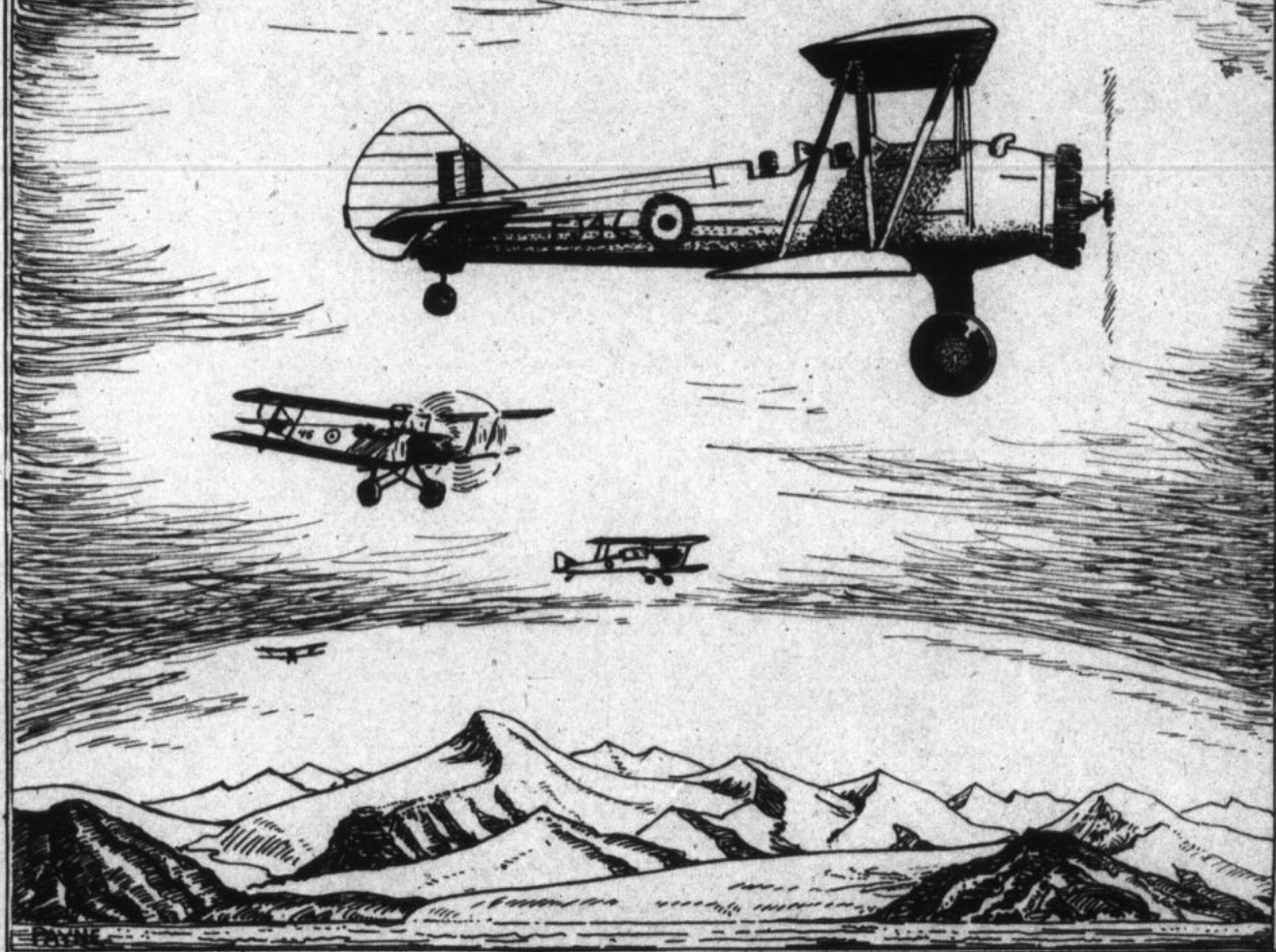


THE Gremlin



**CHRISTMAS NUMBER
1942**

**NO. 31 E.F.T.S. (R.A.F.)
DE WINTON, ALBERTA, CANADA.**

Greetings from the Officer-in-Charge.

This special edition of "The Gremlin" marks the second Christmas in the history of No. 31; let us hope that before next Christmas we shall publish our final edition with V I C T O R Y written large across the front page.

During the past year pupils from nearly twenty Free Nations have carried out their training here and today many of them are carrying to Hitler, not a Christmas message, but one which, unfortunately, he is best able to understand.

It is pleasant to be able to record that the relationship between the civilian and Service personnel continues to be of the happiest, but Ground Engineers must understand that they will continue to be badgered for aircraft during 1943 exactly as they have been hitherto. (By this time I expect they are used to it.) For my part I shall be content with 99% serviceability -- I expect no Department to be perfect.

The past year has been marred by far too many flying accidents, the vast majority of which were due to deliberate breaches of flying regulations. Even the most dim-witted pupil will realize that the orders laid down are for his own safety and he would be the first to complain if a Ground Engineer carried out an inspection on an aircraft in the same damn fool way in which he, the pupil, attempts to fly it. During the past four months alone six wives or parents have received news of fatal accidents at this School, all of which could have been easily avoided, and that news is hardly likely to add to their gaiety this Christmas.

To everybody on the Station I wish a Happy Christmas and the best of luck during 1943 -- may it prove to be the best year yet for De Winton!

-- R. E. Watts, Squadron Leader

The Assistant
C.F.I. and his
favourite pupil,
L.A.C. Clothears,
wish everybody
(especially the
Calgary Brewery)
A VERY HAPPY XMAS!



The Editor ac-
cepts no
responsibility
for the ad.

4 T.C. --
please
note.



Merry Christmas
and
A Happy New Year

To All: From The Management

With the Yuletide Season again approaching we are all susceptible to the gaiety and good humour of this festive period and at the same time unconsciously look back over the year's vicissitudes, endeavouring to account for the changing conditions.

One year ago none of us could have had the slightest conception of the events which were to change his and her mode of living. For years we had been living a prosaic and uneventful existence, accepting most things as a matter of course without any serious thought, when suddenly at the beginning of the summer months, because of the strenuous times we are living in, we were up-rooted from our natural soil and transplanted among people and surroundings quite distinct from our own.

To adjust oneself to this change of living required no end of patience, tolerance and fortitude, and the degree to which this has been done, displayed by all, has been most gratifying to those who have been compelled to carry the weight of responsibility for the successful operation of No. 31 Elementary Flying Training School.

The operations at this Unit could never have been achieved had it not been for the loyal co-operation of all concerned, the Officers and men of His Majesty's Royal Air Force, the civilian employees from Western Canada, and, lastly, our original staff who came from Malton and Eastern Canada.

It is with sincere appreciation that we wish everyone a Merry Christmas, and may the New Year bring happiness and Victory, which can only be attained by continuous effort in the coming year.

-- W. M. Alexander, Managing Director

Once again Christmas is approaching, bringing with it the desire and the opportunity to express those thoughts of thankful appreciation which exist concealed throughout the year.

It is in this spirit that I wish the office staff in particular, and the staff generally, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

-- T. E. Mason, Assistant Secretary

A Message from the Padre.

"THE CHILD OF BETHLEHEM"

A wise man once said that theologians would know more about God if they played more often with little children. It is true that, in spite of the natural limitations of the early years of life, there is the spontaneity about the thoughts of childhood which reaches deeper levels than do the arguments of adult logic. Systematic theology at best, however carefully thought out, can never be more than a brave attempt to formulate the fair conclusions of the human spirit's own experience of fact, together with the appreciation of realities beyond the power of language adequately to describe.

Certain it is that the Child of Bethlehem has opened men's hearts and minds to a Reality which adult intellect has failed to fathom, and given to the Christmas Revelation a character and power unique in human history. It is to the land of His Birth, and its Eastern people, with their mystical insight into the meaning and the marvel of historical events, that we owe the almost childlike happiness which permeates the spirit of our Christmas hymns and carols.

That is one side of the picture. The other is the child's reliance in the adult, with his larger practical experience of life. Field Marshall Lord Birdwood in his memoirs recalls an incident which took place on a certain occasion, during a garden party at the Vice-Regal Lodge at Simla. A sudden crash occurred somewhere in the grounds, and his small son, aged five years, immediately ran up to Lord Kitchener, who was present at the party, and held his hand. Some years later the Field Marshall asked Kitchener what had been the proudest moment of his life. Instead of referring to the stirring exploits of his military career, or to any of the achievements which had brought him fame, Kitchener replied: "I think, when your little boy ran across and put his hand in mine with such complete confidence."

It is not a very far cry, in terms of our common humanity, from Bethlehem to this modern world; from Joseph and Mary and Jesus, the Shepherds and the Sages, to the grown-ups and the children of today. Each has something to give to the other, still. And still it is not to be wondered at, despite the passing of the years and centuries, that men and women whose hands have felt the responsive touch of the Child of Bethlehem, in the simple experience of the spirit, know beyond all doubt and without the need of argument, that they have found a comradeship which will be theirs for life, as well as its crowning happiness.

Such an experience could not be far from my mind, nor would I want it to be, when I wish all the readers of The Gremlin, whether at Camp or at home, a very happy Christmas Festival Season, and a Happy New Year to follow.

H. de B. WELCHMAN (S. Padre)

JANet WRIGHT

May this Christmas be one of your happiest and may the New Year bring Health, Prosperity and Victory, is the sincere wish we extend to our readers.

-- The Grenlin

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

To evaluate the events of 1942 it is necessary to recall the situation at the end of the previous year. The German hordes had advanced far into Russia to be checked at the very gates of Moscow, and while the Russian offensive had achieved some success the situation there was very grave. British strength was widely dispersed, nowhere sufficient for more than defense. The losses at sea continued to be heavy. No other free Government was in the field. The future looked cloudy and uncertain. Then, on December the 7th came the Jap raid on Pearl Harbour, which precipitated the United States into the War -- not as a half-hearted partner but as a principal, willing and able to assume leadership. This event did not, of course, immediately change the course of the War, but it did ensure to the allied Nations ultimate preponderance both in men and materials.

The time table of the first months of 1942 is a tale of one disaster after another.

Pearl Harbour crippled or destroyed half the battleship strength of the United States Navy, temporarily knocked out the Pacific Fleet as a striking force and played even greater havoc with U. S. Airpower in the Pacific.

By the end of the year the PRINCE OF WALES and REPULSE had been sunk, crippling British sea power in the Far East; Guam, Wake and Hong Kong had fallen, and Japanese troops were ashore in Borneo. This was bad, but worse was to follow. During January Manila was taken and landings effected in New Guinea and the Solomons. Then on February 15th came the worst blow of all, the fall of Singapore. This fortress port on which huge sums had been expended was the key to Naval and Commercial supremacy in the East, yet its landward defences were weak and the Japs, accomplishing a feat deemed impossible, came down the Malay Peninsula and walked in the back door. That followed in the Dutch East Indies was a natural sequel to the fall of Singapore, coupled with the weakening of British and United States Naval Power.

Japan lost no time in following up her advantage. She took the Andaman Islands, protecting her flank at Singapore and giving her a hold in the Indian Ocean.

When Corregidor fell on May 6th after a most heroic defence, the last vestige of Anglo-American power from the Yellow to the Coral Sea was swept away. Allied power was, however, now beginning to rise again. The battle in the Coral Sea, fought in the early days of May, gave the Japanese Navy its first set-back. In June Midway Island was fought, again with heavy losses to the Jap Fleet. In August U. S. Marines landed in the Solomons, establishing themselves on Guadalcanal Island for the first step in the long road to Victory.

Since then, with constantly growing strength the battle has been carried to the enemy.

Very heavy losses were inflicted in Naval actions in the Solomons, in the air U. S. and Australian forces are asserting an increasing supremacy, while on land the position of Jap forces in Guadalcanal and New Guinea becomes desperate.

- cont'd

THE "WORLD IN REVIEW" -- cont'd

In North Africa, too, the first part of the year held some bitter blows, culminating in the loss of Tobruk in June and the retirement of the British forces to the Alamein line within the borders of Egypt. Rommel's best efforts, however, could not breach this line behind which the Eighth Army was reinforced and refitted while air reinforcements were poured in in force. There was a lull in activities for sometime but great events were shaping. At the end of October General Montgomery launched his offensive, breached the German lines and quickly threw the Axis forces back to El Aghella. On December 12th this position was attacked in force and within 48 hours abandoned by the Germans who are now in retreat. Meanwhile, to the West other action was in progress. On November 8th the veil of secrecy was torn aside and it was revealed that U. S. and British forces were landing along both the Mediterranean and Atlantic Coasts of French North Africa. These were joined, after some little resistance, by the French forces and pushed rapidly East. Today they stand on the outskirts of Tunis and Bizerte. Axis communication with Tripoli is almost cut and that Port itself, Rommel's last base in Africa, is threatened. This is not an isolated action. It is the first threat to Hitler's domination of Europe, and it menaces Italy with a terrible fate. Hitler recognized the threat when he broke the Armistice with Vichy France and marched to the Mediterranean in order to be in a better position to counter it. His endeavour to obtain control of the French Fleet at Toulon led to the scuttling of that Fleet, though at last reports a considerable part of it remains in such condition that it can be refitted for use to the great detriment of the people who paid for it.

In Russia the story is the same. Early in the summer Hitler commenced an offensive which swept the German armies to the banks of the Volga, to the Western Caucasian Oil Fields and to the mouths of the high passes of the Caucasus, leaving the great Black Sea Port and Naval Base of Sebastopol as one of his trophies. But on the banks of the Volga he found Stalingrad. Day after day, week after week, month after month, this gallant city repulsed every effort to storm it. Pounded to rubble from air and land it still held out, taking a tremendous toll from its assailants. Till at last Timoshenko was ready and the great counter offensive was launched. Now the picture is reversed, large hordes of Germans are completely surrounded in the Don River elbow, many more have only a narrow line of retreat open to them, while their losses in men and materials have been tremendous. That the High Command has not ordered a withdrawal would seem to indicate that this is now beyond their power or that they have devised a strategy to deal with the Russian encirclement. They are skillful, tough fighters and it would be most unwise to underrate them.

In spite of the fact that we have lost access to many essential materials control of which has passed to Japan, the outlook at the end of the year was much better than could have been anticipated at its opening, and we can look forward to 1943 with considerable hope and confidence -- always provided we step up our efforts to meet the increased demands which will be made by offensive action. If we sit back and think the war is almost won we have already lost it.

The role of prophet, hazardous at any time, is doubly so in war. So this column prefers to guess rather than to prophesy: We may then guess from present indications that 1943 will see the end of the Axis in North Africa, though this may take longer than we hoped.

With the completion of the African campaign the Allies will be in a position to undertake an offensive in Europe, which may well break German power and pave the way for her exit in 1944.

Japan looks like a tougher problem. If we can hold her till Germany is disposed of we can then bring such preponderance of power against her as will ensure her complete overthrow within measurable time.



CONTROL
TOWER
AND
FLYING
ORDERLY
ROOM

MERRY CHRISTMAS



F/Lt. F. F. EASTWOOD.
H. F. Benjamin
L.A.C. F. Harding
L.A.C. I. Lukehurst
Albert Manley
Mrs. M. Waldron

DAVID H. WRIGHT.

A FLIGHT

Wishes you a



With the Festive Season here, we may well indulge in sentimental thought for all those who are dear to us, many miles across the other side of the world, and maybe their hopes and wishes are best expressed by:-

"NEVER A DAY"

Never a day goes by, my dear
 But I remember you.
 Ever that thought is in my heart
 In all I say and do.....
 Never a night without a prayer
 That you'll come safely through -
 With trials and troubles left behind
 And happiness in view.

Never a day goes by
 Without some lovely memory.
 Never a day without a hope
 Though weay may I be.....
 After this time of toil and tears
 Of parting and of pain,
 You will come back and then please God,
 We'll live and love again.

We hear that the "A" Flight Instructors are going to hang up stockings on Christmas Eve - will Santa answer their pleas?

F/O Johnston, our noble Flight Commander, wants the Underground Railway laid down from Calgary to De Winton, and a hundred-weight of Iron-Jelloids - his "road nerves" are simply 'orrible lately.

F/O Hall wants a course of female pupils, and a chance to give them a check over at 20 hours -- no steep turns, please, Mr. Hall.

P/O Crawford wants a washout every Sunday, to enable him to get home in time to hear Jack Benny on the Radio - and a pair of carpet slippers, his boots are gradually wearing out on the mantlepiece.

P/O Phillips wants to grow another four inches during 1943 - he is tired of flying with his feet off the rudder bar - and why must he bump when he steps off the kerb?

P/O Ross wants a nice electric iron to use on those worried creases that have developed on his forehead during the past two weeks.

Sgt. Hensley wants a stone deaf Chinese pupil suffering from lock-jaw, with 4,000 hours and needing a course of aerobic instruction.

Sgt. Caws wants the "dual only" flag up for the next ten weeks - he is tired of sitting in the Crew Room while his 'pupes' solo.

Sgt. Lane wants a box of kippers to give to Mrs. Lane, to prove that his night flying excuses are not the only things that are fishy.

Sgt. Blight wants to know who it was that told her husband - you cant kid us that it was 'frost-bite' Sarge, we've seen those insurance agents before.

We nearly mentioned F/O Knowles too - he is so often in our Crew Room, that he'll soon be an Instructor.

Timekeepers:	Margaret Johnson	Nella Bertola
Instructors:	F/O Johnston	F/O Hall
	P/O Crawford	P/O Phillips
	P/O Ross	Sgt. Hensley
	Sgt. Lane	Sgt. Blight

"B" FLIGHT.

One sunny Alberta afternoon, actually it was snowing "gophers and coyotes" and so cold that even P/O Gibson's car was reluctant to use its second gear (but it was a dry cold so that we old country boys didnt feel it much) - Like hell we didnt.....

What was I saying now? Oh yes, one sunny Alberta afternoon when flying was temporarily washed out, a timekeeper with lots of "oomph", or as he described it "sex appeal", walked into our lives and inveigled us into contributing several pages to this truly remarkable issue of "The Gremlin". We must admit that our first intention (strictly dishonourable and quite unsporting) was that our contribution should be a Gremlin to end all Gremlins, but when we got down to work we realised whatever contribution we made would have the opposite effect and the sales would jump to a new high. (Sorry, we are out of bouquets as we need them for ourselves).

So the very limited firm of Morgan, Gibson, Gunton, Gibson, Cogan, Gibson, Z---, Gibson, P-----, Gibson, Thompson, Gibson, Burrell, Gibson, Pollard, Gibson, Maitland, Gibson & Co. pooled their various resources, or in actuality told Gibson that he would have to work pretty quickly and write some snappy verse. He jumped immediately on to his crutch and set off in the general direction of the Mess, where there are some quite recent issues of that famous English journal "Punch". He knew that he could crib quite freely from that amusing weekly without the Canadians realising that it was "not all our own work".

In closing, we would like to mention that our sponsors are the makers of 'Ivory Snow' -- S.N.O.W., and if you turn to the left hand bottom corner of the first page, you can read the exciting real life story of Mary Marlyn.

COURSE 70. As junior members of No. 31 "League of Nations", 'B' Flight are honoured to contribute to 'The Gremlin' - the best of the species we've met so far.

Surprise No. 1: A gentleman remarked on the good conduct of No. 70 Course and said that he had not heard one foul word from them - s'funny, we hadn't noticed his deafness before.

Surprise No. 2: Some of our number have already learned how and when to "Czech", so as to avoid a bump. Others may be able to pick up a few tips from the Mess Room assistants - or have they??

Surprise No. 3: The only grouse heard from any of the boys so far, is from one who complains that three-quarters of his name is usually omitted.

Talking of 'grouse' - who shot the duck on Sunday?

Seriously, we have been greatly impressed by the spirit of friendly goodwill prevailing here. Let's add to it lads, during our stay here. Many of us have thoroughly enjoyed 'Sunday Night at Seven', sing-songs of popular songs and carols. We wonder if the number of trebles in any way accounts for the increasing number of base (sorry - bass) voices.

"THE FLIGHT".

Flight Commanders, Instructors and Pupils come
Ditto, ditto, ditto, go,
But beautiful "B" Flight,
The core-and-have-tea Flight,
The Flight with the chairs and the sofas,
Inviting all ariable loafers,
The Flight where true art
Plays prominent part,
Where pictures and paint
Lend cultured restraint
And take much of the gloom
From a poor hanger room --
An intangible thing
Whose praises I sing --
In spite of constantly changing faces
Continues on a comparatively permanent basis.

P.S. "B" Flight
Also defends the right;
It flies more
In order with the utmost despatch
Victoriously to conclude the War.

Timekeepers:	Margaret Ashmore	Madge Brennan
Instructors:	F/O Morgan	P/O Gunton
	P/O Gibson	P/O Cogan
	F/O Z'	W/O Mc
	Sgt. Thompson	Sgt. Pollard
	Sgt. England	Sgt. Burrell
	Sgt. Maitland	

Timekeepers:	Grace Doupe	Florence Cousens
Instructors:	F/O Marriott	F/O Anderson
	P/O Greenaway	P/O Crampton
	P/O Cole	Sgt. Carr
	Sgt. Jamieson	Sgt. Willix
	Sgt. Loring	

*Season's Greetings
from "C" Flight*

"D" FLIGHT.COURSE 70.

This is "D" Flight, Course No. 70 calling. We esteem it a great honour (!?) to be permitted to make our debut in this bumper issue of 'The Gremlin'. De Winton is the beginning, and perhaps the end, of our aspirations to gain the coveted insignia on the left breast (the flying instructors will no doubt have several other opinions on this important subject and who is to say that they will not be justified?)

We are on the whole delighted to see once again an imposing array of those intrepid birds, the Moths, differing only in small detail from those with which we came in contact in the old country. How temperamental these seemingly gentle and harmless creatures can be on occasion! Did ever women's foibles make themselves evident in such a short space of time (keep that nose down!!)

Instead of spending our evenings polishing our beloved boots as in days gone by - and with what pride we have gazed into their mirrored surface obtained after several hours intensive work on a mixture of dribbling saliva and cherry blossom - we now study such interesting publications as A.P.129, except of course when our concentration is disturbing by one or other of our line-shooting members recounting some personal incident in the highly technical jargon used only by air crew cadets.

It must be admitted that certain events which transpired the other day after our arrival caused some little consternation in the Camp. We were interested to learn that it was a matter of some importance that shoes should be placed parallel to each other at a certain side of the bed, that sheets, blankets, etc., must be folded and placed according to a standard layout. This stirred memories of I.T.W. and other places where we have tarried and it was found that some doubt and ignorance prevailed as to the reason for this. On being assured, however, by some of our more learned friends, that the housepainter's task would otherwise be made much easier, the doubting Thomas's were eventually convinced. Unfortunately a word of eight letters commencing with a 'B' figured rather prominently in the discussion which followed. (N.B. This is no crossword puzzle!)

Finally it must be said that we are very happy at De Winton. It seems like a good station and even the most hardened scrounger (a skiver, skater, or what you will) will admit that it feels good to get one's teeth into something concrete after months of fatigues (remember Ye Olde Tynne Roome at Moncton, No. 4 Squadron Cookhouse? Oh beautiful odour!) guards, and picket duties endured at disposal centres.

Hail De Winton - here's mud in your eye!

COURSE 67. WE OF COURSE 67, HAVING THIS WEEK LOST TWO OF OUR MEMBERS THROUGH A TRAGIC ACCIDENT, FEEL OUR ONLY CONTRIBUTION TO THIS NUMBER SHOULD BE TO EXPRESS OUR HEARTFELT SORROW AND DEEPEST SYMPATHY WITH THE RELATIVES OF LAC WHITE AND LAC PERIRA. WE MIGHT MENTION THAT LAC WHITE WAS OUR FLIGHT-LEADER AND WAS MAINLY RESPONSIBLE FOR OUR PAST ARTICLES IN 'THE GREMLIN'.

Timekeepers:	Elaine Hollis	Isabel Jolly
	F/O Grayson	P/O McAlpine
	P/O Dunlop	P/O Mauger
	P/O M-----	W/O F-----
	Sgt. Atkinson	Sgt. Hickson
	Sgt. Kipling	Sgt. Power
	Sgt. Eustace.	



1942, December 1942						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FR	SA
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	:	:

DECEMBER 25 FRIDAY

W. Alexander

A. W. Robertson

Bill Fotheringham
Margaret Boutilier
Eve Lang *Elaine Beamer*
Ruth Falconer *Bell Hamilton*
Betty Stagg

Merry Christmas

Cash this one on p 10

De Winton, Alta. Dec 25, 1942

THE BANK OF GOOD WISHES

Pay *All Our Friends* 1,000,000

One Million GOOD WISHES

General Office

THE BEST SEASONS WISHES FROM WE TO YOU

GROUND SCHOOL

J. W. S. FERGUSON

Flt. Lt. Henri V----
Flt. Sgt. Woodcock
Sgt. Maddox
Cpl. Hayworth
J. D. Burrell
F. A. Ingran
G. Payne
E. Rodrigues

00
PALLISER BAR. LAT. 51° 03' 26" N
LONG 114° 06' 40" W
PIG AND WHISTLE
LAT: 51° 27' 15" N
LONG: 114° 00' 12" W
FIND COURSE
TO
STEER.



We trust that you kind people who are unfortunate enough to read this section of "The Gremlin" will not have too many uncharitable thoughts of what the poor students have to go through in Ground School. After all, who can blame anyone who would rather have good old Bass' than Alberta Ale, even though it is a long jaunt from the "Paralyzer" Bar to any good Pig and Whistle, where Bass is obtainable. So we who are responsible for the ground training are only doing the boys a good turn by giving such practical navigation problems that should end in such a satisfactory manner. The lads who fly aeroplanes must be tough. Most people who do not fly think that flying is nothing but a lot of fun, but actually it is just another job. Ask anyone who, having twenty-five or thirty hours solo and dual, and who naturally thinks he is just about it, is taken by his instructor for an hour and a half dual or so, only to find that before he has nicely become airborne, numerous Gremlins, of whom his instructor is blissfully unaware, are making their presence known as they never did when he was last solo. Poor, unfortunate chap! His instructor thinks that he is responsible for all the behaviour of the aeroplane and is not at all backward about telling him so. Finally, after much gruelling work, it is time to come back to the field. O Happy Day! Now for a nice long rest, so we won't have to sit on this parachute any more. It sure isn't as soft as it might be and it certainly was not designed for a cushion. Back on the ground again, taxi into position and just as the engine is shut off, the instructor says, "As soon as it's gassed up, go up for an hour and really practice all those things you couldn't do."

Anyone can see that with parachutes as they are, one really has to be tough to fly aeroplanes, especially when some of the operational flights take maybe twelve hours -- and so, as indicated in the drawing above, we of the Ground School have our own method of helping in this toughening process for the poor unfortunates who come our way.

GROUND SCHOOL (Con't)DEARLY BELOVED (?)

by A. Nony Mouse F.O.B., P.D.Q., S.O.S., etc. (OXON)
 "A Short Account of How it is Not Done."

We were smoking: smoking in the halls, in the class-room and generally doing what should not have been done as laid down in G.I.S. Orders for Pupils.

From down the halls came the heavy footsteps of our dearly beloved(?) Airmanship Instructor. "68 Course - in Room No. 3." We soon snuffed our cigarettes out, using the pistons of the Gipsy instructional engine as ash trays, and as the door slammed shut, order once more reigned.

"All right now, pay attention to roll call."

"Andrews" - reply - "Sir."

"F/S Barlow." No reply.

"Flight Sergeant Barlow here?" came the repeat.

"Oh excuse please, Sir, here I am."

"In future F/S Cousens, let your pal sleep peacefully. I don't want to disturb anyone," the instructor reproached.

"Yes, Sir," replied Cousens.

"LAC Cronshaw," Reply - "He's on dental, Sir."

"Day" was the next one, "Sir," came reply.

"Garner" was the call. "He's at the Medical Officer," and so on.

Not trusting us to answer only for ourselves, the instructor with the glasses counted faces. Knowing that none of us was exactly what you would call two-faced he seemed perplexed somewhat when there were two more heads than names replied to. However, he let that one go and commenced to lecture.

"To-day, we are going to enter our discussion of engines, the remaining part of our Airmanship Course. To those of you who have not had any previous work on this there must be the closest of co-operation. "As you know, the aero-engine operates on a mixture of petrol and air, of course I might call it gasoline at times."

"The mixture is gasoline, Sir?" came an interruption.

"No, of course not," was the reply. "Petrol is gasoline."

"Oh, I see, Sir, but I thought that petrol was an abbreviation of petroleum", the antagonist continued.

"They are one and the same", replied the instructor. "Gasoline is the American term applied to the liquid you know as petrol."

"Oh, I see," continued the pupe. "Are you American?"

"No, and that is beside the point," returned the exasperated instructor. "Now to continue. The petrol in the mixture burns, and its heat of combustion expands the air in the cylinder. Here is a cylinder," he said, holding by the rocker arms one of the dilapidated pots. When it was in mid-air the head parted company with the barrel and the latter rolled in under a nearby table. This was ignored.

"Here is a piston," he continued. "You will notice that it is hollow." With that he turned it upside down. Evidently he had used a different piston on previous initial lectures. This one happened to be full of ashes, and cigarette ends. Placing it at arm's length he endeavoured to continue the explanation of the merits of this ingenious piece of archaic engineering. However, something happened. His eyebrows lifted, glasses dropped to the end of his nose, and faint convulsions wracked his slender frame. As the arm was lowered there came a shout, "Who has been using this as an ash-tray?" No reply was exactly called for. Most of the ensuing ten minutes was used up in attempts to remove the still glowing fag from his tunic sleeve. (Maybe this is why he is so much against smoking in classrooms.)

We settled down once more, and as the next thought for the lecture was about planned, faint "dit-dit-dahs" were heard from the hallway, combined with a series of "multiple drifts and wind lanes" as the other instructors continued their classes, to say nil of a series of unknown phrases as the Czechs received instruction in their own tongue.

GROUND SCHOOL (Con't)LA DANSE - JITTERBUG

On a quiet evening last week, if you had happened by the Sergeants' Mess, your attention could not help but be attracted by the strange noises emulating from within. Had your curiosity been aroused you would have, on investigating, seen the strangest sight ever seen in a Sergeants' Mess. Let us describe the scene as it would appear in a split second. Oh yes, one thing more, before I start — I shall not use the names of the parties concerned but I can say this, that two were R.A.F. Ground Instructors, another a civilian Ground Instructor who does not teach Airmanship or Signals, two Maintenance Men of diminutive stature, the civilian paymaster and the chief painter.

P.S. The bar was closed by this time.

With a rising crescendo, the music (?) blared forth from an already glowing radio and the glow was reflected from the faces of Number One Dim (Diminutive Maintenance Man) and the paymaster who were practicing a new step. No. One Dim approached the P.M. (Paymaster), his feet beating a rapid tattoo on the floor, body undulating to the rythm of the music, and with a very determined expression on his face, grasped his partner by the hand and dexterously executed several steps in which the feet went into one direction while the person went another. The pace began to quicken. Hips were swung with careless abandon — toes and heels came above knee level as easily as in a ballet — weaving in and out of an impenetrable mesh the two figures cavorted wildly in an ever gathering fever. With a crash the music fell silent — the two were caught in mid-air and with no music to guide them one miscued — inevitably gravity set in and with horror they found themselves descending rapidly to the floor. The No. One Dim (Having practiced diving as a child) executed a full twist and a summersault and landed on his feet. The P.M., less fortunate than his partner (having renounced everything to do with water since coming west) landed in the form of an inverted "V", tooth and toe foremost.

There was wild applause from the spectators who by now had begun to warm up to proceedings. Suddenly the band (which should have been exhausted) started up again and this time we were surprised to see two couples take to the floor. No. 2 Dim and the C.P. formed the second couple. It was a wizard sight, those four forms hurtling rythemically about the room. All went well until, in the haze and heat of battle the C.P. reached for and got the wrong hand and gave a mighty pull. A shriek rent the air and sliding along the floor, belly down — feet high — nose foremost, in the direction of a table (which still had an hours supply on the top thereof) came the dismayed No. One Dim. A well placed foot prevented the impending disaster although we think No. One Dim would have preferred the disaster. The three other partners unable to stop, formed a ring about the unfortunate No. One Dim, dancing and snapping their fingers, exhorted him to get up. In a dazed and unwilling condition he did and was snapped back into the mele again. Once more the music stopped.

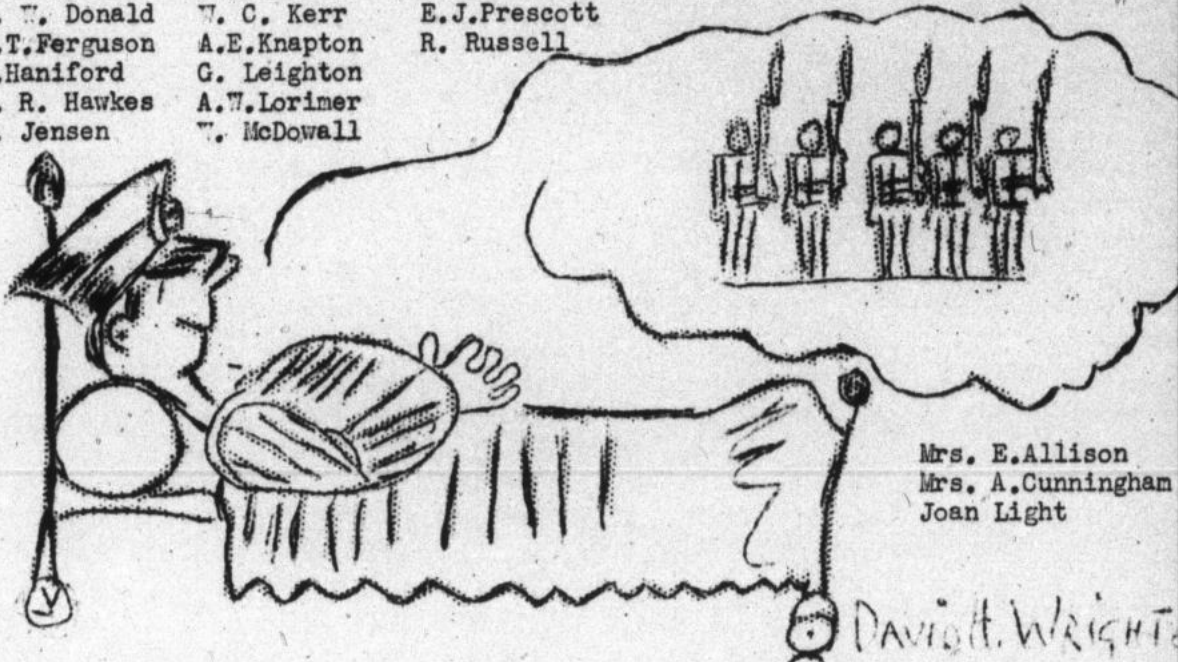
There was a lull in which we refreshed ourselves and discussed the finer points of Jitterbugging, then, being of a bolder nature we decided to give it a go. An R.A.F. S.A.I. was our partner. Neither of us had previous experience but were willing. The music started and we ventured forth. Of the first five minutes I recall little but could feel black and blue spots growing on various parts of my anatomy. From the look on my partner's face I know that he too was in agony. When he came near enough we gasped a plan to get even with our tormentors. Unable to speak he nodded assent. Painfully we watched our chance. It came — while our erstwhile competitors were doing a "double half Nelson and a flick roll in a zoot suit" we hit them full broadside. Our partner catching his breath, breathed out — "I guess we won because we're still on our feet."

Thus was our first venture into

"La Danse Jitterbug"

THE FIRST HOUSE ON THE RIGHT COMING IN WISHES EVERYBODY A MERRY XMAS.

- | | | | | |
|---------------|--------------|---------------|-------------|--------------|
| P. O'BRIEN | C.E. Johnson | G. Meehan | J. T. Scott | A. R. Streit |
| R. W. Brown | F.B. Jowett | J. Patterson | S. Slenko | |
| J. Campbell | W. C. Kerr | E.J. Prescott | | |
| G. W. Donald | A.E. Knapton | R. Russell | | |
| J.T. Ferguson | G. Leighton | | | |
| L. Haniford | A.W. Lorimer | | | |
| W. R. Hawkes | W. McDowall | | | |
| R. Jensen | | | | |



Mrs. E. Allison
Mrs. A. Cunningham
Joan Light

Cpl. L. Ingham

BEHIND THE SCENES

"Oh, ah- er- Number, please ----- I'm sorry, but I can't seem to waken them. Shall I try again? Just a moment, they seem to be moving now. One moment, please -----"

"Guard House."

"I just got a letter from my girl, and she asked me if I had received the parcel she sent me."

"Just a minute, you want the Mail Man. I'll get him."

"Did you get your number?"

"Yes, I'm just waiting for the Mail man."

"Mail Man here."

"I just got a letter from my girl, and she told me that she sent me a parcel last week, and I haven't received it yet."

"What's your name and I'll see if it's here."

"I. R. Thursty."

"No, there is no parcel here for you now. Any idea what was in it?"

"Half a dozen pints of Molson's".

"Haven't seen it yet, but I'll sure be on the look-out for it."

"I was afraid of that."

"Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

"One of the lads expecting some Eastern beer for Christmas."

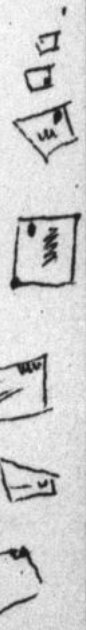
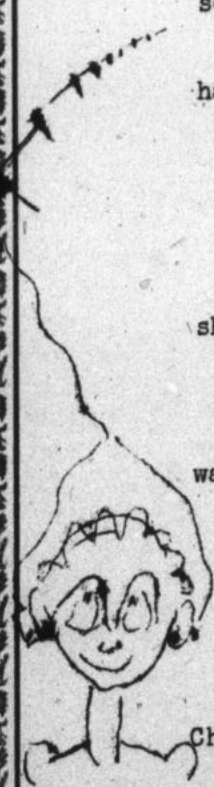
"Oh? Just a minute till I let that car out."

"What was that about Eastern beer?"

"One of the lads expecting some for Christmas. He'll be lucky to have any if I find it first."

"You should know, you get the mail first, but save me a pint."

Go long



HOSPITAL 'PUKKA GEN'.

Congratulations to the Grorlin Staff on producing such an excellent number - we hope.'

We would like to take this opportunity of wishing all the personnel a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and the very, very best of Health.

For the benefit of those people who get choosed off, browned off, fed up and far from home, Do Winton blues, of the Monday morning hang-over, we have erected a Notice Board at the front of the Sick Bay as to treatment times, and if there are folks who cannot read and those who go around with their eyes closed - in the words of the prophet - "Theyv'e had it!"

F/Lt. Linton
Sgt. Portass
Cpl. Ferguson

F/Lt. Lynch
L.A.C. Monk
L.A.C. McElligott

Frank is quite a winsome lad
And Whiskey is his Goddess,
But when it come to conquests made,
He really is quite modest.
He goes out early every night
Its late when he comes in,
But still he never seems to do
As well as Errol Flynn!

L.A.C. Hernon

L.A.C. Weller

CORN ON THE COB.

Why do all the girls fall for Mac?
Its just a case of what has McElli-gott.

Now Curly is a decent chap
But some think he's a bounder,
Some girls find, to their delight
He's quite a good all-rounder.
They come in to the Hospital
To remedy their ills,
And sometimes find the treatment
Doesn't always run to pills.

Alf Weller is the Orderly
Who was always lots of fun
But alas he lost his heart
To a girl in Edmonton.
Twelve more days of life has he
Before he ties the knot
We often stop and wonder
What it is he's really got.
When he gets his bride-to-be
Although he'll never tell
We hope he'll be surprised to find
That she can cook as well.

He didnt trim for take-off
D.H.U.



F/O KNOWLES
 P/O Tracy
 Sgt. K. Anderson
 Sgt. G. Bignell
 Sgt. J. Amiot
 Sgt. Alec C--
 Sgt. S. Lawrence

THE LINK

Sgt. S. McKee

Sgt. D. Ragg

Sgt. B. Spencer

We wonder if all who read this page have had the pleasure of flying, or we should say, doing some synthetic flying in that Link. The old saying, "Dat ol' bird will get you if you don't watch out" really does apply here, or at least, it certainly got our friend and previous student, "Beans" Stoopenwhistle.

"Beans" had been having a great deal of trouble doing the right thing the right amount at the right time in order to make the Link Bird behave, and was greatly worried about it. In fact, he even lay awake at nights, trying to figure out why he should be treated so. Finally he feels that he has found the right solution, so he can hardly wait until his next appointment, in order to try out these new ideas.

The fateful day finally arrives, and "Beans" comes rushing up from the hangar, ready for anything. At the door he changes his shoes, and goes to the Link for which he had the appointment. The other poor martyr is just stepping down, covered with perspiration, and "Beans" loses no time in taking the place just vacated. He puts down the hood, and immediately his Instructor's voice comes through the phones. He does as the voice bids, and the Link doesn't act up at all, but the pointers on the instruments go to the exact spot to which they should, and suprisingly, stay there. "Ah", says "Beans", "I've sure got her taped now."

He does such a good job, in fact, that after about twenty minutes of instruction, his Instructor tells him to do whatever he would like for awhile.

"Now's my chance to try a loop", thinks "Beans", so he immediately proceeds to go through the movements which he would use in an aeroplane. Everything went fine until he moved the control column backwards, and then there was quite a ripping sound, and he almost immediately felt a slight jar as if someone had touched the wing of the Trainer as he walked past. At the same time "Beans" eye touched the altimeter on its trip around the cockpit and he observed with surprise that the reading here was now 5500 feet, and he had only been at 1000 a few moments before; also, the air seemed to be a lot colder than it had been. The loop should have been completed by this time but even after the levelling out and air speed at normal, the altimeter still kept going up and the air kept becoming colder. After a few minutes "Beans" was quite cold, so he lifted the hood to see if perchance the Air Conditioning unit in the Link room had suddenly come to life after all this time.

Imagine his surprise when he found himself in the midst of a large formation of Fortresses, and keeping station as well as the rest of them. The lads in the American aircraft did not seem to be surprised to see him, but "Bean" was so surprised he did a roll, forgetting, of course, that the Link has no safety harness.

He seems to fall for ages but, as all things must come to an end, he eventually crashes to the ground. "At least", thought he

WIPPE YOUR FEET!

as he climbed back in bed, "It's a good job I don't sleep in the top bunk."



Greetings from Maintenance

G. B. Rayner



T. Stephens
E. Lumley
C. Harris
T. Mitchell
W. Peattie
F. Williams
D. Amos

F. Ayerhart
J. Barbour
B. Boulger
R. Burchett
S. Carson
H. Charlton
M. Colosimo

R. Davis
S. Dewell
J. Dowson
N. Dutton
G. Fimio
J. Fountain
R. Frew

H. Hamilton
L. Harris
R. Henderson
C. Hiltz
W. Jack
J. Joyce

W. Klompas
O. Lazzarotto
G. Matthews
V. Nolan
D. Picken
J. Ramsey
R. Rettie

S. Rombough
J. Schooley
A. Sherriff
F. Simons
R. Smith
A. Stevens
M. Switzer

D. Thiel
F. Van De Peer
R. Wadleigh
E. Webster
W. Wildfong
D. Williams
J. Howes

W. Brown
E. Brundage
R. Marriott
L. Pearce
N. Walleri
R. Aikens
W. Arnold
R. Ayers
B. Best

W. Boyle
A. Carson
R. Chambers
T. Charne
G. Cowan
F. Dewell
H. Downton

R. Durie
R. Faulkner
K. Fisher
B. Fraser
L. Geddes
E. Hammermaster
W. Hayman

B. Heiden
K. Hume
J. Jobagy
A. Kaminski
E. Kuzik
G. Leanon
D. McKellar

R. Phibbs
V. Pozzi
D. Reid
K. Robinson
T. Rowland
H. Segall
H. Simmons

J. Skilling
N. Sanderson
D. Stewart
E. Taylor
G. Thompson
F. Verderber
J. Watkins

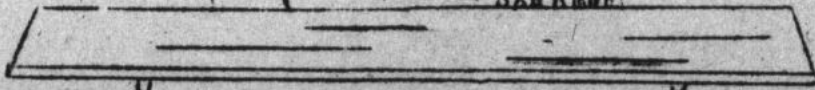
W. Wells
E. Williams
N. Zanussi
D. Johnson

D. Brown
M. Fisher
I. Hall
I. Haycock
E. Holland
I. Kerr
W. LaPlaca
I. McLeod
G. Parker
K. Richardson
R. Turnnen
A. Wolfe
D. Baxter

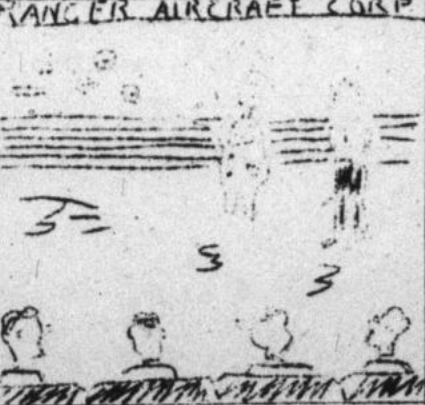
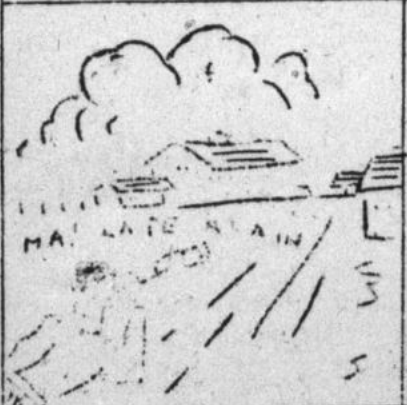
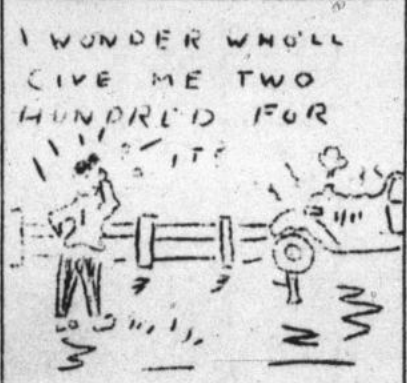
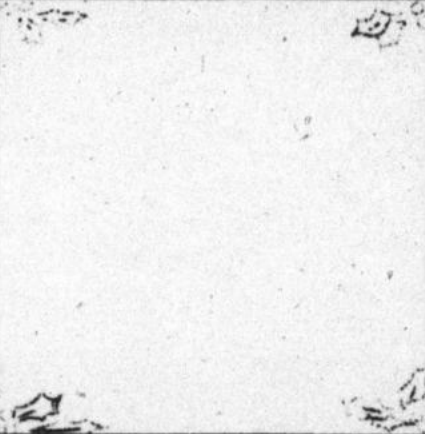
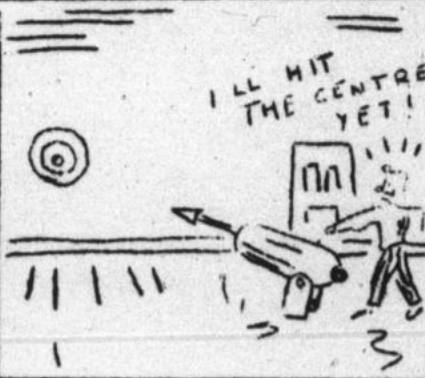
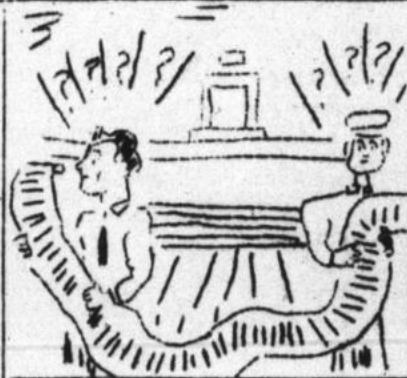
J. Dronyk
M. Gotschall
N. Hall
A. Hettler
H. Janz
M. Knudsen
J. Munsey
E. O'hara
M. Pavan
M. Rousson
B. Wagner
P. Wickstrand
N. Stublely



SIGN UP HERE



OUR ENGINEERS



THE HUNTERS BECOME THE HUNTED

SHOOTING ON AN INDIAN
RESERVATION

HOME WAS NEVER
LIKE THIS

NO GUN LICENCE
USING SOMEONE
ELSE'S LICENCE

ETC

NOT USING
YOUR OWN
RATION
ETC COUPONS

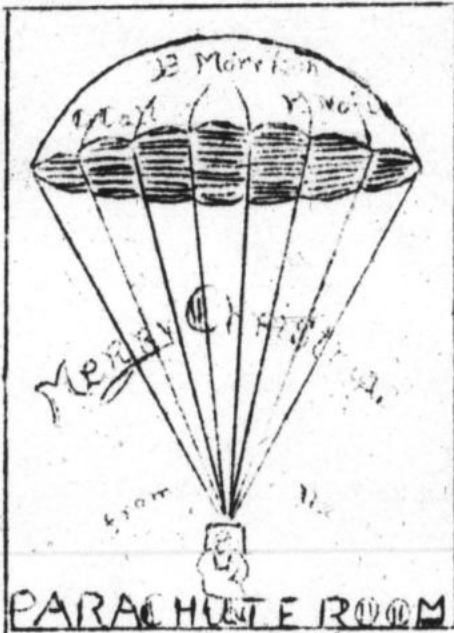
BUT!
BUT!

WAS HE
GONE YET



WE'VE HAD IT

When we started for the west
I heard Hospitality was at it's best;
But now I've been here a month or so
I'll tell to you my tale of woe:
Upon the street one sunny (?) day
My car they threatened to towe away,
I didn't have my Alberta plates,
Yet you can drive all year in other states.
On a bright and wintery morn,
A party of hunters there was borne
And all De Winton they did snear
As we set out to shoot some (b) deer;
Over the roads all snow and ice
We fought our way to the jaws of vice;
Over the hills all day we toiled
To find at night we had been foiled,
For waiting at the car for us
Was the R.C.M.P. bus;
The burning tonic of the conversation
Was that we were hunting on a reservation;
He said, "I'll take your guns away",
And to come and see him on Monday;
So we all started to raise a fuss,
'Cause none of the guns belonged to us;
Now if they happen to confiscate
You'll find us headed for another state;
Then up to the station we all did march,
Our tongues hanging out and our throats all parched;
Then into the office so cold and bare
To see a bleak Officer sitting there;
He fixed us with a baleful glance,
If you ask me, he had ants in his pants!
Standing there in the office there wasn't a lad
But was feeling blue and mighty sad,
Till the Mountie said, "The Indian Agent and I agree
That for this time only you'll all go free."
Now sadder and wiser back home we'll go;
The laws of this Province we'll never know!



DEAR SANTA



Please bring us planes with engines new,
 Now don't be stingy bring quite a few----
 Of wrecks like ours we've had our fill,
 Put nice new Fairchilds on our bill;
 Bring lots of parts for when these break---
 And don't leave them at stores, for heavens
 We know you're tired, you've done a lot (sake!
 But our present planes have to pot;
 Bring plenty of 'tacks' and propellers too,
 And a big pile of tail-wheels nice and new;
 To make one plane fly we must rob another,
 So if you can't come please send your brother.



MY CHRISTMAS CARD

Just a few lines to tell you,
 That bad business has taken away
 The things that I've always needed,
 My Auto, my Horse and my Sleigh;
 Now I'm riding around on a donkey,
 He's tattered, he's weary, he's slow,
 So you'll know if you miss me at
 Christmas,
 I'm out on my Ass in the snow.

FROM THE ENGINEERS.

The Seasons Greetings to one and all
 The fat, the big, the slim, the tall,
 The young, the old, the infants too,
 The boys who on the line are blue,
 (cold mornings)

The Mechs. who work so hard and long,
 And do their work with lusty song,
 Believe us boys, and this is true,
 We wish the very best for you!

FROM THE BOYS.

Now to all our Engineers,
 We really think that they are dears(?);
 They rule us with an iron hand,
 And make us work to beat the band;

But in spite of all you make us do,
 We send our best regards to you,
 We hope that Christmas brings good cheer,
 And also Cornells for the New Year.



Merry Christmas!
 (I hope!!!)

SHERRIN

P. Petch
 J. Beamer
 G. Cavanaugh
 P. Cook
 R. England
 S. Gardner
 W. Field

W. Murray
 H. A. McConnell
 F. J. Prouting

A. Mokedanz
 M. Piken
 L. Risvold

GREETINGS
 FROM THE
 MIT. SECTION



V. Saville C. Van Staaldvine M. Vigor R. Wilson

David H. Wright

HINTS FOR WINTER DRIVING IN ALBERTA

1. Several ways of starting a car on a cold day:
 - (a) Stand in the house and send your wife for it.
 - (b) If it won't turn over, build a fire under it -- the explosion will do it.
 - (c) Drain the oil -- it will likely be too thick to lubricate anyway.
2.
 - (a) When it starts, step on the gas -- this compensates for the drained oil.
 - (b) Drive in the deepest ruts -- it eliminates the trouble of steering.
 - (c) When you meet someone else driving in your ruts, step on the gas -- this should scare him enough to pick ruts of his own.
 - (d) When approaching icy corners, first step on the gas, next step on the brakes. You'll then be heading up the cross street without knowing how you got there, saving time, worry and gas.
 - (e) In Calgary make sure you get to the centre of the intersection first, for if there is a collision you have won the law suit.
3. Night driving:
 - (a) Always drive with your brightest test lights on and in the middle of the street. When you see a SLOW sign reduce speed from 40 m.p.h. to 38 m.p.h. For a STOP sign, ignore it -- everyone else does.
 - (b) If your lights fail, don't worry -- you'll be able to see the other cars if they have their lights on.
4.
 - (a) Before learning to drive a station wagon or a truck, take a course in inverted flying, because sooner or later you'll be upside down in the gutter -- it's the custom in this country.
 - (b) Never carry trouble flares for flat tires -- if they're that type they should carry their own.
5. When stalled:
 - (a) On the ice, get out and curse a bit -- it will melt.
 - (b) On a side road with a blonde -- forget about the car being stalled.

Merry Christmas
 from the
 Fire Department
 If you're lit, call on us.

C. E. Joule
 C. E. Johnston
 W. M. McDowell



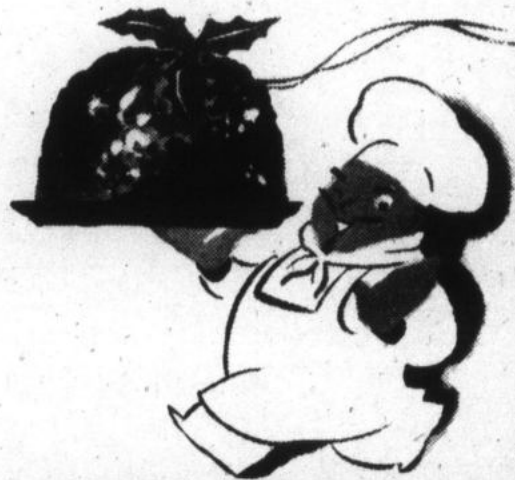
David H. Wright



Christmas Greetings FROM THE MESSING & CANTEEN STAFFS

That you will have a glorious time this Yuletide Season through
With all the best this coming year is our big wish for you.
We know you sometimes wonder why with eggs we're not more free,
Please be a little patient if we stress ECONOMY
And if perchance there's too much stew or not enough mince pie,
It's not because we wished it thus, to SAVE food we must try.
Canned fruits are scarce; they need the tin for tools of VICTORY.
Some days we can't get all we want of Bacon, Sugar Tea.
God knows we get no pleasure if the Butter ration's small,
Believe me when we tell you we're for you - one and all.
And though at times you "cuss" us, we like to see you round.
We know you're just as fine a crowd as anywhere is found.

And so the "ruddy" Messing Staff,
The Canteen lads and lasses
Extend their cordial greetings
To Civilians, Staff, and Classes.
From every single one of us
In Canteens, Bar, and Mess,
The cooks and all their helpers,
The Waitresses no less.
The Guardian of the Ration Stores,
The Bake'ress and the Butch,
And Evelyn and Maddlyn,
And Greetings too - from "Hutch".



*Yours
Truly*

Ruth Anderson
Arthur Barnes
Leroy Barrows
Olga Bassett
Delphy Bechtold
Lillian Brown
Rose Buok
George Carbitson
Barbara Carothers
Margaret Carroll
Cy Cartwright
Mary Chloveshok
George Collins
Dorothy Cook
Sarah Cummins
Wm. Cuthbert
Hilda Drage
Mary Drefs
Anne Everson
Ted Faulkner

Anne Fritz
Amealia Galen
Bertha Goetz
Harry Harasworth
Hilda Higginbottom
Marie Hjortsonn
Charles Hornby
Harry Hutchoroff
Vera Hutton
Wm. Jones
Lenora Kehn
Ruth Kerr
A. Kingston
Stewart Knight
Lillian Krossinger
Miriam Lauttamus
Bonnie Light
Isabel McCrindle
Doris Miller
LaVonne Morgan

Loretta Nugent
E. Odergaard
Cecelia O'Neill
Gloria Pederson
David Richardson
Evelyn Roberts
Harry Roberts
Helen May Roberts
Francis Southwood
Maddlyn Sutherland
Wm. Tasker
Albert Taylor
Irene Tetzlaff
Rose Tetzlaff
David Thompson
Helen Tows
Wm. Walker
Charles Ward
Millicent Zang

"AN ADJUTANT'S DREAM"(But how untrue to life) - (With apologies to 'Punch')

Any similarity to any characters either alive or dead is purely and entirely coincidental, and the publishers cannot be held responsible.

SCENE: The scene is the usual sumptuous and sybaritic den of the COMMANDING OFFICER, humourously labelled by a benevolent Works and Bricks plan as "C.O.'s OFFICE".

TIME: The present - any morning, not too early.

CHARACTERS: The C.O. (in usual 'morning after' humour). His stooge, the long suffering and much maligned 'ADJ.'

C.O. (Signing something with his right hand and turning over some papers with his left). "What about those six men we've got to get to the Railway Station this morning on posting?" "Any transport available?"

ADJ. "They left with the rail run, Sir, at 07.30 hours, taking the unexpired portion of the day's rations, three blankets each, their forms 43A, R13, L42 and sub-forms 57C; they have been kitted to scale and certified by the M.C. The rail van will leave them at the Post Office where a ration lorry from the C.T.U. is to pick them up and take them as far as the road to the R.L.G. where I have arranged for them to be met by M.T. from the U.E.D., which is taking sand bags to the Station after dropping some distilled water at your billet, Sir, and which will get them there in good time for the 13.52 hours train, Sir."

C.O. "Right, Now about swill-bins?"

ADJ. "Demands have been submitted, Sir, for bins, swill, three, complete with covers, corrugated. Meanwhile three barrels, hooped, wooden, are being lent by Messrs. Watney, Coombe, Reid and Company."

C.O. (Baffled again, but full of fight) "I see. Was any action taken on that order about the provision of machines, ricing, circular, for detached units of not less than sixteen men?"

ADJ. "No, Sir."

C.O. (Laying down his pen and raising his eyes with slow and awful deliberation from his desk) "Why not?"

ADJ. "The order about machines, ricing, circular, Sir, contained in Air Force Equipment Order 1199 dated 1st May, 1941, was if you remember, Sir, cancelled by Air Force H.Q. letter S.7799-2-31 (SPSL-3d) "24X-RAF. dated 1st May, 1941."

C.O. (turning pink and tapping his pencil) "HEHEH! Let me see the letter."

ADJ. (Producing it from behind his back). "I have it here, Sir."

This paralyses the man. No Commanding Officer has yet been known to withstand the shock of having a letter from which he has asked put in front of him in less than three-quarters of an hour after the time of asking, and the curtain comes down as the C.O. is being plied with restoratives and gently led away, babbling.

(Scene two, next month: "THE REALITY")

HOW MANY "F's" do you think there are in the following sentence? Count them and then turn the pages for the correct answer.

??? ??????? ????? ??? ??? ?????????? ?????????? ?? ????????????? ??????????????????

The federal fuses are the ultimate results of scientific investigations combined with the fruits of long experience.

THE SPIRIT WHICH WON THE LAST WAR.

(These Orders of the Day were found in a re-captured 'Pill-box' in France, which had originally been held by the Allies)

SPECIAL ORDERS TO No. 1 SECTION.

- (1) This position will be held and the Section will remain here until relieved.
- (2) The enemy cannot be allowed to interfere with this programme.
- (3) If the Section cannot remain here alive, it will remain here dead, but in any case it will remain here.
- (4) Should any man through shell-shock or such cause attempt to surrender, he will stay here dead.
- (5) Should all guns be blown out, the Section will use Mills Grenades and other novelties.
- (6) Finally, the position as stated, will be held.

13/3/18.

(Signed) F.P. BETHUNE, Lt.
O.C. No.1 Section.

"P's" - The answer referred to overleaf, is, of course, SIX.

Did you count them correctly?

1942 CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR 1943

Thursday, December 24th - Christmas Eve:
20:00 hours - Carol Singing and Records by Victor Chapel Choir.
Friday, December 25th - Christmas Day:
10:30 hours - Holy Communion.

IF THERE IS A SUFFICIENT NUMBER REMAINING ON CAMP ON CHRISTMAS DAY, WHO WOULD ENJOY INFORMAL CAROL SINGING AND/OR RECORDS, ARRANGEMENTS WILL BE MADE FOR THIS AT A SUITABLE TIME IN THE EVENING.

Sunday, December 27th - Sunday After Christmas:
There will not be any Services on the Camp this Sunday.
Sunday, January 3rd - New Year's Sunday:
10:00 hours - Holy Communion
11:00 hours - Half-hour Morning Service
19:00 hours - Holy Communion.

ALL THESE WILL TAKE PLACE IN THE RECREATION HALL. EVERYONE WELCOME!
COMMUNICANTS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS ARE INVITED TO ATTEND HOLY COMMUNION SERVICES.

-- The Padre

Best Wishes from the Orderly Room and "Binding" Department

F/Lt. Summerhayes	C.A.C. Flower	F/Sgt. Hind
Sgt. Patrick	L.A.C. Wallan	Cpl. Leach
Cpl. MacGregor	Dale Hieden	Cpl. Clay



Since most of us are reduced to the common denominator of poverty at this season, we can echo Ting Tim's "God bless us one and all", or, if you prefer the more modern version, "May your white Christmas never turn to tattle-tale gray". We extend that wish to all and sundry indiscriminately.

We have some more specific New Year's wishes for various departments, especially Maintenance. To ensure then a Happy New Year, we resolve to try to be psychic supermen -- foreseeing every contingency, and forestalling every requisition.

We wish for both Instructors and students that in the New Year the speaking tubes we issue you will convey only sweet sounds of harmony, and words of praise.

We wish the M.T. Section dry pavement and good brakes.

We wish Mr. Prouting many happy rides from town. We hope he will find a buyer for his long-advertised bus-ticket so that he can balance his books before the end of the present fiscal year.

We wish the Messing Division many happy customers.

For Works and Buildings our wishes are many -- no fuses blown, no faucets dripping, clean floors, fewer modifications for the carpenter and more putty for the painter.

We wish the Link Trainer Section a Merry Christmas and, though we recommend to you the proverb, "Everything comes to him who waits", our New Year's wish for you is that a time limit be put on the waiting period.

May every patient at the Station Hospital be female with nothing more serious than a mosquito bite.

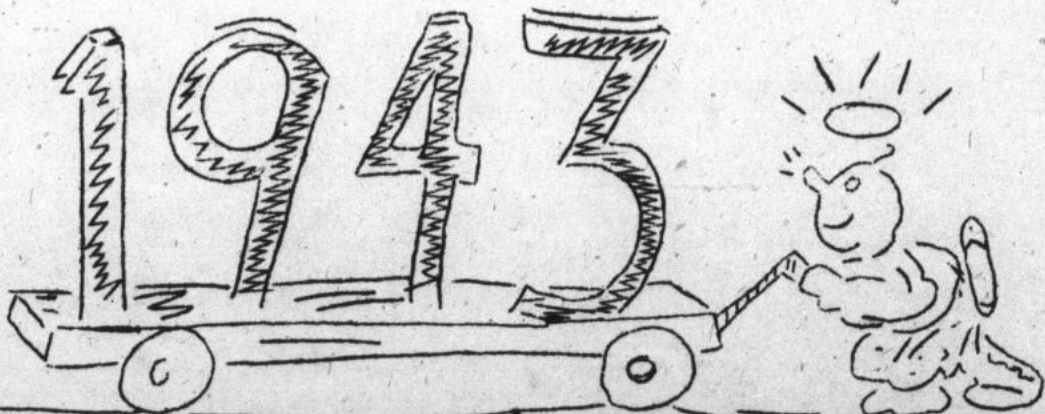
We wish the Fire Section a happy and inactive year -- may all alarms be false.

We ourselves have unselfishly written a letter to Santa. Since we have found No. 11 Equipment Depot and local wholesalers and retailers unable to supply our demands.

Dear Santa:

Please bring the Maintenance boys some new aircraft -- about 50 would do -- the kind that fly without getting broken. They have been good boys all year. It would be nice if these aircraft were fixed up so that they would take off, land and fly without much thought. This would help the pupils and instructors. The Link Trainer people would like some instruments. They have not been very good but they will try harder next year. Little Bertie only wants two things and he promises to take good care of them when he gets them. He wants two parachutes, No.'s 9663 and S10098. Mr. Webster wants an electric train. He will be careful of it and not let his little boy, Jimmie, play with it. Dear Santa, Mr. Law really needs an alarm clock because his valet is going to retire soon. Dear Santa, I hope you don't have to make a forced landing before you get here, because if all these little boys and girls have been good for nothing they will be sorry.

Yours truly,
CHARLIE HOPEFUL





Merry Christmas

There was a Timekeeper named Dave,
 Who delighted all "times" to save,
 At his desk he would work
 No duties he'd shirk
 This over-worked Time Office slave.

There was a young lad named Denny,
 Who cares and worries had many,
 His public he'd serve
 With much vim and verve
 And time for his rest, hadn't any!

There was a young maiden named Olive,
 Who "running totals" daily would give,
 But the Gents of the Flight
 Would say, "You're not right!"
 And make her feel too blue to live!

There was a young lady named Thelma,
 Whose R.45 holds U.T.'s in awe,
 She'll be handed some line
 When Instructor's see the time.
 She's kept for December's flying, ah!

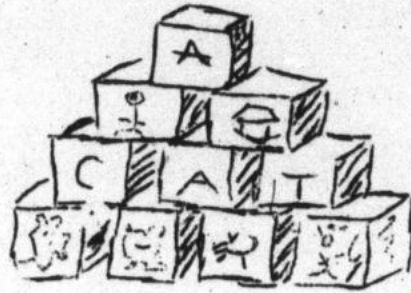
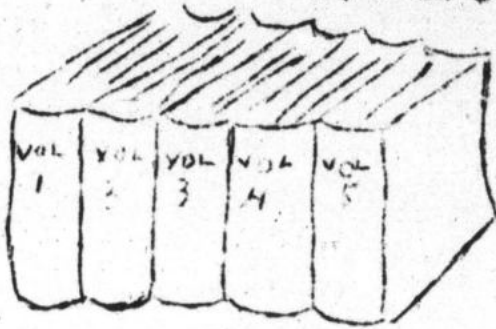
The Time Office Staff
 extends sincere wishes to Gremlin readers
 for a
 Very Merry Christmas
 and a
 Prosperous New Year



Thelma Bernhardt

Denny Ross
Olive Bertois

WORKS AND BUILDINGS



THE WEST OF THE '80's -- by Mrs. E. Leach

To many of you the word "De Winton" means only desolation, for you think this place is almost the end of the world. If you could travel back some sixty or so years you might rightly think this was a long way from civilization. This country was devoted primarily to ranching. The name was **derived** from one of the early ranchers, Sir Francis De Winton. The present day stampedes try to show to a certain extent the skill of the early ranching days when cowboys rode bucking bronchoes and were skilful with the lariat. It was then a part of their very existence for saddle horses had to be broken. Cattle and horses had to be rounded up and branded. A top cow-puncher was a necessity on any ranch.

The big ranches soon gave way to the farming element and many of the large lease lands and open ranges were settled by homesteaders. It was a common saying that the Dominion Government made a bet of One Hundred and Sixty Acres of Land against Ten Dollars and three years' residence on the land that the homesteader would starve to death. Very few starved but the living was often pretty slim for there just wasn't any money in the country. There was, however, plenty of initiative, courage and hard work with just enough stick-to-it-iveness so that very few lost their bets.

Most of the pioneers of this immediate district came from the County of Megantic in the Province of Quebec with a few adventurous souls from Merry Old England and Bonny Scotland to add a bit of spice to living. They threw in their lot together, mingling work and play, fully determined to make the best of everything.

There weren't any roads in the Early Eighties. The prairie trails, which were soon worn, were fine in dry weather, but when the rains came they rapidly developed into a sea of mud. Creeks and rivers had to be forded and many a time the horses had to swim. Those of you who complain about being bounced around a bit in the bus should have travelled in the old days when heavy work horses and the wagon were the means of transportation. Calgary was the nearest town and at that time it was not much bigger than De Winton is now. Trips there were more or less a semi-annual affair, supplies being brought to last six months or so. The farmer's wife had a rather lonesome time of it, for transportation was poor and there was always a lot of work to be done. When sickness came, however, there was always time to help each other. No one was ever too busy to take home the family washing or to bake a big batch of bread. The women had their quilting bees; the men exchanged work at threshing time. They held their little country fairs which later grew into exhibitions.

Soon a school was needed and the Davisburg School was built. It bears the proud number of Seventy-nine, which means that it was the seventy-ninth school, not only in the Province of Alberta, but in the whole of the North-West Territories, of which Alberta was then only a small part.

The next big enterprise was a Church. If you look across the fields you will see a



THE WEST OF THE '80's (cont'd)

little white church on the hill, weather-beaten it is true, but where service is still held. It was built away back in about 1889, all the money being donated by the settlers. The work of hauling the lumber from Calgary was done voluntarily and most of the labor was done locally. These early pioneers not only built the Church but they attended service regularly. It was not a case of someone going to represent the family -- oh, no, everyone went, rain or shine. Many of them sleep in the little cemetery behind the Church which they helped to build. Those of us who pass that way cannot but say in our hearts, "Well done, good and faithful servants".

In the good old days when a load of coal was required it did not come to the door by truck. Friend Farmer hitched his team to the sleigh and travelled some thirty miles south-west to the Black Diamond Mine, which is in the vicinity of the now world-famous Turner Valley Oil Fields. Often he would have to wait a day or two to get a load of fuel and then had the long trek home again. The coal was soft and dirty, but it created lots of heat in spite of the soot that soon filled the stove pipes.

It was not until 1911 that the rural telephone was put through this district. Not many of us would like to be without it now.

This country is famous for its fine grain fields, some of the finest wheat in the world is grown right beside this airport. Good horses and cattle are raised, to say nothing of the Bacon for Britain. All of these find ready sale with the exception of the wheat. When the war is won we will again have our European market.

Alberta has always been known for its sunshine and fine bracing air. When the Dominion Government planned a chain of Air Training Schools it fittingly chose a stretch of land in Alberta, from North to South, this No. 31 E. F. T. S. at De Winton being a part of the great scheme. Those of you who are inclined to feel sorry for yourselves because you are stationed here please bear in mind what this country once was and how far it has advanced in the short space of sixty years.

To those two fine Old Timers, Mr. William Stewart and Mr. James McK. Andrews, who have been here since the early eighties and whose land was purchased for this Airport, we wish the best of everything.

To everyone on the Station we wish a very Happy Christmas and a Victorious 1943.

*Season's Greetings
From*

T. JACQUES



- | | | | | |
|----------------|----------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|
| T. A. Anderson | J.A.Ferguson | C. H. Hayes | Jack McKinnon | F.Robinson |
| R. H. Ball | Gavin Fowler | J. Hanson | T. A. McLean | J.Robinson |
| Fred Barker | A. Grant | C.A.Hillestad | Bert Matthews | W.R.Robinson |
| Ed Bradshaw | D. A. Grant | Tom Hollowell | W. E. Mooney | Kathe Reski |
| San Brown | H.Harmsworth | W. J. Hunt | F. A. Milne | George Rudd |
| L. Bousquet | George Hall | Harry Jolly | F.A.McCarthy | A. Sargent |
| E. Buttingsrud | T.S.Hamilton | J. Johnson | A. MacDonald | D. Stinson |
| Ed H. Carleton | Hazel Hewitt | Jack Jamieson | R. McEwen | W.J.Smith |
| George Carver | Jack Hewitt | R. Kelly | Howard Norris | W.Sutherland |
| J. P. Cathro | C.M.Hornby | Peter Kindt | O. Oien | G.Sutherland |
| G. W. Cuthbert | A.H.Holditch | A. Lamburt | R. Phillips | R. Talbot |
| Martin Davis | Marjorie Hurst | Bill Lambert | W. Riley | I. Uhrich |
| Q. Dick | Fred Howard | Edward Lunn | Jock Reid | J.W.Watson |
| E. Dyas | E. W. Hopper | Effie Leach | T.F.Robbins | Bill White |
| Milton Dirsten | Fred Humphries | C.R. McKeen | R. Robertson | A. Wiseman |

