

THE GREMLIN



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EDITORIAL STAFF:

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S/Ldr. R.E. Watts R. W. Robertson

PUBLISHED
EACH
FRIDAY

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

VICTORY IN THE DESERT

After many weary months of alternate hopes and fears, the above line can at last be written with considerable conviction. General Montgomery's Eighth Army has smashed through the German defences and routed their Armoured divisions, trapping a considerable portion of them with their backs to the sea, where, to quote Cairo, they have been annihilated. At the latest hearing Rommel is still in full retreat, hotly pressed by our troops and harried by the Air Force. His Second-in-Command has been killed in action and the Commander of the Africa Corps is a prisoner. On Wednesday, Cairo claimed that 240 German tanks had been destroyed and 9,000 prisoners taken. In view of the fact that the German retreat has continued unchecked for another two days, these figures have undoubtedly been greatly exceeded. Even with the best of troops a rapid retreat under heavy pressure tends to develop into a rout and it is to be hoped that this time we shall have a sufficient reserve of men and tanks to administer the knock and blow.

While rejoicing at the success to date, and looking with tempered optimism to the future, it is well to keep in mind that the battle is not won till it is completely over, and that conditions can change very rapidly. However, with the Germans now out of a position where frontal attack was the only possible action, and into the desert where extensive flanking movements are practicable, it can be hoped that this splendid victory will lead to an overwhelming triumph.

"From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli", and so by way of Midway Island to Guadalcanal, where the U. S. Marines are adding fresh honors to their already impressive list. Attack after attack by superior Japanese forces thr own back, and when the engagement was finally broken off by the Japs, the Marines had "advanced a few miles".

Japanese naval forces have been withdrawn from the Solomons, but this is probably only temporarily, for the purpose of regrouping. In the meantime, though, they have lost many ships, many planes, and many men, while the U. S. still holds its positions, together with the vital aerodrome, and the Marines have "advanced a few miles."

In New Guinea, the Australians continue their advance, and are now within about thirty miles of the main Japanese base; probably Jap defences were weakened here to bolster their attack on the Solomons, but in view of their ill success there, the move, at least to date, does not appear to have been a wise one.

News from Russia this week is also good. Stalingrad still holds out, the Germans having failed to make further gains in spite of considerable reinforcements. The drive in the southern Caucasus seems to have bogged down for the time being. Most other sectors are quiet, but such activity as is reported seem favourable to the Russians.

Air raids on the Continent continue steadily with some reprisal raids on England; these apparently have not been in great force, though considerable damage was done to Canterbury.

It is long since we have been able to report a weeks news so generally favourable to the Allies, but don't be deceived into thinking it's all over but the cheering. Perhaps we have reached the period of slack water, and when the tide runs again it will be in our favor, but there will be many an anxious hour and

IN MEMORIAM

It is with a deep feeling of sorrow and regret that we announce the death of one of the most popular members of our staff in the person of Marcel Bridgeman.

Moss (as he was popularly known) has been with The Malton Flying Training School since it opened in June, 1940, and previous to that with the Toronto Flying Club for a number of years. During the many months that have elapsed, he had endeared himself to everyone with whom he came in contact by his fine spirit and cheery disposition.

It has been a tremendous shock to all of us that such a fine young man should come to so unfortunate an end, just at a period in his life when his whole future showed such great promise in his chosen vocation.

Our deepest sympathy go to his parents and family in their sad bereavement.

"SUNDAY AT SEVEN"

"There's a war on, and you padres tell us we must keep trying to live a Christian life. Well "WHAT ABOUT THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT?"

If you've forgotten, or never knew, what the Sixth Commandment is, there's still time to find out before next Sunday. If you don't care, anyway, it's still worth finding out, so that you can join in the discussion planned for next Sunday evening.

There will be short Evening Prayers, with hymns, from 7:00 to 7:15; then, after a few minutes break, discussion until about 8:10, when it's time to open the doors for the Cinema fans.

YOU'LL ENJOY COMING TO "SUNDAY AT SEVEN"!

FROM ONE DEPARTMENT TO ANOTHERMAINTENANCE:

They work so hard (that's what they say),
 But we can add, it's not today,
 For if some parts we do obtain
 They're for some unknown make of plane;
 That they are nice, we do admit,
 They have the parts but they won't fit.
 They bluster, rave and rant and roar,
 That theirs is really an Air Force store;
 So we who wait just sigh and say --
 "There'll be no parts for us today".

----- ... 'The Maintenance Crew'.

To the person who writes letters to the Editor about the correct spelling of "Gremlin" and it's origin, etc. --

We fail to find your stuff interesting. It's well written and all that, so why not turn your talent to something entertaining? We, too, went to school, you know. We want to be amused -- not educated.

NOTICE TO GIRLS

P.T. classes are now being held in the Drill Hall, Tuesdays, 7:30 to 8:30 pm.

We of the Maintenance Section extend our deepest sympathy to Moss Bridgeman's family. Moss has been a member of the Company for the past few years and will be greatly missed by his co-workers. News of his death came as a great shock to his many friends, both from Ontario and of Alberta. Again we join in expressing our sincerest sympathies.

The Victory Loan has been subscribed to about 80% here in Maintenance. Come on, gang, let's make it 100%!

STORES:

TOO BAD, CHARLIE -- Charlie Copp, who checked the ladies' barracks, reports that he found nothing interesting.

L.R.O. (LATEST RUMOR OUT) -- The latest rumor out is that the skating rink will be ready by April. Can you confirm that, Mr. Jacques?

SABATEUR -- We appreciate the thoughtfulness of a mechanic who left a pair of wrenches in his coverall when he brought them to the laundry. He came back and looked for them -- for fear they would spoil the w. machine.

I SPY!

A representative from stores, on business in the hangars, noticed and heard several interesting things:

- (1) Guards(?) sleeping in unoccupied rooms or entertaining the girls by relaying the gossip of the camp where it should do the least good.
- (2) Mr. Pearce, fully recovered from his limp -- but is Miss Stubley still suffering?
- (3) Letters addressed to a certain flight engineer, formerly of 16 E. F. T. S., as "Chief Engineer" and "Officer in Charge of Aerodrome Operations".

THE WINNAH'S -- In this corner we have Charlie and Bill, rated as champs at Cribbage. Having given a lesson to Art and Mac, who represented the M.T. Section, they herewith challenge all comers.

BEST WISHES -- Mary Maronyk is shortly leaving for the land of milk and honey. We hope she won't find it curdled.

CONGRATULATIONS!

To Mr. Leighton - - - Some girls get all the luck.

"SICK BAY" PUKKA GEN:

Are we enjoying this weather? Bill is curious to know if it gets cold here in the winter. Winter draws on?

Mac has arrived back from the States and seems to have enjoyed himself. He didn't get married, so there's still a chance for a nice girl.

Curly is going to California for the next fortnight (he hopes) to see what he can do. He says he's going to pick oranges, but he talks in his sleep about torrid blondes. (Don't let the Old Country down, Curly -- pick one we can all go for).

Frank and Curly are shortly going in business raising chicks, using the food buggy as an incubator, so if you'd like to get in on the trade place your orders early. And don't forget to make your cheques payable to them jointly. They don't trust each other -- especially in the chicken business,

Again, we are in the Wards --
It's a certain young lady in Stores,
Over to us she did wonder
And o'er teacup readings did ponder.
Jock's she just gave a glance --
Too bad, you haven't a chance.
Frank's mind was an open book
So she had another look --
Said she, your past I think is tainted
(His Calgary redhead last week fainted)
No, he's not as bad as he's painted,
Perhaps you should get acquainted.
You've heard of Alf, and his weekenders,
When he comes back from his benders --
But, alas, his fate is sealed,
For out of church he'll soon be wheeled,
And we are willing to bet yer
That he'll come back on a stretcher.
Curly, we dare not mention,
It might draw too much attention;
After all, he's not a bad sort
And we all like a bit of a sport!
Now, to close we think it's best --
But, what a time we had out West!

Who are the girls in a certain section who are slimming? We suggest they have more exercise. What about it, boys? There are lots of nice walks in the locality. And, girls, WHEN the weather gets cold they will have to keep walking.

Some of the Permanent Staff had a marvellous weekend. They were "indisposed" from Friday until Sunday night. Their Blind Dates did not come up to expectations, but what did they care!

GROANS FROM THE GUARDHOUSE:

Who was the guard who was sent by the Chief to guard a plane, and got in the wrong truck and went to town? Ask Dagwood,

Is it true that Mr. Leighton got married? Maybe we had better ask him.

We wonder who shot the old dog that has been around the camp so long. Someone must feel cheap.

Mr. Copp -- what about a turkey shoot, as we have a lot of good shots in this camp.

Pat and Mike had been walking all day. They saw a man working in a field and they asked him how far it was to town. He told them it was about ten miles. "Not bad", said Mike, "Just five miles apiece."

WORKS AND BUILDINGS:

Did you see the gleaming, glorious barber pole on Main Street? It seems almost unbelievable that at last it is in position. It is a long time since it was first made and taken to the paint shop for decorating. Week by week it grew in beauty till now it glows in all its glory, directing one and all. If the trade increases in ratio to the cost of the advertising emblem, the business will indeed be a profitable one.

We understand that Robbie is poring over Time Tables to Winnipeg. The volume of mail has been large lately and we believe a trip will be in order.

Requests for supplies from W. & B. have fallen off during the last week. The office has become a sort of Bond Sales Department. However, there is no use staying away. Mrs. Leach has hunted us in every nook and corner -- result: our total so far is \$3,000.

A WORD TO THE GUARDS: Don't worry too much about the undertaking business. You may have a lot more to do in the future than you have had in the past!

(If you are finished with the crow bars, please bring them back.)

Bert is long in the face and short in the temper this week since the twins left.

We are pleased to note that Mr. Sam Brown and Mr. Archie MacDonald are around again after a touch of sickness last Sunday and Monday.

Some of the Firemen are going to ask Mr. Jacques for a motorized wheelbarrow for drawing coal. While they are at it, maybe they could rent it out to the Janitors for moving the electric polisher.

Birks of Calgary has taken enough coal out of Bob McEwen's watch to last through the present cold snap. We don't know how much Bob charged per ton, but we do know that he was able to stop at the ring counter on the way out.

Archie MacDonald has gone into the money-lending business now -- we understand he bought a bond.

Bill Whyte is wondering when he is going to get bigger and better beers here.

There was considerable delay in coal deliveries on Monday. Our boys rated a lady driver, and although tall Jack, short Jack, and Fred shovelled as usual the firemen complained of short supplies. It couldn't be jealousy, could it?

MOTOR TRANSPORT:

Now, we ask you, what was in the brew Friday night? Leanon isn't talking, but he's had a few days to think it over.

Works and Buildings is so clean it can't find any dirt to throw over some pretty slippery spots in the road.

SONG OF THE M.T. DRIVER

How do you expect us not to have nerves --
With the slippery roads and the icy curves;
With a Sergeant shouting about this and that
(What we get from there won't make us fat).
So don't shout orders, but have a heart --
I'm sure that the M.T. will do its part.

THE COMMENTS OF AN UNKNOWN CONTRIBUTOR

Our genial co-pilot of last week's fame evidently got into difficulties again. He was observed near Eaton's in a heated argument over bent fenders. One consolation -- he was not hauled into Court as was another member of the now famous De Winton Commandos, Mr. William Brown. Keep your fingers crossed, Tommy Stephens, you may not be as lucky the next time!

THE LATEST THEORY RE THE WEATHER AND EVERYTHING: "We've all died, and this is Purgatory."

GEN FROM THE FLIGHTS"A" FLIGHT (Course No. 65)

The congregation of "A" Flight are in disgrace. As a result their consciences are not going to be in such need of cleaning as their buttons and boots.

"Chieffy" Hider has lost his last cap and is now down to "Cap Yukon". This is issued as a warning to cap-possessors in the Flight.

We take pleasure in welcoming three new Instructors: P/O Stables, P/O Tofield, and P/O Donaldson.

It has been rumored that P/O Tofield has been measured for a skull cap as he appears to be frightened of a certain girl's father.
P.S. - They also say he has a good swing when throwing heavy hunting boots.

The instructors of this Flight are wondering if the "Rumble Club" will make enough money to enable them to take the timekeepers to the Palliser this Saturday.

P/O Van Daele has offered to pay \$3.00 to the above mentioned institution if he can get up at 8:30 every day till the end of the Course.

P/O Evatt has gone for red in a big way, especially the parka and jacket. There is something magnetic the way this colour can hold his attention.

We have a new Pilot Officer who is so tall he has to be placed in two sections.

P/O Crawford has now up and joined the "Lonely Hearts Club", and is now in Lot 3. This seems to be, well, shall we say, affecting his health.

L.A.C. Juste is holding feast in the Palliser on Saturday. It is understood that he had to go into the hedges and ditches to compel the female attendance to come in.

Sgt. Ross has been interviewed about the quality of the skid.

Sgt. Caws has been in the air so much he is sprouting feathers from his many goose pimples.

Finally, in a whisper, which of our two lovely "clock watchors" was seen sitting on the knees of "Bunny" Lane, or was it both of them?

There was a certain Floom-Loot
Who successfully put on his boot,
For the creature had fled
Right up to his head.
But the end was not glorious
All bewildered and furious,
In his cap was a mouse --
It brought down the house.

"B" FLIGHT (Course No. 66)

SURPRISE! We have two budding poets among us and here's a sample of P/O Gibson's and P/O Cogan's efforts;

"O, Moth, our help in ages past;
Cornell's our hope to come;
Stearmans in the stormy blast
Are our eternal moan.

"Bring me my Moth of tarnished gold,
Bring me my chariot of wire,
Bring me my pupil --
O, clouds, unfold
And bring the blizzard I desire."

We see that Sgt. Pollard has to have his cup of tea even when giving drill.

At this time we would like to wish W/O Campbell the best of luck at his new post.

(continued next page)

"B" FLIGHT (continued)

We are happy to welcome the following to our Flight: F/O Zima, P/O Nose, W/O Lokrejs, Sgt. Burrell and Sgt. England.

The only use for H₂O, according to P/O Nose, is for washing. We wonder what he means.

We see that one of our timekeepers is definitely the domestic type. Sewing on buttons and mending torn flying suits seems to be right down her alley. Keep it up, Madge.

BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES OF "B" FLIGHT

Campbell is a handsome youth,
Smart and clean and neat;
Pollard's rather more uncouth,
From scruffy hat to muddy feet.
Gunton in his eager way
"Rumbles" someone every day.
Flight Lieutenant Eastwood,
After quite awhile
Arrives with a charming smile,
But even he is forced to pay.
The timekeepers, though beautiful,
And tolerably dutiful,
Are, to their eternal ignominy,
Ignorant of the elements of Astronomy.
Deputy Flight Commander Browning,
When I give him my best
Pupil to test,
Comes back groaning.

Now, owing to a shortage of rhymes
(The metre has already changed five times),
The author considers it desirable to conclude
This grossly impertinent interlude.
It is unfortunately necessary to omit
Those whose idiosyncrasies
Cannot be made to fit
The metrical form of these biographies.

"C" FLIGHT (Course No. 64)

Time marches on, and with it Course 64 are about to take off on their next "cross country" venture. We have greatly enjoyed knowing these boys from many lands and are assured that all will be well in the days to come with such gallant Allies.

One problem which now is uppermost in the minds of the instructors is -- "Who will in future organize some tea? Alas and alack, England is gone!"

Lurking about in the crow room dust shall constantly arise Patey's confidential whisper, "Save the next plane for me."

Even to the end, the Flight failed to get that leaf from Bogdanchikoff's book on "How to Get Priority Rights on Planes". Did he fly two at a time to get in those bags of hours?

Weather changes brought many changes -- masked men from Mars, new winter clothing, and Donath's combative spirit, "Oh, snow! It is the coldest thing!"

"Sunday at Seven" will sadly miss Simmons and Cox, among others of Course 64 who helped to keep the ball rolling.

A rolling stone gathers no moss, but Shippin in his rambling arguments must have gathered many ideas from his bouts with various members of the Course, well refereed by McPhee.

We also wish the best to the Sages and Wits of the Officers and Sergeants Quarters who leave with Course 64. Oh yes, Elliott has "two t's".

And last, but not least, all power to L.A.C. Easton who, against overwhelming odds, still maintains that it takes two Englishmen (good ones) to make a Scotchman!

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It is with regret that we learn that P/O McLeod and P/O O'Connor have been transferred to the R. C. A. F. Station at Davidson, Sask.

We welcome to the Flight Sgt. Loring and Sgt. Willox.
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"D" FLIGHT (Course No. 67)

Hello, "31",

"D" FLIGHT CALLING

As the Junior Course we deem it an honour to be asked to contribute an article to this notable "rag". But as we have only been here a few days, we are afraid that we are not yet stabilised enough to pass any comments on the camp in general, although it was that several of our fellow stooges were doing quite a bit of reconnaissance work last Friday night at the Hallowe'en Ball, and we might mention while passing that we all enjoyed this event very much and hope there will be many more during our stay here. Another of our number finds great difficulty in locating his mouth in the Mess Hall, owing to his eyes being permanently averted from the table throughout each meal, but is he entirely to blame? "What would you do, chums?"

With an International Flight such as ours, containing Dutch, Danes, Fighting French, Belgians, Czechs, Brazilians, a New Zealander, a Celoynese, a Welshman, and an Irishman from Glasgow, we were undecided as to what language to write this in, but as it was rumoured that there were some stooges of English descent amongst us, we decided we would try and write it in English, which was quite an effort on our part.

Oh, by the way, before we sign off, one of our fellow sufferers has complained that he thinks the links should be fumigated as he swears that he saw a Gremlin in the Link with him, and he has attempted to draw same. But whether you will be fortunate enough to view this masterpiece rests entirely with the Editorial Staff of this highly respected weekly. In closing we must state that we noticed several members of our happy community have taken to practising skiing on the fire escapes, but again it may only have been that they were making a hurried exit after telling a corny joke, which reminds us, did you hear about the pupil who thought he had to do blind flying with his eyes shut?

These are your Favourite Reporters,

Signing off.

THE ROOKIES. by L.A.C. Rowley

We think this camp delightful;
The food is really good,
The Stearman, and the Tigers
With wind protecting hoods,
Are a tonic after waiting
For many weary months
To fly an aeroplane again
And do circuits and bumps --
But the things we really like to see
On this camp out in the wilds,
Are the girls who work in such a place,
Yet wear such cheerful smiles.



Gremlin?

P/O PRUNE MAKES A FORCED LANDING

P/O Prune rolled out of bed wishing that the sun would wake him up in time to have a late lunch. Then, after cogitating for a quarter of an hour on the inefficiency of his solar alarm clock, he arose and betook himself to the bathroom, where he bestowed upon himself the customary four minute "look the same as yesterday" toilet. Which did, in fact, give him exactly the same sort of appearance as he had had on the day before. After dressing he took himself (via the kitchen) down to the flights.

The flight commander's countenance wore a none too cordial look as he greeted the famous Pilot Officer, and his choice of words was in the worst possible taste: "This morning was a beautiful morning, Prune, what a pity you couldn't turn up. The C.O. was round here looking for you in connection with a man who is complaining that he can't get any work done, because someone insists on paying his daughter a daily visit. It isn't the sound of the aeroplane that he objects to, but it's the racket his daughter kicks up -- girlish giggles and whatnot, and trying to wave a hand out of the windows of each side of the house at the same time. Anyway, I assured the 'Gaffer' that in future you would limit your activities to only one side. Also, you have to go along later and explain about the bowser being in the wrong place when you taxied into it."

Rather bucked at the way the "Gaffer" seemed to be taking such a considerate interest in his affairs, Prune light-heartedly swung into his machine, pressed the starter button, and in less time than it takes to say, "Cockpit Drill" he was on his way to nowhere in particular. He reflected that it was a pity that he'd used his map to draw up the fire the other day, as he wished to investigate the shooting possibilities of a lake that a bloke had told him about.

As he flew, Prune hummed a little ditty composed totally by himself, that went something like this:

"We fly by day and we fly by night;
When it's a roll to the left it's rudder to the right,
And in our loops you hang on tight
Until you feel yourself upright.

Three dead bottles in an old pranged Kite
Standing on its nose in the middle of the night.

I am the Prune and I do as I please,
I fly below the branches of trees --
And, Oh, it's such a jolly good wheeze
To make the horses knock at the knees.

Three dead bottles in an old pranged Kite
Standing on its nose in the middle of the night."

Just as the third verse was in its embryo, a phutting of the engine reminded this intrepid pilot that the "Ever Neglectful Ground Wallaho" had omitted the essence necessary to his engine. Telling himself that next time he went flying he really would remember to inform the Parachute Section that his chord had come off altogether and you couldn't use the thing except to sit on, Prune glided swiftly down towards a field by the side of a road, as, of course, that would be the swiftest place for a lift back to the camp. Unfortunately, someone without the interest of aeronautics at heart had placed a wire fence at the end of the field. And, as Prune says, no one could possibly blame him for barging into a thing that he'd never been told about. What was more, he had discovered that the prop could definitely be used as an auxiliary brake -- he'd make a note of it to the C.O. when he got back.

Betaking himself to the roadside, our hero saw a car approaching, which he hailed and asked for a lift. The driver told him that she was unfortunately going in the opposite direction, that she was on her way to a meeting of the local "Zig" Club, that she had as yet no partner, that her name was Penelope Slipstream, and that no one was likely to be driving the other way for hours.

Prune, reflecting that waiting about in the cold had no future at all, replied he would deem it an honour to escort Miss Slipstream as he was a complete "Zig" addict (though he had no idea whether he was involved with Beethoven or throwing dice) and asked whether the club possessed a telephone. As it did not, Prune wrote a postcard to the Adjutant:

Dear Adj.

Pranged, Staying out tonight, so please tell Mess Batman usual breakfast in bed tomorrow.

Love,

Percy Prune

(continued next page)

P/O PRUNE MAKES A FORCED LANDING (continued)

Discovering that all he was expected to do was dance, Prune showed his true form -- so much so that Cornelia only drove him back the next morning with great reluctance! At the 'drome there was no one about and the Guard informed Prune that everyone was out looking for a bloke who was missing and that they'd been out all night. Prune replied that he had no sympathy with these young asses who got lost, and proceeded to bed.

Half an hour later the Prune was awakened by his "Committee of Adjustment", who seemed not at all relieved to find that "their ghost walked".

Prune's interview with the C.O. was brief. It resulted in that famous name figuring as Orderly Officer for an unlimited period. As Prune says, tho', providing the Orderly Sergeant is made to be energetic, there is very little to worry about. And so his standing order of breakfast in bed is unchanged.

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HASN'T IT HAPPENED TO YOU?

I had twelve bottles of whiskey in my cellar and my wife told me to empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink OR ELSE. So I said that I would and proceeded with the unpleasant task. I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I extracted the cork from the second bottle and did likewise with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I then withdrew the cork from the third bottle and emptied the good old booze down the sink except a glass, which I drank. I pulled the cork from the fourth sink and poured the bottle down the glass, which I drank. I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it and poured the rest down the glass. I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork out of the bottle. I pulled the next cork out of my throat and poured the sink out of the bottle and drank the glass. Then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drink and drank the pour. When I had everything emptied, I steadied the house with one hand and counted the bottles and cork and glasses with the other, which were twenty-nine. To be sure, I counted them again, and when they came by and I had seventy-four, and as the houses came by I counted them again and finally I had all the houses and bottles and corks and glasses except one house and one bottle, which I drank. I have the wifiest nice in the world.

AROUND THE STATION . . .

It is good to see our Managing Director, Mr. Alexander, back on the Station after a business trip to Toronto, and we take this opportunity of welcoming him back.

We are sorry to hear that our favourite Adjutant, F/O Senior, has been suffering from a severe throat ailment since Saturday last. He is keenly missed, particularly around the Administration Building, and our best wishes are extended for a prompt and complete recovery.

Mrs. Reski, who does so much towards keeping the Ladies' Barracks in first-class condition, is leaving Saturday for a 10-days well-earned holiday. The place will not be the same without her friendly smile, but we wish her a pleasant leave.

The many friends of Mrs. Harry Roberts will be pleased to know that she is much improved, and we are hoping that she will soon be back with us.

We extend our deepest sympathy to Miss Ann Hettler on the death of her grandmother.

Even if we hadn't witnessed it personally, we would still know by the new snap in Denny's walk and the absence of those sachels around his eyes that the Hallowe'en shuffle was a real success, thanks to the Committee and all those able assistants. We all enjoyed it, so let's have more.

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STATION GUIDE

CHURCH SERVICES

Protestants:

Recreation Hall Sunday Morning
Holy Communion - 10:00 hours
Morning Service - 11:00 hours

Roman Catholics:

G.I.S. Building (Lecture Room 5) Sun.Morn.
Mass - 10:00 hours

LENDING LIBRARY: Temporarily located in the balcony of the Recreation Hall and open from 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday.

DANCE AT OKOTOKS

Elk's Hall, every Saturday night.
Taxi transportation can be arranged by 'phoning Ford Motors, Okotoks.

PLAY TENNIS?

Strange as it may seem, we have secured three brand new tennis balls. Tennis balls are off the market and extremely hard to secure. We will, therefore, have to ask for a deposit of 75¢ for each ball while in use. Money will, of course, be returned when tennis balls are turned in, for which a time limit of 24 hours has been set. Racquets and balls may be secured in the meantime at Mr. Hutchcroft's Office.

CALGARY Theatres:

Capitol - "The Pied Piper", Monty Woolley, Roddy McDowall, Anne Baxter
Grand - "The Moon and Sixpence", George Sanders, Herb Marshall
Tivoli - "Pride & Prejudice", Greer Garson, Lawrence Olivier
Palace - "Bambi" (Walt Disney Show)

CALGARY Dances:

Penley's, 8th Ave. (Wed. & Sat.)
Elks, 7th Ave. (Every night ex. Fri. & Sun.)
Palliser Hotel, 9th Ave. (Wed. & Sat.)
Al Azhar Temple (Sat.)
Rendezvous - Tues., Wed., Thurs. Fri. & Sat.

Dance - Phonograph Records, 8:30 - 11:00
Nov. 11th Admission, 5¢ per person (Proceeds go towards purchasing new records)

ATTRACTIONS AT THE CINEMA

Entertainment for ALL!

SUNDAY, NOV 8.

"I MARRIED AN ANGEL"

Jeanette McDonald and Nelson Eddy

MONDAY, NOV 9

"HOLIDAY INN"

Bing Crosby - Fred Astaire

TUESDAY, NOV 10

"TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI"
(Technicolor)

John Payne - Maureen O'Hara
Randolph Scott

THURSDAY, NOV 12

"PARDON MY SARONG"

Abbott and Costello
with Virginia Bruce

AIR FORCE PERSONNEL 15¢
Civilians 20¢
Officers & Officials 25¢

Shows commence - - - - -20.30
RECREATION HALL

No. 31, E.F.T.S., R A F .

HAVE YOU ORDERED YOUR CHRISTMAS CARDS?

ASK AT THE CANTEEN TO SEE THE SPECIAL DESIGNS FOR THIS STATION ON SALE FOR BOTH R. A. F. & CIVILIAN PERSONNEL DON'T DELAY - THE SUPPLY IS DEFINITELY LIMITED

WANTED

Good needlewoman or tailor, now living on Station, for repairing uniforms, etc., in spare time -- Apply Mr. Hutchcroft.