

No 00152

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**THE  
PENNOLD**

**LOG**

**CANADA**

**ALBERTA**

**S.F.T.S**

**36**

YEAR: \_\_\_\_\_ MONTH: \_\_\_\_\_

AIRCRAFT PILOT \_\_\_\_\_

2nd PILOT \_\_\_\_\_

DUTY \_\_\_\_\_

GRAND TOTAL \_\_\_\_\_

B.W. ROUGHTON

VOLUME II  
NOVEMBER



NUMBER 6  
1942

# CAPITOL THEATRE, RED DEER

## Screen Attractions For November 1942

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November 16-17-18  
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Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday  
November 23-24-25  
"HERE WE GO AGAIN"  
Fibber McGee Edgar Bergen  
Charlie McCarthy  
Matinee Monday at 4:10

Thursday, Nov. 19—One Day Only  
"FINGERS AT THE WINDOW"  
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A good mystery drama with  
plenty of thrills.

Thursday, Nov. 26—One Day Only  
"BERLIN CORRESPONDENT"  
Danna Andrews, Virginia Gilmore  
An action packed drama that  
outwits the Gestapo.

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a fine cast.

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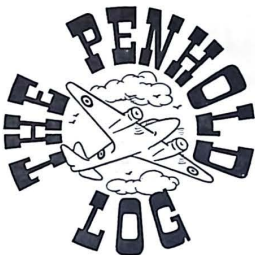
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VOLUME II  
NOVEMBER



NUMBER VI  
1942

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



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*Editorial*

**T**HIS issue marks the end of a period of Editorship which was capably and efficiently undertaken. LAC Martin has, with regret, found it advisable, for personal reasons, to discontinue his very wide duties associated with the publication of the "Penhold Log." This is a matter for considerable regret, especially as LAC Martin accepted the responsibility of Editorship from the magazine's inception, has seen it improve and grow, and could now say with truth that the publication has become an integral part of the social life of this Station. Were it possible for him to continue, I am sure that we should have had many improvements in store for us. However, there is some consolation in the fact that LAC Martin remains in the capacity of Technical Adviser to the Magazine for so long as this remains possible.

Of the future, time alone will tell. It is hoped that ever-increasing interest will stimulate the scope and usefulness of the "Penhold Log." This, of course, is as much a matter for you as for the Editor, and in pursuit of great success, your mutual aid will be appreciated.

## Follies at Penhold



WEDNESDAY, October 21st, will be an evening long remembered by all at Penhold. To the Lifebuoy Follies goes all the credit for this memorable occasion. What a welcome change it was to see a "real show" after a year of the silver screen, enjoyable though this is!

The Recreation Hall was filled to capacity. The pot-pourri of material with original and sometimes impromptu humour, clowning, dancing, singing and sketches, was voted by all the finest show ever staged here.

For two solid hours, the eighteen variety turns on the programme followed each other in streamlined sequence without so much as a curtain pause, while the men laughed, applauded, whistled and cheered themselves hoarse. The teamwork of the cast was perfect, the professional competence heart-warming. Immediately the members introduced themselves, you knew that they knew what they were doing and that the result was going to be amusing. Pat Rafferty, Jimmy Devon and Jack Ayre have been by-words for side-splitting comedy and musical antics since they first won popularity with the "Dumbbells," a concentration of Canadian Troop talent which for over a decade after the close of the last war, toured Canada and the United States. Sasha Dener contributes a brilliant tenor voice, and Mildred Morey's impersonations are simply uncanny. Helen Bruce, blonde soprano, whose eyes have an impact all their own, knows how to sell a song, and there was some exceptional eccentric and challenge dancing by Irene Hughes and Jimmy Devon. By the way, Dashing Don, who teamed with Mildred Morey in her second number, has decided not to take to the boards, but to carry on at Penhold. He may, however, do an impromptu turn whenever strolling players visit the Camp. The accordion medleys of Dorothy Merrall, a dark

## Follies at Penhold

enchantress, were sufficiently potent to sway the audience into community singing. Both the original and the New Lifebuoy Follies were directed by Jack McLaren, producer of the First Overseas Concert Party with the Canadian Corps in the Great War. The scarlet and gold costumes and colourful sets are the work of Ronald McRae, the magazine illustrator.

In an interview with Mr. R. K. Cheetham, Manager, after the show, he expressed, on behalf of the company, their pleasure at playing before such a large and appreciative audience, and if we had had a good night's entertainment they felt their efforts had been worthwhile.

\* \* \* \* \*

Said the German to the Swiss:  
"How come you have an Admiral?  
You have no coastline, no navy, no  
empire."

The Swiss replied: "Well, you in  
Germany have a Minister of Justice,  
don't you?"—Financial Post.

\* \* \* \* \*

Luxury: As Sandy went over the  
weekly housekeeping accounts, his  
face grew gloomy. "Look here,  
Mary," he said severely, "mustard  
plaster, one shilling; tooth extract-  
ed, five shillings. There is six shil-  
lings spent in one week entirely on  
your private pleasure."

Things were dull in the camp and  
the lads were discussing just any  
subject that came up to pass the  
time. Bill, who was a firm believer  
in reincarnation, was thrusting his  
views down the throat of his hated  
corporal.

"Yes," he insisted, "when we die,  
we always return as something  
else."

"You mean, for instance," cut in  
the corporal, "that I might come  
back as a worm?"

"Not a hope, corp!" snapped Bill,  
grabbing the chance. "You're never  
the same thing twice!"

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

By "JOE"

**DARN THESE HATCHES.** Attention has been previously drawn to the various uses to which the small hatches in the walls of S.H.Q. might be put. But a new use has been devised by the Adjutant's office, which is original and, I am sure, stumbled upon quite by accident. I refer to the habit recently formed by the Adjutant (and his Deputy) of opening the hatch, and peering into the Orderly Room at inconvenient moments, merely for the purpose of enjoying a little entertainment. You see, in the Orderly Room many a master musician plods quietly on with his unglamorous task. But occasionally nature will out, and some stenographer will jitterbug, tap out a wild drum "break," or blow weird noises through closed hands towards the ceiling. Occasionally the whole room will each take the character of a musical instrument and with the human vocal cords produce something akin to Mr. Benny Goodman's Dance outfit. Such natural outbursts are only for a few minutes' duration, but so uncanny is the insight of the inhabitants next door that they always manage to pop up just as crescendo is about to be reached. Well, well; it is human to err, and divine to forgive.

**GUESS WHO.** Tall, serious, sometimes sharp but always reasonable. His brown eyes look you through, and search deeply for that knowledge he desires to gain of you. Walks without haste, can smile when provoked into it, but not too often. When he does smile, all his features lend a hand with a most infectious result. His concern for the comfort and welfare of the airmen has to be witnessed to be fully appreciated. His administration of justice is based upon a theory of the soundness of the second chance. Approachable and helpful wherever possible, his ambition is to see this Unit second to none in facilities of all kinds for airmen.

**WORDS.** It is amazing how we all use far more words than necessary. This has been particularly noticeable when dealing with the return of a Draft to the United Kingdom. Callers at the Orderly Room were asked one significant question, "Are you willing to remain in Canada if asked?" This obviously calls for a simple "Yes" or "No," and yet not one man in fifty gave such an answer. Those not wishing to remain would say, "Do I, heck," "What do you think?" "Say that again," etc, etc., whilst the others would remark, "Why not?"; "I've considered it . . ." and so on and so on. Funny, aren't we?

**V FOR VICTORY.** A British newspaper was recently emphasising the importance and significance of the Victory V campaign, pointing out that one day those who give the sign will spell death for the Dictators. It seems fitting to remark in passing that, judging by the number of Victory V signs given at this unit, the movement is held in very high esteem by our personnel.

**EXTERMINATION.** The P.S.I. Committee has been trying to purchase a Cockroach exterminator for use in the Airmen's Mess. Now, as I have never seen a cockroach there, I am wondering just what purpose the infernal machine will serve. Can it be converted for use against complaining airmen, or the Orderly Officer should he get out of hand, or does it just do what the name implies? If this be the case, I think it might be useful to use on Hitler, Musso and Company at the very first opportunity.

**ON RISING.** Most of us could do with another ten minutes in the morning. Yet read what Charles Kingsley once wrote . . . "Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best will breed in your temperance and self control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and contentment, and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know." Perhaps the Air Force is right after all.

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RED DEER

# Gerald Dean Shoots A Line



Gerald Hard At It!

Hut 14 B,  
R.A.F., Penhold.

Dear Mum—

Like you always said—you can't trust women. Gee, Mum, but she was lovely, and to use a Canadian expression, I fell for her in a big way. Anyway, I'd better tell you about it from the beginning.

It happened like this. A day or two ago, having nothing much to do (I'd been sent to the Watch Tower with the Officers' 48-hour book), and feeling rather tired, I sat myself down on the grass by No. 1 Hangar. It was very pleasant basking in the sun, watching the planes come in and watching the planes

go out, and I nearly dropped off to sleep. "Funny thing," I mused, "here am I, eighteen months in the Air Force, and never been off the ground, except in the chair-a-planes at the Red Deer Fair. I wonder what it's like?" There must be something in thought transference, for at that very minute a shadow fell across me, and I looked up to see F/O Satrap of "D" Flight looking down at me.

"Hullo, Dean," said he, "what are you doing here? Looking for a flip?" My heart gave a flip, too, and I stammered something about going to the Watch Tower. "Oh, that'll wait," said he, "I've seen you about here quite a lot. I like to see keen types like yourself. You know, Dean, you're wasting your time—you're a likely lad—you should have wings on your breast—like me!" "I'd like to have them, too, Sir," answered I, "but I'm scared I might have them growing out of my back instead." "Nonsense," he laughed, "it's as safe as houses; you come up with me, it will be an experience you'll never forget." He was right, Mum—it was—and it won't!

Back we went to "D" Flight office, where Sgt. Leggbuy lovingly snapped on my parachute harness and sepulchraly reassured me, "Always remember, old boy, what goes up must come down." Happy thought.

Our aircraft, having been warmed up by the F/Mechs, was all ready for us, and its number, PRANG 13, gleamed in the sunshine. In we climbed, F/O Satrap taking the controls, after strapping me in the co-pilot's seat. We taxied up to the runway, and on a signal from the Control Tower, F/O Satrap pulled this, pushed that and twiddled the other, and we were on our way. The noise of the engines got louder and louder, and the fields rushed past faster and faster. Up came the tail, and so did the fence at the opposite end of the runway. Just as I thought we were going right through it, miraculously it disappeared and the bumping stopped—we were airborne.

"OK, old boy," said F/O Satrap, "relax, don't hold yourself so tightly." I couldn't help it, Mum. Out I looked, all along one wing. It seemed bigger up there than on the ground. First it would dip a little, then come up a little and everything vibrated. I didn't feel very comfortable. Then the whole machine would lift a bit, and then come down a bit. "Air currents," said F/O Satrap. Then the seat dropped from under me and I held on with both hands. "Oh, that's nothing," said Satrap, "just an air pocket." "Thank heavens there's no hole in it," said I. Plucking up my courage, I looked down. There was the camp and fields and Red Deer, looking just like a patch-work quilt, with the houses the size of a matchbox.

"Have a look at Red Deer," said the pilot, and to my horror that great long expanse of yellow wing went down and down and down, and Red Deer

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RED DEER

LACOMBE

came up and up and up, and stood on its side. "That's a steep turn," said my mentor. (My tummy called it something else). "Had enough? Well, we'll lose height and head for home." Oh, Mama, did we lose height? I don't know, but I do know I nearly lost my breakfast! Down went the nose, my tummy came up through my nostrils, my head sang, the engines roared and throbbled, and the earth just leaped up to meet me. And then with a swoop we came out of it, and back on level flight once more. Five minutes later and we slid gracefully in to earth again.

"Well, Dean," grinned F/O Satrap, "like your first flight?" as we stepped out. "Fine, Sir," I managed, as I wobbled along beside him, my legs feeling like jelly. "Well come along to the office," he beamed, "I've got something for you." "For me, Sir?" I asked. "Yes," he said, "a packet, and a message," and rummaging in his drawer he handed me an R.A.F. Wings Metal Brooch (Eaton's 50¢). "Miss Really Adorable asked me to give this back to you, your uniform looked so bare without it and you'll need it when you go back to 'Ops.' She did so much enjoy hearing about your exploits over Germany and in the Battle of Britain, but I'm taking her out tonight to tell her about the mere Flying Instructors. Put 50 cents in the 'Line Box' and your name in the 'Line Book' when you go out."

Mum—I haven't seen her since.

Your heartbroken son,

GERALD

P.S.—I enclose the brooch—I don't think I'll need it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Protest: Some girls in slacks go to extremes; and live away beyond their seams.—Wall Street Journal.

\* \* \* \* \*

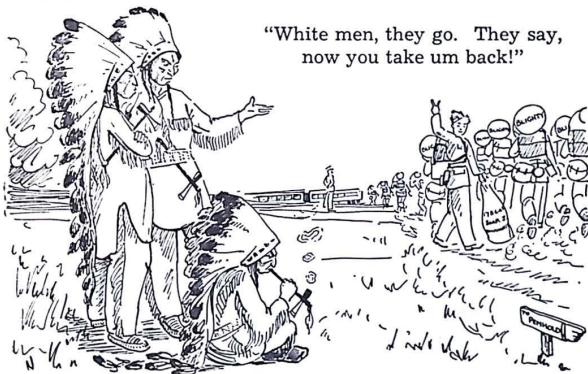
Professor: "What happens when a body is completely immersed in water?"

Student: "The telephone rings."

With his usual long-windedness, the bore was describing one of his hair-breadth escapes.

"There was I," he said, "on a lonely road, miles from anywhere, with a blazing car. What do you think I did?"

One weary listener stifled his yawns long enough to reply, "Took a long breath and blew it out!"



"White men, they go. They say,  
now you take um back!"



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# “Cookhouse Gen”

By “THE HEAD COOK AND BOTTLEWASHER”

AT 08.14 an airman, known to all on this camp as a cook (?), practically fell down the stairs that lead from Room 6 to the ground floor of 304 Block. He continued on his way to the Airmen's Mess with speed that might have belonged to some aircraft of the distant future. No doubt you are wondering why a cook on his way to the cookhouse should take all this trouble about his punctuality. Well, the fact is that someone has at last caught up with the cooks, and as a result they find that they have to attend one more parade in addition to the “Pay” and “Clothing” variety.

Yes, every morning at 08:15, or as soon as the Senior N.C.O. arrives, the cooks are on parade for inspection. Immediately Sergt. Howard arrives, the lads are strung out in three ranks at the command open order, to allow the Sergeant to pass and make his inspection. Having completed his job of giving his staff the “once over,” he makes a roll call, and there you have the precise reason for all the dash displayed by that certain number of the staff of the Airmen's Mess. How many of you have seen the scrap of paper that states sausages should be removed from the airmen's menu, due to their extreme unpopularity. Well, on the 23rd of October, approximately one week after the notice had been exhibited, I observed a considerable number of uncooked sausages in our worthy establishment. The messing committee is apparently very zealous, almost to the point of fastidiousness, and I wonder what they will have to say when they have two, sorry, one dog on their plates at tea time. I think we shall know by the time the next “Penhold Log” is printed.

When Penhold managed to beat the Calgary Rugby team, there was something in the way of a feed arranged for the teams. After much binding the Sergeant managed to get two G.D.'s to fix up the tables very nicely with shortcake, as the cooks like to call it. This was followed by apples which, though labelled expressly for cooking, aren't too bad to eat, and when polished, look real good except for the bad parts. However, the whole job was completed and our master cook went off to beg, borrow or steal some cutlery, and actually returned with same. The whole show was then ready for the party of thirty odd guests. I believe four turned up to eat. Could it be that they judged the Mess by its former reputation and through that missed a real good feed.

As there were twenty-six suppers of steak and chips left, they were given to the first twenty-six airmen who appeared on the scene for late supper. Most of us know that those guys thought that they were in the “Club Cafe,” but there is no truth in the rumour that when they had finished eating they asked for the bill.

Sergt. Howard has pleasure in announcing that there will be free meals all next month, and that anyone who can supply the solution to the great rissole mystery wins the Freedom of the Cookhouse.

\* \* \* \* \*

## UNREASONABLE

Proprietor—“You come into my restaurant, you order a glass of water, you drink it, and you calmly walk out!”

Scot—“What were ye expectin' me to do, mon? Stagger oot?”—  
Montreal Herald.

## THE WORKS

“Hallo, old man, I haven't seen you for some time.”

“I've been in bed for seven weeks.”

“That's too bad. Flu?”

“Yes, and crashed.”—Niagara Falls Review.

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RED DEER

# Recreation at Penhold

## ENTERTAINMENTS: *Dances and Concerts*

THE weekly Dances are proving a great attraction not only to Station personnel, but also to an increasing number of young ladies of the district. The necessity for restricting attendance to numbers suitable to the size of the Hall is bound to be irksome to some dance enthusiasts, but it would be helpful if they would give others a chance and not try to press their claims too much. The Dances are run not as Station, but as Section events, and it is only fair that the Sections should have the decision as to who are to attend. There are some faces you see at all the Dances. How do they manage it? Are they the Station favourites and beloved of all Sections?

We have been delighted to welcome to the Station two Concert Parties which have given us a great deal of pleasure. The Calgary "Town Tonic" Party opened our Winter programme of concerts with a performance which contained many items of a high order. The visit of the Lifebuoy Follies will live in our memories for a long time. They put on a show which was full of good fun and singing from beginning to end. The Recreation Hall was packed to the doors, about 700 being present. Four members of the Station Dance Band and Concert Party, F/Sgt. Kiddle and Sgt. Seath, LAC Cooper and AC Verrall, have been selected to join a Third Victory Loan Concert Party which was touring the Province during October. We can rely on them all to uphold the worthy tradition of this Station in the entertainment line. In spite of their absence, the Dance Band is carrying on valiantly and delighting crowds both on and off the Station.

## FUTURE EVENTS (Provisional)

### CONCERTS

- Nov. 15th—"Popular Classics," by Music Appreciation Group.
- Nov. 22nd—Miscellaneous Concert.
- Nov. 29th—Concert by Station Concert Party.
- Dec. 6th—Concert by Calgary Party.
- Dec. 13th—Brains Trust.
- Dec. 20th—Programme of Christmas Music.

\* \* \* \*

### BASKETBALL

This game is very popular with Trainees, but it has not yet been possible to introduce it to the permanent staff owing to the size of the P.T. classes. A meeting is to be called shortly of all those interested in the formation of a Basketball League. Mr. Allen, Y.M.C.A., has offered his services as a coach.

Unfortunately, the concrete floor of the Drill Hall is not suitable for this game, as it should be played on a resilient wooden floor or on turf.

### DANCES

- Nov. 18th—War Course.
- Nov. 25th—Maintenance.
- Dec. 2nd—Hospital.
- Dec. 9th—Flying Wing.
- Dec. 16th—S.H.Q.

\* \* \* \*

### BOXING

On behalf of the Boxing Committee, I will endeavour to briefly state the aims and objects of this section. We do not intend to make professional bruisers of our members, but rather to bring out the inherent fighting spirit, and perhaps discover a real "White Hope." Even if we do not develop any brilliant boxers, we shall certainly make fit bodies, encourage sportsmanship and create confidence. Our first tournament was confined to the Station, and this was more or less a preliminary round for the greater things that are to come. We should like to lead the Province in the

## Recreation at Penhold

future, and shall conduct a monthly tournament for the purpose of meeting all comers. F/Lt. Pape will welcome all who would like to take part. At our tournament held on 27th October, the following were successful, each on a points decision:

- Cpl. Hunter beat Sgt. Price in the first round for the Eaton Cup (Middleweight).
- AC Foster beat AC Northey in the first round for the Eaton Cup (Middleweight).
- AC Foster beat Cpl. Hunter in the final for the Eaton Cup.
- Bob Goodacre, of Red Deer, beat Young Goodson, also of Red Deer, for the R.A.F. Cup.
- LAC Stevenson beat LAC Evans for the Commanding Officer's Cup (Heavyweight).
- W/O Sabin beat F/O Horsley in the Special Catchweight Bout.
- LAC Goldsmith beat LAC Ryan in the Special Welterweight Bout.
- AC Taylor beat Cpl. Alkins for the Buffalo Cup (Lightweight).

—F.M.P.

### CHOIR NOTES

The R.A.F. Penhold Male Voice Choir is now well under way again, and if early promise is maintained, the reputation which the Choir earned last year should be considerably enhanced.

There have been quite a number of new members, whom we take this opportunity of welcoming to the Choir, and if we are not too harshly treated in the matter of postings, we can look forward to a very successful season.

The first concert of the season took place at the United Church, Red Deer, on Wednesday, 7th October, before an audience of some 300 who gave the Choir a very enthusiastic reception. The programme was a varied one of part songs, from the classics to musical comedy, comedy numbers and solo items, and judging by the generous applause, the whole programme was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience.

An especial feature were the

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WETASKIWIN

## Recreation at Penhold

organ solos by LAC Chris Wilson, who was Assistant Organist at Ely Cathedral before joining the Service. Another point which pleased us was the success of "The Airman's Song" which was composed by four of the members of the Choir, and which we hope to have the opportunity of introducing in Camp shortly.

The next show, which will have taken place by the time these notes appear in print, is at St. Luke's Church Hall in Red Deer on Monday, 26th October. The Choir is also taking part in the Sunday evening concert in Camp on Sunday, 8th November.

There are several engagements under discussion, but no definite dates have yet been fixed. Details will appear in these notes as soon as definite arrangements have been made.—J.S.

\* \* \* \*

### CONCERT PARTY

The Concert Party (and Dramatic Society) meet each Tuesday and Thursday in the old Barrack Store, No. 4 Hangar. All interested are earnestly invited to attend. Meeting commences at 19.30 hours.

\* \* \* \*

### CRICKET

The Cricket season has concluded with two very fine victories by our team. On the 20th September they defeated an Edmonton representative side by 197 for 9 declared, as against an Edmonton score of 144 all out. A Calgary representative side was defeated on the 11th October and the scores were, Calgary 96, No. 36 S.F.T.S. 107. As the season has progressed the side has slowly gained strength until now we have a team which can at least hold its own against any Albertan side. We are sorry to have to lose LAC Sharp, LAC Noon and LAC Dickenson. They were all members of the same Course and were a great asset to the side. The Cricket equipment on the Station is now first-class and we shall anticipate the return of warmer

weather with high hopes. We have even invested in a large scoring board which registers three-figured scores!

\* \* \* \*

### HARMONICA BAND

Meets in the old Barrack Store, No. 4 Hangar, each Wednesday and Friday at 19.30 hours. Why not join in?

\* \* \* \*

### ICE HOCKEY

A Station Ice Hockey Team will operate as soon as ice is available. It is our desire to give everyone who wishes an opportunity to play hockey. Contact the Team Captain of your Section, or see A. Allen of the Station Y.M.C.A.

\* \* \* \*

### MUSICAL APPRECIATION GROUP

The Group meets each Wednesday and Friday in the Station Chapel at 20.00 hours. An enjoyable time is promised all lovers of music. Don't forget to go along.

\* \* \* \*

### RIFLE CLUB

The Rifle Club meets Monday and Thursday in the Drill Hall, and match night every third Wednesday in the month.

The Rifle Club, in its second month of inauguration, is showing every promise of having a very successful season.

Club night attendances have been extremely good, and the station marksmen have been displaying some exceptional shooting.

The Station Team fired the first round of the Inter-Unit competition on the 14th October.

	Results:	
	1st Target	2nd Target
F/Sgt. Keppel (Capt.)	100	100
LAC Lange	97	96
F/Lt. Raby	100	100
AC1 Robinson	100	98
LAC Fensom	99	100
F/O Attwater	97	91
Cpl. Nicol	97	88
Cpl. Brewé	97	97

According to Match Rules, the

## Recreation at Penhold

six best targets are to count, which gives this Unit a team average of 98.6%; a very good show indeed.

The shoot was held at home, on the Club range, and the tense situation was accompanied by much heavy breathing and deep sighs.

Dominion Marksman shooting has been in fair progress, also. Ten Bronze awards have already been made, and about another fifteen are expected shortly.

A few of the brighter talent have succeeded in putting up the requisite scores for the Silver Award, and one or two are showing signs of standing in the limelight for the Gold Award in the very near future.

Good luck to the Club, and may we add a fair share to the already mounting stock of Station Trophies.

—R.C.P.

\* \* \* \*

### RUGBY

Three practice matches were held in October in preparation for fixtures arranged with No. 37 S.F.T.S. It was hoped, too, that matches might be arranged with the Irish Fusiliers, Vernon, B.C., and with No. 2 Wireless School, Calgary, but this was not possible.

The condition of the ground is such as to make future play unlikely. Therefore, the Rugby season will come to an end and all that remains is an opportunity to make arrangements for an early start next season.—H.E.R.M.

\* \* \* \*

### STATION SOCCER

Soccer has been somewhat affected by recent weather conditions, and at the time of going to press the Station Championship still hangs in the balance. Our next issue will contain final results. Soccer has had a very creditable season at this Unit.

### SWING CLUB

The Swing Club meets every Monday at 19.30 hours, in the old Barrack Store, for the better understanding and enjoyment of swing music. Every enthusiast should be present.

\* \* \* \*

### TENNIS AND BADMINTON

These games will be played on Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday at 19.00 hours, and it is hoped that all interested personnel will come along. Matches and competitions will be arranged as soon as sufficient support renders it possible.

\* \* \* \*

Teacher: "Who is man's noblest friend?"

Johnny: "The hot dog—it actually feeds the hand that bites it."—Co-operation.

\* \* \* \*

### TO AN HOUR-HOG

"Into the air!" is his war cry alway,  
Flying by night and flying by day,  
Watching his thousand scampering  
near—

"Already done seven hundred this  
year!"

Fired up each morning, last down  
each night,  
Pity the rest of his suffering flight!  
Ne'er will he rest till that thousand  
is done—  
Friends rue the day it was ever  
begun.

These words I utter—Hour-Hog  
take care!

Judge by results, not your time in  
the air.

The hours you put in are as mole-  
hills to mounts—

It's what you put into the hours  
that counts!—Satrap.



Our Successful Eleven—Winners of the Alberta Inter-Services Football League  
and the Lon Cavanagh Trophy.



"As One Captain to Another"



The Crowd Roars!



"King Willow" at Penhold—The Cricket Eleven, 1912

## Maintenance Wing Notes

PERHAPS it is time that the hitherto "silent service" of the Station made itself heard through the medium of the Log pages. After all, we could do without S.H.Q. (except on pay parade days), and various other sections we would cheerfully give to the Indians (Who said anything about the Guard Room and staff?), but we do feel that we are the real key men of the Station. Flying Courses may come and Flying Courses may go, but we go on forever, or at least until we see Eastern Canada once more, this time from the stern end of a transport.

This reminds one of the poor unfortunate, of one of the drafts, who was one of the first in rushing to sign up, signifying his wish to be sent back to the "Old Country." He begged his pals to keep the whole thing quiet, explaining, when pressed, that if certain friends got wind of it, he would be due for a military wedding right away. You know the type of ceremony—father and brothers, plus shotguns, in attendance to restore the courage of the reluctant groom. Of course, this was an S.H.Q. wallah! But, we too, have our heroes. Who was the corporal who fixed the roving eye of the enchanting blonde of the Lifebuoy Follies? No, with us the eye of chivalry is not dead! You should have been with me at Calgary to witness the enthralling scene of one of our gallant sergeants, his jolly little moustache bristling with the effort, as he struggled to support upon his manly breast the fainting form of a beautiful damsel. The whole of 8th Avenue paused to admire the inspiring spectacle. Incidentally, there are various rumours afloat as to what it was that caused a healthy Canuck maiden to faint in the said gentleman's arms.

Talking of sergeants, we are glad to maintain the tradition of having one, half-pint size, on the roll. If you want to witness, at any time, team work at its best, come to see Corpl. Big, ably assisted by Sergt. Blunt, with a brave gang of long-suffering stalwarts, in the ritual of putting on main planes. Obviously his recent visit to New York has inspired him with the idea of doing big things on an even bigger scale.

Our officers dress well, and one of them looked so prosperous in his civilian clothes that he was, while having a quick one in a local hotel, mistaken for the proprietor. I don't know if he had the presence of mind to take advantage of the occasion by calling for drinks on the house.

Other characters include those who, while not over-active during the week, are great men for their week-end jaunts.

In Workshops—we always feel that they "belong" to us—you will find the rotund president of the Rocky Mountain House Horners, a fine body of men

# Headquarters For R. A. F. Supplies

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who travel, not go, west leaving the Sylvan Lake setters far behind in their search for fun and games. Some of our members are compelled to spend long hours resting on days when work is slack, or N.C.O.'s are not vigilant. Although an Oxford fuselage is not conducive to easy slumber, I have known them to sleep right through the lunch hour, and who was it who had to be gently roused at supper time, having fallen asleep in one of the soft lounge arm chairs?

Every morning an enthusiastic audience, from their point of vantage at the windows of the said lounge, line up to witness the ancient ceremony of starting Oscar. A whole bevy, shall we call them, of jubilant Instrument Bashers, headed by their handsome athletic sergeant, dash out in the early hours before dawn, dragging a reluctant Oscar behind them. Then they crank, from the highest to the lowest—there is no distinction of rank or class at such an occasion—and crank and, amid the cheers of encouragement and sympathy, crank again, but all to no purpose. The sun rises and break time is close at hand before the truculent Oscar decides to "do his stuff." We still ask ourselves the question, "Why don't they send for a fitter?"

In conclusion, we should like to express our regret at losing F/O James. We wish him all the very best in his new appointment. Meanwhile, our slogan still remains: "Give us the spares and we will finish the job."

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE FLIGHT LINE BOOK

**L**INE SHOOTING is too often a bore. But the most efficient and industrious flight on the Station has made it an art. Research into the Flight Line Book shows how the well shot line falls into its own distinctive sub-division of the general species. The Line Simple, for instance, has a brevity and naive charm all its own; "It's a good idea; I thought of it myself," is the purebred Line Simple. So, too, is this, reported of an instructor by his pupil: "I will now show you the perfect circuit." And this magnificently irrelevant contribution to an argument, "I'm an airmanship lecturer; don't forget."

Strongly contrasting with the Line Simple is the Line Multiple or Built Up Line Shoot. This develops by stages to a peak of improbability then frequently tails off into incoherent protest, "That's not a line, it's the truth." This species is too longwinded, and is well marked by the phrase "What is more."

These characteristics are well marked here: "My instructor at C.F.S. used to fly across the aerodrome in a Tutor bouncing alternate wing tips on the ground. (Jeers). What is more, I've done it myself. (Cheers). And if you think I'd brazenly tell you a yarn like that if it weren't true, etc. . . ."

The Oomph Line may sometimes be mistaken for the Line Simple because both are brief and ingenious. But the Oomph Line is an unmistakable type with its straightforward boast of physical glamour. In arctic climates it is confined mainly to the summer months.

A sunburned instructor back from leave delivered twin Oomph Lines when he remarked: "They called me Tarzan at the Lake," and followed it up with, "Usually I'm as white as a lily." The Oomph Line can reach a high level of absurdity—for example, "I think I have the nicest pair of legs on the camp."

Three other species may be noted briefly—the Veteran, the Occupational and the Aeronautical. The Veteran has a self-satisfied air of vast experience, thus: "Out comes Number TWO Log Book," or "This is war with a capital W; I've seen enough of it."

Too often the Occupational and the Aeronautical Lines fall into the well filled class, *Vulgaris Tediosus*, or Common Tedious Line. Crossed with the Line Fantastic they are permissible. Examples of this kind are: occupational, "I never go to tea nowadays, there's too much work to do," and aeronautical, "Smart work that, taxied right up on to a chock."—A.L.S.

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# Information Please

**N**UMEROUS enquiries are made daily at S.H.O. Orderly Room regarding multifarious Service matters, and it is thought that airmen would appreciate a portion of the "PENHOLD LOG" being devoted to answering your queries. The object of this is to enlighten you on matters on which the majority of airmen are rather vague or misinformed, and we hope to receive from you questions which do not affect just one chap, but which may affect a whole group of fellows or a particular trade, etc.

In this issue it is proposed to deal with but one subject which we think will be of interest to you. In subsequent issues we wish to answer your own queries. All you have to do is to submit them to the Editor in S.H.O. Orderly Room, in good time for publication, and we will decide whether your particular query will interest more chaps than another airman's.

## GOOD CONDUCT BADGES

Quite a large number of airmen who joined the Service shortly after the outbreak of hostilities have nearly completed three years in the Service. Provided that their character has been assessed as "Very Good" for the whole of that period, they are eligible for the award of a Good Conduct Badge, precisely three years from the date of enlistment. But there are snags about the award for those airmen who have had over 10 days C.C. in one punishment or detention or forfeiting of pay in their first years of Service, and even greater snags for those who have had such punishments during the last two years of their Service. In the first case, there is a delay in the award of 91 days for each of the above punishments, and in the second case the award is delayed until two years after the date of the cessation of the punishment. I hope that is clear to you.

In the United Kingdom, the award of a G.C.B. carries with it an increase in pay of 3d. per day. In Canada, because we are being paid Canadian rates, there is no monetary benefit. For that reason, personnel are discouraged from enquiring about G.C.B.'s in this country. Just wait until you return home (not long now, we hope), and by that time you will have a few bob to your credit.

The authority for the award of a G.C.B. is the Air Officer i/c Records, England, and until such time as the award is promulgated in D.R.O.'s under that authority, it is not permissible to wear the chevron, even though you may be over-due for the award.—AMOS.

## THREE YEARS

**T**HREE years—three years—and it has scarce begun!  
 Three years of waste, and wretchedness, and woe,  
 Since one man's lunacy put back the sun!  
 Yet—were we happier three years ago?

Three years. Our swords were rusty, and our souls;  
 And this old lion was despised of men.  
 Were we the people to defend the Poles?  
 The very Wop was laughing at us then.

He is not laughing quite so much, I hope:  
 We are not quite so comic as before.  
 Respected, feared, we stumble up the slope,  
 And march, if God commands, for three years more.—A.P.H.

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# Tales of The Duty Signaller (I)

IT was like this 'ere," said the duty signaller, as he gave a green to an aircraft on the downwind leg. "Me and my mate George 'ere was on the Crash Tender on a large aerodrome at 'ome about four years before the war. We 'ad a rummy bloke in our watch—I can't remember 'is name—but 'e was always polishin' the 'andles of the tender and 'oppin' about summim' awful as tho' 'e wanted a crash so's 'e could show us 'ow good 'e were. You see, sir, 'e was always shootin' a line to us 'cos 'is father 'ad got four G/C's whilst 'e was on a crash tender and 'ad sort of taught 'im the trade like.

"Well, 'e got 'is chance one day when a Ginny came in with engine trouble. You remember them Ginneys, sir—old Vickers Virginias wot was almost out of the last war—well this one was used to teach parachute jumpin' and was about the only one in the R.A.F., I reckon. This bloke 'adn't ever seen one before so 'e goes over and, whilst the mechs was fiddlin' with the duff engine, 'as a look see. 'E comes back a while later all keen like and tells us as 'ow they was all made of wood and 'ow they wouldn't 'arf burn if they caught fire. You could see 'e wanted it to crash so's 'e could get a gong or summim' for puttin' the fire out. Any'ow, when we'd slapped 'im down and got settled comfortable to sleep again, the old Ginny takes off.

"Just as it gets off the deck, one motor packs up and it comes down plonk on to the deck again and breaks its back. Well, of course there was alarms ringin' all over the place, but it was some time before we got started 'cos we 'ad to wake the driver up as 'e always slept 'eavy like. On our way out to the crash we saw this rummy bloke runnin' like mad wiv 'is axe in 'is 'and 'avin' 'ad a two-minute start on us, and when 'e got to the plane 'e starting 'ackin' 'is way up the inside to get the bloke in the tail out. When we arrived we couldn't see 'im, but we 'eard yells for 'elp comin' from just about where 'e'd be; you see the silly moke 'ad got stuck nside and couldn't wiggle backwards or forwards to move 'isself, and all we could see of 'im was 'is legs kickin' about out of a 'ole.

"Well, when the Doc comes up 'e says to 'isself, this bloke must be in pain, so 'e gets 'is syringe and gives 'im a shot in 'is backside to quieten 'im down like and pretty soon 'is legs stops kickin' altogether. Of course, we knew'd who it was all the time, but we didn't tell no one and we gets them all out later. Course it wasn't 'arf funny to see the Doc puzzlin' like mad 'cos 'e couldn't figger out 'ow there were five blokes on board when there was only four there before the Ginny crashed. We all 'ad a good laugh over that and you should 'ave seen that bloke's face when 'e woke up in the 'ospital next mornin'. Oh well, 'eres your relief in the ACP van, good night Sir."

The driver of that van was very surprised to hear me laughing all the way back to the Flights—you see, I was the enthusiastic fireman.—NEMO.

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HARRY P. ELLIS, Manager

For Your Entertainment**R.A.F. Cinema, Penhold**

**T**HIS month marks the first anniversary of the Station Cinema. To be exact, it was on November 26th, 1941, that the first film, "Love Crazy," was presented to an audience of 350; now, twelve months later, it is "Mrs. Miniver" that we're screening for your entertainment on November 26th, 1942.

In the first issue of the Penhold Log an attempt was made to state the aims of the Cinema when it opened. The words were—"Every effort will be made to provide the most popular, and the best, of the Film Industry's product—and to present this product in such a way that the maximum enjoyment can be obtained from it, so that this Cinema shall carry out an essential function on the Station."

What has been achieved in the first twelve months?

In conjunction with the Y.M.C.A. Free Shows, film programmes are now shown every night of the week except for those Wednesdays when the Hall is used for Dances or Concerts; these programmes are, moreover, played twice nightly during the week for greater comfort and convenience.

The choice of films has been widened considerably since 1941, and greater care is being taken now in picking shows than in the past; as for presentation, the recent improvement in light and the gradual improvement in operating efficiency may have been noticed by regular patrons.

This article is not intended to make you think that we are satisfied with the present standards. It is intended to remind you that work is constantly in hand to improve the quality of the entertainment provided and to make an evening in the Camp Cinema the best 15 Cents worth you can get. What price the local juke box, now!

**N.B.**—To save further comment, Officers and Senior N.C.O.'s will still pay 20 Cents!

Since no one has yet suggested a better method of concluding the month's film notes, the following reviews are offered in case you haven't heard about some of the Pictures we're playing.

**November 21st—"HATTER'S CASTLE," Robert Newton, Deborah Kerr.**

"Hatter's Castle" is a house built by James Brodie, cleverly portrayed by Robert Newton, this Brodie being a Scot's hatter crazed with egomania, subduing family and friends to his insatiate lust for self strength. It's a well-acted and melodramatic British film.

**November 24th—"HOLIDAY INN," Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Marjorie Reynolds.**

It's the year's gayest musical, in which Bing Crosby runs a place of entertainment that is only open on holidays. Fred Astaire introduces eight new dances and a new female lead to add to the tuneful and romantic film success.

**November 26th—"MRS. MINIVER," Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon.**

A best selling novel provided the characters and setting in England at war, for this picture. Cinema artistry of the higher sort transfers "Mrs. Miniver" to the screen in an absorbing human, and warm story, skillfully presented, of a family and the effects of war on their lives. Screenplay, casting, photography and music each contribute their utmost to the perfectéd whole.

**November 28th—"THE FIRST COMMANDO," Robert Morley, Constance Cummings.**

This tells the graphic story of a typical English workingman—a foreman in an engineering company—who goes to France with some valuable machinery. France falls. "The First Commando" is the story of this foreman's devotion to duty and his adventures in getting the machinery safely back to England.

## Y. M. C. A. Notes

For the information of new arrivals on this Station, the following list of Y.M.C.A. Services is published:

**GENERAL SERVICES.** Telegrams may be despatched from the Y.M.C.A. Reading Room to any part of the world. Blank forms are available at the wicket. We also have Postal and Customs Declaration forms, and information regarding sending mail and parcels to prisoners of war. Special arrangements are available to enable you to send food parcels overseas by placing the order with us at the Reading Room. During the winter evenings, periods are set aside for card games and checkers (drafts) or chess. Watch the notice boards for further information.

**CINEMAS.** On each Monday and Friday there are two free Y.M.C.A. Cinemas, at the regular Cinema hours, 18.00 and 20.15. There is also a picture on any Wednesday that the Recreation Hall is not in use for concerts or dances. It is possible that pictures will be shown once a week during the afternoon for those on night duty. Watch for further announcements.

**CANTEEN SERVICES.** The Y.M.C.A. operates the Dry Canteen for this Station. We endeavour to give complete Canteen and lunch service to meet all needs, and at reasonable prices. The Canteen is open 7½ hours per day, and articles may not be sold outside of regular hours. All profits from the Canteen operation are turned over to the Service Institute.

**LIBRARY SERVICE.** A library is operated in connection with the Reading Room. There are 1,000 books which may be borrowed for a period of one week.

**EDUCATIONAL SERVICES.** Free Correspondence Courses may be secured in many subjects. These are offered by the Canadian Legion Educational Services. You may register for these at the Y.M.C.A. Office. There are also classes in mathematics for those who wish to qualify for aircrew or improve their standing in this subject.—A. Allen.

### A NOBLE WALL!

A noble wall! Bedecked with forms divine,  
It brings great joy to Bert's poor heart—and mine.  
The lovely ladies pinned upon its face  
Have poise, and beauty, innocence, and grace.  
In turn each portrait, coloured many shades,  
Catches the eye—all else in contrast fades.  
Here Rita smiles; there Lana nods her head;  
Alexis Smith reclines upon a bed  
Of silken cushions: I could tell you more,  
But what's the use? I'd hate to be a bore.  
If you can spare me any time at all  
Come! See yourself how lovely is my wall!—SATRAP.

## Another Day with "D" Flight

IT was common knowledge amongst the instructors that courses sent for training no longer consisted of LAC's, with the odd corporal or sergeant. Officers, both Army and Air Force, were arriving at the Station to complete flying training, having remustered to Air Crew.

Thus it was with but mild surprise on Friday morning that "D" Flight learned that three Army and two Naval officers were included in the new course. We were, as usual, sprinkled about F/Lt. Longhopp's office, smoking his cigarettes and passing a pleasant hour whilst waiting for the pupils to arrive at the Flight.

"Lovely day," observed Sgt. Leggbuy, looking out of the window. "Might easily clamp down by eleven o'clock."

"Don't be silly," put in F/O Yorker from the depths of Esquire. "You know it's a good thing to do some flying at the beginning of the course. You can look for clamps later on. Courses must get started some time, you know."

There was a murmur of assent. It was well known that Sgt. Leggbuy disliked work in any form.

"Well, I think——"

Sgt. Leggbuy's thoughts were halted abruptly as a knock was heard on the door and a Navy Lieutenant, followed by two Army Lieutenants, walked into the room and saluted.

"We are posted to your Flight, Sir," announced the Naval officer, looking at F/Lt. Longhopp. "I'm Lt. Briney. This is Lt. Turret, of the Tank Corps, and Lt. Kreeping-Krafty, who was a Commando."

"I was at Dunkirk, and got a mention in despatches," said Lt. Turret proudly.

There was a second's silence, and then—

"Line!" Five instructors shouted the word together.

"Get the line book," said AF/O Psmith gleefully.

"What a beauty," chuckled Yorker. "After five seconds of being in the Flight, too!"

"That's going to cost you fifty cents for the "D" Flight Benevolent Fund," said F/Lt. Longhopp with a grin.

Lt. Turret glowered and muttered something about "thundering cheek," but his fifty cents went into the milk bottle all the same.

To avoid further incident, the three officer pupils were sent to the pupils' room and told to wait until F/Lt. Longhopp came in to give them some information about the course, and allocate them to their instructors. Half an hour later we met again, having seen and spoken to our pupils.

"I've got a horticulturist, a bassoon player in the Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, and a milkman," moaned Leggbuy. "What a collection!"

"I've got that Naval chappie," mused Yorker. "I hope he remembers he's no longer on board ship when I take him up."

I found myself with the former Tank officer. As the course progressed, I found that he was liable to forget himself on occasions. He would often tear across the field at 100 m.p.h. in the belief that he was again driving a tank. Not until he had gone through a hedge on take-off and lost his tail-plane—solo, fortunately—did he realise that an Oxford in no way resembles a tank, and cannot be treated like one.

Yorker reported that he had trouble, too, with Briney. The latter would shout, "Weigh the anchor!" as a prelude to taxiing. In the air he insisted he knew all about navigation. It was his practise to clamber from his seat at one thousand feet, produce a sextant, and attempt to shoot the sun from the door of the aircraft.

Nobody knew what the end would be. Fortunately it was discovered that there had been an error at headquarters. The three Army officers were supposed to be doing an advanced course in Field Cookery at Edmonton. The two Naval officers should have gone to Vancouver for an elementary course on ship and shore Etiquette for Jack Tar.

They all left next day.

SATRAP

## R. A. F. BOYS

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**DON'T FORGET**, we now have in stock a number of gift items already packed and ready to drop in the mail, including—

**Moire's Famous Fruit Cakes**—Almost 2 lbs. of rich Fruit Cake, as supplied to the Royal Train on its trip through Canada. \$1.00

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**Stationery Set**—Writing Pad and Envelopes. Set ..... 35¢

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## Officers' Mess Gossip

RECENTLY many a sober married look has been transfigured as cables have been anxiously snatched from the letter rack. The Wife has arrived, and another husband has left the jolly bachelor fun of the Mess for domestic bliss in Red Deer. The Mess grows quieter as the husbands depart. An S.D.O. reported, "It was so quiet it was uncanny."

Those with the worn and troubled air nowadays are the ab initio Orderly Officers, learning to divide the Wet Canteen cash register total by five and multiplying by seven, and wondering how to locate a guard patrolling round a hangar in the same direction as the Orderly Officer, but 300 yards ahead. To bring such perpetual motion to a halt are recommended a left hand circuit for the O.O. and a right hand circuit for the Guard.

At the October dance we noticed: The Nav Kings have the track to and from Edmonton well under control. . . . The loudest tenor and baritone were missing from the preparatory choral rejoicings in the showers. . . . There was no McConga to lead the Conga line, but an adept substitute Picked a various route.

The Rugger Gremlin claimed points off both occupants of Room 21 and then nipped smartly over to Hut 6b. We are glad to see P/O Stewart on his feet again—P/O Martin we thought had a picturesque eye—and we are genuinely sorry for P/O Lemon, who has a broken wrist.

We saw: A group of eager sportsmen taking imaginary aim with imaginary guns at imaginary ducks in the top south-east corner of the Ante Room—it was snowing outside—a pupil giving his instructor dual in fencing—we also saw them hang the swords up again on the spot from whence they came.

We had been working too hard and came in too late to partake of the 11½-pound Pike landed by the Flying Wing Adjutant from the Red Deer River. But who hooked it, lost his nerve and ran for expert assistance? And is it true that both backed away from the monster up the bank, and finished it off with a .22 rifle from a safe distance?

Wing Commander Mill is back minus his appendix. We are glad to see him looking well and active without it.—T.T.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Are You Lucky This Month?

You will have noticed that the front cover of this issue bears a number. Holders of certain numbers to be drawn for and announced later in D.R.O's., will be presented with free admission tickets to a series of cinema shows at this Camp. Watch for the announcement. You should read D.R.O's. anyway!

### ALMOST A RECORD

He was genuinely enthusiastic about the virtues of temperance, but his face made people doubt him.

Toward the close of his lecture, he squared his shoulders, held his rather large head erect, and said:

"I have lived in this town all my life. In this town there are fifty-five public houses, and I am proud to say that I have never been in one of them!"

Then came a voice from the back: "Which one is that?" — Sarnia Observer.

## English "As She Is Spoke"

"WHAT'S English Grammar for?" came the rather sardonic question. I wondered. Could one of its jobs be to stop folk mis-using prepositions, and asking daft questions in a dafter way. Well, there certainly appears to be plenty of speculation on the subject. Almost anytime, anywhere on the camp, you can hear samples of polite conversation being carried on in this style: "Outa the way, Joe, you twirp, I gotta get this winder open. The stink in this joint is enough to strangle a bloke." Now close your eyes, and dream of the same conversation when 36 S.F.T.S. becomes a grammatical Utopia—"Excuse me, Joseph, I must open the window, lest the rather obnoxious effluvia pervading our abode, asphyxiate us."

But for me, the dream fades when I remember that on enquiring of some innocent soul regarding Nominative Absolute Construction, he suggested that I apply to Works and Buildings. In the face of discouragement such as this, one begins to estimate the distance between our Utopia and the camp, and since light-years appear to be too small a unit of measurement for the purpose, one can't help beginning to despair.

However, let us wander a little from the subject—I wouldn't swear that these were the exact words of the report I read the other day, but it went something like this:

"Sir, I 012 Jones, hav the honour to respectfully request herewith, that I may be graciously permitted to apply forthwith for one (1) cap feeld sirvice, bloo gray, size seven, airman for the use of, and that the said cap be charged to the above mentioned airman in the appropriate procedure. The reason for the above quoted application is as hereunder stated:

"I have lossed it.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, Your obedient servant, B. Jones."

I'm inclined to agree with you that it all sounds very nice, but how would our grammatical Utopia write the same report? Probably like this:

"Please sell me another cap. B. Jones."

Furthermore, judging by the number of times the "above mentioned" Mr. Jones has been seen on jankers, I should say that he was anything but an "obedient servant," and in the humble opinion of yours truly, such a deliberate mis-statement should warrant at least another seven days C.C. Incidentally, it is debateable whether it is an honour to be an obedient servant.

What of the spelling in the report? Jones has written "feeld sirvice" instead of "feald survice;" and has missed the "E" off the end of "gray." Such inexcusable errors can only be corrected by studying a good book on grammar, such as that superlative edition published by Green, Greener & Greenest Inc.,—price \$15.20, or 5¢ a month for the next 25 years.

Having tasted of the advantages of good English, you will be thirsting, no doubt, for a greater knowledge. So here are a few advanced hints:

Always remember that there are three parts to a sentence—the beginning, the middle, and the end. Join them together, and you have a sentence. Note also that "pronoun" is an abbreviation for pronounce; that "verb" is derived from "verd"—Jewish for "word;" that "subject" is an artists model, and that "predicate" is something she wears. Of course, this isn't all you need to know, but a little pukka gen goes a long way in grammar.

To conclude, allow me to suggest, that if you have mastered the above mentioned rudiments, you will have commenced to learn not only to talk proper, but also to write English as she ought to be wrote.—L.E.S.

## The Padre's Notes

# On Reading The Bible

ONE of the outstanding differences between us and our fathers is that they, for the most part, regularly read the Bible, whereas we don't. Why is that so? Because it's cheap, it's enveloped in mystery and we have short memories. We lack a sense of values where reading is concerned. We will spend a couple of dollars on the latest novel, which makes scarcely any impression upon us and which we forget as soon as it is read, and yet we leave unread the best literature of the world, even though it can be picked up for a mere song on any secondhand bookstall. Haven't we forgotten that the Bible, the text book of our religion, is the foundation and inspiration of our democracy and that the free reading of it in our own tongue was bought at a great price in human blood and sacrifice? If the best things in life are not always free, they are usually cheap.

I suppose that many people have turned from the Bible because it has become a book which they do not know how to approach and interpret. No one who is interested in religious movements can have failed to notice the existence in Canada of a large variety of religious organisations. Behind this variety there lies a difference of interpretation of the Bible. There are roughly two main ways of reading the Bible. On the one hand, there are those who regard it as being verbally inspired and in every respect the infallible Word of God. On the other hand, there are others who come to it with the same critical and analytical attitude as they use when reading any other literature.

The first class of readers involve themselves in all kinds of awkward inconsistencies and contradictions. There was the sad case of the man who was asked if he really believed that the whale swallowed Jonah. He answered, "Certainly, and if the Bible said that Jonah swallowed the whale, I would believe it." It is obvious, even to the casual reader of the Bible, that its pages are not of equal value either as literature and history or as moral and religious teaching. The Old Testament is in many cases far behind the New Testament in its grasp of the truth. Much of it is not to be read at all for edification, and there is much to be said for those who advocate a shortened edition of the Bible to be put into the hands of the young.

The truth is that the writers of the books of the Bible were fallible men who were subject to the limitations of their humanity as we are, who were restricted by the thought-forms and scientific concepts of their time. The Bible only becomes intelligible and valuable as it is read in that light. The Old Testament becomes a book of absorbing interest if it is regarded as a record of the progressive development of man's apprehension of the moral and religious order. If you persist in regarding it as being infallibly inspired by God, it becomes not only unintelligible but in parts repulsive. It is inconceivable that there are still some who can cling to the conception of literal inspiration.

There are some, too, who profess to see in certain books of the Bible predictions of present-day events. Weird and wonderful systems have often been invented to determine the relevance of particular passages to current and future events. If man would only read the Bible with gumption and historical perspective, he would be saved from making declarations which make him and the Bible subjects for ridicule in the eyes of his fellows. The Bible has no more to do with the progression of this war's incidents than have the stars.

Luther said that the Bible is inspired because it inspired him. That surely is the true test of the value of any literature. In all great literature,

art and science, there is the inspiration of God, but it is the inspiration of God mediated through the individual characteristics and styles of the authors. God did not write the Bible. He inspired the men who wrote it, as He inspired Beethoven and Shakespeare.

My advice about reading the Bible is:—

1. **Read it with gumption.** I want very seriously to warn you against taking the counsel of Biblical Cranks. Don't take it on its face value. To appreciate any part of the Bible, you need to know when it was written, under what circumstances and by whom. Therefore, you need to read it with the aid of a Commentary. There are now a few first-class, one-volume Commentaries which will give you all the information you need. Read the Bible intelligently and you will no longer find it a painful duty which you feel you must perform, but a pleasurable and uplifting experience.
2. **Read it selectively.** If you are reading it for the first time, mark the passages which you find helpful, so that you will find it easy to return to them again. The records of the doings of some of the kings of Israel are not to be placed on the same level with the writings of the New Testament or some of the Psalms. If it is edification you need, then a few verses from the Gospels or Epistles is what you want. A few verses read meditatively is far better than whole chunks read in a hurry and thoughtlessly. Why not make use of one of the many daily aids to the reading of the Bible?
3. **Take small doses often.** A few verses read each day is far more helpful than spasmodic reading of lengthy passages. The cumulative effect of regularly reading a few verses is of inestimable value.

If you don't know the Bible, you need to be reminded that no other book in the world has exerted an influence comparable to it. To neglect it is to shut yourself off from the most potent ennobling influence in all literature. That is a simple statement of fact.

#### SERVICES IN THE CHAPEL—

09.00 hours. Holy Communion.

10.00 hours. Parade Service.

10.40 hours. Holy Communion (alternate Sundays)

THE DISCUSSION GROUP meets in the Chapel on Tuesdays at 20.00 hours.

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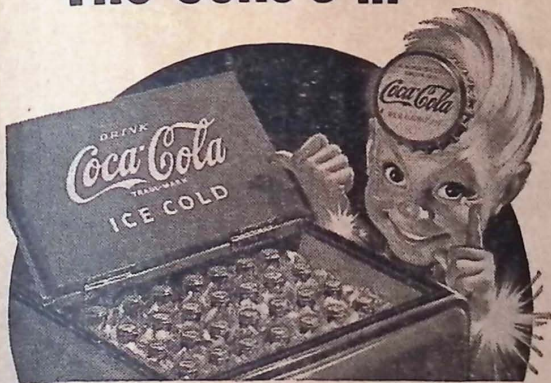
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