

CAPITOL THEATRE, RED DEER

Screen Attractions For September 1942

Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 15-16

"HOLIDAY INN"

Bing Crosby Virginia Dale
Fred Astaire

Thursday, Sept. 17—One Day Only

"RINGS ON HER FINGERS"
Henry Fonda Gene Tierney

Friday and Saturday, Sept. 18-19

"CROSSROADS"

William Powell Hedey Lamarr

Mon., Tues., Wednes., Sept. 21-22-23

"REAP THE WILD WIND"

Ray Milland Paulette Goddard
John Wayne

One of the really big pictures of 1942
Matinee Monday at 4:10 p.m.

Thursday, Sept. 24—One Day Only

"PACIFIC BLACKOUT"

Robert Preston, Martha O'Driscoll

Friday and Saturday, Sept. 25-26

"I MARRIED AN ANGEL"

Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald
A picture you will like and
remember.

Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 28-29

"SABOTEUR"

Robert Cummings, Priscilla Lane

A thrilling action drama that is
up-to-the-minute.

Wednes., Thurs., Sept. 30, Oct. 1

"BED TIME STORY"

Loretta Young, Fredric March

Open 9 a.m. to 12 p.m. (Week Days), 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Sundays.



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New — Modern

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Milk Shakes

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Crystal Ice Cream

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SEPTEMBER



NUMBER IV
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Commanding Officer No. 36 S.F.T.S., Penhold



EDITOR
L.A.C. MARTIN, C.



BUSINESS MANAGER
P/O W. F. MILLER



COMMITTEE: F/Sgt. SALT, N. V. J. Sgt. SUTHERLAND, B. H. Sgt. CHILDS, L. R.
L.A.C. HART, J. A.

Editorial

AN outstanding sporting event took place on Saturday, 22nd August. It was the Inter-Service Sports Meeting at Calgary. Several Royal Air Force and Royal Canadian Air Force teams and one from the Royal Canadian Navy took part. The standard of athletics was very high, but paramount, as far as we at Penhold are concerned, was the winning, by our team, of the Challenge Trophy, with a total of 59½ points against the Navy's 55½. Congratulations to all the members of the Penhold team for their splendid performance.

I referred, briefly, last month to our First Anniversary in Canada, but with the actual date falling a week after publication, several tributes have since been made. An interesting editorial appeared in the Red Deer Advocate on Wednesday, 19th August. Also, on the actual day of our Anniversary, the 20th, a letter was received from Mayor Hogg of Red Deer. The Mayor's letter and the Group Captain's acknowledgment are published in this issue.

Editor's Note.—Any of our readers who are thinking of going to the U.S.A. should read AC Dean's letter very carefully. All the details are accurate, and if they are complied with, you will find no difficulty in making the necessary arrangements for your visit.

Gerald Dean Goes to America

On board C.P.R. "Chinook" Train,
Red Deer - Calgary.

Dear Mother:—

Thanks for your last letter enclosing the snaps of Cis' wedding. Gee, don't I wish I had been there. I'll bet the old "Platelayers Arms" did some business that day. The first thing I'm going to do when I get home is to stand myself a pint of Mild and Bitter in the Bar Parlour—I can smell the sawdust on the Bar floor now. However, that's got nothing to do with this. When I heard that Cis had got spliced to "Johnnie Doughboy," you could have knocked me over with a feather. But it set me thinking. Now I've got an American brother, I ought to see what sort of a country he came from—Onton Kordial and all that sort of thing, what Mater? Aw, cum orf it! Anyway, I started to make some enquiries.

I asked the editor, Old Martin, what he would do; he seems to know something about everything. But he was stumped, and suggested I read D.R.O's. (That's the Raftown edition of "The News of the World," even down to Births, Marriages and Deaths and results of the Court cases). So off I went to the Orderly Room to get a copy. Needless to say they didn't have any back numbers to spare, and as the day's edition was on the press, they were very busy. Jock Sutherland, the chief printer, told me to go and see the publisher himself in the Adjutant's office.

So I said to myself, "In for a penny, in for a pound," and knocked on the great man's door. What did I see? Two desks, side by side, and behind them two chaps, their faces wreathed in smiles, welcoming me in (I heard afterwards their wives had just arrived from England. It just shows that Adjutants are human after all.)

"Hello, Dean," said the more important of the two. "What can I do for you?" and I told him I wanted to go to the U.S.A. "Well," he said, "I can give you a permit to apply for funds to the Bank who are the agents of the Foreign Exchange Control Board, but you must first give proof that you are entitled to apply. To qualify, you must be (a) on Embarkation Leave; (b) going to visit a first degree relative who will provide the expense of maintenance in the U.S.A.; or (c) on a visit occasioned by the illness of a close relative. In any of these cases I will give you a permit to apply to the Bank for a Form H, and for them to change your Canadian currency into U.S.A. currency. They may also give you permission to carry up to \$25 in Canadian currency with you in the U.S.A. to pay your expenses from the U.S.A. Border back to the camp. However, if you have a friend who is a bona-fide permanent resident of the U.S.A. who will pay all your expenses in the U.S.A., and who will send you as an absolute gift the necessary funds by a U.S.A. Draft, Cheque, Bank Money Order or Telegraphic Transfer expressed in U.S.A. dollars and payable to you—not a Post Office Money Order or Dollar Bills, I will give you a permit to apply for a Form H giving permission to carry up to \$25 Canadian currency for expenses on the return journey to camp from

the U.S.A.-Canadian Border. These Canadian funds are not to be used in the U.S.A. except in cases of extreme urgency."

Just then a door labelled C.O. swung open, and the two laddies jumped to their feet crying out in unison, "Good morning, Sir." I drew all 5 feet nothing of me into one long stiff straight line, and said nothing. The C.O. (that stands for the Chief Owner of the paper) smiled pleasantly at me, and turning to the nearest of the two said, "Oh, Carsteps, I hope you are looking after Mr. Dean properly?" "Yes, indeed, Sir," answered Carsteps. "Mr. Dean's going to the U.S.A. in a fortnight's time, and I've just explained he doesn't need a passport, but does require a Form H from the Bank. He has a letter from his sister in America saying they will meet him at the border and pay all his expenses, so I'm sending him down to the bank to get his Form H and funds for incidental expenses." "Good show," beamed the C.O. "When he gets back from them, send him in to me and I'll give him a permit to enter the U.S.A., and don't forget I want you to see that a report of his travelling to America appears in the next edition of our D.R.O.'s, Part II, Personnel, sorry, I mean our 'News of the World,' Society Page, Personal Column." And nodding at me, he smiled, "Now, Gerald, my boy, have a good time, don't spend too much, and whatever you do, don't buy U.S.A. currency in Canada from anyone other than a recognised agent of the F.E.C.B. There are very heavy penalties," and with a cheery wave of the hand he was gone.

Well, Mum, that's about all, everything was fixed up, and here I am on my way south right now on the Chinook, and hoping to arrive in U.S.A. tomorrow. Will write you again from there.

Your loving son,

GERALD

P.S.—Our Corporal says he wants his photo back, seeing that Cis got married to that "Johnnie Doughboy."

WINDSOR HOTEL
Red Deer

ROYAL HOTEL
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The Phelan Hotels
J. PHELAN,
MANAGER

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S.H.Q. Notes

WISE AND OTHERWISE

By "JOE"

DOMESTIC. We airmen moan amongst ourselves pretty often, sometimes about the dining hall, and often about kit inspections, locker arrangements and the like. The dining hall, by the way, has shown remarkable improvement of late, but the lockers still prove an irksome acquisition. There are, however, just a few restrictions imposed as a result of our own thoughtlessness. Recently someone wanted to blow his own trumpet, and as a result broke into the Recreation Hall and removed not one, but two trumpets. This, of course, is unpardonable, for it means that something has been stolen from every airman on this Station, in view of the fact that the trumpets are P.S.I. property. Another unfortunate practice is the effort made by some airmen to obtain a supper to which they are not entitled, to the detriment of night workers. It is certain that the majority of our personnel take a very poor view of such practices, and it is to be hoped that those responsible will seriously reconsider their attitude towards their comrades in the R.A.F.

GUESS WHO. Brusque in manner, of sturdy stature, but not tall. Has a queer sense of humour sometimes difficult to detect. Is known by everyone on the Station either for the entertainment he provides or the restrictions he imposes. Moves the ACH/GD's around like pawns on a chess board. His physiognomy suggests one who keeps his own counsel and mixes seldom with his colleagues. Often threatens, seemingly in earnest, but relaxes having scared his victim. His job makes it difficult to be on friendly terms with everyone, but he does not do so badly, in spite of this fact. Our conduct is his one concern.

WAITING. Clerks do not always get justice in this world, and those who must visit S.H.Q. from time to time resolve that the clerk, as in civilian life, invariably uses that cruel weapon of making his victim wait. Now of all the soul destroying sufferances, waiting is one of the worst. But what really does happen? Well, up comes an airman for his transportation warrant. Pops heads through hatch. Leave clerk on telephone. Talks for five minutes. Crowd around hatch increases. Applicant for transportation is jostled and does not like it so gets annoyed. Leave clerk terminates telephone conversation, is about to approach applicant when the Adjutant rings for him. Gets job which must receive immediate attention, more waiting for the applicant. On verge of dealing with the applicant when the Flight Sergeant sweetly calls over the wall. Attends to Flight. Applicant now drooping. Commences to deal with applicant. Phone again demands Leave Clerk. "Curse S.H.Q. and its clerks," says the applicant, but what about the poor fellow doing all the work?

VISIT THE U.S.A. We from the Old Country are all keen to pay Uncle Sam a visit before returning home. S.H.Q. Orderly Room is charged with the delicate task of advising how to obtain currency and permission to cross the border. Now, although there is no physical border, so great are the difficulties in crossing it that one senses the existence of a fifty-foot wall, with jagged glass at the top. We in S.H.Q. have a heck of a job to understand the regulations, and as for our enquirers, we leave them dazed. It is quite amusing to listen to a conversation at the hatch between the clerk responsible and the person enquiring. Anyhow, it is just one long fight between the F.E.C.B. and the ambitious airman. If you do manage to get by those Red Deer Bank Managers, my goodness, you're a marvel. When you have spare time, though, please read D.R.O. 187/42 paragraph 7, and then tell us if you can understand what we've told you. No prizes offered.

DIAMONDS

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Served*

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The CLUB CAFE

Charlie Chuck

Geo. Moon

How Canada Became British

I BELIEVE that your stay in Canada will be more meaningful if you have a knowledge of some of the highlights of Canadian History. Therefore, I propose to write a few sketches for the Penhold Log which, I hope, will give an understanding of some of the present features of Canadian life. This, I believe, should be the true function of History—to help us to understand and interpret the present.

All the wars that Canada has been involved in were wars concerning Great Britain primarily. The Seven Years' War (1756-1763) resulted in Canada being attached to Britain rather than to France. The war in America was waging even before officially declared by Great Britain and France. Each side set their Indians on the enemy, and many bloody massacres took place. In the early stages of the "official" war, the brilliant French General, Montcalm, won a number of victories. Thus from 1756-1758 French successes were the order of the day. Not until the British Command was reorganized by William Pitt did the fortunes of England improve. How strikingly modern it reads—he "sacked" old and incompetent generals and appointed younger and more capable leaders. In 1758 the French fortress of Louisbourg, which guarded the entrance to the St. Lawrence River, fell. This opened the way for the attack on Quebec in 1759.

General Wolfe had an almost impossible task in trying to assail Quebec City. This task might be compared to that of invading the continent of Europe today. To make a landing and scale the river banks was a most difficult feat, but he found a path up the cliff, landed a small force, overpowered the guard, and was then able to bring up a powerful force before the fortress of Quebec. Montcalm, the French general, knew that Quebec could not withstand a siege by land and came out to drive Wolfe over the cliffs before he was firmly established. Montcalm failed, and the English entered Quebec. Both Montcalm and Wolfe were killed in the struggle.

Within a year the rest of Canada had fallen to the English. The Peace of Paris was signed in 1763, ceding Canada to England. It is interesting to note that British statesmen for some time considered taking the French West Indies Island of Guadeloupe instead of Canada, as at that time some of them considered it more valuable.

As early Governors thought that the somewhat severe climate of Canada would not be very attractive to English settlers, they tried to rule for the benefit of the 60,000 survivors of the French regime. The Quebec Act of 1774 was passed to gain their support. Its effect has been felt to this day. It granted to the French all the rights they had enjoyed before the conquest, including the right to use their language, their customs and their religion. Some of the more important terms are:

1. French Civil Law was restored.
2. The rights held by the Catholic Church under French rule were restored. (This included the right to levy taxes or tithes for the upkeep of the church.)
3. French was recognized as an official language in Quebec.

Obviously, though French Canada had become an English colony, under this act it would retain its French character. This it did; and the French character it retained was that of the 17th Century, not that of France after the great French Revolution which made France secular and rather anticlerical. The Quebec of today is quite strongly Roman Catholic, rather isolationist, and backward in education and social progress. Quebec today bitterly opposes conscription, especially for overseas service. It is Canada's problem, for its original 60,000 inhabitants have become about three and one-half million people, who are rather inclined to think in terms of Quebec only, rather than of Canada as a whole.—A. Allen.

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Our tailoring department is fully equipped with the latest machines and is under the supervision of Wm. Baines, who had an extensive experience in civil and military tailoring in England.

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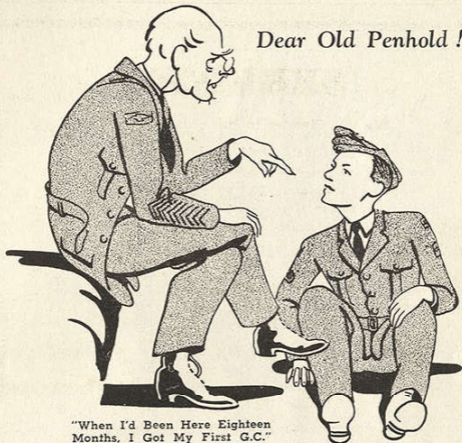
We certainly appreciated your business in the past, and will endeavor to merit a continuance of your patronage.

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Phone 480 First Street South

RED DEER

Dear Old Penhold!



"When I'd Been Here Eighteen Months, I Got My First G.C."

TO THE BOYS OF THE R. A. F.

From "Norfolk Broads" or Sussex Downs, from Derbyshire hills and dales,

From "Cornwall's coast" to John-o-groats or the lofty mounts of Wales, Be you ever welcome here my lads, in our great and mighty west; So long as you're with the R.A.F., we know you're of the Best.

We know the task you're set to do, and the sacrifice you've made, Of the homes and loved ones left behind, and we know you wouldn't trade

But it won't be long before you're back, and we know you'll never shirk,

The duty due, and the vow you made, at the Epic of Dunkirk.

When the odds were great, but British pluck and courage won the day And Briton's Pride, the R.A.F., kept those Nazi dogs at Bay, You told the world, "We're coming back," there's a job we've got to do,

And not until this job is done, will the hopes of all come true.

You did it once, and once again, you're ready for the test,

Uphold the fame of the R.A.F., none better than the best,

And whilst we've lads like you who'll fight 'til the enemy's no more, We're not afraid that Nazi feet will march o'er Yorkshire Moor.

—J. W. Horan

In Appreciation

As we start on our second year of providing Bus Service for the boys at the Penhold Airport, we wish to extend our thanks to you for the business that you have given us, and to hope that during the coming year we shall continue to have the same very friendly relations which has made it a pleasure to serve you in the past.

Sorensen Bus Lines Limited and Staff

TAXI SERVICE

PHONE 364

RED DEER

We Extend Our Congratulations to
The Air Force
*on the first anniversary of their
arrival at Penhold*

RED DEER STEAM LAUNDRY

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(Leave Orders at the Wet Canteen)

Phone 779

RED DEER

A Cyclist's Memories

YOUR Business Manager is a most persistent man—when he suspects that any of his acquaintances are capable of making the simplest mark on paper, he pesters them for an article for your Log. But his request this time has been a pleasant excuse for me to ramble in my memories of the past, when I roamed the English roads, lanes and paths on two wheels propelled by my own two legs or the combined efforts of myself and my tandem partner—and, believe me, I got more kick out of handling a fast tandem down a steep, twisting road than I've ever had out of the "mighty Oxford bomb-ber."

Now exiled here, I long for the sight of a "real" bicycle—with a pair of curly Highgate bars, light high pressure tyres and a B17 saddle. I long for my short wheelbase tandem with my willing partner to share the pushing and the steering and the fun. I long for the winding roads, the switchback roads, the tree-shaded roads, the milestones and signposts of old England, I even long for the gaudy yellow A.A. village signs.

On the wall of my room is a map of the British Isles, and as my eye runs over it, names flash out and then the walls fade and I'm back in England with the gang on wheels again.

Filey with its Brigg—a long neck of rock thrusting out to sea, once supposed to have been used by the Romans as a pier. On a windy day the breaking seas are a thrilling sight as they drive in from the bleak North Sea and, crashing against the rocks, rear up in massive walls of water, foam and spray and always there is beauty and interest to be found in the rock pools—sea animals, plants and even fish left by the retreating tide.

Malham Cove, high up in the Pennines, with three hundred feet of sheer cliff curved like an amphitheatre with the embryo River Aire oozing from the bottom. At the foot of this towering cliff we were caught in a thunderstorm and as we ran for shelter the cliffs echoed and re-echoed the crashes of thunder, like the mad roll of giant drums.

Then the Lake District with its heartbreaking hills, its breath-taking descents and always the beauty of lakes and hills—Westwater, cold and austere, Windermere and Derwentwater, tree-ringed; Ennerdale Water, peaceful and lonely. Here in Canada the lakes and hills are larger than ours, but they are large almost beyond human comprehension, but our lakes and hills are of a size that our minds can grasp and, after all, beauty is not a matter of size but of shape, proportion and understanding so that in the world England's countryside stands second to none in beauty.

Then there are the little villages which nestle like precious gems in a setting of green—these are perhaps the real essence of the word "England." Thornton-le-Dale at the foot of the moors, Bishop Burton with its swans and its houses clustering around the ponds and gleaming, just as white as the swans. How I long for the English duckponds. Goatland, moorland village with a street as wide as any in the country, and sheep grazing there and countless more villages—an almost endless list of gems.

The ruins of England, the abbeys and castles are shown, too, on this map—Fountains Abbey with its immaculate lawns, Whitby Abbey gaunt on the cliffs of Yorkshire, a Christian challenge across the North Sea, the almost unknown ruin of Sherriff Hutton castle now used as a farmyard.

But my cycling memories are not just memories of idyllic days of sun and beauty. There were the days when the ache in our knees made us curse the man who invented the velocipede, but we often soothed the hurt with

our catch phrase, "It's an experience"—a phrase that has smoothed many a Service bump, too. We rode in the rain and in blizzards, we rode when the roads were sheets of ice, yes, we fell off. We rode over the bare moors on sheep tracks, we crossed mountain passes mainly walking and carrying our metal steeds. We had many impromptu races with our club mates and with unknown roadfarers. We rode early and late and saw dawns in the hills and sunsets on the moors. We snowballed on the beaches where later in the year we basked in the sun and bathed.

Many of our memories are of the little cottages and farms which showed the sign, typically English, "Teas," and of the pubs with sporting prints on the walls, low beams, gleaming brassware and a roaring fire in the winter.

Thoughts of cycling remind me of one of the crowd—she is now an ambulance driver, her latest exploit being to prang into a bomb crater. We were discussing our route and its hills, and someone cracked "Per ardua ad astra." She knew as little Latin as the rest of us, and asked, "What does it mean—get off and walk?"

On re-reading this, there seems to be little of general interest—there are only personal meanderings, but it may be better for that, for it may strike some chord in your memory, too, and bring back to you some favourite corner at home, be it the rolling Downs, the red cliffs of Devon or the mountains of Scotland. It may bring back the wet and the fine days shared with those you love, in the country that we are fighting to save, and it may for a few moments turn the bald prairie into some resemblance of that "emerald isle set in a silver sea."—H.J.

* * * * *

LAUGH. M.O.—"The best thing for you is to give up both smoking and drinking."

Airman—"Sir, I really don't deserve the best. What is the second best?"

MEET and EAT

at the

Buffalo Hotel

COFFEE SHOP

"AGLOW WITH FRIENDLINESS"

:- FULLY LICENSED :-

E. G. GOODRIDGE, Mgr.

PHONE 241

Group Captain W. B. Farrington, D.S.O.
Commanding No. 36 S.F.T.S., R.A.F. Penhold, Alberta.

Dear Sir:—

August 20th will mark the first anniversary of the installation of the R.A.F. at Penhold. I feel that the occasion should not be allowed to pass without some comment on the general significance of that first year.

Since you came, a number of graduation exercises have indicated that the School under your command is successfully carrying out the job of work given it. We are led to believe that this is being accomplished with a minimum of serious accidents, indicating efficient and careful staff work, and a realisation on the part of the students of the grim necessity of accurate knowledge of their jobs.

This community has been delegated to welcome you and your men into their midst. It has been a good experience for us all. We hope you and they have enjoyed it as much as we have.

Of the future no one will dare to speak. The task before us all is a grim one. However, when we attain our goal, we believe that the greater knowledge of each other we have both obtained will help in a small way to further that closer relationship which is so essential to the well being of the peoples on our side of this struggle.

Yours very truly,
E. S. HOGG, Mayor

Royal Air Force Station,
Penhold, Alberta.

Dear Mr. Mayor:—

I thank you for your letter of the 19th August, which I am taking the liberty of having published in our Daily Routine Orders so that all personnel may be acquainted with its contents.

It was singularly appropriate that the anniversary of the arrival of the R.A.F. at Penhold should have been marked by a letter from the chief civic dignitary of the City of Red Deer. In gratefully acknowledging its generous praise and cordial sentiments, I am happily afforded an opportunity of expressing, in some measure, and on behalf of the R.A.F. at Penhold, our deep appreciation of the generous and spontaneous hospitality which has been afforded to all of us since our arrival here a year ago.

Throughout the past year we of the R.A.F. have been made continuously welcome by the citizens of Red Deer, and by them have been freely entertained in their homes. The feeling of mutual goodwill which existed from the first day has been strengthened by a spirit of mutual understanding engendered by such friendly contact.

Moreover, I am assured that our experiences in this locality are common to all members of the R.A.F. throughout Canada. This must surely be of inestimable value in fostering that spirit of mutual co-operation for the common good which has always so happily existed between the peoples of our two countries.

Yours very sincerely,
W. B. FARRINGTON
Group Captain, Commanding,
Royal Air Force Station, Penhold.

For You—

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FILMS, SNAPSHOT ALBUMS, ETC.

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Our Soda Fountain Products are the best obtainable—
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FORWARD MARCH! . . .

Into VICTORY With Your Uniforms
Immaculately Cleaned By Our

CONTINUOUS-FLOW SOLVENT SYSTEM

Sterling Cleaners & Tailors

First Street South

RED DEER

WE DO REPAIRING. REMODELLING AND

PRESS WHILE YOU WAIT

Entertainments

WITH the coming of the Fall, our thoughts turn reluctantly to the long Winter evenings before us and the best way of spending them. Now is the time to consider joining one or other of the entertainment organisations. The Entertainments Committee cannot make a success of its plans unless it has the full and wholehearted co-operation of all men who have the ability to assist. If we can get your support, there is no reason why we shouldn't be able to put on this Winter a comprehensive programme of Concerts, Dances and Plays. We already have a Dance Band, Concert Party and Choir, and it is our aim to add to these a Dramatic Society, Music Club and Chess Club in the very near future. If you can help any of these organisations, you are invited to come forward and let us know about it. You can always get information from the Entertainments Officer or from any member of the Entertainments Committee. This Committee is comprised of representatives of all the entertainment sections. It meets twice monthly to review past events and prepare for future ones. One project we have in mind is the provision of some kind of miscellaneous programme of musical and literary items, concluding with a sing-song and short epilogue, on Sunday nights. If you have had experience as announcers, script writers, production managers, actors or as artistes in radio stations anywhere, or if you can help in any way in Station Concerts, please contact the Entertainments Officer at the earliest opportunity.

• • • • •

"Why didn't you settle this case out of court?" said the magistrate to the airman before him.

"Sure, that's what we were doing when the city police came and interfered."

How's Your Maths?

1. What ten numbers when added together to give a sum of 535 also have a common difference of three?
2. How many figures, each containing six square inches, may be cut from a triangular figure having sides of 12, 16 and 20 inches?
3. A man is three times as old as his son was 5 years ago and 2 years from now the father will be twice as old as his son. How old is the father now?
4. If an aircraft starts its journey to a distant point at 100 miles per hour, travels 10 minutes, increases its speed (ground speed) at the rate of 5 miles per hour every ten minutes, how far has the plane travelled at the end of three hours?
5. At what angle must you make saw cuts from a board so that you will cut strips to make an octagon?
6. Work out: $60 - (2\frac{1}{4} \text{ plus } 4\%)$ multiplied by 8.

(Answers on page 24—Wait!

Work them out first!)

MLR.

Sporting Activities

ATHLETICS

Past Month's Activities: Inter-Unit Athletic Sports Meeting at Mewata Stadium, Calgary. Preliminaries August 15th; Finals August 22nd.

Results—

3 miles—2nd F/O Richardson and AC Campbell.

880 yards—4th LAC Mullard.

440 yards—2nd AC Beadles.

Throwing Discus—3rd, F/O Morris and AC Rogers.

Tug-of-War—3rd, Cpl. Janssens, LAC's Mottershead, Walker, Burton, McVernon, Porter, Mitchell and AC Rogers.

Broad Jump—3rd, P/O Stewart and Cpl. Rabbitts.

Medley Relay (220, 240, 440, 880)—1st, LAC Page, P/O Wallington, Cpl. Mardles, F/O Richardson.

Pole Vault—2nd, Cpl. Fleet and Cpl. Hodgins.

Hurdles, 120 yards—1st, Sgt. Price. Shot-Put—2nd, F/Sgt. Griffiths and AC Rogers.

One Mile—3rd, F/O Richardson and AC Campbell.

Hop, Step and Jump—3rd, P/O Stewart.

Javelin Throw—3rd, P/O Stewart.

Mile Relay (4x440)—1st, AC Beadles, P/O Wallington, Cpl. Rabbitts, Cpl. Mardles.

Nine units competed for the Inter-Unit Trophy presented for annual competition by the Kiwanis Club, Calgary.

1 Penhold ... 59½ points

Navy ... 55½ points

3 Claresholm ... 50 points

Activities For Next Month

It is hoped that it will be possible to arrange a match between the R.C.A.S.C., Red Deer, and this Unit sometime during the month.

Basketball: Since the lights in the Drill Hall have been covered with wire cages, it has been possible to play a fair amount of basketball during organized games periods. It is intended to make full use of the court during the winter months, as this is one of the finest "conditioners" of all games.

CRICKET

The Cricket Committee met weekly during the past month and arranged a number of inter-section matches. In spite of the patches of Manchester weather, all these matches were played and, as the figures below indicate, some of the finishes were close and exciting.

30th July—

S.H.Q. 61 for 9 v Maintenance 60.

5th August—

Flying Wing 65 v S.H.Q. 63.

13th August—

Maintenance 47 v Flying Wing 29.

17th August—

Maintenance 27 v S.H.Q. 24.

Two away games were played, one at Calgary against No. 37 S.F.T.S., and the other at Edmonton against a representative Edmonton eleven. Both matches were lost! The scores were:

9th August—

No. 37 S.F.T.S. 119 v No. 36, 91.

23rd August—

Edmonton 137 v No. 36 S.F.T.S. 78.

There has been a great deal of activity at the nets and no doubt, with practise and diligent searching for new talent, we shall be able in time to field a winning side. The nets are available for practise every night and if you like cricket, there is an opportunity for you to have a knock and a bowl. We are not out to cater solely for experts.

If the rain keeps off for long enough, your Committee hopes to carry out a programme of inter-section matches during September, and an invitation has been extended to No. 37 S.F.T.S. to play a return game here. We anticipate, too, that a match will be arranged here against Bowden.



Penhold's Triumphant Athletic Team



Trail Riding on the Banff-Jasper Highway



Trail Riders Exploring the Wonders of the Columbia Ice Fields



Drummond's Dryas in the Sunwapta Pass at the foot of Mount Athabasca, Jasper National Park, Alberta

SPORTING ACTIVITIES *Continued*

FOOTBALL

During the past month our football teams have been very active. The "A" team, better known as the Penhold Flyers, have played five games. They have won four and lost one. This is their first defeat, and the honour goes to another R.A.F. team, No. 37 S.F.T.S., Bombers. In a very hard game at Calgary on the 29th August, our side went under 4-2.

The Penhold Tigers, our "B" team, have now played four games and have won two and lost two. The team is getting into its stride, and they are expected to give a good account of themselves in the remaining fixtures.

The Inter-section League, which was suspended till the mosquito war was over, resumed last week. Some very keen matches are expected before the championship is decided.

* * * *

GOLF

Officers' Competition.—Played as a knockout match play on handicap, progressing, first round nearly completed.

Station Competition.—Open to all ranks as above; same position applies.

Red Deer Golf Club and Lacombe Golf Club have been approached with a view to playing a twelve-side match on handicap, to be played on a Sunday. Also No. 37 S.F.T.S. for an eight-side match, the best team that we can turn out, not to be played on handicap.

Clubs in the vicinity of Edmonton and Calgary have been approached with a view of giving us any sport equipment that they may have. To date no reply has been received from them.

The possibility of erecting a golf practice net is being considered.—A.J.L.

RIFLE CLUB

The Penhold Miniature Rifle Club, now in the process of inauguration, looks quite promising for the future, although the strong support expected has not yet been given. This may be due to the fact that the idea is still rather new, and sufficient "would-be interested personnel" are not yet familiar with the scheme.

Those people who have given their support are displaying keen interest in its organisation.

The range will be installed in the south end of the drill shed, equipment already having been purchased by P.S.I.

Targets will be supplied free by the Association of Dominion Marksmen, which Association, all personnel interested in shooting, are strongly advised to join. Membership is free, and enrolment forms may be obtained from the secretary of this club. Attractive prizes are offered for competitors making the requisite scores.

In addition, it is proposed that an "Inter-Unit" competition, commencing the second week of October, be held every week, comprising a team of eight competitors from each unit of 4.T.C.

There is no restriction on any privately owned .22 calibre sporting rifle, providing that it is not fitted with any form of glass sights. There are also four club rifles which may be used by members who do not possess their own rifles.

Ammunition is the only item involving any expenditure, as the club will be free to all entrants who are members of this unit.

As miniature rifle shooting is a splendid pastime for the dark winter evenings ahead of us, it is hoped that all interested will give us every possible support.

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"Such is Life"

By OWEN GILL

IT was an early Spring morning, and Mary was on her knees, a pail of thick soapy water beside her, lustily scrubbing the two imitation marble steps leading into Maghull's latest addition, a modern hotel. She had just finished as the doors were thrust open and a steady stream of potential customers began to flow through the fine oak doorways. Farmers from nearby small-holdings, as thirsty for a glass of rich dark ale as for some pertinent gossip on the latest parish scandal, led their massive bay horses and wagons into the courtyard, and adjusting the horses' nosebags and patting their sleek necks, left them to enjoy their repast as they sauntered inside. Service men from a local anti-aircraft battery, with clink of heels, smartly strode in. Motorists drove up the semi-circular drive; some, commercial men for lunch, others merely out of idle curiosity. Even bargemen from the canal had stopped the "chugging" of their engines, laid up their cargoes, and hands in pockets jauntily strutted inside.

Shawcross, the grocer, still wearing his white apron, hurried over from his shop across the street for his "constitutional" glass, almost making a head-on collision into the rotund figure of Armitage, the butcher. The latter, whose bloated countenance denoted an over-indulgence in good English beer, was about to splutter a "Damn you, Sir," when he noticed whom the hurrying one was and, being neighbours, they walked through the welcoming doors of "The Meadows" arm in arm.

A garrulous, noisy crowd had now gathered in the spacious lounge, everyone apparently more interested in the others' conversation than in his beer, and the atmosphere became more like a pea-soup fog every instant. Sally, the barmaid, beamed on each newcomer through the haze with a cheery, "Good morning, mild or bitter, Sir?" "Mild for you, Mr. Porter?" "Beautiful morning, Mr. Foster."

After a while the steady flow of people coming and going subsided, like fish finding a cool refreshing pool then darting on again downstream. A lull arose in the general hubbub and Sally was able to lean over the counter and open up a conversation with a rusty-cheeked, grey-haired figure, who was leisurely sipping a tankard of ale at one side, his cheery twinkling blue eyes surveying the whole gathering as if to give it the benevolence of his presence. He had an old trilby hat pushed to the back of his head and his spotlessly clean collar-less shirt, rolled up at the sleeves, showed a shrivelled but wholesome, pink skin at the neck and arms.

"So you are the gardener here, Mr. Shaw," said Sally. "Yes," said the old man, "I've worked in this district nigh on fifty years now. I can remember it being just miles of green fields with the canal winding through them. Now, bless my soul, it's as busy a little suburb as you'd find anywhere on Merseyside."

"It's really amazing the way the houses have shot up," agreed Sally.

"It becomes harder and harder," continued the old man, "to find a living doing odd jobs here and there, but now that I've gotten this, I'm fair pleased as Punch." With that he swallowed the remainder of his beer and with a "Morning, Miss," and raising his hat, he quietly slipped out of the back entrance into his own domain.

The builders and contractors who had constructed the hotel had erected a high brick wall around a rectangular piece of ground which was to be a bowling green. An oval-shaped centre piece, now strewn with stones and rubble, was to be the green itself; encompassing this ran a gravel path and the remaining land running up to the wall was to be a flower border. Odd pieces of wood lay here and there, nails were embedded in the soil, and the

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RED DEER

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RED DEER

HARRY P. ELLIS, Manager

whole scene would have instantly disheartened a less experienced and tried man. Old Shaw surveyed the whole with a critical eye, walked along the path, casually thrusting his hat into more comfortable positions, looked up into the blue sky once or twice, and almost immediately settled on a plan of campaign.

Some twelve months later a perspiring figure could be seen energetically pushing a lawn mower over a perfectly green carpet of grass, green shoots were appearing in a neat flower border, and comfortable rustic seats were arranged around this gleaming rectangle of smooth, glossy turf. Not since the hotel had been opened had anyone been allowed to touch a blade of grass on this bowling green which the old man had looked upon as almost hallowed ground. Special sea-washed turf had first to be brought from the sea coast and laid with meticulous care on the well rolled earth which had been completely raked of all traces of gravel and stones. Each evening during the hot summer months, when even water was rationed owing to the need of A.R.P. services, Shaw had stealthily stepped out and peering guiltily round, turned the sprayer on to his thirsty lush, green grass. Then as it grew, it was daily cut and rolled and treated with fertiliser. Every semblance of weed had been rooted out almost as soon as it had seen the light of day, and any weak patches he had nursed and nourished as attentively as a mother.

He finished cutting and walked across the green, the feel of the springy turf under him tingling his feet, and he nipped a few blades of grass which the mower had missed. Taking out his pipe and lighting it with a sense of supreme satisfaction, he remained for a few minutes puffing away, a look of contented serenity reposing on his face. Then putting the tools of his labour away and taking his bicycle, which had been propped against the wall of the hotel, he got on and rode away down a nearby lane to his small white-washed cottage by the canal. It was just eight o'clock, and old Shaw, who lived alone, had partaken of a frugal meal of bread and cheese and hot cocoa, and feeling tired was about to ascend the staircase to his bedroom, when splitting the air, the warning siren wailed out the approach of oncoming enemy aircraft. He had become used to this and, retracing his steps, sat in front of the fireplace. Soon flashes of light appeared all around, guns situated in fields near the cottage crashed out, then the regular miss-a-beat pant of the Nazis' planes could be heard.

"They must be almost overhead," he thought, and hurriedly pushing a thick oaken diningroom table into the ingle-nook corner of the room farthest away from the window, lay underneath; his accustomed air-raid shelter. Through the window the flash of the guns and the criss-cross of innumerable searchlights in the sky lit up the whole room. All night the guns barked out as fresh waves of planes zoomed overhead. Amidst the renting and tumult of the heavens he imagined he heard the scream of bombs descending to the earth, but he had often heard this and it was probably some miles away. Then as night drew on he slowly fell asleep.

Next morning he crawled out of his nocturnal shelter and, stretching himself, noticed sundry pieces of plaster from the ceiling lay here and there and some soot had been shaken down the chimney.

"These were minor details," he thought, "he must clear the place up and make haste down to the hotel to make perfectly sure everything was ready, for today his bowling green was to be opened to the general public. Someone had even suggested he should bowl the first wood—how very considerate of them."

His breakfast over, he got on his bicycle and made off at a good pace towards the hotel. As he approached he seemed to notice something unusual about it; people were gazing more curiously than usual at it, and a number of men in uniform were busying themselves in front of the main entrance. Now he could see a hole in the roof and many windows shattered, with the

glass strewn everywhere. He rode right up to the main doorway before alighting.

"What has happened? Surely a bomb hasn't hit the hotel?"

"No, Mr. Shaw," came the slow reply, "it landed on the bowling green."

Shaw dropped his bicycle and dashed to the back of the hotel, almost knocking an A.F.S. man down as he rushed through the back doorway. When he reached the gravel path he stopped with a start, his eyes were bulging out of their sockets, his hat was all awry, his hands drooped by his side, as with mouth open he looked on the awful spectacle helplessly.

A huge crater had been formed exactly in the centre of the bowling green, huge lumps of earth lay about almost completely covering the flower border and gravel path; it was chaos indeed. The old man seemed stupefied, tears trickled down his cheeks, then taking out his handkerchief and wiping his eyes, he said slowly and painfully: "What a pity, but... SUCH... IS... LIFE."

* * * * *

A man who realised his inability to remember names was one day dining in an hotel when, on looking up from his newspaper, he saw a familiar face, but the name escaped him. "How are you? Where have you been? Will you join me?" and other polite remarks, whilst shaking hands with the man, at the same time trying to think of the other's name. Said the embarrassed fellow, "I'm the waiter, sir."

War is the surgery of crime. Bad as it is in itself, it always implies that something worse has gone before. (Oliver Wendell Holmes.)

A visitor to Britain during a very wet day was asked what he thought about the country, looked out of the window at the Barrage Balloons and said, "Why don't they cut the ropes of those things and let the place sink?"

- MEN -

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RED DEER

Notes On The Ninth Green

I AM afraid that the following account will be regarded by some as fiction, whereas I can guarantee it to be scrupulous fact, since I made careful notes of the proceedings from the time that F/Lt. Flaps, F/O Judder and P/O Prune swam, as it were, into my ken. They were admirably dressed and equipped for golf, and seemed to be in good humour—exchanging merry banter and the like.

They approached the tee, and debated as to who should have the honour of playing off. P/O Prune eventually took it on himself and stepped forward to tee up his ball. This took some time as he was using a tee which he had found on the last fairway; and as the top was split, a certain amount of nicety of touch was involved. He then assumed a stylish attitude and took three practice swings, the last of which accidentally connected with the ball, sending it 200 yards straight down the fairway. Smothering his cry of protest, and assuming a complacent expression, he moved aside and struck an attitude intended to give the impression of quiet brilliance.

F/Lt. Flaps teed up, glanced quickly upwind, turned towards Prune as if seeking a green, and assumed action stations. At this moment a charming local resident arrived. P/O Prune's eyes bulged rather more than usual, F/Lt. Flaps cricked his neck through turning his head with the club at the top of the swing; and even F/O Judder, who was notoriously allergic to the fair sex, was heard to remark sotto voce "Woo-woo."

The diversion passed and F/Lt. Flaps, having massaged his neck, again addressed the ball. A rabbit, which had for some minutes sat on the left of the fairway, took cover as he drew back his club. It cowered down as the ball clattered among the trees over its head; emerged to sneer visibly at F/Lt. Flaps, and scurried off as that sportsman shook his club threateningly.

F/O Judder spent some time studying his ball intently, then withdrew to working distance and lashed out. He watched with considerable interest as his club head detached from the shaft and described a gentle arc down the centre of the fairway. The ball independently moved smartly towards the trees and just succeeded in making cover. P/O Prune stepped off jauntily along the fairway, whistling insolently, as his opponents slunk into their respective forests, clubs at the ready. Presently F/O Judder began to extricate himself, as was evident from the succession of sharp explosions followed by a staccato chatter as his ball bounded from tree to tree. It eventually emerged at a high elevation, closely followed by a great cloud of earth and F/O Judder. At the same time F/Lt. Flaps hacked his way out of the other side. Two strokes brought them about level with P/O Prune, who was practising swings at a safe distance from the ball. As they toiled up, he got his feet on a working basis and swung viciously. The ball struck a cow just off the fairway with a dull soggy sound and dropped. The cow sounded pained and not a little put off. Laughing heartily, F/Lt. Flaps and F/O Judder moved their respective balls a little further up the fairway, and watched with in-

terest. P/O Prune was having some difficulty moving the cow from the ball, and was eventually brought to the use of his No. 2 iron, which sent the cow some 250 yards away into the rough. Both opponents agreed that this was an exceptional stroke.

F/O Judder then became aware that he was being peppered with golf balls. A foursome, which had been marking these proceedings with impatience, had opened up a barrage from the tee, and seemed to have got the range. Pausing only to select the best ball, which he exchanged with a rather weathered specimen found in the last rough, F/O Judder fled after his ball. From this point on, P/O Prune's golf became a little disjointed, and he was last seen about a quarter mile from the fairway, still heading due east. F/Lt. Flaps had worked his way out of a considerable hollow by use of Pilot-Navigator methods, and was presently standing on the green menacing the ball with his putter. Here he was joined by F/O Judder, and together they peered, measured and swung—cursed in unison as their balls met just off the hole and bounded away, necessitating a further two strokes apiece.

Mentally writing off Prune under the heading "Missing While On Active Service," they gathered their clubs and strode dejectedly for the club-house. F/Lt. Flaps was heard to allege that if the round had not improved his golf, it had at least given him a working knowledge of backwoodsmanship.—JAYS.



How's Your Maths ?

Answers:

- 1—40, 43—67 inclusive.
- 2—16.
- 3—36.
- 4—427½ miles.
- 5—22½ degrees.
- 6—7.

Young Peter was visiting his grandmother, when his father phoned him to tell him there was a brand new baby sister at home. "That's nothing," replied Peter. "Grandma has a gramophone that plays 12 records."

* * * *

At the dinner table, the adults were carrying on a long conversation that left out little three-year-old Elizabeth. Finally she could stand it no longer. Touching her mother's arm, she inquired timidly, "Remember me."

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FARTHING'S STUDIO

Next to Capitol Theatre **RED DEER**

Y. M. C. A. Notes

CINEMA NOTES. A new company is to supply films for the Friday Y.M.C.A. pictures starting September 25th. This should provide a welcome variety, and some improved titles. Included in the coming attractions are: "Topper Takes a Trip," "Tom Brown's School Days," "Lucky Partners" with Ginger Rogers and Ronald Coleman, "The Devil and Miss Jones" with Ginger Rogers again, "History Is Made At Night," "The Saint Takes Over," the "Saint" series is always popular, a Lupe Velez picture—"Mexican Spitfire Out West." On the other circuits for Wednesdays and Fridays are billed such popular titles as "You'll Never Get Rich," starring Fred Astaire and his new leading lady, Rita Hayworth; "It Started With Eve," featuring Deanna Durbin and Charles Laughton, and "Dance Hall," starring Carol Landis, whose lovely features confront you in nearly every picture magazine you pick up. It looks like a good fall programme for the Cinema fans.

READING ROOM SERVICES. With the additions of lamp shades, carpets, runners, and later possibly a fireplace, it is believed that there will be great difficulty in getting any work done on the Station. Certainly the Reading and Writing Room is a great attraction even during the summer weather, and it will be doubly so during the cool nights to come. There are still many services available here, though it is reported that the postal work will soon be taken over by a postal corps. This will give full postal service to the camp. There is always a supply of magazines for your convenience in the magazine rack, and here, too, are the small games. Are you a checker (pardon me draughts) player? There are plenty of sets available, and a few keen tournaments are planned for later on. Chess sets are also available. Surprisingly enough, the game of Monopoly seems very popular. To me it has been wrongly named—Monotony would be a better title, but then one man's meat is another man's poison—so they say. Airgraph letters are now only six cents if sent by service personnel, and there is also a special letter form for letters to service men which goes airmail for ten cents. These may save you some money.

SPORTS. Probably by the time this goes to press, our Soccer team will have added another cup to that won by the track and field team. All Alberta now will know about Penhold. We are definitely on the map. Already some keen enthusiasts are asking about hockey. The prospects are very good. The tennis courts have given an excellent base to the skating rink, and with an adequate supply of water now, we should have skating much earlier than we did last year. Ample opportunity will be given all to learn and to play Canada's national sport.

CANTEEN SERVICES. Those so fortunate (?) as to be posted to Innisfail will be pleased to learn that complete canteen services are to be placed there in the near future. The Penhold Canteen, so we are told by men coming from other stations, is the best in Canada. We take a modest bow. At any event, we consider that the place of the Canteen is to serve the men of this Station in the best possible manner. A mobile canteen will soon be taking supplies to the hangars during the morning "break." Mugs are now provided for your convenience in having tea or coffee. These cost 20 cents, and the deposit is 10 cents. Please regard this as a deposit only; if our supply of mugs runs out, it is likely that we shall have to revert to the old system of having the purchaser supply his own cup.

In all ways we wish to serve you, and will welcome any new ideas or constructive criticism.—A.A.

* * * * *

Since these notes were written, word has been received of the sudden passing of Mr. John Brooks, manager of the Y.M.C.A. Canteen. He came to the Station in February and has made the Penhold Canteen one of the best in Canada. Though never in good health, his quiet, cheerful manner and efficient business methods impressed all who met him. His passing will be a loss to the Y.M.C.A. Services and to the unit.

"D" Flight Frolics -- II

It was 0950 hours, and the atmosphere in the instructors' room was tense. AF/O Psmith sat by the window, feverishly pushing back the sleeve of his tunic every ten seconds to stare at his wrist watch.

"He won't make it; he'll be late!" he was muttering to himself.

Sergeant Leggbuy was making an effort to keep calm by reading extracts from "Little Prudence In Teenie Weenie Land" to myself and F/O Yorker. The latter had been tearing the solo authorisation book into tiny pieces, and the floor was already knee deep in paper flakes.

Standing by the door was LAC Nimblehead, the fleetest pupil in the course. In his hand was clasped a dollar bill, and he was muttering over and over again to himself, "Five bars choc, three bottles grog, six oranges. Five bars choc, three bottles . . ." His face resembled that of an inexperienced yogi enthusiast trying to place both feet in his left ear.

At 0957 F/Lt. Longhopp came hurtling in on the electric scooter reserved for Flight Commanders.

"One bar choc, two oranges," he screamed at Nimblehead. That youth disappeared like an arrow, scattering the playing cards with his slipstream.

"Good lad, that," said Psmith admiringly, "he's knocked twelve seconds off Bathburn's record for the distance. Doesn't spill the grog, either."

Nimblehead returned from the Y.M.C.A. at 1004 hours. He bore six chocolate bars, three bottles of orangeade, and eight oranges. It is never worth being out of the room when the morning refreshment arrives, for we are a thirsty lot and hungry, entirely without scruples.

On the first day that we dispatched a pupil to the "Y" for refreshment, his return was heralded by a minor civil war. In this scuffle

all the bottles of orangeade were overturned, and two oranges, in some highly mysterious fashion, found their way down F/Lt. Longhopp's neck, where they were severely squashed when he landed on his back on the floor. In addition, Sgt. Leggbuy had his jaw fractured, and we were obliged to do his night flying for him during his sojourn in hospital.

We know better now. We are patient. It is a rule that any man who is not seated, or who moves from his seat during the distribution of the refreshments buys the entire lot for a week.—Satrap.

* * * *

HELP WANTED!

It has been the endeavour of all concerned with the magazine to produce the best publication possible. This is only obtained, as everyone realises, (or do they?) by co-operation. I have appealed, times innumerable, for contributions, suggestions, etc. It is worthy of note that to date only one per cent of the airmen on the camp have responded.

From this it would appear that the appeal has fallen on stony ground. If the individual effort is too much, how about a collective one? Therefore, it is to the various sections, which make up the Station, that I address this appeal. The writer of S.H.Q. notes has asked on more than one occasion for sections in the Squadron to supply notes for insertion on that page, without success. I do not expect the very small section to write notes. I look to such sections as: Service Police, M.T., Equipment, Airmen's Mess, Signals in the H.Q. Squadron. On the Flights, notes from Hangars Numbers one, two, three and four, and the Workshops. Don't worry about the length of your notes, but do let's hear from you. It rests with you fellows to keep your section off the black list.—Ed.

"If I Only Had Wings!"



P.T. -- R.A.F. Style

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R.A.F. Cinema, Penhold

**ANNOUNCING: Reduction In Admission Prices
Extra Programmes
British Films**

MANY and varied are the rumours at present being directed at the Cinema and its organisation. Now, at last, the time has come to announce the plans for the coming Winter season. But first to answer a few of the critics who point out the advantages at other Units, at some of which double feature programmes are played, or free Sunday shows presented, or where more up-to-date films are played. Make no mistake, at some Units, one or all of these claims are true; it is also true that each one of these "advantages" could be tried here with a varying degree of success.

The Cinema at this Camp has but one claim to greatness. Without overstatement of the Films presented or exaggerated claims of showmanship, the pick of the film "entertainment" produced at Hollywood is shown with as quiet an efficiency as can be maintained within the power of the voluntary staff running the Theatre. In addition, the Cinema is organised on a sound financial basis that will enable continuous but unnoticeable improvements to take place as far as the supply position will allow in wartime.

Yes, double features could be booked, but only one showing per night would be possible, with resultant overcrowding and disappointment. Yes, free Sunday shows could be screened, but only at the expense of the week's filmgoers! Yes, more up-to-date films could be shown, but the aim of this Cinema is to present the type of films that will be most popular, consistent with the varying tastes of the audience, leaving age as a secondary consideration. Also, in view of the proximity of Red Deer, the Trade would not permit showings on the Camp prior to Red Deer, even if such were considered desirable.

I know, you're still waiting to hear about those future plans. Well—the secret is out. After less than a year, admission prices are once more reduced, the new rates being 15 Cents for Airmen and 20 Cents for Officers and Senior N.C.O.'s. Remember that this has been possible because of the unusual support during the summer months—the attendance figures for July being the highest ever—and in spite of the hundreds who take advantage of the free shows on Mondays and Fridays.

But wait, that is not all—no, not by a long way. Starting next week-end, there will be three films presented each week, in addition to the Y.M.C.A. free shows. For the next few weeks this extra film will be shown on Sunday evenings at the new reduced admission prices, at times to be announced on the display boards.

No, don't turn the page yet. Even that is not all. Contracts have recently been signed for the presentation of a selection of British films, both new and old, that will undoubtedly be greeted for their popular star casts, and will probably do a great deal to dispel the prevailing impression that all English films are inferior to the Hollywood product.

Remember also that you will still see your most popular Hollywood stars in the pick of the current releases, the coloured cartoons you have judged to be the best, and specially selected interest features; even News that is not really so out-of-date as it sometimes appears. If you don't believe all this, pick up any recent American magazine with film reviews in it, and count the number of pictures that have been shown here. You are certain to be surprised at the high percentage. Still not convinced? Well, try to count the number of evenings you have left the Recreation Hall disappointed and with the feeling that the Show was not worth seeing. Surely you can count that far!

Yes, criticisms and suggestions are just as welcome as ever. The Staff wish me to conclude this month's article by adding that their chief desire is to see that the "Show Goes On." They feel that the Cinema is being run by the support and enthusiasm of the audiences. And so it is and always will be in the entertainment world. I would like to say that I agree with them, but must add that it is by their co-operation that the Cinema is open. It is not a one-man show, and if the Operators decided to have a night off, there would be no show! So, thanks a million, and carry on the good work.—P.J.G.

SEPTEMBER ATTRACTIONS

September 15th—"THE TUTTLES OF TAHITI"

The Players: Charles Laughton and Jon Hall.

The misadventures of a group of irresponsibles, living in Tahiti by none of the rules of thrift and conservation which the world at large obeys, but who enjoy themselves to the full in the harmless routine of their ways. Charles Laughton cheerfully plays the head of the family, knowing little about money and caring less, and Jon Hall is seen as the eldest of several sons who, improvident as their father, go sea fishing when there is gasoline to propel their boat, and do nothing between times. (R.K.O. Radio)

September 17th—"RIO RITA"

The Players: Abbott and Costello.

A story isn't necessary for Messrs. Abbott and Costello to persuade their audience to laugh their heads off! It's a musical, with attractive singing by John Carroll and Kathryn Grayson, but it's primarily a comedy and as screamingly funny as ever. (M-G-M)

September 20th—"STARS LOOK DOWN"

The Players: Margaret Lockwood and Michael Redgrave.

Based on the famous novel of the same name by A. J. Cronin, this, the successor to "The Citadel," provides thrilling drama and startling realism, to open the series of British pictures to be screened during the coming months for your week-end pleasure.

September 22nd—"BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON"

The Players: Dorothy Lamour and Richard Denning

This Technicolour feature presents Dorothy (Sarong) Lamour in all the thrills and colourful scenes that you expect; jungle settings that provide a fitting background to the exciting climax when a mad elephant appears on the scene. It's a fanciful safari that will banish the screaming war headlines from your thoughts! (Paramount)

September 24th—"CONFIRM OR DENY"

The Players: Don Ameche and Joan Bennett

A story of the exploits of Newspaper correspondents and the dangers and hardships they face in gathering the War News for readers in America as it happens in Great Britain. Also starring Roddy McDowall as the Office boy of the Press Association, and John Loder as the British Censor, this melodrama of modern journalism contains only a modicum of romance to complete the plot. (20th Century Fox)

September 27th—"OLD BILL AND SON"

The Players: Morland Graham, John Mills and Mary Clare

Released in England during 1941, this comedy of the Army will brighten a dull evening, while Morland Graham re-lives Bruce Bairnsfather's famous character "Old Bill." (British)

September 29th—"TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI"

The Players: Maureen O'Hara, John Payne and Randolph Scott

The Marines have landed! The scene is San Diego and the high seas with the battleships blazing away at targets in preparation for what the audience knows is to come—all in brilliant Technicolour and nearly all in rhythm to martial music. (20th Century Fox)

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RED DEER

The Padre's Notes

CONGRATULATIONS. August brought with it the anniversary of the arrival of the first R.A.F. personnel to this Station. On anniversaries it is usual to wish each other many happy returns, but to offer that greeting to men away from home might not be altogether pleasing. But we do not hesitate to offer our heartiest congratulations on the sure and sound foundations they have laid for those of us who came in later. We should like, too, to say how very much the kind hospitality extended by the people of Red Deer and Alberta generally has been appreciated. Being so far from the homeland, we are all the more mindful of all the effort and kind thought which has gone forth from the people of Canada. We are greatly enheartened by the thought that we start the second year here in an atmosphere so helpful and encouraging. We remember the past for inspiration, but the past and the future are nothing compared with the grim realities of to-day. Let us start the second year at Penhold with the inflexible determination to make it better than the first. Hats off to the past and coats off to the future!

STATION CHAPEL. It has long been the desire of many on this Station to see the setting apart of a room for use as a Chapel. I am very happy to be able to tell you that we are now within sight of seeing our hopes realised. It seems well within the bounds of possibility that the Chapel will be ready for use by the beginning of September. We extend our thanks to all who have been responsible for the organisation and completion of the work of structural alterations and decorations. The room will have a seating capacity of 150 and will be large enough to accommodate the average Parade Service. The furnishings have been almost entirely provided by the kindness of the ladies of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire in Edmonton. I cannot speak too highly in praise of the generosity of these good people, for they have spared no expense and effort in providing us with the best materials that could be bought. It will be possible to curtain off the Sanctuary of the Chapel and thus provide a room which can be used for purposes other than those which are definitely religious in character. Except when evening meetings are being held there, the Chapel will be available for private devotions, and I hope that many of you will make fullest use of this opportunity of securing a few moments quiet meditation in an environment which will assist our aspirations and strengthen our best thoughts. I am anxious to get together a voluntary fatigue party to care for the furnishings and keep the Chapel clean and tidy. One airman has already volunteered without any prompting, and I hope that others will join him so that his labours may be lightened. It isn't heavy work, but it will need doing thoroughly and with loving care.

As soon as the Chapel is ready, I want to commence a weekly Bible Class and a weekly Discussion Group.

The Bible Class will serve two purposes, for it will help towards a fuller understanding of the Bible and also provide an opportunity in the middle of the week for Christian fellowship and worship together.

The Discussion Group will give us the chance of sharing our knowledge on moral and political questions with a view to preparing ourselves as en-

lightened citizens for the task of reconstruction after the war. Some of us have found that more help can sometimes be derived from free discussion than from formal lectures. We can't expect a better world unless we ourselves are prepared to become better citizens, and that means more knowledge and a right judgment.

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Thought for the Month

"When in the dim beginnings of the years
God mixed in man the rapture and the tears,
And scattered through his brain the starry stuff,
He said, 'Behold, yet this is not enough,
For I must test his spirit to make sure
That he can dare the vision and endure.'

"I will withdraw my face,
Veil Me in shadow for a certain space
And leave only a broken clue,
A crevice where the glory glimmers through;
Some whisper from the sky,
Some footprint in the road to track Me by.

"I will leave man to make the fateful guess,
Will leave him torn between the 'no' and 'yes',
Leave him unresting till he rests in Me
Drawn upward by the choice that makes him free,
Leave him in tragic loneliness to choose
With all on earth to win or all to lose."—Anonymous.

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