



# CAPITOL THEATRE, RED DEER

## Screen Attractions For October 1942

Friday and Saturday, October 16-17

**"THE MAGNIFICENT DOPE"**

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Special Matinee Monday at 4:10 p.m.

Wednesday, Thursday, Oct. 21-22

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of war.

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Ginger Rogers Ray Milland

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday

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OCTOBER



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1942

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



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F/O W. F. MILLER



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L.A.C. HART, J. A.

## Editorial

**T**RAVELLING, by bus, over that familiar highway between the camp and Red Deer, and gazing absently through the window, I was arrested by the amount of colour which the golden corn and the trees, gathering much too rapidly their autumnal tints, afforded. I fell to reflecting on the scene this highway presented a brief six months ago . . . how desolate! Would those bare, black columns of wood, which looked like trees, ever bear foliage? Would those seemingly barren lands ever produce crops? Those were our thoughts.

Then came Spring and the buds appeared and it seemed overnight they were in full leaf, and the Spruce, Poplar and Willow identified themselves. The fields grew heavy with wheat, oats and barley; the summer days came, the crops ripened and the farmers, who found themselves without labour, were assisted in the harvesting by the business people and the Armed Forces.

It may be that the "Dig-for-Victory" slogan, with which everyone was so familiar back home, has made me land-conscious, I know not, but I felt that here, from those very fields, was coming the food—a most important and definite contribution to the United Nations' War Effort—an effort that is gathering momentum daily for the time when its full weight can be thrown against the Axis powers and complete and final victory achieved.

## Bird Life Around Penhold

**I**N this part of Central Alberta, there is much to be seen in the way of bird life for those who have patience and sufficient interest in things alive to be able to stand and wait and watch. Often I have heard people say that those, like myself, who can spend happy hours in the woods and fields away from the crowd, must be blessed with an infinite amount of patience, but I find that where interest is supreme, patience, as far as the urge to be in one's way is concerned, simply does not exist.

This Spring and Summer I spent much of my free time roaming about the country in the immediate vicinity of Penhold. Usually I was away from the better known by-ways as, of course, wild life is usually seen to greater advantage where one does not intrude too frequently. I am not well acquainted with the laws of trespass in this country, but I have found both at home and over here that landowners, almost without exception, do not object to the request of a naturalist to be allowed to prowl about their property, provided he is careful always to leave things as he found them.

It was early in April, when the winter still was not far behind us, that I began to search for signs of nest-building, and it was not long before I found the first magpie's nest, which was then only half completed. Magpies, as is well known, are of little use to the farmer or poultry keeper, and, in fact, do much damage by their stealing of eggs and young birds. Among the wild bird population, also, they create havoc, but the black and white rascals are handsome to see, and a pair here and there, especially if prevented from breeding by the destruction of their eggs, do not of their own accord do a great deal of damage. However, even though their vices far outweighs any good they may do by destroying obnoxious insects, suffice it to say that I allowed one pair whose home I discovered to hatch and rear their young. This particular nest was a new one this year, but I found also many others which were those of past years renovated by the occupiers, as is their labour-saving habit. In this and all other respects, I found the North American magpie to correspond exactly to the European variety. I tried hard to spot some small difference of habit or appearance, but without success. From text books, also, I could discover no differences, but nevertheless, there may be some not exhibited externally which would be apparent to the scientist, but not noticeable by the casual field observer.

The young magpies, when ready to leave the nest, were fascinating creatures in their spotless new black and white feathers. It was at this stage of the nestlings' progress that the parent birds exhibited most concern when a stranger approached their abode, but never did they lose their inborn distrust of man and make their scolding chatter from an open perch. Instead they chose always to swear from the shelter of the screening foliage.

Soon after the first magpie's nest, and before the leaves were fully formed, I began to find nests of the North American crow. These usually were in bushes or low trees between fifteen and twenty-five feet from the ground, and not in positions as elevated as the nests of the European carrion crow. This, of course, was due probably to the lack of high trees in the locality. Relatively, however, the nests were in the same position, always near the top of the trees. I found them to be constructed of the same materials as in the British Isles: externally of sticks and lined with horse or cow hair, roots, bark, etc. Sheep's wool, however, which is a favourite lining material with the carrion crow at home was missing, but would no doubt have been utilized had it been available. The eggs, when they arrived, were identical with those of the carrion crow, which are dark green or sometimes greyish in ground colour, heavily blotched with varying shades of brown—very beautiful eggs I have always thought them. It was interesting to notice

how the sitting birds would leave the nest very quietly and always on the side of the tree away from the approach of man. Their leaving, however, often betrayed the position of a nest to one who knew where to look for it.

The North American crow is similar in size and appearance to the carrion crow, but is more gregarious and spends a lot of its time out of the breeding season in flocks, as does the rook, but in the spring the flocks split up into pairs which nest separately. The flocks reform in the autumn when they move to the warmer and more hospitable south.

In April, great numbers of wild fowl were to be seen. Among these, Mallards predominated and, although many of them moved still farther north to their breeding grounds, a few pairs remained with us to breed here. I found several nests of this beautiful duck and, as is often the case with this species, they were, with one exception, situated remote from water. All were on the ground, some beneath trees in woods, but others were under bushes in the more open country. One situated thus I well remember. On the occasion of its discovery, the bird rose almost from under my feet to reveal the feather-lined depression containing the eggs of familiar duck-egg green. I secured quite a good picture of this nest and left without further annoyance to the owner. When next I was near this nest, I approached its location very stealthily, but evidently the duck was well aware of my coming, as I found the eggs covered carefully with grass and leaves, and only a stray feather sticking through the camouflage revealed their hiding place. This particular duck was not successful in rearing a brood. Her eggs, as is often the fate of those of other ground nesting birds, were stolen, but I cannot say whether by crow, magpie or some other marauder, as on the occasion of my third visit I found only smashed egg shells and nothing to reveal the identity of the destroyer.

In a small wood very close to the Camp, I had the good fortune to come upon a pair of long-eared owls who were in possession of the disused nest of a crow. When I found the nest, the six round white eggs had already

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HARRY P. ELLIS, Manager

been laid and the hen bird was sitting. She proved to be a close sitter, and always remained at her post until I was directly beneath the tree. Then only did she leave, but not until she had shown her disapproval of my intrusion by snapping her beak and hissing at me. While she was thus threatening me, her mate did his best to distract my attention by feigning injury and falling to the ground, always at a discreet distance from me. Then he would drag himself along the ground while uttering sounds of distress, among which was a remarkably cat-like meow. He seemed pleased when I followed him, which I did only to see how close I would be allowed to approach, but always he kept at a safe distance from me. When he judged that I was far enough away from the nest, his injuries would suddenly disappear and he would wing silently away.

I found in the "Yellow Shafted Flicker" a bird most interesting to study. The Flicker is in reality a woodpecker, slightly larger than our green woodpecker in the British Isles, whose laughing cry is a well-known forerunner of rainy weather. The Flicker was common around Penhold last spring, and I came upon many nest holes. These usually were a distance from the ground, varying from four to twelve feet. The nesting sites were discovered in most instances by the presence of the excavated wood chips on the ground at the foot of the trees. When the owners were at home, a few taps on the tree trunks usually produced their exit, but I found that if I froze, even though remaining within four or five feet of the nest hole, the birds would usually return to brood their eggs.

One pair of Flickers whose newly-made home I came upon in a rotten tree had the bad luck to lose the results of their labours when a gale sent the tree crashing to the ground. The wood must have been very soft, for the impact with the ground caused the tree to break at its weakest point, which was where the nesting hollow had been made. After this calamity, I fully expected the birds to make a new home elsewhere, but the hen must have been almost ready to lay, for when I passed that way a week or so later, I found her sitting on her eggs on a pile of wood chippings on the ground. She did not succeed in raising a brood, however, as I found no sign of the bird or eggs a couple of days later. I wonder, did she give up her difficult task, or were her eggs stolen? Some people would dismiss the behaviour of this woodpecker as instinct, but I would rather look upon it as a shining example of the courage of a wild creature in the face of adversity.

—WAYFARER

\* \* \* \* \*

## AN INVITATION

A special invitation is extended to everyone at this Unit to submit reasonable stories, poems, jokes, and any other suitable matter for our Christmas Number. It is hoped to present an enlarged edition for December, but this will only be possible with your help. The Editor is waiting to hear from you. Send in your contribution now.

\* \* \* \* \*

## MARRIAGE

Our best wishes go to Sergt. B. H. Sutherland and Mrs. Sutherland on the occasion of their recent marriage.

## BRAIN-TWISTER

A missionary captured by a tribe of cannibals was condemned to death, but the tribal custom was that the victim should make a short statement. If the tribal chief considered the statement to be true, the victim would be shot with a poisoned arrow; if it were false he would die by fire. The missionary, thinking fast, made a statement, so perplexing that it was impossible to carry out the execution. What did the missionary say? See page 14 for the statement.

\* \* \* \* \*

**DO YOU KNOW** that even though magazine post no longer operates between Canada and Britain, you can still despatch your "Penhold Log" by letter post.

# Headquarters For R. A. F. Supplies

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RED DEER

S.H.Q. Notes

# WISE AND OTHERWISE

By "JOE"

**T**HANKS to the S.M.O. It is well, that we of the R.A.F. have a Medical Section that can handle all our difficulties of a physical nature. Whatever the complaint, it can be cured by someone qualified to prescribe the right thing. These good natured folk just love to give you the needle, or take down your particulars for some purpose or other. But the question frequently asked is just what will the Medical Department do when some of us become grandpas in the service? We shall need bags of water bottles, cough cures, and pink pills, and we shall be so obstinate by that time as to refuse to resign from the R.A.F. So the best thing for S.S.Q. is to start early research into the possibility of fixing some of us up with monkey glands. All this, of course, if the duration turns out to be as long as the pessimists predict. But secretly it is said that apart from cowpox, most strange things are being injected into us. So don't be surprised if you find yourself neighing, or pawing the ground one of these mornings following inoculation.

**GUESS WHO?** Plump and genial and definitely a Northerner. Popular with all who really know him, even though he generally keeps his own counsel. Will help any airman who is in need of it. Sometimes in manner and speech he appears pretty tough, but this is only when someone rubs him the wrong way. Seldom leaves the neighborhood of the Camp, for he has built his whole future life nearby. Will grant any possible concession to those who work with him and for him. His joviality, mimicry, and cheerfulness would be greatly missed should he leave us.

**INVENTORIES.** Hardly a day goes by but what one sees on D.R.O.'s something about Inventories. Of course, most of us have not the slightest idea of the meaning of the word. However, some game seems to have been devised whereby Inventories are passed from hand to hand every few days, so that before one can appreciate just what one is responsible for, the whole thing is passed on to someone else. The point is, though, how did we manage without these things before the war, and how can we face civilian life again minus Inventories? One thing only can be done. Inventories must be introduced into our homes, and the whole thing will work something like this. . . . "Oh, William, you will change bedrooms with Horace tonight; just sign for this water-jug, bed-warmer, corn-plaster, etc." And what a job when the wife goes on vacation alone, leaving Dad in charge.

**MUSICAL APPRECIATION.** A successful Musical Group has been formed at the Station, filling quite an educational and recreational need. Credit is due to those responsible for the suggestion. The melodies are of the classical variety, and appear to be well chosen. Several airmen have asked that a "swing" section might be formed also, in order that the modern trend of musical exposition be more clearly understood. Is there someone willing to take the lead?

**EXCITEMENT!** Some of us occasionally feel the need for a little excitement, and the Camp itself does not always provide it. But there is always a certain method. Take a "S" bus to Red Deer, for there is one particular young man who not only drives, but also attempts to pilot the vehicle. First he'll bank

towards the right ditch, then the left, bumping from side to side in an alarming manner. Next we all shoot forward whilst a proposed overtake is abandoned. Finally, when one does roll into Red Deer, it is felt that there are still some hazards on the ground.

**ON GOING HOME.** Just at present, considerable Orderly Room activity is taking place in connection with the completion of tour of duty of 212 Draft. By the time these notes are read you will have made the momentous decision. The question: "Are you willing to remain in Canada?" will have been answered. Well, whichever way it is, Canada will, I am sure, still be the perfect host to those who remain. For those who return, a really splendid memory of Canada's welcome will always be with them.

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RED DEER

## Entertainments

**O**CTOBER will see the beginning of our full winter programme of entertainments. Wednesday nights are reserved for Dances and Concerts. Except on those nights when there is a Concert, which will probably be twice monthly, there will be a Dance for one or other of the Sections.

After the Cinema Show on Sunday nights, beginning at 20.15 hours, there will be some kind of entertainment, and we hope so to vary the fare that everyone will find something to satisfy them. You may not like it, but there will be someone else to whom it will appeal. Each show will conclude with a sing-song and brief epilogue.

The programme for the next few days will be as follows:

Sunday, 4th October—Concert by Dance Band.

Sunday, 11th October—Brains Trust.

Wednesday, 14th October—Dance.

Sunday, 18th October—Talent Spotting Competition.

Wednesday, 21st October—Concert by Lifebuoy Follies.

Sunday, 25th October—Miscellaneous Concert.

Wednesday, 28th October—Dance.

Sunday, 1st November—"Popular Classics," by Music Appreciation Group

Wednesday, 4th November—Concert by Command Concert Party.

Sunday, 8th November—Concert by Station Choir.

Wednesday, 11th November—Dance.

Sunday, 15th November—Debate or Brains Trust.

Wednesday, 18th November—Concert by Kiwanis Concert Party of Edmonton.

**THE CHOIR** meets for practise every Monday and Thursday in the Chapel, and is always pleased to see visitors and to welcome new members. It's good to sing with them, being the best form of Recreational P.T., and it's certainly a tonic to hear them.

**THE DISCUSSION GROUP** meets every Tuesday in the Chapel for frank consideration of those subjects which will prepare us for a fuller citizenship in the post-war world.

**THE MUSIC APPRECIATION GROUP** meets every Wednesday and Friday in the Chapel at 20.00 hours. The programme lasts approximately two hours.

*Red Deer Advocate*

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# “Cookhouse Gen”

By “THE HEAD COOK AND BOTTLEWASHER”

WE, the Staff of the Airmen's Mess, were surprised almost to the point of amazement by the unexpected compliment paid to this establishment in a certain article which appeared in the previous issue of the “Penhold Log.” Though this praise is undoubtedly due us, we feel that it is slightly premature, but we do hope, with co-operation, to continue these improvements until the nearest thing to perfection is achieved. Of course, as is usual, the Mess is made the subject of complaints, very cleverly turned into excuses for missing parades, being late on duty, and scrounging of a similar nature. We wonder if anyone thinks of the repercussion on the Staffs of the Mess Halls and Kitchen? Evidently not, or they would not do it—or would they? You know the sort of complaints that we mean: “Well, Sir, the tea was not ready and I had to stand in a queue for an hour while the cooks were making it. Then again, Sir, the mushrooms took an extra 30 minutes to cook, consequently I am two hours late for work, and now I am due to finish. Will you sign my chit, Sir?”

We regret to announce the loss of two valuable men from our Staff. One, a Junior N.C.O., who has left us to take up his former position as C.S.E. (Chief Saw Engineer); the other unfortunate has remustered to that worthy trade of “Grass Cutter,” or should I say “Hairdresser” (High Class)? It is high class, is it not, Donald?

That being all for our ex-staff, now we have the pleasure of announcing the identity of our new N.C.O. He was at one time the Local Inn Keeper, and now assumes the duties of Supervisor for No. 1 Dining Hall. This, however, does not mean that free beer will be issued in lieu of grapefruit juice, or that Dart Boards are to form part of our new improvements. The new N.C.O. carries on with as much efficiency as did the old one, and has the same punch, once, I believe, seen at the “Y” Reading Room.

“The mystery of the Rissoles still remains a secret.” If “Joe” ever finds out about it, someone will have to answer for it—and then we will all be on Iron Rations (except the Cooks, of course).

\* \* \* \* \*

## COOKIE

If you want to get on in the Air  
Force  
There's 'undreds of things you  
must do,  
And durin' six months as a rookie,  
I've tried a consid-rable few.  
An' out of my trials and troubles,  
I've learnt what you can't learn  
from books,  
An' tell you the golden rule is  
Always keep in with the cooks.

For the drills may be 'ighly distaste-  
ful,  
An' the marchin' may worry your  
feet,  
But a nice cupper tea in the cook  
house  
Will smooth down your feathers a  
treat.

An' you'll find that the W.O.'s  
sarcasm  
An' the corporal's piercin'est look  
Quite 'armlessly slide off the well-  
nourished hide  
Of the chap who keeps in with  
the cook.

So remember 'is face may be smoky,  
But 'is kitchen's an 'aven of rest,  
An' drop 'im a fag when you've got  
one,  
An' count yourself one of the blest.  
An' in future when C.O.'s get shirty  
An' Adjutants fly off the 'ooks,  
You can say to yourself, “Ah, pore  
fellers,  
Why don't they keep in with the  
cooks?”

—“Chinook,” Lethbridge.

## Station Choir Gives Concert

THE R.A.F. Male Voice Choir presented their first concert of the season in the Red Deer United Church on Wednesday, October 7th. Under the direction of their conductor, AC Arthur Brown, the Choir rendered a varied programme consisting of choruses, comedy and part songs, and several members gave solos. The soloists were in fine form, and the organist and pianist gave excellent service, as well as rendering solos which were especially appreciated by the large crowd present. The whole show was polished and the choir and soloists are to be congratulated upon their initial performance.

Group Captain W. B. Farrington, D.S.O., and several senior officers were present, and there were about three hundred in the auditorium who joined heartily in the community singing. One can state with confidence that our singing airmen have improved considerably since the last performance, and the addition of expertly sung part songs was a delightful feature of the programme.

The Choir were pleased by the hearty reception accorded them, and are looking forward to another musical evening in Red Deer in the near future.

\* \* \* \* \*

An insurance agent, making out a policy for a cowpuncher, asked if he had ever had an accident. "No," replied the cowboy, but by way of being helpful he said, "That a

bronco once bust a couple of ribs, and a rattle snake bit me a couple of years ago." "Well," said the agent, "don't you call them accidents?" "No, they done it on purpose."

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# VICTORY

YET another trophy came to Penhold on Saturday, October 3rd. This time it was the Lon Cavanaugh Soccer Trophy which our team won after a really gruelling and exciting game, witnessed by several thousand spectators from all parts of this Province. Everyone was eagerly looking forward to this final match with No. 37 S.F.T.S., Calgary, the winners of the trophy last year. While our team was undergoing stiff training, our loyal supporters were preparing to give the team all possible encouragement and support. We congratulate the team, and certainly most of the credit must be theirs, but they do not forget the supporters who, thanks to the co-operation and keenness of the Commanding Officer, played a very real part in Penhold's victory. The arrival of our supporters in Calgary, decked in the Station's colours of Red and White, was reminiscent of the pre-war Cup-Ties in the Old Country.

The match commenced promptly at 7:30 p.m. and was played in floodlight throughout. The pace of the match was extremely fast from the outset, and continued to be so throughout the game. The play was nothing short of scintillating in parts and was worthy of two English First Division teams. The Calgary team were the first to attack, but our stalwart defenders soon cleared the ball to begin an offensive movement which, after some brilliant combination work of our inside forwards, culminated in a really first class goal by St. George. The applause was terrific. The Penhold supporters whooped for joy. Ten minutes later St. George repeated the performance, netting the ball well out of the goalkeeper's reach. From this time on the match became a really ding-dong struggle, the Calgary team doing their utmost to penetrate our defence, and a short while before half-time their efforts met with success. A fine goal by Ward, the Calgary inside-left, made the score 2-1 for Penhold when the whistle blew. The players left the field for their dressing rooms amid roaring cheers, and the staccato P-E-N-H-O-L-D could be heard above the rest of the cheering.

Much refreshed after the interval, both teams started the second half at a pace which was indicative of the fine pitch of physical fitness their training had achieved. One moment the ball was being shot at the Calgary goal, the next F/O Attwater was admirably defending the Penhold goal, and a few minutes later Rae, the Calgary outside right, who had been forcing our goalkeeper to give of his best play, scored an excellent goal which placed his team at level pegging with ours. Which team would win, no one could say at this stage, both teams playing the game of their lives. The crowd was tense with excitement, some of the spectators bordering on a nervous breakdown. Shortly after, W/O Sabin eased the minds of the Penhold fans by taking quick advantage of an opportunity for scoring. It was a perfect goal, bringing wild cheers of excitement from our supporters. Near the end of the game, the outcome of the match was made quite definite by F/O Sewell scoring a goal to make the score 4-2 to Penhold, and leaving Calgary insufficient time to make up the discrepancy. The match was an exceptionally clean one, and the Calgary team put up a sterling fight, there being little to choose between the two teams, but, as the newspapers say, Calgary were proud to admit they were beaten by a better team.

At the final whistle, the crowd, headed by the Penhold supporters, surged forward on to the field, hoisted the players shoulder high, and the cheers and shouting were positively deafening. The sight was one which will long be remembered. LAC Wilkinson, our captain, who had played a sparkling game, was presented with the Trophy amid roars of delight from the Penhold fans.

In conclusion of this account of the match, it seems appropriate that we express our appreciation to AC Jones, our Football Secretary, and the

Committee, who have had to bear with a smile all the "kicks," and by whose untiring efforts, Penhold has asserted her superiority in the Alberta Football League.

The Team: Goal—F/O Attwater. Backs—AC Hopwood and LAC Corns. Halves—LAC Waddlelow, LAC Robertson and LAC Wilkinson (captain). Forwards—F/O Sewell, AC Houghton, W/O Sabin, LAC St. George and AC Cowell.

\* \* \* \* \*

We know of a pilot officer of the Royal Canadian Air Force who is walking moodily around his camp these days kicking at loose objects, all because of things that happened to him while he was on leave in New York recently. First of all, a matronly woman, of the imperious or Boadicea type, hailed him as he stood on the steps of his hotel watching the crowds go by. "Porter," she commanded, "get that boy out here with my bags at once." Next thing the pilot officer knew he was riding on a Fifth Avenue bus beside a dear old lady belonging to the Mother Machree school of behaviourism. Smiling so sweetly at him, she said: "You know, I feel so safe when you men are driving; but I don't like taxi drivers. They

terrify me." On another occasion the R.C.A.F. man was mistaken for a cop, and for a member of the F.B.I. Most frequently and, he admits, rather deflatingly, New Yorkers thought he was an Air Cadet. Maybe Mayor LaGuardia could do something.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### ANSWER (Brain-Twister)

The missionary's statement was: "I will die by fire." If the chief decided it was true, execution would have to be by shooting. But that would make the statement false, and so the victim would have to be burned. But if he were burned, the statement would become true, thus prohibiting an execution reserved for liars.

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## “Stranger Than Fiction”

THE saying that truth is stranger than fiction is as well known as bombs are to London. It is even used as a title to film shorts which are made at Hollywood and which we see at the Y.M.C.A. Cinema Show. Seeing this film so often has brought to my mind a story which, in my opinion, should have this title for its heading, and so here I find myself sitting down with pen and paper and hoping that the Editor will be kind enough to accept it.

Just on two years ago, I, a newly fledged Pilot, was posted to a seaplane base somewhere in England. I found that life was much the same as on my last station, for I was still under instruction. My first night in the mess was rather a merry one, as there were quite a few of us from my last station. I had ordered a dozen beers up, and while I was waiting for their appearance, got into conversation with a tall, fair-haired, Flight-Sergeant, and after a few casual remarks he asked me if I happened to know who my instructor was to be. On my reply being to the effect that he was a certain F/Lt. Willays, the Flight-Sergeant seemed to find some cause for amusement. To say that this gave me some uneasiness was to say the least, and I promptly tackled him on the subject. Then he came out with the petty information (I thought) that this new instructor of mine suffered from a very bad habit of absent-mindedness. “Why,” he continued, “I could tell you a dozen stories about old Willy,” and here he again gave a deep chuckle which seemed to cause the little group which had gathered almost unnoticed around us, to draw even closer, for there is nothing so interesting as a good story, and this guy looked as if he could spin a yarn, be it true or otherwise; for I will not personally vouch for its authenticity. Here it is, anyway.

It was about eight months ago that Willy came to this station, and naturally we knew nothing of his absent-mindedness, but, he added chuckling, we soon did. If I remember rightly, the Flight continued; we had Course No. — on at the time I am speaking of, and for the first week everything went very smoothly, and then suddenly one night this story went around like wild-fire and for days it was all the camp spoke about. I believe it even got into the local rag, although an effort was made to hush it up as far as possible. The story, according to the pupil who was with Willy at the time, was this: At 09.50 hours, pupil and instructor took off, and for some time everything went alright. Then about 11.30 hours when the ship was heading home, the instructor went dumb, for no matter what the pupil said there was no answer and this went on for almost ten minutes. Suddenly, just as if nothing had happened, old Willy came back to life again, and started to give instructions in his usual manner. Well, continued the Flight-Sergeant, that was the beginning, but later when the kite was nearly over its base, the same thing happened again and they carried on until they arrived over a drome some considerable way inland. It was later found out by some clever lad, that it was Willy's last station. However, whether it was or not, he did try to land the seaplane on the cement runway. The pupil told me that he could almost hear the Angels playing their harps. But he yelled so loudly from fright that Willy just came out of his dream in time and managed to get the kite up in the air again. Willy was extremely annoyed and exclaimed very angrily that he was in charge of the ship and knew what he was doing, explaining that he had come down to identify the station. The pupil was so taken aback that he made no further remark. A definite coolness was felt between the instructor and the pupil for the remainder of the flight. They were soon back again over their original base. The touchdown was perfect, for Willy seemed to have a firm hold upon himself as though conscious that he had made good his former error. They glided in and the plane finally came to rest about ten yards from the jetty. The pupil and instructor unfastened their numerous buckles and before the amazed eyes of the pupil, Willy opened the hatch and jumped down. The splash was terrific!—R.W.D.

## CRICKET

Rain has interfered with a few of the inter-section games, but in spite of the uncertain weather, a full programme of matches was completed. The results of the inter-section games are as follows:—

28th August—Flying Wing 75, Maintenance Wing 38.

3rd September—Flying Wing 60 for 7; The Rest 49.

9th September—Flying Wing 45; Maintenance Wing 16.

Two away matches, against No. 4

I.T.S. and a representative Edmonton side, were played during the month and resulted as follows:

13th September—No. 4 I.T.S., 66; No. 36 S.F.T.S., 106 for 6.

20th September — Edmonton, 144; No. 36 S.F.T.S., 197 for 9 declared.

We heartily congratulate the Cricket team on their victories and hope that when the next cricket season opens they will be able to maintain their winning form.

• • • • •

## Pointers for New Arrivals

On arriving at the Airport, you should make it your first duty to pay the Station Warrant Officer a visit; a man for whom nobody need have any fear, for he has been specially chosen for his big heart and most friendly manner. If, on making his acquaintance, you make a point of letting him know all your likes and dislikes, your stay here will be made far more comfortable.

For example, if you have been in the habit of having your bed by the window, you need only mention it to him and he will make it his personal duty to see that you have it so. Another point while on the subject of beds, if from time to time you would like a "lie-in," the Orderly Sergeant shall receive instructions to see that you are not disturbed. These things may appear very matter-of-fact and trivial to you, but they ensure the comfort and happy running of this modern Air Force.

Kit inspections and P.T. may sometimes seem a little monotonous, but you should persevere, remembering, of course, not to overtire yourself. If during one such parade you feel like a rest or a smoke, just fall out and explain to the N.C.O., but it is best not to smoke whilst actually on parade, for in the best of circles it is considered discourteous.

Should you be in Red Deer and

espise an officer to whom you have not been introduced, don't ignore him, just raise your cap and pass on. If you are in the happy position of having been introduced, you may add the word "Hello" to your greeting, but care should be taken never to say "Hi-ya!"

As you may have found, there is a certain amount of etiquette in all large undertakings: this is applicable at this institution. Never slap an N.C.O. on the back when greeting him. Do not wander in and out of the Officers' Mess as if you owned the place—wait until you are invited. If you feel like having a week-end, it is just as well to advise your section Officer of what you have in mind.

When at the "Armouries," don't pinch the officers' partners: they have a terrible job finding them and it is only fair that they should be allowed to enjoy their little pleasures. Again, do not ask your girl friend to the camp for tea or supper without first notifying the head chef. This gives him the opportunity to provide an additional tasty dish. Drinking and cards in the Barrack huts is not encouraged, but if you wish to throw a party on your birthday, then it can easily be arranged.

Remembering those hints, your stay here, I am sure, will be most pleasant.



“Regina by Night,” from Hotel Saskatchewan—(Courtesy F.-Lt. Flynn)



Fishing for Trout at Cameron Falls, Waterton Lakes  
National Park, Alberta, Canada



Pheasant Shooting in Alberta



Combines Working on Farm at Nobleford, Alberta

# Maintenance Wing Notes

**H**ITHERTO Maintenance Wing have preserved a fairly dignified silence, in fact, have upheld the tradition of that time-honoured adage, "Strong and silent." Tremendous tasks have been performed, but our light, hidden under the proverbial bushel—actually we are twice as good as we think we are!

It is, with extreme pleasure, that we can record that our Chief, W/Cdr. M. F. G. Mill, is on the road to rapid recovery from an illness which came with startling suddenness.

The friendly atmosphere of the Orderly Room causes a continual stream of visitors, but with the introduction of a "Swear Box," it is singularly noticeable that there is a lack of enthusiasm in the visits now. Even the most hard-bitten old sweats have been heard to remark, "Frightfully dull, isn't it?"

Some of our original N.C.O.s are leaving us this month—we wish them God-speed and happy hunting. W/O Bunn, who has been so unsparing in his efforts, both in work and the mess, bids us adieu, and will shortly be waving good-bye to the shores of Canada from the blunt end of the boat. We wish him bon voyage.

It is not the intention to indulge in pen portraits, as the imagination and descriptive abilities of some of the personnel may lead to disastrous results.

The brevity of this article is not only due to lack of material, but also to the fact that all our days are just crammed with His Majesty's business.

**SHORT STORY:**—Kindly Recruiting Sergeant (gently): "What's yer trade?"  
Ray Recruit (timidly): "Anti-aircraft hand."

## "HOW'S YOUR MATHS?"

1. How long will it take two pipes, one 1-inch in diameter, the other  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inches in diameter, to fill a tank that is filled by a single pipe of  $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inches in diameter in 20 minutes?
2. How much will a spherical iron ball weigh that is  $3\frac{1}{5}$  inches in diameter, if iron weighs 7 times as much as water?
3. What will be the area rolled by a roller over two trips down the side of a square piece of land, 160 acres, if the roller is 12 feet long and 7 feet in diameter?
4. How many revolutions will a bicycle wheel make in travelling 2 miles, if the diameter of the wheel is 28 inches?
5. A stone wall is 6 feet high, 4 feet wide at the bottom, 2 feet wide at the top, and is 40 yards long. How much will it cost to build at 40¢ per cubic yard?
6. How many Canadian cent-pieces may be made out of a cylinder of copper 9 inches high, 2 inches in diameter, if each cent is  $\frac{1}{16}$  inch in thickness and  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch in diameter?

(Answers on Page 29. Wait! Work them out first.)

—MLR.

# SERVICES

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We carry lines of haberdashery to suit your requirements, including the agency for the very well and favorably known DACK SHOES.

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RED DEER

# The Horse Race Exchange

By "VAN"

AS a stranger on this great Continent, I found myself walking the sidewalks of Vancouver in British Columbia, when I met a young man of seemingly friendly nature. He had stopped me very politely to enquire about a certain building he could not find. His name, he said, was Stevens, and he had just arrived from Saskatchewan. The strange coincidence of two strangers running into one another led to us both agreeing to have lunch together in one of the restaurants. It so happened that Stevens stepped on something underneath the table. Picking it up, he informed me that he had found a wallet, and looking into it found that it contained a fifty-dollar banknote and some papers. There was also the address of the owner—Mr. S. Smith, Room 510, at a certain hotel on Granville Street. We decided to return the wallet immediately after lunch. Mr. Smith, a man in his fifties, of dark complexion, talking on the phone as we entered his room, was a nervous wreck. In an hysterical voice, he shouted at us, "Who are you—what do you want—out with it, man—I'm in a hurry," and then recovering himself, replaced the phone and came towards us, apologising for his behaviour.

"What can I do for you gentlemen?" "Well," Mr. Stevens explained, "we have found a wallet, and as your address was written on one of the envelopes, we thought it best to come up and find out, and here it is!" Mr. Smith did not hesitate to jump at the wallet and, holding it in his hands, went nearly crazy again. "Gentlemen, gentlemen, I can hardly believe this possible! This is what kept me phoning all morning, without result. How can I reward you?" "Nothing at all," replied Mr. Stevens, "it was a pleasure for us to be of help to you," but Mr. Smith handed over the fifty dollars as a little reward to Mr. Stevens, expressing the hope that he might have a good time with it. Just as we were going, Mr. Smith asked if we had any knowledge of the contents of the papers in the wallet. "Yes," said Stevens, "we read almost everything in order to find out if they were of any value, and according to them you must have a very interesting business, with lots of money involved." "Oh, you did?" said Smith. "In that case, my friends, I shall have to explain things to you before you go. Please sit down."

"My friends," said Smith, "this is strictly confidential, and I trust that you will keep it to yourselves. I am an agent bonded with \$80,000 of my own to a Horse Racing Company in New York. These horse races are operated without newspaper publicity; only rich people or exclusive clubs in possession of membership are at the time fully informed where or when a race is to start and what horses will be in it. The lowest bet accepted is \$100, as it would otherwise not be possible to keep up the expenses of the Company. My business is to travel from one big city to another all over the U.S.A. and Canada. I receive full information about any race, when it is to be held and which horses are to win. It is my duty to put a substantial amount of money on these horses and send in the collected totals to the Company. At the same time it is impossible for me to make any profit on my own except my salary, as I have a partner who controls the Company's capital and checks orders and regulations so that nothing goes wrong. We are authorised to issue Company's cheques on certain banks in each city where amounts have been placed in advance. All is kept in strict secrecy, and should it happen that anyone got to know about it, either through my neglect, or by trying to make profit for myself, I would lose the \$80,000 with which I had to be bonded as an active member and agent of the Company. This, my friends, may give you a good idea what would have happened to me had you not brought back this wallet with these most important papers. I must hurry now, and therefore beg you to leave as a race is to come up in a few min-

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utes, and I must put in my bet on the Horse Race Exchange office a little way down the street."

At this point I didn't really know what to think, everything sounded so strange. Could this be reality? Could races be fixed? My head was in a whirl, yet, I had to wait for Mr. Stevens who seemed to want to persuade Mr. Smith to add his \$50 reward to his bet for this next race. Mr. Smith flew off the handle again, started cursing and lamenting at the thought of such a thing. But finally, in a friendly way, accepted, handed over a race ticket and invited Stevens to accompany him to the exchange office to deposit the cheque with an additional \$50 of his own. I was to stay in the room to wait for their return. In about twenty minutes, both returned happy with success, and about \$200 net, not to mention Mr. Smith's deal for the Company.

"My friends, I think you have now been sufficiently rewarded for the good turn you did me. You have made enough money for to-day, and I hope you keep this business secret. Goodbye and thank you again."

Out in the hallway, Mr. Stevens whispered to me enthusiastically: "This is the kind of business I have long been waiting for; we have got Smith cornered, so let's play the game again." Without awaiting my answer he went in again, and I followed shortly after to find that Smith had Stevens on the floor, trying to choke him, and looking as if he were willing to snuff out his life. Instantly I threw myself on Smith and applied the same method, but with a little more effect. He had to release his grip on Stevens to save himself. As before, he changed quickly to normal, apologising for having lost his temper once more. After a while he agreed to cut us in once more, and away they went to bet on another race, Stevens returning shortly with \$600 in cash. Thankfully putting the money in his coat pocket and calling it a day, he asked me to follow him outside. Just as we rang for the elevator, Mr. Smith called us back. He wanted to make a proposition to us, providing we were interested in it. On returning with him, he came forward very frankly, saying, "I have helped you twice, and now I would like you to help me by joining with me for the last race of the day. The three of us will then make a good finish. My partner has just phoned me that he will be absent for at least two hours. This will give me a chance to write a cheque for \$2,000 on the Company's account and replace it after the race. With your \$1,100 we will clear about 16 thousand dollars in all, to be split three ways."

We agreed to this, and signed our names on the back of the cheque which was to be paid in by Stevens, who then received the following instructions from Mr. Smith. "You are to collect the money at the wicket next to where you paid in. Take this newspaper to wrap around it, so that no one will see you carrying so much money. Do not question or answer anyone with whom you come in contact, but come right back here again." Stevens went happily on his way. Twenty minutes went by and an air of unrest came over Smith, who could not understand such a delay. Finally Stevens arrived, his face a picture of conflicting emotions. "Did you get the money?" asked Mr. Smith at once. "Yes," replied Stevens, "I had it in my hands, when the Manager himself confronted me and took it away, explaining that he would deliver it personally to you in a very short time." This, of course, was too much for Mr. Smith, who went up in the air, letting fly at Stevens who stood there like a wet week, wondering what would happen next. Mr. Smith, by now almost beside himself, was jumping about like a jack-in-the-box, when a knock came to the door. "Come in," said Smith, and without more ado a slim, pale and rather tall figure sidled in and introduced himself as the Manager of the Horse Race Company. He had come to see Mr. Smith and deliver \$16,000 in cash. Digging into his coat pocket, he brought out the money, partly wrapped in a newspaper. Throwing it on the table, he said, "Mr. Smith, there is the money, it is yours; but as far as the two gentlemen who signed the cheque are concerned, I must find out if they would have been able to pay their bet in cash had they not backed the winner. I will have to take the money back again and keep it until you are able to show me the amount in cash to cover the cheque. If not—the \$16,000 will go back

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**WE INVITE YOU to come in and see these, and urge you to make  
your selection NOW while stocks are complete.**

**YOU DON'T HAVE TO worry about wrapping and packing your  
gifts for overseas—we will gladly do this for you without  
charge, with any merchandise you purchase in our store.  
We pack them well, too.**

**REMEMBER! We stock a very good selection of Christmas Cards,  
Ladies' Cosmetic Sets, Ladies' Dresser Sets, Manicure Sets,  
Perfumes, Fountain Pens and Pencils, Boxed Chocolates,  
Gift Stationery, Electric Razors, Shaving Sets, Smokers'  
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**RED DEER, ALTA.**

to the Company." He then picked up his bundle of bank notes and disappeared, leaving us to solve this problem.

Mr. Smith flung himself on the couch; Stevens, in a daze, draped himself over an arm chair. As for me, I did not know whether I was on my head or my heels. "What are you going to do now?" I demanded. "We are completely sunk if we can't raise the wind," replied Smith, "and it will be up to you both to see that we produce the \$2,000. All I have is a little over \$400; that will leave \$1,600 to be covered by you two." "I can manage \$600," said Stevens. This left me to make up the balance of \$1,000 to put the matter right. "I will have to consult my wife; explain things and have her sign the cheque on our joint account, which can be cashed at 10 o'clock at the bank tomorrow morning," said I. Stevens and I then made arrangements for our next meeting, arranging to have breakfast at half-past nine in the restaurant we had visited before. At ten o'clock we would see Smith again at the hotel.

Leaving Mr. Smith, we wished each other good luck for the morrow. To be outside was most refreshing after having been for over four hours in an atmosphere so dense and so tense. I felt free again and tried to divorce my thoughts from the hotel room, without success. Everything seemed strange as I walked along. The whole city had changed: even noises sounded different. I was blind to everything. I had only one desire—to get away from all this, to hurry home where I could rest and talk things over with my wife.

"My poor boy," exclaimed she, who had long been awaiting my return, "where have you been?" and I told her my story. "Now listen to me," said she. "Firstly, it is impossible for anyone to make so much money at once; Smith and Stevens are, in my estimation, professional swindlers. They think you're ripe for the plucking. But you are at home now and can give yourself time to think. Am I right or wrong? Think it over and then decide what you intend to do." This was a new aspect to the situation! I tried to free myself from all influence of the past few hours. I started to weigh one thing against the other. Slowly my normal vision of things restored itself, and there it was—a complete picture of the whole racket in which I was innocently involved, and with only a limited time left to stop their little game.

"Holy smoke," I shouted, "that was a close call. You are right in your estimate of Smith and Stevens, and I have decided to turn the matter over to the police at once." In the City Detective Office I was informed that they had long been looking for racketeers of this kind, since a lot of people had already lost their money, and with the offer of my help they were more than anxious to lay hands on them at once. We made a plan for the following day, in which we hoped to meet Smith, Stevens and the Manager of the Horse Race Exchange at the same time, so we could get the three together, if possible. The following morning after breakfast in the restaurant, I walked with Stevens to the hotel where Smith was to await us. We were both in very good humour, as everything now seemed perfect. All of a sudden we ran into Smith, who, with the Manager of the Horse Race Exchange, had been on the look-out for us. He explained that his partner at present was in his room and therefore he had to take us to another place to complete the business. We all turned round and started to walk back in the direction from which we had come. By now, the time for action had arrived. I gave my pre-arranged sign, unnoticed by the others, to the detectives who were right at hand and they lost no time in clapping their shining little handcuffs on all three, turning a completely deaf ear to Mr. Smith, by now shedding crocodile tears.

"Brother," beamed the first detective, "we are delighted to meet you. We knew you were at large, and if you will deign to step into our car for a little ride, we can assure you of a long and pleasant visit." When they were searched, they had on them \$20,000 dollars in Mexican dud notes, the total "wealth" for which we had spent so many hours and so much trouble at this marvelous "Horse Race Exchange."

# A I R M E N

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For Your Entertainment

# R.A.F. Cinema, Penhold

## A Matter of Policy

YOU may be a little perturbed at the increasing number of "war" pictures now being released in this country, and usually suitable only for home consumption in the U.S.A. because of their propaganda value. To avoid booking this type of picture may appear to be simple at first sight, but there are a number of factors that control this apparently straightforward process of choosing programmes.

Since a typical Contract with a film company includes the showing of perhaps twenty or thirty features over a period of as long as twelve months, it can be seen that booking becomes more or less a matter of selecting the film companies whose product is most suitable for the Cinema concerned. At the moment, however, practically every Hollywood company is producing a large proportion of pictures with war themes, so that it is impossible to cut them out altogether. Of course, it is possible to cut out any particular film which appears to be more unsuitable than the majority, but this process cannot be carried too far, as one finds eventually that the company in question has not made sufficient good films to fill the Contract, so that Second Features have to be inserted to complete the deal.

Why are there so many of these War Pictures! Well, to the Americans, who are still at home and remote from cannon and bombs, the War is yet something in the nature of adventure. It is a phase, and inevitably the war emotions of the audiences will progress to the stage now reached in England where the public demands an opportunity to go to the Cinema without having to witness bloodshed and fighting during their relaxation period. It is poor recompense to know that the same films are being shown to audiences throughout this continent, but it does serve to remind us of the American outlook and the type of picture being demanded in the States, because Hollywood makes the pictures on the results of the Box Office, which can be considered, to a great extent, the ballot box of the multitudes.

To off-set the present Hollywood trend to produce ever-increasing numbers of American War films, English films are being shown at week-ends as much as possible; one or two of these films have war themes, but they will be found to be of different texture and entertainment value. Therefore, when it is not possible to book British pictures, for the supply of British features available in this country, unfortunately, appears to be limited in both type and quantity, American films of light entertainment value will be chosen.—P.J.G.

P.S.—It was a great pleasure to screen "The Stars Look Down" last month as the opening British feature of the Winter season. Nearly half the Camp came to see it, and there was little doubt that the change in accent and the splendid acting provided a pleasant change from the American films that have become so much a part of our existence.

## This Month's Review

"SON OF FURY." The Players—Tyrone Power, George Sanders, Gene Tierney.

Escape from to-day's troubles into the world of England's King George III is to be had in these adventures of Tyrone Power, depicted with the realism, grandeur and grimness of Darryl Zanuck's talent applied to a subject of his liking. Mr. Power portrays a young man who has been deprived of his noble birthright by an uncle who holds him in bondage, treating him brutally

during childhood and attempting to extend his mastery into manhood by means of imprisonment. The young man escapes from England aboard a sailing vessel, finds a wife and a fortune in pearls on a Pacific island, returns to England to reclaim his birthright, thwart his uncle, bestow his worldly goods upon his friends and, having put his world to rights, returns to the island and his wife who has awaited him there.

### The Month's Programmes

- October** 15th—"CROSSROADS," with William Powell and Hedy Lamarr.  
 17th—"40,000 HORSEMEN," with Grant Taylor and Betty Bryant.  
 20th—"PACIFIC BLACKOUT," with Robert Preston and Martha O'Driscoll.  
 22nd—"THE MAYOR OF 44th STREET," with George Murphy and Anne Shirley.  
 24th—"I MARRIED AN ANGEL," with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.  
 27th—"ARE HUSBANDS NECESSARY," with Ray Milland and Betty Field.  
 29th—"SON OF FURY," with Tyrone Power and George Sanders.  
 31st—"NEUTRAL PORT," with Will Fyfe and Leslie Banks.

### Cartoon News

George Pal, producer of the clever Puppetoon series of Madcap Models, has signed a new Contract with Paramount Pictures for eight cartoons for the 1942-43 season, all to be made in Technicolour.

There's one showing this month, on the 27th October, entitled, "Tulips Shall Grow."

## Thank You

I wish to take this opportunity to thank the Officers and Airmen of Penhold for their splendid patronage during the past year.—ERNIE SALT.

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## Y. M. C. A. Notes

**READING ROOM SERVICES:**—The new fireplace adds the final touch needed to make the already comfortable Reading Room quite homelike. Evidently the rough stonework is quite new to some men of the Station—one asked, "Are these stones to be covered over with bricks?" The builder almost dropped a hundred-pound stone on his toe! This type of fireplace is quite common in summer cottages and mountain cabins here, but is somewhat too rough and massive for use in any but the largest of living rooms in town houses. The cost of the fireplace was met by the Service Institute.

Owing to many difficulties caused by wartime conditions in Britain, it has become necessary to withdraw the service of sending flower orders to Britain by cable.

**LIBRARY SERVICES:**—A summary of library rules is published here to facilitate library services:

1. A book may be borrowed for 7 days.
2. Books being borrowed **must** be listed on the record sheets.
3. Only one book may be borrowed at a time.
4. A fine of 2¢ per day is charged for overdue books. Money thus received is spent on new books.
5. On returning books, please place them on the table in the inner office.

There is a small library of technical books kept in the inner office. These may be secured during the regular library hours.

**ICE HOCKEY:**—All who are interested in this sport are urged to investigate the possibility of forming a team in their section. An organization meeting will be held sufficiently early to draw up a schedule for play when ice is available. All equipment except skates will be provided.

**CINEMA NOTES:**—The times of showing of Y.M.C.A. pictures will soon be changed so that the Service Cinema and the Y.M.C.A. Cinema will be held at the same hours. If possible, an afternoon show will be held on either Monday or Friday for the benefit of those who work at night and are therefore unable to attend evening shows.

**CANTEEN SERVICES:**—A stone fireplace is now being constructed in the Canteen. This will be a welcome addition to the amenities of the Canteen. This also is paid for by the Service Institute. There is one problem in the Canteen which, if solved, would add greatly to the convenience of both customers and staff, and would also facilitate faster service. If the deposit taken on bottles and cups could be eliminated, it would speed up service considerably. Though there is an order forbidding the taking of bottles or cups from the Canteen, the order is often disregarded, and a deposit is therefore necessary. If you have the solution to this dilemma, we shall be very pleased to hear it. A prize is offered for a satisfactory solution.—A. Allen, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor.

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Charlie Chuck

Geo. Moon

## "D" Flight Frolics - III

The pupils had just passed the solo stage, and so it was that we sat around the crewroom the other morning, balancing bottles of orangeade on our knees and chatting about little things like the arrival of AF/O Psmith's daughter, and the chances of going home on to operations.

"You know," said Sgt. Leggbuy, in a contented sort of voice, "I like this stage of the course. Not much to do except pile up the good old parachute rack hours."

We winced as he took an incredibly noisy mouthful of orangeade.

At this moment, F/Lt. Longhopp walked in. His electric scooter was U/S with battery trouble or something.

"I've got some pretty skating gen," he announced. "Command has said that all instructors are to be examined in armament. They set the date at the fifteenth, the day after tomorrow."

This was rather shattering news, and the crewroom was a sad and silent place from then on. Even F/O Yorker was too upset to continue his little game of poker dice with the gambling king, Cpl. Marjoribanks; although the latter was seventy-four cents to the good.

"Well," said AF/O Psmith at last, "we shall have to sit together in the exam and pool what little armament knowledge we have as best we can. Personally, I shall be of no use to anyone. It takes me all my time to fire off red signal cartridges with safety to myself and others when I'm A.C.P. at night."

His suggestion was greeted with much enthusiasm by all except Sgt. Leggbuy, who muttered from the depths of his fur flying suit:

"I'm going to do this exam in my own way. You chaps haven't a clue as to the best method," and he sank back, exhausted, on the parachute rack, and did not move until the end of morning flying.

The day of the examination dawned bright and clear, and in the afternoon F/Lt. Longhopp, F/O

Yorker, AF/O Psmith and myself staggered down to the G.I.S. block. Being the first arrivals, we staked claims to the back row of seats.

We were soon joined by the rest of the unfortunates. Paper was passed among us, questions written upon the board, and instructions issued to "carry on, gentlemen."

For two hours we sat there and struggled to remember long forgotten secrets about the Browning gun, and the types of bombs designed for attacking enemy battle-ships. All around us we saw gen being transferred from tiny scraps of paper to exam sheets, but we scorned this method, and plodded on in unison to the bitter end.

The next day the results were published, with the explanation that sixty per cent was a pass.

F/Lt. Longhopp had sixty-one; AF/O Psmith had sixty-three; Yorker and I had sixty-two. On looking for Sgt. Leggbuy's name, we found that he had only twenty-nine.

"How was that?" we asked him in astonishment the next day at flights.

"Oh!" He sounded very cheered. "I had all the answers on a sheet of paper in my drill jacket. I forgot to transfer it to my blue when we changed from summer to winter kit," and so saying, he dropped back to his usual horizontal position and began to snore heartily.

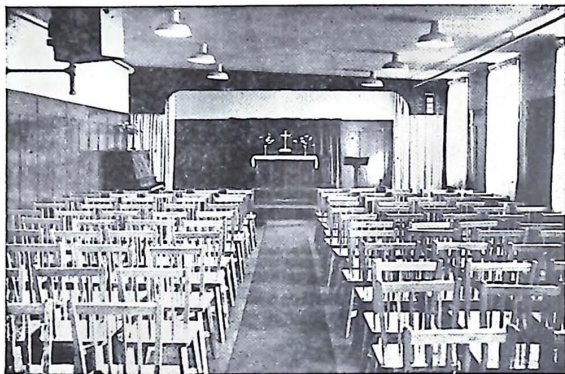
—SATRAP

### How's Your Maths?

#### Answers:

1. 38  $\frac{6}{13}$  minutes.
2. 4.343 pounds.
3. 63360 square feet.
4. 1440.
5. \$32.00
6. 1024.

## The Station Chapel



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The Padre's Notes

## Is Religion Dope?

THE dictum, "Religion is the opium of the people," is attributed to Karl Marx, the brilliant author of "Das Capital," which is still quoted as the text book of classical Communism. Is there any truth in this sweeping assertion? There can be no doubt that to the student of pre-revolutionary Russia it appeared to be true enough. F. A. MacKenzie, in his book, "Russia Before Dawn," says, "The Russian Church was, even in 1917, an instrument of the government. Every village pope was, in effect, a policeman of the Czar. The State paid for services received; it supported the Church bountifully; it made it deplorably rich and woefully corrupt. Many of the parish clergy were ignorant and as sottish as their parishioners . . . . There were, of course, many good and faithful Christians, but the Church as a whole had fallen very low."

We don't have to go beyond the records of our own country's history to discover evidence of the corruption of religion. There was, for example, a certain Hannah More who died just over a hundred years ago, and was the founder in 1799 of the Religious Tract Society. She lived a very long and busy life, full of devoted service, and yet there was something very akin to dope in her presentation of the religion of Christianity. When told of the crowded and unhealthy conditions in which children lived, she calmly replied that, because of this, they would be the better able to appreciate the comforts of Heaven. Teaching of that kind is rarely found now, and whenever it does raise its ugly head, we recognize it to be a misrepresentation of our religion.

But that, after all, is only one aspect of the matter. There is another side to the history of our religion, and we must not, in fairness, ignore it. It was the Christian Church which in England and elsewhere first provided educational and medical services for the people. If these services are now under government control, let it not be overlooked that it was the Church which first awoke to the need for them and first called them into being. Further, it would be easy to show that behind all the movements towards social reform which have come in the last 150 years there has been the leadership of men who drew their inspiration and idealism from Christianity and the Church.

A study of the teaching of Jesus in the gospels can leave no doubt in anybody's mind as to His view of religion as a means of enriching and developing human life. He came, He declared, that men might have life and have it more abundantly. It is very significant that when Jesus began His ministry, He did so by boldly enunciating the teaching of a Hebrew prophet—"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach

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deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised." He laid it down as a fundamental principle of religion that a man should love God with all his heart and mind, and his neighbor as himself. He was outspoken in his denunciation of the evils of his time, and He pointed men towards a life of co-operation with the spirit of God in the task of building all men into a fellowship of the human race which should be the Kingdom of God upon earth. There is nothing of dope about that or about the teaching of those Christians in all generations who are in genuine line with the outlook of Jesus. If the Church through some of her leaders has taught otherwise, then she has been disloyal to her Leader. What is needed is not a rejection of religion as dope, but a fresh and honest realisation and enunciation of the basic principles of Jesus' teaching as those moral principles without which it is just impossible to erect a decent social life.

By all means, let us cut out false religion, but don't let us fail to be constructive in our thinking and living. Let us not reject the good with the bad. It is dope to teach that you can have the good life for yourself or for society without the strength and dynamic of Christianity. If you base life on the human and the natural, what a depressing prospect there is before you! "Follow your instincts and look after yourself," may be alright for animals, although even they at times live on a higher plane than that. It is certainly not good enough for human beings who obviously have within them the impulse for unselfish, as well as selfish, activity. Religion ceases to take on any appearance of dope as soon as it is clearly recognised that its real function is to enable men to lead satisfying lives and that without spiritual inspiration man cannot consistently achieve that desirable life. Augustine's words are irrefutable: "Thou hast made us for Thyself and our hearts are restless until they find their rest in Thee." Likewise society is chaotic until it builds its life upon the moral principles of God which are most clearly seen in the teaching and life of Jesus.

The great hope for the future lies in the fact that the leaders of the Christian Church to-day are alive as never before to the necessity of rebuilding social life upon the foundations of Christian morality. Unless you and I back them up, the post-war world is going to be very sick, for it will be handed over once more into the hands of men and movements which are rooted in selfishness and which, therefore, have within them the seeds of further world disruption and economic and political warfare.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Thought for the Month

"When in the depths the patient miner striving,  
 Feels in his arms the vigour of the Lord,  
 Strikes for a kingdom and his King's arriving,  
 Holding his pick more splendid than the sword . . .  
 When all the world looks up because of Him—  
 Then will He come with meekness for His glory,  
 God in a workman's jacket as before,  
 Living again the eternal Gospel story,  
 Sweeping the shavings from His workshop floor."

—G. A. Studdert Kennedy

\* \* \* \* \*

**Services at the Chapel:** Sunday—0900 hours, Holy Communion; 1000 hours, Parade Service; 1040 hours, Holy Communion (alternate Sundays).  
**The Padre's Discussion Group** meets on Tuesdays at 20.00 hours in the Chapel.

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