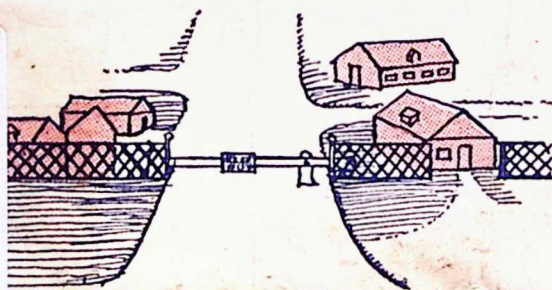
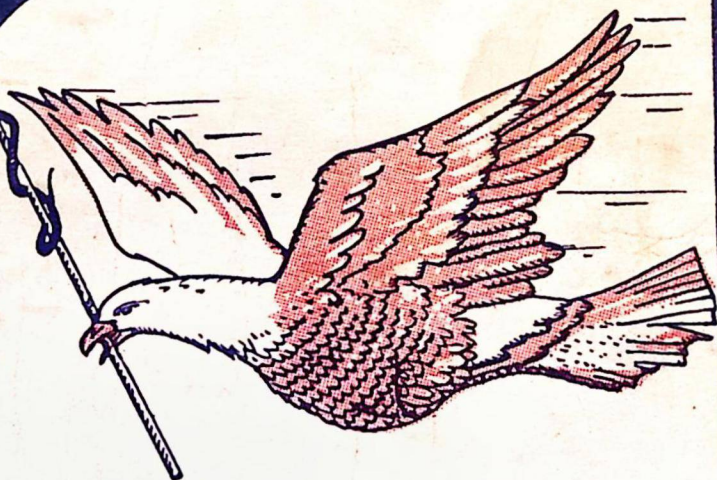


Hazel Rapen (Jimmy Colgan)

TRACER



Vol. 1 - No. 2
SEPTEMBER, 1944



3 B & G SCHOOL
MACDONALD
MANITOBA

N. BAKER.

B4 Sqn/MacDonald



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TRACER

VOL. 1

SEPTEMBER, 1944

No. 2

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EDITORIAL

SEPTEMBER 12th, 1944, brings us once more to the unhappy thought of having to say goodbye to our Commanding Officer, Wing Commander G. R. F. Gross.

Wing Commander Gross was appointed Commanding Officer of this unit on June 12th, 1944, and since that time has won himself a place in the heart of everybody on the station, being acclaimed by everyone as a good sport and an officer who would try to make life on the station a happy one for all, and he succeeded in this aim to a very high degree.

We want to wish W/C Gross all the luck in the world and Happy Landings in his new adventure Overseas. We hope that we may have the good fortune to meet him again in the future.

Our heartiest welcome goes out to Group Captain W. F. C. Hobson who took command of the station from W/C Gross on September 12th, 1944. G/C Hobson is an officer of the R.A.F. who has been given command of an R.C.A.F. station and he is assured of the wholehearted support of all personnel in holding the Minister's Efficiency Pennant and in keeping the station a happy place in which to live. Good luck, Sir.



G/C W. F. C. Hobson, Commanding Officer

EFFICIENCY PENNANT

The story of the award of the Efficiency Pennant begins in February, 1941, when the organization of No. 3 Bombing & Gunnery School was in full swing under the temporary command of S/L R. A. Cameron. A great amount of the credit is due to the Air Force "Opening Up" party who got the station functioning properly with so many hardships facing them, starting from nothing and building a smooth running organization such as this School. Postings were gradually effected, and numerous officers and airmen ground crew of each section arrived, until necessary detail work could be carried out efficiently by all parts of the station. G/C G. A. Mercer, who was previously stationed at W.A.C., arrived in March, 1941, to take over command of the station from S/L Cameron, while F/O A. S. McKinnon was appointed to the position of Adjutant, and the school was officially opened on March 10th, 1941.

An exciting event occurred on March 6th, 1941, when over the horizon could be seen an aircraft, name unknown, (none of the Aircraft Recognition Instructors were then available) and headed straight for No. 3 Bombing & Gunnery School. The boys were all out on the aerodrome to watch her land and thought it was a visiting ship from one of the other schools, but no! It was a "Fairy Battle," our very first aircraft. It can well be understood that this ship won its way into the hearts of all the boys in the hangars and great pride was taken in keeping her in fine trim and polished from propellor to rudder. The popularity of the first aircraft was somewhat shortlived, however, as twenty-seven others soon followed her and a total of twenty-eight were on hand as at March 31st of that year. These aircraft could be utilized for all types of training carried out at this school as well as for towing drogues. Bombing training was carried out over Lake Manitoba, near Delta Beach, using the small twelve and one-half pound practice bombs and a considerable number of the pupils trained on these grounds have distinguished themselves in conflict over enemy territory and can proudly display decorations to prove the fact.

By the end of April, 1941, the strength of the station had grown to approximately one thousand officers, airmen, and civilians and the strength of aircraft increased to sixty-four. Training was now in full swing and the progress that was being made was magnificent with accidents being kept to an absolute minimum and those that did occur, of a minor nature. Courses of Air Observers and Air Gunners were coming in, being trained and graduated on schedule and with a minimum of ceased training cases, in spite of the fact that there were still not enough aircraft available and that a general inexperience of some of the instructional staff and normal deficiencies of a new station existed. All personnel put in a great many hours of overtime to overcome these adversities and the quality of their products speaks louder than words. It's a mighty happy moment when, reading in the newspaper of heroic deeds carried out by an airman, you can say, "Sure, we trained him."

Life on the station at the time was not all work and no play, as the boys indulged in sports such as softball, soccer, etc., and also had various clubs organized. On June 22nd, 1941, the first Church Parade was held and F/L I. H. Eberle, the unit Chaplain, held his first service at this station. Shows such as "Thumbs Up Revue" by entertainers from Winnipeg were held in the Recreation Hall, as were motion pictures provided by the War Services. A Station Orchestra also sprang into being through a thought of F/L C. H. Diamond who was himself a talented musician.

Training continued as usual while summer drifted into fall and on October 26th, 1941, the first fall of snow settled on the aerodrome. Great enthusiasm in the winter sports program was displayed by all personnel with the exception of the Aerodrome Maintenance Personnel, whose real work begins with the

coming of the snow. Winter means that tons and tons of snow must be removed from the runways, mostly during the night, in order that the 'planes may be kept flying and training continued without interruption, and long hours with little sleep during the coldest winter days and nights is experienced by these unsung heroes of the training school. Many will recall the blizzard in March, 1942, which started on the 26th and ceased on the 29th. The snowdrifts were half as high as the low buildings and the snowplow, snow blower, tractors, and "cats" worked in shifts, twenty-four hours a day in order to keep the roads on the station open in case of fire. All Service and Civilian vehicles were forbidden to leave the station to avoid the necessity of having to give them assistance with the snowplow, blower, etc. Extra gasoline had to be brought in from Portage la Prairie by rail with the rations. It took two days to clear the aerodrome runways of snow and nearly all personnel on the station were employed on this job, using every available Motor Transport vehicle.

A new phase of Air Force life evolved in May, 1942, with the coming of the W.D.'s, two officers and seventy-two airwomen. Mixed in this first draft were airwomen of practically all trades and the airmen were highly elated at the prospect of being replaced by them in order to take up Aircrew Training. The airwomen have since proven themselves to be an invaluable asset to the R.C.A.F. and have carried out all duties assigned to them in an efficient and trustworthy manner.

January, 1943, brought W/C R. F. Gibb to the station as Commanding Officer replacing G/C Mercer. W/C Gibb was formerly stationed at No. 7 Bombing & Gunnery School, Paulson, Manitoba. Under the able leadership of G/C Gibb the station began to take on a new outlook and buildings were painted and redecorated, roads gravelled and new forms of recreation were installed. Everything seemed to gather momentum. Inspections of the grounds and buildings were carried out weekly and each Barrack Block and all Grounds were kept neat and tidy by the occupants, making the station as a whole look very smart. This in turn reacted on the personnel, who strove harder than ever to obtain the coveted Efficiency Pennant and finally, in July, 1944, this dream was realized.





The Padre's Page

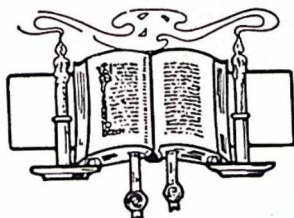


In the busyness of Station life, and in the excitement of the momentous happenings on world battlefronts, and in national and international political and diplomatic circles as we plan for our New World, there is some danger of our losing sight of the objectives of our Warfare. Too often we feel that the grave international issues at stake are some government's affair. The causes of war lie in individuals and its cure must become an individual affair. Even as the Nations must, so should the individuals take the necessary time out of their busy days for quiet meditation and a seeking for the guidance of God, Whose world we build. There was never a muddle in international affairs but that was not more ably straightened out when the leaders of the nations took time off for calm meditation, the seeking of God's guidance and an application of Christ's way of living to the problems.

Similarly many an airman or airwoman will find that the weeks of intensive study or working under pressure in the line of duty are made more purposeful if God's hour is observed and His purpose sought. Then in that day when we are shocked out of normalcy by a life-or-death emergency His presence carefully cultivated will be that of a Friend rather than a miracle worker whom we invoke as a pagan might to work our whim.

We have all met men who claimed that they did not know how to pray. And too few of us can or do. Nor can we talk with an Eskimo if we do not know his mind or language. Prayer isn't meant just for emergencies. It is the communication with our God which keeps us in tune with him, rain or shine. It is not a formula of pious words to be said on special occasions or relied on to ward off danger like the 14th Century classic, "From ghoulies, and ghosties, lang-leggity beasties and things that go 'Bump' in the night, good Lord deliver us." Rather it is a day by day communication with God by word, and by living actions, that is aimed at cultivating His friendship and laying claim daily to the help He has promised the seeker. Then no emergency can catch us without our Friend's presence as our most precious asset, and in the time of busyness we can pray as Sir Phillip Astley did on the morning of the Battle of Crecy: "Oh Lord, I shall be this day in grave danger and very busy, and I may forget Thee by times, but Thou wilt not forget me."

H/F/L B. G. STIBBARDS.





1. L.A.W. M. E. Meyrick
4. L.A.W. T. Tarrant
7. Cpl. R. Kelly

2. L.A.C. M. K. Lynch
5. W.O.2 W. A. Ross
8. Cpl. M. Gunn

3. Cpl. G. Hamilton
6. Cpl. G. Rouseau
9. L.A.C. C. Logan

WEDDING BELLS

The Station Chapel at No. 3 B. & G. School was the scene of two Air Force weddings on Friday, September 8th.

The first wedding, at 10 o'clock Friday morning, was that of AW1 Leila Milligan and P/O Sidney Woodward. The bride, dressed in a rose crepe afternoon dress and wearing a corsage of Talisman roses, was given away by Major Guthrie of the Canadian Dental Corps. AW1 Olive Melesko, wearing a turquoise blue afternoon dress with a corsage of red roses, was the bride's only attendant. P/O Johnson was the best man.

S/L Coleman presided at the organ and during the signing of the register Cpl. Isa Dunsheath sang "Because."

P/O and Mrs. Woodward left shortly after the ceremony for Kenora where they spent their short honeymoon before returning to their respective units.

The second wedding took place at 3 p.m. when AW1 Patricia Leeper became the bride of Sgt. Donald Cumming. The couple were attended by AW1 Claire Hughes and Sgt. R. J. Reynolds. F/S

S. Barker gave the bride away. The entire wedding party wore uniform.

Sgt. Tyler played the organ and Cpl. Isa Dunsheath sang "Love Brings a Little Gift of Roses" as the register was signed.

F/L B. G. Stibbards performed both ceremonies.



P/O and Mrs. Sidney Woodward and wedding party.



This is the page that was reserved for the Educational Office, Dental Clinic, Officers' Mess, Gunnery II, Maintenance and Construction Engineering. Thanks for the write-ups!

CENTRAL SIGHS

Hello from the "hello girls,"
Who have such a lovely life,
In our cosy little corner
Where we sometimes come to strife.
We keep the vigil day and night,
And do we have a time
To keep out almost fifty lights
With but two hands like thine.

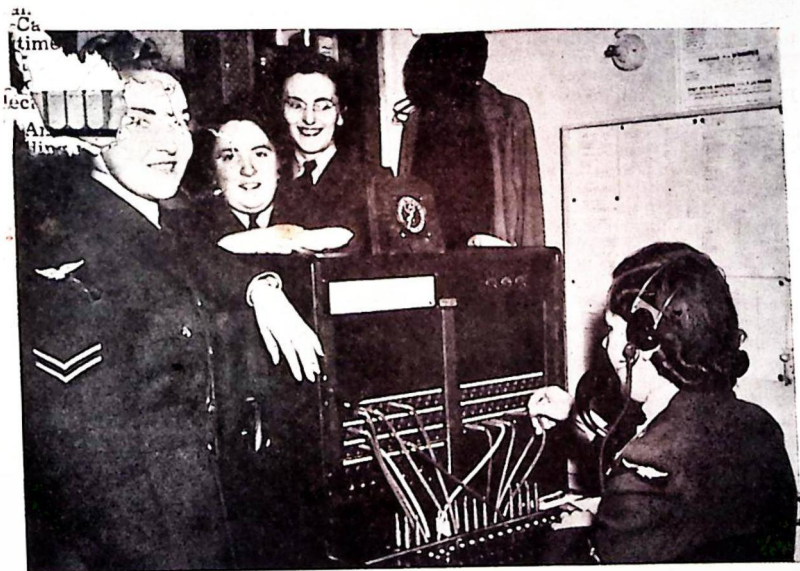
Should Bud call Sunny Alberta,
Or our dear A.F.H.Q.
Then leave the office all at once
As though his call was through;
Well, it isn't fun exactly
To say Bud isn't there
When Ottawa says, "We're ready,"
For that fellow from out "Nowhere."

Each day receivers are lifted,
And too often we will find
'Tis a fellow behind the caller
Who is being strung a line:

"Last night we had quite a party,"
Or "Give me a cigarette, Pete,"
While "Number, please," more tartly
We are obliged to repeat.

Now we play the "bugler,"
For a civilian, "Oh, my yes."
At six a.m. a call goes out.
Alarm clocks are SO scarce.
To clear up heaps of trouble;
The lineman calls quite often,
"Battery off" means "dead," you know,
Then does the station bubble!

Don't think we are not happy,
Our work we really like,
Though some may think we're sappy
We think we're growing white.
Speaking briefly and to the point
Is only business, personnel;
Conserve the lines from coast to coast;
Good night, we wish you well.



Telephone Operators.

. A DAY AT GUNNERY POOL

If, at 06:55 hours any morning of the week, you should see an Officer or N.C.O. (I know many who will never see them) hurriedly walking down toward "C" Hangar, and rubbing the sleep from his eyes, you will know that he is "Opening Up" at Gunnery Pool. He will salute if necessary and say "Morning," as we all talk to ourselves quite often now. After six attempts to find the key-hole, he opens the door to the busiest spot this side of the Arena in Portage on a Saturday night.

At this point his entire disposition changes, and that same man becomes a virtual dynamo. He rushes into the office and madly grasps the chits that include the names of all the students who are to fly that day, and proceeds to arrange them for the day's activities. This schedule today and every day will take approx. 225 students up into the "wild blue yonder" on one exercise apiece.

Suddenly from outside the entrance to the Pool you hear the first take-off students coming to a halt in one body. That sounds like an officers' Drill class. Then in they come, young eager fellows, and so full of ambition that you begin to feel sorry for that poor Drogue today. The Despatcher bellows out their names and then in a quiet voice asks them if they would kindly pick up an Intercom and then report to the Briefing Officer who stands awaiting them in another room which is used only for Briefing and other "little" things. In this room they will be told just what to do "up there."

In the Briefing Room stands the Briefing Officer (who stood too far away from the razor when he got up, but will lean a little closer when he goes for breakfast) looking very stern and officious. In his hands he holds a small model aircraft, and a long pointer. (He uses the pointer as a cane at this time of day.) Strung from wall to wall is a fine wire along which slides an imitation drogue. The Briefer commences to simulate the exercise as it is flown and between nearly poking out the students' eyes with his pointer, roaming among the wild-eyed youths

with his model aircraft, and telling them not to open fire before getting into the aircraft, he carries on with the briefing. After each demonstration he has to sit down exhausted and carries on telling them to be sure and do this, but make darn sure that they don't do that. As they leave the pool for the Flight, one student invariably asks if it really means anything whether they hit the drogue or not and before you can take a swing at him he is gone.

At about this time the personnel of the Pool start "dashing" in, about 3½ seconds before the Parade State is made out. At this point I might mention who they are. There is F/L McKay, who is still dreaming of his very recent honeymoon, F/O Wilf (spelled with an "i") Knowles, who can't forget his, and P/O Indridson, who is very much afraid he will have to be thinking of one very soon. The others are F/O's Young, Beale, Smallwood and Faulkner, and P/O's Bailie, Theuerkauf, and Cram. The N.C.O.'s are WO1 Cunliffe, WO2 May, Sgt. Harry, and Sgt. Mitchell. There are also three AC's who are waiting to go on course. If you take careful note of these names, many of which are "Gen" Repats, you will realize why this spot is often referred to as "Gen" section.

The Despatcher, Interrogator, Briefer go directly to their desks, and commence to wait for some poor innocents to be caught unawares. The wing instructors don their flying equipment, and off they whizz (well, saunter) to the Flights. At about this time the "Opening Up" Briefer and Despatcher are up in the Mess coaxing to be fed at this late hour and at the same time being glowered upon by their superior officers for not being at work at such a late time of day.

Before long the students start coming down from the air and back to the Pool for a short chat with our Interrogator Quiz Kid sitting behind his mahogany desk with his feet up on a plush footstool. (We can dream, can't we?) On seeing the students approaching the entrance of the Pool, he immediately takes his feet off the desk, sits up straight, and assumes the air of a male salesman in a Lingerie Dept.

The students, who now have visions of a drogue looking like an old sieve, saunter up to the desk, and literally

throw the chit into the face of the Interrogator saying, "300 rounds fired, Sir." Had the exercise been incomplete, they would have known it was to their advantage to have sneaked the chit onto the desk. The Interrogator makes a note of the rounds fired and then asks the students various questions. The last question usually put to them is "How did the pilot fly the exercise and what type of pilot was he?" The answer that is usually received will only be told when I am sure of my posting Overseas.

It is usually about this time that the squeaky voice of the W.D. Despatcher from the Gunnery Flight comes over the P.A. asking which gunner became airsick in such and such an aircraft. One of the gunners immediately turns an awful green colour and admits that it was he. Off he goes to the Flight again with a little bit of cloth and a little bit of water. The other two gunners usually take on that "old veteran" look when they see their chum walking back to the Flight, but they change very quickly back to the "Macdonald" look when told that they will have to wait for him. In the meantime they can pick up a mop and pail and "volunteer" to clean up our "little home" in "time" again. When their companion returns they turn in their Intercoms and go to the C.I.S. II for more "Gen" . . .

Another thing that goes all day, the never-ending patter of students' feet going to and from the Pool. At last 16:00 hours arrives and at that time the Pool again begins to assume that quiet atmosphere of 06:55 hours.

To be on the more serious side, we are all very glad to work at Gunnery Pool where we do our bit along with all the other sections in the training of future Air Gunners. We think the Pool is very well organized (who else will think so if we don't) and if you would like to come down any time to see us we would be glad to take a few minutes off to show you around. We don't run any special sight seeing tours but all the boys are married anyway, with the exception of Ross May who always says, "Who would want me anyhow?" Well, who would?

So that is Gunnery Pool. To the Ground Crew personnel we would like to close with this tip, "If you can't go Aircrew, go Straight A.G."

HOSTESS HOUSE

. . . Hospitality

Though we are probably wasting our time introducing three people who are as well known as the Y.W.C.A. hostesses, we'll go right ahead and waste it. They are well worth it.

First, we have Mrs. Reid. She has been at Macdonald for much longer than a good many of the airmen and airwomen who are constantly complaining about the station and she still likes it. That may, of course, be due to her exceptionally bright and pleasant nature. Never once has she been heard to complain when asked for help in any station activity and never once has a murmur of protest filtered through those piles and piles of pressed uniforms, awaiting the application of wings and hooks, that deluge her every two weeks. Even without the asset of her good cooking, Mrs. Reid couldn't help but be well liked at No. 3 B. & G.

Next we have Miss Bishop. She hasn't been with us for so very long, but nevertheless, she has managed to make herself very well known and very well liked amongst the numerous visitors to the Hostess House. Her experiences with banana cream pies, visitors at her window, and a few other comical occurrences are told far and wide throughout the station. We only hope that she will be here for a good long time and give those who have not yet made her acquaintance a chance to do so.

Last but not least we have Mrs. Smith. Pardon me . . . I should say we had Mrs. Smith, for she has been posted to Banff. Lucky woman! "Little Smitty" was an ever-moving ray of sunshine in the Hostess House and the W.D. Cottage at Delta alike. She has a face that invites confidence and a heart that never betrays it, and all of us miss her cheery presence very much. We hope that she will return this way in the very near future.

These are our Y.W.C.A. Hostesses. Drop into the Hostess House sometime and meet them in person.

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P. T. & D.

. . . Personalities

Personalities of the P. T. and D. Section are varied and many, totalling fourteen in all.

The chief advisor is that capable good-natured fellow, F/O Daverne. He comes from Kelliher, Sask., and is a former school principal. He has also coached various sports teams in basketball, hardball, soccer, etc. Under his supervision this section has improved 100% and is now flourishing. Keep up the good work "Lorne," we are right behind you.

Next in line is that Hurdy-Gurdy boy, known as "Steinie" to his many friends across Canada. His chief interests are boxing, wrestling, and other sports. "Steinie" has trained and worked with many athletes in various gyms across Canada. Keep on travelling, "Steinie."

F/S Bob Forrester is a real Discip. who, as a sideline, exerts himself in ballet and tap dancing. Bob hails from Winnipeg, and comes from a family who are all "show" people at heart. By the way, Bob is also a good tumbler and a real character. Keep up your sports, Bob.

In the middle of Lacrosse, that tough shooting game, where speed, stamina, and endurance count, you will find Frenkowski. (Phil, to you.) This lad has been here a long time and is well known to all personnel. His personality and winning smile do a lot to encourage the "weaker" sex in sports. He is at present wrapped up in Rugby (and not the chesterfield variety either). He hopes that one day he will be able to straight-arm one of those Japs.

"Roley-Poley" Rawlings, our straight man, keeps the trainees in line and does a good job of being father, mother, and brother to them all. Keep on punching, Jack.

Suave, smooth, sophisticated Beau Brummel Bletcher (Robert to you) enjoys a good game of golf or croquet. His interest also leans towards tennis and, at present, Rugby, and my oh my,

how he tackles his work. He is single, girls.

Well, well! We now introduce our Montreal Kid. He's our own inimitable Vic "Mature" Latimer. Are we right, June? This big hunk of lovely man played with the Winnipeg Blue Bombers and is now representing this unit. He is an all-round sports man and will soon be back to strengthen our team. Hurry back, Vic.

Lookie, lookie, here comes "Cookie" walking down the sports field to check the lads, and referee their soccer game. Wes hails from Manitow, Man.

Our No. 1 weight-lifter and P.T. man, Percy Heirsberg, was called back to No. 2 T.C. and Jimmy Greaves replaces him. This lad Jimmy comes from Brandon and besides being a basketball man, is well known as a ladies' man.

The next chap we speak of is not related to Little Miss Moffat, but he is one of our most capable instructors, and is in good shape after a month's harvesting down in St. Mary's Ont. Is that right, Wally? It was a long holiday but he is back and is as efficient as ever.

Nan Carley, our popular W.D. Sgt., is a pilot at heart. She flies through the Sports Stores several times during the day, and almost lands in G. . . . but aside from flying she . . . on her toes and very efficient.

"Pinky," that curvy little ten-haired Cpl., is bubbling over with vitality. Ask the W.D.'s. They know. She was born in Wyoming, U.S.A., and you can tell it from her talk. She is a "Blue-nose" now and will be home doing some fishing soon.

Cpl. Boivin, or Evelyn to some people, is a good sport, and looks after all our books. Keep up the good work, Evelyn.

Hogan's Bowling Alleys are the centre of activity in the Drill Hall, and a meeting place for all personnel. Hogan comes from Fort Francis, Ont., and is well known all around the station.

Our right hand man Tommy, who repairs everything but broken hearts, is in demand at all times, night and day. This lad makes his home in Saskatoon, and has been at this unit a long time.

We have a good staff and they are ready to help all personnel.

THE GANG FROM THE . . . AIRMEN'S CANTEEN

I shall now endeavor to let you in on a little inside dope pertaining to each and every one of the staff in the Airmen's Canteen.

Let's begin with the girls. After all, what would the boys do without them? It wasn't until 18 months ago that the boys were lucky enough to have girls waiting on them in their own canteen.

DOREEN HOADLEY: She was the first girl to work in the Airmen's Canteen so she's a real veteran of both the Battle of Macdonald and the Battle of the Canteen. And believe me, that's something to shout (or scream) about. She's a cute kid and does her work very well.

EDNA LAURENCE: Now don't tell me you don't know our own little Edna. She has been here at Macdonald for over two years. She worked in the W.D. Canteen for a considerable length of time but now she has transferred to

the Airmen's Hangout, much to the delight of both Laurie and the airmen. It must be that good old Winnipeg touch that does it.

MICKEY BARLOW: Yes, we have her with us too. Who could possibly forget Mickey? I bet after just returning from her furlough in the U.S.A. she can really tell us some tall tales. She is a "good old Manitoban" and says that she has been at Macdonald "too long." Well, who hasn't?

And now we switch from the fair sex to those many specimens of masculinity . . . or something.

FREDDIE FOX: He is our tall, fair N.C.O. in charge of all of us in the Canteen. Poor guy! Just the other night he left for Claire, Sask., to spend his furlough with his wife and newborn daughter, Karen Louise. Oh, the joys of being a proud papa, eh Corp?

TOM KOKINDOWIZ: He's just an-



Airmen's Canteen Staff.

COURSE 90

other Canteen Steward, folks, but try to pronounce his name. No wonder he calls himself "Koke" for short. If you want to know anything about the making of shoes, get Tommy to take you to Winnipeg sometime. Yes, and another thing, talk about a tease! Just ask his co-worker Gordon Lee. He'll give you the dope on him.

BERT BAKER: He is a resident of Brandon. If the bread-cutting machine in the Airmen's Mess ever breaks down just drop over and call on Bertie. He's an expert at cutting bread.

GORDON LEE: He's our little Frankie Sinatra. If you don't believe me, ask the girls in the Sgts.' Mess. They must have some reason for calling him Frankie. And, too, watch him when some real hot music is on the radio. He just can't control those feet of his. Maybe he learned that at his home on Jarvis St. in Toronto.

STAN GRAHAM: Yes, I mean our Stanley from Cobalt, Ont. No, girls, he's not married and boy, is he ever good at pitching woo—after all, I work with him. I should know. You don't even have to make the first move, just leave it ALL up to him. He has been in the canteen for some time now and has taken Aircrew Classes as he wants to be "one of those A.G.'s."

BYERS: Here's another guy who's good at "dishing it out," but don't get me wrong, girls. This time I mean ice cream. Just the same, he's not married and he must have something up his sleeve or he wouldn't put curlers in his hair every night.

BERT HENDRICKS: Here is our own little "Bertie" of the canteen who comes from Saskatoon. We all think he should have been a girl instead of a boy. Sometimes we almost make the fatal mistake of calling him "Gertie" instead of "Bertie." For further information call on "Koke" sometime.

TED DEMPSEY: Meet our Squadron Leader of the Canteen. He used to work in the Warehouse and before that in the Officers' Mess. He is another prairie personality, coming from Moose Jaw, Sask.

MOORE: Last but not least of the male staff is our own little "Useful Employment" lad who is now on 13 days leave at his home in Sault Ste. Marie. He hasn't worked here very long so we have no real gen on him.

Well kids, that's that. You've had it. So long.

On the 26th of August, 1944, Course 90 had its first view of Macdonald, and looking over the prairies all around us we thought, "What a Station!" After we got more or less settled, however, we found that it wasn't as bad as it's made out to be. Of course, a certain WO2 is always running into classes and asking Hilliard or Spencer, "Why aren't you in your proper bed?" but that is only a minor annoyance.

Like all previous courses we have found that we have a fine bunch of athletes among us, so in our first two or three weeks here we have made a contribution to rugby and baseball in the forms of McGregor, Hughes, and Walker.

Of course, we all have our ups and downs and Course 90 is no exception. A certain LAC is known as "Glamour Boy" by the two-bit range instructors. Wonder why?

Then there's a certain blonde wavy haired individual with a rather receding forehead who is Course 90's No. 1 wolf. You should be able to spot him practically any time wolfing at the W.D. Canteen. His favorite line is, "I read it in Prof. Deepbrow's book on philosophy, page 2, line 3, paragraph 1." Watch out, girls. He's not as innocent as he looks.

We are also proud to say that we have some "Newsies" in our bunch. Fine fellows—all of them. And then we also have our Englishmen, but you have to expect that with Heritage amongst us. They, too, are a swell bunch.

Last but not least, we have been with a small stocky bundle of joy (ugh!). Forbes is his name. His favorite pastimes are being late for parades or playing cribbage. Marvels never cease! He actually shows up for P.T. periods.

We have our quota of jitterbugs, too. Hunt (AC2) is the foremost exponent of the art. He's trying a new dance step now. You twirl the girls like a lasso, then let go. It saves time in taking them home, I guess.

That's all now. Remember "The Shadow" sees all, hears all, tells all, and knows darned little.

"THE SHADOW."

ACCOUNTS ACTIVITIES

If at any time you come over to the Admin. Building to pay us a visit, you won't have any trouble finding our section. Just open the door, stand in the hall for a second, and listen. That industrious sounding place down at the end of the hall could be us.

Oh! You want to know something about something, eh? Well, this little fellow you see at his desk by the counter, F/S "Fearless" Jones, will try to settle de deal . . . or else settle you. Or maybe you want some easy money. Oh, pardon me, I mean some money right quickly. The cute little brunette sitting across from him, Cpl. Monica LeGris, is the gal to see. She is also the one that watches things and stuff like a hawk, even that extra money you shouldn't have received on Pay Parade and had taken off your next pay. Or maybe you have just been "hitched"

. . . I mean, married . . . and wish to make an assignment. Our ever-cheerful Cpl. Eunice Berry is there to help you . . . to get a divorce.

Then we have our four pay ledger clerks, LAW "Banjo Eyes" Blanchard, who says, "Why did I ever get stuck with this old Sergeants' ledger? (sigh). Why aren't there more sergeants?" LAW "Red" Ayre gives the AC2's, AC1's and LAC's the pleasure of having her see how many debits she can possibly find on their pay sheets. LAW Reid, who works on the W.D.'s ledger, simply says, "I love my country, also my station," but then, after each pay day, she slams her ledger and wonders. The trainees' ledger is done by our little sunshine girl, LAW Marj. Williams.

The breeze that you feel while standing at the counter is LAW Lee McCrae



Accounts Section Staff.

galloping into the S/L's office, only too glad to do his shorthand and typing.

The other side of our office is the Equipment Accounting. Cpl. "Angel Face" Layton, who works on the A.I.U. ledger and Inventories, has everything from an empty ink bottle to an aeroplane in that ledger of hers. Most of you know "Butch" Galloway. Yes, she's the one who comes around and pesters every section on the station each week, glaring as she tells them to "Hand over the vouchers, or else..." while LAW Cox stamps around the section looking for something to pin on the voucher so it will look official. Cpl. Lois Forrester does a very good job on the invoice desk. Keep it up, Lois! LAW Norma Hibberd buzzes around from desk to desk working here and there, and talking everywhere. Oh! We mustn't forget our favorite Flight-Sergeant. Even if he does swipe our cigarettes, there isn't another like F/S Fairey.

Yipe!! I almost forget Non-Public Funds. Here we have Cpl. Main, LAW Creedon and F/O Thompson. F/O Thompson will be only too glad to give you money at any time . . . that you need change. S/L Coleman and F/L McLean, our senior officers, have to bear up with all the said characters and, believe it or not, they do.

So, folks, this is our section. Won't you call again?

WORKSHOP

. . . *Whisperings*

Can anyone tell us why LAC Mac-Cormac spent his last 48 in barracks? It couldn't be that there was a long week-end in Winnipeg. Too bad, Mac. Better luck next 48!

Congratulations to LAC Moore who is a champion tennis player. He came first in the men's doubles in Island Park Tennis Club in Portage.

Evidently the regular 48's don't come around often enough for Cpl. Rigden. He has to go into Winnipeg on revielles. The last time he came back with a swollen eye. What's up, Riggy? Need any help?

F/S Gibson spent his furlough at Clear Lake. Welcome home. Hope the lake is still clear.

We wonder who the attraction is around Workshops when a certain W.D. corporal always arrives at refreshment time. What is it corporal, some guy or the beverage?

. . . CENTRAL WAREHOUSE

The picture of the Central Warehouse begins, not with line or color, but with sound and motion. That is, when everyone is just beginning to wake up, he is startled by an ominous roar, followed by a rending shriek, then a low growl culminating in a shock which threatens the stability of the whole building. When he tiptoes to the door our hero is greeted by the happy smile and heartening voice of the nonchalant M.T. driver.

Thus begins the routine of the day. The star of this show is that handsome courier, that mercury delivering the messages of the gods, none other than LAC Johnnie Klassen. Wandering through the day, jumping jive and asking himself, "Why can't I pawn off Pepsi's to 'D' Hangar?" or "When am I going to get married?"

And before I conclude, I must mention our sergeant, "Sig" Thorsteinson, Also in connection with "Sig" we must make allusion to that pretty blonde W.D. from Accounts.

At the end of the day when all the orders are taken, our friend Johnnie sweeps the sergeant's torn hair from the floor, locks the door, and so ends our day.

And then there is the airman who filled in his application for a commission as follows:

"Period of Employment?"

May to September, 1940.

"Name of Employer?"

French Army.

"Nature of Employment?"

Ambulance Driver.

"Cause of Leaving?"

German Army.

F (FOR FRUSTRATION FLIGHT) OR . . . CONFUSION FOR CONVERTS!

It was an ideal morning at No. 3 B. and G. The sun, in all its western glitter, stretched eagerly towards the blue Canadian skies and gently pushed back the grey curtain of a misty dawn. Macdonald was awakening, and in the nearby kitchens the staffs were gingerly putting the finishing touches to the morning's appetizing repast.

At the appointed hour along the flight line, the aircraft were slowly becoming aligned and their appointed crews putting the finishing touches upon the engines and controls, thereby leaving a minimum of chores for the pilot. Ah yes, it was going to be a good day for the F-17's of all the flights. Ahhhh, ye optimistic and cheerful minds of an early morn!

In "E" hangar, all was functioning well. The Lizzies were groomed; the pilots were ready and their faithful assistants awaited them. At the precise scheduled time, the planes were winging their way to the rendezvous with their sister Boleys and thereby commence and complete the first phase of many phases of the day's operations.

In the adjoining office, there was a serenity and quietness that hung heavy on the morning bedlam. "F" flight, in its happier moments, was reposing in languid retrospect. A day had passed—let not another befall that of the previous one. Thus do retrospects go, and thus do retrospects die.

At 07:45, the door opened slowly, and through the portals entered the man who was to decide the destiny of all who dared to follow his heavy tread in the den of converts and convertees. A few moments later, other footsteps followed suit and in short order business was back to what we like to call normal. That we leave open to argument.

F/O Hierlmeier is a man of few words, well chosen and exacting words. Reclining back in his favorite chair, he calmly calculated his day's work and eyed his keen and anticipative staff.

"Where's Vidrine?" this loyal son of Northern Saskatchewan voiced, fearing the worst.

A gentle silence greeted this first interrogative sequence of the morning, and in the corner the voice of P/O Walsh, another Saskatchewan patriot, piped:

"Isn't Vidrine out on the safety range for some reason or other, Gordy?"

"H - - -, no . . . that was last week!" "Perhaps he's D.W.O., then," persisted Walsh.

"That's no \$?& -" reason to be absent from the flight," fumed the former Pat Bay Hudsoner. "And, by the way, I don't seem to see that wandering son of Lloyd Minster around, either. Where is McCrae?"

Dead silence. Cigarettes were lighted and blue smoke of various lineage curled lazily in the confines of "F" flight.

Just as the silence was becoming a little congested, the air cleared momentarily around the doorway and in the gathering haze emerged the smiling cynicism of Sgt. Major Huber who viewed the scene and hastily considered a retreat from whence he came.

"Artie, where in the h - - - is Vidrine?" challenged Hierlmeier.

"I think he's in the mess finishing his coffee, sir."

"Well, I'll . . ." and sinking back in his former repose, the maestro, oddly, seemed to relax a trifle. "Oh, well," he mused, "no use panicking; the Anson is U/S again and the Harvard won't be ready until 09:00. If he's not here in 10 minutes I'll give him a buzz at the mess."

A few moments later, with Legaarden and Walsh well on their way towards their respective planes with their unsuspecting convertees, peace and quiet once more slowly raised their eyebrows from their point of cover and viewed the situation.

"Bert, when Vidrine and McCrae arrive, have them sit around until I return. I'm going over to the tower with these reports and there won't be anything doing for a while." And with that, Hierlmeier, with hat perched jauntily upon right quarter cerebellum, strolled from the inner sanctum.

In the meantime, P/O McCrae, with

his long legs draped around one of the finer lunch counter stools of the bus station cafe in Portage, was gloomily sipping a second cup of coffee and anxiously awaiting the call for the Macdonald 08:30 bus. It had been his misfortune . . . and who does not occasionally . . . to oversleep. After all, the ole boy was having a pretty rugged time in the local community finding a suitable bastion for he and the Mrs., and there is nothing more tiresome than walking, calling and checking innumerable prospects in a rambling western town.

Back from the control tower, Gordy Hierlmeier was contemplating the next pilot he was to check on single engine procedure. Vidrine had arrived and departed once more, as is his habit, and all was blissful in the neighborhood. McCrae had phoned in and was now on his way to work. Walsh and Feener up on Instruments in the Boley; Legaarden had just put the other Boley U/S and was now scanning the taxi strip for the Anson which was being towed over for the day's work, and, all in all, things were perkin' up.

F/L McInnes sat reading over the new set up on the SE procedure while Hierlmeier stood pondering over new tactics for his boys. McCrae, 'twas decided, would take up McInnes when the Boley returned. Legaarden would take up Grooms in the Anson and when the Harvard, which was a little longer coming up than expected, arrived, Vidrine would scan the Manitoba horizons with Manitoba's own F/O Shepherd. Yes, indeed, things were lining up in smooth order, now.

"Probably the chaps think I'm a little hard on them, and perhaps I am, but if they would only realize it's for their own good. Keep 'em moving . . . try to panic them, keep 'em thinking, on the bit . . . jar 'em. Plug the instruments. Cut an engine. Foul the trim! Yes, it's rugged, all right, tough as h - - -, but so help me, Hannah, if they can handle a Boley under those conditions, they are real flyers. Yes," mused the Instrument Maestro, "most of the boys do all right . . . the odd one falters and some may lose their heads, but the majority, so help me, weather the storm all right." This old veteran of many Canadian winters scowled as he mused over his charts. "There's Slater, a keen, cool and determined pilot. H - - -, I did everything but spray

water in his face on take off on that SE check the other day, but d - - - it all, he got down O.K. even if I did hae me doubts a couple of times." So saying, he picked up the phone, dialed No. 2 Gunnery and placidly requested the name of the next pilot for SE check.

South of the Assiniboine at 4,500 feet, F/O Walsh was putting Mr. Feener through the paces. Two smooth and efficient pilots, one improving his technique and the other aiding in the rough spots. Things were running smoothly.

"All right, Melvin, let's try a rate one to 330." Bob Walsh casually studied Feener's reaction on the suggestion. Smooth and studied it was and in suppressed exultation, he called for another.

"Oops, a little too fast on that one, boy. Keep your eye on the needle."

"H - - -, Bob, isn't that rate of turn off a bit?"

"It was O.K. just now, wasn't it?" smiled Walsh.

"O.K., then, let's try another," thus, ruefully from Melvin Feener.

The farmers harvesting their crops, if they felt so inclined, gazed at the lone plane droning noisily overhead. And for fifteen minutes, all they would have seen was right and left gentle turns. Such is the life of an instrument pilot on a refresher.

The Bolingbroke came down on No. 1 very nicely. Bob Walsh, after his tour of instruction at Yorkton, was no mean slouch at handling a twin engine aircraft and with his usual unconcern for haste, soon had the plane parked and waiting for his next pilot. Yes, sir, the boy from Hodgeville, Saskatchewan, knew his business. He also knew the ropes, 'cause he's just another Canadian who earned his commission the hard way . . . through the ranks.

Circling lazily for height, the little Harvard purred smoothly through the odd scattered cumulus and was soon haughtily ignoring the puffy visitors. F/O Shepherd, under the hood, nonchalantly kept the office in order and all the needles in their respective places. Vidrine dreamily contemplated his next leave down amongst the bayous of Louisiana. 'Twas it not a peaceful setting!

"O.K. Shep, let's level out here at 5,000. Hold her straight and level on 220 degrees."

The aircraft neatly turned towards

the desired heading and purred right along.

"Fine. Now let's try a medium turn to the left . . . 360 degrees."

"Airspeed, Shep, watch that b - - y airspeed!"

"She's O.K., Georgie boy . . . don't panic!" D - - - these Western laconics.

"O.K., brother, you get her in a spin and you'll be getting her out."

"Watch your altitude." This accompanied by a sickening kick of the top rudder. "You're overbanking."

"H - - -, George, give me time. I'm getting . . ."

"Look at your airspeed, now, you're going into a spi . . ."

"D - - - the airspeed. I know what I'm doing."

And with the grace of an elephant doing a rumba, the plane levelled out a few odd degrees off course and a few feet off altitude. Never let it be said that this writer didn't concede a few points to a fellow birdman.

Leaving the Harvard for a few moments with its two chummy occupants and their repertoire of conversational assault, we scan the darkening horizon (What, more rain!) and look down a couple of thousand feet. There, perched on the fringe of a darkening Cumulo Nimbus was 11322 cautiously darting in and out of the depths, like a little child in a newly found room . . . cautious, yet curious. Lars Legaarden had momentarily taken Johnny Grooms from behind the goggles and they were both contemplating this new element of Instrumental escape.

"Why not," queried Johnny. "It'll do us both some good, and besides, Lars, think of the fun we'll have."

"Yeah, I know, but do you think ole Annie can take it? Looks sort of rough in there."

"Nothing like trying, I always say," placidly from Mr. Grooms.

"O.K., let her rip. I'll take her in and then, Johnny, you take over for a while, and then me. We'll see what happens."

"D - - -, but it's rough."

"Yeah!"

"Look at that rate of climb indicator. Cripes, Lars, just like my heart when I see a certain babe, but don't tell my wife."

"Oh, brother! That was a lulu . . .

I wonder if there are many more bumps like that one."

"Say, I think we're coming out. It's getting lighter."

"Yeah!"

"O.K., Johnny, you take her. I guess it's time to head for home."

"You're the boss. Where in the h - - - are we?"

"There's the lake right off the port wing . . . Macdonald straight ahead."

"Roger . . . here we go."

And thus another episode ends in the daily rituals of the staff of "F" flight, No. 3 Bombing and Gunnery School, Macdonald, Manitoba. It was indeed a pleasure to jot off a few lines on F/O Hierlmeier, the O.C., and F/O Legaarden, P/O McCrae, P/O Walsh, and nacherly take a header on ye ole commentator.

—VIDRINE.

Tid Bits from . . .

TURRETS

Hello Mugs!

How would you like to listen to an argument in the Turret Office during a lull in instructions? Well, there's a D - - - good one right now. Want to listen ? ? ?

P/O Speight: "Here's how it is, fellows. If the pressure comes in here . . ."

Jimmy Hale: "What I say is that it is equalized . . ."

Sam Charlton: "If you guys would open your so-and-so eyes you could see . . ."

Walt Brassington: "How the so-and-so am I going to fix this board if you keep on waving your arms around?"

Bog Shaw: "Why . . ."

Stan Kolar: "Shut up! What the h - - - do you know about it?"

Mike Worobec: "Did you fellows see that Babe in the show last night?"

Argument is promptly forgotten while said "Babe's fine points are carefully gone over with the more experienced wolves adding their own experiences to the general discussion. Suddenly a low voice cuts in on the con-

versation: "What about that recuperator?"

A chorus of "Boo's" and then a brilliant suggestion — "Let's go for the mail." And that's the end.

WO2 FRED GREEN.

* * *

The lightning flashed and thunder roared. Water trickled under the doors. Through the noise an airman struggled holding a large object tightly clamped to his bosom. At the sight several pairs of hands opened the door to allow the newcomer in. Pandemonium reigned while the erstwhile newcomer laid the object preciously down on the table for all to admire.

It was Monday morning and Sgt. Straw was displaying his trophy, captured at the Portage Golf course on August 27th, a large coffee pot. Seems as though "Romeo" Straw can, when the necessity arises, capture more than feminine interest, as the trophy amply attested. 'Tis a good coffee pot and should prove a constant source of satisfaction to his friends in the Turret Section, if only someone will donate a little coffee and a W.D. who can make good coffee.

Are now all eagerly awaiting another golfing event so that our friend can enter and possibly win some cups.

W.D. CANTEEN *Calling . . .*

The three W.D. Canteen Stewards who comprise this all female section are Cpl. Hannah Halverson, LAW Elsie James, and AW1 Pat Smith. Allow me to introduce you formally.

The tall blonde with the pleasant smile is Hannah Halverson. She is from Saskatchewan but has no intention of settling down there after the war. A certain Aussie who graduated on Course 72 has seen to that.

Elsie James is the brunette of the Canteen staff and has been here longer than either of the others. She is a cute kid and a lot of fun but she is terribly careless with her money when she goes

to Portage of an evening. Better watch that, Elsie.

That roly-poly bundle of giggles behind the counter is Pat Smith. She has been at Macdonald almost a year now and is still as much of a problem and a surprise as she was the day she arrived. Keep away, boys. She's getting married very soon.

Platter Chatter

There are few who realize how trying it can be attempting to keep the morale of a station at its highest peak. This, although many fail to see it, is the task of the Airmen's Mess. Without a doubt we have one of the most essential and important jobs in the R.C.A.F. The old saying that the "Air Force flies on its stomach" is still one of the most vital truths in the Service.

To keep the personnel healthy is one thing, but to keep them satisfied is another. This is the daily duty of the Airmen's Mess, to show variety and to please the majority. If you stop a moment to think, it is a job which entails not only tedious labor but also a lot of sound and serious planning, so is it any wonder that we consider ourselves the "Morale Centre" of the station.

We have in S/O Lang and F/S Cowan a fighting team, fighting to keep the spirits of the personnel at their highest level at all times. To Cpl. Betty Martin goes a lot of credit for the efficient handling of the W.D.'s who work with her in the preparation and distribution of the meals.

Although at times we are looked upon as a select class, we nevertheless have a lot of fun together and, as the pages of Tracer become more familiar to us all, it will be my earnest endeavor to bring one or two of our personalities to you to familiarize you with our little problems and our fun together.

In closing, on behalf of all the personnel of the Mess Hall, I wish Cpl. Thibeault, LAC Saunders, LAC Morrison, LAC Payne, LAC Wilson, and LAC Tarrant the very best of luck when they disembark at a port "Somewhere in England." The best of everything to you fellows.

Gibby.

SMOKE RINGS

Inside the Fire Hall:

Sgt. MAYHEW: Hails from Calgary. Known around the hall (on the q.t.) as Fearless Fosdick. Took over the duties of the memorable Sgt. Blackwood.

Sgt. MULOIN: St. Vital man. One of the two Sergeants who came to take the place of "Andy" and "Blackie" (whom you all know). New as yet, but more about him next time.

Cpl. GILLER: A Winnipeg boy. Known in the hall as the "Little Chief." A kind of hard man to figure out, but give us time, give us time!

Cpl. MacKENZIE: From Rivers, Manitoba. The little man who's never there. His ability for evading work is the envy of the rest of the boys. Recently received two hooks. What size hat do you wear now, Mac?

CURLY PARSONS: A Port Arthur lad. His "double talk" is a by-word in the Fire Hall. No one is able to under-

stand him and it keeps us busy trying to figure it out.

MAX KING: Hails from Winnipeg. Sole owner of the "Cave Supper Cluub." Recently became the proud papa of a baby girl. Has absolutely no idea of what he will do after the war.

GEORGE WEATHERBY: A Kinistino boy. (We wonder, too). As long as he has his sister and brother-in-law he will never look for something to talk about.

TOMMY WRIGHT: From Portage la Prairie. Anything you want to know about Newfie, ask Tommy. He spent a year and a half there, but he's certainly not bushed . . . yet.

GEORGE POUCHER: Hails from Roblin, Manitoba. Can always be found at the M.T. Section. If his wife isn't 'phoning it's some aircrew lad asking about the glass man.

AL RUSSELL: A Winnipeg lad. Our only member of the jitterbug legion.



Fire Fighters

Was once known as the boy with the fastest feet in Canada. His big love (outside of the R.C.A.F., of course) is his son "Peppy."

RED MOGGS: Hails from Vancouver. A joke for every hour of the day and the last thing at night, just one more, boys. Some of his stories are pretty tall, but we know Red.

GEORGE DURANT: The other Vancouver boy. Commonly known as Whippet. Another new man. Very quiet and up until now this reporter hasn't a thing on him.

DON REID: Shubenacadie, N.S. (say it slow). Our only representative from the East. Gave up a commission in the C.O.T.C. to enlist in the R.C.A.F. And we still call him the Brain. (How about it! !)

LATE FLASH!

Overheard after a test alarm:

S/L Mann: "How come the siren stopped?"

One of our worthy Sr. N.C.O.'s: "I guess it must have run down, sir."

Post Scripts



Without our little building no station would ever be complete. Where else do you hear those painful words, "No, I'm sorry there isn't any for you today."? Really gang, we try our best. Here we'll attempt to acquaint you with our Post Office Staff. First we begin with the Postmaster himself.

Sgt. J. E. MITCHELL: He's the old-timer of our staff. His home is in Oxbow, Sask., where he worked for the Post Office Dept. He was one of the first Canadian Postal Corps men to come here in March, 1942.

Cpl. ROY KELLY: Second in command comes Cpl. Kelly, the young gentleman known as "Junior." He's always on the bit. No doubt you have heard about his ability as a hockey player. He is a native of Sioux Lookout, but that does not mean that his ances-

tors were Indians. An old timer here, he has been with us nearly two years.

Pte. JOHNNY SKENE: This is our Johnny Doughboy who hails from Regina, home of the Mounties. He's that fellow you see standing on the corner with his tin cup and armful of papers. The W.D.'s will probably all remember him from the days when he was in the limelight in their canteen. It is a shame she got posted, isn't it?

Cpl. MARION CARR: She is that two-hooked wonder with a personality plus. We sometimes wonder if all those fellows who come to that wicket are only interested in their mail. Her home is down in Sussex, New Brunswick. She also was a former Postal Clerk and was one of the first W.D. Postal Clerks to arrive at Macdonald 'way back when.

LAW BETTY DOUGLAS: Betty is that tall, dark, slim girl who greets you with a smile when you come in. She is another one of those old timers around Macdonald, having been here over two years. Betty's home is in Winnipeg.

LAW FLORENCE MATHIESON: This little Scotch lass is from Moose Jaw, Sask. She came here along with her sister about two years ago. Her sister was posted but Flo stays on at the old homestead.

LAW AILEEN BONSALL: She is known as "Red." She has a bashful look on her face, but don't let it fool you, boys. She formerly worked in Maintenance until remustering to a Postal Clerk. She was also one of the first W.D.'s to come to Macdonald. Her home is in Westholme on Vancouver Island.

AW1 LEILA WOODWARD—Alias Milligan: Don't worry too much about that "alais" part. It's only because she got married on September 8th. Another one of these Saskatchewanites whose home is in Wadena. She is a new member of our staff who came here from Trenton.

LAW KAY FINNISON: She has been at Macdonald for quite some time, though she only recently joined our staff. Kay comes from some little town in Alberta, but she tells us that its name is a military secret. Gee, it must be small! Those who are interested in basketball have probably seen her play on our station team.

BUZZING

The Tower



The Macdonald Control Tower, scene of the brain trusts and guiding hands in everything aeronautical and aerological, is quite an interesting, if somewhat bedlamic, spot.

Lord of all he surveys is our own Chief Instructor, S/L Taylor, who inhabits the N.E. room of this oasis. Too bad they don't supply the odd nip or two. They supply everything else, including the odd logging and reprimandic groceries. Mr. Taylor, a very distinguished looking gentleman, hails from sunny California (Los Angeles, to be exact) and in the language of ye old reporter, has done all right for himself and Macdonald. His efficiency and determination are bywords to all who have been in contact with his omnipo- tence.

S/L "Bill" Wood, who hails from Vancouver, is another Canadian airman who has done well for himself and who might well be categorized as quite distinguished and very individualistic. A pre-war member of the Royal Air Force Ferry Command, he has so- journed via his duties along the Gold Coast, Nigeria, in Khartum, Anglo- Egyptian Sudan, Arabia, and in the historic and mouldy antiquity that is Gura, Eritrea. As O.C. Flying here at our progressive station, he has made healthy strides along the pathway of greater efficiency and happiness of his section—the pilots. The S/L's pride and joy these days is his four months old son, Peter, who is at present resid- ing with his mother in Gimli. Every- one who viewed the Sports Day Aerial exhibition has a healthy respect for this man's skill in his chosen field. His acrobatic exhibition was par excellence.

F/O Jack Benningen, the Squadron Adjutant, is another Westerner who has achieved great heights. A native son of that sprawling metropolis, Win- nipeg, he has been our adjutant for

approximately nine months and is doi- ng a bang-up job.

Moving upward, we now arrive in the crow's nest, where with eagle eye and nerves a-jangling, we see the men responsible for the safe and co-ordi- nated air traffic of the station. The man responsible for this intricate and hair-greying duty is F/O Crealock of Portage la Prairie, who replaced F/L "Pappy" Rose, our former sky gazer. Mr. Crealock is the quieter home-lov- ing type. He dispatches the duties re- quired of his position and relaxes in the quiet serenity of a very happy home life. This former mentor of Fort Wil- liam's traffic is a welcome addition to our fair home.

Still up and going down we now come to Sgt. George Hallworth and all of his proteges. George, a happily mar- ried man as of a recent date. He hails from Selkirk. Capably and smilingly holds the reins of Cpl's Macnab and Brownrigg who, in turn, tighten the noose upon the straining necks of LAC's Bolton, Wood, and Condliffe. These boys have a system all their own and the way they work out their turns in the control tender, sessions of P.T., drill classes, lunch hours, and the innum- erable duties of the tower crew, is amaz- ing. Incidentally, let it be known that George, who has been at Macdonald for quite a spell, was once an LAC him- self and has attained his present rank through many arduous tasks. "Brown- nie," from 'way down East, lets it be known here and now that he is a wee bit cheesed with things in general. Reckon you can't blame the Cpl. be- cause he's just about had his share of tough luck, the latest being the rejec- tion of his remuster to aircrew. Cpl. Macnab, however, seems quite happy with just about everything in general. He is a bit on the trigger-happy side and tends to mutter to himself occa-

sionally, but he smilingly and capably gets things done. LAC's Bolton, Wood, and Condliffe, all three from the West, just figure that carrying out orders is enough. And knowing the orders they have to carry out, we quite agree.

Back down on the mezzanine, we stroll into the den of the "skoits." First we wander into the office of the "Blonde Bombshell" or, as she haughtily and quite indignantly will have you know, 'tis Cpl. Vollar. Uh-huh, Gwen is quite the girl and although she is quite happy to chat away about just anything in general, for some reason or other, nary a word escapes her lips about her "private life," except, of course, that she hails from St. Vital. She will admit, however, as who does not, that there is a wee bit of a tendency to get a bit browned off now and then. 'Tis said by her colleagues that she and the boss get along quite happily and that she really likes her work very much. We wonder if she likes it half as much as she likes a certain C.S.M. who has been overseas for quite a spell.

There's an old story down around the coal mines in Pennsylvania that if a child, male or female, is brought down to the inner depths at an early age, 'twill be of benefit in later years. The story goes thusly: "Once down in the inky blackness of the anthracite dungeons, the child will be scared . . . nacherly, and scream to high heaven. This develops the vocal chords and the lungs. Then, through the years the parents and an odd teacher or two will strive to mellow the throaty dischords into a fluent and rhythmic flow of sound. That is one of the explanations for the wonderful and vibrant voices of the Welshmen." If there is any doubt of the afore-mentioned statement, this writer will gleefully refer you to one LAW Cooper, otherwise known as 'Anthracite Annie' or "Coal Dust." She is Welsh by birth and has been in North America for a mere twelve years. Her soft, mellow voice is well known to many who have had the opportunity of conversing with this effervescent wanderer from Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. 'Tis said, however, that her vocal explosions, upon being angered, have a very close resemblance to the now famous "Flame Thrower." At the time of this writing, Audrey has one real ambition . . . to be in another hue of blue and to stray happily into Pana-

ma City, Florida. Gad! That man gets around! !

Sneaking around the corner we peer into the Adj's office and see none other than LAW Roberts and AW1 Bird busily engaged in the routine of the day. Betty, who is 22 years of age and hails from Vancouver where she was once a telephone operator, is the perky bit of blonde pulchritude, while Vi is of shorter stature and seems to be of the "busily engrossed" type. Vi advises us that you will see the family name of Bird registered at the Card-berry town hall. These two gals are a real asset to the Tower.

With a deadline looming on the horizon, we hastily bring the little factuation of the Tower personnel to a shuddering close. See you in the next edition when we go "Buzzing the Tower."

S. P. PATTEN

First on our list is F/O Raymer, the D.A.P.M., fairly new on this station and therefore not so well known to the rank and file. Now that he has moved his office to the Guard House, however, we hope to know him much better. He hails from Windsor, Ont.

I imagine that most of the personnel of the station know F/S Merithew, N.C.O. i/c Service Police. In the year and three months he has been here on the station, many men have made his formal acquaintance. Twenty years' service in the Armed Forces has given him a very fine touch in his handling of men. Nuff said.

The grand-daddy of all Service Police on this station is Cpl. Liscum. Poor Morris, as he himself would say, "He's had it." As you know, whilst on duty some months ago, he suffered a broken leg which has been slowly healing. We hope it won't be long now before it is 100%. Through it all Morris has had a grin and a quip for everyone.

Sgt. Denyer is another of our shining personalities. I think in any other trade he might have been a "bad boy." He has two pet aversions—4 to 12 shifts and cobwebs. In a bit of a temper at times, but gets along very well with the boys in spite of himself.

Sgt. Smith is usually found on the "Graveyard Shift." He harvests all day and "works" all night. Result—he's beginning to get that owl look around the eyes.

Sgt. Anderson is the little man with the big bark, but everyone knows he would never bite. Born in Texas many years ago, he still has that rough-riding manner about him. Very much liked by all Service Police on the station, as well as by many others.

And then there are Cpl. Schlorff and Cpl. Riley, a sort of Damon and Pythias arrangement, but maybe that's because they've always had their 48's together. Howard Schlorff is nuts about aeroplanes and Paul is an authority on a variety of subjects. Howard is sometimes referred to as the "Mad Trapper," due to the fact that he has set many a trap in the north during pre-war days. He loves cold weather and the great outdoors.

Cpl. Tremblay, now limping with a sprained ankle, is also a lover of the great outdoors. Quiet and unassuming, he does a good job of work without fuss, and one of the best tailors on the station if you want to know.

Cpl. Hardy, the little man who wasn't there, only he isn't so little. Nothing bothers him. And there are two more Jim's—Cpl. Gray and Cpl. Beck. Both are solid members of the Air Force and veterans of the last war. Cpl. Beck has been over there in this one, too.

What's that? Did I hear someone say "Wolf?" Yes, I've heard that term applied to one of our Cpls., Monsieur Lapiere, the boy with the Charles Boyer accent and the warm affectionate eyes. Ooo-la-la, you heart-breaker, Arthur.

We mustn't forget the ladies, or lady rather. Cpl. Turenne, here on temporary duty, fills in a spot that was very empty before. A noticeable improvement in the language around the Guard House is one result. But Denise is a regular fellow.

Is there any need to speak of LAC Procopchuk, better known as "The Moose" or "Pork Chops"? Almost everyone has seen his gigantic frame rolling down the avenue at some time or other. "Moose" is a great lad and takes a lot of kidding, but never gets sore.

Cpl. Penner (Little Joe) is full of

vim and vigour. There's always lots of action where Joe is. He's a real spark plug.

That brings to mind Cpl. Knous, the old reliable. You can always find him on the beat. A good man to have around when there's trouble.

Cpl. Zalkin is well known on the station. Alex has been doing a spot of farming these last weeks, but doesn't care for stooking. Give him a team to drive and 60c an hour and he's all set. That goes for Cpl. Drolet also. He's a newcomer to the section along with Cpl. Halk. Other recent additions are Cpl. Cutler from Dafoe, Cpl. Loisselle, and LAC Miller.

Last and least is your writer, Cpl. Macdonald, office or Joe boy, at present having been handed the job on Cpl. Brunskill's posting. That's the Service Police in two nutshell.

P.S.—Since the above was written three important changes have occurred. In the first place we now have two ladies instead of one. AW1 Bird has now become incorporated into this busy little building on the bus line. Kay is a typist without a typewriter. A pretty poor show.

And Cpl. Loisselle and big "Moose" have been posted Overseas. Best of luck to both of you.

SIDE BANDS

A slight glimpse into the personalities that make up the Wireless Section.

F/S VELLEMAN: Better known to the boys as "The Dutch," is the little bundle of energy in charge of the Section in between Temporary Duty postings.

Sgt. GRAHAM: Better known as "Willie," is the shock-absorber between the F/S and the men, always doing his utmost to keep his men happy and also get the work done . . . without getting into the bad books of both the Flight and the O.C. of the Section.

Cpl. CAMPBELL: Sometimes known as the Creston Kid . . . and other names we can't print. Cam is now the happy wearer of "Canada's." He says that "This is what I've been waiting three *!?!* years for."

Cpl. FUNK: Commonly known as "Stick." He is now in the same boat as the Creston Kid and is away at home on leave. Good luck fellows!

LAC FORREST: Ted hopes to follow in the footsteps of the Creston Kid. We hope he makes it and that Command have a heart . . . he's worked so hard for so long for so little.

LAC BRHELLE: Ralph is the guy that keeps the W.D.'s in the Orderly Room busy. You should see them hustle when it comes time to put his name in D.R.O.'s for something. They look and they look but they never can spell it right the first time.

LAC GOULD: Jim is a comparative newcomer to the Wireless Section at No. 3 B. & G. However, he spends most of his waking hours finding boxes and cartons and things to put in them. I hope you can find one or two if you're here when it's time to pack up, Jim.

AC1 NICHOLLS: We don't really know a great deal about Bud, but rumour has it that he is seen out at night hunting up old pieces of wood and stuff and things. What's the score, Bud?

AC1 Erickson: Erik's now about to take the great jump. You'd be surprised at how swish he looks in his battle dress, girls. Better not forget to give his watch back, Cam. He'll need it.

AC1 "QUIZ KID" SCHWARTZ: Morris spends most of his time checking up on the Flight and other personnel of the section, but he'll gen up some day. Probably on "V" Day.

AC1 REILLY: Gerry is new to the Wireless gang and has been the butt of many a conversation in the section. We are very happy to have you, Gerry.

LAW McKENZIE: Better known as "Windblown" in the Section. She talks of little else but B.C. and her dog these days. That dog (?) must have something. Who calls her "Windblown Blondie"?

LAW O'CONNELL: What's the gen on that Paratrooper? Still sending him parcels, Connie? Off air gunners now?

LAW COFFEY: Thanks for writing us postcards while you were away on leave, Eleanor, but just where is Canada?

LAW O'NEILL: Why do all the boys whistle "Way Down Upon the Swanee River" when you come into the section, Winnie? Is there any cotton down where you come from or is it all corn?

WOLF OF THE WEEK

He has been here for quite some time and has established quite a reputation for himself by now. Married or single, engaged or unattached, the girls are all the same to him. He has a good line and it works every time . . . he hopes. One W.D. borrowed his handkerchief to wipe some lipstick off his face when Course 62 graduated nearly a year ago. She still has it as a souvenir and was displaying it in barracks a few days ago. What is this strange power that this tall, dark, wavy-haired WO2 has over women? It must be something pretty terrific, for is there a girl on the station who does not know WO2 Ross May?

WOLVERINE OF THE WEEK

A comparative newcomer to MacDonald has captured the dubious honour of being named the first Wolverine of the Week. She is a short, dark Easterner who can string a line to end all lines and who can be observed jiving almost any night at the W.D. Canteen. The other night she was really in her element. Somehow or other she had managed to get her wires crossed and had promised to allow five different airmen to escort her home. Something had to be done so, rather than turn any of them down and risk hurting someone's feelings, she went home with each one separately. Home with one man, into barracks, back to the canteen, and home with another. So it goes. Who is this versatile woman of such overwhelming popularity? It's none other than LAW Kit "Butch" Galloway of the Accounts Section, of course.

Clay Herman (in Winnipeg street car): "Has anyone lost ten, ten dollar bills tied together with a string?"

Passengers (all together): "I have, mister, I have."

Clay Herman: "Well, I just found the string."

G U N S M O K E

What is it that attracts Sgt. Ken. Varey to Portage so often recently?

Who will accompany LAC Vern Bowman to Gladstone now that his "partner in crime," LAC Dick Gaffney, is posted to another station?

Why is it that LAC Joe Bannerman is on the "mootch" so often after pay days? Could it be the educated "sugar lumps"?

Bouquets to F/L "Scottie" Scott on his marvellous performance and first attempt at backing an aircraft into the hangar.

They blow a yard of gravel down our throats every time we start their aircraft, but when their WO's came through no cokes were blown our way.

Wanted! One good head-end brakeman to assist LAC Ernie LeBarge since LAC Frank Newcross got the red-light by the powers that be.

Why is it LAW Grey has no heart interest as far as airmen are concerned, yet WE know different.

Corporal Angus needs a much larger "whip" now that a new shipment of "slaves" has reached his hangar.

We didn't know they sold perfume in 26-ounce bottles 'til Corporal Fletcher went on his annual leave with a satchel full.

Cpl. Wellwood will not need our assistance any more when it comes to making out vouchers now that he has a full establishment in Gunnery I Stores.

If and when LAC Ernie LeBarge joins his railroad friend, LAC "Highball Newcross, in Maintenance and starts changing engines as fast as they towed the aircraft around, then serviceability will rise faster than the Control-Room "Joe" can move his per-



Gunnery I Ground Crew.

centage scale to a 100%. Better find low gear, Ernie, or else . . . !

P 40's are not being done any more on the line since LAC Frank Sanic (former Sports Editor) was posted to another station. Best of luck, Frank!

Apparently loose ribs do not cause LAC Tucker any anxiety as he attempted to cuff Joe Bannerman's "flaps" again. Fair warning, Joe.

We see that LAC Bill Hornbeck travels on the cushions (passenger train, to you) now that his hobo friend, LAC Newcross, has changed pools.

Since joining the night shift LAC L. C. Smith figures that there is a permanent black-out since he now has sleepless days and sleepless nights. You passed out the cigars a while ago, Smitty, which we all enjoyed, so we sympathize with you.

A new tractor "Joe" must be found before winter sets in as LAC Profili is now working the night shift.

ARMAMENT SECTION

On many training stations the Armament Section takes a beating. The armourers are the original Joes. When an aircraft can't fly, when students can't shoot, when W.D.'s go A.W.L., blame the armourers. It's probably their fault.

But not at No. 3 B. & G. S. Nobody pushes the armourers around at this unit. Why? Because they are the smartest, snappiest and happiest group on the station; because they have established a new standard of gun maintenance; and because they have developed to a high degree that indefinable something called "esprit de corps." They step around smartly at their work. They maintain their own internal discipline and woe to the individual who inadvertently lets the gang down.

Very seldom are the armourers "on charge" for any reason.

Smartness at work is nearly always a reflection of smartness everywhere else, and the air of confidence naturally worn by the man who knows he is a good workman disarms criticism.

Do the armourers ever complain? Of

course they do. When newly cleaned guns get rusty in the rain, when a car of ammo. has to be unloaded on the night they hoped to get off early, when the meals seem a trifle below standard, the boys bind freely. But it doesn't mean much except that everybody is normal.

Although no exponents of "spit and polish" discipline, the armourers nevertheless have a fondness for clean and shining metal. As the C.O. was strolling about on Thursday morning inspection recently, he suddenly found himself almost blinded by a positively glittering fire extinguisher. "Ah ha!" quoth he, blinking rapidly. "I must have strayed into the Armament Section."

EQUIPMENT SECTION

It is only fitting and proper that at this time this column should be used as a memorial of AC1 Duane Lockwood, late of the Equipment Section.

Duane, a native of the West, was born at Pinkham, Sask., and is survived by his wife and two infant children. It was always his ambition to fly and be a pilot like his brother Merton who was lost over two years ago. Defective vision thwarted this ambition.

Many here at this station were probably familiar with tall, dark Duane whose quiet and sincere manner quickly won him many friends. Although he has not been at Macdonald long, his loss has left quite a gap in the Stock Control Group where he worked. Arriving from Trenton straight from course, he received his introduction to equipment work here. He soon gave promise of being a very valuable asset to the section.

Duane also had an athletic turn, playing hockey for the Co-op Wholesale team. In recent months he had added long distance running to his list of achievements, frequently completing three- and five-mile cross-country runs.

Before entering the R.C.A.F. Duane was employed at the Co-op Wholesale and was a member of the Saskatchewan Light Infantry Regiment.

3-A-2 "WATTON HEAH!"

We wish to introduce to you
The efficient staff of 3-A-2.
Now give pause, with deep reflection.
This is where we teach deflection.
Student gunners can here be seen
Firing at planes on a silver screen.
At 600 yards they open fire
Their hearts filled with but one desire,
To perfect their aim, shoot straight and
true,

To finish the Jap and Hitler too.
So please accept our invitation
To visit the best section on the station.
Cpl. Sue Bourdon, dark and neat,
Works quite hard and is always sweet.
A recent arrival is "Val" Valentine.
We've already found out she shoots
quite a line.

Here's Minnie the Smoocher, the Hal-
verson gal,
Won't give boys a break, has a femi-
nine pal.

The staff also boasts a model by Power,
Glorious Gloria, she's never sour;
And operator Knows, better known as
Louise,

To many boys' hearts she holds the
keys.

Then there are three boys, all very
keen,
Turenne, Turcotte, and "Goldy" Gold-
stein.

The trainees know most of the instruc-
tors here,
But we'll list them below so you'll
have an idea.

Sgt. Noxon comes from Nelson, B. C.,
Was awarded his wing at Mont Joli.
He's happily married, but no family.
Two men from Boom Town are also
here,

Both of them being fond of beer.
We're not making cracks or giving digs,
But they're Sgt. Hardy and Sgt. Briggs.
A rancher in civilian life

Now living in Portage with his wife
Is Sgt. Stanton, first name Ben,
Who took his training at No. 10.
Sgt. Davies, the Winnipeg seer,
Reads tea cups after drinking beer.
He'll tell your fortune by the cards;
He stays up at night to read the stars.
The toughest sergeant you'll ever see
Is Sgt. McKelvey, a former S.P.
He shouts and roars, but is mainly a
bluff;



3-A-2 Trainer Staff.

His heart is big and he's really good stuff.

Flight Sergeant Campbell, of Scottish descent,

To maintain 3-A-2 all his energy bent. Truly we miss him now that he's gone, He was posted to Greenwood, our maintenance "mon."

P/O Sutherland was a cop on beats In some of Shanghai's famous streets, But today he works at 3-A-2;

At nights he has a case or two. P/O Davis is very well known, There's nothing in sports he can be shown:

Lacrosse, rugby, and basketball,

But for woman he'll never fall.

F/O Watton, our genial O.C.,

Came to us from across the sea.

He's just as English as he can be

And was recently awarded the D.F.C.

He really is our pride and joy,

His favourite expression, "Shocking, old boy!"

In rhyme we've introduced to you

The members of the 3-A-2.

Some of this may not be true,

But it's good for a laugh and it's corny too.

Short Bursts ... at Extreme Range

"Why the h - - - do we have to go to the 200 Range anyway? A bloody blind, if you ask me! And riding on the back end of an open truck in the rain! Why should we ride here while the instructors are nice and dry in front? These guys have an easy job. They give orders and we do all the work. First, it's 'You six fellows get the guns out and onto the truck! You four get ten boxes of ammo. You—grab the water and gas cans. The rest of you help load the stuff on the truck! Come on, look alive! Let's go!' Cheeze, don't those guys ever do anything themselves?"

"Work, work, work, all the d - - - time! Load the B.P. cans? Now how in the dickens do those belts go in? Hey, Major, which way does the nose point? Put the web belt in first, you say? What for? Oh, I see. What did you say about an oiled rag? To lubri-

cate the belt? Yes, yeh, sure, O.K. Anything to prevent stoppages.

"Flight, those rounds are all out of line. What do we do about it? This machine? Well, which way does the belt go in? Le'me turn the crank awhile; my back is just about broken!"

"O.K., so I'll point the nose of the bullets outward. Why can't you just change the cans around if you get the belts in wrong? But a double link does go into the left hand guns. No? Why not? That's right, I'm wrong. Right hand gun, left hand feed, double link. Thanks, I'll remember it now.

"Major, this blinkety, blankety, barrelled so-and-so of a gun won't go in. Whoever thought of putting guns in on their sides sure was stupid. What's that? What little projection must go through the hole on the end of the link chute? Sure, I see it now. That little ?-\$.-?-XX!!! Go on it! Man, what a job!! I'm sweating like a pig. Oh, sure, you fellows can do it easily. Look at all the practice you get!!

"What the dickens is wrong now? I've turned on all the switches, turned all the knobs, and still the darn thing won't work. H - - -! I'd rather fire fire from the F.N. anyway. I hope this hunk of junk is U/S. Oh well, here goes my "Knowledge of Work" mark. Hello, hello; gunner calling, gunner calling. Guns will not, repeat not, work at all. Repeat please. The gun switch is on, sir. O.K. I'll check it. Ah, just as I didn't think, it's over too far. Wonder how he knew what was wrong?"

"Boy, would I like to go to bed! I'm tired as h - - -. Holy cow, if it isn't one thing it's another! As if we hadn't done enough already! Fill that bag, tote that bale! Clean the perspex, sweep the floor!"

And that's the way it goes, night after night, day after day. The students do all the work, the instructors just sit around.

Some men laugh in the evening;
Some men laugh at dawn;
But the man worthwhile
Is the man who can smile
When all his front teeth are gone.

DROGUE'S DRIVEL

Tracer has asked me, or should I say told me, to write up some news about Drogue Hangar which is possibly more familiar to most of you as "E" Hangar. "E" stands for efficiency. I hope you like it 'cause you're going to get it, anyway.

When you call around to Drogue, our welcoming committee, who, by the way, are especially appointed for this job, take you on an extensive tour of the hangar. This service, offered exclusively by us, is free of charge and the gang will do their utmost to make you feel at home. Don't fail to visit us at your earliest convenience.

The first thing you'll probably notice is the busy atmosphere . . . hardly a dull moment here. Things are really going great guns and they're making so many changes around here that Cpl. Nichols just doesn't know who to Joe for a job. For instance, just last week, an innocent lad who had just arrived on this station as deferred aircrew (what else?) was nonchalantly walking through Drogue and was surprised to find himself Joe'd to sweep the hangar floor. Oh well, Nick, when you gotta Joe, you gotta Joe! They say a change is as good as a rest so how about a rest for a change?

By the way, don't be alarmed to see LAC's Ed Koss and Jack Wilson on their knees in the middle of the hangar. No, no! They're not praising Allah either! They happen to be wiping up oil spots and if you listen closely you'll hear them singing their lament, "Oil or Nothing At Oil." (With apologies to Swoonatra.) And if you should see oil spots before your eyes, be sure to try the new improved Varsol. It's wonderful for "drip pan" hands. And say, if the very first barrel isn't satisfactory, why should you complain? The Air Force has thousands of them.

We're really a bunch of prize characters around here and just one quick glance around this place will give you the lowdown on us. There's "Pop" McCallum who seems to think he's a bargain because he's half off. Boy, does he ever get peeved when Mainten-

ance phones down for an aircraft near quitting time and the ship is always at the back of the hangar. Gotta keep serviceability up, Mac. You know what happened last time it dropped.

Harry DeLisle doesn't think the Trade Improvement Lectures are exactly beneficial to him. He seems to know everything but still can't get his "A" Grouping. Just as a suggestion, Harry, why don't you write to John J. Anthony?

Roy Jackson has completely revolutionized the life of the average mechanic by doing some work (occasionally). He agrees with LAC Plaisier who meditatively says, "I'll have to work all my life, so why bother now?" Paul Carriere is another card but he'll be dealt with. I guess he thinks he'll get lost in the shuffle. Little does he know that he's just an Ace (spelling?) in a Hole! That boy gets into more things than a head lettuce in a sandwich shop.

Next in our Drogue's Gallery is our likeable Irishman, Murphy, who is fresh off night shift. He's still walking around in a daze. No wonder he fits in so well with the rest of the gang here. He insists that the Irish are better than the Scotch, but where can you get Scotch in 1944?

LAC Joplmg has a dislike for haste, especially in getting to work. His job is the biggest headache in the hangar—keeping the steam-jenny running. That reminds me of the mechanical Moron who took his nose apart to see what made it run. He couldn't find out so he put it back together again and let the matter drop. Gee, even my best friends won't tell me. O.K., so I haven't got a best friend.

Kokatailo, our expert at winches, is a firm believer in the saying "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." He's really a great ball player and it must feel great to be at the batting for a change. I'm a bit of an athlete, too You can always find me playing behind the eight ball. Laugh if you want, but I used to be arranger for

Paul Whiteman. I arranged chairs and stands for his orchestra.

McGregor is our day-dreamer, but that doesn't mean that he doesn't get his work done. It doesn't say that he does either. I think his ambition is to be a hen because she's the only one who can keep up production by laying down on the job. (I don't get the yolk myself.)

Cpl. Brandon comes to work in his spare time. He's had it pretty tough these past few weeks and right now he's in the hospital. I hope you don't take a turn to the Nurse, Brandie! (Gee, I wish they'd get these printing machines fixed. It's the war, you know.)

Keith Armishaw is the strong silent type. Well, he's silent, anyway. He believes that silence is golden and he's very quiet and reserved . . . for the girls, eh Keith? He often takes Cpl. Edie Jacobson's place as timekeeper when she goes on her 48's.

Most of you know Edie. I call her "Hinges" because she's something to a-dore! Her face is her fortune and it runs into a nice figure. And speaking of figures, have you seen her in a bathing suit? Brother, she's worth wading for. O.K., Edie. I'll quit now. But wait!! Who was more embarrassed the other day when Edith walked into the Smoke Room and literally caught LAC Rex with his pants down. Could it be possible that Rex was putting on a leg show for the boys?

And now that we're on the subject of clothing, I might offer my sympathies to my friend Sakaluk who lost his shirt at the Carnival along with others who insist upon making money the easy way. Oh well, the money went to a good cause (???)

When one of Drogue's Dumbells carried a message over to the Wireless Section, we wonder why the Sr. N.C.O. made him stand at attention when he spoke to him. Could it be that the party in question cautioned "Temper, temper, now! Let's not get angry," when the N.C.O. blew his top?

People who occasionally pass through our hangar can't understand why all of us go around with our arms in the upstretched position. This, my dear friends, is from washing too many aircraft.

LAC Anderson can always be seen

with a bottle in his hand. Don't get us wrong. He's in charge of the Cokes and it's all legitimate. He seems to be a woman hater and warns us that a woman who likes to run her fingers through your hair is probably after your scalp.

Bruno Carniello is a self made man. He makes himself work. What's the secret of your success, B.J.? He's one of the buglers for our sensational (?) bugle band and incidentally, like Irving Berlin, hates to get up in the morning. Be careful when you kiss him, girls, 'cause one kiss and you'll be on a toot for a week. I'm only kidding, Bruno. Who says this isn't a gossip column?

Logan is our new Wonder Boy. If he's on the job it's a wonder. He claims that work fascinates him and he can sit and watch it for hours. He claims he is no wolf so he must be a 20th Century Fox.

You'll really think our hangar is a nut-house when you hear someone calling "Lovie . . . Lovie-Dovie." Well, you're wrong again. Gordon Lovie, one of our new fellows, happens to have that cute monicker and he's stuck with it.

Last but not least comes our genial and well-liked Sgt. J. Wilman. At present he's enjoying seven days of freedom and has advised me not to mention anything about him in this edition. Orders are orders, and on me bars wouldn't look good.

It gets harder and harder to get maerial to write about because now the fellows won't discuss anything in front of me for fear that Tracer will hear about it. Perhaps I should have stayed anonymous. Until next month, if I'm in condition to write, I'll close this bit of "illiterature" with this one thought:

Please accept the above in the spirit that it was written. Perhaps there is too much spirits in me but I'm going crazy trying to finish this and it's driven me to drink . . . but I like it.

—CLAY (Here's Mud in Your Eye) HERMAN.



Drogue Flight Pilots

OUR LONGHAIRS . . .

Who would ever guess that the "Die Hards" of Drogue Flight, headed by our boss Flt./Lieut. Reid and F/O's Wilkinson, Wooding, West, and Chambers, are interested in the finer "Arts." Visitors, no doubt, noticed at least one of the aforementioned "Gentlemen" sitting with a very intellectual look on his pan listening to Gilbert and Sullivan's "H.M.S. Pinafore."

Memories, Mr. Wooding . . . ?

WOE IS US . . .

The glum looks seen on the faces of our Windmill Jockies ain't 'caused by overindulgence for a change, but by that "Pleasant" little work-out known as the "Harvard Step Test," which some groundhog concocted, to make all aircrew miserable for at least one week every three months.

MAINTENANCE—prepare to wince. After September 8th, Lysander undercarriages have had it. The old gag men just ain't what they used to be.

PILOT'S NOTE . . .

The Ground Crew boys don't care to mention names, "BUT" wish to point out to certain new P/O's that any resemblance to O'Day's Dime Delivery and Drogue Flight, is purely coincidental.

MODESTY PERSONIFIED . . .

F/O Shepherd and P/O's Novak and Cameron, just back from Operations over Europe and the Middle East, won't talk. Come on fellows, we know all about the English pubs and women, now how about a few experiences?

GIRLS BEWARE . . .

When the newly arrived P/O's Stewart, Albion, Fox, Renouf, Scruggs, Campbell and Szostak hit the thriving metropolis of Portage la Prairie, they may look shy, but don't let appearances deceive you. We know, don't we, fellas?

WE CAN GUESS . . .

What are the real reasons for Sgt. pals, tall blonde and good looking Dwightie; and short, young and innocent Smiths, many flying visits to Westburn? We're not nosey, boys, but give out with some information. Is it because of WO2 Huffer—the Westburn Kid's influence, or is there some other special reason? ? ?

TO ALL BOLLIE PILOTS . . .

Don't be too alarmed, fellows, if you happen to see a Lysander without a visible pilot. It isn't Invisible Scarlet O'Neil, but probably "Short Johnson" in a comfortable position, with his seat lowered.

WIRELESS, TAKE NOTE . . .

We suggest that instead of present radio, television be installed in all Drogue aircraft, so our new WO1 Tommy Brerton can use sign language during his frequent attacks of laren-gitis.

Flt./Sgt. Rutherford is never satisfied with the time of his 48, unless it comes at the end of the week. Oh those week-ends at Kenora and Clear Lake. We know you aren't matrimonially inclined, but honest Andy, have you really set the date?

The E. B. G. O.

Upon my chest a ribbon rests,
Ah! 'Tis a pretty thing!
It's striped with green and blue and
red,

Its praise I loudly sing.
For eighteen months of service life
I earned my decoration;
I ought to get another now
For one year on this station.
A ribbon with a maple leaf
Is worn by just a few.
It means that they've been overseas.
Wish I could get there, too.
This medal goes by many names,
It's quite a common sight.
What was it, eighteen months ago,
That made us suckers bite?

Cpl. Halverson: "This gadget will do half your work."

LAW Meyrick: "Good, give me two of them."

Upper left—

F/Sgt. "KEN" PITTS: Hails from that fair city we've all grown to love, "Good Ole Winnipeg." Ken has been with us since July, 1941—yes, he would like a posting, but preferably out West, could be around Vancouver, Flight? Ken's favorite sports are baseball, swimming, basketball and volleyball. His work on the Station is being in charge of Maintenance Repair Squadron and doing a fine job, and being well liked by his co-workers.

*Lower left—*

LAW "CONNIE" BLANCHARD: One of our pretty accounts girls, engaged to LAC Frank Slade—one of our former A.F.M.'s—now overseas. Incidentally Connie would like a posting overseas too. She has been with us since August, 1942, plugging away on pay sheets for Senior N.C.O.'s and Officers—no complaints, please. Her favorite pastime is reading, she is a member of the Book of the Month Club. For activity, Connie prefers swimming, bowling and dancing. Her special dish is her mother's rice pudding. After the war will probably find Connie being a model young housewife.

*Upper right—*

Cpl. "GWEN" VOLLOR: Another Winnipegger, Gwen has been at Macdonald since 15th June, 1942, as Steno to the O.C. Flying, plus numerous other jobs in the Control Tower. For sports she prefers badminton, ice skating and swimming. Her hobby is needlecraft and raising prize gladiolus. Her favorite dish is roast beef—English style, but only the way her mother cooks it. Prior to joining the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) she worked as steno for the St. Vital newspaper, in the years to come Gwen would like to become a "legal steno"; so in your future endeavor, may we say, "All the best from all of us."

Lower right—

LAC "VICTOR" TAMOSIUNIS: Born in Lithuania, Tammy came to Canada in April, 1929, and took up farming around Saskatoon, where later he made his home and was engaged in carpentry work. He has been with us since October, 1943—during which time he has worked as "handy man" with the P.T. & D. Staff, who wouldn't part with him. Good natured, his personality will win you over. His favorite pastime is in his own workshop in the Drill Hall, where he can turn out almost anything you ask. Tammy built the indoor and outdoor obstacle course, has made shelves, shoe racks, picture frames and radio cabinets and he also restrings many of the rackets in the sports office. His special dish is "ham and eggs" and he enjoys a good ole cup of tea. Good luck Tammy, in all you do.





C O L U M N

Much to the surprise of the whole station, the "Y" now looks something like that "home away from home" that they all tell us about, and not a "cross between a broken down paint shop and a night club after a brawl."

The "Y" staff is very proud to announce that they will be well represented on the rugby team by their own dashing "Tiny" Lavers. We really think that he has an ulterior motive. Perhaps it's to retain that "school girl" complexion or something. Good work, Les, keep it up!

Midst a mire of useful duties, considerably complicated by thirty-six Aussies, Major Jeffreys has a headquarters established more or less in the "Y," where he may not be found at any time of the day. The "Useless Employment" lads break the monotony of lying on chesterfields by burning designs on writing desks with cigarette butts. Guess they are really taking advantage of the "Y's" invitation to "Make yourself at home." What home? A barn???

Ian Leith, since working in the "Y," now has one steadfast ambition. He looks at Mr. Lavers with envy and sighs, "Oh, for the day when I become a 'Y' supervisor." At least this was true until just recently. A winsome brunette whom he encountered in Winnipeg on his last 48 has been given priority! Oh Ian, will you ever learn?

The librarian is commonly known as Brooksie. Here's the gen on this character:

It's the chubby little red head that sits at the desk

And attends to the books of every request.

She bawls out the boys who sometimes forget

To bring back the books they've had out to let.

They look at her shyly and coyly reply,

"That damn Sergeant Major, he makes you fry.

For never an hour of peace do we get To read the books that you have to let,

Which lift the mind to realms unknown

Where Sergeant Majors never roam."

Tiny? Don't tell me you haven't seen our Y.M.C.A. darling? Why he's a past master at hanging curtains. It's a little difficult at times to get him to talk about his artistic ability but when he does, grins sheepishly and says, "Every Day Of My Life" "I'll Get By" but "Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child."

Old Mother Hubbard had so many children she didn't know what to do... but Mrs. Glass has some of her worries even if she hasn't a tribue. "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," quotes she. Any day now we expect to hear, "Did you boys all wash this morning and get that Macdonald dirt out of your ears?"

The Sergeants' Mess Staff . . .

The Sergeants' Mess staff has a lot of fun

Keeping the mess in a busy hum.

Up in the morning, bright and early

Comes our screwball known as "Curly."

After Curly comes lanky "Slim,"

Followed by "Babs" who is neat and trim.

Then comes Edith, she's a pal;

Frank thinks she is quite a gal.

Ellen and Lexie, too, are there,

Always together, a friendly pair.

If the Japs Sgt. Crosby see,

They'll have seen much more than we.

Felton, too, is a handy guy,

He likes the place, we wonder why!

Cpl. Sadie's our latest addition

And now we'll close our small rendition.

Here in our place we'll do our bit

'Till the Germans and Japs are really hit

And knocked off the face of this earth of ours,

'Till on the top stand the Allied powers

To make once again a world of peace

Where strife forevermore will cease.

M. T. M U M B L I N G S

"Where did you say you wanted to go?
A trip to Winnipeg that's not too slow?
Don't stop to ponder. Just call on us
And we'll be ready with our omnibus."

"What did you say you wanted to haul?
Two tons of ammo. Is that all?
Don't stop to wonder how long it will
take.
Just give us a buzz and we'll send a
stake."

"How many postings did you say there
were?
Four or ten, you're really not sure?
Don't stop to count them. Just send
them around.
Our panel's all set to take them to
town."

• • •

Well, folks we all wish it were as
easy as that, but with that number of

nails the tires manage to collect, we
can't believe there is a metal shortage.
(Maybe our tires are just being patri-
otic.) Did I hear someone say it is
easy for us to get new tires? Just ask
anyone in Stores for that answer.

"Can we have a truck?" someone
asked. "I'm sorry there is nothing in
right now." How many of you have
heard that from the M.T. phone? Please
bear with us and understand there are
other sections all wanting transporta-
tion at the same time. "But we'll send
you one as soon as we can." We
always try to add that sentence and I
think you'll find a truck around to
your section during that day.

"Who belongs to the M.T. Section?"
Sometimes we can't keep track of them
ourselves. (D.A.P.S. knows where to
come for good men.)

We of the M.T. want to welcome our



Sergeants' Mess Staff.

new "Papa," F/O Cathcart, who has just adopted his family of M.T. personnel (no relation M.T. and empty). Good luck, sir. We'll try to be good.

Our able boss, WO2 Wilkins, has been our N.C.O. in charge for over two years and, I think you'll agree, has done a swell job. He'll see it through with us. Our Sergeants, Tuttle and Eley, are both "one of us" and swell guys. Sgt. Tuttle has seen a lot of the Battle of Macdonald (tame after Gander (and Sgt. Eley came to us not so long ago from Dafoe).

Our Cpl. Moore has been with us about eight months but looks to greener fields (or darker beauties) with five of our airmen, Vailfort, Waite, Kilburn, Cameron and Vatcher, who left this month. Sorry to see you leave, fellows. We also have another Corporal who is just initiating his hooks after long service as an LAC. His name? Cpl. Sandven. Congratulations, "Sandy." No more trouble with cars now. Everyone knows LAC Nutbrown. He was put on the inventory when the station opened and we couldn't get along without him.

Others who will drive you crazy (how did that get in there?) are Ratcliffe, McIvor (he'll be a full fledged

driver when he returns from Trenton), Allsopp, LaPointe, Piper (another one leaving for Trenton), Wyder (our Duty Run), Pope, Richardson (likes M.T. better than Drogue), Stewart, Weeb (wonder where he is?).

We have a stock room, too. LAC Archer knows that. He "de boss." Cpl. Sandven has his crew in the shop, Mansbridge, Taylor, Strom, Harper, Savage, Chapleau and a capable one, too.

You phone the M.T. and you'll talk to LAC McDougall by day and LAC Strang by night. Any complaints? (Write them, please; it takes longer.)

Of course we couldn't leave out the girls. They are the backbone of the section. (They have been here longest, anyway.) Is there anyone who doesn't know them? Oh my! What a shame! I'll introduce you. (Believe me, you'll not be sorry. LAW McKay (our Blondie), LAW Wessel ("Peaches" to you), LAW Humphries (did someone say she was from B.C.?), LAW Poucher (sorry, fellows, she's married), LAW Lintott (she fought half the battle at Mossbank), and, I'm sorry to say, there is a Cpl. (but you'll get used to it), Cpl. Duncan.

Drop in for a spot of gas sometime.



M. T. Section Staff.

Parachute and Fabric Sections

Before proceeding with the formalities usually surrounding introductions, I shall take the liberty of stating that I will not be responsible, nor do I want to be held responsible for anything published in Tracer regarding the "Needle Packing Kids." The job of helping to gather information for Tracer has been hoisted upon me without consultation. I therefore feel that whatever I may say cannot be held against me, be it good, bad or indifferent. So much for that.

Right off the griddle, and a hot one at that, comes Cpl. Isa Dunsheath (Duns Heath to you), the modern Scottish soprano virtuoso, second to none, not even to the famed Madame Galli Curci, let alone the world renowned prima donna, Lily Pons.

Then comes Cpl. Jeannie (with the light brown hair, Howie, modiste par excellence. She hails from Cloverdale, B.C., where nary a four-leafed clover has been found due to the foggy atmosphere. They say it's so thick around there that you can cut it into blocks like ice, with a knife at that, put it in your ice-box, and imagine that you have ice. Gee!

Oh, oh! Here we come to Mortimer (Snerd) Place, right up to Vi (Jessie, she likes to be called) Ross. Pretty Blue Eyes, I call her. I'm not a prevaricator. She has emphatic blue eyes, boys. Look at them for yourselves.

Drifting along into Bowdon, Alberta, we are arrested by the wild whoopin', howlin', and yodellin' of the greatest cow-gal that ever was, namely cow-bustin' Kay (Freckle Face) Levi-sohn. Note: The "h" comes after the "o." She dares anyone to count the freckles, so start counting.

Up north in the wilderness of Manitoba, we have a town, incorporated at that, which cannot make up its mind as to how its name should be pronounced. Le Pas (pronounced "Le Paw") or The Pas (pronounced "The Paw") or still another, The Pas (pronounced "The Pass," and not a 48-hour pass either). Well, I pass it on to the readers to decide which pronunciation is correct. By the way, she's Irish and a wee one.

Good things come in small parcels, she claims. Her one distinguishing trait is that she has an affinity for tall men. So come on, you six-footers and get your small parcel. She poses as Hazel May Call Again, alias "Tiny" Colgan.

Then there is the lithe "Port Arthur Panther," a smooth, quiet little lass of "Tito's Partisan Stock." Sophie "Vicky" Wukovich is her name. How it came about that she is called "Vicky" is more than I can see. "Smoothie" is what I would call her. Very smooth indeed, in every way, shape or form. Smooth as the silk she packs daily. Works quietly at work and otherwise, especially with the other sex.

Look who's ogling me now with those great big googly eyes. None other than Isabel Gow (not Isabel Gough). You should witness the contortions she goes through when she laughs. It's worth a quarter any day. Tell her a good joke and there you have it. She was born under the sign of Libra, which accounts for her amorous nature. "Phee-Phee-ew."

Buenneke (pronounced Benny Key) is a member of the Fabric Section and Esther is her given name. Also of the weaker sex, but boy, I wouldn't want to tangle with her at any time. She isn't as weak as the sex she belongs to. She is something akin to "Muscles Malone."

Helen Sly, pardon me, it's Schley, is as sly as her name. The loving type of creature, loves everything and everybody. Where she acquired all that energy is a mystery, even to herself. Someone one day told her that she could double for Claudette Colbert and now she believes it. Tee-hee.

I am now about to introduce two married members of the Parachute Section. That's going to be a job all in itself. I must be careful not to leave myself open to any lawsuits for libel, malignant slander or defamation of character.

First of all we have Pearl (Mrs. to you) Smith, just recently bonded by the bonds of holy matrimony. I must confess I am a total loss in making the proper introduction of this personality.

I haven't made any close observations, not knowing her quite long enough. I'll leave her to a later date.

Then last, but by no means least, we have a timid, hazel-brown eyed, trusting soul, bless her. Trusting all but herself. Vivian A. (for Adelaide or Adel) (Mrs.) Hunt. Says she is allergic to the pointing of a finger at her for it has a nail on it. Brother, that's no lie. Try it out for yourself, and see her throw up her hands with ten little fingers spread out all manicured and polished. Someone would think she were giving you the time via long distance in the sign language.

There you have the Cast of Personnel in the "Show of Parachutes." They perform daily in the section from 0800 hours until 1700 hours, with one hour off for dinner. (Can you call it dinner?)

Again I repeat that I will not be responsible for the foregoing characterizations. Reasons are several and well known to persons involved in this article.

P.S.: One member of the section was forgotten. He's a mere male but you'd better meet him, anyway. Now if any of you boys of No. 3 B. and G. are in dire need of laundering or sewing instructions, call on our MAN. It will save you the embarrassment of asking the W.D.'s to enlighten you on the subject. He'll also help you with any of your romantic problems. He's an authority on that subject.

Now don't get me wrong! He's not what you might call an "old woman." Far from it. He can ride a horse, milk a cow, build a house or aircraft or fix an engine as well as the next guy (better than some). There you have it in a nutshell. The one and only Cpl. Bruno Roscoe of Winnipeg. He seems to be a permanent fixture at No. 3 B. and G.

GUNNERY I

. . . . Pilots

Gunnery I calling Tracer! Gunnery I calling Tracer! Are you receiving me? Are you receiving me? We just thought you might like to know a bit about the flight down here at "D"

hangar where we run up the national debt at the rate of \$360.00 per hour in ammunition alone! It is here that the air gunners receive their final air firing before getting their wings. We pilots take three air gunners, 900 rounds of ammo., one Bolingbroke with at least one good engine, and away we go; the one object being to shoot a whole bunch of holes in the drogue. We rarely obtain our objective, but we sure scare h - - - out of the drogue pilots!

Perhaps you'd like to meet the boys down here. Good! I'll introduce you. The first man I'd like you to meet is F/L Art Batty, the O.C. of the flight, and one man who has been at Macdonald long enough to really see them come and go. Art flies sometimes, but most of the day you'll find him just sitting in the office holding his head and sobbing—he really has a brood of problem children under his charge.

F/O "Gil" Gilbert, second in command of the flight, tries to relieve Art's suffering but we're convinced that the only cure is a continuous string of 48's.

Then there's Mel Feener, F/O from Nova Scotia, who just loves it here 'cause we're so close to water. (Who am I trying to kid?) The guy you A.G.'s U/T want to ride with is F/S Art Letourneau. He's always getting fourth position stoppages. If you don't know that one, ask Art, he specializes in them! Don't risk going up with WO1 George Robinson. He was a father just a week ago and he's up all night, every night, waving diapers out the window to dry them.

Have you gone to any of the dances at Gladstone that WO1 Vincent is in charge of? They're the cat's meow! He'll import you a squaw for two bits. Otherwise you gotta dance with white girls . . . you poor guy! Have you met Sam Borthwick, WO2? Remember the book "What Makes Sammy Run?" I always thought it was Ex Lax, but after meeting Borthwick, I've decided it's a 26 of you know what. He runs after anything when he's on the outside of one of them!

A comparative newcomer to the flight is F/S Smith. A. G. Smitty came up here from Gunnery II. . . . Guess they didn't know a good man when they had one. "Finders keepers, losers weepers."

Have you seen that bald red headed WO1 around the station? He's Merrett, the man from Borneo, imported in

an iron-bound cage, fed on milk, wild honey and pretty legs (when his wife is shopping in Winnipeg).

I'm sure you've noticed that American F/S whose hat looks like it had been run over by a Bren gun carrier. That's Jack Saxon. By the way, he has close affiliation with the Liquor store in Portage, but his main interest there is on a chair, not on the shelf. If you've been at Macdonald long, you surely know the "Gold Dust Twins," WO1's "Toomie" Vanstone and Sammy Rowe. They say Sam wins the money and "Toomie" drinks it up. I wouldn't be surprised. Did you ever see "Toomie" try to fly the first trip? Sam props his eyes open with glass from our broken window!

F/O Fred Warriner is the unhealthiest of us all. He's always sick and can't come to work when his wife comes to Portage on a week-end. What do you think about that, Tracer?

The only gambler in the flight is F/O John Grooms. They say that if there are two flies on his dessert, he'll bet on which one flies away first. What happened to last month's pay, John?

Have you seen that red headed Aussie F/S dashing madly up the road? He hasn't seen a Jap, he's on his way to work. Yes, that's "Blue" Myers. Down in Aussie-land they call all red heads "Blue." Silly people, aren't they?

F/O Barney Wraith was here a couple of years ago, then he was posted to Communications Flight in Winnipeg. He got tired of flying Lockheeds, living in Winnipeg, and he also got homesick for Macdonald, so now he's back here with us. You've probably heard of F/O Wood, the guy who should be dead. He's the pilot who had a mid-air collision and after bailing out his students, landed with no elevator controls. Write off one Boli, and Wood still lives to fly again.

F/S Jack Crawford is that tall dark fellow's name. I'd pick him as the man with the best posture on the station and the wettest 48's off.

The man I've been saving, like desert, till last, is our friend, F/S Brown. Brownie is now practically a permanent safety range officer. He was doing a good job here until one day he accidentally grabbed the wrong lever and retracted his undercarriage while not quite airborne. In fact, he was only

doing about 5 miles per hour. The ship was number 10208. Know whose ship it was? None other than the C.O.'s. Hard lines, Brownie.

Well, Tracer, you've had us. Thanks for the space and I hope you feel really genned up now. Until next edition, so long.

The Knights of Night Servicing

The ships have just landed and those eager Fitters and Riggers are busy hauling them into the hangars so that they may get away to the lighter things of life. What, ho! A band of stalwart young men are just coming over the apron. Yes, indeed, the knights of night servicing are arriving in full force. On to the smoke room where LAC Joe Fellette and LAC Paul Maslanka discuss their past 48, and LAC Guy Morier and LAC Logan lay plans for their next 48. Ah, yes, and men of note tear down the present system of democracy, and LAC Clifford discusses with LAC Lou Behrns the advancement of hair oil on the universal markets. Hark! A husky voice! Oh, no, Cpl. Steeves to call the roll. Through much fighting to get out the door. LAC Wardle is marker. Fall in! Right dress! Attention! Stand at ease! Dismiss! We have had it.

Over to the hole in the wall, or tool room to ye who are not in the know, in orderly fashion to secure the appropriate tools for the night's work. General supervisor of said hole is LAC Chester, who hands out and takes in everything from a hammer to split pins all night. Off to the various hangars under the careful supervision of Cpls. Edwards, Anderson, Phillips, Cluchey, and Kerr, who allot the aircraft to the various mechanics for a daily inspection and repairs. Everything must be ready to fly by morning. Oft times the hangar doors are looked over just in case. "Eight o'clock," someone said. Okay, let's away to the Canteen for vitamins enough to last until supper time. More square table conferences with LAC "Shorty" Thornborough, LAC Lowe, and LAC Peters wondering

about the future of farming. Too bad, eight twenty-seven. Time to return to the hangar and carry on the good work. Climbing around aircraft, pulling off cowlings, cleaning windscreens, kicking tires, everyone busy as a beaver and then—supper at ten o'clock. On to the Golden Grill where good food and plenty of it is the order of the day.

It seems that shortly after ten o'clock, eleven o'clock rolls around and everyone is refreshed and rested enough to finish out the night. Fine fine! Drogue and Conversion hangars completed. Only two hangars to go. Everyone digs in and we are off and coming up the home stretch.

As we enter Gunnery II we pause. A noise! What is that and who caused it? Why, there are LAC Lovie and LAC Graham spraying valve springs with varsol. A valve spring? Oh, that is a little gadget connected to the thingamabob that closes up when the whozit comes in contact with the whozit when the engine is runing. Reluctantly we wend our weary way on to the next hangar.

The night drags on and all effort is put forth to get as much work done as possible. What time is it? It's only one forty-five. About this time one may see our senior N.C.O.'s, F/S McDermott or F/S E. J. Russell, set out to check and sign all the L-14's of ships that had been inspected or repaired throughout the night.

From here in, as each man completes his duties he retires to the smoke room and, if not too worn out, sits down. Often when overcome by fatigue they fall flat on their faces in the corner. One overly ambitious lad may be content to star-gaze out of the window for a while or watch George Reid on the "Mule" pulling LAC Rowley and a compressor back to the hangar.

Two forty-five and all is finished, so let's have a roll call and scam to the mess. What have we got for breakfast this morning? Pancakes, probably. We had eggs yesterday.

After breakfast, into the "Y" hut for some long promised recreation. Anything might be found there; LAC Murphy and LAC Dragonoff playing records; LAC's Ballantine, Thomson, Wood, and McLean playing bridge. If a piano can be found there also might be found LAC Harry Graham tickling the ivories while weird noises emanate

from LAC's McNamee, Kinsman, and McCreedy. We lift a heavy smoke screen caused from a king size pipe and cigar to find LAC's Lariviere and Lynch discussing things of no interest to anyone. Where is Milroy? Oh, he's gone to bed. What happened to Parsons? He drove Pritchard and McKenzie home on his bicycle.

Thus conversation is folded up, cards are packed, and the knights are away to the bunk house to dream of doing the same thing again the next night.

THE FORGOTTEN MEN.

Bull's Eyes of COURSE 88

When asked to represent Course 88 in Tracer, that well-known station paper, and why shouldn't it be? (It's the only one of its kind) we were at a loss to know where to start. Space would not permit us to relate the autobiography of everyone on the course or anything like that, however, we have attempted to give you the gen on some of the more important bull's eyes, trusting that you who are not mentioned will not consider yourselves slighted.

Naturally our best wishes and congratulations go to Cpl. Stilchurch who, during the past six weeks, has set a very enviable record by leading the course to the tune of ninety-four per cent. Most fellows say, "Nice going, Cpl." but we envious classmates are inclined to say, "How do you do it?" And while we're passing out the honors, let's raise our hats to "Scotty" McLeod who has done a wonderful job as Squadron Commander in keeping the boys in their place. Scotty is doubly eligible for such a comment as his career on the station may have been slightly impeded by a "would-be" romance with a certain W.D. Sorry for being so inexplicit but Scotty has succeeded in keeping her name a secret . . . military secret, of course.

To most people, examinations are dreadful things but Class 4's oral in 20 mm. cannon was an exception to that tradition. This occurred when

Jack McNair, in an attempt to make the front portions of the gun secure, resorted to forcing the return spring guide down the muzzle end of the barrel. Try the other end Jack, it usually works better. But please don't become disgusted. Perhaps some of us who sat back grinning from ear to ear didn't know any better ourselves.

But we must not say too much about such incidents as this lest the readers of Tracer form some misconceptions of Course 88 being a very dense crowd. This would be entirely wrong as our course established a very high standard in Stage I with less than ten washouts and we are looking forward to the boys doing equally as well in Stage II. Come on 88, let's see you do it.

GOSSIP, INTRODUCTIONS, STORIES

It behooves the writer to submit a column to this erstwhile up and coming magazine, so hence the gossipy gleanings from our famous factory for the production of finished air gunners.

To begin with, F/L Greenway rules the roost with an iron hand and blonde wavy hair. He is apt at any time to jump upon the stage with gals of visiting concert parties to partake himself of some old time dancing.

F/L Ante's stentorian voice has been heard from one end of G.I.S. to the other. He has recently bequeathed the Aircrew Leadership Controls to F/L Stimpson, the latest inmate of this worthy establishment. So far, the latter has kept his nose clean and out of the way of this convincing columnist.

Our School Warrant Officer, WO2 Shortman, has recently taken up hair-dressing as a hobby. He prefers blondes and he can do a better job if they sit on his knee rather than in a chair.

Our Orderly Room is adorned with the countenances of Sgt. Mathews, Cpl. Coghill, YAW McInnis and Jean Mitchell. Sgt. Mathews at present is suffering from writer's cramp and is forever anticipating long distance calls from 'way out West. Cpl. Coghill and LAW McInnis are always at their posts

ready to stave off wolves F/L Ante, P/O (Red) Duke and F/S Talbot who are intent on devouring Jean Mitchell. The Flight has been posted so the odds are in your favour now, girls.

P/O Durocher is father, mother and big brother to all our Tyrant Trainees and Sobbing Students. We are told that he really enjoys his week-ends at the Royal Alex. F/S (Tubby) Rawlings is a quiet individual who enjoys a quiet game of chess (even though he can't play) and he does his best to keep our runners, LAC Day and LAC Jones, running.

Our Exam. Board is owned and operated by F/S Adair (who does not say much) and F/S Pete Bearisto (who says plenty). By the way, did you know that Pete's real name is Clarence? Sgt. (Shorty) Congram is one guy on our staff who won't wire for a 48 from Temporary Duty as he is always in a hurry to get back here. Won't that honeymoon ever be over? Last, but not least, we have F/S Ashfield who washes out students by day and diapers by night.

Sgt. Sinclair, Sgt. Vanstone and Cpl. Boyd control the classes and have a very bad habit of putting Sighting Instruction on the schedule first thing every morning and last thing on Friday afternoons. They are ably assisted by an auburn haired cutie by the name of LAW Irma Spence who comes from Calgary. Or is it Edmonton?

Congratulations are in order to Sgts. Cruse, Vanstone and Mullins on their recent promotions. Maybe Cruse will do some work now.

We understood that Sgt. Blain was a former golf pro. and plays a very good game. He likes it so much that he is always trying to scrounge an extra 48. Well, who isn't?

Sgt. Burley is wondering when he is going to get his share of the \$20.00 prize money G.I.S. received for the best float in the Macdonald Round-Up Parade.

It seems that WO2 Tutton is having a hard time keeping the Relief Maps in the Intelligence Library up to date these days due to the Allies' rapid progress in Europe.

Cpl. Thomas, our "Pyro" Expert, is also an excellent publicity man and master of ceremonies. Recently he has been trying his talents all along the lines (or maybe it's curves) of Aircraft Recognition.

Speaking of Aircraft Recognition, in that department we have F/S Hayduck, F/S Robinson and F/S McLennan.

LAC Stalker is a very busy individual who looks after our stores. He wields a mighty soldering iron. LAC's Stoll and Gregory are forever "touching" him for a loan of five bucks but all in all, they do give marvellous assistance to LAW Southin in the Coke Stand.

Finally we come to the main department of G.I.S. II, the motley crowd of sighting specialists who dish out complicated progress tests to the students and then argue amongst themselves as to the correct answers for same. The students simply cannot win. The Big Chief in this Department is F/O Jamie-son who is equally at home teaching sighting or shooting craps, and that isn't all he shoots. P/O Andy Whetham, of baseball fame, is never seen around this department without a hammer in his hand. P/O Nettie has never won in a toss for cokes in his life. If you want a free coke, just see him. He always buys. Then we have those farmer twins, F/S Henderson and Sgt. Klinck who talk all day and stook all night. Lastly and leastly there is your most humble servant. The one thing that is bothering me these days is: "Who in h - - - swiped my paint brushes?"

MUSTY HAY.

Photographic Section



The Photographic Section which was once an all W.D. section except for the O.C., has now acquired a new set-up—two men.

We now introduce you to our O.C., none other than the nine-day Joe, F/O P. Gravel. He is a pilot in his spare time and a great guy for angle shots, that is, hooking one foot in a crane, wearing his hat sailor style, and imagining he is getting better results.

Our Flight Sergeant Charles Gardiner had us all a little scared of him at first but after finding out that it is

just the stern look of a Mountie, we find him very amiable. He has five years service to his credit and is married, of course.

Stubble jumper Sergeant "Bumpy" Rodgers hails from Cupar, Sask. She has won the Battle of Macdonald ribbon for services rendered here since May, 1942. Sgt. Nothers snagged her from the Armament Section to improve her dark-room technique. Her method definitely improved, as she got her air gunner in November, 1942. We all love our Sarge. Why not? She always has a box of candy for us.

Cpl. Gerrie Rousseau, a Winnipegger, is a very conscientious airwoman. She was a photographer in pre-war days and has all the answers. Her favorite pastime is sleeping.

LAW Helen Quarnstrom, our Kitchener kid, won her service ribbon at Calgary. She was a very unhappy girl when posted to Macdonald. Of course life can be beautiful . . . especially when she met the Major. Our happy couple now live in Macdonald.

LAW "Terry" Tarrant, another westerner, has been here ten months. She hails from Drumheller, Alberta. Her pastime is curling. Yes, pin curls and the variety which involves brooms, rocks and stuff.

LAW Joan Madeline Elaine Pelham-Clinton, alias "Penny" is another pre-war photographer. She has everyone guessing with her Southern drawl but it originated in South Africa.

AW1 Marg. Alton is the lone wolf type from Eastern Canada. She made a very good showing as catcher on the W.D. softball team this year.

AW1 Rita Foley, another easterner, is a specialist at camera gunning, having spent some time at Dafoe. Her nickname is "Ginger."

AW1 Maxine Estabrook from Regina, Sask., is a very enthusiastic photographer. She has a few of the men in Gunnery Pool plenty scared of her.

Our second man is still a mystery man to us. He has just finished his course at Rockcliffe, is an AC, and will soon be a member of the No. 3 B. and G. Photographic Staff.

In North Africa and M.P. stopped a W.A.C. because she failed to salute a group of second lieutenants. "Would you salute," she snapped, "if they called you 'Toots'?"

STATION HOSPITAL

OUR AIM—to keep all personnel, with or without their willing co-operation, in that high state of good health looked upon by A.F.H.Q. with such favor.

PET GRIPE—whenever anything interesting comes along, such as a lovely big, red pair of tonsils or a nice ripe appendix, we are not allowed to keep it here but must ship it (and its owner, of course!) by fast express to Winnipeg. A discouraging life!

STAFF—

A very grim story, a tale of woe,
Is the life of the average unit M.O.,
Water testing, the weekly inspection,
Sanitary arrangements that must be
perfection;

'Flu, gastritis and beri-beri,
Ingrown toenails and housemaid's knee,
Inoculation parades, overseas postings,
And other items too intimate to mention;

Airsickness "flips," the Harvard Test,
Our poor M.O.'s get little rest,
And from all ranks the plaintive cry:
"My arches have fallen, my throat is
dry,

My leg is aching, I cannot see,
Please, a slip for excused P.T.!"
Thousands of A/G's, hundreds of ground
erks

To be tested for eyesight, heart throbs
and knee jerks—

Our S.M.O. with the sandy hair,
Twinkling eyes, knees chubby and bare,
Has stood it well, two years and more,
Could stand it cheerfully another four;
Our new M.O. is handsome and tall,
He's a married man, gals, so don't you
fall

For his friendly smile and shoulders
wide—

In Portage City will live his bride.
Two little Sisters, pert and trim,
In snowy white, and veils so thin,
Always a smile or a merry joke
For the lad who's taking treatments,
poor bloke.

One is a blonde, the other a red-head,
Both are cheery and good to look at.
Sergeants,—four—and all good men,
"Old-Timer" Paul recalls "way back
when,"

Has given up hope of an Eastern post-
ing,

Dotes on diets and photography gen.
Big Boy Milne, so tall and imposing,
You'd have to rise early to catch him
dozing,

Fatherhood's cares rest light on his
brow,

But a mighty fine fellow for all that,
we vow.

Sgt. Prowse, our traffic cop,
Keeps things humming round the clock,
Lean and intent, and never (?) dates,
Sarge, what DOES happen on those
48's???

"Rolly" Labelle, our sergeant dispenser,
(can't think of a word to rhyme with
dispenser"),

While classifying "specimens" and all
Dreams of lovely, far-off Montreal.
Next, "General" Gareau, so soon to go
Over the seas to fight the foe,
His weapons the same he used so well
here—

Thermometer, bed-pan, bottle of beer.
Morrison, M. A., hails from Carman,
At checkers he will take on all men,
A movie star looks just like him (we
hear),

Mell, that calls for a round of—cokes!
Smitty, our pet, with guileless eye,
An expert at scrounging the odd piece
of pie,

Does his work with vigor and vim,
Don't know what we'd do without him.
Daley, just newly arrived, poor lad,
Never mind, Bob, it's not so bad,
Train services being what they are
Ontario is not so very far.
W.D.'s—we've all of eight,
Ferguson, tall and soft of voice,
"Dear God, do I have to work AGAIN,
late???"

Partridge, "short stuff," cutter of rugs,
Downcast eye and rosy blush;
Strilaeff, blue-eyed, curly haired,
Elliot, the "Kid,"—old-timer, too,
Experts of our kitchen crew;
Parsons, chubby, curly-topped,
Our liaison link with the fire-hall gang,
Robinson with her soft dark eyes,
Causes many an A/G's heart a pang,
Haynes, whose hobby is Aussie lore,
Waiting for hubby to come back from
war,

Leon, from Gander, sweet and wild,
Dark of hair, with flashing eyes.

Not to forget our civvie help—Harry, who keeps that beautiful shine on our floors, and Cookie, sage philosopher on all matters from military tactics to matrimony. (Sorry, folks, can't make any more rhymes—the authors are no poets.)

A queer place, our hospital, but it has its odd blessings—the cup of hot coffee scrounged on a cold winter's morning, steam heat turned on while the rest of the Station is enduring those off-season shivers, lots of happenings, big and small, to keep us on our toes: Fire alarms and crash calls, with M.O.'s and orderlies dashing at top speed to the waiting "Galloping Goose," or as it is more politely known, the Crash Ambulance, snatching up hats and crash bag on their way, with the M.O.'s bare knees streaking down the corridor at 120 to the minute; hospital assistants scurrying by with hot water bottles and other incidentals for the crash ward, and finally the sigh of relief on the part of all concerned when, as most often happens, the ambulance returns once more with "no sale" rung up on its register.

Inoc. parades—long lines of reproachfully glaring airmen/airwomen (our friends until they saw their names in D.R.O.'s), with right shirt sleeves rolled high, (it's not our idea, boys—see D.M.S. (Air) for that!); long lines of airgunners-to-be, shirtless and brawny, moving from M.I.R. to ward, to dispensary in a sort of solemn conga line; crowds of airmen/airwomen for morning inhalations, foot-baths and soda bicarb, waiting for the treatment room staff to get cracking at 073 hours; not to speak of our pack of "wolves" in the big ward—do you wonder that we sometimes have a wild look in our eyes?

So it goes on, with occasional outbreaks of mumps, measles and the seven-years itch to liven things up a bit. But in spite of it all, we wouldn't want to work anywhere else! Our job has that certain something, and we carry on, cursing at times, but ready for anything that my turn up, from a cut finger to a major catastrophe.

Yours till the Station closes down,
HOSPITAL STAFF.

Headquarters Chatter

The HEART of any Air Force unit is the Orderly Room, which, as you know, includes Records and Central Registry. You will always find lots of activity and noise around these three sections and usually there is a goodly crowd waiting in the hallway for their chance to come in and worry the staff with their problems, schemes, etc. . . . The staffs of the Orderly Room could very rightly be called the "Quiz Kids" of the R.C.A.F. They are called upon to answer all the questions that the rest of the station have been stumped on, and are expected to know all the answers.

Time marches on, from 8 to 12 . . . and 1 to 5, finding H.Q. staff pouring over leaves, rations, travelling time, D.R.O.'s, statistics, records, marriages, births, wills, promotions, files and mail, plus what have you . . . there seems to be no end to it all, . . . but aren't you always greeted by a SMILE?

During laughter and sorrow, lets take a peek through the keyhole at our gang:

Major "Bill" ROSS—"Our boss"—good all-round sport, liked by everyone—has the every day burdens on his shoulders. Loves to joke, but sees that business matters are out on time. Major comes from Winnipeg, Man.

Cpl. "Thelma" MITCHELL—from Vancouver, B.C. She's the one who gives out leaves, travelling time, and rations . . . and, boys, she doesn't like scroungers.

LAW "Marion" EDWARDS — chief D.R.O. clerk — takes all the beefs from G/C's to AC2's with a trying smile. If you catch her muttering under her breath, well, someone wants an entry put in after the stencil was cut—and it just has to go in. Marion comes from Sarnia, Ont.—is an active member on the Station Glee Club.

LAC "Paul" LAVOIE—another East-ener, from way down in Dalhousie, N.B. Paul is our statistics clerk, can tell you who's who and where on

staff strength. Recently remustered to Clerk Steno and posted to Gimli. Sure going to miss you, Paul, but best of luck from us all in your new environments . . .

AW1 "Helen" LINS—new to our staff—trying her best to like H.Q.—hope you'll stay, Helen, "you'll get used to it." Her home is in Castlegar, B.C.

And now on the other side of the O.R., lets sneak in on Records Staff:

Sgt. "Jean" COFFEY—in charge, hails from God's country, down in Stratford, Ont. Hard working gal, Jean keeps her staff up-to-the-minute . . . she's the lucky one to call you up and say "Your posted to so-and-so, please pick up your clearances." An expert at the rifle range, she loves to be Orderly Officer. Jean's pet saying, "I'm going to toss that phone right out the window in about two minutes."

Cpl. "Hammie" HAMILTON—5 ft. 2 ins. and eyes of blue—comes from Regina, Sask.—O.C. of Discharges, promotions and warrants. Interested in station activities, Hammie has been with us for over two years and expects to find herself on the inventory any day now.

AW1 "Eve" PASTUCK—our shy little filing clerk—keeps tab on all documents, marriages, births and wills. It seems that clothing stores cause her a lot of headaches with "deficiency lists." Eve hails from Sleemans, Ontario.

And across the hall we'll look through the caging at C.P. kids where the business gen first comes from:

Cpl. "June" BISSON — commonly known to her friends as "Pudgy," hails from Peace River, Alberta—400 miles north of Edmonton. June is our "Popularity Kid," an all-round athlete and always on the go—but its a military secret, just where. In charge of G.R., June insists that things be right, or else! Engaged to F/O Gordon Ash—now overseas—after the war will find June keeping house in that little bungalow built for three.

Cpl. WILSON—Clk. Gen. U/T Pilot—here on useful employment, but anxious to get back into training. Lone man in C.R. now, the girls call him a "wolf," but don't let them get you

down, Willy—they're harmless, and besides, kids, he's married with a young son of two. Howie is a "Toronto-tonion."

AW1 "Marion" BETTSCHEN—good ole westerner from Lumsden, Sask. Keeps the C.R. filing in running order. Has been having her spells of blues lately—why do B.F.'s have to go overseas?

LAW "Joan" TUPLING — fun-loving Joan, likes Macdonald, but is anxious to join her husband down East. All the best in your posting, Joan, but we hate to lose our expert mailing clerk.

LAC "Dick" VERNON—has been overseas and back, trained as an A.G., now back in his old trade of Teletyper—posted recently to W.A.C. Hate to see you go, Dick, we all hope you'll like your new station.

LAW "Alice" ROBINSON — also a westerner from Kelliher, Sask. Robby is taking over the teletype now, has worked as steno in Records for the past while. Keep up the good work, Alice. After hours there's a certain "Ray" of sunshine who takes up all her spare moments.

And, of course, we can't overlook our runners, they become a vital part in the all-round station business world. Can't mention any names, because they change so often.

STATION LIBRARY

Open from 0830 hours to 2230 hours daily.

NON-FICTION

Nazi Germany: Its Women and Family Life, by Clifford Kirkpatrick.

An unprejudiced account of the women of Germany, by a professor of Sociology in the University of Minnesota; told with sympathy and understanding. German women forced to see their children die of starvation, after the Treaty of Versailles, were easy converts of Hitler's hatred of the Jews and later of the Democracies. Recommended to those interested in Sociology.

Poland; Key to Europe, by Raymond Leslie Buell.

Written by a man who has made a life time study of European Politics and History. This book tells of the wars for Poland from the early ages to the present time. It tells of her people and their culture and of how important her existence is to a future world peace.

The Fabulous Life of Sarah Bernhardt, by Louis Verneuil.

Translated from the French by Ernest Boyd, this illustrated biography of one of the world's most famous actresses is written with great warmth by a man who knew her personally when he was a young playwright. The manner in which Sarah Bernhardt thrilled thousands all over the world lives on in this book to thrill all who read it.

FICTION

Hotel Berlin '43, by Vicki Baum.

The author of "Grand Hotel" brings us another stirring novel, this time a famous hotel in Berlin is the locale. Headquarters of the hated Gestapo, home of international parasites, Nazi officials and the elite of Hitler's regime raging behind steel walls, unite to make an intriguing novel.



**AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY
EVER AFTER . . .**

Mr. Robert Featherbottom and Miss Alice Fenton were married at noon Monday at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Fenton, Rev. Ottis Gassaway officiating.

The groom is a popular young bum who hasn't done a day's work since he got shipped in the middle of his junior year at college. He manages to dress well and keep a supply of spending money on hand because his Dad is a soft-hearted old fool and takes up all his bad cheques instead of letting him go to jail where he belongs.

The bride is a skinny, fast little idiot who has been kissed and mauled by every boy in town since she was 12 years old. She paints like a Sioux Indian, sucks cigarettes in secret, and drinks mean corn liquor when she is out joy-riding in her Dad's car at night. She doesn't know how to sew, cook or do house work.

The house was newly painted thus appropriately carrying out the decorative scheme, for the groom was newly plastered, and the bride newly painted.

The groom wore a rented dinner suit over athletic underwear of imitation silk. His pants were held up by pale green suspenders. His size eight patent leather shoes matched his state in tightness and harmonized nicely with the axle grease polish of his hair. In addition to his jag, he carried a pocket knife, a bunch of keys, a bill for the ring and his usual look of imbecility.

The bride wore some white thing that left most of her legs sticking out at one end and the boney upper end sticking out at the other.

The young people will make their home with the bride's parents . . . which means they will sponge off the old man until he dies then she will have to take in washing.

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**LETTER TO THE
Editor . . .**

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Dear Editor:

An article written in our new station paper "Tracer" and to be found on page three in the "Grin and Bear It" column, should be corrected. The unknown writer of this article hasn't been on the station very long or else is not very observant. Toronto Ave., which was mentioned, is located between the Parade Square and the Drill Hall continuing down in front of the Gun Turret Section. I am sure the 'black and white' block-lettered shingles on the corners of the buildings are very easily noticed and are readable. "Love is Blind," they say. How do these people know they are drilling holes in the road?

"Observant."

From _____

20

PUT
1c
STAMP
HERE