

# THE GREMLIN

Vol. 1, No. 3

No. 31 E. F. T. S., De Winton, Alberta

September 18, 1942

EDITORIAL STAFF: Eve Gaul, Editor  
R. W. Robertson, Associate Editor  
S/L R. E. Watts, Associate Editor

PUBLISHED EACH FRIDAY

Ed. Note: Besides the above-mentioned, we have our Gremlinites (Mike Rodrigues, Elaine Beamer, Ruth Falconer, Maddlyn Sutherland and Denny Ross); our Station Reporters (who do not wish too much publicity); and our Moral Supporters, namely:  
G.B. Rayner, C.D.C. & F.P. (Candidate for Dramatic Critic & Free Passes)  
J.W.S. Ferguson, O.R.C. ("Off-the-Record" Commentator)  
T. E. Mason, C.P. (Coiner of Proverbs)

## EDITORIAL

We are now fully organized. With the intelligent and co-operative staff who volunteered last Monday evening to save "The Gremlin" from an early death, we can sit back complacently, beam on all and sundry, and do as little as possible. Ah, if we had but cultivated a taste for cigars!

We shall now be able to devote considerable of our time to voicing opinions which will be ignored, to criticizing people for what is very likely none of our business, and to making a nuisance of ourselves generally. We shall do our best to fill the position.

But until we get the feel of the bit in our mouth (we are already accustomed to the chain on our ankle) there will be no literary groanings and brilliant coup-d'estats from the editorial chair.

Instead, we should like to give you what we know will be of far greater inspiration than any feeble attempt of ours. We can lay no claim to the following lines. They were written by a member of the civilian staff, who has allowed us to use them only on condition that we withhold his name. We think you will enjoy them as much as we did. -- The Editor.

### AT LAKE LOUISE

There is rest amid the mountains,  
There is peace among the peaks,  
There is wisdom in the mountains;  
And he may find who seeks.

Springing mighty from the valleys  
Where no foot of man has trod  
Stand the snow clad hills eternal --  
The sentinels of God!

Calm, impassive, at our strivings  
Gaze they still with changeless face,  
Bid us still the fevered rushing  
Of our restless race.

For they speak of ageless purpose  
Holding fast since time began;  
And they urge us to be steadfast  
To the true and good in man.

## THE WORLD IN REVIEW - by R.W.R.

The Pacific War achieved new headlines this week with the renewed British descent on Madagascar. This time apparently the intention is to occupy the whole island so as to effectively deny its use to the Japs both as a submarine and air base. So far the occupation has gone forward smoothly and with little resistance. Quite probably the Vichy troops there are disaffected, or at least not anxious to put up a fight for the Axis. As we go to press comes news that the Governor has asked for an Armistice with a view to capitulation. So that's that.

In New Guinea the situation appears to be unchanged. The Japs have made slight progress toward Port Moresby, but to offset this their principal base of supply and air operations has had a stiff pounding from U.S. and Australian planes which has put it almost out of commission.

In Egypt the check to Rommel's forces appears to have been very serious. At least for the present his offensive has broken down. Here, as in Russia, time is an important element and a failure now may spell complete disaster later.

At sea we have to mourn the loss of another Canadian Patrol Vessel with a crew of 38 hands. Details as usual are meagre but it would appear that the ship was sunk in the course of an engagement to protect a considerable convoy somewhere off the Atlantic Coast. Four members of the convoy were also sunk.

Air operations against German factories and railways proceed without abatement. This steady pounding must be having effect and Hitler may be expected to make every effort to put an end to it. This week a new type of bomber has made its appearance over Britain, operating from an altitude of 40,000 feet. This may be the beginning of a renewed air offensive, from which may develop the final struggle for domination of the air in Western Europe.

Vichy moves ever nearer to complete harmony with the Axis. Now it is forced labour for all Frenchmen and Frenchwomen for the purpose of manning industries turning out war equipment for Germany. Coupled with this is a scheme for sending drafts of Frenchmen to work in German industries. So gradually France, once the home of Freedom and civilization is pushed into the ranks of the slave countries.

And how of Russia? Well, Stalingrad battered, bombed and in flames, still holds out, and in spite of their long agony the spirit of its Army remains unbroken. The cost to the Germans in men and materials must have been terrific, but don't lose sight of the fact that Russian losses have also been enormous, or that these losses have been borne with a stoicism almost unparalleled.

Whatever the outcome, this great defence deserves to take its place with the heroic defences of Salamanca and will undoubtedly be remembered so long as freemen live to recall deeds of courage.

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S/L Watts says: "KEEP 'EM FLYING"

We wish to welcome another International Flight to the Station; in particular, one member -- a small dark gentleman of Scotch extraction.

The change-over from Stearmans to Tigers has commenced with the new intake and this should simplify training to a great extent. The advantages of training on one type of aircraft are too well known to need any comment by me.

The School flying times for last month were very good but still about 1200 hours short of the target figure, and the hours for the first half of this month are below the hours for the corresponding period in August. I am certain that if the aircraft allotted to the Flights are utilized to the best advantage a big increase in flying times can be obtained. With the shortening of the days it becomes increasingly necessary that the aircraft be kept in the air for every minute possible. This, of course, is one of the primary jobs of the Flight Commanders. The Instructors can help a lot by planning their whole day in advance.

A word to the pupils. The amount of flying you do here depends largely on yourselves. If you are handy when a spare aircraft is available, the chances are that you will get it, irrespective of whether or not it is allotted to your instructor.

-- R.E. Watts, S/L, Officer in Charge R.A.F.

# Calling all Departments

Come In, STORES . . . .

Stores Presents an Open Letter to Maintenance:

## AN OPEN LETTER TO MAINTENANCE:

We have certain complaints against Maintenance, which we think should be brought to your attention, so that they may be corrected.

We have a sneaking suspicion that you are harbouring a sword swallower in the hangars, who is unable to exist on an ordinary diet and to whom you feed split pins, flashlight batteries and nail pullers. If so, he must surely soon reach his capacity limit. Or is your vocabulary so small that the same things are repeated over again out of necessity to show that you are alive?

And these coveralls -- we blush to hand them to the laundry driver. Of course, perhaps you are trying to camouflage yourselves so that the passing airman cannot distinguish you from a hole in the ground, but he hardly think the girls would stoop to such depths.

The matter of requisitions needs some attention on your part also. They should be legible, and signed, and contain at least a brief indication of what is wanted. Try to send the requisition a short while -- possibly 5 seconds -- before it is a matter of life and death to have it. We are tired of keeping 'em flying.

Hoping you are the same.

The Quarter Blokes

P.S. Maintenance: Please note and reply in next issue -- if you can read.

<p>We are just a bunch of Quarter Blokes,          And, lordy, how we try          To please that good old Maintenance crew -          For them we'd do or die.          It hurts like hell to hear them yell          For split pins, nuts and bolts,          Spars, wings and rudders --          Yes, and even AT Quarter Blokes!          Though they don't believe us          Their orders have gone in;          And if the goods are not received          Must we swallow all their din?</p>
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## THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW

What kind of mascara is Charlie Copp using? Is it F.W. Woolworth's brand, or is it lead pencil? Of course, it could be that he needs a wash! (Ed. Note: He's had it!)

Who were the three musketeers who were chased by bears on a buying trip to Lake Louise?  
P.S. Mr. Alexander, are there still b'ars in them thar hills?

## Christening

The Barrack Warden has named the new Ladies' Barracks the "Hen House" -- no roosters but lots of cacklers.

## Bright Answer of the Week

by Little Bertie

Question: "Surely you aren't cold? What are you going to do when it's 40 below?"

Bertie: "Isn't it?"

The Sherlock Holmes Department of Stores has discovered that Course 64, which recently arrived, has three native Canadians, one from the almost unknown region of Regina, another a Vancouver boy who is being married on Saturday. We take this opportunity to congratulate the latter and wish him many years of wedded bliss. He has been reunited with his fiance after three years' separation, during which time he was with the R.A.F. in England. The third Canadian is a Calgary boy of whom we used to hear often in musical circles before he left us and went to England on a two years' scholarship in the Royal College of Music, London. While studying there he was awarded a further scholarship of two years, and following this he joined the R.A.F. and so is now at De Winton. He confesses that he had forgotten where De Winton was, and we are not surprised. Welcome home, boys!

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MAINTENANCE (The House of Modifications and L.14's)This and That

The members of the staff will be very pleased to learn that Bruce Best, who has been absent from work for several weeks because of illness, is recovering satisfactorily and expects to return to work in about three weeks.

It's becoming a racket, what? Jimmie, our genial stenographer, reporting to the Hospital three times a day for treatment for a mosquito bite. If this continues we'll have to give her a D.I.

We all look with envy on a certain Air Engineer from No. 1 Hangar who received a shipment from Ontario, not of aircraft parts but of 22-oz phials containing a lubricant (but not for engines). Flash point and viscosity unknown.

This fall we will expect the Okotoks High School to be a much brighter place. Because six of our hangar girls who have been polishing aeroplanes all summer are returning to the O.H.S. to further their education. Lots of luck with your Latin and Algebra!

Recent arrivals from Sunny Toronto are Mrs. Bill Brown and Mrs. Bert Morrison.

From the office of Modifications and Hot Air, we hear plans of a Sunday harvesting bee at Jimmie's place in the country. We'll bet Pappy will wish he'd never seen the lads from the airport.

We wish the best of luck to W. Ritchie and W. Follis, who are leaving to join up. Burchett may also join them soon if he remembers -- More sleep, fewer blondes.

We welcome the new additions to "A" Flight: R.E. Smith, S. Cowan, Vic Stearns, A. Anderson, and Nick Krasnow.

Born on a rainy Wednesday night at the edge of DeWinton's airport, one "control area" complete with arrows, bars and square. The C.E. attended.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW

What did a certain Engineer say to a certain F/Lt. ?

Who's the Mechanic who wants to know what cloud-dust is?

Why does a certain Engineer need a steno in his office?

Who is the Sgt. in "D" Flight who writes notes to "Dear Miss Baxter"?

We wonder if F/L Hinds has sold his car yet.

WE IN MAINTENANCE ARE PSYCHIC!!!

That's how we know that Stores are sending a few dirty cracks our way in this paper-----We don't know why they should-----  
We have given them the fullest co-operation so we don't see how there could be any enmity on their part. We admit there are times when we have to call on Mr. Copp for a little oil----- However, he always comes through with a shining countenance-----and four barrels of oil. Thanks-----and keep it up, Charlie!

Maintenance to Stores: "How about the parts we ordered?"  
Stores to Maintenance: "What !&#) (--&?? parts?"

## WORKS AND BUILDINGS coming in ....

We regret to say that Martin Davis, tractor operator, has been absent all week under doctor's care. With young Frederick only three weeks old, that's really tough. We're rootin' for you, Martin.

N. Steckle is leaving for Shepard Airport to resume work as a Timekeeper, and we wish him the best of success.

We are glad to welcome some new members to this Department. William McDowall, T.S. Hamilton, A.J. Smith and T.A. Anderson have recently joined the Janitor Staff, and J.T. Ferguson and C.A. Hillestad the Firemen.

The Durstin children and Shirley Wiseman are now attending the Davisburg School.

Among the things we would like more information on: Where did the yellow paint go?

And incidentally, how about a pair of roller skates for some such method of transportation for Mr. Jacques?

(Ed. Note: We'll supply them if he'll wear them!)

## Make Way for MOTOR TRANSPORT .....

To the Editor and Gremlinites:

Comments, suggestions and humour found in this section should be taken with the proverbial pinch of salt, or drop of oil, providing of course the right kind of oil is obtainable.

--Your M. T. Reporter

SPLASHES FROM THE OIL CAN --

Quiet reigns over Calgary's streets. What can the reason be? Haven't you heard -- Jean is driving the Gas Tender this week.

Stubby's Dilema: How to be in Okotoks and Calgary at the same time Saturday. (Fickleness does not pay.)

Mr. Jacques must be convinced at last that drivers understand garage doors are not automatic. It does help a little if they are opened first.

BRRR... We suggest if the Messes have not sufficient cold storage space they can use part of the M.T. Office.

-- Remarks from Bedroom --

"Heck, Art, what good is that guy for a reporter? How could such a sourpuss have any sense of humor?"

Yellow but Not a Stearman - We hear Slim was trying to fly with 222. The girls say they have had no harp lessons yet.

NOTICE

Laundry will be closed Saturday & Sunday.  
We Hop Hi going to mountains for soft water

WEEK END SPECIAL: Banff in two hours via Blowout Express.  
(Better luck next time, boys!)

Or did the native girls at Cochran look better at close range than the mountains in the background?

L A T E S P L A S H

Heavy snowfall reported at Banff.  
(The Cochrane girls are due for another thrill!)

## Groans from the GUARDHOUSE . . . .

Okotoks Annie says the War will be over in two months. Her boy friend has joined the Army, and he never keeps a job more than two months.

This Week's True Story

Guard, to Airman who was going over fence:

"Sorry, mate, you will have to go around to the gate."

Airman, to Guard:

"I did not know you were a guard."

Guard: "What did you think I was?"

Airman: "A duck hunter".

We have three new men on the Guard -- G. Donald, S. Slemko and H. Clare. Donald is on the Telephone Exchange, Clare in the Fire Hall, and Slemko on the Guard.

The new uniforms haven't arrived yet, but we are expecting them soon. It's either that, or hunting licences.

Boarders Accommodated

We have some modern rooms to let. A little bare, perhaps, but we don't charge for the accommodation; at least, not in cash.

## GROUND SCHOOL Gasps . . . . .

Well, there isn't much doing in the Ground School these days as everything is going along smoothly and it is just one big holiday for all the Ground School staff (or so most of the other personnel think)

We wish to extend a hearty welcome to the new International Squadron (Course 64) who arrived last Saturday, and we hope that their stay here will be successful and that they will enjoy "Sunny Alberta" and De Winton, "The Flower of the West".

L.A.C. E. Shade, who has been spending a holiday here for the last fifteen weeks, has finally decided to leave and is resuming his vacation in Eastern Canada before he visits Trenton. We all wish L.A.C. Shade the best of luck and a pleasant trip. So long, Ernie.

Along with L. A.C. Shade go the last shades of Course 51.

L.A.C. Rigby and L.A.C. Robertson, the last of Course 49 and 59, respectively, have also left us after a successful stay here, and we wish them the best of luck from De Winton on.

## IN OUR OWN BACKYARD . . . . .

The General Office welcomes a new member to its staff, Miss Rae Eargman. We hope she will be able to evade the coyotes.

There is a shortage of chairs in the G.O. Could it be that they're wearing cut? (Could be!)

The Orderly Room has been carrying on with Sgt. Patrick and Cpl. MacGregor doing a gallant two-man job of keeping 'em rolling. We are all anxiously awaiting the outcome when the Corporal goes on leave this Friday. Will the Sergeant requisition a straight-jacket or start looking in cupboards for "soft weekly" playthings? (Perhaps the Adjutant will assist him in the search!) Anyway, have a good holiday in Victoria, Mac, you've earned it. (And the best cure for that "homesickness" is a bromo.)

We wonder if the C.G.I.'s sign should be changed to "T. A." (Tonsorial Artist) -- or is this just a side-line? Oh, those taxes!

Things We Overhear

"Well, maybe she can't type --- but ----- !!!

-- SIGNING OFF

TO FRATERNIZE OR NOT TO FRATERNIZE

by Cpl. E.E. Stevens,  
Course No. 63:

The first thing that intrudes upon the notice of a newcomer to DeWinton is the chief difference between this and other purely R.A.F. Stations. I refer, of course, to the presence of a large number of decidedly attractive civilian women. As our Service readers are well aware, a she-civilian is a rare sight indeed on an R.A.F. camp, but here we are surrounded by them. The first reaction is one of genuine pleasure; the second, of deepest gloom, followed by a hopeless questioning regarding the reasons of the powers that be for ordaining that Service personnel will not "fraternize". Unless my early-acquired Latin fails me, it is derived from the word, "frater", meaning a brother. Therefore, fraternize should mean "to treat as a brother". I can think of no finer relationship.

One presumes that the question of welfare is uppermost in the minds of the authorities. But do they tackle the problem in the right way? After considerable thought on the subject, I say "No, a thousand times No!" I will be frank. The problem created by sex has existed ever since that disastrous (?) day in the Garden of Eden. It is the law of nature that the question will arise whenever the youth of both sexes are thrown together. The psychology that is being used to deal with the problem is medieval. How often is a thing stamped out by driving it underground? It is more likely to flourish there, in a very unhealthy way. After all, if an airman wishes to be a little - er - friendly, he has only to meet the lady of his choice in the canteen, and there arrange a date outside the camp. Authority, so easily circumvented, sits back complacently, secure in the knowledge that in the camp, no matter what may be taking place just outside, everything is lovely. Very pleasant for the official mind, but how unutterably stupid. After all, the average airman (and I am talking of average people -- there are exceptions both in and out of the Service) is quite a decent sort of chap, believe it or not. Similarly, every girl that I have met of fifteen years of age or over is more than capable of taking care of herself. Consider the case of a Station with a proportion of Service women. No attempt is made to separate them from their male colleagues, and there is no more freedom in these matters than in civil life.

From a Service point of view, it is naturally undesirable to have personnel (male or female) loitering during working hours. This would be a very bad thing as far as the production of pilots is concerned, but why not relax the rule after working hours? We use the same dining hall, the same canteen, and the same cinema. So why not allow us to escort our lady friends back to their billets after a show? If the town were within easy reach, we should be able to go out more frequently and, no doubt, take them with us, but located as we are this solution is often out of the question.

I pen these few comments in the sincere hope that the powers that be may reconsider the case, and come to a happier arrangement, but I fear I shall have gone before anything is accomplished.

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One Down And One to Go

It has just come to our attention that Sgt. Patrick of the Orderly Room is ill. Replacing him we find F/Sgt. E.A. Smith, Cpl. E.A. Palmer, and A.C. Palmer all of No. 37 S.F.T.S. We regret to hear of the Sergeant's sickness and we all wish him a speedy recovery.

GEN FROM THE FLIGHTS"A" FLIGHT (Course No. 61)

Course No. 61 is hard at work over in the Ground School tackling knots and m.p.h. and stuff. (First, it was gardening and now it's exams!) Anyway, after that splendid outburst of literary fever last week they can well be excused. It is expected that they will be back in the limelight next week with a farewell bombardment.

In the meantime, they have our very best wishes for success.

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"B" FLIGHT (Course No. 62)

This has been a rather uneventful week for the Flight. No ground loops, detected solo formation flights, or lost ships. However, with the new aerodrome rules coming into force today things will be livened up a little -- but, remember, fellows, stay out of trouble for the whole Flight's sake.

As a change from our usual spread we present the following ode to an instructor, written by one of the boys.

## THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1. One day when feeling very tired<br/>I struggled with a weary tread --<br/>With clumsy 'chute and dressed<br/>For sport against the elements,<br/>Thinking only of my bed.</p> <p>2. I walked into a room marked "Crew"<br/>And right away, a voice, "You'll do";<br/>I was startled out of blissful sleep<br/>And drifted out just like a jeep<br/>To the waiting Stearman.</p> <p>3. I sank into the seat so near despair;<br/>Along the wing with bleary eye<br/>I looked -- there came to me<br/>A vision of an overalld form<br/>Who seemed to say, "Well, try."</p> <p>4. I yelled at him with all my breath<br/>All that sequence known to us --<br/>We, who hope and break and take --<br/>He answered in a voice so strange<br/>And I shouted "Contact" (you cuss).</p> <p>5. At that moment there appeared<br/>Another form muffled and garbed,<br/>Eyes covered with two glasses green.<br/>Because there was no sun at all<br/>This seemed to me so very odd.</p> <p>6. I looked into the round of glass<br/>Perched high up 'neath the wing;<br/>I saw his face of grim intent<br/>And down the tube that voice came<br/>Rumbling, "Keep on that !--&amp;? grass."</p> | <p>7. With a throb and roar we lifted<br/>Clear of that good rich earth,<br/>Leaving what seemed to me<br/>Safety far behind - so still was I<br/>Trying to capture courage 'ere it<br/>shifted.</p> <p>8. We levelled out, I saw with dread<br/>The patch of brown and grey and green<br/>Stretching far below. "God - were I<br/>but dead.<br/>I thought where I might have been.</p> <p>9. We turned, we twisted in the blue,<br/>The mirrored face unchanged,<br/>Except, perhaps, a hidden light<br/>Which made that stare seem evil<br/>To me -- of gruesome hue.</p> <p>10. At last the nose began to sink,<br/>That face seemed almost kind;<br/>As we glided down my spirits rose,<br/>But, no, I thought, this cannot be --<br/>He's bound to change his mind.</p> <p>11. We kissed the ground so lightly<br/>And we trundled to a stop;<br/>We turned and looked and moved again<br/>Towards the doors that gaped awide --<br/>The switches turned, the engine gave<br/>a plop.</p> <p>12. I looked again, the face was gone;<br/>I dragged myself up clear<br/>Of cockpit, tubes and strap and stick;<br/>And so, dropping on the tarmac block,<br/>I moved toward the rear.</p> <p>13. I felt as many who have gone before,<br/>So glad that life was kept for me.<br/>And next time, boys, when you're up there,<br/>Just forget that face, and take the air,<br/>Because, you know -- it's free!</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> |
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GEN FROM THE FLIGHTS"D" FLIGHT (Course No. 63)

We are glad to welcome Course 64 to this extreme outpost of the Empire. We ourselves have neglected the gardening so far; we trust that the new Course will take upon itself the onerous duty.

We congratulate Sgt. Titch on his low flying effort. His excuse was that an aeroplane was trying to land underneath him. The Flight thinks that it may have been his desire to see a glamorous "shemale" in the Control Tower.

Did Smith sign the low flying log when he did a circuit at 150 feet, thinking he was flying at 1500 feet?

We admire the honesty of the P/O Instructor who suggests that the word "Kite" be used only by ground personnel and those who know something about it -- he himself uses the word "Aeroplane".

What was meant by one of our Polish comrades, who referred to a compatriot as his "Boy Friend"?

Laundry arrangements being what they are, we would suggest respectfully that one of our Sgt. Instructors taxi with just a little more thought for his pupils.

Having seen the film, "Dive Bomber", we attribute the growth of moustaches in the Flight to a desire to emulate Errol Flynn in his performance in that film -- at least, that is what many landings would suggest.

Congratulations to Woosley on having his hair cut at last. We understand that he returned the hairpins and clips on Form 675.

We admire our Czech friend who has introduced a little self-discipline into the Flight by rationing himself to merely 18 bottles of whiskey on Saturday nights.

A certain L.A.C. with newly grown moustache was very grieved when he failed to impress his Instructor that he DID get up in the mornings.

"Fraternization" appears to be the Flight watchword. Sgt. Titch seems to be going pretty strong. Only snag -- he never knows if its "her" or her twin sister (so he says). Anyway, she doesn't work in the Control Tower, believe us.

Our sympathy to the member of the Flight who has discovered, to his cost, that the way of the transgressor is hard.

There appears to be a new female arrival in "D" Flight Hangar. A certain ragged piece of intimate feminine apparel was recently displayed in the Flight hangar with a notice, "She said NO" -- proof positive of a brand new arrival.

We have discovered something quite unique in the Flight -- a Corporal with "moral scruples".

Tubby Worner (he of the excessive avoirdupois) has been kind to the Stearmans this week -- one hour in 6 days. It is to be hoped that the mechanics will fit dual undercarriage to the Tigers before he goes on I.F.

Who are the two "desert-rats" (not prairie dogs) recently happily re-united after 3 years, and now instructor and pupil? Even the fate of a Nation can be decided over a glass of beer.

We wonder how Hawkins dries what he smokes in his pipe.

Lastly, we wish to state that there is absolutely no truth in the suggestion that one of our pupils flies solo with A.P. 129 in his hand.

GEN FROM THE FLIGHTS"C" FLIGHT (Course No. 64)

And it came to pass that in the land Can-ada there lived a group of men (?) amongst whom dwelt peoples of many tribes, and the most free of these were the men of the tribe of France. All these tribes were known as Pilots, after the manner of U.T., which being interpreted, means, pickers of stones and divers other lowly articles which abounded in the land of the More.

After they had passed through the brave city of Calgary, they came nigh unto the place where men are taught to fly as the birds of the air. Their fiery chariot ceased its motion, which being interpreted, means, the bus stopped, and many muttered angrily against the driver, saying, "Why does he not feed well his chariot before wandering abroad from his village?" And he who sat at the wheel answered thus, "Lo, we have come nigh unto De Winton." Whereupon the angry ones did again mutter amongst themselves, saying such things as, "We have journeyed into the wilderness", and "I wonder if there is much Bull here."

Then spake one who knew the camp. "Be happy, ye wanderers from afar; ye men of little faith, for ye have travelled to the land of many females." And upon this their countenances were bright and they said, "Truly, this man has the gen, we are but sprogs in his sight." They had yet to learn the edict of the mighty chiefs: "Thou shalt not fraternize with they who wear skirts." Since they were far from the land of the Scot, they understood that females were bad for the morale (in working hours).

So these men of many tribes in the Course called 64 knew De Winton. May their fame live in the land after they have passed away.  
A.V.S.

"THAT'S COOKIN'" in the SERGEANTS' MESS

The three stooges, plus the honorary stooges, have again completed a successful week of nightly sessions.

Amendment (Ref. Vol. 1, No. 2, page 3, para. 6.  
Subject of the Thin Man)  
Delete: "Stooge No. 3"  
Substitute "Stooge No. 1"

Our deepest apologies to Sgt. Watson for this grave error.

We welcome the newcomers of Course No. 64 to the Mess. We will do our best to make you happy and if you drink beer, everything will be "dapper".

There was a happy re-union here the other day when Sgt. Foster (Course 63) met "Chota" Watson. They served together in Mespot. Get some service in, you "sprogs".

We wish to thank Sgt. Portass for the good work he is doing behind the bar. "Get 'em in, Doc."

Who is the sky-pilot with rubber pads attached to his parachute to enable him to see out of the cockpit? (Chota Allah)

F/Sgt. Williams, Stooge No. 3, is leaving for "Blighty". So a vacancy exists and we appeal for someone with an infinite capacity and who suffers from night starvation. Happy landings, Bill, we all wish you the very best - always.

MISCELLANEOUS GUIDECHURCH SERVICESProtestants:

Recreation Hall Sunday morning  
 Holy Communion - 10.00 hours  
 Morning Service - 11.00 hours

Roman Catholics:

G.I.S. Bldg. (Lecture Room 5) Sunday  
 Mass - 10.00 hours

BUS SCHEDULESLeaving De Winton:

6:15 p.m. (daily except Sunday)  
 1:30 p.m. (Saturday only)  
 3:15 p.m. (daily)

Leaving Calgary:

11:00 p.m. (daily except Sunday)  
 11:30 p.m. (Saturday only)  
 1:00 a.m. (Thursday and Sunday)  
 9:15 p.m. (Sunday only)

ENTERTAINMENTNo. 31 E.F.T.S.

Sept. 20 - "Wild Geese Calling"  
 Sept. 21 - "Paris Calling"  
 Sept. 22 - "Miss Annie Rooney"  
 Sept. 23 - Dance - (Phonograph records)  
 Sept. 24 - "Twin Beds"

CalgaryTheatres

Capitol: "This Above All"  
 (Tyronne Power & Joan Fontaine)  
 Strand: "Women of the Year"  
 (Spencer Tracy & K. Hepburn)  
 "Doctor Broadway"  
 Palace: "Across the Pacific"  
 (Mary Astor & Humphrey Bogart)  
 Grand: "Pardon My Sarong"  
 (Bud Abbot & Lou Costello)  
 Isis: "The Lady Has Plans"  
 (Ray Milland & Paulette Goddard)  
 "Larceny Inc."  
 (Edw.G.Robinson & Jane Wyman)

MEETINGS

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Music and Dramatic Society will be held in the G.I.S. on Monday, Sept. 21, at 8:30 p.m. All members please attend.

The Athletic Association will hold its weekly meeting on Thursday, Sept. 24, at 8:00 p.m. in the G.I.S. Plans will be completed for the formation of a Rifle Club. We urge all those interested in Sports of any nature to be present.

Dances

Penley's, 8th Ave (Wednesday & Saturday)  
 Elks, 7th Ave. (Every night except Friday & Sunday)  
 Palliser Hotel, 9th Ave. (Wed. & Sat.)

NOTICE

For entertainment of a different nature, come to the "Variety Show", Wednesday, Sept. 30 (Recreation Hall).  
 Watch for the sale of tickets!

Music, drama, comedy, combined in one great magnificent, colossal production!

PATRONS OF THE AIRMEN'S AND CIVILIANS' MESS, your attention, please

As you will have observed, there are newly painted tables in the Airmen's and Civilians' Mess. Bob Hopper and his able help-mates have worked long and laboriously in an attempt to improve the Mess Hall, and we believe their efforts are appreciated. To give concrete proof of this appreciation and to show that further improvements will be welcomed, it is up to each and everyone of us to keep this furniture in the fine condition in which it is now. We think everyone will willingly co-operate in this.

Mr. Hopper informs us that a gun-board is being erected outside the Mess for the "under-the-table" parkers. So please deposit your gum at the door with an appropriate tag so that you will be sure to get the right chaw on the way out.

L A T E F L A S H -- We have heard of painting the town red or green, but yellow -- that is apparently another story. It seems, however, that someone, or rather, some place has received a good coating of the said yellow colouring. It should be fairly obvious but no one seems to be able to locate the ghastly hue. We are afraid that we will have to call in a referee as the Painting Department and the Stores Department are passing colorful (not yellow) comments as to the whereabouts of the oil and lead.

As we always said ---- (with \$00.02 worth of equipment over our signature) ----- "Who signed for it, boys?"

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 (ED.NOTE: Gremlins are scarce when found on the ground -- will you please pass this one along?)