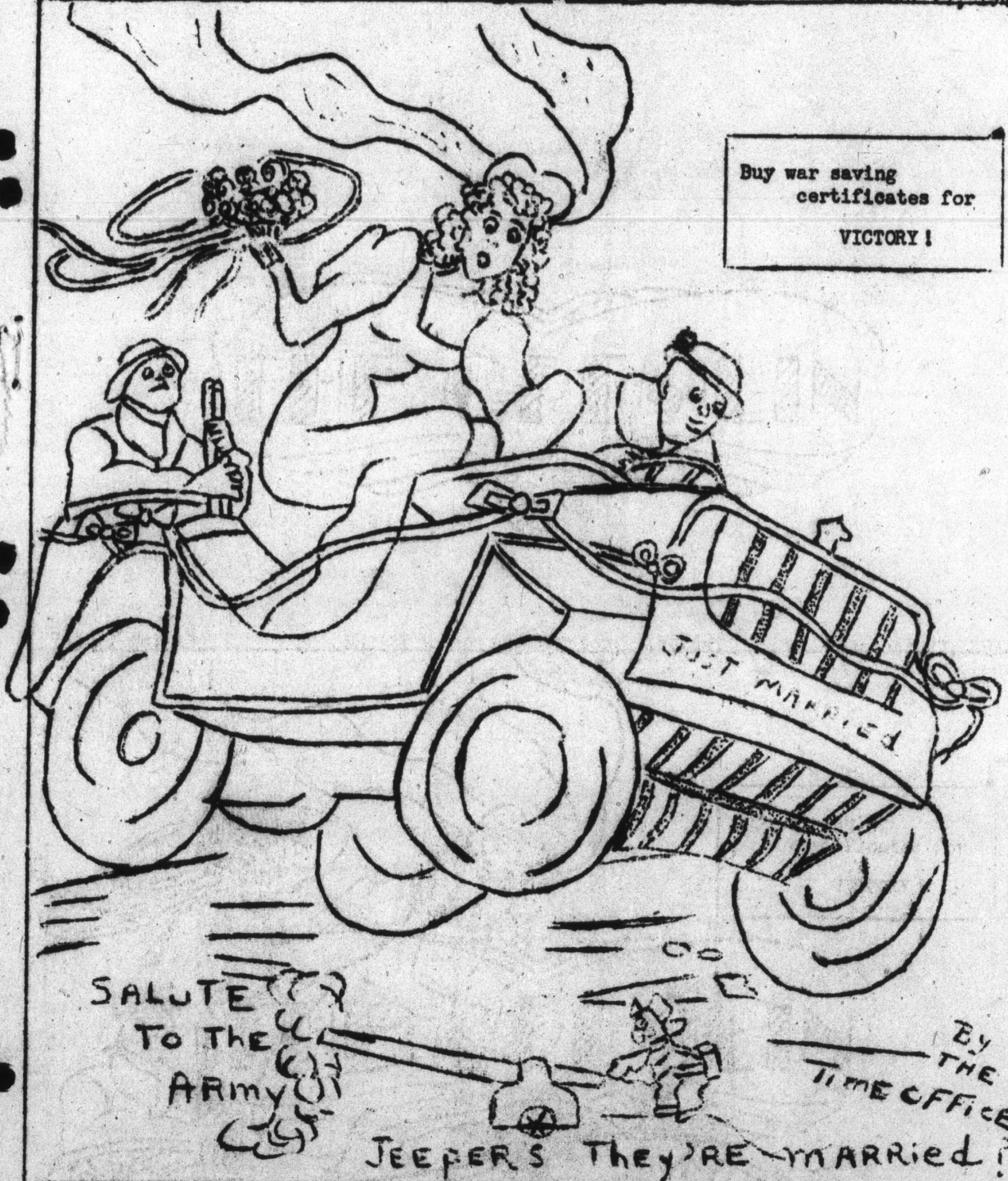


THE GREMLIN

Vol. 1, No. 13

No. 31 E.F.T.S. DeWinton, Alberta.

November 27, 1942



Buy war saving
certificates for
VICTORY!

SALUTE
TO THE
ARMY

JEEPERS THEY'RE MARRIED!

By
THE
TIME OFFICE

S T A F F

S/Ldr. R.E. Watts	Eve Gaul	R.W. Robertson
Denny Ross	Jimmy Stuble	P/O W.W. Gunton
J.W.S. Ferguson	Leon Ratner	Elaine Beamer
		Maddlyn Sutherland
		G.B. Rayner
		W. Arnold
		Bob Hopper
		Ruth Falconer

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

In last week's review we indicated that the Russians had regained the initiative and were counter attacking. During the current week this counter attack has developed into a major offensive. North-west and South-west of Stalingrad the Red Army has advanced in great force and so rapidly as to completely change the military situation. For three months Stalingrad has been in a virtual state of siege, our highest hopes being that it could hold out till winter slowed the German attack. Today the German attackers are themselves in a position where only military genius of a high order can save them from utter disaster. The Russian offensive smashing in from two sides has placed a force of some 250,000 or 300,000 in a deep salient, their principal lines of communication have been cut and their sole apparent means of withdrawal is through a bottle neck some thirty miles wide and constantly dwindling. Within this bottle neck there is no railroad and few main highways. Already German casualties have reached over 100,000, and while many of these are Rumanians, Hungarians or Italians, this is a rate of loss which no Army can sustain for any considerable period. Moreover, it is not likely that these luckless satellites of the Nazis will have much stomach for fighting under such conditions. It would be extremely unwise to underrate the ability of the German General Staff, but they have here a problem which will tax them to the utmost. Whether or not the Red Army is completely successful in this operation and traps or destroys the Axis forces now within their net, it is impossible to withhold one's admiration for an army which on the heels of a pounding such as the Russians have taken for the last year and a half can stage an offensive of this scope and intensity. The Russian soldier has long had a reputation for tenacity and courage, but these qualities have frequently been wasted by inferior leadership. This time Red Army leadership is on a par with the quality of its soldiers. There is no doubt that Marshal Timoshenko will emerge as one of the Military Geniuses of the War.

In North Africa this week events have moved at a somewhat slower pace, at least to outward seeming. The principal action has been in the air. On land there has been preliminary skirmishing and manoeuvring. But behind this the Axis are feverishly rushing troops to Tunis and Bizerte, also to other points in Tunisia by sea and air. They are building up powerful air forces in Sicily and elsewhere preparing to make a strong bid for control of the African side of the Sicilian Strait, which would in turn prevent the Mediterranean from becoming a highway for the Allies. On the other side an air power is also being built up as rapidly as possible and the Allied forces from the West led by the British First Army are preparing a great effort to drive the Axis completely out of Africa. There is little doubt that a great air battle will be fought in this region before long. A battle which may finally decide the question of air supremacy for the whole European theatre. It would be difficult to overestimate the effect which a complete Allied victory in Africa will have on the duration of the War. In Libya the Eighth Army continues to press on the heels of Rommel's forces. Whether these can make a stand at Aghelia remains to be seen. Unless it be to permit evacuation of troops from Tripoli or the junction of Axis forces in Tripoli and Tunisia it is difficult to see what advantage can be gained by other than a rear guard action.

In the Solomons the U.S. Army and Marines continue to improve their position. If and when the next Japanese attack develops these forces should be in a much better position to repel it than at the time of the last attack.

"SUNDAY AT SEVEN"

Last Sunday evening we discussed the old favourite, "Does it matter very much what a person believes, provided he lives a decent life?" Clearly a lot depends on what is meant by "a decent life", and when that has been decided, presumably by careful thought and comparison, some standard by which to live can be selected. No sane man imagines that there is no connection between thought and action, belief and conduct. While it is possible to live on one's spiritual heritage, although that is a lazy way of living, one has to remember that future generations have a right to know on what our standards have been based, and why. Ultimately, there is little doubt that a man will live by his inner convictions. Can it be possible that those convictions are unimportant?

Next Sunday there is to be an informal SING-SONG from 1900 - 2000 hours. Come and join in singing popular community songs. Come yourself and bring your friends!

YOU WILL ENJOY "SUNDAY AT SEVEN"

HELLO, "69"

"The Gremlin", on behalf of No. 31 E. F. T. S., welcomes you and hopes your stay at De Winton will be a successful and happy one. Let's hear from you, boys.

COURSE 64 says "Thanks a Million"

It's a hard life; here we are just about to become "Goons" again after reaching the dizzy heights of senior course at E.F.T.S. It's a crafty business, this getting the "gen" on a Station, but no matter how long you've been wearing the brass buttons and blue you get that brand new rookie feeling every time you change Stations. 'Twas ever thus, so we go to S.F.T.S. quite resigned to the fact that once more we'll be looked upon by countless superior beings, but our turn will come.

This Course, as a whole, are bearing up pretty well considering that they've just come back from leave, but if you've noticed a few under-the-weather looks lately, take my word for it that the weather had naught to do with it -- the States in our opinion isn't exactly a health resort!

Before saying "cheerio" to all at De Winton, we'd like to extend our very best thanks to all who have helped us through this phase of our training. We do mean all, for if we start singling out any sections we'd be sure to forget someone, and everyone here has pulled their weight no matter where they have done the tugging. We'll miss most of the camp specialties, and of course the "scenery" won't ever be so good again. We'll always have a soft spot for good old De Winton,

It's a bit difficult to know which language to say good-bye in, as an International Commission wouldn't be able to decide, but -- Au Revoir and best wishes to everyone on the Station from the lads of many lands, and hoping you can find a Scot to interpret it I'll say, "Lang may your lum reek",

A. E., for the lads of 64 Course.

(Ed.Note: Thanks for "them thar" kind words, "64", and best of luck!)

CHEERIO, "65"

We hope you had a "wizard" leave, and that you'll enjoy your new Station. Thanks for your co-operation while at 31, and -- we'll be thinking of you.

SO LONG, ADJ --

It is with regret that we say good-bye to F/O Senior, who leaves on the 2nd of December for Swift Current. De Winton will have lost a very popular Adjutant, and he carries with him our sincerest wishes for success at his new Station. F/O Senior's successor at 31 will be Flt. Lt. Summerhayes of Swift Current, to whom we extend a cordial welcome and the hope that his stay will be a pleasant one.

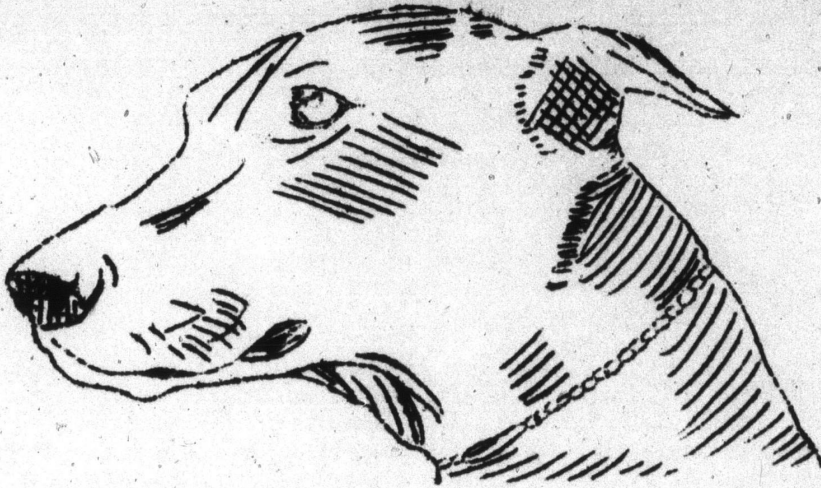
CH, "WHAT A MESS!"

We understand "the boys" in the Sergeants' Mess are going in for hot jive sessions -- but strictly stag! This week's honours in superior execution of the "Foothills Fling" would seem to fall to Messrs. Hamilton, Wildfong, Ingram and Stephens, and Flt/Sgt. Woodcock. (Someone must have gone solo!)

TO OUR READERS (OR READER):

It is our plan to print a special Christmas-New Years Edition of "The Gremlin." This will be a super top-notch number of approximately 25 pages, colour effects, and the essence of literary genius -- we hope. In order to defray some of the cost of this issue we are offering it at ten cents a copy. Those who wish to purchase for themselves or to send copies to friends will find a form on page 11 of the current Gremlin, which we suggest they complete and return to us, so that we may have some idea of the number of copies required.

We ask the various Departments and Flights to co-operate with us in making this Special Number one of interest and amusement, and we shall contact them this coming week with full details.

SENATOR VEST'S "TRIBUTE TO A DOG"

(Illustrated by P/O Phillips)

Senator Vest, of Missouri, was attending court in a country town, and while waiting for the trial of a case in which he was interested, he was urged by the attorneys in a dog case to help them. He was paid a fee of \$250 by the plaintiff. Voluminous evidence was introduced to show that the defendant had shot the dog in malice, while the other evidence went to show that the dog had attacked the defendant. Vest took no part in the trial and was not disposed to speak. The attorneys, however, urged him to make a speech, else their client would not think he had earned his fee. Being thus urged, he arose, scanned the face of each jurymen for a moment, and said:

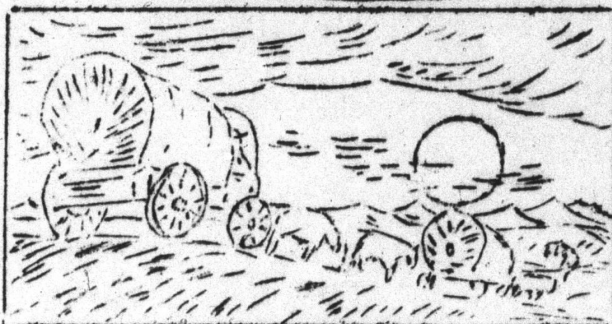
"Gentlemen of the Jury: The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps, when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its clouds upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and poverty, in health and sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master, as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

"If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

Senator Vest sat down. He had spoken in a low voice, without any gesture. He made no reference to the evidence of the merits of the case. When he finished, judge and jury were wiping their eyes. The jury returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for \$500. He had sued for \$200.

(Ed. Note -- The above article is an extract from "Sergeant's Dog Book" and we thank Ted Faulkner and Bill Tasker for bringing it to our attention, and P/O Phillips for his splendid illustration. Those of us who recall the old brown dog of the Station may find the article of interest.)

Maintenance



THE GOLDEN WEST

(as the Easterners see it)

The Golden West is mighty grand,
The 'wide open spaces' by chinooks (?) are fanned,
We nevever get those in our Eastern land,
Oh yes, the Golden West is mighty grand!

'Sunny Alberta', that's no lie;
Cur planes both day and night can fly;
And we'll have an Indian Summer, by and by,
Oh yes, Sunny Alberta, that's no lie!

'The weather this year is unusual!',
To us that sounds like a lot of ----;
The roads with snow are always full;
Oh yes, the weather is most unu-ual!

These mountains are a glorious sight!
The sun, it always shines so bright!!!
They're beautiful scenery we never slight,
Oh yes, these mountains are a glorious sight!



This is the choicest of the land;
The cowboys all are nice and tanned;
The cows all have a V for Victory brand;
Lots of prairie and not much sand;
Oh yes, this is the choicest of the land!



The streets (?) are all so nice and wide,
And they have sidewalks on either side!
The street-cars down the centre glide (?);
Oh yes, the streets are all so nice and wide!

The Golden West is the place for us;
We have no cause to swear and cuss,
We have the nicest 'Special' bus!
Oh yes, the Golden West is the place for us!!!

----oOo----

One of our Engineers last week, on receiving his pay cheque, threw the cashable side away. Hard to tell these days which is cheque and which is deductions. Isn't it Nick?

The burning question! Who is the 'Oshawa Kid'???

Phibbsy is really going for the south in a big way. He can't say much about it yet, - but, he'll try again!

It wasn't told to us, we only heard! B.B. is ~~some~~ fire!

Andy's mate is still going around with his 'big broad shoulders, and big broun eyes'.

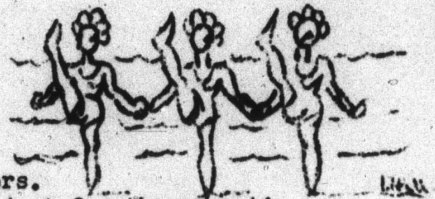
Hi Stores! Can't you even think of anything to say about us any more? How about some 'Stor-ies'???

.....

SICK BAY "PUKKA" GEN

Thanks, Maintenance, for the good wishes of the 13th. -- Bill and Curly.

Curly is back safe and sound (almost) from his trip to Hollywood, where he had a whale of a time. He almost crashed the movies, and from what he told us and the autographed photos he is receiving, we put his failure down to one thing -- he concentrated too much on the chorus girls (and liquor) and not enough on the Directors. You should think of the future, Curly, not live just for the moment!



Alf has been keeping his nose so darn clean lately that we haven't been able to get any gen on him. Except life isn't just the same since the twins left.

The girls will be pleased to know that Bill, our irresistable and indispensable clerk has fully recovered from his hangover now and can hardly wait for his next weekend pass, when he promises to show the girls just as good a time as he did last week. No kiddin!

Frank is Duty stooge this weekend, but he doesn't mind. Had trouble with the redhead, Frankie? Or perhaps you're slipping? Too much ice about in more ways than one -- take that blow lamp along next time and thaw her out.

Overheard in the Airmen's and Civilians' Mess:

Jean: "Isn't this food heavenly?"

Fanny: "It should be -- the cooks certainly boil h--- out of it!"

GROANS from the GUARD HOUSE

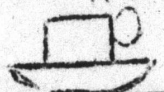
Our private detective has at last found himself a job as Chief Guard at Red Rock, Ontario.

Mr. Streit has finally caught up with his girl friend after an absence of over a year.

We understand a certain Guard was missing over the weekend, along with his lady friend. We wonder if things really did happen.

Is romance buzzing in the Telephone Exchange?

We understand we are going to get a skating rink. Just ask Mr. Johnson of the Fire Hall.



PINCH-HITTER for STORES

My dear friends, your Pinch-Hitter is here again to help out. I know you're much too busy to bother writing trifling items for the paper --- It does take a lot of time playing hostess, doesn't it? But still -- it no doubt helps the war effort, keeps up the morale, and all that. Remember, though, dear friends, that your customers are wearing out their rubber heels, walking so far each day -- you could deliver it in your spare time.

For all the time I spend slaving over a hot typewriter for you I should get at least two cups a day, and if you took your friends over here in Maintenance some now and then they might, with a little persuasion, write a piece for you some time, too. They, of course, couldn't write anything as nasty as you'd want -- they are much too nice to even think anything the least uncomplimentary about anyone. But for you and a cup of coffee they'd no doubt try. So what the heck? Why be stingy with that delicious stuff? You could also suggest to the powers that be that a lunch counter (with free delivery) in Stores would be ideal.

Your Pinch-Hitter must now leave you to your dreams for another week. If by chance you should be aroused from your slumber sufficiently in the meantime, please let me know if you have any topic you'd like me to write about for you always glad to help, you know!

Your loyal and most devoted friend,

Your "Pinch-Hitter"

THE FURTHER EXPLOITS OF PILOT OFFICER PRUNE

by Flt.Lt.A.R.T.Beddow

(Illustrated by LAC David Wright)

"Prune, old fellow, when the C.O. said that he wanted a spare officer to show the A.O.C.'s two children round the camp I immediately thought of you, as I know that the "gaffer" has grounded you till the result of the inquiry into the mysterious retraction of your undercarriage just prior to touching down the other day", so spoke Flight Lieutenant Sideslip in a tone of deep condescension. He added as an afterthought, "I know you'll love them as they are supposed to be such playful little boys."



Our hero gazed with loathing upon two unkempt urchins, who in turn gave him a look of absolute adoration. Bill, aged fourteen, was distinguishable only by the extradirtyness of his fingernails from his brother, Henry, aged thirteen. The silence was finally broken by Bill's plea, "When are you going to take us up?" Prune's mind instantly brightened and with his customary perspicacity into matters demanding a cunning solution he decided that a request from the progeny of none less than the A.O.C. far outweighed any instructions he might have had from anybody else. His answer showed his undeniable mental ability. "Now," he replied unhesitatingly.

"All aboard the lugger", said Prune in what he considered to be the "jovial uncle" tone of voice. The "crew" tumbled obediently aboard. "Now I'll show you two the controls".

"How does that work?" asked the dirtier urchin, pointing to the turn and bank indicator. "That", replied Prune, "Is the thing that tells you how much you're wrong when you do instrument flying, and it works by electricity".

"Rot!" said the less dirty, "It works on the Venturi principle of air acceleration."

"Perhaps I had better show you the finer points of Aviation", said the expert hurriedly. "This is the correct system of starting up and taking off." So saying, he pressed both starter buttons and was rewarded after a couple of seconds pause by the aeroplane charging forward under the influence of both motors; turning downwind he opened up the engines the remaining half inch and rose none too swiftly into the air. "You see how it's done?" yelled the veteran.

"No chocks, no brakes, no check, and not straight", replied the infants, who then proceeded to turn on the petrol and raise the undercarriage. "Let's see you do a loop."

More shaken than somewhat, Prune did as he was told, only to find that he had not allowed enough air space to permit the successful conclusion of this very difficult manoeuvre. "I've got her", yelled a shrill voice. Prune obediently let go everything, and using the dual control stick the eldest and dirtiest executed a crafty roll off the top. In a daze the captain of the aeroplane tried to exert his fast fading authority, "I will now take her back to the aerodrome and land." "Nuts", replied the sweet spoken children, "You've done enough -- we will take her to the aerodrome and land," Which they proceeded to do very adequately.

A committee of reception greeted the Prune on arrival, composed of the A.O.C., the "Gaffer", and Flight Lieutenant Sideslip. It is understood that at a subsequent meeting the "brass hat" showed Prune his true gratitude (?) by informing him that he would retain his present rank for an additional period of six months after the time that promotion had formerly been due.

As Prune says, "Put not your trust in Princes."

(To those who feel that Prune has had his meteoric rise to many rings nipped in the bud, may it be said that former delinquencies prevent him rising in rank for four years and three months anyway.)

GEN FROM THE FLIGHTS

"A" FLIGHT PATTEN . . .

The Instructors and Timekeepers of "A" Flight would very much like to express their appreciation and thanks to the pupils of 65 Course for the grand "end of Course" lunch and social evening given on Thursday, the 19th. It was a great success and everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves. A jolly fine show, both the meal (for which much credit must go to the Chef) and the good time we had together afterwards, and very much appreciated.

We have really enjoyed having you boys with us and hope you will be as well liked and put up as good a show at your next Station as you have at this.

Good luck to you all -- we wish you every success in your future training.

.

We wish also to take this opportunity to extend a hearty welcome to our new Course, No. 69. May their stay at this Station be a very happy and beneficial one.

.

THE INSTRUCTOR'S LAMENT by Sgt. Blight

They land their aircraft in mid-air,
And make Instructors tear their hair
Out by the roots in sheer despair;
Oh, what a life have we,

Landing into wind, Kent spurns
When forced landings first he learns;
To teach Vandaele to do stall turns;
Why do they pick on me?

A game of chance perhaps I play,
Bid fond farewell, a whole day's pay,
Then hear P/O McAlpine say,
"There's nothing to it, see?"

At two o'clock, inoculation,
Indeed, a terrible sensation,
And when you're spinning in creation
You'll know it's T.A.B.

To you pupils, I confess,
There is one point that I must stress,
If you find you're in distress --
Then please don't bother me.

A DAY WITH "B" FLIGHT GROUND CREW -- by D.A.R.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. 'Twas seven o'clock in the morning,
All the "B" Flight Macs were in bed,
When all at once Doug Stewart awoke
And awoke all the rest from the dead;
But Simons must have been sleepy,
He said he'd a pain in his head,
And when Master Stewart shouted
He crawled to the end of the bed.</p> | <p>3. In the busiest part of the morning
When all of the aircraft is down
And the rest of the Flt. is working,
Humphrey's inside foaling around,
When all of the aircraft are flying
And the Flight's all feeling the top
Ken Hume sits down to have a rest
From his graceful swinging of props.</p> |
| <p>2. At half-past seven in the morning
Thiel, Sherriff and Dewell were at work,
And Mitchell, our Engineer, shouted,
"There are the rest of those jerks?"
But the other boys like to arrive
When there's a little more light,
And you can see them sneaking around
To keep out of Mitch's sight.</p> | <p>4. When some of the ships need gassing
Jim Ramsey will gas them all;
Is it because he's ambitious
Or maybe it's Isobel Hall,
And when the day's flying is over
And the D.I.'s are all signed out,
We make a dash for the barracks
And talk about fems till "lights-out".</p> |

FROM THE FLIGHT LINE -- by Greaseball Joe

We bid fond farewell to Course 65 -- one of the best we've ever had. Good luck, boys!
During the heavy snowstorm at Edmonton last week Hume stepped off the curb into a deep snow drift. Here he stayed for two days waiting for someone to shovel him out!

At a recent bowling-game we could hardly tell whether Fred was bowling or playing a combination game of baseball and basket-ball. He thought the pin-boy was included in the pins.

"C" FLIGHT

All hail and welcome to 69 Course. Once more good old "C" Flight has the honour to utilise its undoubted linguistic talents (on the part of the Instructors) in order to make themselves understood. It is surprising how many adjectives (uttered by the Instructors) come under the heading, or excuse, of being either French, Dutch or Danish.

Sgt. Jamieson arrived from lil ol' New York on Wednesday. Some say he looks as if he had had a good time, others recognise him. After all, 14 days in New York is not inducive to righteous and clean living, or is it?

It seems that a certain Officer in "C" Flight is utilizing his undoubted "S.A" to inveigle a certain young lady, (heretofore known definitely to be associated with a Sergeant from the same Flight) to accompany him on his many nefarious journeys to Calgary.

THE INSTRUCTOR'S PRAYER: The student is my headache; I do not want him. He maketh me to lie down at night very tired. He leadeth me beside high tension cables. Yea, though I fly on the clearest of days I fear much evil, for he is always with me.

We are sorry that our "Who is Who" column appears to be so brief, but the editors of this remarkable weekly inform us that several people are studying the laws of libel -- maybe for future use?

Who is the W/Op.A.G. who failed several of his ground exams. this week? We all understood he was good at ground work.

Other Flights still do not contest the statement we made last week - (to quote, "C Flight - the best Flight"). Maybe the inter-flight quiz contest at which we walked away with all the honours will prove this.

This is the third week at De Winton for 68 Course. 10% of them think the place is grand, 10% think the place is too quiet, the other 30%, what with wash-out days and link trainer practice, have ceased to think at all.

Last Friday the Free French were celebrating the finish of their Course, but if a stranger had stepped into the Wet Canteen he would have come to the immediate conclusion that it was Course 68 that was leaving and not the Free French. And by the way some of them were imbibing it looked as if they might leave this earth altogether.

Course 68 is becoming more and more famous (or notorious) each day. It now has the distinction of having the "cutest little fella on the Station" in its ranks, namely, LAC C--N-H-W. How did we arrive at this decision? Well, some of the girls on the Station were overheard to say, "He's the cutest little guy on the Station". Maybe they meant De Winton Railway Station.

Some of the boys are becoming conscientious in their work. Take LAC M-L-S (768) for instance. He's just bought a pair of black pyjamas which look exactly like a mechanic's overalls. The boys say its for studying navigation during the night.

By the way, I was reminded by a friend the other day of an old joke I'd heard. It seems that the baseball team arrived on the field with a man short. So an old horse on the field comes trotting up and says to the Captain, "I'll play for you." Rather shaken the Captain consents and places the horse as catcher. He does very well throughout the game, but suddenly the pitcher falls off form and has to be changed. The substitute isn't much good, so all the team are tried as pitcher in turn, but to no avail. At last the Captain in desperation turns to the horse and says, "Can you pitch?" The horse looks at him in astonishment and says, "Don't be silly, who ever heard of a horse pitching?"

The friend is doing as well as can be expected.

Cheerio, lads,

"68"

W. D. H. W.



COURSE No. 67

"D" FLIGHT CALLING

Hello, folks, here we are again. We have just stopped running to take a breath so thought we would let you have the latest slush from your slumming reporters. But we shall have to go carefully this week; they nearly caught up with us last week. (Who said "Hooray"? -- That was last week's joke)

Well, suckers, the first concerns one of our glamorous timekeepers. It appears her timekeeping went all haywire over the weekend with the result that a certain link instructor had to go into retreat to Okotoks to drown his sorrow, but what we can't understand is how long has mother worn the pants? Anyway, that's her story and it seems she's sticking to it. Incidentally, who were the two inebriated gentlemen who strained their vocal chords in an endeavour to locate the aforesaid link instructor and having successfully accomplished their mission bore him back to camp; whilst the rest of his friends instituted a search party for him in vain?

It appears that our Course has gained fame in the number of Don Juans contained therein, but, alas, folks, it seems that two of our foremost D.J.'s are losing their grip; otherwise they would not be walking around with that passed up look on their faces. But we understand that they are out for fresh talent, so beware, you angels (female) of this little bit of heaven. Meanwhile, other members seem to be doing quite nicely, or for what other reason could L.A.C. Sadler be enquiring as to the best jewellers in town; by the way, Ray, did the mysterious blonde, or was it brunette, come up to your expectations?

Our heartfelt sympathies go out to L.A.C. Duckam, but we hope the blood eruptions of his nasal organ will not occur too frequently.

Cheerio, folks,

Your Favourite Reporters
(still on the run)

FAMOUS LAST WORDS
"THE REMOVAL OF THIS PIN
RENDERS THE BOMB
HARMLESS"

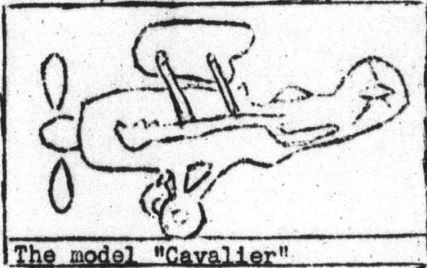


WONG JOCK
GILLESPIE INC.
Genuine Scotch (Scotch)
Laundry
HIRE OF IRON \$1 FOR
35 MIN
SHIRTS PRESSED
FLAT
FLASHES ELIMINATED
&c. &c.

We admire the fine spirit of the "Lady Killer" who so kindly arranged the long and mutually desired introduction between Evelyn and a certain L.A.C. and himself escorted the lady to the cinema. Is that cricket--or a new manoeuvre?

OUR BIT

by
Time Office DeVits



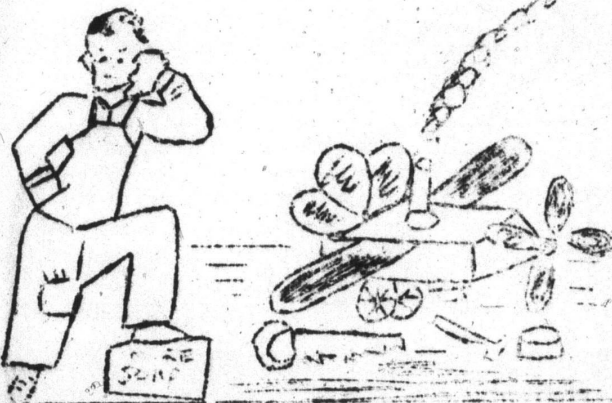
The model "Cavalier"



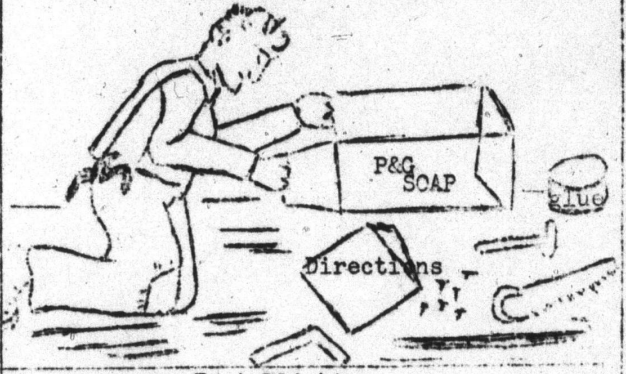
C.O.

Chief Engineer

SOME MONTHS LATER!



THE BIRTH OF THE CAVALIER



Test Flight

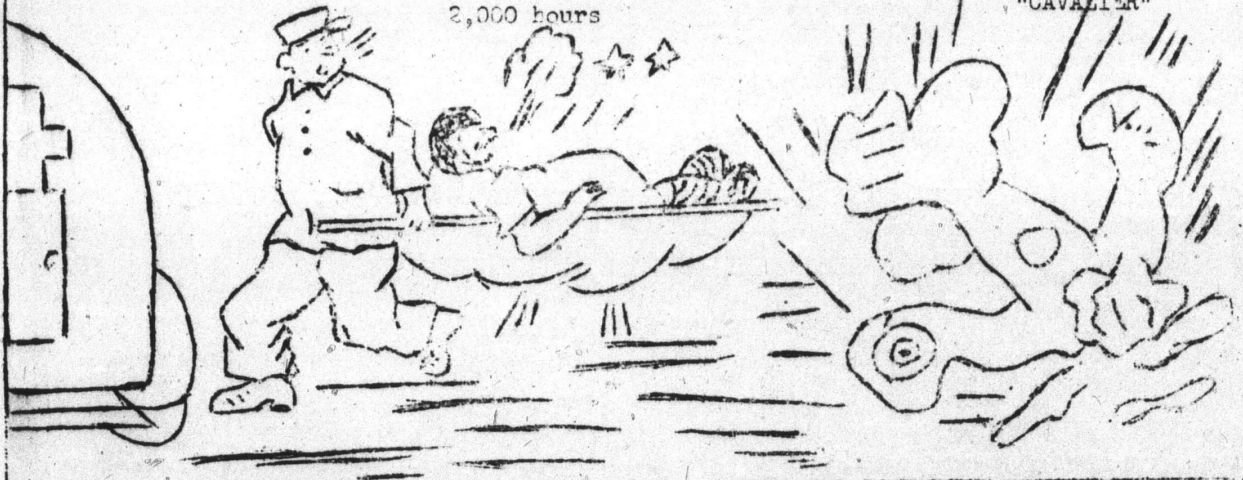
Sgt.

I'll test fly anything to get my 2,000 hours.



At last I made my 2,000 hours

THE LAST OF THE "CAVALIER"



P.S. Reference to characters living or dead is purely accidental.

GALA CHRISTMAS DANCE: TO BE HELD IN RECREATION HALL, FRIDAY DECEMBER 18th. FROM NINE P.M. TO TWO A.M. COME AND DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF JERRY FULLER AND HIS ORCHESTRA, DIRECT FROM HOTEL PALLISER. READ NEXT WEEKS GREMLIN FOR FULL PARTICULARS.

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. Morning
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.

CALGARY DANCES

Penloy's 8th Ave. (Wed. & Sat.)
Elks, 7th Ave. (Every night ex. Fri.
& Sat.)
Falls Hotel: 9th Ave. (Wed. & Sat.)
Alashar Temple (Sat.)
Rendezvous - Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri.
& Sat.

CALGARY THEATRES

CAPITOL: "Road to Morocco"-Bing Crosby
Dorothy Lamour.
TRIVOLI: "Rio Rita" - Kathryn Grayson
John Carroll
PALACE: "White Cargo" - Hedy Lemarr
Walter Pigeon.
GRAND: "I Married a Witch"
Fredric March and Veronica Lake

SPECIAL TO THE GREMLIN -- and we're
not kiddin'!

A MEETING WILL BE HELD IN THE G.I.S.
on FRIDAY EVENING at 8 P.M. for ALL
SERVICE and CIVILIAN PERSONNEL WHO
MAY BE INTERESTED IN STATION ENTER-
TAINMENT.

THE ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE WANTS
YOUR IDEAS ---
SO PLEASE ATTEND FOR BETTER RESULTS

DON'T BE A
"SLACKER"-
BE A
"BACKER"!

THANK YOU CARD

We'd like to thank L.A.C. D. Wright
of Course No. 67 for his kind co-
operation and many humorous illust-
rations in the current issue.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS ISSUE FORM

I would like to purchase
copies of the Special Christmas-New
Years Number of "The Gremlin", at
10¢ a copy, C.O.D.

(Clip and forward to:

"The Gremlin",
c/o General Office,
No. 31 E.F.T.S.,
DeWinton, Alberta.

THIS WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS AT THE

CINEMA

RECREATION HALL, NO. 31 E.F.T.S. B.H.F.

SUNDAY November 29

LADY BE GOOD

Elea nor Powell and Robert Young

MONDAY November 30

REAP THE WILD WIND

John Wayne-Ray Milland-Paulette Goddard

TUESDAY December 1

WAKE ISLAND

Brian Donlevy and Robert Preston

THURSDAY December 3

DEVIL AND MISS JONES

Jean Arthur.

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

One Dozen Roses
(with) To
Oliver Bertola
for
this week's front
cover & other
contributions

STOP PRESS.

This effort was received at the eleventh hour, and rather than hold over such an extraordinary and unexpected contribution, we have worked our fingers to the bone and burned the midnight oil in order to place before our readers this tangible proof of the continued existence of Stores. The Editors.

COME IN, STORES:

Dear CHARLIE:

So you are leaving us! No doubt, several of the boys will heave deep sighs of relief on finding the road clear again. Perhaps they can make some headway now that competition is removed. The other sex will soon realise that absence makes the heart grow fonder of somebody else.

Then, of course, there are the people who have been asking for single beds, five blankets, feather pillows, arm chairs, tables, reading lamps, etc. They will no doubt be able to get them now without any trouble.

Is there any truth in the supposition that, if you were to win the ticket to Toronto, you would have a hangover in Regina? And would you profit by the advice given to the member of your party on the trip out here who parted the wrong curtains in the Pullman?

Seriously, though, we will miss your cheery smile and your willingness to help wherever you can, if you are accepted by the Medical Board, when you visit them on Friday.

ADVICE TO THE USERS OF TELEPHONES: COMPILED WITH THE HELP OF THE R.A.F. MAGAZINE "SWIFT" PUBLISHED AT No. 39 S.F.T.S., SWIFT CURRENT.

All telephone users and prospective customers should read these hints in order to increase their technique in the noble art of telephoning, and annoy people by waking them up with the ring of the telephone bell.

To use the phone, approach it with the nonchalance of a veteran, grasp the handle, and jangle it for at least three minutes. When done with vigour and abandon the ringing causes the operator to drop her knitting. Of course, some operators don't only knit -- they play solitaire, do cross-word puzzles, and even compile their Christmas shopping lists. The operator, thinking you are probably a novice, will say very rapidly, "NUMBER? Number please?". Now the beginner, being easily scared, will give the number he requires at once, but that will never do for the old hand. Get her to repeat "Number please?" at least three times before shouting the number at her, (it is a well-known fact that telephone operators are chosen for their deafness, mainly so that they can't hear any complaints.)

It is best to thwart the operator altogether by asking for your party by name: the operator has to find out what section he's in, and that takes time, then you can bawl her out, preferably in cockney or broad Lancashire.

When you receive a call, it is very bad form to answer right away and identify yourself -- be a man and let it ring, then the Exchange will think you are a terrifically busy fellow, and not to be called up by just anybody.

By using the above methods, you will find that no one will ever want to telephone you who have had some experience of your technique, and then you can apply to have the telephone removed as unnecessary, and you know that's what you were after in the first place anyway.

THANKS - PINCH-HITTER!! After such a brilliant substitute as our pinch-hitter, we feel inadequate, of course, in taking over again. We wish to express our thanks, not only for the kind words, but also for the advertising. Do you know that we have had several customers with shafts who said that ever since they had been here, they had suffered from dirty sheetitis, and until reading the remedy, they had not known how to get relief.

*This week's symphonic concert
Pres. evening at 7.15 p.m.
"Surprise Program"*