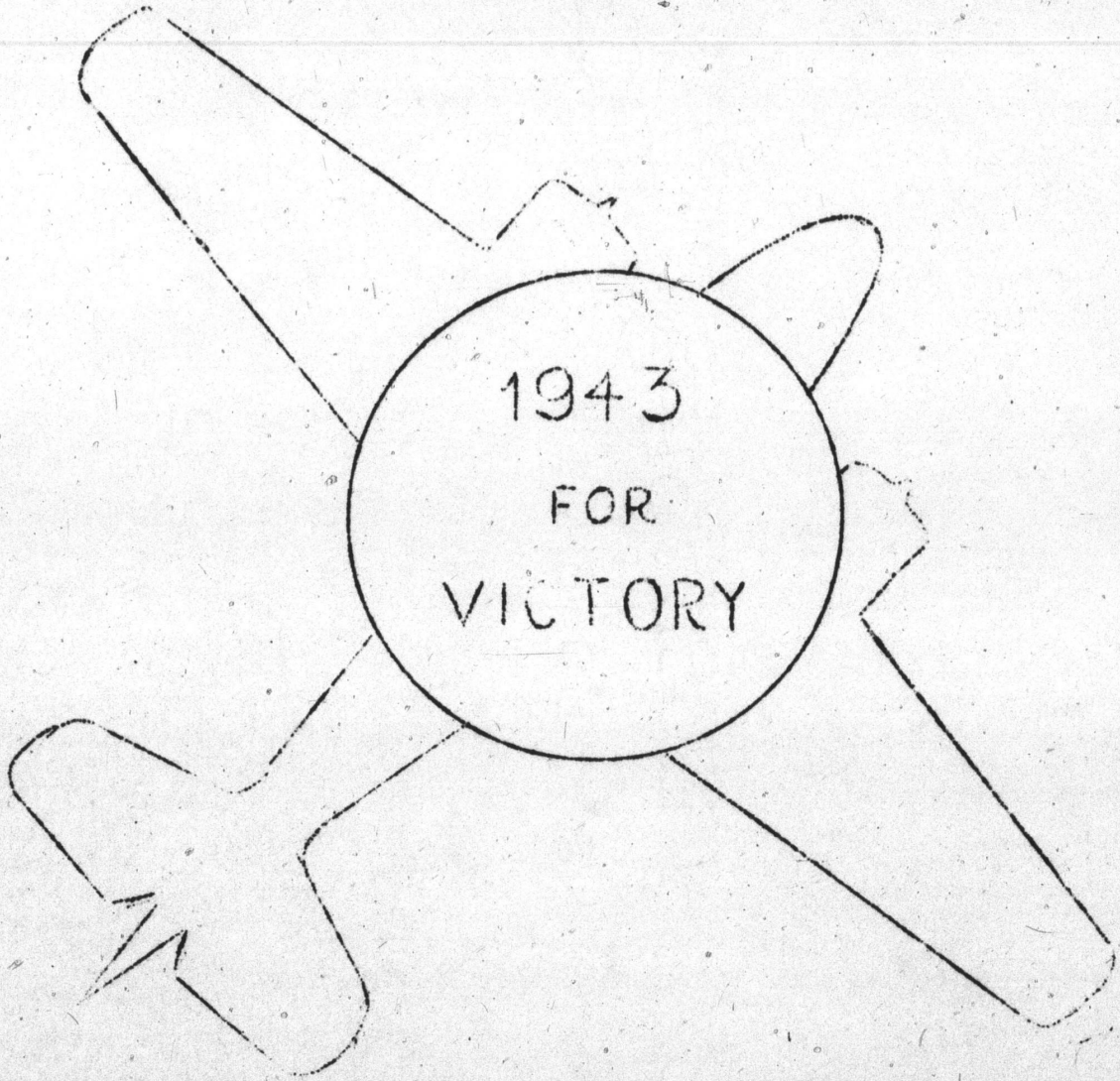


# THE GREMLIN



Vol. 1, No. 15      No. 31 E. F. T. S., De Winton, Alberta      Published fortnightly.



CIVILIAN EDITOR: Eve Gaul

SERVICE EDITOR: F/O W.W.Gunton

EDITORIAL

This is our first edition since the Christmas Number, and we want to squash immediately and emphatically the rumour that the delay was due to our long drawn-out recovery from the Holiday Season -- we recovered from that fully five days ago. No, we just took a vacation and if you don't think we enjoyed it -- well, take a crack at this sometime. Incidentally, 500 copies of the Christmas Number went as fast as draught beer. We didn't clear expenses by any means, but the Canteen Committee has kindly consented to take care of the deficit, so we don't go to jail after all.

We would like to thank No. 5 E.F.T.S. for the first number of their Station paper, "Flip", and to congratulate them on their fine effort. But please -- the Calgary Aero Club was not the largest organization of its kind in the British Empire. Ever hear of the Toronto Flying Club, the largest in Canada? (Who is that wise Westerner saying, Ever hear of Toronto?) Anyway, it's a good show, so flip us some more "Flips", No. 5.

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

As some six weeks have elapsed since the last regular issue of The Gremlin, it may be well to resume this column with a short review of intervening developments.

In North Africa the political situation has been complicated by the assassination of Admiral Darlan and the assumption of his powers by General Giraud. It is still obscure but present indications are that an agreement will be reached between the French African Administration and the Fighting French, which will enable them to work in concert. On the military side developments have been slow. The United Nations forces have been unable to cut the Axis communications between Tunis and Tripoli, and the Axis has been able to send heavy reinforcements to Tunis. On the other side of the account Rommel has been unable to make a stand short of Tripoli and from all indications is now endeavouring to get what is left of his army through to a junction with the other German force at Tunis. A French force from Lake Chad is operating on his Southern flank, but whether this army is of sufficient strength to prevent his escape remains to be seen. Around Tunis and Bizerte ground operations are virtually at a standstill due to weather conditions, but air activity continues unabated with advantage to the Allied forces.

In New Guinea and the Solomons there has been considerable sea and air activity with heavy losses to the enemy, but the Japs are still holding their beach heads in Papua and Guadalcanal, though under attack in both places and slowly losing ground.

The Russian offensive has developed extremely well, and is still in progress. The German armies are in retreat from the Caucasus under heavy pressure from the Russians in front and with a very serious threat to their communications as the Red Army presses on toward Rostov from two directions. Russian advances in the Moscow sector are also threatening Smolensk, which is the main German supply base. According to the German High Command an offensive has also been launched from Leningrad, but so far the Russians have been silent on this point.

The R.A.F. have resumed the bombing of Berlin after a lapse of over a year. Early reports indicate that damage has been very heavy.

In Canada the most serious news is the strike of steel workers in Sydney, Nova Scotia, and Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. We know nothing of the merits of this dispute but the fact that it could be allowed to happen shows a prevalence of pre-Dunkirk, pre-Pearl Harbour thinking which is very disturbing. The wise learn from experience of others, and we don't seem to have learned much.

.....

When we discovered that the Inspector of Construction, Mr. C. W. Erickson, was also a poet we were a bit shaken. It was a pleasant surprise and we are happy to print here a sample of Mr. Erickson's work.

DEDICATED TO THE R. C. A. F.  
By Carl (Kelly) Erickson

You trace a pathway through the air,  
Your minds are free and bright,  
You'll take a dare to go anywhere  
If there's promise of a fight.

You fall asleep to the archies' roar,  
Defying both bomb and fire;  
You beat down the Huns at a dizzy pace,  
For Hitler has raised your ire.

The British lion has sprouted wings,  
Its wrath is fierce to behold;  
As it lashes the air with its mighty tail  
The story is far from told.

The day will come when the lion will spring  
And rend with its terrible fangs  
The monster spilling the blood of our young;  
We now are feeling the pangs.

In the birth travail of a new British world  
With justice and freedom its aim,  
With our beloved Majesties firm on the throne,  
To our God we give all acclaim.

Thank God for the courage inspiring our youth,  
For their bravery, daring and skill;  
Let us all pull together and give them a boost,  
And an easy roll over the hill.

-----

Through Evelyn Roberts we have received a contribution from an ex-student, Ralph Bellamy. Thank you, Ralph.

FRIENDSHIP

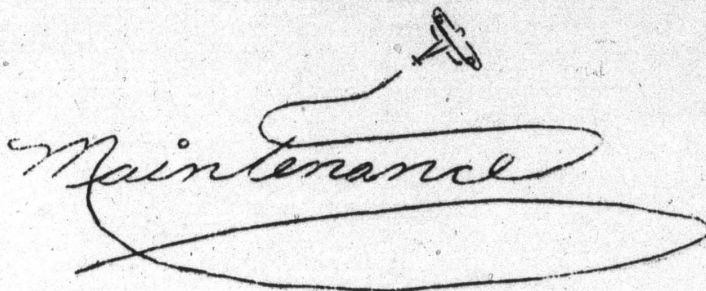
Friendship is an asset, easily gained, and lost  
By thoughtlessness, selfishness, and not without a cost  
Of the loss of a friend and partner  
Who shared your joys and tears,  
And helped you through life's troubles,  
And shared in all your fears.

So retain that object of value,  
And share it as you will with  
Others less fortunate, who are  
Lonely, tired and ill.  
Then friendship will be yours, as friendships can only be  
Of supreme unselfishness, with the vastness of the sea.

.....

Mr. W. M. Alexander is in Ottawa, attending the Annual Meeting of the Canadian Flying Clubs Association, of which he is Treasurer. Mr. Alexander is expected back on the Station the latter part of the month.

We are very glad to have our Chief Engineer, Mr. G. B. Rayner, with us again after his trip to Toronto and New York. We understand that while in New York he attended "Aida" at the Metropolitan Opera. Since Mr. Rayner is the Station's Dramatic Critic he will now be in a better position to pass judgment on the Dramatic Club's performances. (Denny Ross -- please note.)



The House of:

Modifications

& L 14's

(Reporter: Jimmy Stublely)

Another Christmas has been and gone and another New Year has started (they tell us). If you were one of those unlucky people who were unable to obtain a copy of the Xmas issue of the Gremlin (they did go fast, didn't they???) and so didn't see our greetings we wish to extend to you our very best wishes for 1943 --- and we hope that this year:-

STORES will be kind enough to let us have a few parts now and then (it's not nice of you to keep them so long. Didn't you know???)

THE MESS will hash up more heavenly messes than last year.

GENERAL OFFICE will consent to us having half a pencil every few months. We're tired of writing with a finger dipped in ink (When we can persuade them to give us an eye-dropper full of ink).

THE GLORIOUS 'CAVALIER' will make it's 'maiden flight' (or should we just say 'flight'???)

Anyway WE HOPE!!!

----oOo----

DIRT FROM THE TARMAC:-

By Hammer-it-your-way.

D.W. Stewart (our beloved Aircraft Genius of 'B' Flight) was seen at Edmonton out minus his hat (and a few more things) Chasing a red flash. P.S. It was 35° below.

Bill K---- was caught wiping a perfectly clean windshield. No, it wasn't ambition -- just dust on his glasses.

Mr. Pearce (the only refined Indian that came out from the East) is still shooting them. Of course, they are a little shorter and are hand launched. Has a nice new game up his alley.

We'll close with our little contribution and wish all our associates, especially the instructors, happy flying for 1943.

The blizzard's gone,  
The snow is riz --  
I wonder where the gas truck is.

---

We are sorry to report that Maddlyn Sutherland of the Messing Office has been taken ill with Mumps, and we all wish her a fast recovery.

WORKS and BUILDINGS

(Reporter: Effie Leach)

Mr. Harry Harnsworth has returned from a trip to Toronto. He reports that Toronto is a grand place but he is glad to be back at work again. He rather thinks that the Hangar people missed him while he was away, and we are inclined to think that they did.

We regret that Mr. James MacKay's name was missed in the Christmas Number of The Gremlin. It must have been owing to the many Mc's and Mac's, for we certainly wouldn't leave Jimmie's name out on purpose. He insists that he did wish to extend Christmas greetings to all his friends. Being Scotch what better way could he have done it than through the columns of The Gremlin?

It has been brought to our attention that Sam Brown intends to take up Big Game hunting seriously. It is all because he does not understand the Scottish language. When one of the girls was escaping from a mouse in the Airmen's Mess, via the table, Sam came to the rescue gallantly when Bill Whyte called out, "There's a moose".

Just why has a certain Fireman's nail been going up to the Girl's Barracks? To be hoped the little woman doesn't hear about it.

Thanks for the maple sugar!

The Guards have brought in a board half the size of the Carpenter Shop to have numbers painted thereon. Kindly call around for it the week after next, please.

Found -- one bashful artist around Works and Buildings. If he were not so modest about his work we might have some wonderful illustrations for our column.

STORIES from STORES

(Reporter: Fanny Gough)

Wedded Bliss

Messrs. Webster, Stephens, Jacques, Morrison and Lumley formed a guard of honor when Mr. and Mrs. Brown left for the East and parts unknown (Toronto, Ottawa, New York and Maryland), leaving the beautiful Alberta Chinook (ARE YOU KIDDIN'?) for the snow-bound East -- the land of no butter, meat, or anything. They were showered with confetti as they got on the train, and although Mr. Brown with red face tried to explain to the curious crowd which gathered that they had been married for 13 years, the crowd and the Pullman porter both remained unconvinced and gave them all the attention newlyweds deserve as they started on their merry way.

Record

Can anyone better this record? We sincerely hope not. Towards evening on the day set for the girls to change their sheets three airmen came in and insisted on changing theirs. It was necessary to have clean sheets, they said, because they had had theirs -- not two weeks, not four weeks, not even eight weeks -- but nine! Perhaps we're just gullible.

Misnomer

Telephone conversation overheard in Stores:

Maintenance Office:	Could you give me the Transfer Order Number for Aircraft No. 345?
Stores:	Is that Stearman?
Maintenance:	No, this is Dorothy.

.....

"A" and "E" FLIGHTS.

Bags of panic - crowds of instructors - new pupes - cups of tea - clean floors - dirty faces - new brooms,.... and arising from all this is a man inspired - a leader - a man among women ...

HEIL HALL or HALL HEIL -

with pride we point to him and say "Our Flight Commander, the old so-and-so, aint it all right, eh?"

Well, well, after all this upheaval, we are pleased to note these long awaited additions to our Flight, and we offer our good wishes to P/O Gatehouse and Sgt. Pickett. If anybody should notice two demented Instructors being carried away from the crew room, it will be because they have been peeping at our 'old binder's' log book - we wont mention any names as we not not wish to 'cause' trouble.

F/Lt. Baker has made a good start - keep 'em cracking is our motto, others please note.

Now that 72 Course are at the grind stone, our worries begin once more - good luck anyway - but please try and arrive at the crew room without mallets and pick-axes, we only want you to fly the Tigers, not bash 'em into small chunks.

Our French lads of 69 Course are straining to get away on leave - all except Cpl. Dabos who would fly until it hurt - at any time now he is to go solo on the noble art of making up a bed. Vive La France Battante.

Thats all folks.....

P.S. We nearly forgot to congratulate Cpl. Davies on having X-Ray vision. His effort of pin-pointing the radio beam was superb.

-----

"B" and "F" FLIGHTS.

We  
The very industrious Instructors of 'B' Flight  
Raise our eyebrows and question the right  
Of a man called H---  
Who will  
Persist in coming to see  
— not you, not me, nor even the tea,  
But one of our beautiful timekeepers,  
Whose lovely peepers  
Blink awestruck at his handsome face.  
We are gravely peturbed at the rapid pace  
Of the man;  
How can  
He have the audacity  
To visit our Flight in this capacity.  
We consider such haste  
In the worst possible taste.

-----

ALBERT THE AVIATOR.

There is a Station called Malton,  
That's famous for frolic and fun  
And Mr. and Mrs. Ramsbotham  
Thought they'd send Albert, their son.

Now Albert arrived on a Monday  
And gazed around in surprise,  
For he knew all about flying,  
But nowt about C.F.I's.

They paraded for flying next morning  
Without more ado or fuss  
Then looking at t'hangar notice  
He fair started to cuss.

For there on t'wall right before him  
Was a notice all in red ink  
There'd be no flying for Albert  
He'd copped for an hour on t'Link.

Albert was told about t'instructors  
As how they was gentle and kind  
But after five minutes in cockpit  
The little lad soon changed his mind.

Young Albert was posted to 'F' Flight  
The Flight where they got flying done  
And soon he had visions of solo  
As he took off - straight into sun.

Now instructor had just had a day off  
And felt fair brassed off - that we know  
For as Albert came to do landing  
"Into wind - thou daft so-and-so".

Then Albert made first three-pointer  
Instructor was filled full of glee  
And whipped our lad back to hangar  
Saying "Tis solo check for thee".

Young Albert straight way went solo  
Not caring for aerodrome rules  
Aircraft flashed by in confusion,  
Albert thought "Ee they're b--- fools".

Our hero finally landed  
After giving himself dose of ----  
And was fined by Flight Commander,  
Cross wind landing - two bits.

And now a year later our Albert  
Is back in Blighty on 'Ops'  
On Spitfire and Hurricane fighters  
Giving hell to Nazis and 'Ops.

-----  
Course No. 70.

The last article that appeared in this journal under this heading was tinorously entered as from a junior flight. It made its entry with hopes expressed as to future conduct and shattering achievements. We had favourably impressed N.C.O's, Flight Commanders, and others, and everything boded well for the future.

Now that we are old hands, the halo has been carefully placed back in its box in the C.F.I.'s. Office and we stand revealed in our true light as an even more reprehensible and unreliable crowd than the last. That it was all about we had no idea, but an ominous cloud suddenly appeared in an otherwise blue sky, and here we are. There is some talk of ruling another line in our log books to cover "Standing by the bed hours", as most of the course seem to spend their evenings that way.

Since then, we have been models of discipline, going on parade promptly and sending out search parties for an N.C.O. to come and take us, cleaning our buttons regularly, and wearing overboots to hide our dirty shoes. We have given up having a day off now and again so that we can create a good impression with bags of flying hours, and Madge and Margaret sometimes have to ask an Instructor to make the tea as all the pupils have forced landed far far ~~away~~ and are having tea with the farmer's daughter.

We were all terribly disappointed when the weather stopped flying for the day, and the link instructors were overwhelmed with requests from pupils for tuition so that the break would not seem so abrupt. The ground instructors expressed their sympathy with our enforced stay on the Camp over the week-end due to the bad state of the roads and kindly provided us with all sorts of tit-bits (such as a whole book of plots) with which to while away the time. By the way, did you know that the Morse Instructor has a double, and that oranges are now off the ration?

The end of course examinations are now pleasantly near at hand, and all are anxious to get to grips with the papers, confident in their expectations of the results. The Navigation and Aircraft Rec. Rooms are hives of industry in the evenings and a notice is shortly to appear in D.R.O's. as to the last shoot game and the proposed date of recommencement.

-----

ODE TO SNOW-BOUND SERGEANTS.

When the wind blows strong and cold,  
There's a way out, I'm told,  
To leave this drome so lone and dreary,  
Taxi's blue await the weary  
(Resist temptation - dont use 'beery').

Sergeants keen on elbow bending  
Joyfully their way are wending  
To Calgary lights for dollar spending.  
Astro gives the weather gen -  
Roads will be blocked soon after ten.

"Cheer up boys, we'll all be lost,  
Paid on Thursday - - blow the cost!  
This is our idea of heaven,  
Beer from seven until seven."

Lots could be guessed of other things  
Like bright eyed-angels without "wings",  
But censors frown upon such topics  
You're in Canada, not the tropics!

Pupils keen, take out your books  
Irrespective of black looks  
Get the ink - dip in your pen,  
And make a note - its "pukka gen":  
Taxi to Town and pray for a blizzard,  
Believe the Sergeants - its just wizard!

ANON.

-----

"C" and "G" FLIGHTS.

Congratulations to F/O Anderson on his award of the A.F.M. We understand that this decoration is obtainable after many hours of conscientious and devoted work. We believe that there are several Sergeants in our Flights who are in line for this award. -- What a line!!

Who is the dapper good looking Sergeant in "C" Flight who unfortunately is going to start keeping goats for company - or something - in the wide spacious ranges surrounding his stately ranch house situated just outside the Camp?

We have noticed of late that Sergeant Carr has been evincing considerable interest in the maintenance of our aircraft. This of course is very commendable, but at the same time we notice that a certain young lady has been transferred from the Sergeants' Mess staff to the Maintenance staff. We do not for a minute doubt, Freddie, that your interest is caused solely by a modification in the oil dilution system (D.R.O's 13/1/43).

F/O Marriott, recently returned from his rampageous trip to Los Angeles, now sits in his Office with a far-away dreamy look in his eyes. When we ask him about it, he turns red in the face, however he passes that off and tries to look like the summer weather in Los Angeles - BUT - could it be those flirtatious activities with B--- girls? The excuses they get these days are terrible, arn't they - what do you think chums?

P/O Greenaway and P/O Crampton (the unholy twins) should be careful on these icy roads, because someday when making a dash for that 6.15 bus, they may slip and break an ankle. (Its O.K. boys, the Palliser will still be there).

One of these windy days we noticed a trail of smoke coming from No. 2 Hangar, however, on making closer investigation it was only a haversack with Sgt. Willox attached to it trying to make the 3.15 bus. Was it just to see if the shower is still there, Stan?

We have great pleasure in welcoming two new tea drinkers to "C" and "G" Flights, P/O Cogan and F/Sgt. Atkinson. We hope they find the tea good during their stay.

"C" Flight were very sorry to lose their "Alcatraz" pennant, which adorned the wall of the Office. However, the light-fingered gentleman who now has it, seems to have a stronger claim to it than we had.

-----

THE FIGHTING 69th.

or

THE BALLAD OF THE ANCIENT AVIATOR.

Hearken ye unto us who have finished flying and are about to let fall words of weighty wisdom.

Firstly it is to be borne in mind that there are in operation two separate and unrelated time-scales, viz. Mountain War Time and Timekeepers' Time. Never trust your watch or any other time piece. If you think your time up above was a mere hour, you're wrong - your log sheet says anything from 45 mins. to 1 hour and 30 mins., and log sheets never lie; of course, if you're dual, you may be even more off the beam...

Remember as part of your cockpit check to clamber up on to the top wing and ensure that the fuel tank cap is firmly secured in its proper position. Petrol showers whilst slow-rolling are known to have occurred and believe us, they are not pleasant!

Remember always that the man in front cannot see your instruments, so get some idea of the always appreciable difference between his instruments and yours, and remember that his are always right.

Baby gremlins not yet able to fly are often given little balls to play with. Their favourite, of course, is the cute little black ball cunningly embedded in a glass pipe on your dash board. If you are told by the superior powers that by following 'course x' for 'y minutes', you'll pin-point dead over Strathmore, don't believe it, you'll be somewhere between Calgary and Edmonton - somewhere.... and everybody will be greatly relieved to hear that at 2000 hours, a forced landing has been successfully completed.

If you get up solo out of the circuit, fly high, fly higher: beware beware of the innocent little kite in the distance. It may look like the dove of peace, but in it are very special instruments to check your airspeed, your height, your angle of bank and perhaps even the setting of your trim.

If we were to tell you the story of one of our companions, a boy of 21 who had done nothing else in his life but study aeronautics, aircraft recognition, mathematics, etc. - who had even built himself a plane and had been born with a parachute on his back..... he is now at Trenton. This made us lose one of our best scholars, but nevertheless, we didn't all die in the exam. room - there's nothing to exams. if you listen to lectures once in a while.

If you should see a 'flying tooth-pick' doing aerobatics below 1,000' landing downwind, taking off from inside the hangar and generally reversing our good friend C.A.P. 100, keep clear! - it is an instructor showing his pupes what not to do. By the way, remember that the circuit is not a race and on our first solo circuits, we just hated those hurried people who barged into the circuit at 1,000' with their tails playing a tune on our propeller.

Then you are on the 'grass' remember the poor bloke doing the final gliding approach of a test with you right square in his way - it might happen to you sometime! German propoganda is all wrong as you will no doubt find out in your final test: the British are not degenerate... practice your I.F. ... you'll need it. If when you eventually touch down you are told that you missed another kite by a frog's whisker when taking off, that the steep turns were nothing like the book, etc. - its not really your fault when instead of a windscreen, you have a pair of hefty shoulders in front of you and the horizon is an imaginary line.... Dont practice aircraft carrier landings by prettily catching your tailwheel in the boundary wires, its just not cricket.

Above all, do not forget that your instructor is your guardian angel, that he has an enormous amount of patience and self-control: he will always be your best friend.

ED. NOTE: It can only be concluded from the last paragraph of the foregoing that the writer is hoping for some leave in the very near future.

-----

A SONNET TO 'H' FLIGHT (WITHOUT MALICE).

'H' Flight is born, let every Nazi fear  
 From stern testing grounds of fire 'tis sprung  
 Cream of 'D', this Flight that has no peer,  
 We've escaped the feared hand that's hung  
 Above our heads so long. As tempered steel  
 Its final heating ended, we become  
 A finished product, now at last to feel  
 Benevolence personified in some  
 Kind sergeant's cherubic and smiling face.  
 But not for long, for Scotland's dour son  
 Then comes to take revered Commander's place,  
 Be not deceived by quiet mien. He's one  
 These mordant wit will cut you to the quick,  
 And make rash pupils feel so very sick.

-----

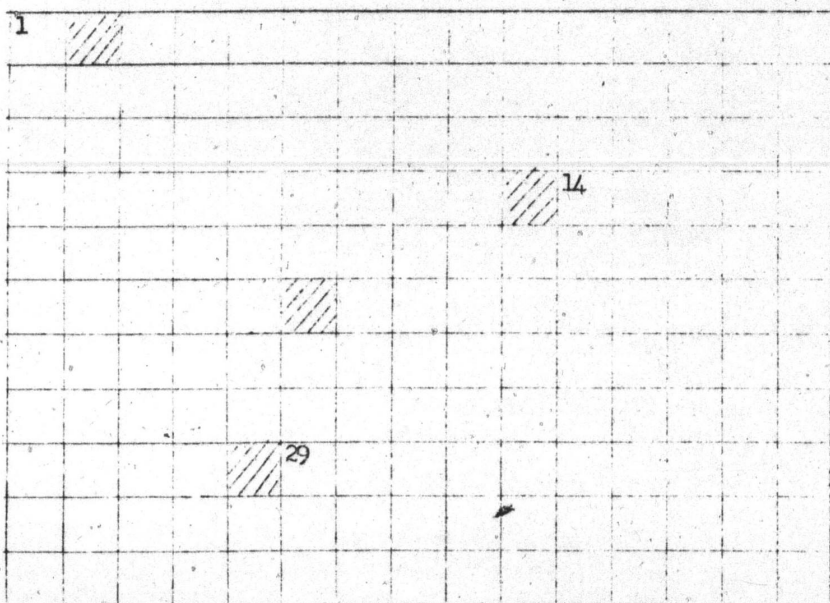
S K E L E T O N   C R O S S W O R D .

The Skeleton Crossword is solved in the same way as any other, except that the black squares and the clue numbers are filled in by the solver. The design being symmetrical, corresponding squares to those already blacked out can be immediately filled in, both across and down.

For instance, the square before No. 14 is already filled in, so the sixth square from the left in the same line and the sixth and tenth squares from the left in the fourth line from the bottom can also be filled in.

Do the same with the other three black squares given, and you will then find you have 14 squares to start with. The rest of the puzzle will soon build itself up.

NO TWO-LETTER WORDS ARE USED.

CLUES ACROSS.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 3. Embellish, although its more than showy already.                  | 1. "Date in paper" (anag.)                          |
| 9. A letter to a confederate is naturally friendly.                  | 2. Leaf insect.                                     |
| 10. A white flowered tree.   | 3. Shackles in a baggy vestment.                    |
| 11. Capital of a Mediterranean island.                               | 4. He should be able to keep his subjects straight. |
| 12. In high spirits.   | 5. Not everyone has sugar this (two words).         |
| 14. It has a boating song.   | 6. He has a welcome pull.                           |
| 16. "Date trees" (anag.)   | 7. The very image of Fido laughing.                 |
| 18. Go round in a cloak.   | 8. Prize baker?                                     |
| 19. Backward pull, yet it should have the reverse tendency.          | 13. Comb to annoy, though not without comfort.      |
| 20. Not the centre piece in the dining room (two words).             | 15. More uneven?                                    |
| 25. That one would like to do to certain people in Berlin territory. | 17. Newt.   |
| 27. This is a burning offence.                                       | 21. Enraged.  |
| 29. No "pro" and not necessarily "con".                              | 22. Dodge.  |
| 30. Precisely correct.   | 23. The Spanish in Ada gives her a different name.  |
| 31. Many are fond of this flavouring.                                | 24. The centre of the tree is not straight.         |
| 32. A single hair.   | 26. A ripping effort this.                          |
|  | 28. Moved rapidly out of his hotel.                 |

# Coming Attractions at The Cinema

---

Sunday	January 17	ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN (Free Show)	Fredric March-Martha Scott
Monday	January 18	ALGIERS	Charles Boyer-Hedy Lamarr
Tuesday	January 19	WINTER CARNIVAL also INSIDE FIGHTING RUSSIA.	Ann Sheridan
Thursday	January 21	FOREST RANGERS	Fred McMurray-Paulette Goddard
Sunday	January 24	I MARRIED A WITCH also WORLD IN ACTION	Fredric March-Veronica Lake
Monday	January 25	THE MOON and SIXPENCE also FIVE MEN from AUSTRALIA	George Sanders-Herbert Marshall
Tuesday	January 26	THE MALE ANIMAL	Henry Fonda-Olivia de Havilland
Thursday	January 28	PALM BEACH STORY	Claudette Colbert-Joel McCrea
Sunday	January 31	KITTY FOYLE	Ginger Rodgers
Monday	February 1	THEY ALL KISSED the BRIDE	Jean Crawford-Melvyn Douglas
Tuesday	February 2	WHO DONE IT?	Abbot & Costello
Thursday	February 4	THE AVENGERS	Ralph Richardson-Deborah Kerr
Sunday	February 7	THE BIG SHOT	Humphrey Bogart-Irene Manning
Monday	February 8	DESPERATE JOURNEY	Errol Flynn-Ronald Reagan
Tuesday	February 9	HOUSE ACROSS THE BAY	George Raft-Joan Bennett
Thursday	February 11	FOOTLIGHT SERENADE	John Payne-Betty Grable
Sunday	February 14	KENNEL MURDER CASE	William Powell-Mary Astor
Monday	February 15	HERE WE GO AGAIN	Fibber McGee-Edgar Berger
Tuesday	February 16	MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS	Joseph Cotton-Dolores Costello
Thursday	February 18	ICELAND	Sonja Henie-John Payne
Sunday	February 21	THE NAVY COMES THROUGH	Pat O'Brien-Randolph Scott
Monday	February 22	SOUTH AMERICAN GEORGE	George Formby
Tuesday	February 23	ALL AMERICAN CO-ED also INSIDE FIGHTING CHINA	Frances Langford-Johnny Downs
Thursday	February 25	BELLE STAR	Randolph Scott-Gene Tierney

Contracts now signed with eight leading  
film companies ensure for you the very  
best attractions procurable during 1943.  
Patronize your own show.

---