest someone leaps out of bed with a whir of wire mattress, and a thud on the floor, simply for a drink of water, or at least that's what he says. Back comes this lad, and everyone turns hopefully once more. Pilot light out. Good. Then, crash, in burst some latecomers, thumping down the room. What those in bed say to these gentlemen cannot be repeated. But wouldn't you say the same?

**Matrimonial.** Quite a number of airmen have met "Miss Wright" in Canada, and to both parties in these unions every good wish is extended. It must be something of a thrill to contemplate taking a bride back with one to the "Old Country." Recently, LAC N. Rowland, of S.H.Q., embarked upon the sea of matrimony, and the wish of all will be that the waters may be calm and kindly always.

**Fantasy.** Do you, Dear Reader, ever dream? The following is the dream of an S.H.Q. airman. No, not a member of the Hospital Staff, or the Dining Hall, but one of the less fortunate sections. The hour is very early, for the sun has yet recently crept above the horizon and it is mid-August. The airman lay snugly upon his bed (upper), when suddenly and without warning the iron structure rose gently in a light ethereal cloud and wafted towards the Drill Shed, which it entered carefully, alighting near the site usually occupied by the P.T. Instructor. Then said a voice, "YOU will impose the joy of recreational P.T. this morning, just for a change," and the airman, looking at his watch realized that his victims were late. Then, at three minutes past seven in came one hundred men, not ordinary men, but such as wear cheese cutters and rings around the cuff. "You're late," said the airman, "and must therefore go on until after 07.30 hours." And then, with a

fierce look did the airman pour forth recreational P.T., having first solemnly taken their names. "Jump on the spot," said he, "higher, higher, higher, you have yet to reach yon rafters." And some of the gentlemen with rings round their cuffs stopped from sheer exhaustion, but the airman said, "I have not told you to stop—carry on." Meanwhile, to annoy the gentlemen more, the airman in the lower bunk proceeded to sleep peacefully, ever working into even warmer and more comfortable positions. Then did instructions from the airman in the upper bunk come thick and fast, "grasp ankles, up, down, feet apart, feet together, reach back, trunk circling, arms flinging sideways, knees bend," and many another recreational joy. Slowly the gentlemen began to drop, but this did not deter the airman, for it merely made more items for his list of faults. And on he went until twenty-five to eight, when as the bed slowly rose on its return journey, he dismissed them and bade them away to breakfast, by which time they felt too ill to eat any. Then, with a start, the airman awoke to the cry of "Wakie, Wakie." "Curse," said he, as he rose, "P.T. at seven." Half-way through his shave he cursed again. It was Saturday morning.

**Guess Who.** He is tall and slim, and very English in appearance, shy and retiring in manner, but courtly in the presence of ladies. His clothes are in keeping with his position, almost without fault. If he does address you it is quietly and in measured terms. His features indicate the good-looking youth. He is usually serious, and walks slowly and with dignity. Attends most station functions, and is interested in the social welfare of the unit. May seem distant in his manner, but this is probably due to the limitations imposed by the position he occupies.

**Buzzers.** One cannot run an office without buzzers or bells. In S.H.Q. we have our share, and it was recently suggested that in the orderly room it would be original if we had bell pushes so that when we received a buzz from a chief, we could buzz back. So the following code was devised:

One Buzz: Coming.

Two Buzzes: Shan't be long.

Three Buzzes: Don't be impatient.

Four Buzzes: Just finishing my tea.

Five Buzzes: What again?

Six Buzzes: Sorry, too busy.

**Laugh.** Before the war, Corporal Smith was a tennis enthusiast. Now he's serving "doubles" in the Sergeants' Mess.

\* \* \* \* \*

An aeroplane designer was recently telling me that he didn't get on too well with girls. "You should be able to," I said, "for girls are like aeroplanes, the fastest ones are the hardest to manage, yet they can give you a thrill." "But," said he, "girls aren't always like planes, the ones with streamlined figures often offer the most resistance."

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PHONE 241

# The "Gobs" Come to "Soggiehall" Street

I SURE am tickled to find myself in Glasgow.

Y'see, before I wuz drafted I ain't never been no foider away than Atlantic City, where I woiked as a soda-joiker.

Only time I sees "Glasgow" before is on a bottle of Scotch.

Well, I'm thrilled as a Hun with a hamburger when I gets on a trolley-car.

Foist, I hand the buddies a laugh when I makes to get in at the driver's section. Then along comes a honey in a green uniform.

Am I dumb? Here am I wonderin' whether she's an air warden or a pilot or sumpn', when she smiles an' says "Fares."

Boy, what a swell smile she hands me as she wises us up on the cash—a dozen pennies for a quarter, I means, a "boab."

We're sitin' way up top; gee, they're high, them trolley-cars. Like sittin' on a travellin' fire-escape.

Boy, do we git a scare when the driver gives the buggy the juice an' we go roarin' 'way uptown on the wrong side of the street!

Then we notices that all traffic's goin' wrong way round—leastways, if they went that way in New York there'd be a powerful heap of arrestin' done by the cops.

We gets down in Soggiehall Street. Reckon I've been concentratin' my 'tention on the tram an' that honey of a conductorette, an' haven't had time to take a peep at the shops. But when I does I gets a surprise.

Back home a lot of folk have an idea you British have been goin' about near in rags, an' with belts drawn a sight too tight for comfort. Well, I see your shops with plenty food an' vegetables an' all in 'em. I'll give 'em the low-down when I get home.

We're strollin' along lookin' at the shops an' the snappy dames—a

lot in uniform, too—when Elmer from Teaneck says he's struck by a thirst, an' won't budge another inch till he's cured it.

We looks around for a bar. "The So-and-So Arms," says Ferdie from Flatbush. "There's a bar."

"Aw, stop kiddin'," says Al from Nu Joisey. "That's an advoitisement for munitions." After a bit we asks an elderly gent where we can drink.

"Plenty places to drink," he says with a shake of his head. "But they won't open till five o'clock."

That set us back on our heels all right. We're still tryin' to puzzle out them drink-hour laws.

In we goes to a place for sumpn' to eat. Gee, a swell meal! I sure did enjoy those saveloys we got—they tasted different from anything we got back home.

Marty from Manhattan is a considerable hooper, so it's him suggests we go to a dance place. A big joint it is. Plenty swell-lookin' dames. I see a beautiful babe dancin' past me with a li'l guy, an' cuts in.

You coulda knocked me down with half of a feather when that little guy turns round, gives me a glare, an' says—"Cut oot the tappin', pal—sno' a nuvvulty."

I didn't catch on—till the beautiful babe came over and translated. It seems you don't cut in at all your dances.

Says I to the b.b.—"I don't get this queer lingo you Glasgow folks use, babe—but I guess our talk is 'bout as difficult for you to get. Just like our jitterbug dancin'."

"Nutt oan yer life, pal," says the beautiful babe. "Lissen tae that rhythm. C'm oan, sailor, get yer dug doon aff that chair an' us yins'll cut a rug that'll knock the braith oot ye fur a fortnicht!"

An' she sure did, blow me down!  
(Reprinted from "Weekly News", Glasgow.)

## The Silver Lining

"He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare,  
And he who has one enemy shall meet him everywhere."

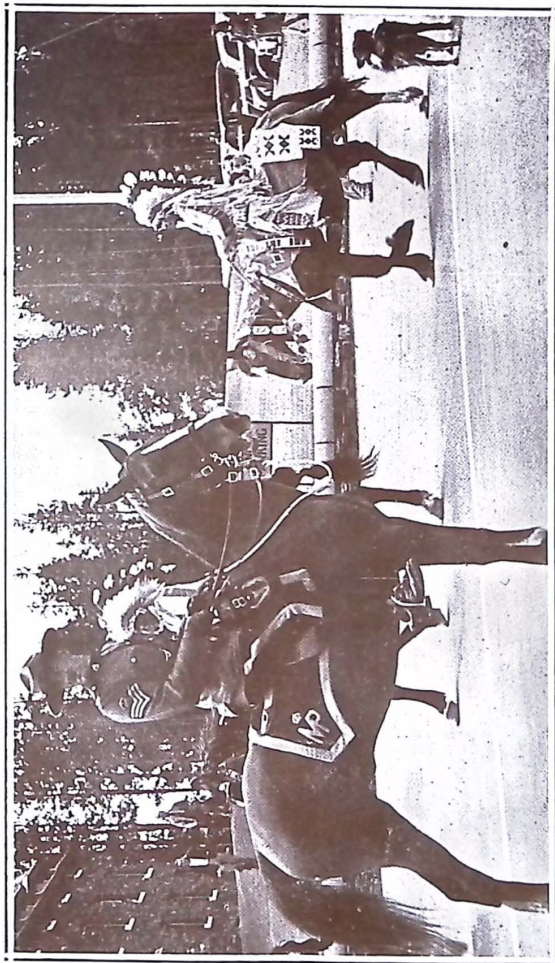
CITIZENS of this country have extended a hearty welcome to the men of the Royal Air Force now residing temporarily in Canada. It has given Canadians an opportunity to take into their homes and lives these visitors, and from these contacts some very warm and lasting friendships have been formed—friendships that will last long after this war has been forgotten. While the airmen might feel that they are imposing on the good graces of the people here, they may rest assured that they are not the only ones that profit through their necessarily enforced sojourn in Canada.

It has been a matter of satisfaction to Old Country people who came West possibly many years ago to make fresh contact with people from the old land. No matter how long a period of time may have elapsed since a person left his native land, there remains a warm spot for the welfare of those "over there" that cannot be lessened through the years. Canada is a new country, so to speak, and many things here may seem strange to R.A.F. men, but they are becoming rapidly "climatized" in Canadian ways and customs—even slang finds an outlet with some of them.

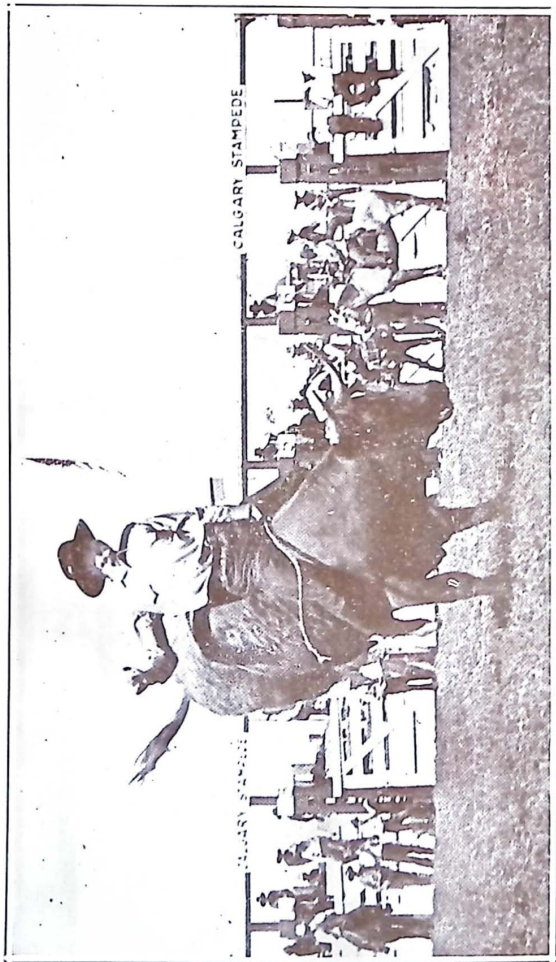
Numerous letters have been received by local people from parents and relatives in the Old Country of R.A.F. men at Penhold, expressing thanks and appreciation for the way Canadians have received and "adopted" their boys over here. After all, that is the least that could be done to help lessen the break from family ties necessitated by their removal overseas, and Canadians in the old land are received with just as warm a welcome and by as friendly a people. Even war, apparently, has been the means of broadening our view of life—it has afforded opportunity for friendships that would not have otherwise been given, and has, at the same time, permitted a great many young men to see for themselves the customs and conditions under which people in Canada carry on their daily work.

A year has passed since the Penhold Station was turned over to the Royal Air Force, and since that time a great deal has been accomplished, not only in the work of the Station, but a better understanding and a friendlier feeling towards our Motherland has resulted, and I am sure R.A.F. personnel have also benefited in many ways. Possibly the airmen have not found in Canada just what they expected—Indians, trappers, Nature in the raw, ice and snow, etc.—and with the coming of Spring and Summer, the landscape changed from a somewhat bleak and desolate appearance to one of beauty that is just a little different to that of other lands.

And in the near future, a time will come when these pleasant associations will have to be broken, although in some cases only temporarily, it is hoped, when the boys return to their homes overseas—they will be going back to friends and family, but Canadians must look forward to saying good-bye to these friends. Friends! What a wonderful word! The most valued possession any person can have—friends. And so, I repeat, Canadians are proud to welcome as their guests such men as comprise the Royal Air Force. May they one and all "carry on" in the fight for victory until peace is won and the world may once again return to its normal life—and friendships formed during the present period may continue to grow and ripen as the years pass on.

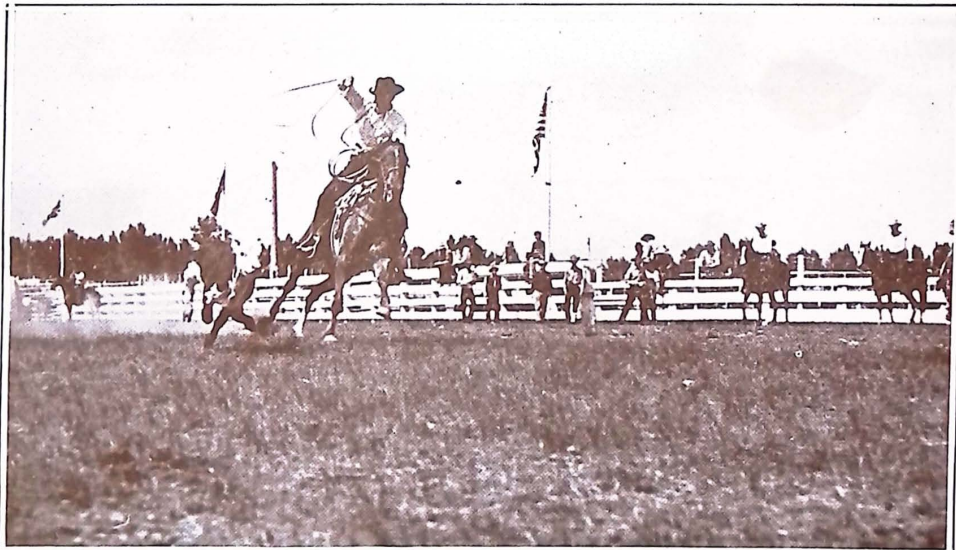


INDIAN WEEK AT BANFF—"The Ever-Watchful Mountie"  
—Courtesy Sgt. O'Neil



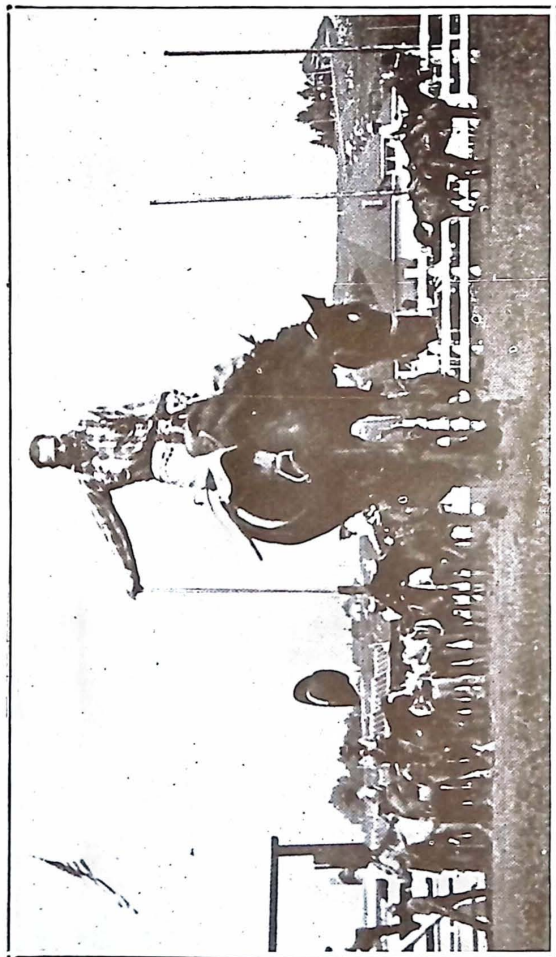
CALGARY STAMPEDE—"Steer Riding"

—Courtesy Sgt. O'Neil



CALGARY STAMPEDE—"Calf Roping"

—Courtesy Sgt. O'Neil



CALGARY STAMPEDE—"Calf Roping"

—Courtesy Sgt. O'Neil

## Edmonton Air Cadets Visit Penhold

FOR many months, one of the chief items of conversation amongst all ranks of No. 12 (Edmonton) Squadron, of the Air Cadets of Canada, was the proposed camp to be held during this Summer. Our Unit had been operating since last September, and we all felt sure that a week spent at a flying station would be a marvellous finish to a hard year's work of drill and lecture. At last word came through officially that we were to organize three camp Units, two of which were going to Penhold and one to Macleod.

Each camp Unit was to have a maximum of 75 Cadets attending, and there was certainly no difficulty about getting the places filled. Unfortunately, it was found at the last minute, when the Units prepared to move off, that the numbers shown on the normal roll were not all there, due, in some cases, to parents not giving their permission, and in others to Cadets having secured employment.

Camp Unit No. 1 was ordered to proceed to No. 36 S.F.T.S., Penhold, and assembled early Sunday morning, July 5th. The place of assembly was the Drill Hall of No. 4 Initial Training School, with which Unit No. 12 (Edmonton) Squadron of Air Cadets is officially affiliated. Eager anticipation was reflected on every face, and in due course we marched in column of route to the South Side Station, led by the No. 4 I.T.S. Band. The train ride was, in itself, a thrilling experience for some of the Cadets who had not been on a train before nor away from home.

In due course, the cry went up from some eagle-eyed Cadet, "There's Penhold." True enough it was. An official reception committee was on hand to give us the Freedom of the City, and what was even more important—to provide transportation for our Cadets and their kit bags to No. 36. The process of settling down was carried out very rapidly and efficiently, and a good meal was ready and waiting for all those interested in eating, which apparently included everybody. It wasn't long before most of us really felt that, for a short period at least, we were actually part of the famous Royal Air Force.

Doubtless the readers of this publication will prefer to be spared the details of the syllabus of training, but to use the popular Canadian expression, "We were given the works." The Air Cadets thoroughly enjoyed every minute of the stay, and not only was the experience enjoyable but instructive as well and provided a real insight into life on an R.A.F. station.

Incidentally, many proud parents and admiring friends in Edmonton have been greatly mystified since the return of the Cadets by the use of many expressions which the Cadets learned to use while at Penhold. The only crime, worthy of the name, which came to our attention during our stay was the fist fight between two Cadets who, in their eager zeal for knowledge, displaced each other from a compact group who were receiving instruction. It is understood that the regular personnel of the Station enjoyed the unscheduled entertainment very much indeed. The two offenders were, of course, given extra fatigue, so that good order and discipline might be maintained.

Words really fail us in trying to express our appreciation of the many kindnesses that we received while your guests. We can only wish that everyone who was so helpful might read these lines and know that we deeply appreciate what was done for us, and we only hope that we can have the good fortune to visit you all again.

The best of good luck to all of you.

Royal  
Air Force

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# The Northern Lights

TO many of us, particularly to those who during the months of last winter had occasion to spend a considerable time on the flare path, the phenomena of the Northern Lights is a subject of particular interest. Many of us have been struck by this beautiful and vivid expression of the electrical forces ever present in the earth's atmosphere. This beautiful and brilliant play of the lights in the heavens is aptly described by the Canadian poet, Service, who writes:

"And the skies of night were ablaze with light, with a thrilling  
throbbing flame,  
Amber and rose and scarlet, opal and gold it came,  
Pennants of silver waves and streamed, lazy banners unfurled,  
Sudden splendours of sables gleamed, lightning javelins were  
hurled."

The phenomena is known in the Northern Hemisphere as the "Aurora Borealis" and in the Southern Hemisphere as the "Aurora Australis." It takes its name from "aurora" or the morning hour from the fact that the light seen near the horizon at the beginning of the phenomena presents an appearance not unlike the dawn of day. During its occurrence, an auroral arch or corona appears with its highest part immediately under the position occupied by the north magnetic pole of the earth. The height occupied by the arch above the horizon is greater in higher latitudes. As the aurora progresses, the corona gradually rises higher in the sky and streams of light of varying colors dart up through the arch with a rapid irregular motion—white, red and purple, and even yellow and green on rare occasions. These movements are known in the Shetland Isles as the "Merry Dancers." This rapid movement is a characteristic feature of the phenomenon. Sometimes only a single streamer starts up, increases in brilliancy and moves rapidly over the sky, fading gradually away. Sometimes, also, a series of parallel rays in the form of a luminous curtain stretches across the sky, and this is known as the auroral curtain formation. The colour of this curtain is generally blood red at the base, emerald in the middle and pale yellow at the top.

The height of the aurora has been variously estimated, and earlier observers believed it was limited to the very high portions of the atmosphere, and Newton and Dalton placed its height at two hundred and forty-one miles and one hundred and thirty miles, respectively, above the surface of the earth. More recent observations estimate its height to be about seventy miles in the atmosphere.

Auroras are unknown at the equator and rarely occur in latitudes less than 40 degrees. From this latitude their frequency and brilliance increases towards the coast. Equal auroral frequencies are denoted by lines drawn on a chart known as Trochasmen Lines. The aurora is caused by an electrical discharge passing through the rarified gases of the upper atmosphere, and is the same effect as that produced in a vacuum tube when a current of high electromotive force is passed through rarified gases. During the prevalence of the aurora, there is a considerable excess of free electricity in the air, so much so that, in 1882 sufficient electricity was collected by a line of the U.S. Signal Service to operate an electrical incandescent lamp and to send messages a distance of over 700 miles without battery current. Telegraph men expect to see brilliant auroras after days when telegraph services are disturbed by electrical storms. The effect of the aurora on wireless is very limited owing to the electrical effects occurring high in the atmosphere. Interference is not nearly so severe as that caused by a thunder storm.

The scientific explanation of the aurora is culled from several theoretical considerations: The electrical discharge through the upper atmosphere is

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caused by the passage of millions of particles of negative electricity known as "Electrons." These particles are the smallest known electrical charges, and are really pockets of negative electricity. These particles are constantly entering the earth's atmosphere at the rate of billions a second, and they reach us from the Sun chiefly, which is continuously expelling these particles in enormous quantities, particularly in the regions of vast electrical disturbance known as Sunspots. This accounts for the increased frequency of auroral phenomena when sunspots are prevalent. We thus tend to get quite an accumulation of electrical charges in the upper atmosphere, giving a condition of high or comparatively high electrical density. This is normally prevented from leaking to the earth in sufficient quantities to produce auroral phenomena by the electrical resistance of the lower, denser air of the troposphere. When the condition of the lower layers of air is sufficiently aqueous, the resistance goes down and allows sufficient electrical leakage to produce the auroral effect. This effect occurs more frequently at higher latitudes because in these latitudes the air is cold and charged heavily with vapours condensed in the form of haze from tropical air moving up to the Poles. This air, which is cooled and descends, collects electrical charges from the upper atmosphere. These charges are thus brought down to the lower layers of the atmosphere, the troposphere, and therefore increase the electrical density of the troposphere, this further decreasing its resistance. The magnetic poles also act as the poles of a huge magnet which is the earth. The effect of the corona and the wavering streamers of light is the same as that produced when a magnet is placed close to a converging electrical discharge through a rarified gas, and the magnet is rotated. The magnet causes the electricity to appear to come from the circumference of a continuous ring formed around the poles of the magnet and is the same effect as the auroral corona. The ring rotates round the magnet and produces the same effect as that produced in the aurora. The various colours are produced by discharge through the various gases of the atmosphere. Each gas produces a different colour effect, the rare gases producing the most spectacular colours. By the rare gases of the atmosphere we mean the gases which appear in a very small percentage. The rare gases are Helium, Argon, Neon, Krypton, Xenon, and very small quantities of Radon (sometimes known as Niton). The gases which occur in larger quantities, Oxygen, Nitrogen and Carbon Dioxide, give rise to bluish white, green and yellowish effects. The colours are produced by atomic excitation, each individual atom being given a quantity of electricity in excess of its normal charge. This excess charge causes the atom to become unstable, and to reach stability again it must exude energy. This energy is released in the form of light and heat, and the light energy gives rise to the various colours.

Examination of the various auroral lights by the spectroscope show the dark Fraunhofer lines associated with the monatomic states of the gases concerned (Oxygen and Nitrogen generally exist in a diatomic state, that is, two atoms are combined together to form one particle or molecule of the element). This monatomic state is due to electrical energy tearing the units into single atoms). So far as is known or has been observed, no noise is associated with the phenomena of the Aurora Borealis, and even if the peculiar crackling sound of an electrical discharge were produced, the density of the air in the troposphere would be insufficient to conduct sound waves to any appreciable extent. Electrical discharges in vacuum tubes give rise to no sound effects due to low gas density, and as the auroral effects are produced in exactly the same way, this supports the fact that there is no sound whatever associated with the phenomena.

In conclusion, I would like to add that at the particular latitude of Penhold, we do not get auroral activity to any great extent, and the Trochasmien lines show a frequency for this particular latitude of approximately ten to thirty lines per year.—J.F.S.

## Blitzkreig Eve

# Reminiscences of Spring 1940

By "FRANCOPHILE"

FOR the best part of six months we had been waiting for the war to "get cracking." When the Norwegian campaign started, our hopes were raised, but still our squadron remained inactive on a muddy aerodrome in East Anglia; with an occasional dash out to sea in search of some elusive German float-plane, as our only excitement. Each Hurricane had neat fabric patches over the gun ports, as yet unbroken by guns fired in anger. One wet, windy day in March, I was detailed as duty pilot, and sat glumly in the watch-tower, surveying an empty aerodrome, as brown and furrowed as a ploughed field. The telephone rang and a voice on the other end said: "Guess what's happened; you're posted—to France! You lucky old b——." Light heartedly, I rushed around the Station with my clearance chit, even beaming indulgently at the Equipment Officer when he produced a staggering "664 B." Details of the posting were lacking, but it was described rather excitingly as a "Special Mission," which gave the rumour-mongers a wonderful opportunity.

A few days later, I flew to France with a young Canadian who was detailed for the same job; landing at a temporary landing-ground close to the Forest of Crecy. A Potez "63" fighter squadron was stationed here; very neat looking aircraft they were, with twin cannons below the fuselage and a black bat insignia painted on the side. One of the officers from this squadron, a cheery, rubicund captain, invited us to lunch in his mess. He was an amusing character, keen and pugnacious; the Armee de l'Air could have done with many more like him. We heard, later, that he had crashed alongside a German aircraft during June, and fought it out with the German pilot with pistols. At lunch time there were toasts to France, the Allies, the R.A.F., love, life, death, and so on, for two hours. We solemnly exchanged top-buttons and came away with the impression that war was not hell after all.

That afternoon, a solitary German reconnaissance aircraft appeared overhead at about 15,000 feet. The nearby D.C.A. battery fired some desultory salvos, and ten minutes later a section of Moranes, from across the river, took off to intercept. No one seemed greatly excited. "They come," we were told, "but they drop no bombs." Two days later, a group of us were sitting in a little open-fronted cafe, at the end of a hard day's work, discussing the latest rumours. Some of the stories were fantastic, and nobody took them very seriously. We were feeling well-fed and tolerant. "There's a new Jerry fighter out; goes up to forty-three thousand—Pat swears he saw one yesterday over Rethel." "Baloney (or words to that effect), Pat never takes off without seeing the entire Luftwaffe."—The conversation was the same every night, but in the back of everyone's mind was the sense of something big in the offing, and I think we all had the feeling that, whatever it was that fate had in store for France, it was not military glory. One tried hard to think of France's great military traditions, and of her one-time leadership in aviation. But these thoughts wilted in the presence of 1940's obvious unpreparedness; dull-eyed soldiers and cynical civilians.

Conversation suddenly ceased as a dishevelled little civilian rushed in from the street and struck an attitude with raised hands. His eyes wandered around the tables, seeming to size up his audience, then he started a breathless story of bombs being dropped at Nancy and Lille. People sitting near

us began to mutter amongst themselves and to ply him with questions. I was unable to catch much of the conversation, but I remember hearing the little man's ghoulish cry of, "The Dead!—They are uncountable!" None of us knew it then, but we were looking on a fifth-columnist for the first time. Then, as if timed by some great stage-manager, came the heavy drone of a large formation of aircraft. Rushing outside we saw them approaching from the East; about thirty Dornier 215's at 8,000 feet. Heavy anti-aircraft fire was bursting round them, but they kept tight formation and continued on their course which would obviously bring them over the town. We gazed at them fascinated, wishing ourselves back on fighters. The rising wail of bombs falling at first meant nothing to us. Then thing began to happen, and happen fast. With a great roar, the bombs hit, about two blocks away, raising a huge pall of dust over the roof-tops. We did not wait to observe this closely, more bombers were coming over and debris from the first explosion was still falling.

We spent the next half-hour jammed together in a narrow cellar with a crowd of French soldiers, as the earth shuddered with salvo after salvo. During lulls in the bombing, we could hear someone praying aloud. The man nearest to me was a big Moroccan in a red fez, whose face wore an expression of fatalistic calm. When the bombing ceased, we found that an ammunition train, standing in a siding, was on fire. It was getting dark now, and the glare of the fire was reflected from the sky. Every few minutes one of the loaded trucks would explode, throwing up a spurt of burning wreckage. We found our table still standing, almost as we had left it; some red wine had been spilt and was dripping from the table cloth. Men's faces were set in a strange, new expression. The onslaught they had waited for so long had started.

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Geo. Moon

## "D" Flight Frolics, No. 1

As usual, I was first to arrive at the flights in the morning. I was feeling slightly irritated, due to the fact that all my efforts to remove a piece of sausage skin, acquired at breakfast, from my hollow molar had been in vain. Muttering darkly and probing the while with my tongue, I donned my flying suit and started off in search of an aircraft.

At this moment F/O Yorker came bouncing in. He waved the inevitable pack of cards.

"Nap?" he queried, and leered. I have not beaten Yorker in seven weeks.

I sighed, dropped my parachute, and sat down. Sergeant Leggbury joined us.

In the first hand I drew the ace, king, queen, nine of spades, and the ace of clubs. I elected to go Nap and discarded the ace of clubs, drawing the jack of spades instead. The game broke off temporarily as F/Lt. Longhopp walked in, his hands waving.

"Wortlebury has bagged all the serviceable kites as usual," he moaned. "I've only got three, and one is u/s with a 300 mag drop."

A. F/O Psmith snorted: "When I was on ops . . ." Leggbury rose and silenced him with one blow of an empty orangeade bottle.

Amid the ensuing confusion, I went to the timekeeper and authorised my most incompetent pupil to carry out a solo cross-country between Base, Winnipeg, Toronto, and Base. I did not wish him to return before I had time to collect from Yorker and Leggbury on the Nap hand I held.

We sat down to continue the game. Before I had time to lay the first card, we were disgusted to see the head of Corporal Marjoriebanks appear around the door. "Any game?" he asked eagerly.

We looked sullen and took no notice. It was acknowledged throughout the Station that Corporal Marjoriebanks was a Nap king. He once won twenty dollars and a week's leave from the unsuspecting C.O. of his previous station at the game. After an hour he disappeared.

Of course, I didn't get my Nap. F/O Yorker had the joker.

He always does.—SATRAP.

• • • • •

### THE POST BAG

"JOCK," 9A writes: "How about a wee bit 'Gen' regarding the sailing date?"

Ans. Absolute knowledge I have none

But my aunt's cousin's charwoman's son

Heart a Mountie on a hill

Say to a waitress from the Dutch Mill

That he had a cousin at Innisfail  
Who knew when the boat was going to sail.—Ed.

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Through an unfortunate oversight, acknowledgement was not made to Corporal Nicol, photographic section, for the use of his excellent football pictures last month. Please accept our apologies, Corporal.

• • • • •

Girl: "How do you like my new hat?"

Airman (absently): "Fine, but you got a run in one."



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## Y. M. C. A. Notes

**Cinema Notes.**—Some very good films are booked for the latter half of August, including "Frontier Marshall," "One Hundred Men and a Girl"—Deanna Durbin, "Three Musketeers"—the Ritz Brothers, "Flame of New Orleans," "Man Hunt"—With Walter Pigeon, and a good comedy, "Family Next Door," featuring Hugh Herbert.

Every effort is being made to improve the quality of films on the 16 mm. shows. It is hoped that a better variety of "shorts" will soon be available. May we remind you that smoking during the showing of the picture seriously cuts down on the light showing on the screen, and makes the picture quite dim.

**Services In Reading and Writing Room.**—Many men are finding that the solution to sending parcels overseas is to drop in to the Y.M.C.A. Reading Room and fill in the form for Overseas Parcels. These may be sent in various values from about \$1.50 to \$3.00. Your receipt is ready for you on the following afternoon. These food parcels are insured, and if delivery is not made within the stated period, the parcel is duplicated or money refunded. Be sure to collect your receipt.

It is reported in the press that papers and magazines will not be accepted by the Post Office for delivery overseas after August 10. When official word is received from the Postal Department, it will be posted in the Reading Room.

We have been asked why we do not keep single three-cent stamps for sale here. The answer is that there are so many services handled in the Reading Room that it is unwise to try to give complete postal service of this kind. Remember, when you buy a book of stamps you save the man at the counter selling you a single three-cent stamp **eight times**. It is much easier to carry on this way. Perhaps when the Station gets a postal corps, the service will be complete enough to satisfy even the most exacting demands.

**Sports.**—We are all most pleased with the success of our Station soccer team. Other sports are flourishing, too. It should be the object of all sports promoters to have as many men as possible participate in some sport or other. This is even more important than turning out championship teams.

**Canteen.**—Whatever fruit is in season is now offered for sale in the Dry Canteen. Prices of all fruit this year are considerably higher than usual. This is due to somewhat poorer harvests and to the great shortage of labor to harvest the crop.

The recent price increase in cigarettes, chocolate bars and tobaccos is entirely due to new government taxes.

In reply to several requests for Fry-Cadbury chocolates—the answer seems to be that this firm is shipping very little of their product to the West. As soon as this popular line can be secured, it will be offered for sale in the Canteen.

Please drop any suggestions or complaints regarding Canteen service in the boxes provided for this. We are here to serve you.

**Library.**—We cannot stress too strongly the necessity for observing the Library Regulations. This includes keeping a book for only seven days. If you have not finished then, you may extend the book for another week. It is very thoughtless and selfish to take two or three books out and keep them for a month, as some have done. Please, one book at a time, and returned in a week.—A. Allen, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor.

## For Your Entertainment

# R.A.F. Cinema, Penhold

"The Time Has Come, The Walrus Said . . . ."

IT is 9 p.m. and the second performance of a picture is in progress. In the Projection Room two Operators are silently watching the screen. It's an unusual scene to one who is visiting the "Box" for the first time—a darkened room lit only by an inspection lamp on the front wall, and a few beams of light escaping on to the floor from the lamp-houses, with a dull green light behind for use in rewinding the film. Two tall, thin, complicated-looking machines stand one each side of the room, and between them on the wall are the Sound Amplifiers with their change-over switches, dials, dimly lit valves and two red warning lights to indicate that they are in operation.

It's noisy in this room, and hot—very hot both winter and summer, from the heat of the light sources and the restricted size of the room. This noise is not conducive to constructive thinking, being a strange mixture of sound from the film and the slapping of the film and the intermittent motion. This vital piece of apparatus, called the "maltese cross" because of its shape, is noisy by nature and there is no such thing as a noiseless mechanism.

In this atmosphere, it is interesting to hear the criticisms of the pictures by the Operators. Oh, yes, a dull picture is just as depressing to the staff as it is to the audience. Since the picture is competing against other sounds, it is the musical film that provides the Operator with more entertainment than anything else, with, of course, a little beauty (in Technicolour, if possible) to add to the attraction. What price "Citizen Kane!"

The evening draws on and the scene becomes busier as the programme is prepared for despatch, with a hectic ten minutes at the end of the film; it is no exception to find that the films have reached Red Deer by 11:15 p.m. and Calgary in the early hours of the following morning. Thus we become part of the organization of one of the world's most organized businesses.

### THE MONTH'S REVIEW

"MOON TIDE"—Drama on the Waterfront. From the novel by Willard Robertson, produced by Mark Hellinger, and with a cast including Jean Gabin, the popular French star; Ida Lupino, Thomas Mitchell and Claude Rains. "Moon Tide" has a genealogy of promise, and lives up handsomely to that promise. It has been done before—the story of the man who has wandered like a gypsy about the world, doing odd jobs, and the girl who is disillusioned and weary of life's struggle, both springing from the common populace, who ultimately find happiness and a home together. But told as it is here with unassuming skill, with a keen evaluation of human beings and what constitutes reality, and with a subdued sense of the dramatic, the picture emerges out of the category of the hackneyed and trite. It has the impact and effectiveness of understatement. Jean Gabin is enormously effective in the leading role. He speaks English well and is easily understood. In fact, the entire cast from the leads to those having incidental roles, appear as human beings instead of cinematic puppets. "Moon Tide" has the indelible

touch of art, which assures its appeal to critics, but it also has the indelible touch of life, which insures a much wider audience.

**Statistics Department:**

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| Number of features played since January 1st .. | 60  |
| Number of newsreels .....                      | 29  |
| Number of short features .....                 | 112 |
| Total .....                                    | 201 |

## Forthcoming Attractions

August 18—"ONE NIGHT IN LISBON," starring MADELEINE CARROLL and FRED MacMURRAY.

August 20—"FATHER TAKES A WIFE," starring ADOLPHE MENJOU and GLORIA SWANSON.

August 25—"TEN GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POINT," starring MAUREEN O'HARA and GEORGE MONTGOMERY.

August 27—"TORTILLA FLAT," with SPENCER TRACY and HEDY LAMARR.

Watch for next month's plans for the coming winter programmes. We hope to provide the entertainment you want, when you want it.

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RED DEER

## A Message from The Padre

**Where Does Religion Come In?** Can't we do without it? Isn't it superfluous? I believe that if a man tries to leave religion out of his life, he is excluding the most vital part of what is possible to human experience. Far from being superfluous, I would claim that without it a man cannot lead a life which is morally, intellectually and emotionally satisfying. What difference then does religion make to life?

**1. It Gives The Best Possible Explanation of the Data of Life.** The fundamental axiom on which all our thinking and experience are based is that we are dealing in our living not merely with a world which is bounded by ourselves, but with a world which is also external to us. It is clear that there are other selves besides myself, and that we all live within the same ordered and coherent universe. If you don't believe in God, how are you going to explain that basic fact of our experience? If you say that the external world is force or energy, you have still to satisfy your mind as to how that which is material became ordered and unified. If you are not prepared to carry your reasoning to that length and are satisfied by acknowledging that it is there and that is the end of the matter, I would only point out that that implies a refusal to carry your reasoning to its logical conclusion.

Even if a man should persist in thinking of all that is outside himself, the material universe, in terms of that which is physical and material, he is still confronted by the fact that PERSONS exist. We are not self-created. We did not call ourselves into being. Can you explain the emergence of intelligent and moral persons in the evolutionary process in terms of physical energy? Can you do it without postulating the fact of God? "It is not normal nor sane thinking to trace the Intelligible and the Intelligent to the Unthinking and Unintelligible—or the Feeling to what is Unfeeling—or the Purposeful to that which is Purposeless."

I am not asserting that when you have accepted the idea of God you have then solved all your problems. On the contrary, even when you have arrived at belief in God there are enough teasing problems to engage the most ingenious mind. But what I do affirm is that the idea of God does give you the best solution. Among all the conceivable explanations, the theistic is the most acceptable because the most reasonable.

**2. Religion Gives You a Basis and Sanction For Your Moral Action.** Why be good if there isn't a God who is moral and who has power to vindicate virtuous behaviour? How can you justify the anguish and suffering of war, as necessary to achieve a good end, if there is not a Good God on the throne of the universe? Why should we say it is worth while if there is no one to guarantee that it is worth while? Man cannot establish the final victory of virtue. You may get a kick out of some acts of heroism which you may think, is its own justification for being heroic, but you by no means get a satisfying thrill out of all of them. It seems to me that if the countless acts of self-sacrifice, involving a denial of the way of least resistance and of the greatest pleasure, are to go unjustified, then we are going to find it extremely difficult in showing the moral life to be reasonable. Who can justify the good life except a God who is good and powerful? If you look at life within the bounds of human history, the facts do not in every case warrant the conclusion that righteous conduct is always rewarded. On the contrary, the good are often left to the inflictions of the unscrupulous. Are we then to assume that the good life is not worth the candle and that we should be guided only by expediency? If you accept that position, you reduce life to the level of the jungle, deny the reality of the moral imperative and make pleasure and power the controlling factors in life. The only way, so far as I can see, to justify one's continuance in the good life is to believe that

conscience, enlightened by thought, contemplation and prayer, is a valid guide, not a delusion which can be explained away in terms of instinct and convention, and that there is a good God who is the author and justifier of the moral law.

**3. Religion Provides You With a Dynamic For Life.** There are two things every man needs to know—the kind of life he ought to live and how he can muster enough resolution to lead it. Man soon discovers from bitter experience that life has a purpose, and that to run counter to it means trouble both to himself and to the community. Man is free, but not free to do what he likes, except with dire consequences. We may be free to choose what we like but, if our choices clash with the moral bias of life, we are heading for disaster. Our chief difficulty, however, is not in lack of knowledge as to the way in which we ought to behave, but in regard to acquiring the power to pursue that way. How can we keep our lives steadily along the line of life's true purpose? That is where religion really comes in for religion in its simplest definition is fellowship with God, and that means above all a quickening of our human energies.

A. C. Bouquet, in his book on "Comparative Religion," says: "To this day many educated lay folk, indeed, are Stoics rather than Christians without knowing it." Are you striving to lead the good life in your own power? Why not give religion a chance to help you out? Are you a struggling Stoic or a victorious Christian? There is a prayer of John Drinkwater's which puts it well:—

"Knowledge we ask not—knowledge thou hast lent,  
But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need,  
Give us to build above the deep intent the deed, the deed."

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### *Thought for the Month*

"A haze on the far horizon  
The infinite tender sky,  
The ripe, rich tints of the cornfield,  
And the wild geese sailing high;  
And all over upland and lowland,  
The charm of the golden rod;  
Some of us call it Autumn,  
And others call it God."

—W. H. Carruth.

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