

THE GREMLIN



Vol. 1, No. 4

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

September 25, 1942

DEADLINE FOR
CONTRIBUTIONS

Wednesday
Noon

S/L R. E. Watts

EDITORIAL STAFF

Eve Gaul
Mike Rodrigues

R. W. Robertson

PUBLISHED
EACH
FRIDAY

The following "missile" was received too late for publication last week, but we are now happy to present it to our readers in its gruesome entirety.

De Winton, Alberta,
September 16, 1942.

Dear Editor: (Or does one use a term of endearment in addressing so unresponsive a person as an editor is by repute?)

And what a name for a periodical! Gremlin, Gremlin, find the Gremlin!

Such a combination -- half beast, half reptile! The cow jumped over the moon and, due to the Alberta beef shortage, the Devil lopped off her hindquarters, and substituted the tail end of his old pal, the serpent (whom he had decapitated as a reward for his fifth column activities in the Garden of Eden) again to beguile Eve who, once before, in the origin of time, fell for his "tale".

And this ungainly monstrosity is presented to our gullability as the playful sprite, who, like Ariel of the Midsummer Nights Dream rides the atmosphere, playing his practical jokes on all and sundry unsuspecting -- his special victims the invaders of his domain, the airmen.

Now, Miss and/or Mister Editor, while umpteen years ago we fell for the "Cow jumped over the moon" stuff our present knowledge of aeronautics (authority Mr. Ferguson) has taught us that a body or machine, even with a bulging leading edge and an attenuated trailing edge must have some form of propulsion, push or tractor, before the necessary lifting air-currents can be induced.

Surely, Miss and/or Mister Editor, in this late day and age of factual belief, we are not expected to believe that a pair of boxing gloves on the front and landing gear of a hyphenated bovine, either used in the free "dog swimming" style or the revolving style adopted by some untrained boxers would be sufficient to propel this ponderous imp to and through the greater heights.

In conclusion, to state that this "thing" can and does perch between the landing gear of a gull is to strain beyond endurance the "gull"ability of

a Didymus

(Ed. Note: Centuries have disappeared into space since the original "Doubting Thomas" voice his complaint, but no doubt his sceptical descendents will always be with us. Just what does "Didymus" want us to do -- dash madly around in planes, gas trucks, the ambulance perhaps, in an endeavour to capture a Gremlin as proof of the authenticity of the race? Even if we had the odd Grem up our sleeve (which is an impossibility as a Gremlin on being captured weeps bitterly and dissolves into a flood of tears) it would be a difficult task to find Didy as he has not had the courage to sign his name, which is only further proof of the weakness of his argument. No, we cannot put a Gremlin on exhibit in the Mess Halls or Canteen or any other place, but as smashing proof of the existence of same we have the support of our C.E., Mr. Gordon Rayner, who today reported a Gremlin having bitten a fair-sized piece of steel from the blade of an airscrew. The bite was clean, which would indicate that this particular Grem was a healthy specimen and no doubt hungry, as they seldom do this type of deed with malicious intent.)

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

Once more the outstanding feature of the week's news is Stalingrad. Attacked from three sides, battered by ever increasing weight of men and guns this astounding city continues to hold on -- a splendid monument to the skill and tenacity of the Russian Army, and an ever increasing threat to German plans. Indeed, for these plans the handwriting on the wall already says "Too Late".

At sea this week we rejoice at the success of the destroyer "Assiniboine", which rammed and sank a U-boat. The destroyer's Commander in describing the action says, "We closed him at 200 yards and the sub started evading action. We kept closing in and just missed ramming his stern". Well, that's close enough for any man but "Assiniboine's" job was not done so she closed some more and finally ran right on to the sub, throwing it for a total loss. There is an offset to this victory, for Ottawa also announces the loss by torpedo of her namesake destroyer, H.M.C.S. "Ottawa", with casualties amounting to 113 Officers and men. The "Ottawa" went down defending a convoy, so in good fortune or ill the Navy gets on with its job.

Heavy air raids on Germany continue unabated, their devastating effect increased by the use of the new four-ton bombs, whose destructive power extends for city blocks. Used in conjunction with these is a new type of incendiary lighter more effective and cheaper than the old one. Germany, in addition to the new sub-stratosphere bomber, has also put into action new types of fighter-bomber and fighters, as the struggle for air supremacy enters a new crescendo.

We shouted a little too soon in regard to Madagascar last week as the Vichy Governor there decided against capitulation at the eleventh hour. However, operations appear to be going smoothly and it is only a question of a short time till the island is effectively in our hands.

The front in Libya remains quiet, such actions as take place being in our favour. It will be interesting in this theatre to watch developments in French West Africa. If the German attempt on the Suez is finally checked the strength of the Arikans Corps may be turned westwards, with the connivance of Vichy, in an effort to disrupt an important U. S. supply line to the Middle East and to establish air and submarine bases on the South Atlantic.

CONGRATULATIONS!

Congratulations to "B" Flight on their splendid effort last Friday. The Chief Engineer has designed and constructed an elegant cup to mark their achievement. This is the first occasion that the C.E. has had anything to show for a day's work!

-- R.E.W.

CALLING DE WINTON: In response to a number of requests, an Evening Service will be held in the Recreation Hall at 7.30 p.m. next Sunday, Sept. 27th. The service will be quite short, and I hope that it will be a success. We want a pianist, and I shall be grateful if someone able to play will volunteer for the job. People who are keen on singing will be able to help things along, too. If you have any ideas about making the service popular and helpful, will you come and tell me, please? It's your service and you can help to make it the sort of service you really enjoy!

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Other services will be held at the usual time on Sunday morning.

-- The Padre

ODE TO MOVING DAY

By yon barren prairie, and by yon guarded gate,
Oh, the sky loomed gloomy and grey;
And me and my luggage from yon Sergeants' quarters
Must get on the move today.

Oh, you take the large things, and I'll take the small things,
And I'll be moved before you,
But me and my dresses will be Heaven-awful messes
Before all our moving is through!

(With apologies)

Calling all Departments

Come in, STORES

We expect that this issue will contain devastating reprisals by Maintenance, and we will hardly dare to open "The Gremlin" lest we be withered by their comments.

APOLOGY

It has been brought to our attention that Regina, which was referred to in our last issue as an almost unknown region, is, on the contrary, quite well known as the Queen City of the West, and is, according to the press agent in our midst, both alive and growing. If he is any sample of the people there, that must be a fact.

WANTED -- A pair of double-barrelled machine guns,
by Charlie Copp
(Or would a straight jacket be more useful, after moving day?)

DIALOGUE OVERHEARD IN STORES:

Charlie, Sr.: "Mr. Webster, did you call for a truck?"
Mr. Webster: "No."
B. Morrison: "That's Bill Brown's car out in front."

Educated Flies at Hospital

Two signs decorate the Hospital Entrance. They read, as follows:
Flies Please Shut the Door!
Flies Keep this Door Shut!

But if they can read, the flies must have learned, too, that it is unhygienic to leave the doors open.

WANTED - A Sleuth: To sleuth up and find out who and why was seen leaving the stores about noon on Wednesday, breakfast in hand and bright sky blue pyjamas under arm.

LEFT? RIGHT, LEFT, We had a Good Home and We Left

It was with profound regret that we said an almost tearful goodbye to our old home in the Sergeant's Quarters and took up our beds and walked to our new residence. We had grown fond of the discolored pipes, the peculiar smell, the dingy walls; and of our neighbors, the Sergeants, who we say in all their varied moods. We had begun to appreciate their choice of art, which has adorned our walls. We will probably become accustomed to the hygienic whiteness of our new walls and the antiseptic cleanliness of the atmosphere (surroundings?) We hope our new neighbors will be as tolerant and interesting as our old. But as yet we cannot pass the Sergeants' Quarters without a lingering look behind!

DISAPPOINTMENT(?)

Mrs. Cunningham was noticed looking under the beds in the new rooms. No luck, eh?

Groans from the GUARDEHOUSE

Scotchman to Irishman, who was watching a plane high overhead,
"I'd hate like hell to be up there with that thing."
Irishman: "I'd hate like hell to be up there without it."

I wonder what has become of the guard who was such a good duck hunter. Ask Joan Light!

Mr. Prescott is back on guard after a short illness. We think he must have traded places with Mr. Martin as the latter was taken sick the same night and was taken away.

WORKS AND BUILDINGS coming in

Mr. and Mrs. Jacques spent a very pleasant week-end with Mr. Houghton's party at Lake Louise. We understand Mr. Jacques is thinking of taking up mountain climbing as a hobby!

There are some welcome additions to our Department: H.G. Norris, T.A. Anderson, and W.J. Watson have joined the Firemen, and T.A. McLean is on the Janitor staff.

And new little Jack Little is leaving us for Vancouver. Good luck, Jack!

We think anyone who is well enough to play pool should be able to drive a truck. What about it, Martin?

After considerable reminding we find that Mr. Jamieson has at last finished the equipment for the Padre. Now Mr. William Whyte will be able to go to Church, provided he ever has any time off.

We all have trouble with our inventories, but did you ever hear of anyone trying to trade off a borrowed wrench for a pair of perfectly good pliers? Ask the M.T. Section.

Mrs. Cuthbert is arriving from Toronto on Friday. Maybe Bill will be able to get down to work then.

We take this opportunity to say good-bye to Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Peers, who are leaving our Carpenter Staff, and to wish them the best of luck.

Mr. Jacques protests that he still thinks he knows the difference between a gate and a garage door. Now that the Editorial Staff is looking after transportation for the Works and Buildings Manager there are some very fine skis on the market. Get ready for winter!

Make Way for MOTOR TRANSPORT

Pilot to first time student: "If we have any trouble, bail out and pull the cord; if that doesn't work, pull the lever; and if that doesn't work, a truck will be waiting for you down there." They went up and struck trouble. The student bailed out, pulled the cord - no results, so pulled lever - still no results. "Just my luck", he said, "And I bet that fool with the truck will be late."

Now that the girls' quarters are finished the road to the highway might smooth out. How's about it, Mr. Jacques?

Oh, the day was dark and dreary,
The grease can full of rust,
Art stood in the M. T. door,
His voice was full of cuss.

One thing we'd like to know: How a brunette driver can get away with murder. 'Nuff said.

A very pleasant weekend was spent at Banff by several M.T. drivers. The only disappointment was when one of the boys, after climbing Sulphur Mountain, couldn't see the village of Toronto.

Was the crowd on the field last week caused by a Scotch student losing a dime during a loop, or were we misinformed?

Compliments were thick and heavy in the garage this week. Sid and Roy remarking on the inaccessibility of the Ford Motors. Henry's ears should be burning.

MAINTENANCE (The House of Modifications and L.14's)Maintenance Guff

Our Link Trainer Maintenance men, Bill Perkins and Leon Ratner, left Thursday night for a three weeks maintenance course at Regina.

Art Winkler, who came from the east with the maintenance crew, left our happy home last weekend to become a student pilot in the R.C.A.F.

The boys in the hangar wonder if it is true that the pilots in "B" Flight did their night flying inverted on Friday night to rest that portion of their anatomy they had been sitting on all day.

When F/Lt. Povey asked for fifty Tiger Moths for Monday morning we understand he was told by No. 4 Training Command to get in touch with the Station Model Aero Club.

After checking flying sheets and L.14's for a few weeks it is difficult to believe that Mr. Law is going to sing "Your Time is My Time" at the next local concert.

On Wednesday night the R.A.F.'s and Civilians enjoyed a very well presented concert which was given by Elks Club of Calgary. The house was packed and all the acts were well received. It is hoped that Mr. Henthorne will bring his show back again at an early date.

SPECIAL NOTICE - Anyone finding an L.14 correctly signed by all concerned please deliver it to the C.O. who will place it in the Station museum

To: STORES

From: MAINTENANCE SECTION

PDQ/DQ/707 25/9 MY PDQ/DQ/1 DATED MARCH 17, 1812 PLEASE EXPIDITE
OUR DEMAND FOR YOKES, OXEN, SIX PAIR, & BALLS, MUSKET, ONE
HUNDRED POUNDS STOP URGENT

"WHAT'S COOKIN'" in the Sergeants' Mess

The 'DO' in the mess on Sunday night went off swell. There was lots of good things to eat and drink and music was supplied by 'Jocks' discoveries. An eightsome reel was danced by a few Scottish Haggis Bashers who did O.K. The elimination waltz was very popular, this being won by P.O. Thomas and his Lady friend.

Now that 'Bill' has gone the atmosphere in the Mess has entirely changed, his two 'Oppos' feel very down-hearted, and walk around in a daze refusing to speak to anyone.

Who is the waitress that stays out late at night, then gets up early in the morning and comes to work wearing odd socks. Try washing in cold water, if this does not cure you, then sleep with your clothes on.

We have found a new stooge No. 3, the name of whom is being with-held until his next of kin in England have been informed.

Bunny otherwise known as 'Digger' was noticed doing a spot of 'nishing' on Sunday evening. Keep it up 'Bunny' she is a good cook.

Was it only Mountain air which caused a well-known engineer to see that curious animal in the woods near Lake Louise.



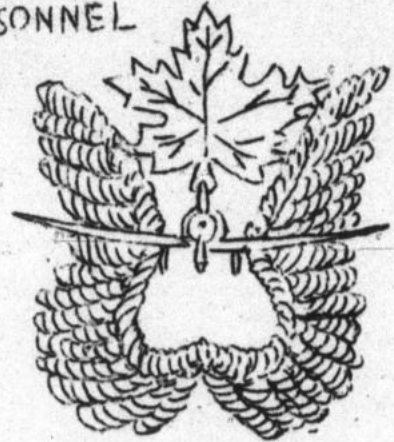
LICENSED AIR ENGINEER



ENGINEER'S CAP BADGE
OTHER PERSONNEL



GROUND SCHOOL INSTRUCTOR



INSTRUCTORS CAP BADGE
PERSONNEL OF
OFFICER STATUS



FLYING INSTRUCTOR

STANDARD TYPES OF BADGES

FOR

ELEMENTARY FLYING TRAINING SCHOOLS

To erase the question mark so prominent in many minds regarding the uniforms worn by civilians, we have here illustrated above the badges which, with their captions, are self-explanatory.

Since "The Gremlin" has yet to blossom forth with colour, it is necessary to run thru these details with words. Before so doing, however, we should like to trace a bit of the history of the uniforms.

In the early days of the B.C.A.T.P. there was considerable flurry and confusion as most stations opened at least six months ahead of schedule and in the scramble the lesser question of uniforms was passed by. Some Units being more settled within themselves, took up the question without delay, decided on uniforms, and were equipped with same. Which accounts for many green uniforms now seen on this Station. The green uniform, although not now official is not to be looked down on as it signified that personnel wearing it have at least two years service in the B.C.A.T.P.

Other pressing matters having been taken care of, officials of the R.C.A.F. and Canadian Flying Clubs Association, met for the purpose of defining the uniforms for Elementary Schools. The official decree, which we intend to follow here, is --

WINTER

Navy Blue -- Personnel of Officer Status - Officers' Style & Cut
Gray -- Other Personnel - Airman's Style & Cut

SUMMER

Light Gray Worsted -- Personnel of Officer Status - Officers' Style & Cut

It is worthy of note that many civilians are on leave from the R.C.A.F. to work on this Station.

"A" FLIGHT (Course No. 61)

(As a bit of a fare-thee-well our friends in "A" Flight dispense with personalities and get down to some serious (?) journalism)

A FAREWELL THANKSGIVING
by LAC. D. Proctor

"Unsolicited Testimonials" are usually looked upon with scorn and suspicion, especially when they are selling something, so let me say here and now that I am not selling anything, just handing out a spot of goodwill, gratis, and that is a commodity that hurts nobody.

"I figure that with all this anti-fraternity business and such, it would be a good thing if we cadets spread a word of thanks for the folks who keep us flying, and I don't mean the guys who tell us to get into 840 and keep it up an hour, though we have a good word for them, too.

I mean the guys on the ground, who turn those handles till they drop in their tracks, who holler for the gas buggy till they are speechless, and the lovelies in work-stained overalls, who keep the ships clean, drive the gas buggy, pour in the gas (though not always in the right hole). They all get a big hand from us.

We give a good word to the Timekeepers who send us off with a great big smile, and always get our times right; to the Chief and his back room girls who politely point out how bad our arithmetic is. How much faith we have in the Engineers -- we would never get off the ground or back on it but for them. So keep it up, you guys!

We have good words for the cooks, the highsteppers who glide around our tables, keeping them spotless with a flick of their cloth, the washer-uppers who never let a single stain remain on cup or plate. And thinking of food, there are those indefatigable canteen cuties, who tell us "No icecream today" so sweetly that we don't give a rap for icecream anyway.

And lastly, but not least, we have good words left for the Store-keepers, who give us clean white sheets; for the cheerful chappies who keep our billets clean; and above all, the ones who give us our movies and put on those deathless records of Bing Crosby.

Before I end this testimonial, I must include a good word for those chaps who taught us on the ground so patiently. They gave us headaches, but no doubt we gave them the same, and now that it's all over and we are regaining our sanity, we thank you, and all those mentioned before, for helping us through at DeWinton. We will remember it.

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ALBERTAN SUNRISE
by LAC. T. Sampson

I open my left eye -- I cannot open my right because it is trapped in the pillow. My good eye focuses itself on my watch -- seven -- SEVEN. I extend the focal length of the eye to the next bed. He's still there, must be Sunday. But no, it was Sunday days ago. I rouse him: "Hey, we should be flying." With colossal effort he raises his head two inches. Before he resmothers himself I hear something about night flying.

I am down at the hangar, collect my parachute, not a second has been lost. I stroll through the Crew Room door with an air of hours to kill. It does not work. Where have I been? I say it, and it stinks.

We're instrument flying in 4935. Instruments -- I think only of knives and forks. I find 4935, having to think twice as I pass 4945. I peer into the cockpit. By the length of the harness straps one would imagine L'il Abner had been the last to sit there. I lengthen them and think that Mr. Browning must have designed them. An energetic mechanic is trying to close the cover. He walks around to me; would I mind depressing the cover release? Sure, I'll press it. I press -- the cover handle tries to slice off the top of my head. He rattles off the cockpit check. I repeat back at half-speed. He perspires. "Contact - contact, off - off, contact - contact, off - off", and so on. I look again at the petrol cock and turn it on. "Contact - contact". She fires. We're at the take-off point. We are off. Eye witnesses say that this was nearly an exaggeration. The morals of the Indicated air speed are

"A" FLIGHT (Course No. 61)

ALBERTAN SUNRISE (cont'd)

much to the fore. I feel that the cement of the bond between Instructor and pupil (AP129) is cracking. At last I may take off the hood. The Instructor wisely says he will land it, or rather he does not ask me to. We make a super powered approach, floating across the 'drome. A bit high with too many engine revs, I think, but who am I to judge? The far boundary is a lot nearer than I usually see it. Will she land like a Tiger or a Moth? A tiger it is. "Tricky to land these Moths in rare air", says he of the front cockpit. I smile, the bond is recemented.

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OBSERVATIONS ON CANADIAN DANCING

by

LAC.'s R. Frazer, P. Lane, C. Harber

Our first impressions of dancing in Canada were obtained at a recreation hall at a certain E.F.T.S. a little way out of Calgary.

To say the least, we were amazed at the rather unorthodox, to us, style of doing the quicker tempoed dances. In fact, we began to doubt if the hall was big enough when half a dozen couples got up to "jit", as we believe it is called.

One mathematical minded person from the Old Country calculated that each couple needed approximately twelve square yards in which to do their stuff, and any other person or couple who trespassed on the chosen ground did so at the risk of damage to life and limb.

A few of us have tried, with only partial success, to imitate the local style, and much amusement has been caused by the antics of a very tall, dark airman, who hails from Yorkshire.

It has been noted that our Allied friends are much more adaptable to this "jitterbug" business than we are; one particular case in point can be quoted when we mention with what joy one of our timekeepers used to step around with a certain Dutchman, who, alas, has departed for pastures new.

We find, however, amongst quite a number of the ladies, that they definitely like our more staid and smoother kind of dancing in preference to the gymnastic efforts of their energetic countrymen and women. It is to be hoped they are sincere, because at present we will not attempt to become "jitterbug" conscious if we find our public(?) is satisfied!

Before closing this blurb, we must say how much we enjoy the Wednesday night dances and view with some dismay our next Station where there will not be any "fairies" to brighten up the Camp or the dances.

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E.F.T.S. -- AND ALL THAT!

by LAC. Reuben

On waking up in the morning, the first thing you do is to decide whether or not you want to fly. Assuming the nickel comes down heads, it is advisable to choose a type of aircraft that you have flown before. You wander down to the Crew Room, finish dressing, and eventually find yourself on the tarmac with somebody else's 'chute. There is no need to bother about an authorization -- it is only red tape, anyway. Arouse one of the ground staff and offer him a nickel to start up a kite; if he quibbles, make it a dime; and if he still quibbles, try someone else. In climbing into the cockpit, ignore the notice "No Step" -- it's just to fool you!

As the mechanic cranks up, look around for some other soloist to play with and throw a few digital signals at him. When the engine starts, run up at 1600 m.p.h. as this gets the temperature up quickly, and on testing switches put them to "off" a couple of times -- the back-fires are useful in awakening the rest of the ground staff. Release the brakes and taxi happily away, ignoring the slight bump as you pass over the mechanic. Never taxi along the runways more than three abreast and ensure that you all zig and zag together. If you should become airborne while taxiing, take straight off as this saves time later. If any other aircraft attempt to cross your path the following instructions should be followed:

If he is dual, stop immediately, but if he is solo, ignore him and carry straight on.

If another aircraft approaches you head-on, just keep going; this is a good test of nerve for would-be fighter pilots (Flight Commanders, please note!)

(cont'd next page)

"A" FLIGHT (Course No. 61)E.F.T.S. -- AND ALL THAT! (cont'd)

On arrival at the take-off point, nip craftily around the fire truck, ignoring the frantic signals from the seventeen other aircraft waiting there. Always endeavour to take off as close behind another aircraft as possible, as his slip stream will give you added lift (Ref: Mr. Burrell?) Don't forget, when taking off, if the aircraft swings to the left a touch of right brake is quite in order. On becoming airborne do a cockpit check, unlock controls and stir control column to ensure smooth working. If not satisfied, do a stall turn of 180 degrees and land, ignoring other aircraft which may be taking off. Remember, an aircraft coming in to land has right of way.

Assuming controls are all correct, do a right hand turn at 500 feet and proceed (fly?) to the low flying area. At 2000 feet, level off and look around for another aircraft to beat up, preferably of the junior course. If none are available, try High River -- there are bags of Tigers down there! Having satisfied this craving, look around (why?) in the approved manner and carry on with aerobatics, remembering that in a good loop you need not have your safety belt fastened.

Rules if the aircraft catches fire:

- If Solo - (a) Put out your pipe or cigarette.
 (b) Spray with petrol and cheer loudly.
 (c) Head kite for the Control Tower so that they can get the number.
 (d) Bale out.
- If Dual - (a) Wake up the instructor.
 (b) Bale out.

If nothing exciting happens, return to the 'drome, do a right hand circuit at 1000 feet, letting down to 500 feet cross wind -- this helps to steady the nerves of people taking off. The next item is to shoot up the Control Tower on the pretext of looking for ground signals, followed by a powered approach with the nose of the kite pointed at any stationary aircraft. If he taxis out of range, look around and quickly alter course for another similar target. If the ground is clear, there is nothing else to do but to land. Having reached a standstill, turn left and look for other aircraft coming in, and if there are any, taxi across their landing paths (this helps to steady the nerves of other pupils).

The excitement over, turn and taxi back to the dispersal hut at 1800 revs, screeching to a standstill as near to the door as possible.

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(Ed. Note: We should like to congratulate Course 61 for the splendid showing they have made, both in their journalistic efforts and at the School in general. "The Gremlin" thanks L.A.C. Sampson and his talented fellow students for their kind co-operation in contributing to the paper, which in future, we are sorry to say, will be minus their particular brand of wit and wisdom. We are optimistic enough to hope that they may find time to let us know how they progress at their S.F.T.S. Thanks again, 61, and the very best of success to all of you!)

"B" FLIGHT (Course No. 62)

Time marches on! The record breaking 62 facing their crisis -- the terminal examinations - prepare themselves with various degrees of vigour according to the natures of the individuals. Honour is due to the nightly concord who, with grim lips and purposeful mien, make their rendezvous (French) in the canteen. Where, re-enforced with a goodly quantity of Canadian beer (?) to lubricate the rusty mechanism of reproduction (though), they begin the Herculean task of absorbing matters relative to the said crisis. Such a foregathering, like all forms of social activities, requires the usual period for defrosting, and during this interim the events of the past few days find their way into the conversation.

The Flight code forbade us to mention in last week's issue that there was a fair display of ground aerobatics, but since Holland was unable to drag (no reference to little man Green) the tail down out of sight it was impossible

"B" FLIGHT (Course No. 62)

to escape from official attention. Investigation revealed, however that his prompt action averted a more serious collision.

We understand that Hoggard thought he was flying a mowing machine the other day, saw a likely crop and consequently did his share in the local harvesting.

Cross country flights (official) took place yesterday when a large formation of Stearmans was observed in the High River area. (Who else got the Canteen blonde's phone number?)

Farmers in the Okotoks district were wondering where the large sized paper streamers came from. On the arrival of one roll intact they have evacuated the area until the arrival of the other accessories.

Butch Campbell and Killer Alford awakened the whole room at 0400 hours the other night with their Highland cries of "A moose! A moose!" A scuffle ensued from which Butchie emerged triumphant, holding a wee mauled mouse, much to the relief of all, who had expected nothing less than a large wild-eyed animal of the antlered variety. ("A wee slikkitt timorous cowering beastie" - R. Burns)

"D" FLIGHT (Course No. 63)- as compiled by L.A.C. J. Varley

We are all fully aware that the grass is quite long in parts of the landing field; for some unknown reason it particularly attracted the attention of Cpl. Stevens and L.A.C. Zelinski, who had a darn good try at cutting it with their wing tips. Very poor show, chaps!

Congratulations to L.A.C. Foster on your successful ground loop.

We would like to know if there is an official vermin catcher in the camp. A certain L.A.C., after donning his flying kit, felt something running around between his flying suit and clothes, made an unsuccessful grab when it advanced to his rear, but alas, he was too late. He was bitten. After desperate struggles he got it down his trouser leg to discover the "something" was a mouse. It is said that the same L.A.C. spent the rest of the day sitting with left wing high.

We want to know if Sgt. Harvey's intentions are strictly honorable.

We cannot understand why a Stearman (being taxied by L.A.C. Woodley) should have taken a dislike to a harmless Tiger Moth. It DID.

Not content with his low flying last week, L.A.C. Smith has now ploughed up the aerodrome with his wing tip. He tells us he was only doing a climbing turn from take-off.

ATTENTION L.A.C. STOREY

The camp barber is located in the M. T. Section

The activities of a Messing maiden and one of our younger members (tall, dark, and so handsome) warm our old hearts and make us feel young again.

With great relief, we report that L.A.C. Hawkins has broken his offensive pipe.

We feel quite sure that if L.A.C. Ware has to hit the silk his parachute WILL open.

We assure Sgt. Muncy that aircraft abandoning procedure does not consist of resetting altimeter to zero and just stepping out.

WANTED

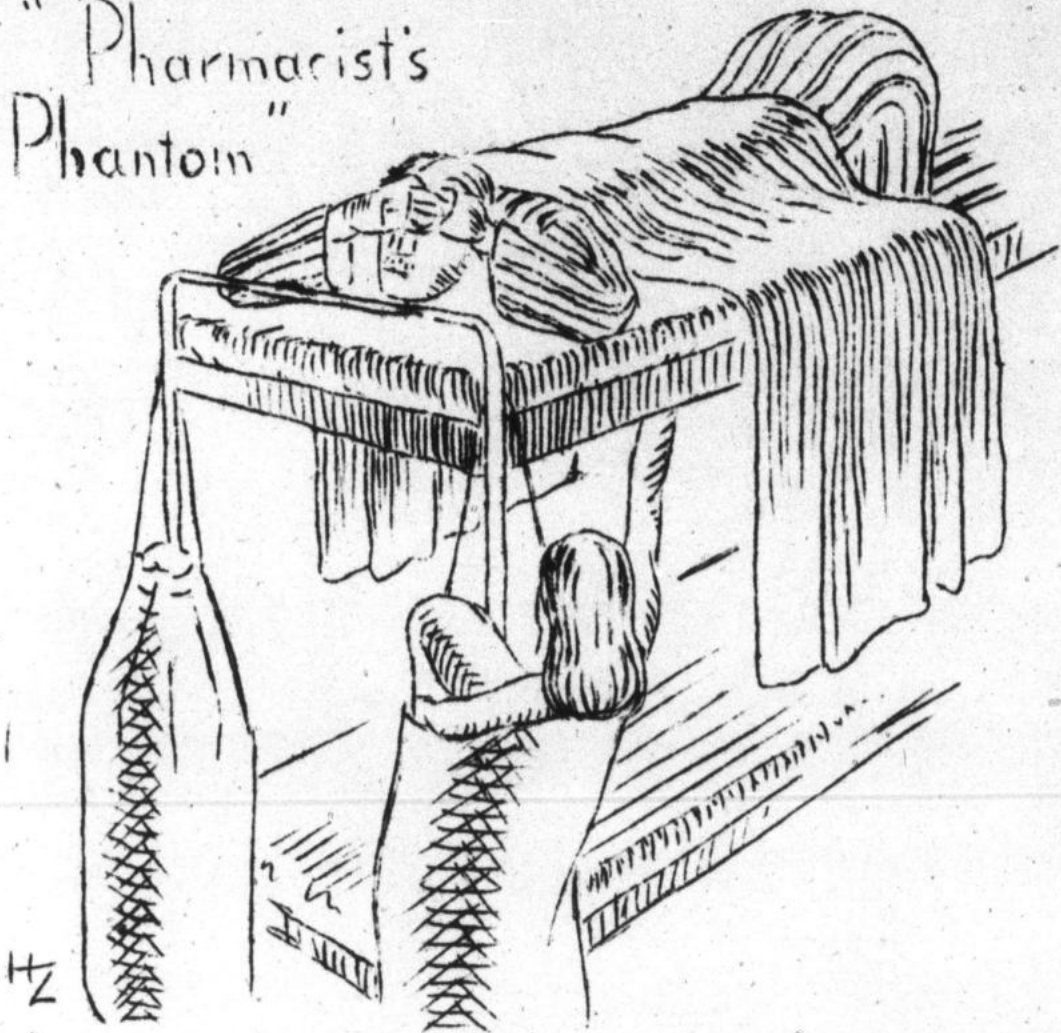
Good Second Hand Stradivarius. Apply LAC.Cole

(advt.)

L.A.C. Storey has now another pair of socks and has given the former pair to L.A.C. Hawkins.

(cont'd next page)

"Pharmacist's Phantom"



The "Medicine Man" for "D" Flight seems to have great difficulty in dispensing with certain attentions!

"D" FLIGHT (Course No. 63) - cont'd.

L.A.C.s'oozley, Hawkins and Storey went shooting on Sunday afternoon. Each fired 150 rounds. Report of casualties to date: a brace of sparrows!

Does Sgt. Foster know that kidnapping is a serious offense in this country?

A hiking and camping party from the Flight discovered Okotoks on Saturday and report a curious custom among the natives -- they wait till the beer parlour closes before opening the dance hall.

Prize Prunery of the Week: The L.A.C. who posted his mail home in the Gremlin suggestion box. (Ed.Note: It was stamped so we mailed it)

We trust our P.T.I. Corporal enjoyed his leave as much as we did!

"C" FLIGHT (Course No. 64)

We regret to report that "C" Flight is strangely silent this week. Could it be that the harvesting season is taking up their time?

"Oh, pickers of stones and mowers of grain,
We hope that next week won't be the same."

Signing Off

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 DeWinton:

- 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 p.m. (Thursday and Sunday)
9:15 p.m. (Sunday only)

ENTERTAINMENTNo. 31 E.F.T.S.

- Sept. 27: Cinema - "Ten Gentlemen from West Point" & "Welcome, Little Stranger".
Sept. 28: Dance (Len Davis' Orchestra)
Sept. 29: "My Favorite Spy" & shorts.
Sept. 30: Music & Drama (Station talent)
Oct. 1: "Suicide Squadron" & Shorts

DANCE AT OKOTOKS (16 miles South)
Don't forget the Saturday night dance at the Elk's Hall, Okotoks. Bank night every Saturday. (Taxi transportation can usually be arranged by phoning Ford Motors, Okotoks.)

CalgaryTheatres

- Capitol: "Tales of Manhattan" (Charles Boyer, R. Hayworth, Ginger Rogers)
Strand: "Johnny Eager" (Robert Taylor, Lana Turner)
Palace: "A-Hunting We Will Go" (Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy)
Grand: "Invisible Agent" (Ilona Massey, Joe Hall)
Isis: "Confirm or Deny" (Don Ameche, Joan Bennett)

Dances

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

CAMERA CLUB

Keep up your spirits, Camera Fans. You have not been forgotten. As soon as everybody gets settled in their permanent quarters it is expected a dark room will be furnished. A satisfactory location for all personnel has been found, which we hope will be possible to obtain.

NOTE OF THANKS: Wednesday, September 23, 1942, will long be remembered as Moving Day, and if you are inclined to think that all was milk and honey ask Charlie Copp! It is a very good thing that the day of the scalping knife is past, as had there been any available, Charlie would have needed as many scalps as hairs on his head. Good work, Chas.

We, who moved in the direction of the Sergeants' Quarters have a very special word to five of the girls, who, during all that confusion, remained at the Quarters with pail and brush, wax and polisher, cleaned and scrubbed until the place was fit for a king. We express on behalf of all concerned our very great appreciation and thanks. We promise never to forget your efforts. Thanks again to Irene McLeod, Marie LaPlacé, Madeline Pavan, Irene Haycock and Eudora Apperley.

MONTHLY DANCE

The Monthly Dance will take place on Monday, Sept. 28. Len Davis' Orchestra, Dancing 9 to 1. Tickets, 25¢ each. A Gray Hound bus will be leaving Calgary at 8:30 and returning after the dance.

SPORTS ASSOCIATION

The next meeting of the Sports Association will take place at 7:30 p.m. Thursday, October 1, in the DRILL HALL. All personnel interested in sports are invited to attend.

THANK YOU! -- The Gremlin would like to express its great appreciation and thanks to the faithful ones who stroll into the General Office on Thursday night and proceed to "go to town" with an amazing amount of energy and efficiency. This week we particularly wish to thank Ruth Falconer, Maddyln Sutherland, Bob Hopper, Fred Ingram, Gordon Rayner, Charlie Copp, L.A.C. Storey, L.A.C. Zelinski, L.A.C. Varley, Gordon Payne, and all our contributors and friends.

STOP PRESS ITEM: A Church Parade is being held in No. 1 Hangar on Sunday. Special prayers are being said for F/Lt. Povey's 50 Tigers.

AS WE LEAVE -- Charlie Copp: "If I put up another bed I'll get into it."

....Cheerio