

THE GREMLIN

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EDITORIAL

Now that the rationing laws have so drastically affected the throat washing business we expect the wet canteens will be going in for chocolate malted's and Albertan home brew. (We may even find out how many of these ruddy complexions are the result of climatic conditions!)

But rationing days will soon be a thing of the past if the boys keep up their flying the way they did during January. Despite the several days of 40 below weather to keep us moving (it was either that or else) and the odd blizzard to break the monotony they took it on the chin (or should we say ears?) and managed a record month in flying. Congratulations!

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

Since our last issue developments of great importance have taken place. The news of the relief of the siege of Leningrad was received just after publication but this news, important as it is, has been completely overshadowed by later developments on the Russian Front. Not only has the Red Army made further gains in the North but in the Stalingrad area its encircling movement has been so completely successful that the German siege army, numbering some 350,000 men, has been entirely wiped out, the culmination of this operation being the capture of the German Field Marshal Commanding with all his staff. Taking into consideration the number killed or captured and the amount of equipment and stores falling into the hands of the victors, this is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, defeat ever inflicted on any army. Yet this is only a part of the Russian success. North and West and South the Red Army is pressing offensives which the Germans have nowhere been able to check. The Army of the Caucasus is by Berlin's admission in full retreat as the Russians cut line after line of withdrawal and this Army, too, may soon have the difficult road by way of the Strait of Kersch and the Crimea as its only means of escape. Field Marshal Goering boasts that in the spring Germany will launch another offensive which will finally wipe out the Red Army but it is difficult to see where the man power for this is to come from and much more probable that Germany's role in the East will henceforth be defensive.

In the South Pacific the Japs have been finally cleaned out of the Papuan area of New Guinea. They have attempted another offensive in the Northern part of the island but apparently this has not met with any success. In Guadalcanal the Japs have been broken up into small detachments and their position appears to be untenable. Meanwhile U.S. and Australian Air Forces continue systematically to pound Jap bases and shipping. Mr. Curtin, Premier of Australia, has disclosed that the Japs are massing large forces once more and further developments by sea and air may be expected in this theatre at any time.

The meeting between Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt at Casa Blanca for some days overshadowed all other news. For information on the matters discussed at this conference we must await developments. The fact that an announcement of great importance was to be made was given a great amount of advance advertising and we may assume that part of the reason for this strenuous publicity was to underline the announcement of the Unconditional Surrender terms on which alone the Axis may hope to make peace. It is not at all unlikely that Hitler may once more put out peace feelers on the basis of Germany holding what she now has. If this should be the case his suggestions have been discounted before they are made.

The North African campaign has not developed as successfully or as quickly as we hoped at its inception. The Axis has scored several successes in its effort to keep the road to Tunis open for General Rommel, while we on our side have so far been unable to close that road. It is unlikely that Rommel after our invasion of Africa had any objective except to get as many of his men and as large a proportion of his equipment as possible through to Tunis. It now looks as if he would be successful in this though his losses in both must have been heavy during his long retreat.

The waves of good news which have flooded the newspaper headlines of the past two weeks have given rise to great optimism and to expectations in some cases of an early end to the war. There is, however, another side to the news. The Canadian Government in the Speech from the Throne at the opening of Parliament called attention to the gravity of the submarine menace, which it stated is increasing and which is so grave that, unless it can be countered, it may prevent the delivery of supplies or reinforcements at some vital moment. Further, Mr. King cautioned the House that there are many difficulties ahead, that the power of Germany "is still vastly greater than anyone in this House realizes", so that no slackening is possible if the war is to be brought to a victorious conclusion.

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GENERAL OFFICE GENERALITIES

We of the General Office think it's about time we said a few words. We're all of a retiring nature (anywhere from 100 to 500 hours) but we have even a better excuse than that for our non-representation in The Gremlin. One which we're sure you'll understand and appreciate. We're so darn busy all the time doing everything from handing out pencils (by the dozens) to keeping you out of the draft that we just haven't time to produce any news. In other words, our lives are dedicated to our public. But -- we have visitors and they sometimes provide interesting material. For instance:

F/Sgt. Hind was so overjoyed with the news of his wife's arrival in Canada that he stayed up all Sunday night celebrating. Some blokes get all the breaks, Flight!

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Webster on the arrival of a son!

Advice to the Ground School:

Early to bed and early to rise
Can still be done with fewer rye's!

And then there was the pioneering squadron who set out last week during Alberta's "chilly" spell to get the bulldozer out of the snowbank -- but someone forgot to take along the keys. Even our Padre agreed it gets cold out here.

F/Sgt. Woodcock tells us that the only cheering note at Monday night's party in town was the hula dancer who looked like Dorothy Lamour. That -- no beer, Jock?

We haven't the faintest idea as to the author of the following. It's just one of the many things that drift into this Office. If you don't like it, don't read it.

I am one of the fellows who made the world safe for democracy. What a crazy thing that was. I fought and I fought and I fought but I had to go anyway. I was called in Class "A". The next time I want to be in Class "B" -- be here when they go and be here when they come back. I remember when I registered. I went up to a desk and the guy in charge was my milkman. He asked, "That's your name?" I said, "You know my name." "That's your name?" he barked -- so I told him "August Childs". He said, "Are you alien?" I said, "No, I feel fine." He asked me how old I was so I told him "23, the first of September." He said, "The first of September you'll be Overseas and that will be the last of August."

A veterinary started to examine me. He asked me if I ever had the measles, smallpox, St. Vitus dance, and did I ever take fits. I said, "No, only when I stay in a saloon too long." Then he asked, "Can you see all right?" I said, "Sure, but I'll be cockeyed tonight if I pass." The doctor said he had examined 140,000 men and that I was the most perfect physical wreck he had ever seen. Then he handed me a Class "A" card. Then I went to camp and I guess they didn't think I'd live long. The first fellow I saw wrote on my card, "Flying Corps". I went a little further and some guy said, "Look what the wind's blown in." I said, "Wind nothing, the draft's doing this." On the second morning they put these clothes on me. That an outfit! As soon as you're in it you think you can fight anybody. They have two sizes -- too small and too large. The pants are so tight that I can't sit down. The shoes are so big I turned around three times and they didn't move. And what a raincoat they gave me. It strained the rain.

I passed by an officer all dressed up with a fancy belt and all that stuff. He said, calling after me, "Didn't you notice my uniform when you passed?" I said, "Yes, what are you kicking about -- look what they gave me."

I landed in camp with \$75.00 -- in ten minutes I was broke. I never saw so many threes and twelves on a pair of dice. No matter what I did I went broke. Something went wrong even in cards. One time I have five aces and I was afraid to bet. A good thing I didn't. The fellow next to me had six kings. Finally, I said, "This is a crooked game of poker." The other fellow next to me said, "We're playing pinochle." Everything was crazy. If you were a livery man you were put in the medical department. If you were a watchman you were

GENERAL OFFICE GENERALITIES - continued

made an officer of the day. I saw a guy with a wooden leg and asked him what he was doing in the army. He said, "I'm going to mash potatoes."

Oh, it was so nice -- 5 below zero one morning and they called us out for underwear inspection. You talk about scenery -- red flannels, B.V.D.'s, all kinds. The union suit I had on would fit Tony Galanto. The lieutenant lined us up and told me to stand up. I said, "I'm up, this underwear makes you think I'm sitting down." He got so mad he put me out digging a ditch. A little later he passed and said, "Don't throw that dirt up here." I said, "There an I going to put it?" He said, "Dig another hole and put it in there." By that time I was mad, so another guy and myself drank a quart. So Jones (the other guy) and I got real plastered. Then the lieutenant came along and asked me if Jones saw pink elephants, and I said, "No, that's the trouble -- they're here and he don't see them."

Three days later we sailed. Marching down the pier I had more hard luck. I have a sergeant that stutters and it took him so long to say "Halt" that 27 of us marched overboard. They pulled us out and lined us up and said, "Fall in." I said, "I've been in." I was on the boat 12 days -- seasick 12 days. Nothing going down and everything coming up. I leaned over the railing all the time. In the middle of one of my leans the Captain rushed in and said, "That Company are you in?" I said, "I'm all by myself." He asked me if the Brigadier was up yet. I said, "If I swallowed it, it's up." Talk about your dumb people. I said to one fellow, "I guess we dropped the anchor." And he said, "I knew they'd lose it, it's been hanging out ever since we left shore."

Tell, we landed and were immediately sent to the trenches. After three nights in the trenches the cannons started to roar and the shells started to pass. I was shaking with patriotism. I tried to hid behind a tree, but there weren't enough trees for the officers. The Captain came around and said, "Five o'clock we go over the top." I said, "Captain, I'd like a furlough." He said, "Where would you like to go?" I said, "Anywhere, where it is warn." He told me where to go. Five o'clock we went over the top. Ten thousand of the enemy came at us. The way they looked at me you'd think I started the war. Our Captain yelled, "Fire at will." But I didn't know any of their names. I guess the fellow behind me thought I was "ill. He fired his gun and shot me in the excitement. On the way to the hospital I asked a fellow where they were taking me. He said, "You're going to the morgue." I said, "There's some mistake. I'm not dead." He said, "Lie down, do you want to make a fool out of the doctor?" Finally, a pretty nurse came in and said "Move over" -- but that's another story.

S'long.

...

What's this we hear about the amalgamation of a certain Department?
Oh, well, we should worry as long as we get paid.

Can it be love that made a certain fellow from London forget to take his hand out of the way of the prop when starting an engine the other day?

We're all glad to see Maddlyn Sutherland back with us after her recent illness.

The members of the Civilians' and Airmen's Mess are pleased to have the non-commissioned Officers of Course No. 73 in their midst. It is hoped that they are enjoying the Blue Plate Specials and the self-service, and that all the little germs are getting along harmoniously.

And then there's the story of the L.A.C. who was up before the Orderly Officer for using insulting language to his sergeant.

"Please, Sir," he said, "I was only answering a question."

"That question?" snapped the Officer.

"Well, Sir, the Sergeant asks, 'What do you think I am?' So I told him."

'Bye now.



Maintenance

The House of:

Modifications

& L 14's

(F/O Grayson
please note)

Through wind and snow and even 50° below (rhymes, doesn't it???) Maintenance carries on (and how we carry on!!) --- even in the face of all adversity; Instructors continue to howl for more planes --- instead of spending their time in teaching the pupils not to flip them upside down --- It hurts our poor little Moths you know, and doesn't help much to keep our serviceability at 100%, as you seem to think it should be. Even with complaints pouring in thick and fast and stores liking spare parts so well that they want to keep them to admire for a month or two, we still go cheerfully about our job of keeping 'em flying and drown our sorrows in coffee at the Canteen --- 'Parking Time -10 Minutes'.

---oOo---

In a communicque from our roving reporter, Bill Brown, he informs us that the gals of New York have nothing on our Western prairie flowers. Is he kiddin'???

If you should see a queer specimine wondering around the hangar with his hat resting on his ears (they're just the type for the job too), dont be alarmed --- it's only 'Lum', of 'fruity letter' fame --- He had his hair cut at the camp barber shop --- Thought it cheaper than buying a violin.

Phibbs advises his friends to get their hair cut at the Station barber shop too.

Amos? Well, he seems down in the dumps these days --- He says it's because of S.Miller joining the forces.

After Wednesday night's show it seems our new stage manager is up to his old tricks. What was in that package E.R.???

All our best wishes for a speedy recovery to Mr.Fountain who is still in the hospital. Hurry back Jack before they break up too many wings.

For the Attention of Bill Brown, Tommy, etc.

FREEDOM --- Green Motorist (Eastener no doubt):
"Can I make a left-hand turn here, officer?"

Officer (with a grin): "You can, and I can go home and sass my wife, but what I'd hear from her if I did would be about what you'll hear from me if you do."

---oOo---

AN EVENING IN MANCHESTER

It all happened one typical evening in Manchester after Bill and I, splashing our way through the usual drizzling rain, decided to drop in at the cozy little S---n Inn in Market Street. We had two very good reasons for deciding on this course, viz., to escape from the perpetual dripping of soot-infested rain drops which were rolling slowly down the backs of our necks to spread their insidious dampness round our collars, and to partake of a moderate quantity of that most excellent beverage, Wm. Youngers No. 3 Scotch Ale.

As we passed the aquarium set in the wall at the foot of the stairs we refrained from our favourite pastime of tapping the glass front to see how far Albert, the Goldfish would jump, and made our way into the inviting warmth of the small bar beyond. Bill, as you may know, was a gentleman, and therefore insisted on buying the first drinks. Our order having been given to the delicious little creature behind the bar, we quietly watched the game of darts going ahead among three very well dressed gentlemen, who were throwing with the enthusiasm which most Mancurians manage to put into their recreation. Our gaze returned to the counter where two half-pint tankards of foaming Scotch Ale now reposed. With a deep sigh of contentment and pleasurable anticipation, our lips were simultaneously laid at the edge of the creamy white head and tankards upraised to the usual cry of "Proost!"

After we had transferred a goodly quantity of this most excellent ale from tankard to mouth, Bill happened to mention an incident which was of mutual interest. Whether the most excellent brew was beginning to have its effect or not, I don't know, but I could see from my friend's general demeanour that a really interesting discussion would ensue.

It appears that Bill went into a telephone booth in the district one night in order to make a call to some blonde job he had met at the R---z Dance Hall. After inserting the two pennies in the slot provided he dialled the sweetie's number with more than average care, and on hearing the soft gentle voice of his beloved at the other end of the wire, his excitement was apparently so overwhelming that he inadvertently depressed button "B" instead of button "A".

"Well," continued Bill, gently blowing on the upturned face of Father Younger slyly winking at him from half-way down his tankard, "Imagine my astonishment when, instead of the call vanishing into thin air as I expected, lo and behold, my two pennies came tumbling out and my darling Lil continued her plaintive cry of "Hello, who is that speaking?" Naturally I didn't give the incident much thought at the time, as you may imagine, since I was very busy for the next few minutes shooting the most colossal lines to the girl who later proved that she knew her lines -- but that's another story! But when I thought of the matter later, I figured that there might be some future in it, and if you could go around making all telephone calls buckshee -- and you know how much I spend in telephone calls in a year, old man -- well, just think of the dough you could save."

"Well, I haven't done much about it yet", pursued Bill, who, still retaining his gentlemanly qualities in spite of the eight pints of No. 3 turbulently lodged under his shining buttons, proceeded to order a replenishment of the empty tankards, "But what do you say to carrying out an investigation tonight?"

The idea held a peculiar kind of interest for me, because I had certain theories of my own on the subject which I had meant to test when I had summoned up sufficient courage to overcome the natural reluctance of risking being found in a kiosk monkeying with the works. However, by this time, outward objects had taken on a roseate appearance, a gentle murmur of happy chatter pervaded the air, and the lovely wench serving drinks was actually smiling at me with a knowing wink as if to say, "You can do it, handsome!"

Great stuff, this Youngers!! You can talk and think clearly -- well, more or less! -- and pursue the most sober discussion when all the time your physical frame is shouting for the chance to show its prowess. With each sip after a certain stage, latent energy is surging to transform itself into dynamic ditto. Well, I guess this was how I felt that evening! I could hear the stern voice of my C.O. exhorting us to be a credit to the Royal Air Force, and never to bring disgrace or discredit on the uniform in any public or private place. I could almost see him speaking from between the barrel of delectable Scotch and that containing the sparkling mild, stressing his point with a flourish of his brown leather gloves.

(continued)

AN EVENING IN MANCHESTER - continued

Still the quiet beginning of the evening had developed into what is commonly known as a "---- -up" and I had a tingling urge to back up Bill's idea, so with what was meant to be a roguish smile directed at the barmaid, we grabbed our coats and caps, shot through the door, tapped the glass of the aquarium with such force that poor little Albert, like a flash of lightning, shot to the rear where he remained sulking in the corner with a miserable flutter of his fins, and we finally sallied forth once more into the rain-swept street.

The telephone kiosk to which we directed our steps was one known to most cadets and well patronized by the general public. It is situated just outside the General Post Office and, unfortunately for us, was well under the surveillance of certain unpleasant uniformed gentlemen who were known to parade up and down the streets of Manchester, wearing a red arm band and a sardonic sneer. It was related that the sight of a white flash in the R.A.F. forage cap had the same effect on these gentlemen as a red rag to a bull. However, we were in no condition to exercise our natural caution; we had but one objective and into the telephone box we staggered, closing the door behind us with a loud bang.

"Come on, Bill", said I gaily, "Dig out two pennies from those pockets of yours and let's get to work." Bill, as I said before, was a gentleman so he very kindly obliged.

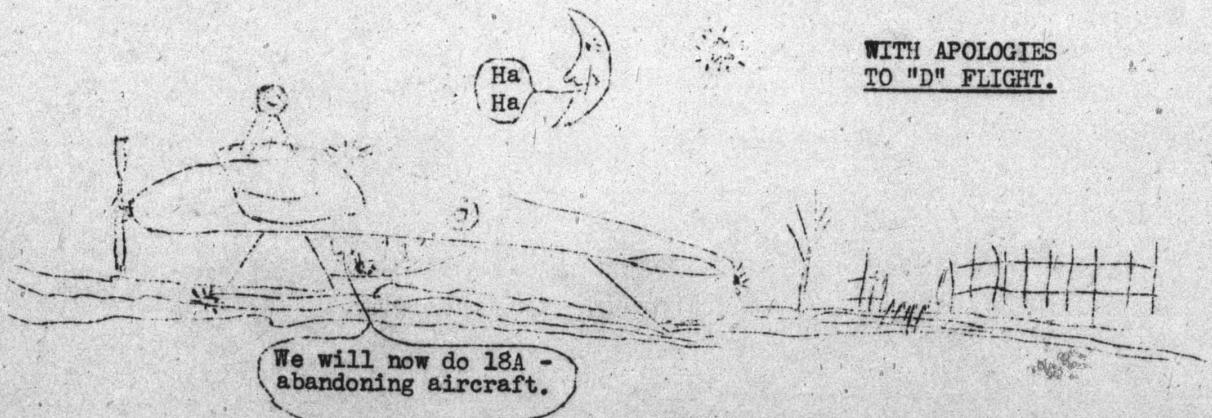
We had rather a job to select a suitable number from my friend's rather disreputable address-book, but eventually we decided to ring a girl called "Maisie", which entry had written underneath the cryptic words "Knock twice". It seemed O.K., so pushing Bill's burly form slightly to one side in order to insert the two pennies in the slot provided, I dialled the number.

The rasping "Burr-Burr" of the ringing tone on the line sounded a little unnerving, but I stuck grimly to my task waiting for the chosen one to answer. Eventually the click of the distant receiver being lifted was heard, at which I dug my fist into Bill's side to indicate that he must press button "B".

What exactly happened is not quite clear. Events moved in such rapid succession that I can only recount the outline. It seemed as if the heavens had opened to disgorge a shower of shillings, sixpences, pennies, and other sundry coins which find their way into coin boxes. Poor Bill was nearly knee-deep in the stuff and was frantically attempting to move his feet in the sea of worldly wealth which surrounded us both. I looked around very slowly, and through the haze which Father Younger had shed over me, I dimly discerned the dread figure of an S.P. sardonically peering into the box where we stood in helpless misery.

I never did like S.P.'s and this specimen was true to type. He refused to listen to our perfectly logical explanation of the position and actually accused us of attempting to rob the coin-box -- just imagine! Two perfectly honourable cadets trying to defraud our famous G.P.O. of a considerable source of revenue!

Needless to say, Bill and I didn't have the opportunity of partaking of any more Scotch Ale for 28 days!



"A" & "E" FLIGHTS

We take great pleasure in extending our usual 'arty welcome to course 73, and we hope they are getting accustomed to this "lurvvely" dry cold--- t'aint arf, alright, t'aint arf.

P/O Phillips will be very pleased to colour over any blue noses for a small nominal fee of about \$25.00. Our fair timekeepers will testify as to his perfect workmanship.

It is a pity that seven members of Course 73 went sick -- that only leaves us 18 tea makers, and besides that, it has disrupted the well known firm of shyster lawyers, CLARKE, CLARKE, CLARKE, CLARKE & CLARK.

This week we have one or two burning questions which require a satisfactory answer -- any offers???

1. Why does "E" Flight's timekeeper dream about "A" Flight's "Commander", when she blushes about a "B" Flight's Sergeant whose middle name is not Gillette?
2. What would L.A.C.Coffee do if he were grounded?
3. How does one get an operational job on the Link Trainer?
4. Who drank all that Gin and Scotch we heard about?
5. Why does our favourite Sarge let his impulse starter cease to function at High River when a certain miss says, "You are holding off too high"?

And have you heard --

F/Lt, Baker
Could make her!

or

P/O Ross
Likes Worcester Soss.

Bunny Lane's
Not home again. --

Sgt.Pickett
Mustn't.

"B" & "F" FLIGHTSCOURSE 70

or OVER THE STICKS WITH THE 46.

Course 70 came halo on head,
But as in the Gremlin you'll have read
They lost it "Stand by your bed".
Now please have patience while we trace it
We will endeavour to replace it.

The Course, except unlucky two,
Thro' exams came sailing thro';
Three other lads had a little cramp
While taking down the Aldis lamp.
Let his praise be loudly sung;
Top of the Course came Stanley Young.

COURSE 70 or OVER THE STICKS WITH THE 46 -- continued

These are points which we have noted
As thro' De Winton we have floated,
Though the pills aren't sugar-coated,
The vein that thro' them all does run
Is meant in kindly honest fun.

Who chases a puppy all over the place,
And in his unmistakeable bass
Cries, "Kerry, come here! This way to the door --
You can't do that on the crew room floor."

An F/O murmured, gently yawning,
"Is Esteban serviceable this morning?"
Another F/O, looking tired and haggard,
Cried, "Collis flew like a bloody maggot!"
And straightway sent him off solo;
Did that end it? Oh, dear no!
From all sides comments were bandied,
As from N/F circ he gently landed.

Who was the sergeant who did creep
Into his little flying jeep
And straightway go so sound asleep?
Full of good cheer and bon homie
He is affectionately known as Tommy.

Ground subjects intent on binding,
One lad expressed surprise at finding
Airmanship, arms, sigs and navigating
All round a bottle gravitating.

While on the Link flying straight and level,
Doing aerobatics like the very devil,
Course 70 heard Sgt. McKee say,
"Repeat No. 3 another day."

One day with temp. at 40 below,
The bulldozer skidded on the snow;
Frozen toes and fingers, moustaches all rime,
Course 70 wished it to a warmer clime.

From our midst our dear old chief
Never seems to come to grief,
Though C.F.I.'s get slightly sore
When a night-flying circ. takes an hour or more.
As once before he lost his way
He used low cunning the other day,
And on his first cross-country hunt
Followed the plane that was in front --
Alas, he blushes when it's told,
They pinpointed Bowden at Penhold!

A P/O A/G among us shines
At shooting most hair-raising lines,
But all the lads say of good fellows
There's none to beat our P/O Ellis.

One bright young lad some fun created,
When with the C.F.I. formatted --
The C.F.I. said quite a chunk;
Now Ted feels like the old brass monk.

If on a loop your prop should stop
Just "Steele" a look before you drop,
And if below you see a farm,
Just drop in, you'll take no harm.

Soon on our way we shall be going,
Various scars and trophies showing,
But our praises will be glowing
From us all and every one
To E. F. T. S. No. 31.

COURSE No. 72 -- "C" & "G" FLIGHTS

This is the story of a thing so rare,
Something a pupil must watch in the air;
You'll know what I mean when you hear Chiefy call,
"Look here, Laddie, keep your eye on that ball."

This Ball operates with a needle
And indicates "Turn and Bank";
Some think they're good and some feeble,
But everyone finds out they're "rank".

Right from the time that you "Take off"
It wanders to Right and to Left;
Your instructor, although he's a real "taff",
Keeps binding, "You're driving me daft."

Climbing turns you think you're steady
But the ball goes out of sight,
For solo you think you are ready
So decide to hold the ball tight.

After hours and hours of binding
Away on this solo you slope,
Saying, "To hell with the Instrument Panel",
And, "I shall get down -- I hope!"

"H" FLIGHT

There was a feeling of tension around the hangars when we heard of the new scheme by which we were to be abstracted from the much maligned "D" Flight and formed into our own select little band. After this scheme had been in operation for a few days, we began to see the results of its author's brainstorm. In common with other crew rooms, we have three hatches in the portion between pupils and instructors. The two outside were cleverly labelled "'H' Flight pupils book in here" on the one side and "'D' Flight ditto" on the other. The centre hatch remained for the use of pupils wishing, presumably, to converse with the timekeepers.

That was the idea, and we conscientiously use the centre hatch for booking in and out, the remaining counter space serving as a convenient repository for flying kit. In the event of any pupil making the mistake of using the correct hatch, the timekeeper invariably has to trot along to the other flight's hatch to extract the appropriate F.17 from its corresponding junk-heap. So we assume that one advantage of the scheme is to keep the timekeepers busy, making it necessary for "the sewing-on-of-crowns" to certain sleeves to be carried out after flying hours.

We now have our own Flight Commander, and our able and hard-working Deputy now has even more time for the drinking of tea and other instructor's pastimes.

Our attempts at night-flying have been exciting, and one night resulted in several "cross-countries". No. 8 Flare has been badly mauled and our altimeters have given some grossly incorrect readings both on the circuit and on our approaches to land. One of the many wash-out nights produced a melodrama in connection with the flare-path, the players being two of the Aerodrome Control Pilots, and the theme, "Tha puts it down, then tha takes it oop, or it stays where it is on t'ground."

We have been expected to taxi through snow drifts six feet deep, and we gave our advice to the "D" Flight boobbs as to the best way of carrying out this operation. The result, to our great joy, was an ostrich-like performance by one of their kites.

"D" and "H" Flights remain on more or less friendly terms, though some tense moments have been caused by the new system whereby our instructors daily draw lots for pupils, thereby proving that their courage is as high as any Beurling.

Due to the rapid approach of our examinations -- and supplementals -- our appearances at the Camp Cinema grow more infrequent, though the free show attracted those of us from north of the Border.

We cannot end without a word of praise for the ground crew. Their prop. swinging in sub-zero temperatures and their lead-swinging in the Canteen evoke our admiration, and, in spite of all our combined efforts, we have some planes in one piece.

We welcome the instructors and timekeepers to our side of the partition, while their sanctum is pulled about by Works and Buildings and altered into a "Palais-de-Luxe", though we had some difficulty in finding our progress chart behind piles of 'chutes, flying-kit and instructors.

A.C.S.

RULES FOR NIGHT FLYING in "D" and "H" Flights

The following rules supersede all previously promulgated. See AMO X77.

1. Taxi with tail off ground to the wooden cross with three flickering oil lamps on it. Blow these out with the slip-stream and waggle the morse key. (Your best girl's initials will do.)
2. When you see a green light (it may be momentarily red or white) flashed on No. 4 flare, nip smartly out on to the flare path, doing the tarmac check as you go. (The vital actions for take-off can conveniently be done during the first three or four hundred feet of climb. Putting the identification lights to steady can be included in these vital actions.)
3. Head the aircraft towards No. 8 flare and lash open the throttle. The immediate objective is the flare. If you hook it with the starboard wheel your marksmanship is better than if you hit it with the port one. If you miss it altogether, close the throttle and taxi back again.
4. Climb straight ahead at a maximum of 50 m.p.h. and take care to veer to starboard. (See A.P. 129, "Always alter course to starboard.")
5. Somewhere between 300 and 800 feet, EITHER (a) Swing to the left in a 50 degree banked turn, putting the "you know whats" up the man who didn't veer so much to starboard and is following up closely behind you, OR (b) Turn left at 1/4 rate, resulting in a trip to Turner Valley and then you can still put the "you know whats" up him as you charge manfully along the down wind leg, just as he is turning on to it.
6. About now waggle the morse key again. Repeat the operation after you have remembered to put the light to Morse. Never do this until just before you wish to signal -- the A.C.P. is colour blind and can't follow you round if you haven't a white light on.
7. Be careful not to put the light to steady again -- it keeps the A.C.P. busy signalling, thinking you haven't seen his green (which must not be focused on you -- see A.M.O. 213) and then, also, he won't see the poor blighter who is making a skillful landing on another aircraft returning from a low-flying cross country to Calgary.
8. Turn across wind when the first and eighth flares are in line.
9. Cut the throttle when the first and sixth are in line and hold the control column well forward. This will result in an exhilarating dive to approach height, followed by a smart "nip round the corner" dead into wind. You will then have the Christmas tree in line with No. 7 or alternatively with the southernmost red hangar light. On approaching the said Christmas tree, if you remove the green light with your right wing tip your approach is excellent. If you remove the red light with your left wing tip, you should be reprimanded by your instructor. If you crash into the structure and remove all three lights it's just too bad.
10. The art of landing at night should be given careful study. The idea is to EITHER (a) Come in, nose down at 1800 revs. and remove the front wheels on the A.C.P.'s hut; this enables you to make a smooth belly landing (This has two advantages -- it gives you practice in belly landing and helps the ground crew keep its hand in) OR (b) Glide in, be 30 feet above No. 3 flare and then stall on to the deck to prevent overshooting. An encouraging crack from the undercarriage indicates that the landing has been completed.

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THINGS WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW ABOUT "D" FLIGHT:

Will P/O D----p have a favourite earthbound aircraft?

Is it his wife that Sgt. H-----n dashes off to see in Calgary?

Can Sgt. P-----w still deny he is a veteran pub crawler (English variety) after his brilliant exhibitions at darts?

When is P/O D-----s going to do something about his weight?

Will P/O H--l tell a certain time-keeper he is already engaged?

CHURCH SERVICES

Protestants:

Recreation Hall Sunday morning
Holy Communion - 10.00 hours
Morning Service- 11.00 hours

Roman Catholics

G.I.S.Bldg. (Lecture Room 5) Sunday Morn.
Mass - 10.00 hours

*Phonograph Recital
Quiet Room, G.I.S.
Tuesday, Feb. 9, 1900 hrs.
The best loved songs
of
Stephen Foster*

STATION CINEMA

- January 31 - "Kitty Foyle" (Ginger Rogers)
 - February 1 - "They All Kissed the Bride" (J.Crawford, M.Douglas)
 - February 2 - "Who Done It!" (Abbott & Costello)
 - February 4 - "The Avengers" (Ralph Richardson, Deborah Kerr)
 - February 7 - "The Big Shot" (Humphrey Bogart, Irene Manning)
 - February 8 - "Desperate Journey" (Errol Flynn, Ronald Reagan)
 - February 9 - "House Across the Bay" (George Raft, Joan Bennett)
 - February 11 - "Footlight Serenade" (John Payne, Betty Grable)
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LENDING LIBRARY

The lending library has been moved to permanent quarters at the west end of the Administration Building. (Mr. Hutchcroft's Office) It will be open for the loaning of books without charge to Service and Civilian personnel on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings from 18.30 hours to 19.30 hours. Books may also be returned each morning except Sunday, between 09.00 hours and 12.00 hours. No charge made except for books retained by the borrower over 14 days. There are 400 books available for your use and Librarian "Jimmy" Stuble will be in attendance on the evenings mentioned.

DON'T FORGET THE STATION DANCE ON FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5th. No. 3 S.F.T.S. band from Currie in attendance.

ODDS and ENDS ----

Sgt. Maitland should agree that the R.A.F. play some rough games.

We're sorry to hear of Corporal Leach returning to England next week. And just when you were beginning to know your way around, eh, Corp? Anyway, the best of luck, Johnny.

WARNING -- To Tommy Jacques from "I guess you know who". Two more months and I'll be able to set my dog on you. And there won't be any snow then either.

Our Chief Engineer thinks it's a good idea for the gals to have uniforms!

This edition is a bit late in getting to press but we've been very busy with our needlework. Anyway we're always a week ahead of the news.

BOXING MATCH

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY FIFTH, 20.00 hours
Victoria Arena, Calgary
STATION ENTRY -- SGT. CARR