

# THE GREMLIN



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EDITORIAL STAFF: Eve Gaul PUBLISHED EACH FRIDAY  
S/Ldr R.E. Watts R.W. Robertson

## EDITORIAL

The 11th issue coming out on Friday the 13th of the 11th month -- if we were superstitious, we'd be confused. But after the unique experience of seeing the past ten issues of The Gremlin safely, if somewhat haphazardly, launched on an innocent public, little can confuse us.

The Victory Loan went "over the top" with a total for the School of \$22,200. We'd like to congratulate the Service and the Civilian personnel on this splendid showing. And we'd like to add a word for the R.A.F.

Last Thursday night this Station was treated to a specimen of the determination and team spirit which have made the R.A.F. one of the outstanding fighting organizations of the World.

They might have said it was none of their business when approached on the Victory Loan question, because they are only temporary sojourners here, but they determined that the School Victory Loan should go over the top and get to work.

It started in the Officers Mess when the Officer in Charge suggested that they should subscribe \$800.00. In half an hour this had been exceeded by \$200.00, and the scene shifted to the Sergeants Mess. There the objective was \$1000.00 and the Campaign was staged in true military style. Every wile of strategy and tactics, every surprise and stratagem were employed. It is even rumoured that some of the Sergeants who had beaten an early retreat were accosted in bed and persuaded to put their names on the dotted line. Then the excitement died down the Sergeants were up to \$1,800.00. Altogether the R.A.F. personnel turned in \$4,250.00.

It was a mighty good show, gentlemen! Canada thanks you.

## "SUNDAY AT SEVEN"

Last Sunday evening we tackled some of the many questions concerning the rights and wrongs of war, from the Christian point of view; and agreed that while war itself represents a failure on the part of Christians the necessity of taking part in war is part of the burden of evil, which all must share and from which we cannot escape. There are times when Right and Wrong become relative things, and the lesser of two evils has to govern our choice, in place of the absolute Right.

Nest Sunday, the subject for discussion will be: "What Contribution can Christianity make to Post-War Reconstruction?" Come and give us your ideas. This is the sort of job we shall all of us do much better if we take the trouble to understand and help each other.

YOU WILL ENJOY COMING TO "SUNDAY AT SEVEN"!

Recreation Hall, 7:00 pm.

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

Last week we had news of a considerable victory in Egypt. As news came in from day to day it became apparent this victory was developing to major proportions, threatening the whole Axis position in Libya. Then at the weekend came the heartening news of the Americans landing in force both on the Atlantic and Mediterranean coasts of French North Africa. Here at last was the long desired offensive action on a large scale, but would it be possible to make good such an action with sea borne troops at the end of a long line of communication? The answer is that in less than a week this force has obtained control of all French Africa with the exception of the Protectorate of Tunisia, has forced the withdrawal of both ground and air forces from the Russian front, and for the first time in his career placed Hitler definitely on the defensive. There are many points which are still obscure. The action of the French Fleet is as yet in doubt. The statement emanating from Toulon that the Fleet will resist any attack to the last man might mean equally that they will fight the Allies or the Germans. In view of the fact that German troops are advancing through France and are within a few miles of Toulon, they would seem to be most likely to make the first attempt to control these ships but at the present stage anything may happen. This Fleet is on paper powerful, but it is reported that two of its three battleships are definitely out of commission and that the rest of the ships are suffering from a long spell in port without proper care. Even if this be true they can probably be re-commissioned and would make a welcome addition to the Naval strength of either side. There are a number of French warships in the harbour of Alexandria, which have been laid up since the Franco-German armistice. These will undoubtedly now be put in condition and sent to sea again.

In Tunisia the situation is very uncertain. The Italians are reported to have landed Marines both at Tunis and Bizerte, the chief French Naval Station on the South of the Mediterranean, and German air borne troops are said to be at Tunis. Marshal Rommel is also apparently endeavouring to withdraw the remnants of his army to this point. Should he be successful, it will give him either a good point of evacuation to Sicily eighty miles away, or a base at which he can readily receive reinforcements. However events shape it looks as if Tunisia will see the first clash between Germany and the Allied forces. In this area also may be staged the struggle for air supremacy which could have a decisive effect on the course of the war.

Events in this area for some time to come will be of the greatest importance, because if the Allies can gain complete control of this area the position of Italy will be desperate, and Germany by being compelled to detach troops to the South may be critically weakened both in Russia and in the West.

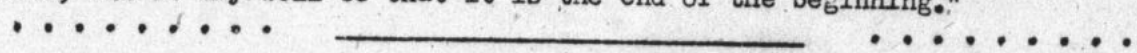
Perhaps the best part of all this good news is that it has established beyond doubt that the United Nations have found leaders daring to plan and skillful to execute. Given this, all the rest will follow.

Reports from Russia continue to be good. There has been a slackening of German attacks, and everywhere the Red Army has either held its own or improved its position.

On Guadalcanal the American forces have continued their counter attacks on the Japs and have forced back both arms of the attempted encircling movements.

In New Guinea the Australians continue to advance against increased Japanese resistance, and appear to have a good chance of capturing the supply base at Buna and expelling the Japs from New Guinea.

Mr. Churchill made a speech in the House, which we recommend all to read. Here we have space for only two quotations; one of a verse of Walt Whitman's to the effect that "It is of the nature of all success that it entails the putting forth of increased effort in an even greater struggle". The other could be none but Churchill himself, "This is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end, but it may well be that it is the end of the beginning."



POPPY DAY

Thanks go to Peggy Wickstrand and Pat O'Brien for their efficient cooperation in disposing of Vetcraft Poppies -- practically everyone of the Service and Civilian personnel contributed to this worthy effort.

CARD OF THANKS

Mr. Bill Scott wishes to thank the following members of the Sergeants Mess for contributing 21¢ towards the price of a haircut:

F. Ingram	-	1¢
E.W. Hopper	-	1¢
F/Sgt. Woodcock	-	1¢
Y. Marchof	-	1¢
J. Schooley	-	1¢
W. Wildfong	-	1¢
W. Hamilton	-	1¢
A. Williams	-	1¢
T. Mitchell	-	1¢
C. Copp	-	1¢
A. Stevens	-	1¢
W. Peattie	-	1¢
Sgt. Lane	-	1¢
Sgt. Ross	-	1¢
Sgt. Loring	-	1¢
Sgt. Hind	-	1¢
Sgt. Patrick	-	1¢
Sgt. Caws	-	1¢
Sgt. Fortass	-	1¢
Sgt. Pollard	-	1¢
Sgt. Power	-	1¢

Note: The General Office Staff also extendsthanks to the above named contributors.

Clipping from MacLean's

(We know this couldn't happen here, but we still like it.)

"Half a dozen employees of a certain west coast shipyard were considerably agitated to discover a few weeks back that the amount of money in their pay envelopes was considerably less than they had expected, even allowing for tax deductions, bond payments, unemployment insurance and all the rest of the debits. They were right, too. Investigation showed that somebody in the accounting department had mixed things up, so that the men were paid the amount of the deductions as their wages, while the amount of their wages was duly forwarded to Ottawa. Lots of us wouldn't have noticed any difference!"

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A PHYSICAL WRECK!

When God gave out looks, I thought he said Books;  
Didn't want any.  
When God gave out brains, I thought he said Trains;  
Missed mine.  
When God gave out ears, I thought he said Beers;  
Asked for two long ones.  
When God gave out noses, I thought he said Roses;  
Asked for a big red one.  
When God gave out legs, I thought he said Kegs;  
Asked for two short fat ones.  
Gawd! Am I a mess.

TELEPHONE BOOTH, OR WHAT??

Could it be that Fred Robinson has turned Chici Sale "Specialist" or was he merely doing the transportation end of the job? What we would like to know is the exact purpose for this new structure by the Gate -- we might remind the Guards that the approved location for this "house" is at the rear of the dwelling -- certainly never the front!

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MAINTENANCE (House of Modifications and L.I.'s)Hello to the Hospital!

The girls are happy once again now that they know Mac is back to attend to their cuts, scratches and bruises (and still in circulation). (Too bad the mosquito season is over.)

Best wishes for a swell time on your leave, Curly. What's California got that Alberta hasn't??? -- besides oranges and a few more things. The sun shines here every day, too. Hadn't you noticed?

Our best wishes for a nice holiday also to Bill Allen.

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One Act Play

Man's Inhumanity to Man -- or -- How to Become Popular in the Barracks . . .

Time: Any time after 11.30 p.m.

Place: Men's Barracks (or Women's)

Come into barracks singing as loudly as possible, slam the door -- if it doesn't make enough noise the first time, give it another try. Stamp feet. This knocks the snow off, and besides everyone likes to know when you come in. Turn on the radio -- don't be mean -- turn up the volume so everyone can hear. Decide the room's too hot -- open window loudly, so everybody knows your doing them a favor. If you have any parcels, open them, crackling the paper as much as possible -- then dump contents on the floor. Decide you should have a shower -- slam the door on the way out. Find you've forgotten the soap -- go back for it, making as much noise as possible with each door. Sing in the shower -- the louder the better. Bang the door on the way back into room. Take off shoes, dropping them one at a time from a height of four feet. (This is the approved height for making most noise.) After you are in bed, decide it's too cold. Jump out of bed, landing on all fours. Close window with a crash, swearing lustily when shutting your finger in it. If everyone is now awake, get back into bed and snore loudly to keep them awake. IF you are let live till morning, try the same procedure the following night. THIS IS ONE SURE WAY OF BECOMING POPULAR.

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IF

(With, of course, apologies to Kipling)

If you can keep your tools when those around you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;  
If you can keep your mind on Stearnan Aircraft  
With females flitting round the whole day through;  
If you can work on Moths with never swearing;  
Put in parts that  
were never meant to fit;  
If you can see them crash and keep right on repairing;  
Work in snow and sleet and rain and never quit;  
If you can call on Stores for parts sore needed,  
And once again be told they're out of stock;  
If for dope of red and blue for months you've pleaded,  
At last receive the stuff without a shock;  
If you can keep the whole darned outfit flying,  
In spite of lack of tails and wings and props;  
If still you find the task worth trying,  
Believing always that your job is tops;  
If you can work long hours with never whining,  
And feel at best it is your duty done;  
If you still like this game and what is in it;  
THEN YOU BELONG IN MAINTENANCE, MY SON.

.....

LOST - Will the Sergeant who borrowed the hacksaw (Eclipse tubular, marked 438-B.X) from a Maintenance member, come back so he can give him a blade to go with it?

Note: The Tool Room is a good place for turning in lost tools.

WORKS and BUILDINGS

We regret to hear of Mrs. Jacques' illness and hope that she will be around again in a few days.

Mr. McClure has returned to his home in Drumheller. We certainly miss his cheery "Good Morning" around W. & B.

Then there was the incident of the newcomer who really thinks we are behind the times here. He didn't quite see how he could carry his dinner without a tray. Don't you know you're supposed to dribble your coffee on the floor?

Mr. Jacques was away for a couple of days the first of the week. We are certainly glad to see him back on the job again.

High jumping may be quite all right in its place but it really is a bit icy at the Guard Gate. How about it?

The newcomer who had travelled extensively and had represented Canada more than once at the Empire Games asked for a guide to help him get his lunch at the mess. "Poor fellow", said Jack, "I don't believe he ever ate at a restaurant before." Such is fame.

OUR PINCH-HITTER FOR STORES . .

Owing to the fact that Stores have been too busy(?) to compile anything for the paper this week, I, their most loyal friend and greatest admirer, have been asked to write something for them. I know Stores would like me to write something to their friends over in Maintenance:- They have said a few uncomplimentary things to you, we know, but they really didn't mean them -- they think you're swell -- really, they do -- for the patient way you wait for stuff, never complaining if they haven't got it, even though you ordered it months ago. As you know, everything they said was all in fun, and of course you took it good naturedly, as you take everything.

Now, as the Stores personnel did not speak for themselves this week maybe I should add something about them, the girls first, of course. They are most charming hostesses -- at 10 and 3 each day. Lots of us, I'm sure, have often wondered why Jean takes the pail over to the Hospital each day. Is that in the course of duty -- or an excuse?

Then, there's our friend behind the wiring -- (what's it for, aren't scared, are you?) He hands out clean(?) bedding, overalls, etc. No matter if you get two narrow sheets -- less to tuck in. And if your overalls don't fit -- what the heck? If too short, they won't drag in the mud; if too long, they help keep your toes warm.

Then there's Charlie Copp -- he's good on the pickup, as observed a few weeks back when he was wandering around the Station picking up this, that and these (for what, we don't know) Then there's the other Charlie -- he's always very helpful-- he hands out laundry sometimes, too.

Well, folks, that leaves just Mr. Webster -- he's boss of this little world called Stores.

And me? I'm their friend -- so I'll say good-night and run along (and after this the faster the better!)

WELCOME TO COURSE NO. 68

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."  
It is with regret we see Course 64 depart, but welcome Courses 65 and 68, depleted as they are, to the fold. Course 65 have already been initiated into the ways of De Winton, and we hope Course 68 will not become too bewildered by the train of events through which they will pass. Two new instructors, P/O Greenaway and P/O Crampton, are now with the Flight. May their stay be a pleasant one,

The Timekeepers wish to express their appreciation and thanks to Course 64 for the surprise envelope. We hope we have merited this kind consideration.

## GEN FROM THE FLIGHTS

Course No. 65

It is with pleasure that we welcome the members of Course No. 68 to this fair prairie haven.

We hope our Flight Commander enjoyed himself at the Palliser Supper Dance as much as we think he did.

'Tis rumored that old Kay has put in for Army Co-op - Helicopters and Autogyros. He's a wizard at landing -- vertically. Tommy says they've fitted out a Tiger with bedsprings on the undercart (3 each side) and on the tail wheel (6 here, this being a weak point) so that he can get bags of practice.

What is it that makes Sgt. Lane so attractive? Once more one of our fair clock watchers was observed sitting on his knee. It's becoming a daily habit. It's obvious that Cpl. Harmer has left for "C" Flight!

We bid farewell to L.A.C. Clarke, who through airsickness had to depart for Trenton. Best of luck on the Links, Clarkey.

P/O Phillips must have taken a course in Sign Printing at one time or another. Anyway, it's good work, sir, so keep it up!

The Flight wishes to welcome a new instructor, Sgt. Blight, and we hope that his stay will be a long and pleasant one.

Who is the mechanic who thought P/O Prune was in "A" Flight? It must be the misleading appearance of a certain Flight Loot, now no longer with us.

"Juste" a night at the Palliser,  
When the lights were low  
And the flickering shadows  
Were swaying to and fro!  
There was lots of whiskey,  
Hard the stairs and long --  
While to Hodge at twilight  
Came love's sweet song!

Congratulations, 'tho a little late, to Flt. Lt. Beddows on being the first to solo on Tigers. Even if the Tiger was reluctant (in starting) Flt. Lt. Beddows saw it through to the bitter end. Nice work, sir. Incidentally, you weigh quite a lot! As we've said before, our mechanics should show a little more respect for the pupils!

Congratulations to L.A.C.'s Harding, Juste, and Allars on their second (and worst) solos in Tigers last week!

"A" Flight Mechanics -- as observed by "Greaseball Joe"

Is that Ken's style of swinging a prop, or just a new version of the Dance of Spring?

Are we to assume Apple received that black eye from "walking into a door at night", or could there be some other story to it?

After seeing a recent dope job of Stewart's we suggest he be put in the fabric shop.

Is Ramsey so energetic that he likes to gas planes, or could "Okotoks Issy" be the attraction?

We wonder how much time Ghiel spends at night with the curlers to achieve that smashing coiffure.

(Ed. Note -- Not wishing to start a religious war, we have refrained from publishing the poem, "The Joes of 65". Sorry, boys.)

Course No. 66

## Pip, Pip, Odds &amp; Civvies --

It seems the higher officials need our stabilising presence here for another week or two. "No, I think you had better take the exams in another two weeks time" ! We remain in true R.A.F. spirit -- WAITING.

We have been given to understand the Flying Dutchman now pays a monthly premium to Mr. Gunton's (g)rumble club. He finds it easier this way.

(--continued next page)

Course No. 66 (continued)

Brother Volga is in a disturbed frame of mind these days. He can't find his 14th instructor -- No. 13 seems to be hanging on too well.

Who was the young gent who nipped smartly around the circuit at 200 feet and then told everyone his throttle had jammed? We have our suspicions.

Some of us departed from "B" Flight and wandered into "D" at the beginning of the week. (Yes, we like your Flight, "D"). Unfortunately, now we won't be hearing those two familiar voices -- "That will be 10¢" -- "Let's go in 5935 and start her up, eh?" (By the way, sincere congratulations on your promotion, F/O Browning -- we will all drink your good health at the end of the Course.)

The mind of the Lithuanian is now at rest, Sgt. Thomson, after your comforting news that you have not recommended him as an instructor -- in his "usual" language he expressed his relief.

PRESS NEWS:

1. Sgt. McOmie turned up for two whole Ground School periods the other day -- Well done, Sgt., keep it up.
2. Morel has a daily reservation of one bed in the Sick Bed. (Please note, Cpl. Haworth.)

-- Goodbye for the present,

"66"

Course No. 67"D" FLIGHT CALLING . . .

Well, here we are once again, folks, and this week we are glad to say that we are no longer the Junior Course, since we welcome to the fold Course 68, to whom we shot a most horrible line when they arrived. But this, no doubt, you have heard already, so we will return to current topic.

By the way, we have an apology to make. That sounds strange, coming from us, but, nevertheless, it is true. It appears that the sketch of a Gremlin done by one of our fellow cronies has caused some alarm, but don't worry, folks, as we have now definitely established that it was not a Gremlin but a Finnellan, which is a female Gremlin. We are told this appears very rarely, so the lads of "B" Flight who have been having sleepless nights after seeing the sketch may now crawl into their bunks and sleep peacefully once more.

We notice that the reconnaissance carried out by our fellow stooges at the Hallowe'en Dance seems to be bearing fruit, as it appeared that several were being briefed in the Canteen over the weekend. We only hope that the op's were carried out successfully.

One of our brother reporters was having a solo check the other day when the Instructor suddenly said, "I suppose you know which way to take off", to which our colleague promptly replied, "Yes, sir, into wind". But, there, we can't all be perfect, can we?

We notice that the congregation of "A" Flight state that their consciences do not need cleaning as much as their buttons and boots, but we are glad to observe that they are now reading D.R.O.'s very diligently.

We are told that L.A.C. Rowley writes his poems whilst in the Link. What we want to know is, does he get graded on his poems or his performance, because if poetry is the answer to the pupils' prayers in the Link we might take it up ourselves.

That's all for now, folks, Next week we hope to be back with more news from the home front, you lucky people.

These are your favourite reporters signing off with their signature tune,  
"Tigers from Heaven",



## THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT PILOT

(With apologies to Coleridge for cribbing).

-- by L.A.C. R.B. Rowley,  
Course No. 67

1. "It is an ancient pilot,  
And he stops an L.A.C.  
"By thy rime caked face and icy eye,  
Don't shoot the line to me!"
2. He holds him with his steady hand,  
"There was a plane", quoth he,  
"Another time; I'm in a rush;  
My time just now ain't free!"
3. He holds him with his icy eye.  
The L.A.C. stopped dead  
And listened to the tale of woe  
The bomber pilot spread.
4. "The prop was swung, the engine run,  
The oil was flowing free;  
And we took off towards the North,  
To fight for Victory.
5. "The ship now climbed to ceiling height;  
We headed for the sea;  
The navigator gave the course  
To blast old Germany.
6. "A roaring gale sprang up, and soon  
The ship was thrown around.  
The blackening clouds all gathered in,  
We could not see the ground.
7. "And on and on, we flew, and on,  
Until the sea we'd crossed.  
The navigator then exclaimed,  
'Sorry, boys, we're lost!'
8. "With many a doubt we turned about,  
The clouds here formed a rift.  
But then, delight! We saw a light!  
And hence found out our rift.
9. "The navigator went to work  
And soon obtained a fix;  
So we turned back, resumed our course,  
To drop our load of bricks.
10. "We found the target area,  
Came down to bombing height,  
Held our course, released our bombs,  
Which hurtled through the night.
11. "With pride and joy we watched the fires  
Start blazing down below;  
The Jerry archie burst around  
But put up one poor show.
12. "We regained height, back thru the night  
We set our course for home;  
But Jerry kites came up like sprites--  
We found we weren't alone.
13. "Our gunners now got on the job,  
Shot several blighters down;  
We dived into a bank of cloud  
Which hid us like a gown.
14. "Our plane, however, had been hit  
And was not working right;  
We could not climb, but only glide,  
So gradually lost height.
15. "We made the coast, steered out to sea,  
But ere we reached our shore  
The engines failed, and down we came--  
The time was half-past four.
16. "All thru the night the wind did bite  
Into our sodden clothes;  
The raging seas caused quaking knees,  
We realized Hell's throes!
17. "At last we saw the crack of dawn,  
And with it came fresh hope;  
But day dragged on, no help arrived,  
And we began to nope.
18. "That night a violent storm arose  
Which overturned our raft,  
And pitched us headlong in the sea--  
The boisterous waves just laughed.
19. "Tossed round about by wind and wave,  
Unconscious with the cold;  
Fate flung me up on our own shore  
And up the beach I rolled.
20. "Then came the dawn, the sun was warm;  
As far as eye could see  
There was no soul, my mates were all  
At the bottom of the sea.
21. "And this is where my tale of woe  
Is brought unto a close --  
But yet I'll fight for Victory  
And smash our evil foes!"
22. The L.A.C. ran off to class,  
Arrived ten minutes late;  
The Sergeant had arrived on time,  
The pupil met his fate.
23. The moral of this little rhyme  
Is for the L.A.C.  
Who listens to the line shooters --  
That L.A.C. was me!

## LATEST WAR COMMUNIQUE

IT HAS BEEN OFFICIALLY REPORTED THAT THE GERMANS HAVE TAKEN CASTORIA. THE BRITISH DOUBT THEIR ABILITY TO HOLD IT. THE LATEST BULLETIN STATES THAT THE STRAIN ON THE NAZIS' REAR IS TREMENDOUS AND THAT THEY ARE EVACUATING ALL ALONG THE LINE. GERMANY TRIED TO SUPPRESS THE REPORT BUT IT SLIPPED OUT AND THE BRITISH GOT WIND OF IT. THE NAZIS NOW REALIZE THE VALUE OF SCRAP PAPER, AS AT LEAST 10000 HEINIES HAVE BEEN WIPED OUT.

A FEW LAST WORDS RE. GREMLINS (OR GREMLYNS)

(Extract from "Time".)

It's "Them"

Once, like all pixies, the gremlins lived in hollow banks beside rivers and deep pools. Then some of them moved to crags near the seashore and lived on pancakes made of yellow tide-foam. Now they have moved into the air. Last week they were having the time of their lives flying all over the North Atlantic, Britain and Germany in R.A.F. and U.S. planes.

The R.A.F. first learned about the little creatures in 1923 and called them Gremlins -- probably from the obsolete Old English transitive verb *greme*, meaning: to vex. Yet it was not until World War II that the R.A.F. really got to know the gremlins. Then they learned that a female gremlin is a *finella* and that the babies are *widgits*. Flyers also learned that gremlins must always be referred to as "them"; gremlins prefer "them" to "they" or "it" or "he" or "she" because "them" conveys a feeling of the gremlin's immanence and nameless power.

Usually gremlins are about a foot high. They wear soft pointed suede shoes (occasionally spats), tight green breeches, red jackets with a ruffle at the neck and stocking caps or flat-topped tricorne hats with a jaunty feather. They behave fairly well when pilots are flying their planes properly, but become devilish when the plane is not handled to suit them. Sometimes, being creatures of mood and humor, they make life miserable for both bad and good pilots.

The R.A.F. Coastal Command believed at first that the gremlins climbed aboard in mid-air from the wings of sea gulls. It is generally believed now, however, that the gremlins have wings on their shoulders, but, if so, the wings are invisible in photographs. One school of thought favors vertical-lift propellers on each shoulder. The Coastal Command learned that gremlins love to punch holes in pontoons, jab pilots in the back when they are too busy to scratch, or drink up all the gasoline except just enough to make a landing.

Fighter pilots, more inclined to have trouble with gremlins than other branches of the air services, often are bothered by gremlins who sit on their shoulders and make a noise like a knocking motor when the motor is running smoothly. When a pilot has been flying for a long time through clouds, a gremlin may whisper into the pilot's ear: "You fathead, you're flying upside down!" The pilot then hurriedly turns over and flies upside down while the gremlin laughs and laughs, silently. Another favorite gremlin trick is to climb into gun barrels and deflect bullets. (But usually this is done by *widgits*.) Sometimes a gremlin puts his finger over a carburetor jet and makes the motor sound for a moment as if it were conking out.

Bomber pilots say that the most annoying gremlins are those which like to play seesaw on the automatic horizon or use the ship's compass for a merry-go-round while the pilots are trying to fly blind. The most dangerous gremlins are those which delight in covering bombers' wings with ice. These are a middle-aged breed of gremlins, called *spandules*, who never bother with planes flying lower than 10,000 ft.

The most daring gremlins are those who walk out on wing tips and make the ailerons flutter, or slide down the radio beam when a plane is making a landing. If they are in an impish mood, the gremlins either jerk away the runways so the pilot cannot tell where to land, or they tip the nose of the plane down so that a propeller prangs. At other time, they can be as nice as can be, and are even invited by air gunners into their turrets for warmth and companionship.

Not always good and not always bad, the gremlins show traits of character reaching down through the centuries in fairyland between the profane and mundane world and the world of the supernatural and religious. The *fenodyree* (Manx brownie) from the Isle of Man has a diminutive Lincolnshire cousin, *Robin-Round-Cap*. These little folk are clumsy, hairy and industrious but, like pixies of more personal charm, have often been known to thresh a barnful of wheat for people they liked. The flying *fomorians*, of Celtic origin, have wings like the gremlins, but are larger and warlike. The hordes of *pignies* which in the 2nd Century visited Fergus MacLeite, King of Ulster, are believed to be the ancestors of Swift's Lilliputians and possibly the model for the pixyish 14th-Century Robin Hood.

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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 ocated 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.

CALGARY THEATRES

Capitol: "Road to Morocco" - Bing Crosby & Bob Hope  
 Grand: "My Sister Eileen" - Rosalind Russell & Brian Ahere  
 Palace: "Canadian Premiere of Life Story of the Great Fighter, James J. Corbett".  
 Tivoli: "The Lady from Cheyenne" - Loretta Young & Rob. Preston

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.)

FOUND

One pair of Men's Working Gloves. Apply Mr. Hutchcroft.

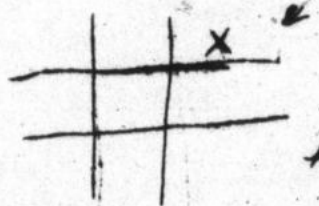
STATION DANCE

Wednesday, Nov. 18 - Phonograph Records & Station Orchestra.  
 Admission - 5¢  
 Time - 8:30 p.m. to 11:00 p.m.

ATTENTION: BOXING FANS!

All those interested in boxing or in organizing a Station Boxing Team are invited to get in touch with Sgt. Hind, either at the Administration Building or the Sergeants Mess. It is hoped that a Boxing Team may be started to compete with other local Station teams.

GAMES CORNER  
START HERE →



ANSWER NEXT WEEK.

THIS WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS AT THE  
**CINEMA**  
 RECREATION HALL, NO. 31. E.F.T.S., R.A.F.

SUNDAY NOVEMBER 15  
 NEW VINE with Ilone Massey  
 FERRY PILOT

MONDAY NOVEMBER 16  
 THE FEMININE TOUCH  
 with Rosalind Russell & Don Ameche

Tuesday NOVEMBER 17  
 SO ENDS THE NIGHT  
 with Frederick March & Margaret Sullivan

THURSDAY NOVEMBER 19  
 THE FLEETS IN  
 with Dorothy Lamour & William Holden

AIR FORCE PERSONNEL	.15¢
CIVILIANS	.20¢
OFFICERS & OFFICIALS	.25¢

GOD BLESS YOU



THE YULETIDE SEASON

IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER

Your own Canteen has an attractive selection of  
**CHRISTMAS GIFTS**

IT WILL PAY YOU TO COMPARE OURS WITH CITY PRICES

HERE'S JUST A FEW SUGGESTIONS

LIGHTERS	from 80¢ up
SAFETY RAZORS	from 49¢ "
Brush Sets in case	\$5.50
Cigarette Cases	from \$1.25 up
Pipes	from \$1.00 "
Ties	.60 each
Cushion Covers	\$1.50 "
Fountain Pens	from \$1.00 up
Handkerchiefs	10¢ & 15¢ each
Watch Straps	.90 each
Pocket Knives	from .70 up
Billfolds	from \$1.00 up

Christmas Cards for both R.A.F.  
 or Civilian Personnel,  
 a very attractive design  
 \$1.25 per doz with  
 suitable envelopes

Writing Pads -

Razor Blades -

Combs - Shaving Soaps

Shaving Lotions

Powders &c.

Cigarettes -

Cigarette Tobacco in tins

Pipe Tobacco in tins,

Boxes of Chocolates

For the Ladies we carry a good selection of

FACE CREAMS, POWDERS, LIP STICKS, NAIL POLISH, &c. &c.

*"You can always do better at your own Canteen"*

WE'LL BE HAPPY TO SHOW YOU ANY OF THE ABOVE ITEMS