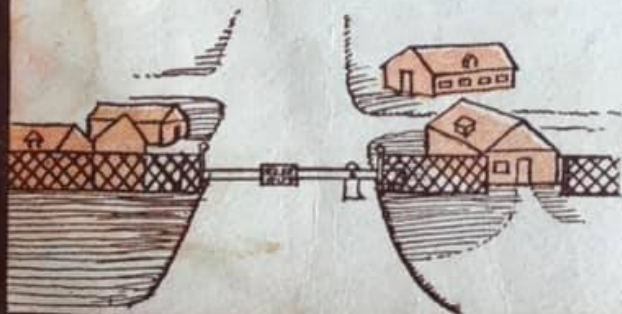


TRACER



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NOVEMBER, 1944



3 B & G SCHOOL
MACDONALD
MANITOBA

N. BAKER.



T R A C E R

VOL. 1

NOVEMBER, 1944

No. 4

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No. 3 BOMBING & GUNNERY
SCHOOL
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EDITORIAL

NOW that winter has settled down on us and there will be many months of long evenings, it seems to be a good idea to take advantage of one or more of the various courses offered through the Educational Office. Many of us have enlisted in the Air Force directly from University or High School and have never held a job in civilian life. Persons in this category will be forced to compete with experienced personnel for practically any position that may be vacant and these courses are the finest way known to prepare for the day when Victory is won and we are released from the R.C.A.F. and faced with the task of re-establishing ourselves in civilian life.

We are fortunate in having a Personnel Counsellor on the strength of the Station, as he is ready, willing, and able to give you the "gen" on rehabilitation. He will interview you and determine which is the best trade or profession for you and will then assist you in every way possible in getting started in the particular field chosen. Between the Personnel Counsellor and the Educational Officer there is no excuse for any one of us to be unsuited for civil employment in the line or business most preferred.

Apart from these Services, a variety of Hobbies Clubs are being organized, through which valuable experience may be obtained at the cost of a little spare time. There are a great many highly profitable businesses that started as hobbies.

These courses and Hobbies Clubs are ideal for a refresher if you have a position to go back to, as after being away from your trade for months or years, touch with the various new kinks that may have been introduced since you enlisted may have been lost.

This Service is for you. Use it! !

Winter Comes to No. 3 B. & G. Nov. 2nd, 1944

Today a powerful enemy invaded No. 3 B. & G. He was borne on high winds which drove sheets of sleet, snow, and rain into our very hearts and we cowed humbly before our mighty aggressor as we recognized King Winter.

For three days we had been forewarned that he would soon be here. For three days we were fog-bound with the temperature gradually dropping and the winds gradually increasing. For three days we waited for the weather to break, but today the blow came and all the surrounding country felt its deathly blast.

As I sit here in the Control Tower I look northward over the bleak desolate field across which a biting icy gale mercilessly blows sleet and rain onto a defenseless air station and beyond which is a grey murky void—Fog!

Out past the runways in the far corner of the field scores of derelict aircraft—veterans and heroes all of gory exciting years of war—stand silently in their last resting place, while the raging wind screams gleefully throughout their benumbed frames.

Along the runways and the tarmac I see sheets of wispy sleet fast flowing over the dark surface and resembling a waterfall. I see great patches

of drift snow forming in the cracks and crevices and on the windward side of the massive hangars. I see the furious sleet, enraged at being momentarily stopped by these huge bulwarks, steal craftily along the outside hangar walls till it reaches an opening. Then it races madly on its way over Parade Square and Drill Hall blasting everything and everyone in its path. Here and there a solitary pitiful figure bravely battles the fierce onslaught as he goes about his duties. The roads are icy and busy trucks, their engines wailing and screeching piteously, buffeted by surging winds, slither and slide dangerously over the barren ways.

It is mid-afternoon and here in the Tower I hear the wind scream menacingly past the trembling buildings and whistle through the crevices. The windows rattle and the door tugs frantically at its hinges. The radio emits harsh nerve-wracking blasts of static while the fan tingles rhythmically as it mixes the cold air with the warm air of the Tower. Frequently the telephone jangles, shattering abstract thoughts, and occasionally a hearty roar of laughter echoes up the stairs from the Wireless Room where a card game is in full swing.

And so the afternoon wanes and I'm left alone with my thoughts.

BOB TIPPLE





The Padre's Page



It looks like another Christmas in uniform for all personnel at Macdonald. Disappointing, perhaps, to the few who had calculated that the war ought to be over by the year's end. Still, it will be a brighter Christmas throughout the world because of our efforts and those of our comrades-in-arms. "Noel" may again be sung in France, Greece, parts of Poland, Roumania, and Hungary, and throughout the vast areas of Russia reclaimed from the enemy.

And when the little children sing "Silent Night, Holy Night," it will this year be with the assurance that no scream of falling bombs will break that stillness. Perhaps among the heroes of the Underground in the still occupied countries and even in Germany herself there will be a more confident rejoicing as they celebrate their last Christmas as enslaved peoples, because of our "good job, well done."

Our Lord's "Peace on Earth to Men of Good-will" is still a challenge to each of us; that in the midst of seasonal celebration we remember that there are those even in our own communities with little to celebrate, those whose war wounds will cost us something in sincere sympathy or a sharing of our own bounty; that in our personal lives we commence to gain the feeling of a peaceful world by making that part of it in which we live the immediate centre of a "Good Neighbor Policy" which multiplied by the number of God's men everywhere can transform our countries.

Your Padres at this time, though planning already for services which will bring the Christmas message to all personnel, take this opportunity of wishing one and all a very happy

Christmas season and every blessing of God in the New Year.

H/F/L B. G. STIBBARDS.

A Tour of Ops

. . . as told to a friend

We wish to introduce to Tracer one of the more recent additions to our happy little family at No. B 'n' G. Maybe you've seen him walking around the station and maybe you haven't. At any rate, he is that tall, handsome, wavy-haired individual (No, girls, he hasn't been spliced as yet). He is the proud possessor of the D.F.C., 1939-1943 Star, and the Naafi Gong (Canadian Voluntary Service Medal, to you) and has no less than 56 operations, which is no mean feat in itself. By now you will probably be wondering just who this character really is. Well, folks, it's none other than our own F/L T. R. N. Duff—better known as Tommy to his more intimate associates.

F/L Duff has just returned from a month's temporary duty, during which time he was employed as a spokesman on our recent Seventh Victory Loan Campaign. On arriving back at the Unit, Tommy has taken up the duties of the Gunnery Leader in the absence of F/L Garton. Some of the other duties that Tommy has accumulated since coming here are as follows: Secretary-treasurer of the Officers' Mess and chairman of the Sports Committee. He is also in charge of the Gen Club, as he is considered one of the more outstanding exponents of Duff Gen Merchants on the station. He also in-

forms me that he can dish out a little "pukka gen" if and when the occasion demands. Enough of that. Let's "press on" to the main object of this article, in other words, a few of Tommy's experiences during his service career in the R.C.A.F.

It was in January, 1941, that Tommy, along with 600 of his comrades, stood on the deck of the transport which was to carry them across the cold grey Atlantic and eventually to their destination—England. It was with mixed feelings that they saw the shore of Canada disappear over the horizon. At that moment the foremost thoughts in their minds were just how many of them would come through to see the same shores appear again at some future date.

Tommy arrived in England in February, 1941, and was rather amazed at the terrible conditions under which the civilian population were living at that time. These consisted of a long hard day at the office or munitions factory or on the land and coming home at night, not to sleep, but to defy the might of the Luftwaffe which at that time was concentrating on an all-out effort to put England out of the war.

Tommy's next move was to an O.T.U., the very last step in the preparation of a gunner, along with the rest of the crew, before going into operations. He was very fortunate in as much as the crew he had chosen to fly with was very cosmopolitan. His pilot was a New Zealander, co-pilot South African, Australians as navigator and wireless operator, South American front gunner, and Tommy held down the business end of four Brownings as tail gunner. Finally, on June 6th, 1941, the great moment arrived when Tommy and the five other members of his crew were posted to an Operational Squadron.

The aircraft to which he and his crew were assigned was one of the old reliable, "Queen of the Skies," a Wel-

lington, X for X-ray. He informed me that his freshman trip, one to which he had always looked forward, was to Antwerp and left him very much unimpressed at the strength of the German ack-ack defences around and about that city at the time.

It was on his second raid that Tommy had his impressions changed and was left considerably shaken. The target they were to attack was none other than Essen, which is situated in the Ruhr Valley—better known to the boys of the Bomber Command as Happy Valley. It was on this trip that he was unfortunate enough to mistake smoke puffs from heavy bursts of anti-aircraft fire for a balloon barrage and was told off in no uncertain terms by his skipper as to his abilities as a gunner. It was from this trip that he returned a sadder but wiser young man.

Upon returning from a trip over Cologne, he sustained his one and only wound. Leisurely stooing along back to base, they were suddenly startled by several very close bursts of flak, so close in fact that he jumped up in his turret, at the same time experiencing a very numbing feeling in his right leg. Quite convinced that he had been hit, and at the same time not having the courage to look down for fear he would see his leg lying in the bottom of the turret, he frantically screamed over the inter-com, "Skipper, I've been hit, I've been hit." With great difficulty two of the other members of the crew helped him out of his turret, laying him in the rest position, and attempted to render first aid. After ruining most of his flying equipment in an effort to get to the injury, they discovered that the extent of his wound was a rather nasty bruise on his right ankle, a result of his initial jump, caused by the exploding flak, when he hit his ankle against the bottom of the Ammo. box. Poor Tommy! His second "black" since starting operations and was he embarrassed!

His next effort was to Stettin, a port on the Baltic. It was a very successful but very long and weary trip. They took off at 2100 hours and landed at base at 0730 the next morning, involving a lapse of time of ten and one-half hours, all of which was more or less uneventful, with the exception of a few minutes that they spent over Wilenshaven as a result of drifting off track.

It was just after this raid that the crew of X for X-ray started to get a bit restless, as they realized that the English winter was drawing near and that it was apt to be very cold. They were also given to understand that the long winter nights over Germany would, in all probability, be very hot. These three factors made the crew of X for X-ray snaffle the opportunity of going out to the mystic East when it presented itself.

Tommy's conception of the mystic East was much the same as that of any other individual. He had visions of Sheiks riding snow white chargers over the sand dunes, of dusky maidens, and the incense of the Bazaar. Upon arriving there he was sadly disappointed. In place of the sheiks and the snow white chargers he saw the native Wogs riding donkeys with their feet dragging in the sand bound for market. In place of dusky maidens he saw the same Wogs' wives and daughters plodding along behind heavily laden with produce. In place of the incense of the Bazaar he smelled the smell of Suez which can better be imagined than described.

After his two weeks of acclimatization and disillusionment, the crew of X for X-ray were told that they were moving up to the "blue" (desert) to act in support of General Ritchie's Eighth Army prior to the commencement of the offensive which eventually carried them through to Bengazi. It was during their movements up on the desert that they experienced their first ground strafing attack. This was one time that the crew of X for X-ray

were on the receiving end. A Heinkel 111 decided to pour a spot of hot lead on the drome at which they had just landed and the crew were caught between the drome and the series of slit trenches which were located near the living quarters. Tommy informed me he was sure he could have hidden behind a pebble—if he could have found one. But no such luck. For the remainder of their stay in Egypt the crew were engaged in further bombing attacks upon large concentrations of tanks and transports.

It was on April 4th, 1942, that he again stood on the decks of the transport, this time saying farewell to Egypt and the Mystic East. Actually it wasn't farewell, for Tommy informs me that during his stay in the East he had eaten at least half of the desert and the remaining half he carried away with him in his hair.

On May 26th, 1942, Tommy arrived in England for the second time and was again posted to an O.T.U., not as a sprog but as an instructor. Before taking up his duties he was sent on what every airman dreams of—"indefinite leave." Unfortunately, the Duff luck ran true to form and he was recalled at the end of the fourth day to find that he was to take part in a 1,000 plane raid on Bremen. Tommy informs me that it was a terrifying but beautiful sight. The city was wreathed in smoke and flame and looked like "Dante's Inferno." The defences were strong at the commencement of the raid, but they were soon swamped by the terrific tonnage of bombs that were sent crashing down.

Tommy's crew once again returned safely to base and it was with mixed feelings that they felt the undercarriage touch the runway, for Tommy realized that the first phase of his operational career had ended, and he was to commence the humdrum existence of an instructor.

THE "GEN" ON REHABILITATION

With V-Day rapidly approaching, the problems of rehabilitation in civilian life loom ahead of every member of the armed forces.

Here we shall try to present a clear outline of the provisions already made by the government. Existing conditions at the cessation of hostilities may



F/L E. L. ROSE, Personnel Counsellor

cause any of these provisions to change, but that cannot be wholly foreseen by anyone.

At the time of discharge a serviceman will be given a complete medical and dental examination. If he needs treatment it will be issued to him. His pay account will be settled and, if he has completed 183 days of regular service, he will also be entitled to a rehabilitation grant. This grant provides for a payment of the equivalent of 30 days' additional pay immediately upon discharge, continuance for 30 days of

any assigned pay, and for one month of dependents' allowance, if dependents have been receiving them prior to his discharge. There is also a clothing allowance of \$100.00.

Arrangement will be made for his transportation and travelling expenses home or to a point in Canada that can be reached at no greater cost.

The War Services Gratuities Act which has been passed recently by Parliament provides for each serviceman in the Canadian forces an additional \$7.50 per month for service in Canada and, in the case of service overseas, \$15.00 per month or more precisely, for every 30 days' service.

Those who after discharge wish to continue in their former civil employment may invoke the Reinstatement in Civil Employment Act, 1942, which guarantees that where reasonably practicable, the employer is required by law to give the ex-serviceman his job, or one not less favorable, to him. On his part, the discharged man must apply for his old position within three months after his discharge from service or from hospital treatment following discharge in Canada, or within four months from discharge overseas.

The Veterans' Land Act, 1942, makes provision for financial assistance to enable ex-servicemen to establish themselves permanently in one of the following three types of settlement:

(a) Full time farming for those who have practical agricultural experience.

(b) Small holding settlement close to employment opportunity for those who have steady employment and are otherwise qualified for this kind of settlement.

(c) Small holding settlement coupled with commercial fishing, provided the ex-serviceman has satisfactory experience in commercial fishing and is

otherwise qualified for this kind of settlement.

The Act provides for a maximum of \$6,000 to be loaned to ex-servicemen. In this particular instance, \$4,800 for land and buildings and \$1,200 for stock and equipment, or for fishing equipment. The ex-serviceman pays 10% cash of the cost of land and buildings; that is, in this case, \$480.00. He will then undertake to pay the Dominion Government two-thirds of the cost of land and buildings or \$3,200 in the above mentioned case where the total loan amounts to \$6,000. He has 25 years to pay this money back (\$3,200). This sum may be paid in yearly, half-yearly, or monthly instalments. The interest is 3½% amortized. The principal and interest together amount to approximately \$195.00 per year, which is not more than the equivalent of a very modest rental. It is interesting to note that the ex-serviceman has 25 years to pay only 62% of the original \$6,000, the remainder being borne by the State.

Under the Post-Discharge Re-establishment Order grants may be provided for ex-servicemen while taking refresher courses, vocational training, university training, awaiting return from crops or private enterprise, temporarily incapacitated or out of work, if fit and capable of working.

These grants cover:

(a) Tuition fees, student fees, athletic fees or other charges and costs of courses taken.

(b) Living allowances of \$60.00 per month for a single man, \$80.00 per month for a married man.

(c) Allowance for dependents.

Generally speaking, the period of vocational training must not exceed twelve months and such training must be applied for within twelve months after discharge. In all other cases, ex-servicemen will receive maintenance benefits on a month-for-month basis. This applies especially to those com-

pleting education at school, college, or university. Those wishing to take University training must apply for it within fifteen months after discharge.

The rehabilitation program as outlined is very generous for those who are qualified to take advantage of it, and will, in most cases, lead to a successful and contented future. However, personnel must remember that it will not be sufficient just to ask for Farm Grants, Vocational Training and University Training. They will go before boards to prove their qualifications for such grants and training; therefore it would be wise to be prepared and to take advantage of the services of the Education Branch which works in close co-operation with the Personnel Counsellor and also to take advantage of the tests which are available in the Personnel Counsellor's Office, which undoubtedly signify the vocation or profession to which one is most suited.

These tests are arranged by outstanding psychologists and statisticians, and over a number of years have proved their worth in categorizing people as to the occupation in which they are most liable to succeed.

There is no question if one has commenced studies while in the service leading towards their chosen vocation or profession, that their case will receive more favorable consideration from the D. P. and N. H. officials.

The subject is so vast and the personal problems which must be taken into consideration are so numerous that it would be an excellent idea to consult the Personnel Counsellor about the post-war problems that may be puzzling you. His services are always at your disposal and he can help you to select the career best suited to your interests, ability, and service experience.

Appointments for interviews can be arranged to suit your convenience. Make yours now!

FOOTLIGHT SIDELIGHTS

The house lights dimmed, the curtains slowly opened, and the personnel of No. 3 B. & G. settled back in their seats to witness "Thumbs Up Revue." The time—1800 hours. The place—the Station Theatre. The show—a concert party from Winnipeg.

Mistress of Ceremonies was Gladys Lowe, whose cute manner made quite a hit with the boys. A touch of the Old West, reminding us of our present location, was introduced by Dorothy and June Cousins who harmonized in a few cowboy songs. Juliette changed the atmosphere to a sultry mood as she sang, "Tess's Torch Song" and encoored with "Sweet and Lovely." A peppy tap dance set the pace for the next performer as Nancy Agnew rearranged the dust on the stage with a toe-tingling routine.

Boogie-woogie and a gay rumba, followed by "Variations on the Three Blind Mice" were next on the program as the audience thrilled to the pianistics of another star performer. A chorus of whistles, howls, "Oooohs" and "Aaaahs" greeted a lady in white, sophisticated Gail Hall, as she stepped into the spotlight and played two trumpet solos. The second number featured a fine exhibition of triple-tonguing. Following the "Lady in White" were the Hill-billies whose abilities to extricate music from washboards, tin cans, washtubs, and tin whistles provided a threat to Spike Jones and his City Slickers.

Hearts beat faster and many thoughts turned to home and loved ones as Isabelle, a beautiful blue-eyed blonde dressed in a flowing blue evening gown, sang "Danny Boy" and "The Desert

Song." Her rendition of "An Irish Lullaby" was sung with genuine warmth and beauty. Shades of the coal pile and various other "Joe jobs" were brought to light when two comic performers, dressed in the conventional garb of Air Force Joes, humorously bleated two hit songs from the Air Force show, "Blackouts of 1943."

Highlights of the evening were the "Accordian Maids," a trio of very pretty gals who provided an eyeful as well as an earful of beauty. Dressed in dazzling costumes and possessed of real showmanship, they played a magnificent arrangement of "Begin the Beguine" and Tommy Dorsey's "Boogie Woogie." Amusing incident of their performance occurred when M. C. Gladys Lowe dedicated one of their numbers, "Ain't You Ashamed?" to F/L Reid.

Piano accompanist for the show was Mrs. Crawford who also played two solos including Beethoven's "Minuet in G."

Encores were plentiful throughout the entire show and it was obvious that everyone enjoyed the entertainment.

The best of luck and success to the girls in the "Thumbs Up Revue."

BOB TIPPLE

LOVE IN A KITCHEN *or He Caught Her With Her Pans Down*

Hero—ALEC (ROMEO) ZALKIN
Villian—VIC (MOLE) MERITHEW
Supporting Cast of other S.P. Corporals

You will probably have noticed that around the Guard Room these days, the

Service Police are looking pretty glum. Strangely enough this has been caused by one of the boys' supreme happiness. It is pretty hard to decide whether this is just envy or whether it is simply the marked contrast between the usual outlook on life, and that when seen through rose-colored glasses. Every so often some of the boys catch a bit of this ecstasy, and beam for awhile, but this is almost always followed by a realization that it is not for them.

Well, I don't think anybody knows what we are talking about as yet, but we shall forthwith try to become a bit more lucid.

It seems that one of our corporals, a few weeks ago, had an occasion to go to the Officers' Mess (on business, of course), and while there, was struck very surely and deeply by a quivering shaft of love.

Ah me! What happiness! What ecstasy! WHAT A WOMAN! !

The road on the way back, became all at once, not a road. It was a billowy cloud, and there were roses and all manner of pretty flowers lining its sides. When our corporal had arrived back at his place of duty, he was quite unconscious of the presence of his brother flat-feet, and when his Flight spoke sharply to him he did not seem to hear.

At this time, Sgt. Smith arrived, and noting the golden haze about our hero's head, was reminded all at once, of another day when he too had been bitten by this little bug of love. He said, "Why, Alec, how beautiful you look." Alec sighed, and all the others stood around in amazement. Then up spoke Cpl. (Limpy) Liscum, "Alec, you've had it."

At this stage Flight Merithew, who had been looking on at these queer antics, became thoroughly disgusted, and said, "Men, this is no place for love. There is a war on, and our job is to check collar pins and dog tags."

Cpl. Riley, who is also deeply in love

with his one and only, looked very hard at the Flight, then stepped over to Alec and patted him sympathetically on the shoulder. "Never mind, Alec," he said, "after all, the Flight has had twenty years of service, and can't be expected to appreciate the finer things in life."

At this point, Cpl. Schlorff, the Mad Trapper, struck a discordant note in the proceedings, when he said, "Give me an old-fashioned winter, and a good set of traps, and you can have your love. I'll settle for a good skunk skin anytime—male or female." Just then Cpl. Hardy, back from the Canteen, staggered in the door and cried, "Love, where is thy sting?" (As if he didn't know.)

F/O Raymer, on his way from one office to the other, in order to use the phone, side-stepped neatly through the broken field. His face registered bewilderment as Beau Brummel Tremblay chirped up, "I really think Alec is sick. Somebody get a glass of water." It did seem as though Alec were suffering from a mysterious malady (possibly the last stages of Hyphus-Typhus). He appeared to be in some sort of coma, as with a bland smile on his face, he slowly strolled out the door.

As Alex left, in strode Sgt. Denyer, who noticing the large group of (corpses), became aglow with anticipation. He opened his mouth, showing all his pretty teeth, and automatically these words came out, "Gentlemen, this is an opportune moment . . ." He set his Victory Bond Folder on the bench, and stooping over quickly, took from it various printed forms. Erect once more, he was about to continue, when he noticed that his audience had in some mysterious fashion vacated the premises, with the exception of the two prisoners, who peering out from between their bars, yelled, "What a jail! Let us out of here! WHAT A JAIL! !"

FINIS

FLYING . . . !

There are many ways of flying. Some are easy, some are a trifle difficult, and some are utterly impossible. The impossible ways are naturally the most interesting, as they provide a wide scope for the imagination and creative genius of the would-be flyer; but, as they have proved to be somewhat impracticable, a great number prefer the other types. No one has ever lived to tell why these means of flying are impracticable, but eventually, somebody may stumble upon the secret and live to correct the faults. If the secret bears any resemblance to a barrel of T.N.T. or nitro-glycerine, it is not advisable to stumble upon it too often!

The very easiest way to fly is to be a bird, but if you are a bird, it is doubtful that you are reading this, and if you are reading this it is doubtful that you are a bird. Do not be impatient, however; your chance may come in some future incarnation.

One of the slightly difficult methods, used chiefly by expert skiers, is the glider style. Fasten wings of some light durable material on to your arms and enter a ski-jumping content. You need not try to make a jump of record length, but the air of competition will spur you on to your best efforts. When you are safely off the end of the run, start to flap your wings; slowly at first, but gradually increasing speed. When you get tired, relax and glide until you begin to lose altitude, then start to flap again. This method is best for short distances, but is not advisable for one with weak arms.

As there are always those who like to gamble and take a chance, there is another method. It may work, and it may not. The success depends entirely on the individual. First, get an obliging friend to tie your arms and legs securely and place you on a railroad

track. Wait there until a train comes along and runs over you. Then comes the risk. If you have lived a righteous life, you will, in all probability, become an angel. If you have not, there is no way of knowing what will happen, but it is almost certain that you will not fly. Regardless of the results you expect, do not bother to take any heavy clothing along. If you are the flying type, you will be amply provided for. If you are not the flying type, it is doubtful whether you will appreciate any extra warmth when you reach your destination.

Even though none of these methods happens to catch your fancy, do not give up hope. You have one more chance. Go to an airport and buy a ticket for a trip on a transport plane. It is safe and easy, but lacks the spirit of adventure. If you like that kind of flight, that is your affair, but you will never become famous as one of the great pioneers of flying.

NOTE: As most of the great pioneers of flying became famous some years ago, you have not much chance anyway.

PEGGY MEYRICK

The Knights of Night Servicing

Through the countless ages much conversation has been held concerning nights of various types. In certain respects the times of King Arthur and Lord Essex were unlike those of today. Today one would say, "Who was that lady I saw you with last night?" In the early days one might say "Who was that knight I saw you with last, lady?" So, you see, even in such an early stage of life knights and nights played a very predominant role with each and every male a star. At such times one might also hear such a remark as "What

is she doing playing around with that old Essex if they didn't have cars then?"

Around the North Pole we are told that nights are six months long. Not having helped in the building of the Alcan Highway, I cannot swear to it. From stories coming out of such an engineering feat we find that engineers did go to bed in the dark and get up in the dark after having the same amount of sleep that human beings in the other parts of the world would receive. Their eight or twelve hour day's work was carried out by the use of man-made light. This went on for six months, at the end of which the reverse came into effect.

A night may be defined in several ways:

1. It is the opposite to day.
2. The hours between dusk and dawn.
3. The time in which history is made.
4. The only time for floodlight baseball games.
5. The time that Night Servicing goes to work.
6. The only time night flying can be carried out.

Through the unending years of war the dark of night has helped many a strategist execute his plans. General Eisenhower also made good use of night in carrying out his D-Day Invasion.

From legends and newspapers we find, both from a romantic and business point of view, much has been accomplished by the prevailing night. Scientists have yet to determine—as far as we know—just why it is that men can turn out such skilled and highly technical work at night equally as well as during the day. War plants which work twenty-four hours long can draw no line through the quality of work turned out during daylight or darkness.

After very careful thought and checking over of facts, we can see no reason why the Knights of Night Servicing will not go down in History for the work which is done after the sun goes down.

SIDEBANDS

The Wireless Section seems to have settled down again after all the happenings of the past month.

First of all, we lost our old Flight Sergeant, commonly known as "Dutch." Our loss, however, is the Wireless School's gain. We have heard via the grapevine that he still pines for good old Macdonald.

In exchange for "Dutch" we have received a new Flight by the name of Diamond and this is really a good place to introduce him, so, without more ado, Mike, meet Macdonald. Confidentially, folks, he is a good egg, and we mean it.

Our old stand-by, Sgt. Graham, has been having his troubles lately. Or would you call sick leave trouble? But anyway, he is back, much the same as ever, and, as he says, "What can I expect after two years at this job? Something had to go."

The really big news in the section is the fact that LAC J. F. Gould is now on leave. He became a papa sometime around the beginning of the month, so, congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Gould, and may all their trouble continue to be little ones.

We have one more new addition to the section, LAC Hutchinson. He comes from Yorkton and seems to find Macdonald O.K. The only thing he wants, however, is to be able to go to Yorkton for his meals. We are only quoting him here and can't for the life of us figure out what he means.

As this section is the place, according to everyone else on the station, where nothing ever happens, this short item will have to be all the gen until next month.

Daffynitions—

A curve of pursuit is a blonde chasing an airgunner.

STATION PERSONALITIES

Sgt. "Norm" Milne: Hails from New Westminster, B.C., the good old West. Norm is a Clerk Medical and has been with us since February, 1942—a long time—but says he'd hate to leave now. Norm has been in the R.C.A.F. since December, 1940, and before coming to No. 3 was stationed at No. 1 "M" Depot, Toronto, T.T.S., St. Thomas, and No. 4

I.T.S., Edmonton. His hobbies are wood-working, reading and he mentioned something about women, which isn't hard to believe as Norm is married and has two nearly grown-up daughters. His favorite sports are skating and hockey. Before joining the Air Force, Norm was night supervisor at the B.C. Mental Hospital and after the war he is plan-



ning on going back to his old job. All the best to you, Norm.

Cpl. "Hannah" Halverson: Our "W.D. Canteen" Stewardess, comes from Preeceville, near Yorkton, Sask. Hannah joined the R.C.A.F. in March, 1943, coming to No. 3 in April after her basic training at Rockcliffe. Her hobbies are reading and dancing, while her favorite sports are tennis, badminton and bowling. Before the war found Hannah a sales clerk in the Blue and White Store, Flin Flon, Manitoba. In the years to come she hopes to be keeping house in her own little home. Best of luck, Hannah, hope your dreams all come true.

Cpl. "Ralph" Brhelle: Another Westerner calls the city of Regina, Sask., his home. Ralph is one of those hard-working Wireless Mechanics, and has spent 2½ years in the R.C.A.F., enlisting in May, 1942. Of that time he has been at Macdonald 18 months, a long time but not long enough—oh yeah. Ralph too is happily married, but so far hasn't been blessed with any of those darlings called babies. His favorite pastimes are skating and bowling in the winter, and baseball, softball and swimming in the summer. Before enlisting, Ralph worked in the Wheat Pool, and after the war he plans going back to his old job. The best of luck to you, Ralph.

W/C C. C. Taylor: Wing Commander Taylor, whose home is in Los Angeles, California, came to us from Paulson in July, 1943. To him goes a great deal of credit for his untiring efforts in helping to put No. 3 B. & G. at the top of the list when the Efficiency Pennant was awarded to this unit. Since he has been with us, the standard of Air Gunners produced at this unit has steadily improved. Though his primary consideration is the training of Air Gunners, his work does not stop there. Armament Training Squadron too, brings its share of work for the Chief Instructor. Then should the Commanding Officer be away from the station, it is the Chief In-

structor who keeps things running smoothly until his return.

There are many more praise-worthy points we could discuss about our Chief Instructor, but as the Editor has asked us to be brief, we will bring this little write-up to a close with the reminder that we have a good man doing a very good job. May he be as successful in the future as he has been in the past. Good luck, Wing Commander Taylor.

... ATTENTION Service Women

Are you expecting a posting? Are you planning to spend your next leave in the Maritimes? In fact, are you going to be in the vicinity of Moncton at any time in the near future? If so, the following information should be of interest to you.

Servicewomen in the vicinity of Moncton, N.B., will be pleased to hear about the new Y.W.C.A. Leave Centre which has recently been opened in that city, at 35 Highfield Street, for girls of the Armed Forces. The Centre will also be available to those who wish to drop in during the evenings and for those who, when travelling, are remaining in the city overnight.

The building, which was formerly the Moncton Y.W.C.A., has been completely renovated and refurnished. Brightly coloured chintzes in drapes and chair coverings strike a cheery note in the main lounge on the ground floor, while big easy chairs and chesterfields create an atmosphere of comfort. On this floor, also, is the writing room and the gaily decorated canteen, where meals are served.

Bedrooms, with feminine appeal, are equipped with double-decker beds to provide accommodation for 40, or more. Another feature on the second floor is

the lounge where girls may gather informally for rest and relaxation.

If you are planning to spend a leave in Moncton, you will certainly want to stay at the Y.W.C.A. Leave Centre. In its gay, homey surroundings you will find comfort de luxe, at regular Y.W.C.A. Leave Centre prices—50 cents per night, with minimum charges for meals.

Miss Jean Macarthur and Miss Helen Burke, hostesses, will heartily welcome all girls seeking accommodation, and will endeavour to make their stay at the Centre as pleasant and happy as a leave "at home."

Other Y.W.C.A. Leave Centres are located at St. John's, Nfld., Halifax, Digby, Saint John, Ottawa, Brandon, Winnipeg, Banff, Calgary, Vancouver, and Victoria.

3-A-2 TRAINER

Anybody who has been in the Air Force for 24 hours or more is quite familiar with "Let Joe do it." That is what happened in our section last month and resulted in the 3-A-2 section being among the missing in October's issue of Tracer. In order not to disappoint all you subscribers and to see that you get full value for your 25 cents, "Joe" started quite early this month to record the doings and interesting tid-bits for your edification.

The most satisfying bit of news is the promotion of all the Sergeants to Flight Sergeants. Yes, it's time. All six of us now sport a crown above our three hooks. We admit of course, very modestly, that we are all doing a darn good job here and in spite of the fact that "Virtue is its own reward," the more tangible appreciation is, we find, much more satisfying. While on the subject of promotions, I might also mention that P/O's Davis and Sutherland are now F/O's. Ahem!

All the news is not good, however.

We learned a few days ago that F/O Sutherland is included in the latest A.G.I. posting to Boundary Bay. While we are glad for his sake, that is he is being given this opportunity to perhaps play a larger part in the coming scenes, we deeply regret his leaving our section. As a fellow instructor and as an officer he has earned our respect and admiration. Good luck to you, Mr. Sutherland, and the best wishes of the section go with you to your future task.

While the above paragraphs contain all the news of major importance, there are several items of lesser quality which still deserve "the blinding glare of publicity." For instance, we have a bowling team entered in the league. Just why, nobody knows as yet, because in spite of Herculean efforts, we have only managed to win one game in nine. Of course, we are just starting so don't get any funny ideas about picking up some easy points when you meet us next time at the alleys. The team is composed of F/Sgts. Davie, Noxon, and Briggs, LAC Goldstein, and LAW's Knous and Valentine. For one whole week LAW Valentine held the ladies' high single with a score of 235, so you see there is hope for us yet. While still remaining at the sporting scene, I would like to mention the "flying" visit of F/O Earl Davis to Minneapolis to see a football game. I gather that the game must have been played in some night club by beautiful, scantily clad girls, who later served the most tantalizing food, according to the menu he brought back with him.

The subject of food brings to mind the mystery of the month? Who broke our coffee pot? Nobody will admit it, but the fact remains that we are now a section of tea drinkers which is, I imagine, a great relief to F/O Watton, our English O.C.

Now my mind is beginning to wander to other things than writing this article and as the bar closes in twenty minutes, cheerio until next month.

ARMAMENT SECTION

So we're supposed to write up a humourous incident which has happened recently in the Armament Section. Bless you, everything that happens in the Armament Section is humourous . . . to somebody. Fire Picquet for instance. Or take the spectacle of WO2 Copley extricating the crash boat from the clutches of the ice storm.

The footing was treacherous, the boat unweildy, and the weather stinko. Norm was alone with his trusty axe and the boat. He's breaking the ice away from the boat. He's nearly got it. No, it's got him. He's down. He's up. He's slipping. He's going in the drink. No, he's got a fanghold on a clump of weeds. Will his teeth hold or will he go splash into Lake Manitoba right up to his ankles. Funny? Positively painful. The only thing that could have added to his pleasure and the general mirthfulness of the whole situation would have been for some enthusiastic gunner on a G.7 to open fire.

Or take WO2 Dole. It's alright to take him, he's single. While Harry was on annual leave his O.C. maliciously changed his pool and forgot to give notification. So Harry came to work bright and early as usual one morning to discover that he should have gone on a 48 the night before. Everybody gets a laugh out of a WO2 missing part of his 48.

Then there was the student who rushed breathlessly into the section at morning smoke period and demanded to know the whereabouts of Class 5. "They're supposed to be on the range," quoth he. "You're late," said a helpful Joe. "They left two hours ago." "I

should be early," said the student. "We weren't supposed to go till noon. Wh-what time is it?" "Ten-oh-five," said Cpl. Bland. "Hully Jees," gasped the embryo A.G. "My watch says twelve."

"Wait a minute," said Flight Welsh. "This is Saturday. There is no class at the range. Your watch is a day out."

Of course everybody around the section is chuckling these days. For nine days there has not been a gun failure in the air. No exercises incomplete! What a record! How many exercises attempted and carried out? No hits, no runs, no errors.

Maintenance Headquarters

At the north end of "B" Hangar an interested observer may observe Maintenance Wing Headquarters with interest. The continuous clicking and clacking of typewriters comes from the Wing Orderly Room. It may be LAW Lila Murray tapping out a Command Report. She says that she much prefers that sound to whistling and wolf calling and she's in a position to know whereof she speaks.

Possibly it may be that busiest of busy people, LAW Minnie Mostaway who is constantly making out Fire Picket and Duty Watch lists. If any chap whistles at Minnie his name goes on the neat Duty Watch list. At present she's handing that work over to Sgt. Brochu, our Disciplinarian, who has recently returned from a furlough in Quebec.

In charge of all is that man, small in stature, mighty in figures, our duck hunter, F/S Gallipo. Any duck from this district who sees the sunny south this winter can consider itself lucky.

In the Log Control Room we find everybody running around in circles but there doesn't seem to be any other choice. There is F/S Pitts. Now you see him and now you don't. Never was a man hunted so often by so many. Often we think he's conscious of the fact and goes into hiding. Any day now we expect to find him in Vancouver. Good-natured Cpl. Murray Visca claims his hair is getting gray from correcting log

times, C.A.P.'s, etc., but it is noticed that if the gray colouring doesn't hurry up and arrive it is going to be too late.

Last but not least are our own two W.D.'s, AW1 Anderson (known as Queen Andy of the Round Table) and AW1 Ellen Bettschen. Both are doing a good job in log keeping. Incidentally, they also add variety and help to stimulate the morale of the chaps in "B" Hangar.

Tid Bits from . . .

TURRETS

A new day, a new scribe is born. As the former scribe has left our circle, yours truly takes over with trepidation and a feeling of loss. It occurred to me that as a new man on the job, so to speak, I should stick to the formal approach, but now that I have started it occurs to me that I don't know what the standard approach is so here goes:

We have lately installed a new device in our Turrets clean and nice To discourage Gunners from graduation And make them scratch their heads in consternation.

This little device, as you will see, Is enough to drive you to Purgatory. Several little pointers with numbers on 'em

Zero to sixty, thirty to ten,
Ten to zero, and back again.

Now what the H—" says the neophyte gunner.

As he tumbles into the turret and begins to wonder.

"What are the pointers for, Sarge?" says the jerk.

And we patiently explain to the Erk. The exercise will be carried as follows: Intercom on, helmet, harness and goggles.

Now follow the A/C shown on the screen,

Report via Intercom, tail cone, or beam, Recognize A/C, give evasive action. Report to operator "Ready for action." Now don't forget to get these things right.

Or down comes your meat house and not overnight.

"Holy cow!" the little jerk did mutter, "What a H— of a way to earn my bread and butter.

But I'll fool that operator. She won't know

Whether I'm facing stern or bow."

But he forgot the little pointers with numbers on

And the first time reporting, he was found wrong.

Second time Instructor found him with Turret doors ajar,

Next evening after supper polishing C.O.'s car.

Once more an enemy A/C he mistook. Now permanent dishwasher and assistant cook.

For if gunners make such mistakes in action,

'Twould be all to the enemy's satisfaction.

Post Scripts



LAC Benstad, from Edmonton. We don't know much about him as yet but that will come later. He has a nice personality though. Haven't you noticed, girls? Enough gen now. In closing we give you this poem:

ELEGY TO A POSTAL JOE

Come to my window, Postal Joe,
For thou hast bad news for me, I know,
My true love writes me every Monday
And yesterday thou knows was Sunday.

The time is fleeting, Postal Joe,
Why dost thou thumb the mail so slow?
Oh speed the music, start the dance,
Get thou the lead out of thy pants.

What art thou saying, Postal Joe?
Why shake thy head in answer "No"?
Why dost thou smile and turn away?
Give me my love not for today.

Curses on thee, Postal Joe,
To treat a lonely airman so.
Where is the letter from my Lucy
To cheer this lonely Acey Ducey?

Since the last edition of Tracer our little section has been rudely disrupted. First, and most serious, we have lost our C.P.C. boys. They had been with us for so long that we thought they were part of the inventory, so all you who have given up hope of a posting take new courage in the fact that "it can happen to you." Sgt. Mitchell is off to Ottawa and Cpl. Kelly to the West Coast.

We have acquired two new Air Force lads . . . LAC Martin, who thinks no station can compare with Yorkton, and



Post Office Staff.

I hate thee, hate thee, Postal Joe,
Take thou thy smiling face and go,
While I shall sit and contemplate
For Postal Joes a worthwhile fate.

Oh, Postal Joe, I'd have thee know,
I do not love thee Postal Joe,
And all thy children, may they be,
Postal Josephs just like thee.

GUNNERY II

Gunnery II Flight, the most progressive flight of Training Wing, is one of the main gears in the machinations of this Station.

We are called a Gunnery Flight, although our main responsibility consists of bashing through Camera Gun exercises, film instead of lead makes us a weird species of film colony. A colossal production every day with sneak previews in the Gunnery Pool projection room every hour of that day.

If you'll ease through the Flight with me, I'll introduce you to some of the least temperamental characters of our syndicate. Aha! Look in the "office"! This blond F/O is "Harvester" Bob Cathcart, and the quiet spoken lad he's addressing is P/O George "Langruth" Hannesson. They are arguing soil gradients of Northern Manitoba in comparison with Southern Saskatchewan—down Yellow Grass way.

Oh yes! That gloomy lad in the corner. He's doing pennance they say. Hasn't flown for years. F/O Cook is his name and when he's not in the corner or making a chart for the boss, he supplies the boys with many a laugh with his deep, descriptive humor. And that long-haired young fellow staring out of the window to the west is F/O "Alex" Alexander, a very clueful lad. He's been on the station for some time

and recently married a Saskatchewan girl.

Watch out! Yes, that's a rare character . . . F/O Pete Gravel. You are very fortunate to have seen him today. He must've made that last bus after all. Careful, there he goes out again. A very busy lad, that. Who? Oh, that's our test pilot. If he's not on schedule, he's jousting with Fate in aircraft Maintenance are trying to declare serviceable. That's F/O Russ Sheehan. He claims he's Irish.

Gad! What a place! Watch the brushes! There's F/O Ed Young with red in his eye, red on his hands—no, not blood—paint! He's O.C. of camouflage in the flight and he's having posting cancellation trouble too! His two shadows, also armed with brushes, are P/O's Aalph Avent and Abbie Slater—artists with a brush but impressaios of the air—they can fly!

Let's move down the hall now to the N.C.O.'s room. No, it's not murder, just F/S Stirtzinger beefing about getting the black queen. They call the game "Hearts" but it sounds like Mayhem at the moment. Beside "Stirtz" is F/S McGee, a jolly, sleepy looking fellow. Next to him is F/S Joe Caulder, a lean, wolfish Cassius who, I believe, warns the women before he trails them. Those two lads asleep are F/S's Powers and Hayman, two good boys and so innocent to look upon—when asleep.

That boy underneath the chute is WO2 Huber. No, they don't come in small sizes . . . you mean the chutes, of course. That foursome in animated conversation is F/S Fred Miles, WO2 "Orv" Egan, F/S "Ack" Ackroyd, and it looks like they're listening to pearls of wisdom on attack procedure from our ace attack pilot, F/S "Mac" McInnes.

Lord! A commotion in the next room. Quick, this way! Look! There's F/O Reddie (he's our interpreter) explaining to F/L Stephen and Sgt. Stevens just what those Anzac and English boys are complaining about. Now, if we

could only understand what Reddie is saying, we'd have a set-up. Yes, girls, he's a nice boy and such wavy hair . . . Stevens, that's right.

Why are you sniffing? Oh, that always fools us too. Just a cigar. Let's trail the effluvia. Here it's back in the office. A noble looking fellow, you say? He is, indeed. That's F/L Don Hennessy, our producer, scenario writer and director . . . a triple threat man with BAGS of experience under those wise, young eyes.

Is that all there is to the Flight? Lord no! Without our ground crew we would never have an aircraft running on the line, and may I make this statement to you all now . . . our servicing flight has a reputation for keen, harmonious service that cannot be excelled on any other station.

That wise-looking sergeant over there is Sgt. Dunham, the skipper of servicing crew. He arrived on the station before there were any aircraft here and is one of the past presidents of the C.B. & B.O. Club. His two able Corporals, Sawyer and Bruce, smugly admit this sergeant is of great assistance in their work. That smooth, soft-spoken little W.D. is our queen of the time sheets, Lynn Anderson. She serves in long-suffering silence in the atmosphere that would make the strongest spirited quail . . . and does a marvellous job.

Let us watch some of the budding engineers in their work. Those lads polishing the hangar floor are Jack Parker, whose wife presented him with a baby girl recently; young T. J. Moore, who depends on his mates to keep his wallet in sight; LAC Behrns, who has sworn off barn dancing for the duration; Wiems, late assistance sent to us from St. Thomas, and Joe Hayes, who is a citizen of Boom Town, commuting to and from work in style by bicycle. Those two lads on their way to the line are LAC's Roome and Marriott . . . hard-working boys. LAC's Johnson and Goddard, inspecting that starboard oleo

of that Bolie, recently came to us from Maintenance to give us their experience, and in the cockpit, resting quietly, is LAC Crust, who has just about recuperated from his recent furlough. That short son of Montreal is Morand, who wishes fervently that he were in Paris at this time. That lad with the "harp" on his sleeve is a bandsman—anyone up with the birds may see "Fuzzy" Hamilton blowing up the flag.

These are the few to whom we owe so much!

Suddenly a shrill siren shrieks and our siren-punchy guide dives suddenly into a convenient oil barrel, leaving his charges to wander aimlessly out of the now empty hangar and into the wan November sunlight.

The Forgotten Men

Nobody ever has anything nice to say about our two-bit range so I guess we'll have to put in a plug for ourselves. In fact, the only time we hear from anyone is when someone wants some money or advice. Among other things we have seven of the most brilliant instructors in Macdonald, so if you won't be bored too much, here they are.

F/O B. W. Capyk, of Timmins, Ontario, is an old-timer in the service, with five years to his credit. He's done about everything in the line of hard rock mining, with an Air Gunner's course to his credit plus an advanced course in Rolls Royce engines for good measure.

WO2 Quarnstrom can always be heard saying "Hey, Capyk! Where's my promotion?" Johnny's other trade is photography, could be his wife in the dark room. He used to be a logger in

good old B.C. before joining the R.C.A.F. in January, 1942.

F/S Stan Barker hails from Vancouver. His favourite theme song is, "Can I borrow your greatcoat to sleep on?" Stanley Clarence Barker joined the Army before he saw the light and transferred to the Air Force. Stanley is a great authority on raising children and he should know. He just became a daddy a short time ago.

F/S Eric Garner is the smallest guy in the crew and he comes from the Middle East or Winnipeg, whatever you wish to call it. Eric is a Repat. and although he is small he makes up for it in other ways. Barker says Eric is "all man."

Sgt. Perkins hails from Grande Prairie, Alberta, and his main ambition is to raise cucumbers and own his own farm. Farmer Perkins has the reputation of being the meanest man on the range. We all love Perky as he "opens up" the outfit more than anyone else.

Sgt. Potten, an old married man from Winnipeg, has only two loves. One is his wife and the other is his unquenchable love for time off.

P/O Andy Lagimodiere arrived a few days ago from the Repat. Pool. We just couldn't get the gen on him but will get all the dope for the next issue.

. . . TURRET ARMOURERS

F/S H. V. Dodds: Little 'Arry is our chief of staff and is a veteran of Macdonald. It took us 3½ years to find out what the "V" in his initials stood for. He was born on St. Valentine's Day and has fulfilled his duty to Cupid. Claims

to be a Can-y-dian but we still think that he is a limey.

Sgt. W. MacCallum: "Scotty" is one of our most versatile sergeants. He can take any turret down piece by piece. He excels himself as a Scotch Sinatra whose rendering of "The Road To The Isles" made those fair ladies of the Accounts Section swoon on that Macdonald-bound Great West Express. MacCallum, who was the leader of that famous trio, MacCallum, McLean, and Carstairs, singers of Scotch and Irish folk songs has turned out to be a real swell "Swoon Crooner." We also add that "Scotty" really sends 'em.

Sgt. J. H. Arnett: Our "Jonty" was a school teacher in pre-war days but during the past three years his vocabulary has been enriched considerably due, no doubt, to his close association with Scotch and English culture. He has a bee in his bonnet these days and can hardly wait for the day when he can become a full-fledged apiarist.

WO2 N. Copley: Norm hails from Winnipeg. He has been over there but still loves his guns. He is at present Armourer i/c 200 yard range.

Cpl. G. B. S. Fry: "Grodie," our pug-nacious little corporal, is a great believer in the saying "The bigger they are, the harder they fall." He must be a distant relative of the great G.B.S.

Cpl. W. N. Haslam: Norm is our candidate for 'pin-up boy of the R.C.A.F. Norm's pins are being worn by A.G.s' girls from coast to coast.

Cpl. A. G. Schultz: Our "Albert" wishes No. 3 B. & G. and a certain Nav. school would get together on "48's" but according to rumour No. 783 we think everything is going to be hunky dory from now on.

Cpl. J. Mathews: "Flash" can count up to twelve but this writer would like to know what school he went to where six and six come to box cars, one and one make snake eyes, and five and five is big dick. But seven is seven and eleven is eleven.

Cpl. G. E. Glenn: "Otty" is from the far east, Chipmak, N.B., where we hear fish is the staff of life. He sure appreciates living in a country where roast beef, steaks, and chicken are to be had for the asking.

LAC A. W. Hancock: "Art," the Kenora Kid, is the latest addition to our staff. He's only been with us eleven months so we haven't had time to get anything on him. Perhaps in a later edition.

Drogue's Drivel

D is for Drogue ship, as everyone should know.

R is for Ready when your pilot says, "Let's go!"

O is for "O.K., Sir, streaming O.K."

G is for Gunnery ship that meets us half way.

U is for U/S and that's pretty grim.

E is for Efficiency with drogues in good trim.

O is for On the line, each ship in its place.

P is for "Prepare to fire!" We're on with the chase.

E is for "Enter," we're over the lake.

R is for Rendezvous, everything's "jake."

A is for Attention, so be on your toes.

T is for Target. Before you it flows.

O is for Off the line. One exercise is through.

R is for safe Return before we start anew.



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

She awakened, dressed and went outside into complete darkness. She was the M.T. driver detailed for the early run to Portage. When she got ten steps outside she looked around to see . . . nothing. The barracks had disappeared and nothing was in sight. It was 0700 hours and the countryside was still asleep and enveloped in fog. She followed her nose to the Mess Hall and after partaking of vittles, made her unseeing way towards the M.T. Section. As she approached the runway into the Section, she viewed a poor lonely car, perched—literally—on the fire hydrant. (The odd places these S.P.'s find to park a car for the night.) She fumbled around in oblivion until she at last found her car. "Which end is which?" she mumbled as she opened the rear doors and searched for the radiator cap. Eventually she got underway. It's a very lucky thing she knew her way into Portage. The fog was so thick she couldn't see beyond the headlights and could see no oncoming vehicles until they were five feet in front of hers. What a trip! Did someone say the Prairies never have fog? For two days this poor lonely driver took her vehicle into Portage in the darkness and fog to fulfill her duty for her country.

The third morning she arose hopefully but expecting the worst. As she went outside she murmured, "Not bad, no fog, a better trip this morning." But as she got on her way to Portage she gradually changed her mind. "Twas raining and freezing all at once. Consequence? Windshield became a translucent thickness before her eyes. Every three or four miles she conscientiously climbed out of her vehicle and scraped and scratched one-quarter inch of ice from before her eyes. She did arrive at her destination, and suc-

cessfully, too. The trip back was a different story. She had no success with scraping this time and the rain had turned to hail (well, hard sleet, anyway), and the open window beside her was her only solution for sight. The vehicle headed right into the wind, with its heavier load and she manfully drove with her head stuck out in the weather. It was a beautiful trip.

Did anyone say we have the easiest job in the Air Force? At times, we do admit, it is a pleasure but just think of all the trouble we do run into. Oh well, we do manage to get the "troops through" with a minimum of trouble. (No cracks, either).

Photo Flashes

"Flight, did Edison make the first talking machine?" asked AC2 Bendall.

"No," replied Flight Sergeant Gardiner. "The Lord made the first talking machine, but Edison made the first one that could be shut off."

Don't take life so bitterly, Flight. You know you are losing two of eight girls. That means 25 per cent less chattering. Yes! Cpl. Rousseau and LAW Quarnstrom are about to make their departure from No. 3 B. & G.

Gerrie joined the Air Force in September, 1942, and after spending four months training at Rockcliffe, arrived at Macdonald in February, 1943. She earned her Cpl. hooks last November. Gerrie has been a faithful servant to Macdonald and will be greatly missed by her friends, but with her posting to

Command will be at "Home, Sweet, Home." Good luck, Gerrie.

Rita: "Here comes that wolf. I'll tell him I have a date even though I don't."

Maxie: "Won't your conscience bother you?"

Rita: "Yes, but not as much as he will."

Of course, we have all heard that all married W.D.'s can get their discharge so our dear Helen has decided to start her career as a housekeeper. Helen has been with us one year. Prior to this she spent a year and a half at No. 3 S.F.T.S., Calgary, Alberta. She has proven herself a good photographer but "Can you bake a cherry pie, Mrs. Q.?"

F/O Gravel: "Are you the man who cut my hair the last time?"

Bolton: "I don't think so. I've only been here for six months."

As far as the rest of us, well, we try bowling, having won six games and lost three. We take our 48's every ten days, spend them usually at Winnipeg. At the present time we are enjoying the lack of work due to no flying . . . but did you know that approximately 400 miles of camera gun film is developed yearly? 'Nough stuff. Cheerio.

GOSSIP, INTRODUCTIONS STORIES

(Or can you guess who?)

1. He enlisted at Toronto in June, 1940, and was selected for aircrew training. He received his initial training at No. 1 Manning Depot and No. 1 I.T.S. in Toronto. He was later posted for a straight airgunner's course and graduated from Mossbank B. & G. in April, 1941. He left Canada a month later and arrived in the United Kingdom several

weeks later after an interesting visit to Iceland. After O.T.U. training he was posted to an heavy bomber squadron in the R.A.F. and was put through a conversion unit for training on Halifax bombers. After 10 operational sorties he was selected for a gunnery leaders course at the central gunnery school in England. On completion of the course he was appointed a Flight Gunnery Leader of the Squadron. After a year's service in the United Kingdom he was posted with his squadron to the Middle East in order to give support to the Eighth Army which was being hard pressed at that date, July, 1942. The Squadron was first based in Palestine and later moved to the desert in Egypt. He completed his tour with this unit and was screened from operational flying. He then returned to Canada after several months' instruction. His trip home was made with the American Army Air Force and he flew across Central Africa, crossed the Atlantic to Brazil and from there to the U.S.A. After a spot of leave in Canada he was then posted to No. 3 B. & G. S., Macdonald and is now O.C. of G.I.S. Stage 11.

2. He hails from Walkerville, Ont., and South Bend, Indiana, U.S.A. He was educated at Walkerville Collegiate and University of Toronto. He practised as optometrist until 16th August, 1940. When becoming tired of looking into people's eyes, he decided to join the R.C.A.F. After a short stay at No. 1 "M" Depot, Toronto, proceeded to Trenton for armourer's course. On completion of course, posted to McLeod, Alta., December of 1940. Returned to Trenton to the Air Armament School for the Senior Armament Instructors' Course. After finishing this course he was posted to No. 3 B. & G. School, arriving here 19th of March, 1941. The rest of his service career has been uneventful except for a posting to Alymer, Ont., which lasted one week, and again he was back at dear old No. 3 B. & G.

3. She was born in Saskatoon, Sask., but posted to Regina when three months old, which, she is sorry to say, she doesn't remember very much about. She was employed as a clerk when leaving school in 1936 and completed Grade 11. She got tired of pounding a typewriter so decided to be an elevator operator. She only lasted two months at that and was very glad to get back to her typewriter. The ups and downs in life didn't agree with her and neither did so many men (or should we say wolves). After being through with the elevator business she went to work for the R.C.A.F. at No. 4 T.C., Regina, as a clerk. When Command moved from Regina to Calgary somebody whistled and she went along. After working with the R.C.A.F. for a year she decided to enlist. She waited two months for a release (civil servant) and then started out for Manning Pool at Toronto. After two months at Manning Pool she was posted to Macdonald in May, 1942. At first she was employed in Records Office in Headquarters, looking after the records of both staff and trainees. At that time we had many aircrew trades on the station, i.e., Observers, Navigators and Wireless Operator Airgunners. This was later changed to St. Airgunners (12 weeks) and they took their training all in the same school. This was changed again to St. Airgunners (6 weeks), changed again to the present set-up of St. Airgunners (12 weeks) with two separate schools. In April, 1943, it was decided that G.I.S. should look after the trainees' documents, so she was chosen to go to G.I.S. This was much against her better judgment but now she likes it so well that she wouldn't go back to H.Q. (What is she saying?!?)

Answers to Guess Who:

1. F/L E. J. (Ted) Greenway.
2. WO2 C. P. (Shorty) Shortman.
3. Sgt. (Hazel) Matthews.

Accounts Activities

Gosh, they ask me to write something for Tracer, so I say, "Well, what do you want me to write about?" Ah, write about some humorous incident that has happened in the Accounts Section. Now that was just being funny. Nothing humorous ever happens here. No kidding, things like that just aren't, in this section.

Here it is a Saturday afternoon. There are a few of us sitting around letting on that we are working. So exciting! For goodness sake, if you're around on Saturday afternoon with nothing to do, come on over and see us, eh?

I just happened to glance over at Connie and by crackey, she is wearing her specs. 'Twas funny the other morning, Connie was sitting by the window working furiously on her ledger when, glancing up, her eye caught a lot of airmen lined up outside waiting for something or other. Well, I'm telling you, I've never seen anyone's glasses come off so fast. Even if they were those froggy-looking issues. The fellows outside offered to take up a collection for a pair of specs that would prove more flattering to Connie's eyes. That'll be the day, eh?

I wonder who the bright lad was on last pay parade, who marched up smartly, screeched out his name and number just as he was taught in Manning Pool, and everything was just wonderful. Then he marched back and said that he didn't want his pay. "Naw," he says, "it doesn't mean a thing to me." So we just kept the twenty-five cents and went on with the next guy.

I can't think of another thing to say now except that I wish you fellows would stop asking for our telephone numbers on Pay Parade when you know that we haven't got one. (Darn it!) S'long for now. See you on Pay Parade.
—Normie.

STATION HOSPITAL

Part of this space shall be devoted to a wail of protest on behalf of your Hospital correspondent and all other "Tracer" representatives from the different sections of our fair Station. Were you, too, fellow correspondents, flattered into the job on the plea that nobody else could possibly do it as well as you could and that you had such a good vocabulary, etc., and have you too, tried to palm it off each succeeding Tracer-time on some other victim? I asked Sgt. Milne, "How about you, Sarge?" He said sorrowfully, putting his feet up on the desk and tilting his chair comfortably against the wall, "Sorry, but you can see for yourself that pile of medical boards I've got to wade through." No help there.

I wandered out into the corridor and ran up against Sgt. Prowse making a mad dash down to the Treatment Room. "How about YOU, Sarge? You have a good command of the English language." "Sorry, sorry—can't possibly—air gunners at 1.30 and 2.00 and then two reboards," says Sarge. "Now you know you can't help with those reboards—they're both W.D.'s!" "Well, I can dream, can't I?" says he as he dashes off down the hall again. Next: "Hazel and Ellie, will you take it on?" No sale, the answer is "Now you did it before and you know the ropes. Go on. Don't be backward!" Both sisters have their hands full, and LAC Daley says he can speak English. One last hope, the M.O. At my hesitant suggestion that he do a write-up, he raises one eyebrow and gives your correspondent one look. So here goes. The following is humbly submitted from the quiet(?) writing room of the W.D. Canteen.

By the way, we have a lot of extra T.A.B.T. toxoid on hand—anyone who would like an extra shot in the arm

just apply at the M.I.R. Any volunteers?

If for a jab in the arm you are due, Don't put it off for a day or two.

Watch for D.R.O.'s and be there on time, It won't cost you even one small, thin dime.

It may be your last chance to get this free treat,

They cost five dollars cash on civvie street.

(Horrible, isn't it?)

We would like to put in here a note of thanks to the Officers' Wives League for their kindness in supplying our patients with fruit, magazines, games and candy, and to the Airmen's Wives Club who, in addition to weekly gifts of fruit, have spent long hours repairing the Hospital linen. The boys and girls in hospital look forward to the friendly visits of these two organizations and their thoughtfulness is greatly appreciated by both the patients and staff.

That is all for this time.

Yours as ever,

HOSPITAL STAFF.

Sighting Sonnet—

It was inside Nettie's clip joint,

That our hero Tracer Joe
Was trying to settle a point,

With a dice he's about to throw.

As he threw his face did beam,

For he thought he'd win a quarter,
But suddenly Stern, cause it did seem,

That he'd done what he hadn't order.

And so it happened our bullet trail kid,

Had to break his date with a beaut,
He called it off, that's what he did,

With lovely mis-curves of pursuit.

THE DENTAL CLINIC

This is that section on the Station which you all come to sooner or later. From the appearance of our appointment book I'd say everyone prefers it to be later though why, we'll never know.

We have a pleasant reception room where you can wait your turn by reading our current(?) magazines. And when you're greeted from our Orderly Room with a cheery "Good morning. What can we do to you?" don't run for the nearest exit. Tell them.

You report on Dental Parade at nine in the morning and if yours is a case of emergency, for instance, treatment of toothache, you're asked to sit down, relax, and wait your turn during the emergency hour, otherwise you make an appointment. Yes, you do need an appointment so don't be astonished when you come in and say "May I see the dentist?" You'll hear, "Yes, within

a few days." The Orderly hasn't a personal grudge against you. It's just that we're all booked up.

Then there are overseas postings which must be given preference above all. You must be dentally fit before you go overseas so don't wait until the eleventh hour before you report to us. Rush right over when you hear the good news. We're only too pleased to finish you off . . . dentally, of course.

You may have noticed that the week a course graduates personnel on the station just don't seem to be able to get in. The reason is that this is the last chance we have to get at the graduating course. They, too, must be dentally fit before going overseas. Right now we'd like to say "Hats off" to those trainees, past and present, at No. 3 B. & G., for such heroic bravery and little resistance against the overwhelm-



Dental Clinic Staff.

ing power of Operator and Dental Drill. To them we'd like to award the decorations of Amalgam Cross and Lingual Bar.

To those of you who come in rather hesitantly and ask for a set of "Air Force Teeth," allow me to enlighten you as to the fact that the big difference between them and the teeth you get on civvie street is that here you get them for free. It takes longer to get them on this station simply because our Clinic is not equipped with a Dental Laboratory and we must send the work to an outside Lab. All we do is take the impressions and build up the bite blocks, so when you're told to come back for a "bite," don't be alarmed. We won't make you eat the impression. But please don't expect to be able to wear the denture the same day . . . "because I have a date tonight, sir, and she's anxious to see them." . . . so are we, fellow, but it just can't be done.

So when you're ushered into
That cheery room with a view,
Thinking of all the things that'll happen
to you,
And you're comfortably seated in our
unique chair,
And your collar gets tight
And you're gasping for air,
And you've told the operator in no
small way
That you don't like dentists anyway,
How can we believe you,
We hereby implore,
'Cause no matter what the treatment,
You always come back for more! !

Bouquets—

1. Congratulations are in order to F/O Jamieson in the grand work that he did selling bonds to staff and trainees in the 7th Victory Loan.

2. We congratulate F/Sgt. Barbara McLennan and F/Sgt. Ashfield for winning the Station Badminton Tournament.

Headquarters ... Chatter

Another month has rolled by and once more we must rack our brains (what brains?) for Tracer. The editor warned us this was to be short and humorous. It will be short alright, we won't argue about that, but how we can find anything humorous to write about Headquarters is a story of a different nature.

Some people seem to think that we don't work up in the Orderly Room, that we have an easy job. Well, just to prove you are wrong, we're going to give you a little gen.

Every day there are people going on leave. Where do they get their passes, ration cards, travelling warrants? No need to answer that. It's not just a matter of handing them out. Your leave has to be checked and put in D.R.O.'s then transcribed onto your R. 230. This procedure is repeated day after day.

Personnel are posted in and out every day. Postings are a lot of work and trouble as you all know. Clearance papers are necessary. Warrants have to be made up. D.R.O. entries have to be made. The entries have to be transcribed on your R. 230's. Records have to be gathered, checked, and forwarded to your new unit.

The luckier people who get the odd day Temporary Duty cause us more work. The same old procedure is necessary. Warrants, travelling claims, D.R.O. entries, R. 230's.

Those are just a few of the every day tasks, all very simple. But what about the mail that we get twice a day? Seventy-five per cent of it is kept right in the Orderly Room for action. Nominal Rolls? Oh, don't speak about them.

Sometimes we wonder what A.F.H.Q. and Command use them for.

Signals, you, you, and you wanting extension on leave—Urgent—Wire Collect—does that mean more work? It does.

Each day something new pops up but the quiz kids are ready to do the best they can. You still might think we just put in time from 8 to 5 every day. Well, that's a matter of opinion. Even though, by dinner time, we are hungry enough to eat a horse, and still have half an hour's work to do, we stay and grin and bear it. So, please, from now on, try to bear with us, won't you? Thanks.

Short Bursts

... at Extreme Range

Come on out for a day's shooting on the range. Sit back in your easy chair and read on.

At the unheard of time of 0730 a sleepy-looking crew of Erks are waiting outside of the Armament Section complete with flying suits, helmets and gloves—if they can find them. There heaves into view the familiar form of "The Baron," WO2 Marks, and with a disdainful look in his eye and moustaches a-twitching he surveys the motley assembly. "O.K. you guys, let's go!" and orders fly thick and fast. Out of the ensuing welter of confusion order is finally obtained and we see several boxes of guns piled up in front of the door. But what's this? "The Baron" has got himself piled up with the boxes. After this mistake has been rectified, someone decides that if the range is to be reached that day, someone should phone the M.T., and so it is done.

After contacting several people in the M.T. Section, one is found who can decipher the perfect English of the

caller and a bus forthwith turns up. After another heroic struggle by the Erks, ably assisted by the scathing voice of the Instructor, the necessary equipment is loaded on and we are away. But wait! Not yet. Lunch for the instructors must be obtained from the Sergeants' Mess and forthwith a good argument is in progress as to the relative merits of egg sandwiches versus cheese sandwiches as a staple diet for the Range Instructors, with the more brave of the students timidly suggesting that cheese flavoured with arsenic might win favour from the rest of them. Lunch obtained, we again start out. Now we discover that we forgot the water can so back to the Armament Section and the water can.

At last we are away. No, not yet. Where's "Pappy"? "Pappy" is none other than F/S Bill Hynds, the other member of the Instructors' team. Now begins a frantic search and "Pappy" is discovered blissfully dreaming of good old U.S.A. and related subjects. On being rudely awakened and questioned as to why he was not on deck at 0730 he replies that he thought that this was Sunday. On being reminded in rather biting terms that it is now Monday—0745 to be exact—he forthwith heaves the frame out of bed and after a valiant struggle he is observed bursting forth from the quarters complete with the smile which can't be wiped off.

Now at last we can start. But, whoops, my dear, we forgot the Safety Range Officer and now a further hunt for him. He is located finally and away we go. After bumping and careening along for some half hour or so we arrive at the range.

Now for the fun. Range orders read out to the Erks and belts of ammo. fly round. Guns—parts—Instructors—students, and above all the strident voice of "The Baron" exhorting his proteges to greater effort and intermittently blessing the country of their birth and praising their efforts at mounting the

guns in the turrets in a manner known only to himself. At last all is ready and the first student take his place in the turret and begins his exercise and we settle down to a routine day of work. Fun, eh? Who wouldn't be a Range Instructor?

Then, 1030 arrives and with it the inevitable cup of mud brewed by the highly competent Norm Copley who, along with his maintenance work, is the best cook in camp with apologies to no one. As soon as coffee is announced there is a mad dash for receptacles of any kind and our friend "The Baron," coming in from fixing a turret, discovers to his amazement that all that is left is the grounds in the bottom of the coffee jug. Several students are immediately seized upon and gently persuaded to share up with their old pal—or else!

CONSTRUCTION ENGINEERING COMMENTS

They say "There's no harm in askin'," so we're going to ask a favor. The old C.E. phone is working overtime these days, and it will be so much easier on our feet—and will speed up service too—if all hands will refrain from asking to talk with some particular individual on the phone, when the message can be quite readily given to the party answering the phone. Remember your request will be passed immediately to the proper C.E. department, and our tradesmen will not lose valuable time away from their work talking to you. So don't be shy! No matter what part of the plumbing is out of order, it's still quite alright to talk about it without blushing. All of our staff, both male and female, being engaged in the business of construction engineering, look on such

things as a toilet bowl much as a florist thinks of a bunch of roses, so if a member of the fair sex should answer the phone, please give her your message. You'll be surprised how much she knows about such things and you'll have the eternal gratitude of the entire section. So won't all ranks please cooperate?

We welcome back to the fold our wandering sheep, that gorgeous hunk of man, Corporal—ouch! we're sorry—Sergeant Gates. Welcome home, George, and congrats on your promotion.

Congratulations also to our two new corporals, our Clerk Engineering, Ben Dawson, and our Tractor Mechanic, Keith Cameron. Best of luck, and well and faithfully earned, sez we.

We push out the old welcome mat to the following new members of the C.E. family: Cpl. Currey, LAC's M. Flynn, J. Faguy, J. Huzzy, G. Smith, F. Smith, J. Beliveau, G. Martin, W. Johnstone, and AC1 Jensen.

The mat is out too for LAC's W. R. Johnston and V. G. Watson, who have come back to good old No. 3 B. & G. after an absence of two years.

Our best wishes for good luck in their new fields to Wilson Elders, our civilian Electrician, and Sgt. W. Gardner, Stationery Engineer, who, having been with us since 1941, have now moved on to other pastures.

All C.E. Personnel join in tendering sincere wishes for the early recovery of Mrs. Reid, our kindly Y.W.C.A. hostess, and the better halves of F/S "Where's that truck?" Myers and LAC "Honeymoon" Cox. May they all once again be enjoying the best of health by the time this comes off the press.

Shore Leave—

What aircrew gunnery instructor (sighting specialist) has been hanging around Gunnery Pool in his spare time and forty-eights?

G.I.S. Stage I Presents . . .

KUTHBERT'S KORNER

G.I.S. I has had a valuable addition to its staff, in the person of KUTHBERT IFERGOT. He is valuable because "If errors are to be made, Kuthbert invariably makes them first," and this stands as a warning to all and sundry.



If you are over our way, watch for Kuthbert. You will find him doing almost everything wrong. He has built up a splendid record of boners. He sleeps on his respirator, for one thing. The other night we even found him boiling it. As for Armament, Kuthbert says it is just a waste of time this business of making sure that the gun is unloaded. Yes, Kuth is a valuable man. We are looking for great things from him, that is, if he doesn't manage to blow his alleged brains out in the meantime.

Kuthbert's "Daddy" is LAC Bartlett. Bartlett, a commercial artist in civvie life, has been doing some first class work for us here at G.I.S., and, needless to say, has earned the gratitude of the entire staff. He told us when interviewed that "Quote" Kuthberet is a first cousin of "Dilbert of the U.S.A. Forces." But he is NOT a copy.

So . . . in honour of our new, slightly

foggy helper we have called our contribution this month "Kuthbert's Korner" and publish a photo of our hero for all to admire. Han . . . some, ain't he?

We now place an appropriate amount of sackcloth and ashes on our weary brow and tender our apologies to our 20 mm. cannon and Pyro Dept. for failing to mention them in our last month's column. Both of these sections are a part of our organization and are doing a splendid job.

A very nice section party was a feature here recently, when G.I.S. played host to a number of guests. About one hundred attended. We were honoured to have as our guest, G/C Hobson. The room was decorated (a la night club style), with tables ringing the dance floor. Pumpkins and stalks of corn added the harvest touch. Dance music was supplied by the Station Orchestra under the direction of our O.C., F/O Oliver. Added entertainment was provided by a number of prize dances as well as skits and musical numbers, produced by the staff. We wish to thank everyone for the splendid co-operation which helped to make our party the success it was. Thank you, especially Signals, Messing, Y.M.C.A., M.T. Section, and Central Warehouse.

Wedding bells have been resounding through the halls of the dear old Alma Mater. Not one, but two weddings have taken place recently. The first, when on October 21st at the bride's home in Winnipeg, Marg Edith, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Chapman, became the bride of one of our staff, F/S Dyson. Miss B. Alexander attended the bride, while LAC M. Brown, of this station, was best man. Pres. S. W. Roberts, of Winnipeg, performed the ceremony.

Our second wedding was that of two well-known members of our staff, W.D. Sgt. Hatch and F/O Marshall, our Maths instructor, who were married quietly in Winnipeg on October 21st. The write-up of the wedding appears elsewhere in this magazine. To both couples may we, on behalf of the entire staff, wish you all the best in the world.

Some of our best stooges have just brought in the very hot "Flash." Is the Corporal from the Post Office who has just been posted really going to steal off with our Cpl. Bethel? Rumours, rumours, rumours.

Our School Warrant Officer, WO2 Janaway, returned from his leave recently looking (so we thought) a little on the thin side. However, he tells us this is a result of the many miles he walked while "Duck Hunting" . . . and not the result of loose living.

I guess that's "30" for this time, folks . . . except to extend a welcome to our new A.G.I.'s, P/O Zizman, P/O Hall and P/O Lagimodiere. Welcome to the fold, gentlemen.

Bye now and a very merry Chri . . . Ooops! A little early. I'll save that for the December issue. For this time, Miles' Mumbblings are signing off.

BOOMTOWN

. . . . News

I've been told that when the C.W.A.C. band was visiting the airport they asked who lived in all those shacks across the road. When they were told that the airmen's wives lived here, one of the girls was heard to murmur, "Ain't love grand?"

Be that as it may be, and it certainly is, come payday, Boomtown is really a lot better than you would suspect from outward appearances. Rank means

little over here, and from lowly LAC's up the scale to our reeve, P/O Tutton, we all have the same troubles, and every night is duty watch for the boys.

Most of us are couples who have married since the outbreak of the war, and this is the first "home alone" for us. Air Force wives object to being left behind for the duration, so we who are able, pack up and follow our husbands around. St. Thomas, Belleville, Yorkton, Halifax, all are familiar to this line. Our newest comers, Rathwells, were married by the Station Padre at Aylmer, satin and lace and all.

Maintenance is well represented here, with Jeff Burtonshaw, "Hap" Gallagher, and Jack McLaren all busy digging in for the winter. Just give "Pinto" and Jack a little scrap lumber and anything can (and does!) happen. Pritchard and Rathwell, who are brothers-in-law, have recently built themselves houses. Nice going, boys. Instructors Briggs, Balcaen and Madill tell the students what to do all day but at home it's still the same old routine. Our family man, burly Cpl. Cameron, once again has his family back in Boomtown. The Camerons are the only ones left of that brave bunch of pioneers who built here at the beginning of the "Battle of Macdonald."

No write-up on Boomtown could be complete without mention of our children. There are ten in the line, and while I would like to describe them as perfect little angels, which they sometimes are, I'm afraid they are just kids and consequently you never know what they're up to. Usually "it ain't good."

Also deserving a word is our Airmen's Wives Club which meets every Wednesday afternoon at the Hostess House. Here we do our bit, sewing stripes, hospital mending, or possibly curtains. (Do I hear a faint moan?)

To wind this all up, we'd just like to say that we're glad to be here, but will we ever be glad to get home when the whole show is over.

NUTS and JOLTS



And once again the deadline for another edition of Tracer rolls around. Let us continue to dish out the gen on the Maintenance boys.

Jack McGuiness is the fellow that was sent (I don't mean by Sinatra) to the tool room. He always was a warbler so we hope he's happy now that he's got his cage. Kindly send all donations of birdseed direct to Jack. Red Higgins is another bird in the same cage. With this boy you never know what's in stores for you. He says he's no mechanic, but he'll do in a clinch. LAC Smart really lives up to his name and insists that washers with holes in them are the latest fad—at least that's what everyone asks for. He tells me that nuts from all parts of the world meet here . . . but why does he point to Christianson?

After Pinto Burtonshaw and Chester Siple helped two ladies in distress when their tires went flat, one of the girls asked, "Is there anything we can do for you?" Siple shyly answered, "No, we're married."

CURRENT EVENTS — Live wire Hewis is the man who makes Sinatra look like Charles Atlas. He made a walking shock absorber out of yours truly. One day he wired up a B. & G. tester to a table and then asked me to hand him a hammer. Being the obliging person that I am, I picked up the tool and bang—I was sent! I was never so shocked in all my life. Cpl. Laurie, a

not so innocent bystander, seemed to get a bigger kick out of it than I did.

You can't miss Dick Cooper (the blond Frenchman from Montreal) only he's not really French. He used to work in a chemical laboratory so now he's turned from germs to Germans.

I laughed at big Eby when he reported to the Station Hospital for Duty Watch. He sat down in the Medical Treatment Room chatting with me when in comes the Orderly, tips his head back and starts spraying his nose for him. Eby protested vigorously and managed to convince the Orderly that he was 'Joe' and not there for treatment.

Crew eleven boasts of having the only corporal in captivity who swears in three different languages. (But this is only one of his many accomplishments). Cpl. Bean by name, has a right to swear as he's always getting in the soup.

Frisky Kriscke is always so sleepy and tired at work. He says their baby makes their home brighter. Is that why there's a light burning all night in your house, Crankcase?

A hard day's work in "B" Hangar has no effect on Muscles (Crash) Bilski. He's got a class for potential weight lifters several nights every week. How about some of you boys who swing the lead so well taking a crack at the real weights and starting to carry your load. I think this class is for N.C.O.'s too, eh, Bill?

People who look at Frank Newcross have to take a second look. They don't believe it the first time. He's really got that street-car expression. Just mention the C.N.R. to him and he'll tell you all the merits of the C.P.R. "Gravel-voice" Newcross has now returned to the flights after he brought Serviceability up in Maintenance. His pal, LAC (and those aren't his initials even if he has had them so long) Lebarge, is not only an efficient mechanic but is also the manager of the Station Theatre. He

says that if one night passes that one joker doesn't whistle, howl or think aloud while the picture is on the screen, he'd probably die from heart failure. So, make with the noise boys, as we couldn't do without Ernie. He's indispensable around here and one of the first pilgrims to set foot at No. 3. His feet are firmly planted in Macdonald soil and just recently he was voted the mechanic least likely to be posted. Must be a COMMAND performance.

North must have theatrical blood running through his veins. You'll often find him under that spotlight here at "B". He does most of his work sitting down—that's where he shines. Another brilliant person is Allan Gray, who claims he works like a horse. Guess that old Gray mare just ain't what he used to be. Too much night life, Al? Along with Allan we find MacPhail, who works with him in the Dope Room. He's the painting doll and has a way with that spray. I'd better quit or he'll think I'm gunning for him. His favourite sport is jitterbugging around.

"Available" Strombitski has made more trips between Macdonald and Winnipeg than Buzz Beurling has made over enemy territory. Between clipping the boys' hair and pocketbooks, he must reap a golden harvest at random. Wait until Mr. Ilsley hears about this. Ever hear about the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, John? By the way, he is the only crew chief who believes in handling his men with kid gloves—on! He is up for his corporal's hooks, so we wish him lots of luck. There are so many fellows getting hooks these days that it will be a novelty to see an LAC around the hangar.

W. L. Smith seems quite content just as he is—or maybe it's because he just doesn't care any more. In spite of all his denials, I'm firmly convinced that Smith is one of the brothers on the Cough Drop Box. Better cough up, kid.

Robbie's hobby must be collecting antiques. If you don't believe me, just

take a look at that motorcycle he rides! Can't you get a new one? F/O Arnold managed.

Wrong-Way Corrigan has nothing over R. D. Johnston. He took a gang from our hangar into Winnipeg just recently and took the wrong road back. They landed in the Community Field. Perhaps the boys are going to farm after the war and are getting in a little practice—what, at night? Well, Charlie Shearer claims that history is made at night . . . but that's an old story! I tried to cut up on Shearer but he's one of those rare specimens who always seems to be doing the right thing at the right time. He always walks around with pencils in his hand. Maybe he's doing a little post-war planning. Don't take that corner at Portage and Main, Chuck, 'cause I've already spoken for it myself.

Darnel looks like a refugee from Greenwich Village wearing that black tam of his. He's quite eccentric and always does the funniest things. He'll probably be joining the P.F. and be a world traveller at 31!

I'm taking up a collection to buy Cpl. Jamieson and Cpl. Laurie each a pair of glasses. (No, I don't mean the kind you drink from. Those are called bottles). These boys were stopped by the P.T.I. officer for not saluting him. We'll never win a war if you fellows don't keep up the officers' morale. Let's make with the zoot salutes.

Bob Farthing doesn't mind washing aircraft, but he asks, "Why do those birds always get there first?" We guess that is why he was going to remuster to aircrew. Says Bob, "I want to fly 'way way up above the birds . . . so I can get even with them." A farthing for your thoughts, Bob. Thieman must have been a banker before he joined up. He doesn't like swimming parties, because he'd rather float a-loan.

Whitelaw is one of our celebrities and to look at him you'd never know it as he

is so unassuming. Unassuming means he doesn't assume any responsibility for the work he does. And with Trade Boards six months apart now, he won't be assuming any responsibility for quite some time. He played professional hockey with Detroit Red Wings and is considered one of the hottest players on ice. He's a good skate and only charged me 10 cents for his autograph. That was really the play-off. I'll probably be cashiered for this.

Don't hurry, Currie, the boy who plays the guitar sounds more like Gene Autry than Gene himself. Keep it up kid, Autry's getting old and someone has to take his place. Curley (Don't mean a thing if you ain't got that swing) Steinman is our talented boogie-woogie pianist par excellence. Remarkable what a fellow can do with his hands, isn't it? He's also fond of overnight hikes and two very swollen feet can prove this. He missed the train at Gladstone and had to walk 30 miles back to dear old No. 3. The P.T.I.'s will love you for that, Curly.

The girls in the Control Room simply set the wolves howling, whenever they cross the hangar. They sure keep up the boys' morale. Andy sets a new precedent by whistling back at the boys. Well, turn-about is fair play, says she—wolf!

Ranson, "B" Hangar carpenter must be very superstitious because he's always knocking on wood. LAC Blythe is a real baseball enthusiast. He likes 48's best of all and that's the only time he makes a home run. He refused to tell me how he lost that front tooth. Nor could I extract anything from Barney Marshall or Ed Bilski. Everything Barney thays he listhps. Thounds' tho cute!

Now with the week-end system in effect, Reveille passes will be more popular with those romantic husbands who, unlike Garbo, don't want to be alone, won't they Hornbeck? Cpl. Bud

Cluchey is always up first every morning. I guess he doesn't get tired enough to sleep. But says that the early bird gets the worm, but if there's a choice I'd much rather have pancakes for breakfast, thank you. It's almost an impossibility to wake Smokey Lund up. Even when Bilski jumps down from his top bunk and almost goes through the floor, this doesn't fizz on Red. Smokey boasts of his many accomplishments on the pool table. He's a shark with the girls, too. With him, his red hair is a go ahead sign for the girls.

Crew 4 Fitters claim to have the fastest crew. Is that in the mechanical line, men? According to Sgt. Seabrook, Crew 11 Riggers are the slowest on record and he can't understand why they can't turn out a Major Inspection in half a day. Seems like the age of miracles has passed, Sgt. Any similarity between Johnny Eleen and a mechanic is purely co-incidental. He's not even a reasonable facsimile.

Harold Spearman is our farmer fiddler. He's clever and plays the violin on all fours (strings that is). I'm not musical at all. I couldn't even play second fiddle. Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown—on his sleeve. Ask F/S McPherson, he knows. He takes such an interest in all his men and I guess that's why he wants to know where we are all the time. Cpl. Arnold is the lucky lad who appears at our hangar for Roll Calls only, then he's off to the Flights. He's been here a long time now and I think he's like the JELLO flavour, in to stay.

Well, fellows and gals, this just about does it for this time. In closing I'd like to add that any of you mechanics who think you have been overlooked, REMEMBER . . . there's another issue of Tracer next month and YOU will be the target. In the meantime, your reporter will go into hiding. Don't forget, friends! I have not yet begun to write. —Clay (I'll quote you on that) Herman.

SPORTS

BOWLING

The Inter-Section Mixed Bowling League is away to a flying start. After all organization was completed there were 24 teams, with six players on each team, interested enough to carry on a league. To accommodate everybody we have three nights bowling each week, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. On each of these nights two shifts bowl, one from 1800 hours to 2000 hours and the other from 2000 hours to 2200 hours.

Two weeks of the schedule have been completed and at present Instrument's team I are the only team with an unblemished record. They have won six straight games.

The individual stars of the league, at the time this goes to press, have compiled good scores. Outstanding and best so far among the ladies is LAW Betty Douglas of the Post Office. She has a

high total of 516 for three games. LAW Irma Spence has the best single game with a score of 246. P/O Bill Novak has top-honours amongst the men, having a score of 762 for three games and 318 for a single game.

For those on the station who desire only a casual game now and then, the alleys are open on the remaining four nights of the week. There are many individuals wishing to obtain places on teams and every effort is being made to place them.

BADMINTON

Badminton is well under way at No. 3 B. & G. So far two mixed doubles tournaments have been run off this season and both were highly successful, with F/S Ashfield and F/S McLennan emerging victorious in the first, and Sgt. Shaw and Cpl. Forrester winning the second.



These weekly tournaments will continue throughout the season providing we can secure enough birds. At present there is a grave shortage and we have been unable to purchase any birds from the Equipment Depot. However, we are still trying and hope to have them on



sale in the canteens again very shortly.

The ladder tournaments are just getting under way and the entries for men's and ladies' singles are on the go. Those who wish to play doubles are to pick their own partners and turn in the entries to the Sports Office so that they can be put on the ladders.

We would like the men's doubles and women's doubles to get under way as soon as possible so let's get cracking, you bird chasers, and get in on the fun.

HOCKEY

A station hockey team will be formed as soon as conditions permit. Training and conditioning will go on in the Drill Hall before skating commences.

A rink is being constructed beside the Drill Hall, with a length of 186 feet and a width of 72 feet. Intentions are that it will be ready for hockey and skating every night and some afternoons.

Sergeant Bob Luney, well known as a senior hockey player in Saskatchewan, and Manitoba, and who, it is rumoured, has a professional contract ready for him after the war, will coach the station team. At least two other senior

players are on the station at present, with a number of former juniors who have made names for themselves with Winnipeg teams. With such a nucleus, No. 3 B. & G. should have a worthy team.

A station hockey league under the leadership of F/S Frenkowski will play games three evenings per week. This league will afford all players an opportunity to play hockey, to develop skill and to prove their ability. Rumours of section teams are abroad already.

It is intended to have skating on every night weather is suitable. A supply of skates is on hand from last year and new ones have arrived. A special invitation is extended to all R.A.F., R.A.A.F., and R.N.Z.A.F. personnel to learn to skate. It is expected that music will be supplied.

RUGBY TEAM

Our Rugby Team, known as the Mustangs, entered in the Winnipeg league and did as well as could be expected against experienced teams composed of veterans who had played



senior football with the Winnipeg Bombers, Calgary Broncs, etc.

Manager, F/L Reid—who hails from Hamilton and did a great job of looking after the affairs of the team.

Assistant Managers, F/O Jones and F/O Jamieson—took over the job at the end of the season. Both come from the province of Manitoba.

Coach, F/O Hunter—just back from overseas. Did a fine job of coaching a team of players who had never played organized football until this season.

Trainer, F/S Steinhauer—was the capable trainer of the team with Sgt. Moffatt assisting.

Positions and Players:

Centre: Bill "Father" Hynds—weight 190 lbs. Hails from the U.S.A.

Right Inside: Bill Shepperd—weight 210 lbs. Comes from Stonewall, Man.

Left Inside: Jim Kerr—weight 175 lbs. Home town is Toronto, Ont.

Right Middle: "Toar" Bilski—weight 195 lbs. Captain of the team. Home town is Winnipeg.

Left Middle: Tom "Angel Face" Albion—weight 155 lbs. Home town is London, Ont.

Right End: Phil "Slip" Frenkowski—weight 170 lbs. Comes from Sarnia, Ont.

Left End: "Mac" McGregor—weight 170 lbs. Comes from Kingston, Ont.

Quarterback: Coach "Red" Hunter—weight 180 lbs. This ball of fire hails from Saskatoon, Sask.

Right Half: Earl Davis—weight 210 lbs. Home town is Port Colbourne.

Full Back: Vic "Georgia" Latimer—weight 195 lbs. Comes from Montreal, P.Q.

Flying Wing: Ted Wylie—weight 145 lbs. Comes from Winnipeg.

Spares were Bill Hughes, Bob Bletcher, Freddie Green, Pat Speight, Bob Straw, Les Lavers, F/O McNair, Joe Felette, Curly Dwhytie.

Ted Walker, who hails from the States, was the unfortunate lad of the team, running into bad luck by having his leg broken. He is now resting in Deer Lodge Hospital. Speedy recovery and the best of luck from the team, Ted.

BASKETBALL

Under the patient supervision and training of F/O Oliver and F/O Daverne we can see prospects of two good basketball teams. With F/O Oliver coaching the men, who have already been taken into the Winnipeg

Male Call

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



Inter-Service League, we expect lots of excitement and some very good games this winter.

F/O Daverne, who is very capably handling the girls' team, boasts of one of the best teams going, before the winter season is over. Although they have not been entered in any league as yet, they will travel with the men's team

and play exhibition games and be well prepared for the playoffs.

The men's team is composed of P/O Cunningham, F/L Guest, F/L MacLean, LAC Bishop, LAC Brown, LAC Neilson, LAC Copley, LAC Goldstein, LAC Jonasson, LAC Gerrie, LAC MacKay, LAC Ellinor, P/O Albion, F/S Plummer, F/S Forrester, and Sgt. Dwhytie.

EQUIPMENT QUIPS

War Tales—

Doug Overs: "You have never kissed so wonderfully before, Nan. Why is that? Because it is so dark?"

Girl Friend: "No. It's because my name is Doris."

* * *

Conversion—

"But I can't marry that Flight Sergeant, mother. He's an atheist and doesn't

believe there's a hell," moaned Peggy.

"Listen, my dear," quoth Mrs. Brook, a stern look in her eye, "You marry that flying Romeo and between us we'll convince him that he is wrong."

* * *

A Clothing Parade—

"I'm cold," he said, and he crawled out of bed and polished his buttons and boots.

What A Standing Operating Procedure



"I'm cold," he muttered and the shaving soap sputtered as he cut off his beard at the roots.

"I'm co—," he began as he galloped and ran and rushed to the Clothing Store's door.

"Oh H—!" he sighed and darn nearly cried as he saw the line down the floor.

He gazed at the mob and choked back a sob as he saw the length of the line.

It twisted and turned and his body squirmed at the time he must wait in line.

He stepped into place and the look on

his face would have caused any child to scream.

And the words that he said would have damned all the dead as he muttered like one in a dream.

"If I'd known I was rating a lifetime of waiting, I'd darn well have stayed in bed.

The trouble I've endured to make me assured of getting this body clothed.

I'm through it at last and the parade is past and I've ditched my old clothing,

But then, isn't it H— when you know very well that you'll do it all over again."

The Wolf

by Sansone

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"—oh, let's get out of here! I don't understand a word of French!"

PUT
1c
STAMP
HERE

From

To
