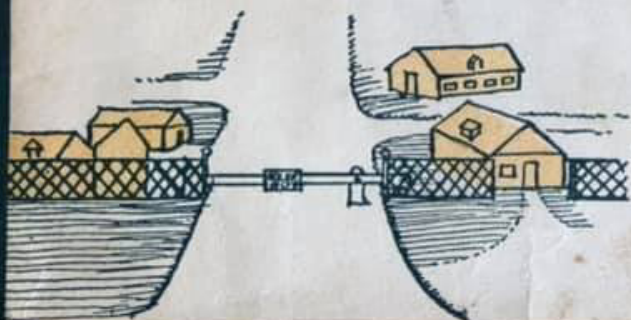


TRACER

Vol. 1 - No. 3
OCTOBER, 1944



3 B & G SCHOOL
MACDONALD
MANITOBA

N. BAKER.



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T R A C E R

VOL. 1

OCTOBER, 1944

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EDITORIAL

ON October 16th, 1944, the Seventh Canadian Victory Bond Campaign got underway and each and every one of us has been asked to lend our country as much money as they possibly can through the medium of purchasing Victory Bonds. With the end of the war in Europe in sight and the United Nations Armies fully trained and willing to deliver the knock-out blow, are we going to fall down and expect them to save on guns, ammunition and other necessary equipment because they know that we didn't lend enough money to replenish their supplies? From past performances at this Unit it is hard to believe that this might happen here. On looking back on previous loans, No. 3 B. & G. School personnel subscribed \$120,700.00 to the Fifth Victory Loan and \$107,550.00 to the Sixth. This was considered to be very good, but our objective for this loan is \$132,000.00 and with the thought in mind that this amount will help considerably towards shortening the war and dealing the final punch to the enemy, we have no hesitancy in thinking that we can make it, or even go over the top.

Lending money to Canada, besides supplying the Armed Forces with vital supplies, has important post-war features. There will be many things we will want to buy when we are back in "civvies," such as a new house, car, washing machine or something else to make our lives more pleasant and by so purchasing we keep the wheels of industry turning and create employment for ourselves and our fellow Canadians. A high level of employment is good for everyone because it means a strong demand for goods and services of all kinds, and a consequent high level of personal incomes.

A large number of personnel have already purchased their Victory Bonds in this Seventh Loan Drive, but how about the rest of you? Come on, let's put it over in a big way. Get your bond now.

The Sergeant Has Nothing To Do In The Flights! . . .

I have just returned from another section where I was told, so convincingly that I was forced to believe it, that the sergeant i/c flights has nothing to do.

I entered my Orderly Room confidently and was in the act of lighting a cigarette and hoisting my No. 10's up on the desk in preparation to enjoy my days of leisure.

Suddenly behind me the P.A. rasped out, "Gunnery II! Send your gas and oil report to Servicing right away!" I dropped my feet to the floor and reached for the gas report, but Cpl. Bruce beat me to it and thrust an L.14 into my hand with, "Put this serviceable!" Scrawling my name on it with one hand, I reached out the other for the gas report. Once more I was foiled, as Cpl. Sawyer thrust a sheaf of 48's at me . . . "Recommend this!"

As I made the third grab for the now buried gas report, someone shoves some clearance papers on the pile and behind me the timekeeper asks, "What ships for the next run?" Before I can reply the door opens and three pilots, six students, and one A.G.I. enter. For the next ten minutes there is bedlam proper. I hear such snatches as, "Sarge, my Port brake . . ." "Say, Sarge, 9680 is stal . . ." "That d - - - kite won't take the throttle any more, Sarge." About that time the P.A. blares out, "Sgt. Dunham, which engine in that Hurricane did you say was U/S?" Major Harris bursts in with, "Hey, Sarge!

I saw one of your men start an A/C without any fire extinguisher in his other hand. You'd better check up on them."

F/L Scott appears from nowhere with, "What's the dope on that towing accident, Sergeant?" Mr. Hennesy is also right in there with, "Did you run up that A/C of mine yet? I told you five minutes ago that it was no good." McInnes cracks at me, "None of them are any good," so I make one more dive for the gas report only to find that a runner has picked it up and whisked it away, evidently mistaking it for an F.17. However, I have to forget it for the moment, as F/S Pitts is bearing down with an ominous look on his otherwise cheerful face. "Look here," he begins, "what's the idea of sending this A/C to Maintenance for a major job? Except for the Starboard main plane loose, two cylinders lost in flight, and the controls jammed, there was nothing wrong with it."

As I go reeling out in search of the prodigal gas report, F/O Sheehan asks, "Whatsa matter, Sarge, drunk again?" "No," I reply, "it's only the C.E.O. wants me to be stagger conscious."

However, that reminds me to take a hike for the workshop and get a few drops of that Kickapoo Joy Juice they imbibe as coffee at about 1000 hours. Maybe it will give me the necessary oomph to find that gas report.

Yes, on the whole the Sergeants have very little to do . . . !





The Padre's Page



THE NEW ORDER

WHILE our fighting men are engaged in the decisive struggle that will determine the fate of Germany and of Europe, statesmen are drawing the plans for post-war international order. What will these plans be? On what basic principles will they rest? We cannot know yet.

Whatever they may be, the ultimate aim must be similar to that end for which we have been fighting this war. We claim that we are fighting for a just cause. This must mean that it is such in the sight of men. The plans of men must not differ from the plans of God, otherwise they will prove to be inadequate.

Experience has shown that the ceasing of hostilities alone is no guarantee for a lasting peace; that victory may be won on the battlefields and lost on the diplomatic front; that international understanding is impossible unless a common purpose is set before all nations. This common purpose is the common good of all individuals.

The ultimate aim of every nation is correspondent to the individual aim of its respective members, and the rights and duties of their leaders are determined by the rights and duties of the community. Thus the authority that governs a nation is established for the safeguard of the rights of its members and to help them to perform their duties adequately.

Genuine authority must respect the conscience of individuals and seek the

welfare of the community. Otherwise, authority becomes despotism if it violates individual rights, or anarchy if it does not exercise any control over individuals. Both forms of government are contrary to the welfare of men, and in both cases the authority has failed to comply with its purpose.

In drawing plans for a new order, statesmen will do well to remember that the purpose of man's life is not limited to the things of this world. Man is not only a power or machine that the state may exploit indiscriminately; he is not only an animal whom excessive freedom may allow to transgress the laws of nature according to his own fancies. Man is a rational being composed of a soul and body. As such he has a right to be free, not for any other purpose than to do that which is good and be protected from that which is evil. He is essentially a religious being. The state must therefore respect his religious rights and help him to perform his religious duties. He is a social being. The state must raise his standard of living so that he may meet the requirements of life without difficulty. He is a member of a nation. It cannot violate his freedom for a purpose that is contrary to his nature.

In a new order the laws of God and of Nature must be respected by nations as well as by individuals. Otherwise there can be no peace in this world for nations and no peace hereafter for individuals.

H/F/L J. O. I. JOYAL.

STATION PERSONALITIES

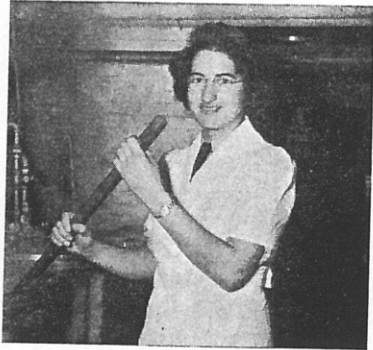


CPL. RON C. THOMAS

Here is that Armourer (Guns) Instructor who took the station by storm a couple of months ago. He decided that the station needed more entertainment, so these days find Ron giving up all his spare time to the rehearsing and production of "Dream Girl."

His favorite pastime is artistic photography and providing entertainment for others. For sports he likes swimming, baseball and boxing. His appetite is satisfied best with Porterhouse steak covered in mushrooms. Yum!

Ron joined the R.C.A.F. in February, 1942, giving up his position as publicity man for Universal Studios in Hollywood, California. After the cessation of hostilities we'll find Ron back working for bigger and better possibilities with the same studio. His biggest ambition in life is to direct a 101-piece orchestra in symphonic swing music. Best of luck, Ron.



CPL. BETTY A. MARTIN

Introducing you to that tall, dark-haired Corporal in the Airmen's Mess, who always greets you hungry folk with a smile and a second helping. Betty is one of our chief up-to-the-minute chefs and has been here since May 10th, 1942. During that time she has been in charge of the Sergeant's Mess staff and at the present moment is supervising one of the shifts in the Airmen's Mess.

A Manitoban, Betty hails from Traverse Bay. Her favorite sport is bowling, but most of her off-duty hours she spends knitting or sewing. She is really a specialist in this line. She wouldn't say what profession she is going to take up after the war, but perhaps there is a military secret tucked away. Lots of luck anyway, Betty, in whatever you do.





SGT. VIC S. LATIMER

Who is this fun-loving glamor boy who hails from Westmount, Montreal? He makes the gals' hearts flutter with that bewitching smile and who takes life as it comes, with a grin. He is none other than our own hip-se-do kid, a favorite P.T.I.

An outstanding star on our Station rugby team who played previously with the R.C.A.F. Bombers, Vic also goes in for tennis, swimming, and hockey. We hear that he is quite a shark at snooker, too. He has only been with us since June, 1944, but has won the hearts of many. His favorite pastimes are reading, dancing, or just plain sleeping. His special dish, well, simply steaks—any style. Before the war Vic was a student. In the years to come he intends to join his father in the insurance business. All the best to you, Vic.

A Bell For Adano, by John Hersey.

This novel by a young war correspondent is based on fact. It tells of an Italian-American major and his struggle to rebuild the town of Adano after the Allied advance in Italy. He found that an old bell that the Fascists had taken to make gun barrels from needed replacing. His efforts to obtain this and the red tape and prejudice he encounters makes a ver yinteresting story.



S/L VINCENT L. MacILROY

Formerly of London, England, S/L MacIlroy has now made his home in that fair city of the plains, Regina, Sask. He is married and has a charming daughter of seventeen. For occupying his leisure hours he chooses golfing.

Though he arrived here just last August, we now find that S/L MacIlroy is our favorite S. Ad. O. His magnetic personality has won the confidence of all.

He joined the R.C.A.F. in May, 1941, and since then he has been Commanding Officer at No. 5 Recruiting Centre, Regina, for approximately three years. From there he travelled to Rockcliffe, No. 2 Training Command, and finally to No. 3 B. & G. Hope your stay here leaves you with a lot of happy memories, sir.

Victoria Brandolet, by Henry Bellamann.

The story of an ambitious New England girl who marries into a Louisiana clan and their large ancestral home White Cloud. After a period of domestic strife the thwarted woman begins to identify herself with Far Felice, a haunted manor farther up the Mississippi. The legends of this old home and the effects it has on the lives of the characters make an exciting novel.

CENTRAL SIGHS

One of the smallest sections on the station is the telephone office. It has F/O Thompson as O.C. of telephones, Cpl. McKeag and three operators. All one happy family, so here's the gen.

Who is the operator? She's the gal who stays on duty regardless of station holidays, Sports Day, Wings Parade, fire or crash. Thinking that she is rather important in the Battle of Macdonald, she aims to be cheerful and polite at all times.

She's so proud of the switchboard which was only installed a year ago. One does have disconnects and shorts on it, and the result is most alarming. The operator hears about it in no uncertain terms.

"Operator, you cut us off!"

"Are you sure you're ringing the Mess?"

"Operator, were you sleeping?"

Well, there it is. When the busy hours are over it really isn't so discouraging. Along with the switchboard and her knitting she even finds time to dream. The least bit of noise arouses her fears. The opening of a door, the fireman checking the building, or the rattle of a window makes her rather wish she was any place but there.

The operator's only comment on last month's Tracer seemed to be that the picture of LAC Murray Lynch was too small to be framed for the switchboard. (Her pin-up, you know). Who is the operator? Well, she could be any one of the four.

These four believe that S/L Wood is the gentleman of the station, while F/L Musgrave has THE voice of the hour. Too bad we haven't television.

Individually, the operators are:

Cpl. Pat McKeag: One of the veterans of No. 3 who hails from Edmonton and is one of the best. Her specialty is

sewing on Sergeants' hooks for the R.A.F.

LAW Alice Corbet: Our red-headed glamor girl. She finds Winnipeg most interesting these days.

LAW Betty Dubois: Rivers' gift to Macdonald. If you ever want to meet someone who has an answer for everything, by all means drop in and see her. She's our star bridge player.

LAW Mart Szostak: The newest addition to the office. She's the brown-eyed menace from Regina. Blonde airmen and navy uniforms are her weakness.

Now, doesn't it set your head in a whirl
When you think what you owe the
telephone girl?

WEDDING BELLS

At three o'clock on Friday afternoon, October 6th, LAW Alice Robinson became the bride of LAC Ray Cox in a charming ceremony in the Station Chapel.

The bride, dressed in a turquoise blue dressmaker suit with brown accessories and wearing a corsage of gardenias, was attended by LAW Gloria Powers. The bridesmaid wore a wine crepe afternoon dress with matching accessories and a corsage of white lilies. P/O John Ricker was the best man. The bride was given away by WO2 W. A. Ross and the ceremony was performed by F/L J. O. I. Joyal.

S/L Coleman presided at the organ and LAW Dorothy Ayre sang "All Joy Be Thine" during the signing of the register.

LAC and Mrs. Cox left immediately after the ceremony for Kenora, where they spent their short honeymoon. They are now living in Macdonald.

ACCOUNTS ACTIVITIES

We're the Accounts Section, the place that you all go
To find out how your Pay Sheet stands, or why a voucher's slow;
So now we're here to tell you what we do from day to day,
So stop and listen a moment to what we have to say.

On the first of every month we check your Pay Sheets in and out,
Or we try to trace a voucher that we've never heard about.
We post D.R.O.'s daily for remusters, appointments and such,
And for other minor details that don't amount to much.

And when the fifteenth of the month once more comes into range
We count the tens and fives and ones, start handing out the change.
When Pay Parade is over and you've gained or lost, you find,
Come up and see us at our desks, we'll ease your troubled mind.

But if you come any time of the day, someone says, "Come back again
Tomorrow morning or after that, between the hours of nine and ten."
Perhaps they ceased your Flying Pay on the station you were last at
Or else you got something from stores, they charge for all of that.

You'll find we have an answer for every look of pain
And when we finish showing you, we know you'll return again.
But take heart, lads and lassies, everything will be alright;
We balance every sheet of yours, though it may take all night.

We've dealt with Pay enough this time,
Let's turn to Equipment to finish this rhyme.

"Where's my Inventory, Corporal?" you'll hear somebody boom,
A wee reply, "It's here, Sir," will be heard from the back of the room.
And then you hear a noisy ring and you'll go to answer the phone;
Someone wants to find out why a voucher came back alone.

"There was no duplicate copy sent," you'll hear one girl say.
"It's not my fault the thing is wrong, I didn't do it that way."
I could go on indefinitely about the things we do,
But this is getting rather long and perhaps its boring you.

We try our best to please you and to greet you with a grin,
So next time you're in Headquarters, how about dropping in
To see our section, it's on display
At any time of any day.

Tid Bits from . . .

TURRETS

Someone told us that 97 entry would be the last one at Macdonald. Since that rumor floated down you wouldn't recognize this section. Smiles that have been buried are at long last blossoming forth. One class of gunners came dashing madly out of the class room hotly pursued by an irate instructor. "What the so-and-so is the matter with you guys?" he hollered, and one shivering little UT/AG muttered, "We can't stand that facial expression." Seems like the poor instructor was only practicing a smile and, after so long a period, the effort was truly ghastly. So much so that the little A.G.'s promptly visited the Padre, so we are told.

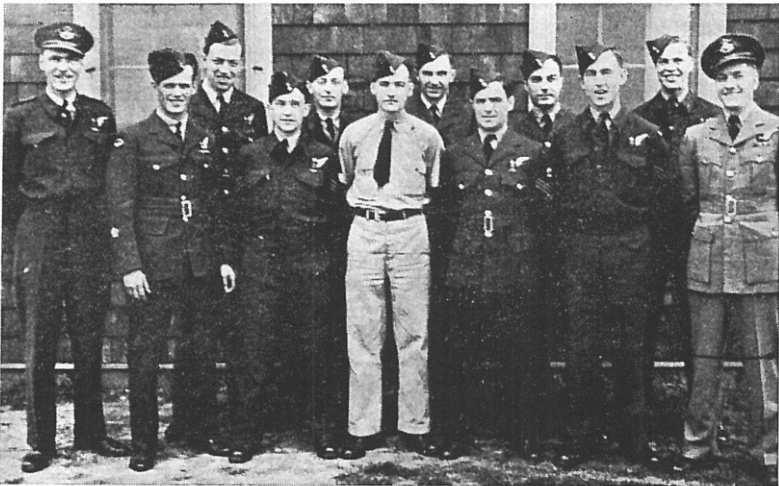
Yes, truly 'tis a remarkable change. Our O.C. is even going around humming lullabys. Of course, the fact that

he is not long married might account for the lullaby part of it.

Another one of our instructors was seen outside practicing railroad signals—or was it the tailoress across the way he was signalling to? A third instructor was seen trying on a civvy tie and smirking at himself in the mirror. Just goes to show you what a rumor can do.

We would like to introduce at this time a newcomer to our gang, Sgt. "Mac" Macrae. "Mac" is a Repat A.G. and is making a name around the section for always being on time, and is fast becoming an instructor of high calibre. We're sure glad to have him with us.

On looking around the section this morning, your scribe noticed something and that was the fact that there is not a single line of sport going on around the station that doesn't have at least one representative from here. For instance, we have three of our boys trying for the rugby team, we have two golfers of note, and several good bowlers, as well as tennis players, card



Turret Section Staff.

players, crap shooters, and pool sharks, to say nothing of the two exponents of horizontal P.T. who, according to their own admission, do more of it than anyone else on the station. Wonder if any section can beat that?

Well, enough of this chit-chat. Tem-pus fugit and students wait without and all that stuff. Bye now. More later.

P/O FRED GREEN.

P.S.—Correction, please. In the last edition Bob Straw and Len Charlton object to the spelling of their names.—F.G.

Platter Chatter

In viewing the articles appearing in the September issue of Tracer, I would gather that the time is ripe for me to bring one or two of our personalities into the news.

Let us first mention the very unique combination we have working here in the Airmen's Mess, in the persons of LAC and Mrs. G. Rathburn, two people I so rudely forgot to mention in my previous column. This little match was made only a very short time ago in a solemn ceremony performed in Portage la Prairie. Mrs. Rathburn, formerly LAW Sax, hails from the sunny plains of Saskatchewan, while Mr. Rathburn calls New Brunswick his home. (He's a real blue nose, incidentally). The very best of luck, kids.

Let us now offer a little different type of congratulations to Mary Mackie who was recently promoted to the rank of Corporal. Cpl. Mackie has been in the service now for quite some time and only through her own untiring efforts can she, or anyone else, credit her promotion. Hard and consistent work will always eventually pay its dividends. Mary calls Manitoba her home province and, although you'll

have to pardon my quotation, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." Unfortunately, Macdonald doesn't seem to fit into anything beautiful or flattering about Manitoba. Home could never be like this, could it Mary?

In closing I would like to mention that, although it's very nice to have a light snack after the theatre, let us just keep in mind that those who are detailed to prepare it for you deserve a lot of credit. All we ask is that you give us a break and conduct yourselves like ladies and gentlemen. If you will conduct yourselves as you have so graciously done in the past and try to co-operate with us in making it a success, we won't complain.

GIBBY.

SMOKE RINGS

Oh he floats through the air with the greatest of ease

When he comes from the attic on hands and knees.

As he checks for wiring, chimneys and arson,

None other than the Fire Department's own Curly Parsons.

Who is Yehoodi? We know! LAC King, the little man who wasn't there at the foot of the ladder when Curly did his trapeze act.

LAC Russell, known to the boys in the Fire Hall as "Gabby," will sure need the fastest feet in Canada after the last article he put in Tracer.

We wonder what the glass man is doing with all his money.

Sgt. Muloin is looking for pointers on how to get a discharge. Any suggestions will be thankfully received.

Did you know that the Fire Dept. made a record time at their last monthly test? If you think that we're fast, just watch the boys break off for lunch with Cpl. McKenzie in the back.

Post Scripts



We know that the general opinion around is that the Postal staff have a pretty soft touch. Maybe we can enlighten you, as it is really more than just selling stamps to the occasional ambitious character who writes a letter.

Our first mail comes in at midnight from Macdonald. One of the clerks has to be on hand to meet this train every night and to make sure that the precious mail is safely stowed away on its arrival on the station. When you are coming back from your 48's you have probably heard someone say, "Sorry, only mail in this truck." Then you give vent to many unprintable mumbblings and wander wearily to the next truck.

At eight bells in the morning the racket begins. Each letter coming in has to be date-stamped on the reverse side. Next it is sorted alphabetically and then placed in the wicket where you will eventually come to call for it. The parcels are all entered in a book and given a number. Into the wicket goes a card which will signify to some lucky person that he has not been completely forgotten by those at home.

At 8.30 the mail you have posted during the night is despatched. Each letter is date-stamped, sorted according to its destination, and tied in a bundle with other letters bound for the same location. All mail from Macdonald is despatched to Portage where it makes connections with different trains.

At 9.30 the financial business begins and is carried on in the same manner

as that of any civil Post Office. We need not advertise, owing to the fact that the opposition has not yet been established. Actually there isn't a Post Office in "F" Hangar, even if some of you might have heard that story.

At 11 o'clock comes the attack on the small Post Office. "Any mail for me today? Gee, I don't know what's the matter with this place. I never get any mail." And so it goes until the wickets close. When 1.30 rolls around another mail is despatched, getting your letters on their way home. Another mail comes to the station from Macdonald at 3.00 p.m. and is stamped and sorted in the same manner as the morning haul.

The wickets open again at 4.30 and those who write letters sometimes get an answer. The last despatch of the day closes at 5.00 p.m., so if you didn't post that letter before that time it just doesn't go out today.

Of course, just as we wearily lock the door and prepare to wander homewards somebody calls out, "Hey! It's only two minutes to six by my watch." And so ends a day in the station Post Office.

Norma Hibbard (writing to her mother).

Dear Mother:

I am in the Air Force at Macdonald, and am broke and have no friends. What shall I do?

Mother: "Make some friends, quick!"

The tax assessor's office had to decide on which side of the United States-Canada border an old lady's newly purchased farm lay. Surveyors finally decided it was just inside the United States border.

The old lady smiled in relief.

"I'm so glad to know that," she said. "I've heard that winters in Canada are terribly severe."

SIDEBANDS

At the request of the editor of Tracer we are submitting an article on the work of the Wireless Section.

We know that at the mention of the word "WORK," when referring to the Wireless Section, it is hailed with jeers and ribald laughter. Now, before you turn the page and decide that this article is not worth while reading, bear with us for a moment.

Once again, we do make the statement that the Wireless Section DO work—and our name isn't Ripley.

On top of our regular work—the maintenance and installation of R/T equipment and intercommunication equipment in aircraft, did you ever pause to think that when the W.D.'s have a dance, who are the first people they phone? The Wireless Section for a P.A. System. Who enjoys the dance? Everyone! The same applies on a Station dance, or a Corporals' and below dance, and, occasionally a "do" in the Sergeants' Mess.

When we have a lecture or a concert (like we have almost every Sunday) who takes the jeers when he stands up in front of the crowd and says, "One, two, three—Hullo! Test!" Oh! Oh! It's us again! Well, we do it, we may groan a bit, but we do it just the same. And, when something like a gremlin or the like gets into the Mike, who gets it in the neck, even if it's the Deep-River Boys—we aren't magicians!

Add to this array—massive as it is, C.O.'s Parades and other sundry do's and things, and you have it! And its all buckshee!

Well, we'd like to introduce at this point the new Signals Officer, F/O R. S. Thompson, who from now on will carry the trials and tribulations of the section on his broad shoulders—when you want that P.A., phone 39 and ask for him!

Do we make a mistake, or is his hair getting just a little thinner on top? ? ?

However, folks, when you do call for that P.A., please—PLEASE—give us a little notice—at least 24 hours, and you won't have to rub your ears after calling us.

Congrats to those two new Corporals—better dirty those stripes Ted and Ralph or they'll be taking you for rookies.

ARMAMENT SECTION

F/L Musgrave—"Musty" to us, (with all due respect, of course), whose cheery smile and encouraging "O.K. Laddy" is an inspiration to all who meet him. His sympathetic understanding of human nature will ever remain with us as a tribute to him. "Musty" is also rated as Western Canada's leading authority on "Harvest Leaves." A native of Toronto, Ontario.

WO2 Dole: A newcomer here, but a real veteran of the service. Hails from Winnipeg. "Harry" tells us that's east of here. Noted as an advisor on marriage and connected problems. Maybe that's why he's still single.

F/S Welsh—"Howie" to his friends, is another native of "The Peg." Howie is saddled with the two greatest worries in the world—an Armament Section and a '31 Buick.

F/S Montani—Another newcomer to Macdonald. "Monty" is the section's gift to our new rugby team. We got him from Hamilton via Goose Bay where he stopped off for a considerable period of time.

Sgt. Kodak—Better known as "Peter" who will ever be remembered as the originator of that time-worn phrase: "Shoot the geezley dollar!" Thirty-two

months in Macdonald. Peter is another Winnipegger.

Cpl. Bland—Known as "Not-a-Hair-Out-of-Place Bill." Bill loves that miniature rifle range and always keeps his eye on the targets, especially when the W.D.'s are shooting. Another product of Winnipeg.

Cpl. Walker—"Red the Boissevain Flash." Also known as the human alarm clock. He's swell to have around in the morning, gals!

Cpl. Malm—"Carl the meat wagon kid." In civil life an embalmer. Keeps in practice on any sleeping body in the barracks. Just another good kid from Winnipeg.

Cpl. Taylor—Is Brandon's contribution to us. Known as the camera gun kid; he's also pretty good at changing those triangular pants his big son wears. He's fast becoming a native of Portage.

Cpl. Benard—Better known to the lads in the section as "Benny the Whip." Benny recently left the ranks of the "blessed single" and launched himself in the sea of matrimony. Winnipeg again.

Cpl. Ellis—The kid that's known as "Lou." Our crack machinist, Lou can make anything from a Hispano Cannon to a two-headed nickel—well, we've seen the nickel.

LAC Reynolds—"H.E." is our only G.D., but he's been with us so long now that we think of him as an armourer. Shows great promise in the field of Theology.

LAC Vath—"Pit" is a connoisseur of locally manufactured honey wine. Returns to camp after driking quantities of said brew and brings up glowing tales of little woolly lambs, fuzzy turkeys and so to bed. "Pit" hails from Hanover, Ontario.

LAC "Bob" Johnston—Known affectionately around the section as "Fire Chief"—the boy who calls an ace an ace and a spade a spade. Bob is also from Manitoba's capital.

LAC Tyrrell—Free, white, and twen-

ty-one. Answers to the name of "Ty" and is Toronto's original dead-end kid.

LAC LeFreniere—"Laffy" left his happy home in Swan Lake to become the world's greatest fighter pilot, however, A.F.H.Q. had other ideas, so we gained one armourer.

LAC Malcolmson—More familiarly known as "Malc the Carman Cutie." Former big time banker from Montreal. Our leading authority on dollar steak dinners.

AC Williams—Our newest armourer. We haven't got anything on him yet, except that he's from Winnipeg and that's something.

LAC Fultham—From Keewatin, Ontario. "Pappy" Fultham has a good thing lined up for post-war days. He's renting himself and his pipe out to hospitals as a first class anaesthetist.

LAC Larusson—Hails from the Gateway to the West. His specialty is carnivals. If you lost dough at our last one, see him. He will explain Barnum's famous words: "There's one born every minute."

LAC Milroy—Another proud papa from Winnipeg. Too bad, gals, our handsome "Jimmy" is married.

LAC Neabel—"Walt" was quite a Casanova until recently. The old matrimonial noose settled around his neck and a lovely gal pulled tight and Walt loves it. A native of Listowell, Ont., and another son of the soil.

LAC Cocte—Better known as the "Man Who Walked Back." Missed his train from the Peg one night and hoofed it about a third of the way back. That's the spirit that's going to win this darn war. Another Winnipegger, of course.

LAC Austin—One of our few shy, retiring types. Just a good kid trying to find out the score. One of Port Arthur's leading citizens.

LAC Blythe—Besides being a first class armourer, is also the chief wood butcher of the section. Another Winnipeg lad.

LAC Stalker—"George" is the lad who put McGregor on the map. His hobby is collecting vehicles and he already has a very fine truck, we understand. George hails from Canada—the east to you, Winnipeggers.

LAC Baker—"Red" is another family man from Winnipeg. We think of him as an excellent candidate for a discussion group—particularly politics.

S. P. PATTERN

WHY GO A.W.L.?

I wonder if the average airman is aware of what transpires when he fails to answer his roll call, due to being absent without leave. I don't imagine very many are.

In the first place his section, upon discovering his absence notifies the Station Sergeant Major's office, who in turn advise the Service Police.

In the section itself his AWL is recorded on their Parade State. In the S.W.O.'s office it is also listed on a Parade State. The Service Police list the number, rank and name in a book especially drawn up for that purpose, and post it also on a board at the wicket.

From then on it is necessary to keep a close watch for this particular individual, and when his absence has amounted to 5 days, an R155 is submitted, which goes to the Command in which his station is situated, as well as to the Command in which his home is located, and further to any other Command wherein it is thought he might be staying.

His home is visited by the Service Police, and questions asked of his family, and other places checked where he might be visiting.

When he is eventually apprehended, an escort from his station is sent for him, and he returns to the station under close arrest. At this time a further

advice is sent out cancelling the R155.

In addition to this, his name appears on a report sent to Command listing him as AWL, a D.R.O. entry is made showing the date that his AWL commenced, and a second D.R.O. entry stating the date it ceased.

He is then held in custody while an R158, or Charge Sheet, is made up, and is then brought up on charge.

Upon being sentenced he is brought back to the Guard House, and confined to the "Digger." If his award is over 14 days, he has to be sent to Command Detention Barracks under escort. In such case a commitment form has to be made out, his kit has to be inspected and brought up to scale.

His crime is entered upon his Command with him, as well as his medical and dental records. Then when he has completed his sentence, an escort from his station has to be sent to bring him back again, and a release form has to be made out at this time. In each case of transporting this prisoner, warrants have to be prepared for escorts and prisoner.

A man who deliberately absents himself without leave is not of very much use to himself or his country. He hurts both.

You can see from the above how much time and labor are expended in his regard. This is WASTED time and WASTED effort, for it could have been used for a better purpose. Thus your AWL becomes sabotage in reality, hindering the war effort.

And he has not done himself any good either. He has probably not enjoyed the time he has been absent, for he must always be on the alert lest he give himself away. And when he is finally returned to the fold he finds himself in for a period of confinement, stoppage of pay for the time he has been absent, and the cost of travelling warrants for both himself and escort. In the past this has averaged over \$100.

It's not worth it.

DROGUE'S DRIVEL

Before we say one word, folks, lets all agree that Drogue's Drivel in the last issue of Tracer was one of the best columns of the bunch—thanks to our star reporter, Clay (here's mud in your eye) Herman; but unfortunately (for Drogue anyway) Clay has been transferred to Maintenance, and will do his reporting for Tracer from there. The writer is quite certain that this column won't come up to the last one—but the blank page reserved for Gunnery 2, Maint., Construction Engineering, and the Dental Clinic, etc., now altogether too obvious — so come what may — Drogue's Drivel will NOT be made conspicuous by its absence.

Things in Drogue Hangar are running along in their usual smooth (?) manner—but there seems to be an appalling shortage of serviceable aircraft, in spite of the fact Maint. Fitters are working day and night—and we've seen Cpl. Edie Jacobson, Drogue's timekeeper, have that schedule running with as few as four serviceable kites, and if you think that doesn't take some juggling around—well—just guess again. I know.

Roland Boulaine and Bill Scott, two of Drogue's oldest operators, may now be seen sporting a pair of brand new hooks. Congratulations, fellows.

Overheard in Drogue's Orderly Room the other A.M.:

Jack: "I guess Flight Cockx must have a lot of service under his belt by now. I see he has quite a low Reg. No."

George: "Well, I don't know about that, according to D.R.O.'s his 18 months' service ribbon became effective just last week."

P.S.—F/S Cockx was a Corporal armourer for two years before his remuster to pilot came through some 23 or 24 months ago.

Far be it from anyone connected with Drogue Flight to do any bragging or boasting, but if you look closely down the taxi strip each morning by about 07:15 hrs., whose aircraft do you usually see on the line and being run up first? Why, those black and yellow striped ones, of course; and more often than not, they're the first ones put away after the day's flying is done.

Just as a mere suggestion, why wouldn't it be possible to have the public telephone moved from its present location in the airman's wet canteen to a place just a little bit quieter? If any of you have tried to phone long distance (where each word is so all-important) you will know what I mean, especially when the local lush-hounds give out with "Mademoiselle from Armetiers," along with a few bars of "The North Atlantic Squadron," assisted by some fugitive from Tin-Pan Alley on the piano, of course. How about a nice quiet corner of the Drill Hall for the new location?

Short Bursts ... at Extreme Range

THE INSTRUCTOR'S REPLY

So the students do all the work, do they? And the instructors just sit around, do they? We sometimes wonder if it has occurred to the students to wonder where we learned all the things we know. All the little things that seem so inconsequential, that can be answered in a word or a sentence. All those answers represent an accumulation of knowledge and experience

that has taken many years to get together.

Some of the A.G. instructors had to learn most of what they know the hard way, by experience. The gunnery course given in '40, '41 and '42 didn't compare with what you get today. We fired a V.G.O. mounted on a Scarff ring in a Fairey Battle. There was no mention of turrets. A/C Rec. consisted of five or six planes, and we got about one-third of the time in the air that you do. Pyros, gas, Servo-feed, 50 cal. guns were unthought of. Some of the things you learn here today we didn't learn until we reached a squadron.

Others of the instructors are fellows like yourselves. They went through the gunnery schools of today, supplemented that with more gen from the instructor's course at Mountain View, and then were posted here. Mind you, these men didn't want to take this job, but because they came near the top of their classes, and because they were ordered to, they took the job.

What we on the range are trying to do is pass on to your students the accumulated knowledge and experience at our finger tips. For instance, P/O Green has been in since May, 1941. He enlisted as a fire fighter, but instead of practicing that trade, he was put in charge of an "X" Depot. Early in 1942 he remustered to A.G. He took his course right here, but if you think it was the same then as now, ask him how many thousands of rounds he bolted for ground firing, and how many drums he loaded for the V.G.O. All there was in the way of turrets then were some old Brokls and B.P.'s.

Sgt. Hammett is another man who graduated from No. 3 B. & G. S. He followed his course here with a comprehensive and thorough course at Mountain View and then came back here as an instructor.

WO2 Marks is a Repat. He graduated from No. 4 B. & G. S., Fingal, Ontario. If pressed for an answer, he will admit

that the gunnery course in the old days was a snap compared to today's. He has been heard to say that up until the time he arrived at O.T.U., he had never heard of turrets. He thought that all guns were mounted on Scarff rings.

Some of the other instructors you will meet on the range from time to time are F/S Hynds, Sgt. Loudon, Sgt. Straw, and Sgt. Kolar. The last three men are armament instructors. If there is anything you don't know about guns or turrets, these are the men to ask. Between the three of them they have at least a dozen years experience.

SIDE-GLANCES

from the Sergeants' Mess

First of all we should like to take this opportunity to offer our heartiest congratulations to one of the finest Senior N.C.O.'s we've ever had the pleasure (and we do mean pleasure) of knowing. We're speaking of WO2 Fred Green who recently got his comission. Nice going, sir, even if we do miss you around the Mess. Best of everything for the future.

We're sorry to see that Gordie (I do like to be beside the seaside) Lee is leaving us. However, Gordie, we do hope your new course is a real success and who knows, maybe we'll be sir-ing you in three months time.

We wonder why the gals are all staying close to barracks these chilly nights doing their embroidery. Could it be for a table-for-two after the duration?

Our own Cpl. Saunders has gone on her leave to—of all places—Vancouver (swell place that!). Maybe it's because Vancouver is just a nice jaunt from Abbotsford . . . and after all, there are airmen at Abbotsford!

Drogue Flight Pilots

Well, here it is the deadline and the Drogue Pilots are still dragging the drogue or something. This month the boys look a little battered and worse for the wear. Whether its due to the rugby season or the sudden advent of pilots' wives to this fair vicinity, it's hard to say.

F/O Wilkinson, our present O.C., is setting a fine example with a beautiful shiner. He's sticking to the old excuse about the door. P/O Albion, also a member of the "shiner" club had a beautiful display of scratches and bruises. He was heard to say after the game, "Let me at him. I'll moider da bum." (But not now).

F/O Shepherd and P/O Hunter have been seen lately pawing the ground. Whether it was due to the rugby games or the coming arrival of their wives, we wouldn't hazard a guess. Both had a gleam in their eye anyway.

P/O Weibe, WO1 Brereton, F/S Scrimshaw, and F/S Johnson had said goodbye to their wives and were headed for parts unknown. P/O Albion, F/S Swan, and F/S Rutherford had also kissed the girls goodbye. Were you going somewhere, boys?

F/O West and F/O Wooding are still the old-timers around the flight, but are they proud?

For the information of WO2 Swan, crowns are to be worn 6½ inches from the cuff, not on the shoulder. Never mind, Swanee, you can't help it if a certain officer and WO2 tear those stripes off on the main street of Portage.

Who was the certain officer who wanted to hold a wrestling match in the Officers' Mess? P/O "Strangler" Novak they call him.

P/O Gould, a recent newcomer, is said to be going places in Winnipeg

these days. After his last 48, at any rate, he came back without any money (don't we all?) and with a worn out expression. To quote him, "Never again!"

We thought that the Drogue pilots had finally got "bushed" when we walked in last Sunday morning and saw P/O Szostak behind a huge meersch-chaum pipe giving off huge clouds of smoke and living up to his name of "exhaust stack." Over in a corner was F/S "Bushleague" Cockx conjugating verbs in Dutch.

P/O Leadswinger—pardon me, Lead-beater—is trying hard to live down his handicap. P/O Cameron is still dreaming of the girl he left behind him in Auld England. Never mind, Cam, they tell me these Winnipeg gals are pretty good substitutes in any league.

P/O Renouf has finally soloed on the waxer. No Johnson's Glocoat for Frankie. He does it the hard way.

P/O Scruggs, the galloping westerner, wastes no time hurrying home to his little nest in the west in Portage every night. P/O Campbell complains that he hasn't had a 48 for months . . . but, brother! What 48's! ! !

WO2 Huffer is still WO2 Huffer. Just like Ole Man River.

Sgt. Chuck Newton has wasted no time making himself at home in the West. They tell us they are taking on extra help at the post office to handle his correspondence.

P/O Fox, after, missing several trains, has become quite proficient in the use of his thumb.

Sgt. Dwhytie has the only unsullied reputation of all the Drogue pilots. We can't get any dope on him. That's the way to have it, Dwhytie. Everything under control. F/S Crewe and F/L Reid are both away on leave. We will leave their reputation unsmirched, as they are not here to defend themselves.

S/P Smith has hopes of going home to harvest the corn . . . as if we didn't have enough of it right here.

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

The hot summer days have drawn to a close,
 The beauty of Autumn is beginning to wain,
 The birds are gathering for their trip to the south,
 And October is here with its wind and its rain.

The M.T. is preparing for the long winter months
 With frost shields and heaters for drivers' protection.
 Winter lubricant and glycol is also on hand
 (Our cars are looked after with deepest affection).

When the temperature drops and the snow blows in
 To block all the roads with its ten-foot drifts
 And supplies must come in and people must go
 The M.T. carried on with its day and night shifts.

You'll not find us unhappy, and you won't find us cold.
 We all like our work and we're fighting a war.
 We're clothed for the winter with our parkas and boots
 And the spring that's to come is what we're fighting for.

Out of the north came the first gust of a cold wind, tiny silvery snowflakes begin to fall and the air was charged with a tangy freshness that heralds in another winter during the Battle of Macdonald. Nature's ally had once more taken up the sword of Mars and declared war on the vehicles and personnel of the dauntless transport sec-

tion. Life's blood for hundreds of trainees supplied in the line of staples, mail, clothing, heat and the other necessities of life must now be transported through difficulties that only a western winter can produce. This naturally calls for a pre-arranged change in our scheme during our everlasting battle against the elements.

Vehicles must be winterized and the drivers also must be prepared (some manage to withstand the cold by treating themselves with quantities of alcohol) but others must be properly clothed, as it isn't the most comfortable thing in the world to sit in a vehicle during sub-zero weather and push pedals for eight or ten hours a day, and then of course there is always the happy moron that opens his window and then complains of the cold, or the sly little gremlins that sit on the windshield and frost the glass up. Ah me, but it's difficult at times.

Jack Frost not only makes it tough on drivers, but also on the shop crews, as they put in long hours to keep the wheels turning and provide transportation for the people of this station. To give you an example of what happens to a vehicle when it is prepared for winter, we will outline the general procedure for you. Drain and flush radiator, apply inhibitor, refill with glycol. Drain transmission and differential, refill with winter lubricant. Drain crankcase, refill with lubricant of winter weight. Check all hose connections and put heater in a serviceable condition. Adjust carburetor for winter driving. Check chains and make the necessary repairs to cross links, and last but not least, winterize the driver's cab. There you have it, and it all sounds very simple, doesn't

it? Yes! Step around one of these days and do twenty-five of them for us as we would certainly appreciate it.

The gallant snowmobile stands ready and waiting to dash off on its errands as soon as there is sufficient snow. Its been overhauled and should clip off a good rate this winter. If you should see what you think is Haley's Comet bearing down on you, don't be alarmed as it is only our own little buzz bomb.

Every section or branch of the service has paper work to do and believe me, there is plenty of it in the M.T. section. Individual log books for vehicles, master log sheets, work orders, and Maintenance check reports, gas and oil reports, despatch boards and master despatch sheets. The equipment used by us also provides a mountain of paper and would make a beautiful bonfire, but alas and alack, it must be done, due to the exigencies of the service or something.

Well, children, we'll say "au revoir" until the next issue and take our leave with this kindly thought. Be kind to your transport driver because someday he may be able to return your graciousness. Bye now!

The Dental Clinic Presents



Major Guthrie, head of our clan:
Genial, jolly dental superman.
Besides his many connections and ties,
He gives away W.D. brides.

Next, I'm sure you want to know
Who is that tall blonde handsome fellow?

Captain Stroken, who has travelled far.
Prize possessions—wife, baby and car.
(Too bad, girls, but there you are).

Captain Newlove, our latest addition,
Has just returned from an overseas mission.

Sir, welcome to Clinic No. 7, C.D.C.
May your sojourn with us
(Under protest) merry be.

Then there is Sgt. Bob Luney,
Whom you all know well.
The learned Bob has just returned from
. . . . !
(Technical Training Centre C.D.C.)
All his spare time, if he's in luck,
He will still devote to stick and puck.

From Gimli hails our Orderly-in-Chief,
Our dapper Bud has one big beef:
How can this clinic bear to see
One private put in two hours P.T.?

A more recent addition to C.D.C.,
Jack, who has just transferred from
the Infantry.
March, march, march, you need no
more
And we hope you'll like the Dental
Corps.

I've wrecked my brain, as you can
plainly see,
And can think of just nothing to say
about me;
I'll make no excuses for my attempt
at verse
If the boys had done it, it might have
been worse.
So if you think that all this is phoney,
See, write or phone,

Yours truly,
TONY.

GUNNERY 1

. . . . Pilots

Hello Tracer! Here comes Gunnery No. 1 again, on time as usual.

In the wee small hours of the morning the alarm clock rings. It's time for all Gunnery 1 pilots to hie themselves down to the Macdonald shooting gallery. A few of the boys can't get used to the seven-thirty idea. After all, the half day schedule has had it, but eventually the light will probably dawn on them. We hope it does before such time as our newly appointed Flight Commander, F/L Jones, who was formerly a member of the lost legion and probably wished that he still was, catches up with them.

Incidentally the boys in the flight think that you are a pretty swell Flight Commander, so keep it up, sir, and we will back you up. As the old saying goes, you make the balls and we will fire them. We don't know just who you will get to help you, as F/O Gilbert's time seems to be all taken up with his new arrival and investigations but don't give up "Gill." Your old combine will soon be serviceable again.

At 0730 hours we enter the flight room and the silence is shattered by our timekeeper's shrill voice. Surely you know Eleanor Gray?

Have you seen F/O Wraith, better known as "Two-gun Barney"? He's on the first trip and, by the way, he has taken quite a liking to gun powder. It is only recently though that he has taken to smoking it in his pipe. It seems that the boys at the drogue shack have discontinued counting his score on bullet holes and are now using powder burns. We'll have to admit that he had good students to get sixty hits on one trip. Keep it up, Barney, that's good shooting.

Now we come to F/O Grooms who holds up the other end of the show. He has been known to get as many as three hits in one trip. There seems to be a big difference, Johnny. Why don't you and F/O Wraith get together and talk things over?

By 0750 hours F/O Warriner has arrived on the scene all ready and raring to go. He has even got both eyes open so he crawls into his chute, gets himself an A/C, signs any number of papers, and finally gets himself three students who are all in a dither to go up and shoot h - - - out of a poor defenceless little drogue.

Quiet reigns until F/O Warriner rushes back in saying, "Have you got another A/C, Eleanor? That blankety-blank A/C isn't any good. It hasn't any air." Say, take it easy Fred, we only have eight to last us all day. So F/O Warriner gets another A/C and the dust settles once more. All is quiet again.

0755 hours and the door opens and WO1 Vincent sneaks stealthily in munching on a piece of toast and muttering to himself, "That train was late again. I guess I'll have to move." So now he has taken up residence with the socialites of Boom Town from whence he wends his weary way to work each day.

At 0830 hours WO1 Merrett, whom we have elected to wind up the first schedule, has not arrived. The big mystery is . . . where is he? Via the famous Macdonald grapevine we find out that he is at the hospital. Again, Ivan? Don't you know that the Harvard Step Test has been washed out? F/S Letourneau, a good-natured guy, obliges and takes WO1 Merrett's trips. We have to watch him on bad weather days, as it seems that Art has more interests at No. 8 than just the airport.

So Gunnery 1 gets off to a flying start for another day.

The visiting flight who were here recently departed quite pleased. It

seems that F/S Crawford who was one of the first pilots tested, was not on that day and immediately got a posting to a Mosquito Squadron for night intruders. This night intruder business is right down Jack's alley, so he should do all right. We wish him the best of luck and happy landings.

One of our up and coming blue nose pilots, F/O Feener from Nova Scotia, took his check also. Some fun, eh Mel? Don't worry, we can keep a secret, but don't let it happen again. It's not practical (and was our blue nose pilot's face red!).

We also understand that WO2 Borthwick is making an undaunted stand against overwhelming odds in hopes of a G.R. course. Ralph has been burning plenty of midnight oil of late trying to master the finer arts of drill and Astro Navigation. Say, Ralph, why don't you try going out some night and observing some heavenly bodies, as they are a most important part of Astro (?) Navigation.

F/S Saxon, another prominent member of our group, has become matrimonially inclined of late. As a matter of fact, we understand that he done dood it. Doreen is a swell girl, though, and on behalf of Gunnery 1 we wish you both the best of luck and happiness.

While speaking of Flight Sergeants, we have F/S Brown who, by the way, is attached to Gunnery 1, but who for the last few weeks has taken over the position of O.C. of the 200-yard range. Any person desiring information as to where the best duck hunting and gopher trapping areas may be found, just contact Brownie. The information will be forthcoming for a small nominal fee.

Now we all know our little boy "Blue" (F/S Myers) and he sure has been blowing his horn lately. He must have had the right tune, however, for it was not so long ago that he got himself a wife. Say, "Blue," I'll bet

your wife will laugh when she sees that little Island of yours where the sheep have short legs in front and long ones behind, as well as those built-in handbags.

It is high time we spoke of the glamour in our flight. We think F/S Smith can take care of this matter. It seems that he has been bitten by the health bug and can be seen daily making his way to the Drill Hall, attired in sports clothes, to carry on his rigorous "back to health" program. But Smitty, please cover up those pipe stems you walk with or we shall be forced to take that glamour title away from you.

We have two newcomers to Gunnery 1 now. They are F/O Chambers from the Sack Towers (Drogue Flight to you), and F/O Legaarden from F/O Heirlmeier's Flight. They are both doing a very good job of work.

Now let us introduce F/O Wood to all the personnel of the station. He was a fixture at Gunnery 2 until his recent graduation to Gunnery 1. Now it seems F/O Wood had a toothache and, like any smart individual would do, he proceeded on a visit to the local dentist. Said dentist proceeded to D.I. the molars, plates, and bridgework, and after some conversation on the matter took out the tooth that seemed to be the cause of all the trouble. The next day Mr. Wood appeared with one side of his face badly swollen. The dentist had pulled the wrong tooth. Tough luck, Woody!

Now, to all veterans of No. 3 B. & G. School this pilot needs no introduction, but there may be some of the new staff who don't know him. He claims that he came to Macdonald in a truck which broke down and that he can't leave the place until they get it fixed, so they just put him on somebody's inventory. (He is sure that someone must have to sign for him.)

Now, there seems to be something missing. Oh yes! WO1's Rowe and

Vanstone. They are better known in the flight as Toomie and Sam or the Gold Dust Twins.

There is no conceit in our families. We have it all.

Well, Tracer, we feel that we have done enough damage now, so until next month, au revoir.

Photographic Section



Lights! Camera!! Action!!! How exciting it all sounds, but let me assure you that is not the life of a photographer on a B. & G. School.

Do you know that in our little dark room in Gunnery Pool we develop 6,000 feet of film per day? Of course, when the weather man knocks off a day of flying we must work a double schedule and turn out 9,000 feet to make up for lost exercises.

Last January we started using the G.S.A.P. camera guns. This involved endless amounts of experimenting. First the 50-foot rolls had gobs of lamp-black on the back which we had to get off. After trying various developers we managed to get the blacking off the film, but you now see the photographers wearing it on their hands.

The magazines which look like sardine cans require double loading. One hundred and eighty-two magazines are loaded per day at the rate of two minutes each.

Besides the pastime of "souping" films, we have the station work to do and that covers a great territory.

Can you imagine the W.D.'s embarrassment when she had to practically sit on a patient's knee in the Dental

Clinic to photograph his new ivories?

Of course, in every job there are the nice things, especially taking photographs of the N.C.O.'s for promotions. As yet we haven't found the Macdonald pin-up boy, as most of the fellows take it pretty seriously and look like convicts every time they look at a camera.

Then "Betty"—our View Camera to you—is very difficult at times. When called out to a crash or taxi-ing accident, Betty just can't stand the Macdonald gab, so her legs slip and slide all over the place.

The picture taking activity is somewhat curbed, as we must conserve paper and film. Although it is much more exciting developing and printing shots, camera gunning must come first. To the Air Gunners we photographers give our service.

The Knights of Night Servicing

What would Britain do without a Canada? What would Canada do without an R.C.A.F.? What would the R.C.A.F. do without No. 3 B. & G.? What would No. 3 B. & G. do without its very efficient night servicing? Whatever would . . . how did that get in there?

I would like to invite you to take a look into a very interesting situation with me. You may entertain the thought that it can't happen here, but we shall see. First we must open the door.

The banquet table is set in the usual outstanding manner, with all the appearances of a big time. Light fell over the neatly set tables from tall candles while food of all types decorated the hall in such a manner that anyone's palate would be tickled. The quietness of the banquet hall is broken

by the arrival of Ali Baba Ingam and his forty-three thieves in formal dress. Nothing but the best was the byword of the knights while celebrating their Thanksgiving. For tonight differences are being forgotten between the Aeronautical Engineers, without portfolio, Fitters and Riggers to you. The lads file in, placing their hats on the shelf and their bottles on the floor. After seating themselves in their respective places a hush fell over the hall and "Father" Arnold said grace. Following the grace and a request to get crackin' the lads joined in their theme song, "This is a Lovely Way to Spend An Evening."

The Toastmaster is our venerable cigar smoker, Murray Lynch (I hear he buys them by the box. Incidentally, have you seen his new plaid hat? Wow, it is loud enough to keep him awake at his work), rises and suggests a toast to the health of F/S McDermott and Corporal Cluchey, a natural born corn cutter, who recently passed away . . . into Maintenance. They have given up the blue of the evening for the sunshine.

The owner of the gentle voice which is coming from the far end of the table is none other than that jovial gentleman, Cpl. Edwards. "A word of welcome to Sgts. Ingam and Arnold, both recent graduates of Maintenance. Sgt. Arnold is at present on leave, but will be blessing us with his presence shortly. Did someone say the open season on Buck was starting now?"

The 220 pounds just rising is Cpl. Kerr who can always be identified by his gravel throat. "Let's welcome the workmen on the shift, L.A.C.'s Linman, Burton, and Currie, who just arrived from the other wing. Linman, I believe, came to us almost direct from Trenton. It is impossible to forget the House Dick, formally known as Leading Aircraftsman Thomas, A.E.M. and Bar. Drogue certainly took a loss when he was transferred.

An argument is coming from the far corner of the table. You may not be able to see who it is behind those heaped up plates, but it sound like Draganoff and Wood talking over their latest escapade in Chinatown.

Now there is a coincidence, all the lads on the far side of the table are from Boom Town. Cpl. Phillips has brought his wife back. Probably a good thing, Phil. Next to him is Parsons and McKenzie who use all their spare time to wash cars and dig cellars. As, yes, and a promising young bridegroom who will soon be a taxpayer on the lot, Cpl. Steeves (I can't seem to find out when, where or to whom). "Scotty" Morrison who is always ready to lend his voice has offered to do the solos at the great event but, alas, no information is yet forthcoming.

"Hey, where is de turkey?" comes a broken English voice from the other side, L.A.C. Maslanka is trying to make himself heard above the noise of our sheep in wolf's clothing, L.A.C. Kinsman. "Massey" is quite a versatile young rigger. Although still young he has grown three years and seven months older while fighting the Battle of Macdonald. Maybe you have been here too long to receive any recognition of your services.

L.A.C. Chester speaks up from his side of the table with a turkey leg in one hand and a napkin in the other, "Say, who got the flashlight from stores a night or so ago and never returned it? Surely someone can throw a little light on the subject?"

"Oh, never mind that," answered McLean, "I have been using it every morning after work. I am hunting a house to put my wife in—it sure is a job."

The latest cause for disturbance is Ross and Koss who seem to be arguing about who is going to fill the vacancy in the Knights Chariot on the next midnight jaunt to Winnipeg.

LAC Breyfogle, is the Ben Hur of the Chariot (he would be rather a nice looking guy if he could keep his eyes open). Wait a minute, he did open them, "Sorry, lads, but Wilson, the shift's gift to the ladies, is going with me."

"Oho," pipes up Bowman, our bespectacled fugitive from a worn joke book library, from his place at the table. He has to pause long enough to do away with the turkey he is holding, "Wait till this shindig is over and I get back to work. I don't feel at home at a table like this. Nothing quite like the mess hall at three-thirty in the morning. I always feel much better talking shop and working on aircraft than I do eating turkey."

A fit of laughter from "Angus Q." McGregor rocks the room. Angus is full of Scotch (not all from a "26") which, of course, gives him all the earmarks of good sport. His middle name is "Quick," which originated from his swift actions following a 48. He is sitting between the two Grahams, no relation, but I understand the shift would be lost without the ivory-tickler rigger and the humorous fitter.

Someone pushes past us—it is Achim, a tall dark handsome brute. "Hello, fellows, sorry to be late for dinner, but I have been out harvesting, sooner work at that than eat, you know."

A big, husky, red-headed lad leaves his place at the table and goes over to pat Joe Felletti on the shoulder and speaks to a quietened room, "A star is born. Who? Why, none other than this lad here, our own little Romeo, our dashing football star. I say dashing because he not only dashes around in the hangars to keep out of the way, or on the football field, but also dashes back and forth to the 'Peg.' What gives Joe? As to the position Joe plays on the team I am not quite certain, some seem to think it is quarter-back, while others seem to think it is away-back."

"You be quiet. How do you know so much, asks Joe.

"Oh, I don't sleep all the time," answers Red, going back to his turkey.

L.A.C. Carlson, our ex-drummer boy, rises and asks for our attention. "Sit down," answers Linewebber. "We have had about enough from you for one day. Wait until about twelve-thirty tonight and you will wish you were back beating drums instead of beating a path down an engine stand!"

A short discussion seems to be under way at the far corner of the table. Sounds like Lowe and Peters wondering if there is any possible way to get out of wash-room fatigue tonight. Meikle has something to sell which may tend to make their work lighter. Seems as though their worries are over for tonight 'cause Ballantyne just volunteered to take over any extra duties for the boys. Everybody is in a good mood tonight.

Due to the quietness directly in front of us, I almost forgot to mention our whispering lover, Gordon, or is it George Reid, who is no doubt talking over his experiences of his last 48 with young McReedy who in turn is discussing the facts of life in his own fatherly manner. The name McReedy may hold a familiar ring to many an ear, as his brother Johnny hit the headlines through playing with the Toronto Maple Leafs.

Next to the toastmaster sits "Air Leak" Wardle, a quiet but clever lad who is quite at home in the west. I am not at liberty to write much about him, but . . . still waters run deep.

Since everyone had had their fill of excellent food served in the best manner possible, the time has come for smoking and cards and maybe . . .

R-r-r-r-r-ing . . . The alarm clock always rings just when you are enjoying yourself, doesn't it?

(Due to wartime restrictions sausages were served in place of turkey).

THE SUN DODGERS.

GOSSIP, INTRODUCTIONS STORIES

A DREAMER'S DREAM

Last night I dreamt the war was done,
And we were discharged one by one.
A football yea had come to bless
The members of our G.I.S.

They played the game a couple of years
Amid shouts of glory and of cheers.
And by and by, as they got fame,
They received a challenge from Notre
Dame.

They debated, of course, as G.I.S.
would,

For they had to know how they really
stood

In the eyes of the world's football fans.
But they accepted and took their
chance.

The day of the game came bright and
clear

And so the heroes of the year
Came on the field for our greatest game,
G.I.S. vs. Notre Dame.

The zero hour, the gun was fired
And we kick off greatly inspired.
Bearisto, better known as Pete,
Kicks the ball for fourteen feet.
Duke and Ante in the two-bit benches
Are watching the game with Portage
wrenches.

Babs and Irma, ex-Air Force gals,
Are also there to watch their pals.
Says Babs to Irma, "What's that
muddle?"

"Why Barbara dear, that's just a
huddle."

Says Barbara, "Boy, will I kill Jim
If he tells the one that I told him."
Notre Dame's ball at their forty yards,
Their line heaves forth and smashes
our guard,

But Congram's there with a hefty toss
Throws the guy for a ten-yard loss.

All of a sudden the crowd yells
"Fumble!"

In a whirling heap the players tumble
Jamieson's curses rent the air.



G. I. S. (Stage II) Staff.

"Ouch! Get off! Let go my hair!"
 Now wait a minute, this guy's Stage I.
 How'd he get here, the son of a gun,
 For on the player's bench looking glum
 Sits Del Cody, a first stage bum.
 Yes, he's wiggled into my dream
 As a member of our team,
 And he's really feeling blue
 Wondering what he can do.
 What's the matter with Coach Green-
 way?
 Won't send him in and let him play.
 G.I.S. ball. Cruse passes to 'Bain
 Who smashes through for a ten-yard
 gain.
 From the line ball goes to Kinck,
 A Notre Dame tackle makes him blink.
 However, he made a three-yard gain,
 But is carried off, his leg is in pain.
 Coach Greenway calls for our friend
 Del,
 "Get in and play! Play like hell!"
 Cody jumps up full of joy,
 Trips right over the water boy,
 Picks up his teeth and in a dream
 Runs out to join his tiring team.
 Before he knows it he has the ball,
 He'll do it now or not at all.
 Cody makes a marvellous play,
 He runs sixty yards, runs the wrong
 way.
 The crowd boos and jeers do shout,
 So Coach, he yanks poor Cody out.
 Our ball on our ten yards,
 Notre Dame line smashes our guard.
 They recover the ball to our dismay,
 Due to a fumble by Musty Hay.
 Notre Dame plunged through for a
 major score.
 The crowd go wild, shout and roar,
 Shortman blocks the extra point,
 Gets carried off—a broken joint.
 The games goes on with hefty strife
 With G.I.S. fighting for its life.
 Nettie limps off, "To heck with this
 game."
 He'll play poker, it's more tame.
 Now ball is carried by Sinclair,
 A forward pass to Cec Adair.
 He's broken through and we're over-
 joyed,

Until he's tackled by our man Boyd.
 The following finds P/O Shore
 Limping around, bruised and sore.
 "Ouch!" he says, with a woeful grin,
 "I'd make ten bucks if we could win."
 But it's only five minutes until
 Game will end, score six to nil.
 Ashfield's out with a hefty smack
 Delivered by a Notre Dame back.
 Notre Dame has the ball once more
 And it looks like they may score.
 Cody turns to Coach to say,
 "Let me try once more to play."
 Coach, fed up, "Get in, by heck,
 I hope you break your ruddy neck!"
 Notre Dame cheered as Del ran
 A determined look all over his "pan."
 Del shouts, "Enough of your sass!"
 And intercepts a forward pass.
 The game goes on, Notre Dame does
 yield

And here comes Cody down the field.
 Our team bucks up and shouts with joy
 "Go it Cody! There's a boy!"
 Del keeps going, his bones do crackle,
 As he avoids a flying tackle.
 With neat side steps and twisting turns
 Beneath his feet the yards he burns.
 The crowd is tense, eyes glued on spot.
 He's caught! He's down! Oh no he's
 not!

On he plunges through every barrier.
 Truly he is a great ball carrier.
 He crosses the line for a major score
 And kicks the goal for one point more.
 As, there's the gun that ends the game
 With G.I.S. victors of Notre Dame.

MUSTY HAY.

Last night, I held a lovely hand;
 A hand so soft and neat.
 I thought my heart would burst with
 joy,
 So wildly did it beat.
 No other hand unto my heart
 Could greater solace bring,
 Than the real hand I held last night—
 Four aces and a king.

STATION HOSPITAL

Outside of the arrival of two new M.O.'s nothing very startling has happened at the Hospital since we nearly beat our brains out trying to write up an account for the last issue of Tracer. Most of you probably know that S/L Finlayson received posting notice for Souris and left us last month. We were very sorry to see him go and wish him the best of luck in his new prairie station. Our new S.M.O. S/L R. N. Dick, comes to this unit from Tofina, situated off the wilds of the B.C. coast, where he claims he spent many happy months. We are glad to have him here, and hope he will enjoy his stay at this station. Our other new M.O., F/L Killingbeck, was stationed at Gimli previous to being posted here. We are sure you will like him, too—he is kind-hearted, for he was heard to mutter while examining one inpatient recently. "Well, I guess *that* toe won't need to be cut off—damn it!"

We have lost our "old-timer," Sgt. Paul. A few days ago he was suddenly confronted with notice of a posting to Rockcliffe. After three and a half years on this station it was too much for him, and he collapsed and had to be revived by the inhalator crew. Seriously, though, it is a really good posting—near his home in Toronto and with an interesting Photography course to take up his time. Les Paul will certainly be missed around the hospital, but we wish him the very best of luck. Applications for the job of diet steward will be gratefully received by Sister Jackson.

LAW Leon wishes most emphatically to inform Tracer that, although she spent nearly a year at Gander, her home is in Lethbridge, in the good old west. Sorry, "Gander"!

A good many of you will remem-

ber Sister Goodhew, who was transferred a few months ago to Saskatoon. She paid us a flying visit recently with the good news that she has been posted overseas.

Also posted to a much warmer climate is LAC "Smitty" Smith, who packed up and left us early last month, together with LAC Gareau. We are beginning to believe that D.A.P.S. does know this hospital exists, after all!

Did you know that we have an airman on the station who is crazy about inoculations? Believe it or not, it is our own Mel Morrison. He can be seen almost every week pleading with Sgt. Milne to be allowed to go on Wednesday's inoc. parade with the rest of the boys—T.A.B.T. or Diph. shot, he doesn't mind much which it is as long as he gets it! Its real white of you to set such a good example to the rest of the station, Mel!

What WO2 WAG is seriously considering remustering to Chef? Or is the attraction the special brand of coffee served in the Hospital kitchen?

Well, that's all until next time.

HOSPITAL STAFF.

There are so many women in the army now that when a soldier sees a uniform coming down the street he has to wait till it gets within 20 feet before he knows whether to salute or whistle.
—Bob Hope.

Eva Pastuck: "What is executive ability, Major?"

WO2 Ross: "Executive ability, Pastuck, is the art of getting the credit for all the hard work somebody else does."

OFFICERS' MESS STAFF

First of all the staff and I want to make an apology for not entering in the last edition of Tracer, but this time we are all sure to be on hand.

First of all we start off with our own Sgt. Bob Roberts. He is the N.C.O. i/c of the Officers' Kitchen and Dining Room. Formerly of Toronto, Bob has been with the Air Force for almost five years. A very keen sort of a fellow and a good sport, especially at playing cards. At one time he was the king of the Purple Parrot Cafe. He has a nice way of telling Duty Watch Joes what their duties are when they come up to work at night. Without him we would all be lost. Maybe there are many of you who do not know Bob, but those who do will surely agree with what I have said. Good luck, Bob, and I hope that when this war is over you and I will start up a business of our own.

Now we keep on with the cooks and we have Gwen Langley, formerly of the U.S.A., who laughs so much that tears come to her eyes. She is a good kid and really keeps the ball rolling around here. I don't know what she is going to do now that her pal, Anne Piermantier, has been posted. Watch out you Air Gunners, she's apt to grab you.

Then we have our Sudbury wonder. She is tall with dark hair. She is just new to our staff, but will get along fine if she keeps on making the good old Sudbury style gravy. Her name is Rita Ratsford. Keep up the good work, Rita.

Now, last but not least of our cooks, we have little Audrey McIntosh. She is really a swell girl, but she has one fault and that is that she doesn't get along very well with the little brown-eyed Sergeant, Shorty. You will hear

more about Shorty later on in this article. Never mind Audrey, that Service Police boy friend of yours will help you out of trouble.

Now for the waiter and waitresses in the dining room. We'll try to give you all the gen.

We'll begin with our old-timer Ernie Jones. He has worked in the Officers' Mess as a waiter for over three years and is better known to all as Jonesie. He is a killer of all our waitresses. Without him I think the staff would be lost. He serenades the girls in their work and keeps them on their toes during working hours.

Then we have our dream girl, Martha Delorme. She is the favorite though she is a bit nervous. She'll soon get over that if she stays here long enough.

Now we have Mrs. Slator, though she is better known to most of you as "Linky." Her husband is a Corporal at Gimli. She is what we call our head waitress, a very keen type of girl who does her work well. Of course, like all the rest of us, she does get riled once in a while, then it's time to look out.

Then comes Doris Lefebvre, our little French girl. She is really a fine girl and takes an interest in her work, but she still thinks more of her pleasure than of her duties. (Who doesn't?)

Then there is Winnie Elstad. She is rather shy, at least, she is when she is on duty. She has blonde hair and blue eyes, but that doesn't mean that all you Macdonald wolves need to come over to the mess during rush hours to see her. We have enough of that already.

Next we have Marjorie Blair, the little brunette from Macdonald. Although she is not in the Air Force, we

think of her as one of us just the same. She does her work well but, like all the rest of us, feels blue once in a while, especially after a "48." Never mind, Marj. You're a good kid anyway.

Now comes the Sergeant of the Officers' Bar. He is rather short and really full of the devil. Has been at Macdonald for three and a half years and expects to be here for the duration. Maybe we should introduce him, so here he is. It's nobody but our own Sgt. Glintz, more commonly known as "Shorty." He comes from Beamsville, Ontario, on the Niagara Peninsula.

The other help around the Mess include Jake Moffatt ("Pop" to you), a real handy man at any time. Rene Aymond, formerly of Portage, is a newcomer to the staff. She keeps the dishes clean and shining. Lucille Gunn of "Boom Town" is also on the staff and helps Rene to keep things in order. Of course, we mustn't forget Percy the janitor who cleans the Officers' Lounge. He is a very independent chap, so don't say we didn't warn you.

That, my friends, seems to cover the staff of the Officers' Mess, so I shall close for this time and hope to have a better write-up in the next edition of Tracer.

Definition of Safety Pins: Legs that are so ugly they keep a girl out of trouble.

Cpl. Bisson: "I'm very discouraged. Everything I do seems to be wrong."

Sgt. Latimer: "Is that right? What are you doing Saturday night?"

He: "I'm a man of few words. Do you kiss?"

She: "Well, usually I don't, but you've talked me into it."

He: "Skip it—it took you too long to make up your mind."



C O L U M N

Supervisor: Mr. Les Lavers.

This month we are going to tell you about our Hobby Clubs. The baby is the Camera Club, so we will start with it.

The Camera Club has a membership of twenty-five, and as many new members are required. Lectures are given every Monday evening at seven-thirty by one of our station photographers. The R.C.A.F. course in developing, enlarging and printing is being followed. The dark room is in the "Y" and is open to members any time of the day or evening. Films and printing paper can be bought from the club at wholesale prices. The club fee is fifty cents a month. This money covers the use of equipment and solutions.

The Work Shop is being moved from the "Y" to the Drill Hall and should be ready by the time you read this. There is a pretty fair selection of tools which will be under the supervision of one of the P.T.I.'s and may be used at any time.

Don't forget there is still a large amount of Perspex around the office, so if any of you are interested in making brooches or bracelets, why not use it? They make very acceptable gifts and Christmas will soon be here.

Leather can be obtained for making gloves, billfolds, purses, and many other articles.

Instruction books on any of these hobbies can be found in the Station Library.

CONSTRUCTION ENGINEERING COMMENTS

Gently we open the door; timidly we throw in our hat. Now, having waited the prescribed two minutes, with no hat coming back out again, we of the Construction Engineering Section enter the picture.

Time marches on, and marching leaves in its wake new waves of maintenance and repair to this unit's buildings, etc., by the process known as fair (sometimes) wear and tear. However, usually time seems to get out of step, kicks out in any direction, and without exception every kick lands squarely on the seat of the poor old C. E. Section in the form of extra work. Such a condition existed last month, and we ask you, kind reader, what happened? Did we get any sympathy from the editor? No! No!! A thousand times no!!!

Keenly, oh so keenly, did we feel the biting edge of sarcasm as expressed at the bottom of that blank page in last month's issue. So keenly, in fact, that F/Lt. Clendenning, our Construction Engineer, called unto his sanctum his Foreman of Works and with steely eye said: "This hath gone far enough; take time off to write something ere the next issue of Tracer goeth to press—quit early some day, take lots of time, in fact I careth not even if thou quittest before midnight, but get us into print." Hence, this!

Our Construction Engineer, not being a hard taskmaster, hastened to supply the material, ably supported by LAC Cameron and LAC Colpitts—three fine baby boys—one apiece, of course, not three each. Congratulations to one and all and may the sun always shine on the young 'uns and their doting parents.

And glory be, its a land of promise

in which we live! F/S Milmine and LAC Cox have taken unto themselves a wife—also one apiece, of course. Our wish is that happiness may always encircle them, and that the males may soon descend out of those heavenly clouds in which they have recently been floating, so that we can once more get a little earthly work out of them.

It is rumored, on good authority, that Sgt. "15/2" Callan is collecting tribute from F/S Otto and LAC Cox in the form of weekly dues to the "No Wife for Callan Club." You see orders state that one C. E. electrician must sleep on the station—bad enough for an old married man like Flight Otto, but think what it would do to the honeymoon. However, even without Sgt. Callan's help the future manpower problem looks much brighter due to the efforts of this section.

Congratulations also to F/S Myers, Sgt. Moorecroft and Cpl. Rankin on their recent well-earned promotions. They're over the "picture-taking-to-send home" stage now and their arms are starting to regain normal weight.

Cpl. Phernambucq, in the good old days, used to count sheep at night and his restlessness became a peaceful dream. Now he has taken to counting broken storm windows in the daytime and his usual "easy motion" has become a feverish nightmare of activity, trying to beat the cold weather to the punch.

Which brings us to the Heating Department. From the language we've heard around there during the recent rush season, we're firmly convinced they'll be in good practice for their place in the next world.

We've heard a lot recently about a coal shortage existing in Canada. We know where most of the mines' output is going. Ask anyone in our section and if you don't believe us, ask the S.Ad.O., the S.E.O. or the S.W.O. Our new coat of arms is a Boxcar rampant on a field of coal piles.

Headquarters *Chatter*

This month we want to be different, so how would you like to go for an excursion across Canada highlighting, of course, the homes of our staff.

We'll start at the East Coast, but our first stop will be Quebec City where we meet Roland Rochette. Quebec is the oldest Canadian city and the capital of the province. It is the only walled city in this country, the walls being the remains of the old fort. The newer part of the city is built around the outside of the walls and numerous doors make the entrances. The Chateau Frontenac, built on the high cliff Diamond Cap, has housed the King and Queen, as well as the Prime Minister of England and the President of the United States. The city is also a trans-Atlantic port, as it is situated on the St. Lawrence River.

Leaving Quebec, our next stop will be Toronto, where we will drop in for a short visit with Howie Wilson and Joan Tupling, who hail from the East End. Here you see massive Research Enterprises and a Ford plant. The East End Torontonians also boast of the Woodbine Race Track, where the annual "King's Plate" is run off.

We'll now take a Bloor car and cross over to the West End, where we'll visit with Paul Cornack and he will show us beautiful Hyde Park, John Inglis War Plant, which employs 15,000 and the great Casa Loma Castle, fifth largest in the world. This castle was built by the late Sir Henry Pellet, but is now owned by the city and looked after by the Kiwanis Club. It is built entirely of stone and situated on the top of a hill overlooking all of Toronto.

Back on the train, our next stop will be Stratford, Ont., which is situated on

the Avon River. Jean Coffey will show us around the large plants, as this is a manufacturing city. A very interesting and odd feature is that all streets, schools, etc., are named for Shakespearean plays or characters.

On our way again we next stop at Chatham, Ont., which is situated on the Thames River and here Marion Edwards will show us around. In this fair city we see the Dominion Sugar Beet Company and the Ontario Steel Plant.

Continuing on our way we'll take a branch line and have a look at some great farming country, Sleemans, Ont. Here we see our own little Eva Pastuck sitting on the doorstep as we whiz by on our way to Winnipeg, the gateway to the west. And what a west! (You poor Easterners!)

As we step off the train who do we run into but Bill Ross with his car. We mustn't forget the car, as we want to have a look around the city. Bill is one of the West End kids. The West End used to be the old Icelandic settlement. On our way from the station we pass the old Fort Garry Gate which is now all that is left of Upper Fort Garry. On up town we meet Mary Dickey and Agar Pike who join in our trip around the city. Winnipeg is known as the City of Beautiful Women and this you realize when you look at Deanna Durbin whose home town it is. Of course, before we leave Winnipeg we'll have to drop in at the Cave for a dance and a "soft" drink. Back on the train we pass through the largest railway yards in the world owned by the Canadian Pacific.

An over night trip brings us to the Qu'Appelle Valley and a little place called Indian Head, where we'll see Marion Bettschen. If any of you like duck hunting, you'll certainly want to stop off for a few days, but we're on our way to Regina.

Gene Hamilton and S/L Macilroy will take us on a tour of the city. Our

first visit will be to the home of the Red Coats on the north side. Here the well known R.C.M.P. take their training and are transferred to different units across Canada. An outstanding museum can be seen here where there are relics which date back to the time that this great Force was formed. Further on we pass through the picturesque ground of Wascana Park and on through the halls of the Parliament Buildings.

Travelling on, we take another branch line to Kelliher, Sask., and drop in on Alice Cox. This is a mixed farming country where some of the finest silver fox are raised, and then on to Watrous, Sask., where we meet S/O Betty Parsonson. Here you will see one of the largest radio stations in Canada, Station CBK, which is operated by the CBC.

As our next stop is Moose Jaw, we must go south and here we will see Scottie Mathieson. Known as the "Prairie Friendly City," we find beautiful pleasure parks, also a wild animal park. Not to be outdone by Banff, Moose Jaw also has a natural hot springs housed in the Natatorium. In the summer time they are used as a swimming pool and in the winter a floor is laid for sports activities and dancing.

Continuing on our journey we come to Swift Current, where John English shows us one of the largest Experimental Farms in Canada. This mid-western city also boasts the second largest Rodeo.

Once more on our way we come to Edmonton, Alberta, the Crossroads of the World. Here we meet F/O Mac MacLean, P/O Bill Tutton, Corrie Corriveau, and Charlie Harvie. Edmonton is the headquarters for the North West Air Command and has one of the largest air fields in Canada. It is also the gateway to the new and famous Alkan Highway.

Let's travel about 400 miles north to

the great Peace River Valley. Here we meet June Bisson who tells us that this is the richest agricultural country in the world, a clearing house for the northern fur trade and a provisioning point for all northern river traffic. As this is the most northerly town in Alberta that the steel touches to go north, from here you must travel by air or, in the summer, by boat and in the winter by dog sleigh.

From here we will travel south once more to Dawson Creek, the end of the steel and the beginning of the Alkan Highway. Irving McLean tells us about the boom while the Americans were building the road, but adds that things are nearly back to normal now.

A fast trip back to Edmonton by air and then we board the train once more and cross the Rocky Mountains. Our first stop in B.C. is Castelagar where we meet Helen Lins. Castelagar, built in the mountainous country, is well known for its gold mining and lumber camps.

Crossing B.C. we come to our final stop. Yes, Vancouver. First we'll drop in on Eddie Hibbs, whom you will find at Horseshoe Bay, which is famous for salmon fishing and girls. And what did I hear you say about wild parties? We'd better leave in a hurry and get on to Burnaby, a part of the city made up of small fruit farms—ranches (five acres) as Thelma Mitchell calls them.

We pay a short visit to Stanley Park, one of the beauty spots of the city before wending our way to Shaughnessy Heights, one of the residential districts. Here we shall visit S/O Helen Bidlake. Also, while we are in this part of the city, we can see the Shaughnessy Military Hospital.

We'll end our enjoyable excursion by calling in at Dunbar Heights to see Peggy Meyrick who lives high on top of the hill overlooking all of Vancouver. Did we hear someone say ritzy? Well, bye now. See you next month.

This Month's Pin-Up



SPORTS

BADMINTON

This season is going to be the biggest yet, as far as badminton is concerned. It has always been a great sport on this station and with the new racquets in Sports Stores and plenty of birds in the Canteens, all we need is plenty of entries.

There will be ladder tournaments for men's and women's singles, men's and women's doubles, and mixed doubles. In this way everyone will have a chance of hitting the top.

The Drill Hall has been rearranged, and there are now eight badminton courts newly painted, so let's get those entries in and get in on the fun.

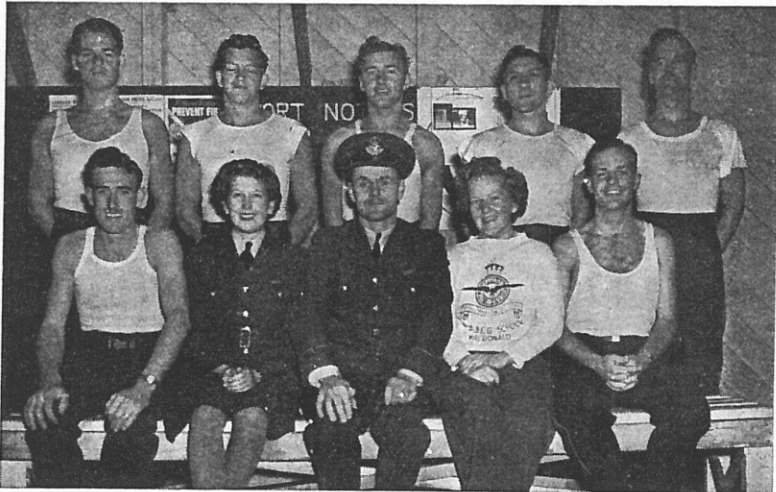
BASKETBALL

The basketball season will be getting underway any day now. What

with new courts and equipment ready the season should prove very interesting. We will be having a men's and a W.D.'s basketball team coached by F/O Oliver and F/O Daverne, both ex-basketball experts. A schedule has been drawn up for the trainees and each course will be represented. As you can see, there will be lots of basketball played this coming season, so all you basketball players get down to the Drill Hall and get cracking.

BOWLING

Bowling for the winter months is functioning in large proportions. A social league has been organized and bowling will soon commence. We have 250 bowlers, making up forty teams. Let us keep up the interest by 100% attendance. There will be prizes for the highest averages among individ-



Front Row—Sgt. Wally Moffat, Sgt. Nan Carley, F/O Daverne, Cpl. "Pinky" Gunn, Sgt. Jimmy Greaves.
Back Row—Sgt. Vic Latimer, Sgt. Bob Bletcher, F/S Phil Frenkowski, F/S "Steinie" Steinhauer, F/S Bob Forrister.

uals, also team prizes for the best teams.

The staff will be divided into two leagues and at the end of the season the highest teams in each league will play off.

For the week-end the trainees will form a league and operate with approximately 25 teams.

To satisfy all those who believe in inter-section rivalry we are having an inter-section tournament during the month of December. That's when the best in every section will have a chance to show their ability. Are you a bowling enthusiast? If so you have a chance to support and play your favorite game.

BOXING, WRESTLING, AND TUMBLING

The interest in boxing on this unit has improved immensely and we can boast of such personalities as LAC McCabe, former Saskatchewan champion, and LAC Legg, an R.A.F. lad who can really throw a punch. Then there is LAC Westfall who is an outstanding athlete and there are a host of others who are in training, under the supervision of F/S Steinhauer, for our station Boxing Show. Steinie is also taking a team to Winnipeg on the 26th of October and they are sure to be a credit to Macdonald.

Wrestling is coming along slowly and we are sure that it will improve, as there are plenty of mats available for this sport.

Tumbling is rapidly gaining fame, as the W.D.'s are taking an interest in it. Also a number of airmen are turning out for practices. We hope to keep all personnel interested in all of these sports.

WOLF OF THE WEEK

Our most prominent wolf at the moment is a trainee and a very versatile character is he. He is an extremely musical chap who has told us many

times of his proficiency on a wide variety of instruments and has even attempted to give us a sample of his vocal ability. His skill in the terpsichorean art is well known among the W.D.'s on the station, as he may be seen almost any night dancing in the W.D. Canteen. This airman is such a wolf that he is not content to dance with one girl at a time. No! This Lothario must have a pair of partners. It is not an uncommon sight to witness an extremely rhythmic jive routine with our wolf as the main character and any two girls who happen to be in the Canteen as partners. When a man has to have two girls to dance with at one time, well . . . that's when the time comes to name him Wolf of the Week. You are wondering just who this chap might be? Well, we shall enlighten you. Who could it be but LAC "Shorty" Nairn of Course 91?

WOLVERINE OF THE WEEK

Since the Wolf of the Week is such a versatile character, we have chosen a Wolverine of the Week who is equally versatile, though in a different way. Any airman, no matter what type he may be, she can cope with. Variety, they say, is the spice of life and it is obvious that our wolverine has taken this little message straight to heart. A different man each evening seems to be her motto. Well, that we are told, is the way to avoid complications. Who is this fascinating W.D.? For your information and future reference she is that dark and scintillating beauty, AW1 Elaine Robins of Maintenance.

Gwen Weller: "What kind of a husband would you advise me to get, Cam?"

Martha Campbell: "You just leave husbands alone and get yourself a single man."

With Malice Towards Some

All right, folks, step this way. Don't be bashful. Come right up to the stand—to the ticket box, in fact, and for a very, very nominal fee, you too can see the personnel of No. II Gunnery, née Bombing, Flight. (Scram, Junior. You bother me.)

O.K. Folks. Hurry now. The tour is to begin right away. That is correct, madam. There IS no other section on the station which is quite like this one. Follow me, and you shall be enlightened.

In the first cage—pardon me, cockpit—to starboard, you will see F/L D. Hennessey, commander-in-chief of this wild bunch of gentlemen. A tried and true and well-loved character he is. Too bad there aren't more of his type about. Now, over to that first cockpit to port we spot F/O Cathcart, second in command. We shall refrain from going into the grim statistics of that gentleman's gay life, folks. Let it suffice to say . . . ! !

Don't crowd, folks! There's plenty of room and plenty of time. Demobilization won't start for a couple of months yet. Let us continue on our way through this menagerie of airmen, graduated, airmen for the use of.

Look! There to the port is F/O Reddie, the only one of this type in captivity on the station. The soft-spoken lad is from the land of the Waltzing Matilda's. Naturally, No. II Gunnery has it. And close behind are F/O Anderson, F/O Young, F/O Gravel (quite a rough boy), and F/O Avent. They are followed up in the rear by P/O Hanneson, and in the far rear by P/O Slator. These are the boys of the gentlemen type. They have to fly the Hurricanes and it really breaks their hearts. Slator makes up for any lost joy by following the example of

Adolph. He paints walls, and tables, and lockers, and even chairs — two tone. Folks, let us salute these gentlemen of the Flight before progressing to the N.C.O.'s and airmen. Thank you.

Now, that line-up in the starboard cockpit actually constitutes pilots from the grim rank of Sergeant up to Woe too. Even though they aren't officially classified as gentlemen, I am told they are decent chaps. Working from the top down we have WO2 Egan, F/S McInnes, F/S Caulder, F/S McGee, F/S Ackroyd, F/S Hayman, F/S Stirtzinger, F/S Miles, and F/S Powers, all dear to the hearts of their ground crew.

The airmen really adore them, folks, especially F/S Miles, Gunnery's ground crew's hero. Were all the pilots like him they would have no aircraft to fly and so have most of the day off for items of leisure and pleasure.

That is, of course, if Cpls. W. M. Bruce and M. Sawyer could be spirited away from the eagle eye of Sgt. Merv Dunham and summarily done away with. Or they could be given 24 hours in which to get out of Macdonald. After three years and two years respectively, on the station, however, they probably love the place too much to leave.

Down yonder, folks, wiping up those oil spots beneath the aircraft, we have two more triple yearers. LAC R. D. Johnson, unacting corporal, unpaid, expectant, and LAC J. H. Crust, unacting corporal, unpaid, unexpected. Both wish that they were civilians, poor chaps.

Moving along, folks, we find miscellaneous other airmen strewn along the way. LAC's Jack Parker and Joe Hayes, draped over the tractor on the left, appear to be asleep right now. We shall leave them to their rest and move on

to a livelier pair, LAC's J. C. (Rube) Marriott and I. Wiens who are struggling with each other to the tune of stifled mutterings. My they are going at it energetically! Almost makes me tired. (Scram, Junior. You bother me.)

That noise you hear is LAC T. J. (Sonny Boy) Moore running up an aircraft. That lad is a real little glutton for work (of a certain type) and will certainly kill himself some day at his labors. His antithesis is, strangely enough, LAC C. L. Roome, quiet, collected, calm, and never about. You should consider yourselves lucky to see that blonde bombshell, ladies.

Ah, we reach the last stretch now, folks, and what do we see? Truly, sights for sore eyes. Take, for instance, LAC L. Behrns (pronounced, "Hey, you!") Why a real live judge in Portage la Prairie has had his eyes on him for about a month now. He just loves it, but Lou doesn't. Beside him is Jacques Morand, Quebec's contribution to National Unity. With a wonderful Charlie Boyer type of voice and a reserve of personality plus, he really must wow the babes in St. Boniface. Is there any lady here from St. Boniface? You can leave your phone number with me.

The last two lads, well under the thumbs of their respective Missus, apparently are on exhibition behind the brooms. They travel under the monickers of LAC R. H. Goddard and LAC H. A. Myton. Well trained, wonderful workers (almost) and quiet, they complete the roster of No. II Gunnery Flight except for that peach of all the wolves' eyes, LAW L. J. Anderson, the comely timekeeper. Just focus your pupils over yonder, ladeez and gentlemen, and glimpse that of which I rave. (Come back here, Junior! You can't take her with you).

Well, folks, that completes our little tour. I hope you are well satisfied with what you have seen, and if you wish to

make a further contribution to our frozen assets, you may deposit any spare change you have in the box in the coke cooler.

To Be Or Not To Be?

"Wilt thou, Ottis, have this woman as thy wedded wife, to live together insofar as the Royal Canadian Air Force will allow? Wilt thou love her, comfort, honor, and keep her. Take her to the movies and come home on the 5.15 bus regularly to her?"

"I will."

"Wilt thou, Maggie, have this airman as they wedded husband, bearing in mind liberty hours, bus schedules, duty watches, sudden orders, uncertain mail communications, and all the other penalties of Air Force life? Wilt thou obey him, honor him, wait for him, press his uniforms and let him smoke in the house?"

"I will."

"I, Ottis, take thee, Maggie, as my wedded wife from 5.15 until 7 a.m., as far as permitted by the Commanding Officer, liberty subject to change without notice, for better or for worse, for earlier, for later, and I promise to send thee a weekly letter when on duty, R.P. or C.B."

"I, Maggie, take thee, Ottis, as my wedded husband, subject to the whims of the Commanding Officer and Mr. McLean, the Adjutant and the Sergeant Major or any others in charge of our little set-up, changing residence whenever the order comes, to have and to hold just as long as my allotment comes regularly and therefore I give my troth."

First LAC: "I wonder why so many widows succeed in marrying a second time?"

Second LAC: "I suggest that the answer is because 'dead men tell no tales.'"

The "Gen" On G.I.S. (Stage 1)

School days, School days, dear old Golden Rule days, Reading, Writin', 'n' Rithmetic had nothing on our G.I.S. I who knows all about it.

From far and wide they gather the young A.G. Hopefulls and begin the first process of training them into nimrods of the sky. Six weeks of A/C Rec., Maths, Signals, Navigation, Law and Admin., Sighting, Range Estimation, Gas and Armt. Make no mistake, these A.G. trainees really work. Round and round goes the wheel and every two weeks this school, of which so little is heard, turns out another group of men ready to embark on their final six weeks work.

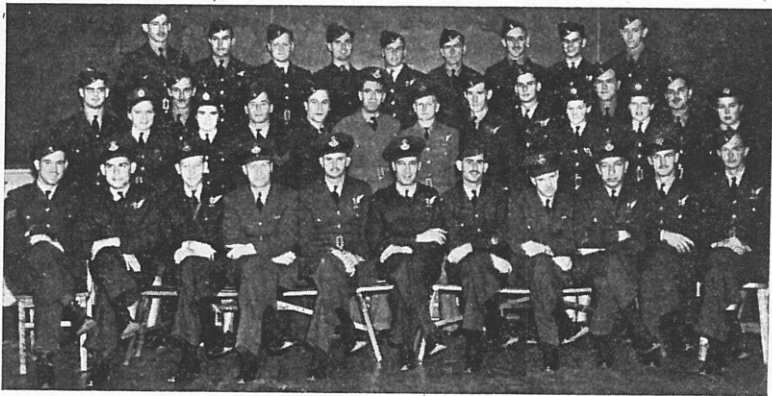
G.I.S. I came into being last December and is commanded by a very able Officer, F/O Oliver. A resident of Saskatoon, Mr. Oliver was formerly employed by the C.P.R. A member of the Permanent Force, the O.C. was for some time Armt. Officer on this station. A keen hard working person himself, F/O Oliver has his staff on their toes, likes them to think for themselves, offers suggestions for the improvement

of the school, ever ready to lend a receptive ear to a good progressive idea, is constantly striving to improve his already efficient organization.

As we mentioned before, little has been heard or known of G.I.S. I. Will you accept then our invitation to tour the school? Acquaint yourself with what really goes on here.

The first thing that will impress you is the long, neat, spotless hallway, the brightly painted walls, the highly polished floor. YES!! It is like this seven days a week. Much credit is due to the boys who scrub and polish daily.

We will pass down this pleasant, photo-lined corridor to the Office Wing. Here are located the O.C.'s and S.W.O.'s office, the Orderly Room, the Examination Board, Course Officer and Leadership Offices. Here too, we find the comfortable, roomy Instructors' Office, where the Instructors can peruse the latest copies of "Tee Emm," Air Force Journal and many other Trade Magazines or review material for their next lesson. Around this wing revolve activities for the entire school. Schedules



G. I. S. (Stage I) Staff.

are made up, examinations prepared and marked, Student troubles ironed out, lessons planned and new information posted or it may be the Orderly Room "Gen Miss" W.D. Cpl. Bethell patiently explaining the Why's and Wherefore to some poor lost soul.

We now step quietly into the main Lecture Auditorium, large enough to accommodate the entire school. We may find a Law and Admin. class in progress or perhaps a new training film. The school boasts an excellent film sound projector and among its film library may be found a wide variety of subjects ranging from "dinghy" drill to technicolor pictures of a "bombing raid" on Jap bases in the Aleutians.

Here at G.I.S. I the students are not only given instruction in technical subjects, but are encouraged to think and discuss training, war, rehabilitation and post-war problems. Sometimes in spite of careful explanation the student misconstrues the idea—can't see why he should be bothered discussing the war or taking Maths, when what he really wants to do, is shoot down enemy aircraft. But he is in fact being prepared for his advanced training, much more carefully than he realizes. Instructors are keen and anxious to do a good job, they know and appreciate the value of good ground work.

Down this short corridor is the Aircraft Rec. room. At these classes the boys gen up on enemy and Allied Aircraft, all the latest information is provided by the W.D. Sgt. Instructors via movies, slides, scale models, silhouettes and photos.

On the right are the "Oral" examination rooms, where students on their last week of training here, are given an individual verbal test.

Across the hall and turn left and we find the Machine Gun Maintenance room, which is in the process of being equipped.

One of the school's latest training

improvements, this room will be designed to provide each student with actual practice of Machine Gun maintenance, and in this manner, gain a wider knowledge of this very important subject.

Right next door "Stores" under the management of LAC J. Yaren, Arm. Guns "A," plays its all important part. It is an accepted fact that one method of teaching is by showing. Rifles, Machine Guns, Pyros, Camera-guns and a host of other equipment, all must be kept in condition, and readily available for study.

In this corridor as well we find the "GAS" and "TURRET" class-room. Due to the rapid expansion of the school's activities it has become necessary to teach these two subjects in one room. Gas training enables students to identify and protect themselves against war gases. Actual anti-gas equipment including respirators are used. Each class is put through a gas chamber where a good hearty sniff of C.A.P. better known as Tear Gas, reminds them that a war of gas is still a very real probability. The only gun-turret the student is concerned with at this stage is the "Bristol." The model we have here in the class-room is used in teaching its hydraulics, and the principles of its operation. This enables the men to acquire a working knowledge of the turret before they actually fly in them.

There goes the bell for change of class—Let's watch these boys as they come out for "Break" period. According to prearranged plan they come in single file and out into the Smoking Bay. Horseplay meanwhile, is energetically discouraged by Instructors. A past master at this is WO2 "Slim" Cody from the Leadership Office. There goes the bell again and the hall is quickly cleared.

Down the hallway we manage to peek into class-rooms, where Arm't

Instructors are expounding the merits of the .303 Browning and look in on the Maths. class, where, amid a great deal of head-scratching and silent groaning, Maths takes its place, by teaching the student to think and react quickly. See!? There is a reason for Maths!!

On our way to look in on the Navigation class, let's stop for a moment at the Precis room, new precis are constantly being prepared, old ones checked for damage, or repaired. Each prospective A.G. on entrance is given a volume containing data on every subject from G.I.S. I Standing Orders to hygiene.

Just around the corner is the large, airy Navigation Room. Every A.G. is required to have some idea of the principles of Navigation. Under the direction of competent Instructors, every opportunity is given the trainee to acquire this knowledge.

We are about to enter a class room, where a most important as well as interesting subject is dealt with. Sighting and Range estimation never fail to capture and hold the attention of the student A.G. Every effort is made to create the impression of reality and the student actually uses standard sighting equipment.

We are nearing the end of our tour, yet no visit to the school would be complete without seeing the Signals Room, much credit is certainly due to its staff. In order to graduate every man must be able to take at least six words per minute and our signals staff, have proved time and time again, that operators are made not born.

Surprising isn't it? Did you realize so much went on under one roof? But we want you to know that while G.I.S. I is proud of the job it is doing it realizes that this is only the beginning for the A.G. However, it believes too

that a proper beginning makes for a happier ending.

Station Theatre Staff

The house lights dim—the footlights blaze—the curtain goes up and once again the stage is set for the next lad on the Station Theatre Staff.

The next lad in question is none other than LAC Lebarge who is Ernie to most everyone. Ernie holds the responsible and busy position of manager. Every evening can find Ernie seated at his desk with a number of books and papers in front of him. His job is no easy one, but with his past experience he has been well fitted for the job. Before joining up Ernie worked for Famous Players Canadian Corporation. He worked as assistant manager at the Metropolitan Theatre in Regina and at other times in Fort William. After approximately eight years with the company he joined the R.C.A.F. and after a reasonable length of time he arrived at the little old station of Macdonald.

Ernie with his connections throughout the cinema centres is a valuable man to have in his present position as theatre manager. He also does his share in booking our excellent entertainment and the rest of the evening is spent in bookkeeping—which is no easy job—and also looking after the efficient running of our famous show house. Ernie, through his untiring effort, helped to get the station theatre under way. That was a long time ago.

During the daylight hours Ernie works in Maintenance as an aeroengine mechanic.

Carry on the good work, Ernie, as one and all really appreciate your efforts.

EQUIPMENT QUIPS

Would you like to meet the personnel of the famous Equipment Section? You would? Well, let's go!

S/L Robbins, A. S.: "Robbie" is our active S.E.O. Why do I say active? Just come down to the Equipment Section some busy day. He holds the record for the dash from the Orderly Room to Clothing Stores. We all wonder where a man who has been so long in the Air Force gets so much speed. I mentioned that S/L Robbins has spent a long time in the Air Force, some twenty-five years, it is said. His home originally was Ottawa but his tour of duties has taken him throughout Canada. Within the last few years he has spent time at Paulson, Gimli and Macdonald.

F/L Perkins, W. F. C.: "Perky" is our new junior officer who joined our happy crowd a few weeks ago. Usually he can be found in Clothing Stores looking after the well-being of all personnel, or hard at work in the main office with a stack of files. We admit that he is a quiet reserved gentleman, as are the majority, but he is always popular with the fairer sex.

WO2 McAfee, H. F.: Hailing from Western Air Command, he has taken over the care and management of our personnel. Tall, blond and ambitious, he wanders around checking personnel for wrong doing. Straight and forward in all his ways, he has grown quite attached to our station but misses the ocean. He also misses his early morning dips. Don't try here, Major, t's too cold. Or have you already found that out?

F/S Stewart-Irvine, I.: No. 16 A. I. District sent him to us. He took over Stock Control and has managed with a firm hand. A Scotchman from head to toe, he is very fond of a game of poker, and it has been said that he gives the boys in the Mess a run for their money.

LAW Campbell, J.: Janet came to "Mac" some two years ago and worked hard for several months in Maintenance before remustering to Equipment. After serving many months in Clothing Stores and Tech. Stores, Janet finds herself back in Maintenance holding down the fort in Wing Stores. What's the attraction at Maintenance, Janet? Or is it just that you're sort of lonesome since Reg left us? Janet is really very easy-going as long as you don't disturb her after "Lights Out."

LAW Bird, K.: A Clerk (General) from Carberry, who works in Equipment unless she is on leave—by fair means or foul. "De Boid" used to work for the D.A.P.M. so you can't hang much on her.

LAC Doran, W. E.: Bill's happy now. "At last," says he, "the W.D.'s won't have to suffer with corns, for we have a shoe stretcher especially fitted with stretchers to fit corns." I guess Bill has a soft spot for the W.D.'s.

F/S Ritchie, J. G.: Has anyone been around to Tech. Stores lately? There's a new Flight Sergeant there who will certainly put you in the know in regards to technical equipment. Or perhaps you are in doubt as to what the future holds for you? Swami Ritchie, the crystal gazer, knows all, sees all and tells everything. He is quite a globe trotter but claims Moncton, N.B., to be his permanent residence.

LAW Weller, M. G.: Our giggling Gwenny is one of the lucky few who happened to be posted near her home. Her permanent address is High Bluff, Man., although she seems to prefer life in Portage, judging by her frequent visits. You really have a sister there, Gwen? Gwen was posted here from No. 8 Repair Shop, which, we hear, is one of the few headacheless Equipment Sections in the R.C.A.F. Now you will

find her checking and posting vouchers, demanding supplies, and generally keeping the tally cards up to date. You think it sounds like a soft job? Well, try it sometime.

LAC Bliesner, E.: Our "Mr. 5 x 5" of the Gas Compound. True to his superstructure, he has a man's job. His weary days are spent turning small valves and heaving 45-gallon oil drums around. Sorry, girls, 'twill do no good to ogle at him as gas coupons are not accepted here.

LAW Brook, M. E.: Originally comes from that fair city, Toronto, but came to us from Trenton where she took her Equipment course. We hear that she has a weakness for red heads, so you blondes and brunettes don't stand a chance.

LAW Campbell, M.: Commonly known as "Cam" but more recently nicknamed "Chick." We'd like to tell you the story about that but she might beat up on us. Cam was a pillar of strength in Clothing Stores for over two years. The Stock Control Group's gain was Clothing Stores' loss.

Sgt. Fitzer, Vic: Hails from that city called "Toronto the Good." He's short, dark, and curly headed, is a hard worker and can be awfully tough. He has a passion for golf, coal mines and luscious blondes. In the evenings he may often be found at the Drill Hall swinging a mean racquet at badminton. In Barrack Stores he is king and if you want anything from his sanction there you've "Gotta do it right!"

LAC Sparks, G. A.: Our "Sparky," Mrs. Sparks' boy Garth, is one of our many lads from Winnipeg. Despite a recent illness, Garth retains his seniority as No. 3 in charge of his beloved Tech Stores. Although a solid married man, that mischievous twinkle ever present in Sparky's eye speaks for itself.

LAW Shortt, T. B.: Is the capable mistress of publications. A quiet, little lady who hails from Kerrobert, Sask., she always greets you with a smile and

generally has the goods. She plays a very good game of badminton, we hear, so come down and play a few games, Shorty.

Sgt. Vermette, J. A.:

The man with the accent,
That's Sgt. Vermette.
He's a good little guy.
Gee Whiz! You bet!

He arranges parades,
For clothing and stuff,
And he surely knows
When you've had enough.

You can't put anything
Over on him.
The view he takes
Of that is dim.

Cpl. McNaughton, G.: The capable Corp of the I. & R. Section blew in from down Gimli way last June. He came originally from Toronto but we won't hold that against him. Mac is quite the Kibby on our Section parties. Maybe some of you remember seeing him at Westbourne. There's plenty more could be written but it couldn't be published.

AC1 Weber, J.: You all know Jim, who works in I. & R. Around the barracks he is known as "Twinkle Toes Weber," or "He Staggered in at 4 a.m.," but most of us fondly dub him "Dimmy."

LAW Abbott, E. J.: "Abby" works in the Stock Control Group and does a very thorough job of looking after filing and registers. Quiet and reserved at work, Abby can, on occasion, become a veritable fount of energy, particularly at our Section parties. She lives at Swan Lake, Man., and was posted here from No. 8 R.D. She figures she got the best of the deal as she likes Macdonald much better than No. 8.

LAW Clouston, A. B.:

L—Leading

A—Air

W—Wolverine

That smart looking blonde that works in the I. & R. Section hails from the

west, a place called Longheed, Alberta. She's really a cracker at frying onions, and if you haven't seen Anne play softball, you've missed something worthwhile.

Cpl. McDougall, H. M.: The little girl who runs L.P.O.'s is our Douggie. Short, dark and cheerful, and she has been here over two years. Furthermore, she doesn't mind it. Baby Dumpling or Queenie, as she is dubbed, calls Regina her home. If you missed that speech she made at the W.D. anniversary banquet this year you don't know Douggie yet. She used to take in laundry but gave it up for the lighter things in life.

Cpl. Dubois, M. L.: (pronounced DuBoys at your peril) "Biff" to her friends, was one of the original W.D.'s posted here. She is from Arcola, Sask., but she doesn't brag about it. Biff is the backbone of our W.D. softball team and a darned good scout. She misses a certain Sgt. who was posted to No. 8 R.D. but manages to get out this way occasionally.

LAC Hemingson, E. H.: Our portly, jovial LAC of Barrack Stores has been on our staff since early June of this year. "Hemmy" has a Sgt. wrapped around his finger as he is an executive of a coal mine in northern B.C. His pleasing disposition is as prominent as is his massive build. In barrack block 49, room 6, he is known as a war critic, and features golf in sports.

LAC Wade, G.: Gordie is another hardworking member of our Clothing Stores gang. He hails from Winnipeg and came to this station from No. 8 R.D. His favorite sport is badminton, and he takes our station Glee Club seriously.

LAC Say, F. C. S.: Fred can always be found slaving in the Stock Control Group. It is interesting to note that around the barracks he is called "Wrong Way Say" as he got on the train for Macdonald one night and ended up at

Gimli. Fred is a former radio man and can hold his own with the best of them. LAC Bell, G.: "Dixie" Bell is the sunshine boy of Tech. Stores. No doubt you have all heard Harry James. We admit he is good, but actually you have heard nothing until Dixie gives out with his sweet horn. One of his favorite pastimes is reading the *Souris Scramble*, the weekly paper from his previous unit. He is fast becoming popular on the station and anyone wishing an introduction, please come over to the Wet Canteen any night before 2200 hours.

Cpl. Smith, C. H.: Smitty is the comedian of our section. He is at present on loan to Works and Buildings in charge of their ever-increasing stores. His most prominent hobby is tipping the elbow with anyone, anywhere, anytime. It is rumored that a book will shortly be published by him. It will be called "How To Amuse Your Friends At A Party."

LAC Overs, D. L.: Doug hails from that Airman's Paradise, the border city of Windsor, Ont. Being another proud member of Barrack Stores, most of his time is spent on the local laundry route. In the evenings he qualifies as our most conscientious letter writer, spending two to three hours per night on the job. Boy, it must be great to have so many relations. When his 48 rolls around every other week-end you can't keep him away from Winnipeg where the girl of his dreams resides.

LAC Aboud, N.: Gasoline is needed to keep those planes and vehicles on the go. Very well, see our able Equipment man, Aboud, who issues everything from a quart to a tender of that very precious fluid. Aboud hails from Toronto and was previously stationed in Rivers.

LAW Shannon: We are pleased to welcome LAW "Weedy" Shannon to our section. She has just arrived from Calgary and thinks she'll like it fine here, since her home is in Winnipeg. She's that tall, pleasant looking girl in the

Stock Control Group. Sorry, but that's all we can tell you about her.

AC1 Murray, G.: "Junior," as he is known to the Equipment Section, was born and raised on the plains of Manitoba. Our Casanova Kid appears very quiet and innocent but don't underestimate him. We've seen him after duty hours. He is a straw blond himself but his appearances at the Station Theatre seems to indicate that his preference runs to redheaded company.

LAC Harris, A. V.: Another hard-working member of Tech. Stores. He works hard and says little. Could he be the strong and silent type? We don't see much of him after hours as he lives in Portage. No doubt that youngster of his takes up a lot of his time.

Cpl. Lorimer, J.: One of those super-salesmen in Clothing Stores. He specializes in the W.D. department. Jim seems to have been a little sad of late. We hope he soon finds one of those rationed homesteads in the vicinity for his lovely and lonely wife and son.

LAC Hicks, K. A.: Ken is a far easterner from Sidney, N.S. Formerly a member of the Tally Card Trio of the Stock Control Group, he has recently been transferred to the "Nuts and Bolts Department" of Tech. Stores. Ken is always willing to oblige by enlightening you on point pertaining to top swing bands but this information must not be sought on Saturday evenings. Then he has a standing date under a certain apple tree in Portage. Who is the Lucky lady, Ken?

THEY'S ALL ALIKE

I knew a girl—
 She took my hand—frequently;
 She took my candy—willingly;
 She took my books—joyfully;
 She took my car—occasionally;
 She took my line—wholly;
 She took my family—anxiously;
 She took my adoration—calmly;
 She took my rival—finally.

Nuts and Bolts

Oh boy, here we go again! This is your roving reporter from Maintenance Hangar bringing you up to date on the latest mis-happenings here. It was extremely difficult to get material for this issue as I am a comparative newcomer to this flight. However, I'd like first to thank all those who helped me so much—to stick my neck out, again!

You know where there's a will—there are relatives. The honorable staff of Tracer complained that there was no write-up on Maintenance Section for the September issue, and showed their disgust by putting in a large BLACK question mark stranded in the middle of a blank page. If it had been any other color we wouldn't have minded so much, but black is so final. The Question Mark is the order of the day at our hangar as everything is so uncertain here. I don't doubt that when Tracer receives this muddle the staff will be sorry that they didn't settle for that same Question Mark. Now, on with the massacre.

The person who said that good things come to those who wait knew what he was talking about. We waited and Presto! a new C.E.O. in the person of S/L Hobson. He has been in the Air Force for more years than I'd care to mention. (Chiefly because I'm not certain.) I'll find out for sure though, the very next time I go up on charge. All kidding aside, fellows, I can assure you that Maintenance gang are finally going to get the breaks, now that we have a C.E.O. who is as interested in his staff as he is in keeping up serviceability.

F/L Scott has been kept very busy these days with Victory Loan Meetings and so forth, and so he hasn't had time to think up any more changes. We realize you're looking for improvements, sir, but we find it hard to keep up to you. "Scotty" has a mania for

clean aircraft and believes that Cleanliness is next to Godliness, but if you listen to the boys as the water runs down their backs, sleeves, and into their shoes, you'd soon realize that we're as far from God as Hitler is. This officer's theme song is "There'll Be Some Changes Made" . . . and there usually are.

F/O Arnold, Technical Adjutant, will be the sensation of the station with his new scooter. The N.C.O.'s each took turns riding the vehicle and they seemed to get a big kick out of it. These test trips were limited to Sr. N.C.O.'s only and anyone below a Sgt. was out of luck. It was nice to see them acting like humans again. Well, that's that. I'll cover more about F/O Arnold next time. Lots of material there, don't you think?

Sgt. Semino had better start serving coffee at his lectures as Paul Carriere and Gordon Dennis find it extremely difficult to keep awake. It certainly can't be that your talks aren't interesting, but maybe they have heard that song before. Dennis, the Never Say Die man, has seen many a Trade Board, with little success. These things take time. For instance, one mechanic took a year and a half to get his "A" Grouping, but that's Sol. And while we're on the subject of Trade Boards, Stanley Logan, a newcover to our station, is anxious to stump the experts on Information Please (Trade Board to you). Remember when they ask you that \$64 question, don't answer until they show you their dough. That's all you 'knead' to worry about.

One of our potential Corporals, "Pinto" Burtonshaw, is seriously thinking of joining the Permanent Force. He also says that he'd like to go back to the land. Which is it going to be, Pinto? Whatever your choice may be, we wish you luck, as you'll be sown up either way. I might mention here that Crime DOES Pay. Well, it cost LAC's Hamilton, Christianson, and Herman,

forty cents for the cookies they took out of the jar in the Tower Tea Room. You'd think these boys had outgrown this childish trick. Naughty, naughty, said the Officer who pulled a Sherlock Holmes on us.

Gerald Reed must have a very cute gal in Winnipeg. You often see him rushing off at night on a Reveille. He and Harvey Lund sure had fun in the Sergeants' Mess last week. No, no! They were Joe'd there! Who ever heard of an LAC being allowed in the Sgts' Mess except on Duty Watch. To get on with the story, Sgt. Jim Gibson came in and didn't even recognize them. Another bird that comes to my mind at this time is Long John Salter. Jack, as he is known to most of his intimates (or should I say inmates) is a sport at heart and likes playing tennis with the girls. The only trouble is they don't like the way he handles his racket. Stop courting Jackson.

Cpl. Al Dlushey Clark really knows his Spanish . . . onions! Raffles Clark, as he was known in them tar days, has a very convincing manner and should be able to persuade some of the lads that speaking Spanish is a real asset in establishing oneself in Civilian life. They won't need to learn Spanish to make 'assets' of themselves. (They've learned that in the Air Force.) And congratulations are in order for that long-awaited promotion. Cpl. Clark now holds the responsible position of Sanitary Engineer. His headquarters are established in that little room on the south side of the Hangar. You can't miss it—on the door there's a plaque which reads "AIRMEN."

Cpls. sure have a lot of grief. Take Cpl. Gallagher for example. British engines and this Cpl. just don't mix. He spent several years overseas with the R.A.F. and it was more than he could stomach. When asked how he liked it over there he said "Be it even as bad as Macdonald, there's no-o place like home."

Roy Aldred is the boy who does the same on a 40 hour inspection as on a 320. He's not taking any chances, is he—or have I got that straight. I'll probably get it good and straight between the eyes when he sees that I've told on him. It'll probably lead to bloodshed and if there's anything I hate it's the sight of my own blood.

The N.C.O.'s know who to come to when they want a real good sign painter. They're hep to Yep. Herby doesn't believe in making 48 passes—he's satisfied with just five. It's your sugar, kid, so do what you want with those two lumps.

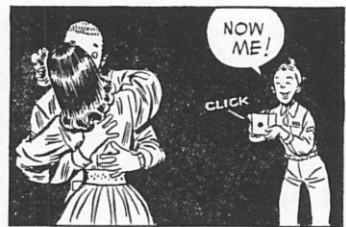
The boys are wondering how they'll manage after the war without the buzzer that sends us off to lunch. This seems to be one of F/S McPherson's most important duties. That watch you go by must be a B-U-L-O-V-A Hell-ova watch time. The boys live for that buzzer though and it's really music to my ears. There should be several entries from Maintenance for the hundred yard dash in Macdonald's next

sports meet. The mechanics sure get lots of practice every day running to the Mess Hall at noon to beat the line-up. I am disappointed to hear they're not supplying blood plasma to those who wait in line so-o-o-o long. Leading the way in the race is always "Catch-me-if-you-can" Bannerman. The Only race I want to compete in is the human race, and that's hard enough for me. The fellows tell me I'm out of this world, and no doubt I will be when this Tracer is distributed to you.

Some people go through a lot of trouble to get what they want. Ask Sparks, he knows! Oh well, you didn't want that aircrew jacket anyway! He sure had time on his hands over that matter. He's not very talkative and I found it difficult to get a plug about Sparks! Quinn is the boy that lives a date-to-date existence. His girl friend is a real sweater girl. When I saw her I told her that the sweater she was wearing sure brought out her eyes. Now I can't see why, when it comes to quitting time, in goes Quinn to the city.

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"



Gordon Snyder, another wolf, likes a girl with a nice profile—all the way down. And as for romantic Vanderlip, he says "I want's a girl with a good head on MY shoulders."

LAC Munroe was probably a banker before he joined up—you know, 6 feet tall and \$6,000 short! Our vivacious Frenchman from Montreal, Marleau, enjoyed his last leave so much he almost forgot to come back. Did Mr. Scott give you something to help your memory out a little? C'est la guerre, you, now. Stevenson must be a camera enthusiast. I noticed him going into the dark room one night. Anything develop, Stevie? They say she was only a printer's daughter but she wasn't your type.

Michael Mayne, not to be confused with that detective, Michael Shayne, is a new addition from St. Thomas and this calls for some investigation. Seems when he's driving his car, he likes to run into his friends. Watch out for your car, Michael—you can get friends any time. Freddie Davis from Las

Vegas just can't wait for the war to end. I guess that's why he spends so much time in front of that huge map we have on the wall, trying to figure out when the war will end. I know it'll be hard for the Big Three to manage without you, but don't you think you can serve best by doing more work in the mechanical field? Nitchke is as hard to figure out as his name is to pronounce. I haven't yet seen him smile and don't expect to. Maybe he's not very happy here. This man is known by the company he keeps—from yawning.

Desjardins is the smiling mechanic who has a habit of dropping tools when people are standing beneath him. At times this becomes very embarrassing. Don't laugh—it could happen to you. Oh well, I didn't want that toe, anyway. Shorty Barton really doesn't go around on his knees all day. This place doesn't affect him that much. He claims to be an innocent angel but some day that shining halo will slip around his neck and strangle him. Then the 'chokes' on you, Bart. Jack Hadley's question of

Dry Run — But All Under-water Shots



the week is "When are they going to put coal shovels on our kit?" Don't know, Jack! As far as Chester Siple's concerned, he doesn't want to set the world on fire . . . with coal shovelling, anyway. Chester is the lucky lad that put in two full days away from the hangar — shovelling coal. And with serviceability so-o-o low at that time. Our theme song should really be "Coal Dust" and I don't mean by "Coal" Porter. (I know Hoagy Carmichael wrote Star Dust but he doesn't fit in here. After all, the song writer is only a 'miner' detail.)

Just take one look at the Fire Piquet and Station Duty Watch. The names run like a Maintenance Roll Call. Surely we're not the only fine specimens of manhood on this station. How about letting the other sections get in on this? You'll love it kids. With Duty Watch, Fire Piquet, coal shovelling, extra duties and C.B., LAC Healey just can't figure out what he'll do with all his spare time.

It may be old news by now but we'd like to officially congratulate LAC Forbes, who is a father for the first time. Perhaps next issue of Tracer will contain an article on the care and maintenance of babies. How about it, Bill? LAC Glover is also a proud papa. Marriage certainly brings out the best in a man. As soon as I can find a girl who can support the two of us I think I'll get married too. Seems everyone is having babies these days. Are they all going stork mad? And while we're on the subject of marriage and such, here's something about 'Hammie' Hamilton. When he first got married he told me he was going to be the master of the house or know the reason why. Now he knows the reason why. Blair claims to be another happy newlywed. I told him that marriage is not a word but a sentence. Remember, chum, marriage

is a romance in which the hero dies in the first chapter. But, lots of luck to you, and may all your troubles be 'mechanical' ones.

Another wolf is the Elkhorn Kid, otherwise known as Bill Allison. He's my crew chief, poor kid. He's not so bright though and I spent an hour trying to tell him that you don't squeeze your girl when you've got a crush on her. Murphy is the same way — a howler—but his bark is worse than his bite. His ambition is to get the H— out of this place. LeDoux is another of the aforementioned species. He says he's not that kind of a guy. You mean there's another kind? We might as well get Hooge in here while we're at it. He's the guy that calls his gal friend "Mucilage" because he's stuck on her.

Johnny Muir has been an Apiarist (beekeeper to you) since he was eleven years of age. He must be hep to the hives. Isn't it strange that he had to join this outfit to get stung? You had better stick to your BEESness, Johnny.

(Editor's Note: Due to the fact that we were a little short of space in this edition, Maintenance Column "Nuts and Jolts" will be continued in our next edition.)

WHAT IS DOUBLE PETUNIA?

A petunia is a flower like a begonia;
 A begonia is a meat like a sausage;
 A sausage and battery is a crime;
 Monkeys crime trees;
 Trees a crowd;
 The rooster crowd in the morning and
 made a noise;
 Your noise is on your face between
 your eyes;
 The eyes is opposite to the nays;
 A horse neighs and has a colt;
 You get a colt, go to bed and wake up
 in the morning with DOUBLE
 PETUNIA.

The Wolf

by Sansone

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THANKS TO:
CPL. LEN ZINBERG, ITALY

"... but I do not see Meecky Mouse!"

NS



GUY KENNEDY
AAF SAN BELNARDINO
CALIF.

"... and men, I cannot stress too highly
the importance of physical fitness!"

PUT
1c
STAMP
HERE

From _____

To _____

