

THE EDITORIAL STAFF.

(The Drift Recorder, official publication of No. 5 A.O.S., is published by kind permission of the Chief Supervisory Officer, Wing Commander B. N. Harrop.)

EDITORIAL STAFF

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* (Civilian Editors not yet appointed).

(The Drift Recorder will be published monthly on the 15th day of each month. Contributions must be in the hands of the editors on the 1st day of the preceding month. Stories, humorous or serious verse, interesting items of news, jokes, cartoons will be welcomed. Temporarily, all material is to be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief and handed in at the telephone exchange.)

WHAT'S IN A NAME

A rose by any other name might smell as sweet, but the judges decided that "The Drift Recorder", winning title in the competition open to all personnel on the station, was most suitable for the station publication. The award of \$10.00 in War Savings Certificates goes to L.A.C. W.P. Ritzer, Class 67 Navigators. Congratulations to L.A.C. Ritzer!

Some 200 individuals submitted suggestions for a title and the judges found the selection of a winner a most difficult task. Popular demand would almost necessitate the choosing of "The Observer", but, unfortunately, this is the title of Edmonton A.O.S.'s publication.

Honorable mentions to L.A.C. W.H. Boyce for "AerOnes",

to E.N.O. of the Electrical section for "The No. 5 Gremlin, to Betty Wilks of the Despatch Office for "No. 5 on Parade".

Among the interesting contributors were: "The Diary", "Pinpoints", "Wingtips", "The Tom Tom", "The #5 Slipstream" and "Gen".

Suggestions ranged from "Aery Nonsense" and "Ethereal Vapourings" from the "Gremlins Grumble" and "The Astro-Buck-Nav-Gazette" to "Hatched Flight" (no eggs). One suggestion was that we have "warmer weather".

Grateful thanks are due to all those who submitted recommendations. Their enthusiasm augurs well for the future of the magazine.

THE EDITORIAL PAGE.

This is the inaugural issue of our Station magazine. Launched with the blessings of the Chief Supervisory Officer and the General Manager of the Station we trust that it will receive a welcome response not only from the Service personnel but from the Staff of the civilian company. Magazines are born of a need. It was felt that there was an urgent need for some medium of expression on a station that had now reached maturity and was soon to become one of the most important links in the British Commonwealth Air Training Scheme.

We want to get to know each other. We would like the trainees to know about those who fly the aircraft for them, about those who maintain them under the most adverse conditions, the radio operators, the ground crews, the instrument men. We would like to know about those grease-grimed be-trousered girls who can be seen servicing the craft, dexterously welding in the shops, or driving a tractor without benefit of stop signs in all directions at the same time. We would like the civilian personnel to know about the trainees and the officers who instruct them, about the lads from "down under" — the Aust-ralians with their strong accents in the class room and their weak ankles on the ice, the New Zealanders and the RAF's and our own Canadian boys.

This magazine is a co-operative venture. The editorial and news-gathering staff is garnered from the entire personnel of the station, but there are still many talented individuals whose light, so far as we are concerned, is still under a bushel. We welcome contributions from them. The greater the volume of contri-butions, the higher the quality of each issue.

We wish to publish news about each and every section and department, each and every class. We plan to publish biographical portraits of interesting personalities; about the men who pilot the craft, about the maintenance crew, the ground crews, the despatch office, the control tower, the radio boys, stores, the Security Guard, about the instructors and trainees, the navigators and air-bomber classes. Whatever is news and interesting to each section is all probably of interest to the station. Let us know about it.

Especial thanks are due to Gordon McRorie for his creation of the cover. Artistic and original — it is indicative of the excellent talent of this artist.

We are grateful to Cpl. Jacobsen for his photography. He seemed to be very much "at home" with the girls.

Thanks are also due to the managing editors, Flt./Lt. Ferguson and W.D.B. Ormond.

The enthusiasm and co-operation of all representatives has been noteworthy.

If your copy does not appear in this inaugural issue, it will at an early date. Unfortunately, our space is limited.

The Editor-in-Chief.

(Note on General Townsend whom Wing Commander Harrop attempted to rescue from internment during the last war.)

SIR CHARLES VERE FERRERS TOWNSEND
(1861 — 1924)
(see Wing Commander Harrop's biography)

English general and politician. 1886 transferred from Royal Marines to Indian Army.

At outbreak of World War he command-ed 2nd Royal Pindi division station-ed by the Khyber, but in April 1915, was given command of the 5th Division in Mesopotamia. After outmanoeuv-ring the Turks in the flooded country around Amarah with a fleet of barges, Townsend was encouraged to attack Kut on September 21, 1915. He captured Kut, and on November 22 attached Ctesiphon, but was obliged to fall back on Kut. Townsend surrendered April 19, 1916 and was interned at Frinkipo. On October 1918, the Turks released him as an emissary to make terms with the British.

He received a K.C.P. for his services in Mesopotamia. He resigned in 1920 and in the same year became M.P. for the Wrekin division in Shropshire.



Flt./Lt. and Mrs. G. F. McAuley — This marriage is indicative of the fine spirit of co-operation that exists on the station. Agnes was a former member of the civilian staff: "Pete" is now presi-dent of the officers' mess.

COMPLAINT FROM P. 9

My typist has gone on hir holiday
My typist has gohn on a spree,
Mx typish hap gone oh hydr haliduy,
O gring bacq m' hypist to me.
Bling bac? oK lring back
Oh bynK b4cK my tipisth to mi tu mo.
Brung bicq ccsling 8acK
Oh blynK ba " K mg tãpys? tp mã.
Paul Dehn.

**PRESENTING:
THE CHIEF
SUPERVISORY OFFICER.**



A MESSAGE FROM THE CHIEF SUPERVISORY OFFICER

It is with a feeling of pleasure that I introduce to the Station this first edition of The Drift Recorder.

This is our first periodical and I know you will give it the support and backing that it deserves. To make a success of it will entail a lot of extra work from a good many of us, but I know that the extra effort will be forthcoming. While at this School I have been impressed by the spirit of co-operation that exists both in the Service and

the Civilian Company. This is a wonderful thing and any activity that helps foster this spirit should be encouraged. It is only through the co-operation of all branches that we can make the greatest contribution even though we work under adverse conditions of weather and crowded quarters. Our purpose is definite: to graduate the best Air Navigators and the best Air Bombers and to graduate them on schedule. In this way we will be doing our utmost to win this war.

WING COMMANDER B. N. HARROP
Biography

two islands beyond Constantinople to rescue General Townsend interned there. Two seaplanes were fitted up with special tanks and taken close to the Dardenells and hoisted overboard. One aircraft could not get away because of rough seas, so the Wing Commander proceeded alone. Heavy shell fire was encountered at Constantinople. The venture was unsuccessful, however, the storm around the islands prevented any small boat from leaving the shores. His aircraft returned to Mudras after a 6½ hour flight. The following night the other seaplane ventured forth but was shot down at Constantinople.

Shortly after, Wing Commander Harrop was placed in charge of the air force on the Ark Royal. He was in Athens when the armistice was signed.

Repatriated to Canada 1920. Joined R.C.A.F. 1922. In 1929 transferred to the Reserve and took charge of flying for the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co. At the outbreak of the present war obtained leave of absence from the Company and returned to the Service. Came to No. 5 A.O.S. from Alliford Bay, September 1942.

Hobbies: Hunting and No. 5 A.O.S.

Chief Supervisory of No. 5 A.O.S., Wing Commander Harrop was born at Indian Head, Saskatchewan. An undergraduate of Queen's University - Science - 1917 - when World War No. 1 broke out, he immediately left to train privately as a pilot. Lessons were taken on a Curtis Flying Boat at Hamblin's Point, Toronto. The Company disbanded before course was finished, but along with several other adventurous youths found himself on the way to England, spending Christmas 1914 on the high seas.

On arrival in England was granted a commission as Flight Sub-lieutenant in the R.N.A.S. and sent to England to complete training on land aircraft. First soloed on a Maurice Farman Longhorn - a pusher aircraft. After completion of training and several postings finally went to Seaplane Carriers - the first being H.M.S. Riveria. Was transferred to Malta for a while, then to the carrier H.M.S. Vindex which proceeded to the Aegean Sea. Put ashore on Island of Skyros, he was placed in command of a seaplane base, then to command of a base at Mudras.

While at Mudras was one of two officers selected to make a special night flight from the mouth of the Dardenells to

PRESENTING:

THE GENERAL MANAGER.



A MESSAGE FROM THE GENERAL MANAGER

Greetings to the "Drift Recorder"! The emergence from its swaddling clothes of an articulate and self-expressive #5 A.O.S. through the medium of the "Drift Recorder", is well befitting the two years of operations now behind it. Credit for this forward step in our School's history is due to those officers of the R.C.A.F. staff whose names appear in the Editorial List and without whom we would still have the "drift" without the "record". The appreciation of the Civilian Staff is due to the Chief Supervisory Officer for extending to us an opportunity to participate in the publication of the journal.

I am satisfied that the "Drift Recorder" will prove to be a matter of interest to us all and in the years to come, it will serve as a tangible reminder of our "School" days. The publication is a further step toward the unification of our School which will serve to bring about a better understanding of our work and duties and I hope that its readers will realize that the success of the magazine depends upon them and their interest in it. Representa-

tives are appointed to the staff from every department of the School, both Service and Civilian but they need the readers' help too. Contributions of all kinds, from prose to poetry, serious to humorous, will be looked for from all and if each member of our staff will consider herself or himself a reporter, our newest effort is bound to prove successful. In an organization such as ours, so diversified in its many functions and particularly when we reach the new site where we will no longer be stumbling over one another in the fulfillment of our daily tasks, the "Drift Recorder" will be a means of bringing us more closely together in our common task - the efficient operation of No. 5 Air Observer School.

To the staff who have participated in the publication of our first number, congratulations are due for their energy, enthusiasm and imagination and if our initial issue is any criterion of their work, the success which we are wishing them on this occasion is bound to crown their efforts.

D. S. ORMOND
BIOGRAPHY

First saw the light of day a few years after the "gay nineties" came to an end in Winnipeg and has there resided ever since. After the usual schooling or such of it as he was unable to avoid, he graduated in Arts from the University of Manitoba and later emerged from the Manitoba Law School with a law degree. Long bitten with the aviation bug he became interested in Northwest Aero Marine Limited, a Company which gave flying instruction and "joy" hops in 1930. In 1934 he became a member of the Board of Directors of Wings Limited and has ever since been waiting for the

aviation business to "turn the corner". Due to many years of exposure to freeze up and break up conferences, might well be termed an "armchair aviator".

When Wings Limited was requested by Department of National Defence for Air to take part in the operation of #5 A.O.S. became secretary of Winnipeg Air Observer School Limited when the company was organized in October 1940 and was appointed General Manager in January 1942.



A STORY OF NO. 5 A.O.S.

by P/O J.D. Forbes

The history of a Station is not to be found in the day-by-day events that constitute the context of the Station diary, nor in the chronological order of things that constitute the Station's inception, its early trials and tribulations, its expansion in buildings, equipment and personnel, and its accomplishments — but rather in the lives of the young men who labor through hardship to the skies and go forth with their skill and coveted "wing" to seek adventure against the enemy.

On January 6, 1943, No. 5 A.O.S. celebrated its second anniversary. Not, however, because it is an integral part of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, not because it has outgrown its first navigation suit and is to be garmented in modernism and expansion, not because it is two years old, does it lay claim to maturity and recognition, but rather because a growing company of young men who can honourably lay claim to the title of observer, navigator or air bomber and who now share in the holding of a far-flung battle line, graduated here and speak of it with happy memory. To them the story of No. 5 is the remembrance of their first arrival, first flight, first log, the vigil of study, graduation, "wings" parade, posting.

Airborne on January 6th, 1941, the course of No. 5 A.O.S. has been one of continued progress enlightened by the separate and memorable visits of His Excellency the Governor-General, His Royal Highness, the late Duke of Kent, the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, Air Marshall Breadner and other dignitaries. And come spring, the station will move lock stock and barrel, class, craft and sextant, to its new site where a completely modern station specifically designed for the pursuit of navigation will be a memorial to the Battle of St. James. Here will be the requisite facilities to train at one time, more than double the present number of would-be navigators and air bombers; and here will be twice as many officers to inoculate them with mercator charts and gnomonics, D/F bearings and weather maps, position lines and Polaris shots, compass swings and overlaps. With an increased civilian personnel under the management of Mr. D.S. Ormond and Mr. W. J. Buchanan, respectively General Manager and Assistant General Manager of Winnipeg Air Observer School Limited, now controlled by Canadian Pacific Airlines, the Station will be one of the largest in the country. And the new G.I.S. building — if the stories of astro domes and synthetic D.R. training facilities are true — will be a thing of delight. Certainly a contrast to the early days when a pair of dividers or an astro compass were as scarce as victories on the continent.

On January 6th, 1941, without pomp or circumstance, No. 5 A.O.S. under the management of the civilian operating company, organized by Wings Limited and Starratt Airways in October 1940 commenced the serious business of training observers. The President of the civilian company was Mr. R. Starratt, the general manager Mr. W. Ashton, the secretary Mr. D. S. Ormond (now general manager for Canadian Pacific Airlines which took over the interests of Wings Limited and Starratt Airways in the Fall of 1941). The Chief Pilot was Mr. W. J. Buchanan now Assistant General Manager. The civilian company arrived on the Station December 4th, 1940, and set up house in the N.C.O.'s quarters as there was no heat in the G.I.S. building. First of the R.C.A.F. personnel was the Adjutant F/L Bill Marginson (then F/O) who arrived on December 27th, 1940. On Jan. 5th, 1941, with a blizzard blowing, heat arrived with S/L H. G. Malcolmson the Chief Supervisory Officer and the first class of R.A.F. students. Without sufficient equipment and with only 11 aircraft and 20 pilots (most of whom were Americans) the new Station was airborne.

Since that time, the lowly Ansons, now increased in number, have travelled some 48,000 flying hours or approximately 5,000,000 miles in pursuit of those elusive pinpoints known as objectives. Through all the vagaries of the Western climate — sweltering heat and blinding snow — the Ansons daily winged forth with their eager crew. "Airborne, at height, set course, E.T.A., over airport, landed" — they were magic words in the Navigator's log. "The task in the early days", according to Mr. Ormond, "was to provide accommodation without sufficient aircraft and equipment and without experienced pilots." Since then, no less than 35 trained pilots have gone to American Airways and Ferry Command. Of the original pilots, two, Ed. Hamel and Gerald Hall went to Ferry Command and their deaths with Mr. A. Purvis, in a flying accident in England.

Among the students who have won awards for high average and devotion to duty, was F/S P.S.O. Brighta who received the D.F.M. The citation commented that he was an observer of exceptional merit, who, throughout his operational tour, displayed efficiency and coolness. On one occasion, when his aircraft was on fire, his subsequent accurate navigation played a large part in the eventual safe return to England.

The Chief Supervisory Officer of the Station is Wing Commander B. N. Harrop who took over the torch from Squadron Leader, now Wing Commander Malcolmson, on September 1942; the Chief Instructor Flight Lieutenant W. K. Geyer.

(See Page 18)

MEET THE "MET." MAN



On first coming to the Meteorological Office you are stopped by the sign on the door 'Do not touch - 60,000 volts', or more literally 'No admittance except on business'. Being an ordinary human with some respect for electrifying orders you pause, and you hear a voice through the door. "Please pass me that volume on air mass analysis, also the one on isentropic theory and those latest discussions on frontal interpretation". You open the door hoping to catch a glimpse of the great man at work on an involved forecast. You are surprised to find that he is also human - the books having been placed on the table under his feet to make him more comfortable as he sleeps in his swivel chair.

In this article of 'Meet the Met. Man', I have commenced with the ridiculous hoping to reach the sublime. This picture which I have drawn for you would never, I repeat, never, be seen in the met. office of No. 5 A.O.S. if people would only knock on the door instead of just walking in.

The job of the Meteorological Officer on an airforce station is two-fold. First he has to instruct the airmen in the intricacies of meteorology and second, he has to give forecasts of weather conditions to be encountered during flying exercises.

On appearing before a class to give them their first lecture in meteorology, it is always a source of amazement to the airmen to see a civilian giving the lecture. As their course progresses they gradually come to take him more or less for granted - some, the more inquisitive find that no matter where they do their flying, the met. man is always a civilian. Briefly, the explanation is this:

The Meteorological Service of Canada is a branch of the Dominion Dept. of Transport. All meteorologists are employees of the Dept. of Meteorology and as such are loaned to the R.C.A.F. to carry on the above work. The reason this system is used is because the authorities feel that only a poor benighted civil servant could take the beating that is handed out to the weatherman.

An example of this beating is a group of very pleasant and gentlemanly officers coming to the met. office on a nice sunny Friday afternoon in the middle of the summer and saying, "We are planning a golf game for Sunday afternoon. Could you please tell us the kind of weather we may expect?" So you look at your weather maps very carefully, then at all the other data which accumulates in a met. office and finally, after due consideration, say, "Sunday will be a perfect day for golf." The group go away all smiles. The weatherman is their bosom buddy. Change of scene. Time Monday morning. The weatherman comes to work and greets heartily his bosom buddies of two days previous. Who said 'bosom buddies'? The looks and glares he gets

would make all but the most hardened forecasters drop dead. It seems as the story comes out that early Sunday morning the weather was wonderful but when our golfers were on the third hole, the farthest from the club house, the worst cloud burst known in these parts erupted. You explain hurriedly that you can't understand it - it's the first time you've ever had a forecast go wrong, (which is stretching the truth slightly but one must always keep up a front). Where once they wanted to throw their arms around your neck, they now wish to throw a rope.

Another example of this beating is on Monday after a miserable, rainy week-end trying to explain to a class of thirty airmen to whom you forecasted a perfect forty-eight, the value and perfection of the present day weather forecasts.

However, despite these irregularities, lecturing to airmen is a pleasant and oft-times very enjoyable occupation.

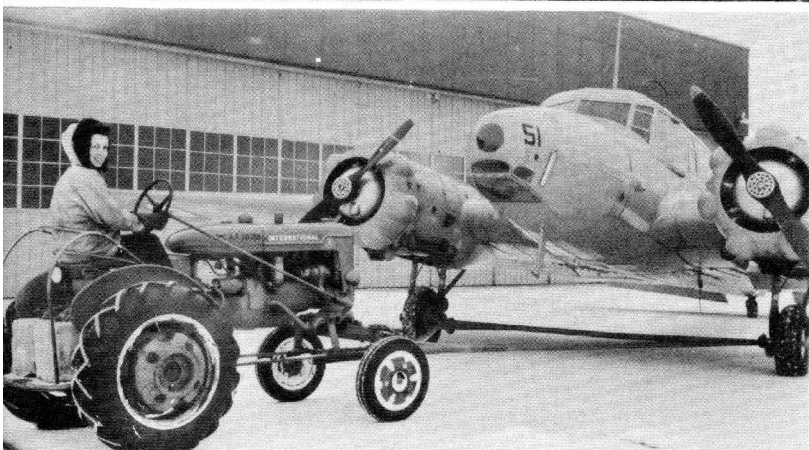
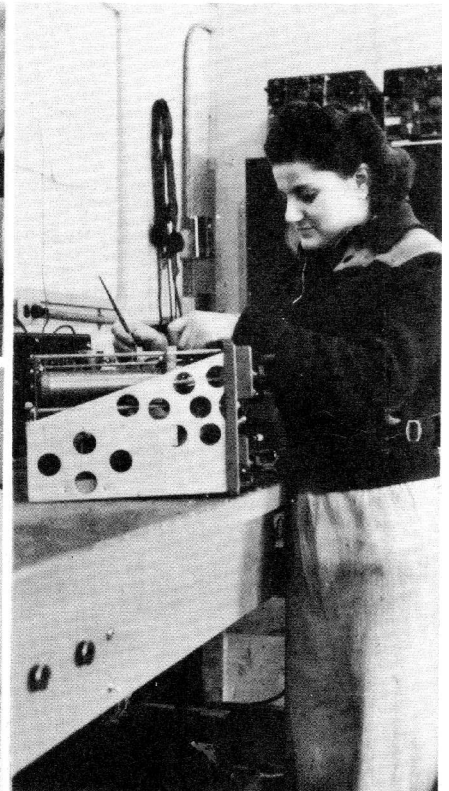
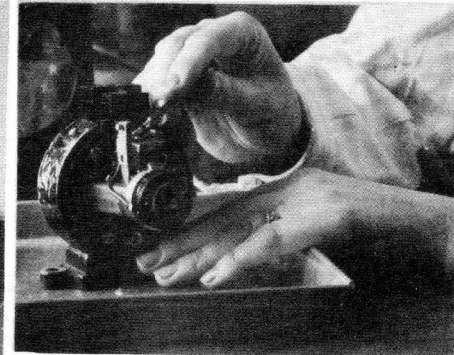
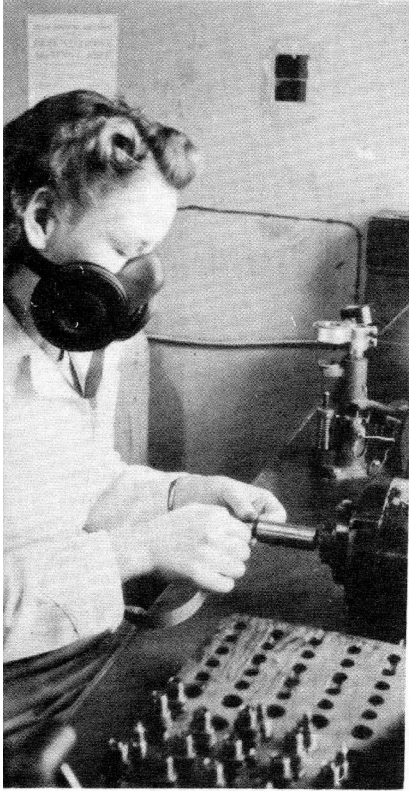
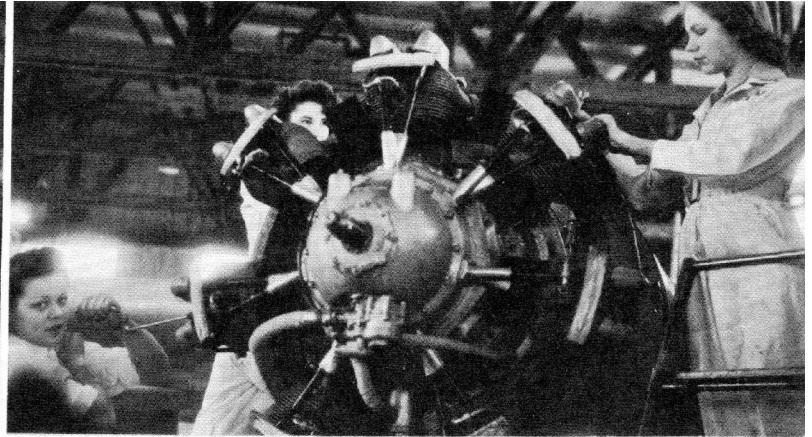
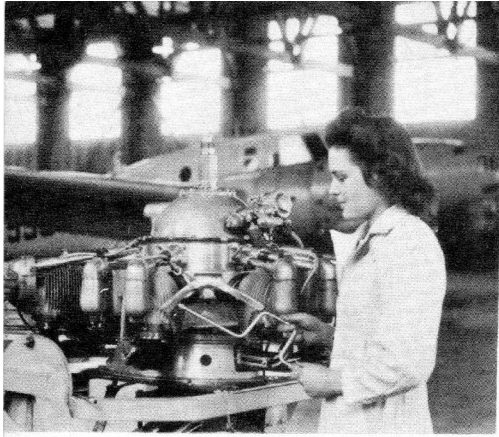
The other side of the met. man's duties are those which are cloaked in a mysterious air - his dealings with that occult (same derivative as occlusion) subject, the weather. Persons who do not know how he delves into the vagaries of the weather are awestruck by his actions. Persons who do know how he works are struck speechless at how he can fool so many people so much of the time. Heaven help us when those speechless people get their voices back.

I cannot go deeply into a discussion of the weather at this time due to the rationing of weather information. I might state here that when I first began weather work I used to spend hour after hour over my weather charts, reports and books; now I just spend five minutes with the street car conductor or the barber and I get all the conditions past, present and future summarized and issued freely without any trouble whatsoever to myself.

The weather is one subject that everyone knows more about than the man doing the job. No layman would consider telling a pilot how to fly a plane, or a navigator how to keep an air pilot, or a mechanic how to clean an engine, but, have you ever met a person who would refuse to tell a weatherman when it's going to rain or when it's not going to rain? My contention is that if all amateur weather analysts were pushed into the ocean the world would be a dull place with only met. men in it.

I wish to take this opportunity to stop that insidious rumor which has been passed around lately. We do not take our forecasts from Dodds' Kidney Pill almanac. We only use it as a reference.

If after this article you still wish to meet the met. man, you should see a doctor.



THAT MEN MAY SERVE

Even tho we may not have convinced the men that girls are taking their places - so that they may serve - we still think we are.

Have you ever watched our tractor girls hook up a towbar, jump on a tractor and slowly and expertly move an aircraft down the tarmac? From the operation it is impossible to tell whether or not it is a girl.

It's pretty cold out on the gas line these nights, handling the hose and driving the gas trucks, but we have not had one M. & T. driver or hangar girl leave because of the cold. They can take it. I sometimes wonder if the eskimos wouldn't claim them as first cousins, but they say they are warm - and they do look it.

Speaking of appearance Miss Lumbers complimented us on having the best looking hangar girls of any of the schools, but then, consider who picked them. (They were here when I came.)

A senior was overheard to say the other day that one of his girls was "the best man" on the crew. The girls are doing a fine job on the aircraft, as mechanics helpers and washing aircraft, and they take real pride in seeing that the ships are clean and shining when the flight goes out. Some of these girls took a course in mechanics at Johaneson's Flying Club last fall and are of much more value to their crew chiefs since their return.

The first six girls to be employed on the station were engaged on March 5, 1942, and three of these pioneers are still employed with us - Irene Bolton, Florence Craggs and Mrs. Townley, who to us until just recently has been Violet Rich.

The girls in the Flight hangar and the shops start as helpers and in the Maintenance hangar as washers. Quite a number have proven they are capable of advancement and are doing specialized jobs in the shops, on engines and air frame. The metal instrument and electric shop girls are all doing their bit. Sometimes as assistants, but very often on their own, checking instruments, wiring the ships, welding, drilling and cutting the metals. Considering the possibilities of accidents we have been very fortunate in not having any major injuries. Masks and goggles are worn where indicated and every precaution is taken to prevent accidents.

The fabric workers are popular around the station these days, since they made such a good job upholstering the couch in the new rest room. The inspector tells me their work on air frame is even better than their furniture upholstering. It must be pretty good, because the couch is certainly voted a success.

There is a department that is out of bounds to many and very little is heard about it. The parachute room has parachute packers at work keeping a rigid watch over the harness and parachutes, cleaning, repairing and checking so they will always be ready if they are needed. Half of the staff are girls who have had a course in packing and they certainly know their work. Every fold of the material and cords must be just right before it is closed. As they explained to me - "a man's life may depend on it".

Tucked away among the books in the Stores Department, are two quiet little girls whose responsibility it is to see that the publications are in repair and keep track of their issue to the students. The head of that department brags that he never has to bother about them as he knows everything will be done on schedule. As a matter of fact, he thinks it's a grand idea having girls in the stores. Not long ago he wanted a man for another job, so he replaced him with a girl on invoices. In November, another girl was added to the staff of the maintenance stores to

replace a man, and the department manager says he just couldn't get along without his stenographer, who released a man for more responsible duties.

Early in the school's growth, the necessity for some sort of lunch service became apparent, and, as a result, Miss Orchard was employed on March 30, 1942, to operate a small canteen. She came to us from the Flying Club so she was "air minded" when she arrived, and now the Canteen has grown so that it requires a staff of 10 which gives service for 24 hours, and if any one hasn't tasted the roast pork and apple sauce - well, just don't miss it. They are a grand bunch of girls and might fittingly adopt the Nut House's slogan of "Service with a Smile".

The Radio Department has been the last department to venture in a new field. They had previously on this staff a female stenographer and technicians helper, but it wasn't until October 1, 1942, that the first female "Sparks" were employed. A class of radio operators returned from Toronto on October 26 and the second class that is down at the Radio College now will be back the middle of February. It will be a women's world in that department from then on. Poor bachelors!!

Mrs. Hawkins, nee Vivian, a member of the first radio class, surprised everyone by marrying a Navy Officer. That's once the Navy got ahead of the Air Force, but by the looks of things, the Air Force will catch up.

The administration offices were definitely male in the beginning, but they couldn't get along without "we girls" either. The first to brave this men's inner sanctum was Dot Auger - the General Manager's steno. She released a stenographer, who entered the Air Force in May 1942, and she has been helping people out of trouble ever since. They tell me she even helps the boys dispose of their quarters, matching in their off time.

Agnes McAuley, nee Ross, was the second stenographer to replace a boy for the Air Force in June 1942. But she recently took onto herself Flt./Lt. Peter McAuley for better or for worse. Nan Dawson replaced Agnes as the Assistant General Manager's Steno. Her main worry in her new job, in pleasing her boss, is to keep her letters from being too "flowery".

Irene Butterworth, the office messenger girl, released a boy for the hangar and Lillian Wright just came to us recently as an experienced bookkeeper, to allow a man to go to a Government position.

The pay roll staff we just couldn't get along without as they are our bread and butter. Doris Walsh, nee Aikens, hasn't lost her smile - even tho' married. Bobby's smile almost came off when her Wing Commander left, but it's the kind that doesn't wash off easily. These girls didn't replace anyone, but as the department grew, they were added. The Department Head tells me they are doing a man's job. Don't tell him I said so - but I think he's surprised that a girl can do it. He even knows the comparative weights of male and female brains.

The telephone staff has grown from a man's department to one with a girl chief operator, Islay Smith and two assistants, Elva McLachlan and Ruth Letham and a man night operator. We have a very efficiently run switch-board. One man begrudgingly admitted that it is run as well as before there were girls. I don't know why he should be so surprised.

No. 5 A.O.S. has been fortunate in its choice of female personnel. Girls, as men, are doing jobs they were not originally trained for, but they feel they are a part of this great Empire Air Training plan, through the Canadian Pacific Airlines. It's the particular job that matters, and they are helping to win the war, by doing their work as carefully and as thoroughly as they know how.

CLASS 60 NAVIGATORS



Flt./Lt. H.M.S. Ferguson, Toronto, Ont., Can.; R.E. Adams, Melville, Sask., Can. H.S. Bell, Hanna, Alta., Can. G.S. Coleman, Calgary, Alta., Can. T.W. Cottle, London, Eng. R.A. East, London, Eng. B.W. Ellison, Napier, New Zealand, J.W. Gage, Peterborough, Eng. J.S. Grundy, Winnipeg, Man., Can. T.S. Horswill, Nelson, B.C. Can. G.W.E.C. James, Regina, Sask., Can. P/O R.A. Payne, Vancouver, B.C. Can. J.J. Marriner, Southport, Eng. A.E. May, Sprague, Man., Can. W.R. McDougall, Three Rivers, Que., Can. J.C. O'Connor, Winnipeg, Man., Can. R.G. Picton, Rhyl, N. Wales, A.C. Figgott, Saskatoon, Sask., Can. L. Riggs, Toronto, Ont., Can. E.R. Rogers, Gloucester, Eng. J.N. Smith, Huyton, Lancs., Eng. R.V. Stoneman, Exeter, Devon, Eng. W.H. Westphal, Sydney, N.S.W. Australia, A.R. Zillwood, Auckland, New Zealand.

J.W. Gage was the winner of Starrat Memorial wrist watch.

Course 60 Navigators graduated on the 22nd of January. The 23 members of this course were a cosmopolitan assembly consisting of men from Australia, New Zealand, Great Britain and Canada.

The wholehearted Commonwealth spirit existing among them was of the highest grade. This was especially evident during the few sports hours when the boys really got together and enjoyed themselves at ice hockey, English Rugby and baseball.

The R.A.F. boys showed great interest at learning the various "foreign" sports. Before the snows came, baseball was very much in view. But after the first fall, this came to a very abrupt halt. Outstanding in the various games were 'Little Joe' Stoneman of the R.A.F. On the ice, once he had mastered the delicate art of the silver blade, he was forever in the hockey forays which generally occurred after classes. Using "stonewall" tactics, he could stop any puck hurled carelessly his way.

New Zealander "Zeke" Zillwood would defend the goals from the experienced Canadians who knew the tricks of the game. Credit for the instructing of these skaters must assuredly go to George Coleman of Calgary; he taught the novices to skate, and eventually suffered at the hands of his own pupils!

One of the highlights of the course was the amazing growth of the 'Curly Crop'. He took the wisecracks that were hurled at him at various times with the courage of a Knight! Confidentially though, George Coleman thinks that the sudden and rapid growth of Curly's hair is due to the fact that the severity of the Winnipeg winter and the laws of Nature governing self-protection, made the hair-roots 'see the light' and start the rebirth of what promises to be a very good head of hair.

The graduation dinner was a terrific success. The excellent organizing abilities of that old British Columbian, Stan Horswill, and his fellow Westerner, Bill Bell, ensured a good time for all who were invited. Stan was the toastmaster-cum-Master of Ceremonies, and his ability to cope with the cracks hurled at him and return them with some interest, was a constant source of amusement during the 2-hour sitting for the banquet. The guests were almost all the instructors throughout the course, including F/L McLaughlin who left the course so early, in fact, after about two weeks. Permanent instructors F/L Ferguson and P/O Payne were also present. A new method of using the ever-faithful fingers in calculating in the air was ably told by F/L Ferguson.

CLASS 65 AIR BOMBERS

Top of Class - Sgt. H.W. Davies, of Sydney, Australia.

To become Instructors - Sgts. Davies and Spearin.

To be given a Special Bombing Course - Sgts. Cawson and Ferris.

Commissions gained - Sgts. Atkinson, Balloch, Cawson, Crawford, Davies, Deans, Ferris, King, Lowe, Meek, Mitchell, Potter, Spearin, Warkentin, Williams, McHale.



Back Row:
Spearin, Cawson, Warkentin, Mitchell, Deans, Williams.

Middle Row:
Crawford, McHale, Evans, Clifford, Potter, Lowe, Meek, Barske, Sirluck.

Front Row:
Ferris, Frankel, Donnell, King, P/O Wedding, Davies, Carr, Balloch, Atkinson.

THROUGH THE SPORT LIGHT by L.A.C. Wood, (65 Nav.)

Since the beginning of the New Year, and the arrival of a full-fledged Sports Officer on the station, activity in this line has taken on a new lease of life. Hockey, baseball, bowling and even curling are taking on a new attraction.

The Station Hockey Team, although out of the running for the league title, has performed creditably, and too much cannot be said for the great spirit shown by the following players: P/O T.D. Grafton, Sgts. Murphy W.S., Schiffer H., Brayford D.C., Cousineau, Erickson, Cpl. Fordyce C.M., IAC Ferguson, Husband, and Clarke. We are the only Flying School in the five-team loop, and have, therefore, yet to ice the same lineup for any one game. Despite this, the squad was only just nosed out of the playoffs, losing a close 5-3 decision to No. 7 Equipment Depot, a score which by no means indicates the play. Next year, with a larger personnel available, we look for a real contender.

In the inter-section league which is approaching the play-off stage, interest is running high. Maintenance, with Wally Cook as organizer, are leading "A" Group and are, so far, favourites for the loop title. But your correspondent has his eye on the Navigators of Course 65, who are really mowing down the trainee opposition led by rugged centreman Ernie Heyworth, and Willis as organizer on defence, the "Fighting Sixty-Fifth" are unscored on as yet. We look for a possible upset when the chips are down.

While on the subject of Hockey, we hasten to salute our comrades from "down under", especially course No. 68 from New Zealand, who, although only four weeks in Canada, according to Sgt. Schiffer, can be found at the rink any night, all over the ice, one way or another. An exhibition between the "Aussies" and the "Newzies" is a probability within the next week. Don't miss it.

Y.M.C.A. classes are in full swing all week, and basketball is the chief game. If it were possible to organize a station team for Provincial Intermediate playdowns, it would take some beating. Jack Tomes, of Winnipeg St. Andrews, and Jack Neal of Vancouver Tookes, are two of the leading exponents of the hoop sport in Canada, and it is expected that a fine show would be made by Leydon, Butler, and the Bradstock twins.

Under the leadership of P/O Pickering, the bowling league has attracted great interest, there being nine teams of officers and wives in action every Tuesday night. Rumour has it that Flight Looey Gwyer is a pretty hot trundler.

In conjunction with the big swimming meet at the Sherbrook "Y" on the 18th, we look for some of the boys from "Down Under" to come into their own and show the way in a warm-weather sport.

In closing, we wish to stress the need for your regular contributions.



THE CHIEF INSTRUCTOR

In 1940 the R.C.A.F. acquired, from the Pacific Coast, six feet three inches of dynamic energy, topped by a prematurely graying thatch, and on it, hung, its usual fashion, a tag which bore the inscription, "Gwyer, W.K., Officer, (C2872) (Nav)".

It transported this bundle of bigness to Trenton, stuck its long legs under a navigator's table, proceeded to add several months of intensive training to a previously acquired U.B.C. engineering degree and five years of practical contracting experience, and eventually, at Rivers, produced a navigation instruction. The graying thatch had turned slightly grayer, belying even more the youthfulness of its owner.

"Bill" then hied himself to the S.F.T.S. at Summerside, P.E.I., where he attempted to teach neophyte pilots to hit "on the nose" airports of the type he once helped to build. Legend has it that, then and since, Bill himself has hit not a few of such airports.

The C.I.'s instructional proclivities were next bestowed on #2 A.O.S. Edmonton. During his sojourn there, Bill acquired an extra ring for his arm, and shortly thereafter was posted to Rivers. After a brief stay at #1 C.N.S., where he brushed up on his navigation technique, he was sent to #5 Air Observer School as Chief Instructor. He arrived here in April 1942, and almost daily since then, new silver has been added to the thatch.

The energy, determination, good humour, intelligence, and appreciation of the practical which made him a good student, good athlete, good engineer, and good instructor, have not failed F/L Gwyer as Chief Instructor. It will be with sincere regret that we will say good-bye to him when he leaves for his new posting in March. Our loss will be Pearce's gain.

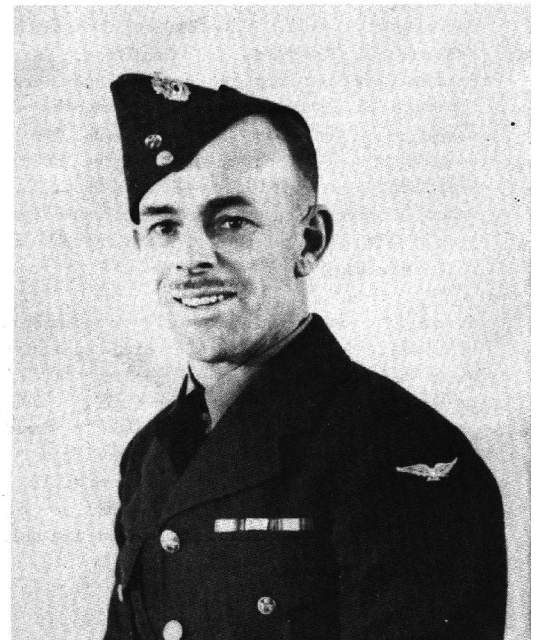
Born quite a few years ago in London, England. Joined the Royal Navy at the age of 16 years, and served prior to and throughout the last War. Saw Active Service at the Battle of Heligoland in August 1914. Landed with Royal Marines at Ostend during the Battle of the Marne. Torpedoed in the Cruiser "Hogue" September, 1914. On the Staff of Admiral Hood during the Belgian Coast Operations operating from Dunkirk from October, 1914 until August 1915. Served in Grand Fleet Destroyers from August 1915 till the Battle of Jutland, after which he was posted to Convoy Duty in the Atlantic, serving for the remainder of the War in Torpedo Boats.

After being discharged through disability incurred on Active Service he served as an Instructor in Signals in the Royal Artillery, for a short time.

Came to Canada in 1927 and settled in the West.

Joined the RCAF in January 1940 graduating from the 2nd Disciplinary Course in the Spring of that year. Served on #2 Equipment Depot, #7 Equipment Depot, #3 Wireless School, Penhold, University of Manitoba with Radio Technicians, Virden, #8 Repair Depot, and was posted to #5 AOS in November last. Has been connected with the Air Training Scheme almost since its inception and handled the original Aircrew recruits who, in spite of him are still "going places".

Hobbies: Checking for Haircuts and Collar-pins. Listening to Trainees' alibis, and wondering when some bright lad will think up a brand-new one. Has 2 sons in the RCAF, who although NCO's, hope to high heaven that they will never be posted to within 20 miles of the old man.



THE PILOT'S PAGE

By D. DuVal

Well, or should we say, Oh Well!

Here we are making our entry into No. 5's world much like the picturesque idea of a "New Year", scantily clothed and scantily experienced.

There is always something new in the world.

We can say that our new war is still quite brand new. Of course it must be getting old to those fellows who spent 25 years getting "geared up".

Out of our new war comes many new things. It outmodes and destroys many old things but it surely creates many many new things. The girl in overalls and carrying a lunch pail personifies this.

"Away back in 1936" a pair of local girls made the "headlines" by a "tomboyish" aptitude to work on aircraft propellers.

To-day we are all in the Headlines "together".

With the introduction of The British Commonwealth Air Training Plan came the Anson Aircraft and consequently the Air Observers Schools giving results which need no "fan-fare" words to make us feel proud of them.

Incidentally, while we have been able to reach this far without stopping for breath or saying anything, we may as well talk about an A.O.S. and it may as well be No. 5. Probably that is the idea behind all this, just to talk about ourselves to ourselves or anyone that cares to be interested.

"So", behind every trained person is someone capable of instructing.

Ahead of all personnel with us at the present time are the first pilots who endeavored to find out just how right or wrong a navigator could really be.

Behind those first pilots was an instructor. With some that we have the pleasure of knowing personally, the last war and pioneering the "bush routes" did the trick, probably not quite so tenderly as the link or hood but most definitely an element of instruction.

From over the border came some of our "good neighbors" to give us a start on instrument flying. Of those Americans we have but two left and one Bernie Hill is leaving for a test pilot job with Ford at Detroit on "Liberators".

Bernie will join some of his pals at Detroit who most of us remember. Herb. Setter who was original link instructor here and incidentally taught Hurd Einerson, our present Chief link instructor, what not to do with a student in the "torture chamber". Herb. was our Flight Commander when he departed for the big stuff. Former Flight Commanders George Bonning and Duke Cornwall are also doing a job with Liberators. A few of our neighbors who came here to give us what they could in order to get us going the right way.

We have a grand flying fraternity of fellows from the farms, and the bush and the cities, and in every instance a proof of the democratic way of life which allows any man to attain anything he aspires to.

In 1937 we met a pilot from Cologne but 22 years of age and already a veteran of commercial and military aviation. He said that he liked to fly which was quite believable as he was flying for Mr. Hitler and in order to fly for such a man a fellow would surely have to love to fly. Of course Mr. Hitler owned all the aircraft in the country so one either flew or one didn't fly. Anyway this lad under conditions "ungood" for flight broke up two of Goering's Luftwaffe trinkets. This ended the lad's flying career in the so-called "homeland". This lad liked to fly so he came

to Canada to fly that Junker up north around James Bay for someone or "other".

This incident happened before any indication of another war but proves that there was no shortage of pilots in the monster's country when they could dispense with them so young and so readily.

We have had a shortage of pilots but there has always been enough material to go around.

Material and instructors are now catching up to that 25-year handicap that the gangsters had on us.

From those good neighbors who were among our first pilots and instructors we made a good start. To all of them, the first and the last: H.B. Anderson, Geo. Bailey, Guy Burns (who's license to fly was issued by Orville Wright), J.H. Chappell, P.W. Eberle, W.F. Matheson, L.H. McCurley, P.J. Russell, H.O. Setter, G.E. Thomas, L.P. Cornwall, Don Finke, Dick Frank, C.W. McCollum, Buster Nuekols, Handy Hancock, Wayne Johnson, Al. Venditty, Tipp Watt, R.A. Hyde, R. Aptekar, C.E. Coe, R.E. Larson, H.E. Turner, Bernie Hill, Merritt Boyle, Homer Johnson, Sam Burgess and Ray Smith now doing their bit back home for the common cause in ferry work, testing instructing and "squawking" as only pilots can "moan or squawk" we say "success" and hope to hear from all so that we may all become "acquainted" once more.

The first class of Navigators were flown here on Jan. 16th 1941, and the pilots had spent 17 days previously, becoming familiar with Anson antics and "instruments under duress". Among the group, they totalled 92 hrs. and 22 min. in practise procedure. Their link time was acquired by flying to the nearest link trainer which happened to be Portage la Prairie's No. 14 Elementary School. Apparently there was also a shortage of links as well as pilots.

In the first 19-day period of Navigation Theory "application" they flew 571 hrs. and 07 min. (There are some good stories to come later).

Of those first pilots, and they were pilots all, quite successful in their various flying jobs before this "thing" began, all with a staggering total of air hours, all with a story-book adventurous background, all veterans from previous "fields" and all veterans of No. 5, let us speak.

There was Ed. Hamel and Jerry Hull who have since been killed on a Liberator take-off in the Scottish hills, after personally delivering several of the "Big Jobs" from Uncle Sam to John Bull, for APTERO, Bill Matheson, Gil Thomas, Bob Smith, Al. Conklin, and Herb Setter were the first Americans. A South African by the name of John Chappell (T.C.A.) and five Canadians, our present Chief Instructor Howard Compton, Flight Commander Craig Stevenson, Doug. Cameron (C.P.Airlines), Asst. Gen. Mgr. W.J. (Buck) Buchanan, all bush pilots of the first order of whom much is to be quowed later, and Doug. Marshall former Flight Commander who was "over there" flying Ansons and what-have-you for the R.A.F.

Behind every pilot, private, limited commercial, transport or R.C.A.F., whether it is the first cross-country, a wings test or pioneering a new territory there is a story of trial and "troublation". So also is there a lighter side and even though the "hand" is always reaching, it can be quite "humorous" even when it just "misses".

We will endeavor to get some of these anecdotes to the readers in future issues and the stories behind the Canadians.

Cheerio!

DEPARTMENTAL

ADMINISTRATION OFFICE

We were pleased to have a visit from Mr. C. R. Troup, General Supervisor of Schools for C.P.A.L., on Tuesday Jan. 26th. Mr. D. S. Ormond, General Manager, has accompanied Mr. Troup to Edmonton to visit No. 2 A.O.S.

Miss Doris Aiken of the Payroll Office is back to work but not as Miss Aiken. She was married to Private L. D. Walsh, on Saturday, January 16th - Congratulations, Doris!

We enjoyed a visit from Ray Saunders, now with the RCAF. Ray was a former member of the Administration Staff and was the first stenographer on the Station.

Owing to the cold weather, many fur hats have been taken out of storage. We notice that one of these hats must have been stored with moths instead of mothballs.

WANTED - 1943 Calendar - Large black figures with LARGE BLOND FIGURE!

Phone Assistant General Manager's Office.

We have noticed the neat appearing uniform hat for the female personnel of this Station and it has been suggested by some of the men that a hat should be designed for their uniform.

STORES

It is not without a little anxiety that these few lines go into our new magazine, an anxiety born, no doubt, of this reporter's unfamiliarity of looking for news items. Be that as it may, here they are.

Many of you will no doubt realize that the beginning of the year brings a very busy period to the Stores Department. There is stocktaking to do, reports to be got out, along with a rather painstaking and by no means easy task of trying to reconcile our records with those of our parent Equipment Depot.

All of this has been accomplished by stepping up our output of daily work, each person on the Stores Staff buckling down and carrying his or her load.

The Sunday after New Year's saw the end of our Stocktaking, which, with even the help of our (rather interesting) Publications Department, was no easy task.

Mr. Quinn with Wilf Schoyen and your correspondent with Les Conrad checked the items, which had been counted or weighed by Ed. McRea, John Orestes and Alice Smith, while Frances Harvie, our popular stenographer and exponent of the dance, pounded out a complete and accurate list of our combined undertaking on her typewriter.

Monday and Tuesday, all were busy multiplying and extending the items on this same long list and although the Accounting Department did find a few (small) mistakes, we, on the whole, were quite satisfied with our efforts.

Our month-ending reports despatched with our usual hurry and bustle, we then settled down to a more orderly and quiet routine. This complacency, soon upset by the arrival of our Loan Inventory from No. 7 Equipment Depot, turned into a dogged determination to whip our records into shape, and now we are again in the clear. A long report has been written and is soon to be presented to the proper authorities. In anticipation of the outcome of this report, we, the Stores Staff, are now engaged in procuring all articles that seem unobtainable or things which are labelled as "scarce as hen's teeth". All this, together with the task of distributing them to the proper department, keeping tab on where they go and how many are used and are still required, gives no respite.

In spite of this, the Stores Staff take time out to congratulate those who have conceived the idea of our new magazine and we hope that it has a popular reception when it comes out on February 15th.

Asst. Chief Storekeeper.

RADIO MAINTENANCE

To begin, this department extends its best regards to the organizers of the new school mag. May their efforts be crowned with success.

The difficulties and hazards of being a reporter are becoming apparent to this scribe early in his career. Already he has been the recipient of threats ranging from "I'll never speak to you again" from the girls, to "I'll beat your brains out with a feather" from the gents, as the results of his efforts to uphold the traditions of the reporting fraternity. Judging from the reactions of the personnel of the Radio Maintenance Department they must either be a bunch of shrinking violets, which is doubted very much, or they are bothered by pests which they are endeavoring to live down. The latter seems the much more likely answer, for at the merest suggestion of a camera the boys shudder and grow pale. Personally, I feel that they have nothing to fear. Anything as nebulous as a Radio Technician has never been recorded on film before — they just float around like disembodied spirits, talking a strange language and, except for the occasional cuss-word emanating therefrom, could be mistaken for animated ectoplasm, especially MacFie, who is somewhat undernourished. In spite of this, however, we hope a picture will be forthcoming for a future issue — if some foolhardy person can be persuaded to take it.

From the foregoing it can be judged that some very interesting stories should be obtainable when we are able to inveigle some past history from the boys and we are looking forward expectantly to the next issue. Until then, "So Long" and good luck.

DESPATCH

At the north end of Hangar No. 1 is the abode of the Fly-wheel Family, which consists of the following members:

At the head of this Department is Reg. Durie who tries to maintain peace and quiet amongst a dozen girls. A very capable man for the position he holds. He is backed up in his work by two other male members who are better known to most people as Jimmy and Steve.

To get to the female part of the section, we have the following girls who are described briefly as follows:

"Dolly", who is known around the station as "Irish", is the petite white haired gal who takes everything in her stride, but very much dislikes being rushed.

Next we have "Alma" who is the little blonde with the big brown eyes and easy blushes.

That girl with the figure which would make any girl jealous is called "Gertie". They tell me, boys, that if you try hard enough you might rate a date.

Another member of the department is the "girl with the beautiful legs." Her name is Kay and she is, from all accounts, a very good sport.

Also taking their work very seriously as despatchers are Betty, Francis, Jean and Myrtle who once was a school teacher.

Last but by no means least we have Helen Vivian, or should we say Mrs. Hawkins, as that is the name she took early in January. Congratulations Helen!

NEWS AND VIEWS

MAINTENANCE

1. "C" Crew of No. 2 hangar held a toboggan party at Polo Park a few weeks ago, to which a large number turned out. After sliding and freezing for some time most of them returned in a fairly "Serviceable" condition to the home of Mrs. Marie Orlesky on Sherburn St., who is a friend of Vera Parsons. Here they indulged in "Coffee" a "priority product", hot dogs and "Sinkers". The rest of the evening was spent in dancing. Marion Hewitt surprised all present by doing her version of The Rhumba. So fascinating was her performance as she moved rhythmically through the steady tempo, Marion might have been the bewitching "Tondelayo" herself.
2. Congratulations to Merle King of No. 2 Hangar who recently changed her name to Mrs. Steve Arnason. Her husband is L.A.C. Arnason formerly stationed at No. 5 but now overseas.
3. Girls of No. 5 attended a meeting at the Y.W.C.A. a while ago to determine just what type of recreation the girls here would be interested in participating in, and what times the gymnasium and swimming pool would be available to them. Special classes will be formed for the girls on the swing shifts, for their own convenience; that is, if a large enough number show interest to make it worth while. Remember, girls, "Health for Beauty" starts at the "Y". For further information see Miss L. J. Whiteford.
4. Dick "Flatfoot" Simms, who maintains law and order at No. 5, did himself justice the other day by holding the hat in a draw and coming out the winner himself — the prize being a thoroughbred cocker spaniel about six weeks old. What with possibilities of meat being rationed in the near future, maybe it wasn't such a bad investment for 25¢ after all.
5. It seems some of our boys who were on the country "expeditions" had a little pleasure as well as lots of work. Mention is given quite frequently about the farmer, but so far no tales have returned about the "Farmer's Daughter". Could be he didn't have one? Crew chief Don "O'Droolohan" Watson of No. 1 hangar got the town jumping down at the general store and post office when he borrowed a fiddle and gave out with some real "solid jive". Even though temperatures were well below zero it was so hot there that Norm. Adshead left his shoes behind and Od. Cleven came back minus his cover-alls.
6. Our chief senior engineer Albert "Paul to you" Del Rizzo visited at No. 7 A.O.S. at Portage la Prairie recently on business. He claims his return was delayed by the weather, but we have our doubts.
7. Mr. S. M. "Dad" MacDonald of the Maintenance office spent a few days in Portage la Prairie last week on business. We figure it must be business as there would hardly be any "Ducks" in that vicinity at this time of the year.
8. No names mentioned, that certain party who was mentioned in the "Honker" as having stood up that beautiful blonde from the Maintenance Office, firmly denies having asked her to the dinner and dance at the Royal Alex. I was framed.
9. Senior Flight Engineer, Jack De Courcy, has returned to work after several days illness with an attack of influenza; due, no doubt, to the fact of having put up his car on account of not having that "precious" material called gasoline.
10. Congratulations go to Evelyn "Bumpy" Walker who is displaying a fair-sized "rock" given to her by the one and only. You're right — he's an airman.

(See Page 18)

WORKS AND BUILDINGS

GOSSIP

Ours is one of the best regulated departments on the station — even the superintendent can't break the rules without suffering for it.

Taffy Hilton returned to work after a spell of illness and waited for the coldest morning to do it. Someone said he was worrying about his laws.

Our eyes keep looking out west to our new station and in this connection I have written a poem — with apologies to Longfellow.

"Our Alec took a walk out west
And came back in, just full of zest.
Said he, "I went and took a peep
By what I see, I'll need a Jeep".
We'll sure need one to cover ground
And tote his Busy B's around,
A shaking up is coming due
So get a move on: this means you."

Our department can be complimented on its assistance to the Aid to Russia Fund. The sum collected was \$31.75, and the fine spirit of the men in contributing to this fund was very gratifying, for they came through almost to a man. They just said, "What have we got that they haven't got. — Plenty".

We all know the discomfort and misery present in this sub-zero weather getting to work and sometimes at work, but we are clothed to meet it. Now 40° below in Canada tastes the same as 40° below in Russia, but in thousands of cases there, it must be worse as they are not clothed to meet it. At present, the Aid to Russia fund is collecting clothes to send to the women and children in Russia whose husbands and fathers are putting up such a gallant fight for them and us.

Going around the station these days, often one meets boys with 'U.S.A.' on their shoulders, which brings to my mind the last words of Charles Dickens in New York before leaving for home in 1858:

"Points of difference there have been and points of difference there will probably always be — but broadcast in Britain has sown the sentiment that these two peoples are essentially one and that it rests with them to uphold the great Anglo Saxon race — from the great majority of honest minds on both sides there cannot be absent the conviction that it would be better for the globe to be riven by earthquake, fired by comet, overrun by iceberg and abandoned to the Arctic fox and bear, than that it should present the spectacle of these two great nations each of which in its own way and hour striven so hard and so successfully for freedom, ever again to be arrayed the one against the other."

GREM - LINES

(From the Chronicles of Anson S. Pants)

According to information provided by our ubiquitous secret operative, Anson S. Pants, "Paul Revere Rides Again" might neatly describe one of our recent forced landing episodes. We'd use that title if "Retreat in Embarrassment" weren't a little more conclusive.

At any rate, it seems, says Anson, that one of our #5 pilots had just succeeded in safely depositing his aircraft and crew on a snow-covered field some distance from civilization. A bit of rapid reconnaissance revealed that an ancient horse shared the same enclosure. The equine was certainly no "Man of War", but, in the eyes of the temporarily-grounded pilot, it was transportation. So-o-o, in his best western manner, reports Anson, our hero leaped upon the bony back of the steed, and hied him to a distant farmhouse.

Either the plodding of the beast or the frantic efforts of our equestrian friend to remain seated caused sufficient commotion in transit to raise several families of partridges and prairie chicken. Always an ardent nimrod, as well as a frustrated cowboy, the pilot cast covetous glances at the covey.

His hunting ardour increased, when, upon arriving at the farmhouse and falling the rest of the way off the discomfited nag, our hero spied a 12-gauge shotgun in the woodshed. Hurrying through the primary reason for his visit to the house, the pilot left the telephone, and enquired of the farmer: "How's chances to use your shotgun for a few minutes?" "Depends on what you want to use it for", said the farmer, evasive-like. "Well, I saw some swell partridges on the way here", said the pilot. "I'd like to go back and get a crack at them."

"Tain't hunting season, son," warned the farmer.

"No", agreed our hero, "but who would know away out here?"

The farmer didn't answer. Instead, he went over to a desk and withdrew from it a small object.

In silent embarrassment our hero looked at it and withdrew. It said, "Game Warden".

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By far the most baffling assignment that Anson has encountered for some time came to him during our recent cold spell. One bright, cold morning, when even the mercury had retired well into its shell, Anson was approaching the south entrance of the G.I.S. when he bumped into an extremely hard ball of mist that was suspended about five feet above the ground. He was intrigued; not only by its obvious solidity, but also by the definitely bluish tinge which pervaded it. One who lacked Anson's enquiring mind might have brushed it aside, shrugged deeper into his coat collar, and proceeded frigidly on his way. But not our Anson. No, he tucked the mist ball under his arm and took it to a secluded corner of the G.I.S.

In the more congenial environment of the school the object began to undergo a change. It slowly disintegrated; but the process seemed to be accompanied by the release of murmuring sounds which sounded not unlike angry, guttural curses. Slowly the sounds became more intelligible, if not less lurid, and, Anson avers, they combined to sound something like the obviously dry-cleaned version we reproduce below:-

Twinkle, twinkle, blinking star,
Hanged if I know what you are!
Twinkling in the ruddy sky
Like a blasted evil eye.

Alphernix or Beetlepuss?
Arctunar or Fomalguss?
Darned if I know what to call you -
If I had you here I'd maul you!

Here in snow up to my knees
I have dared the freezing breeze,
Spending half the ruddy night,
Trying to get another sight!

Now, just when I think I've shot you,
Got you down so I can plot you,
I don't know what star I have!!!!
Awww! To heck with Astro Nav!!!!

In spite of unrelenting efforts, which included a careful sifting of all the snow banks around the G.I.S., Anson has still not found the author of these congealed but soul-searching words. He is afraid that they suggest suicidal tendencies. But we try to tell him not to worry. We know that every navigator who has gone through this school has voiced the same sentiments at some time or other during his course.

CLASSES IN REVIEW

Course 62 Nav.

Instructors: - P/O Brand
W/O Neale
F/L Gauthier

Co. 62 navigators, an interesting cross section of English and Canadian airmen, will long be remembered at #5 for their brilliancy and ingenuity: their brilliancy at Track and Ground Speed navigation, and their ingenuity in getting into and out of trouble. Co. 62 will be graduating with this, the first issue of 'The Drift Recorder'. To them, good luck for the future and good hunting.

Course 63 Nav.

Instructors: - F/L Douglas
P/O Thompson

Course 63 is a heterogeneous collection of would-be navigators gathered from various parts of the Empire — Australia, New Zealand, Canada. That a class consisting of 'Pig Islanders', 'Kangaroos', and 'Eskimos', should have worked together so harmoniously is a tribute to their good-fellowship, or should we say tolerance. It is an excellent example of the co-operation evident throughout the Air Training Plan.

Apart from such subjects such as Navigation, Instruments, Maps and Charts, Photography, Met, etc., the course has been very enjoyable. However, there are still a few questions that have not been cleared up, such as:— "Who is Indian Joe or Burry Boit?" "What faithless lover visits the S.M.'s daughter?" "What idiot discovered Canada and why?"

Class 64 Nav.

Instructors: - P/O Cuiton
P/O Pickering

Class 64 navigators are in their eleventh week at #5 as this edition goes to press. A goodly number have survived the rigors of this stay and remain more or less undaunted by the path that lies ahead. #2 I.T.S. Regina is responsible for sending all but one of the navigators: L.A.C. Forbes of Rotorua, New Zealand, supplying the only different note. The remaining members are gleaned from various parts of the Dominion.

Course 65 Nav.

Instructors: - P/O Tyndale
P/O Hunter
P/O Barker

This course has the distinction of being the senior all-Canadian Course on the station. Mid-terms have just been completed, and Co. 65 is now looking forward to the 12th week tests. After eight weeks, although a few have fallen by the wayside, the majority have been able to retain their sanity in spite of such things as L.M.T., Moonrise, Conversion Angle etc., etc. Saskatoon and Regina I.T.S.'s were responsible for preliminary training.

Course 66 Nav.

Instructors: - P/O Grafton
P/O Edwards
P/O Moore

Course 66 navigators, an all-Canadian outfit, are relative new-comers to #5, having just completed their 6th week. Their civil occupations vary from clergy to blackstone. Their social activities have earned them the name of 'Live Wires'. It is hoped that their air activities will be no less successful and earn them the title of 'Navigators'. Three Initial Training Schools share the responsibility for providing the personnel — Edmonton, Regina, Saskatoon.

Course 67 Navigators.

Instructors: - P/O Manser
P/O Roberts
P/O Norton

Class 67 Navigators arrived at #5 AOB on Sunday, January 10, 1943. Of the men in the class, some were posted from #2 I.T.S. Regina, some from #7 I.T.S. Saskatoon, and one from #4 I.T.S. Edmonton.

Course 68 Nav.

Instructors: P/O Payne
P/O Wedding

Course 68 is the only all-New Zealand class on the station at this time. Almost all the members served in the army before being posted to aerodrome defence units or Aircraft Maintenance Division. They received their Initial Training in New Zealand. They have spent a month in Canada.

Course 67 A.B.

Instructor: P/O S. C. Lee

A motley crew — plutocratic and fabulous in wealth — extracting from the land exorbitant taxes for dropping deadly missiles on the innocent from above, unrestrained by a frantic, harried leader, unheeding of regulations, naive and diplomatic in excuses, first at meals, last at briefing, gentlemen — Course 67 Air Bombers. The class consists of Canadians, Englishmen and one Australian.

Course 66 A.B.

Instructor: F/O R. Baby

This chummy little group of egg-layers seem to have been quite happy during their stay in Winnipeg. Our three R.A.F. friends have finally been convinced that Canada is the promised land. The usual East vs. West arguments can be heard any day, all parts being stoutly defended. The 48's at the Marlborough would provide yards of copy for any paper if space would permit. All are Canadians except for the 3 R.A.F. lads.

THE PADRE'S CORNER

Chaplain's Office Hours

Roman Catholic: Rev. Gaston St. Jacques F/L
Mondays 1800 - 2000 hours in the Writing Room of
Airmen's Canteen.

Protestant: Bernard G. Stibbards F/L
Daily 1300 - 1400 hours.
Daily 1800 - 2000 hours except Mondays and Wednes-
days.
Office in Officers' Quarters, east end.

Church Services

Roman Catholic: Mass Sundays 1000 hours in Airmen's Mess,
No. 8 Repair.

Protestant: Church Parade Sundays 1100 hours in Air-
men's Canteen, No. 5 A.O.S.

As we mention in addressing new classes arriving at the Station, the Padre's job is strictly one of impartial helpfulness, a friend in need when one is "behind the 8-ball", a pal when friends are few, and a guide along the trail toward God when we have lost touch with spiritual things. In the past two months since a Padre (P) has been assigned to this Station it has been a rare privilege to attempt so to fill the job, and if we haven't succeeded entirely perhaps it was because this is our solo appointment, or perhaps the multiplicity of off-the-Station duties has had us elsewhere when we were needed here. Incidentally your Padre is also Chaplain at No. 7 Equipment Depot, Deer Lodge Military Hospital, Winnipeg General Hospital, Fort Osborne Isolation Hospital and Detention Barracks.

A gratifying number of men have been finding their way to the Chaplain's Office in the Officers' Quarters, and their problems have ranged from wife trouble and whether or not to marry, to matters concerning their Service careers. It is this phase of our work that often seems especially vital and may we urge any with difficulties to give us a call in good time, for small problems have a habit of growing or becoming magnified if we leave them. We are especially anxious that Civilians on the Station feel that we are here to serve them, too, and that they are very welcome to join us at the Sunday Church Services.

Yours for helpfulness,
(E. G. Stibbards) F/L

S.W.O.S. CORNER
by G.C. Styles

The opportunity to use a corner of the magazine, is much appreciated. What form this column ultimately takes, depends entirely upon circumstances as they arise. Flippant or grim - serious or silly. Who knows. It is hoped that as time goes on, we shall get to know one another better; it might even be discovered that the S.S.M., all rumors to the contrary, may have a faint trace of understanding of the trainees' point-of-view, that he too may have felt "cheesed off".

Disciplinarians, believe it or not, are not trained to put men "on the peg" and a "full docket" is definitely not an indication of efficiency on the part of a Disciplinarian Staff. On the contrary, the fundamental job of a disciplinarian, is to prevent the necessity for "C.O.'s Orderly Room". So far as this particular S.M. is concerned, it is yet to be said of him that he ever threatened anyone with the Air Force Act - he promises, and hates to, and seldom breaks a promise.

To the trainees, in particular, it is pointed out that a healthy tone is evidenced at #5 A.O.S. A well-earned reputation for gentlemanly conduct when off the Station, has been established; that it will continue, is certain. On the Station, it is found that to let the odd individual think he is getting away with something is good business - one gets an awful kick out of waiting to see the reaction of that same individual when, as always happens, it begins to dawn on him, that so many little things he thought had been pulled off, are in fact known, and used if and when it becomes necessary to do so. In the Air Force, as with the other Armed Forces, discipline is a first essential; the strict enforcement of it depends entirely upon the individual. When one stops to consider the chaos which would immediately develop if discipline suddenly collapsed on "OFS", it is not difficult to appreciate the reason behind that constant pounding into one's mind, of "Discipline".

From time to time, it is hoped to report the S.M.'s pet "bind" of the month. It will be based on a happening actually experienced. This month's "honey" - a lady called the S.M. some ten days ago, asking for four (4) tall, dark Australians to attend some "stuffed shirt" affair. Frankly, while always out to please, the idea of being regarded as a "Giglo Supply Depot" kind of gets under the hide - and finding that "diplomatic regrets" failed, it became necessary to advise the party that we were "all out of tall, dark Australians" - but that we had a "special" in Canadians, R.A.F. and R.N.Z.A.F., all tall, but mixed as to coloring and temperament.

Tall, dark Australians - Tsk! Tsk!

Is it to be wondered that S.M.'s go grey, bald and slightly haywire?

STRIKE THREE

Something of a record for good fortune arriving in bunches has been experienced by Roy Adams of Course 60 Navigators. Roy received his Wings and Hooks on January 22, five days later was signalled to the effect that he had won a Commission, and on February 1 became the father of a 5-pound, 11-ounce daughter, Judith Hazel. It is reported that Mrs. Roy, who co-operated to some slight extent in the last-named cause for cheers, is doing very well, the baby flourishing, and Roy progressing favorably, if slightly hysterical.

AUXILIARY SERVICE - PAGE PETER

If you want a spot to spend a week-end, a sheet of note paper and an envelope, tickets for the show Sunday nights, special seats for play-off games, a diggings into which to move the wife and kiddies - Page Peter! Peter, of course, is our genial Canadian Legion War Services Supervisor, sometimes addressed as Hey Peter, and sometimes going by his full name, Peter Hay. You'll find his Office with the P.T. Officers in a select cell of the Guard House; you may find Peter almost any place - he's the ubiquitous type. The legion man is Assistant-Everything, aiding the Sports Officer in the providing of equipment for games, planning schedules, and aiding in every way to provide and promote a well-rounded program. Peter has arranged that members of this Station be included in the audiences at the entertainment the Legion sponsors at No. 8 Repair Concerts, Tuesday nights; movies, Fridays and Sundays, and special events as posted. In the new quarters with accommodation warranting it, he will be providing our own shows, movies, games and tournaments for all personnel. In the meantime, for an all-round helpful chap - Page Peter.

STORY OF NO. 5 A.O.S. - from page 5.

Sextants and astrographs arrived in June, 1942 and astro navigation became part of the training syllabus. The first class of Air Bombers graduated October 9th, 1942 and on this occasion Group Captain Pleasance of No. 2 Training Command presented the "wing" to both the air navigators and air bombers.

But the new station is paramount in everyone's mind — the new station with its numerous buildings and new and extended runways, with its double hangars and double-double hangar, with its special two-storey buildings for living accommodation, and last but not least its central heating plant. With its mile and a half of roadways, the million-dollar structure is but another milestone in the history of No. 5 A.O.S.

The story of No. 5 A.O.S. is still unfolding but when the station runs out its final E.T.A., it will be a story of instructors who have served faithfully under difficult conditions, of graduates who have gone forth and achieved honor and distinction for their country, and of the fine spirit of co-operation that existed between the Air Force, and civilian personnel.

MAINTENANCE - from page 14.

11. Leaving the staff of the maintenance department to become a so-called "lady of leisure" is Miss Naomi McPherson of Wally Powell's crew.
12. Members of Jim Fox's crew held a toboggan party recently along the banks of the Seine River and returned to Leslie and Janet Shorter's place for the big feed.
13. Also on Toboggan parties were members of Wally Powell's crew at Polo Park and returning to Dot Guy's home.
14. Deepest sympathies are extended to Miss Loise Bachman in her recent bereavement.
15. Returning to work after several weeks' illness, May Rhodes reports she is feeling much better.
16. Rumors have it that our very comfortable Lounge Room was designed by an interior decorator from Hudson's Bay Company, but we are proud to say that we have our own interior decorator in the person of Miss Flo Waite of the Fabric Dept., with some assistance from Miss L. J. Whiteford, our Women's Supervisor. By now we all know this Lounge Room is in No. 1 Hangar, but is for the use of all crews during their few leisure moments.
17. DON'T FORGET THE BIG VALENTINE DANCE TO BE HELD IN PICARDY'S SALON FEBRUARY 19, 1943. LET'S HAVE A LARGE "TURN OUT" ALL YOU "GUYS AND GALS"!

ODE TO A STAR

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Shining in the sky so bright,
I must take an astro sight.
Then I'll take my bag of tricks
And plot from you an astro fix.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Alas, alack, that's very bad,
That fix puts us in Trinidad.
You look to me so very queer,
I'll check you with my Planisphere.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Now I know just what you are.
I know what happened to my fix,
I thought that you were Beteltrix.
As Beteltrix you are no use,
Because your name is Betelgeuse.

So if you wish to dodge perdition,
Just swat hard your recognition,
As astro sight is of no use,
When Beteltrix ain't Betelgeuse.

(B.C.N.B.)

A PERFECT TRIP

by J. Cameron, C1 Nav.

The crate was good old Aggie,
The Wag was just a drip,
The navigator's table,
Foretold a measly trip.
The chart was torn and grubby,
The log was poorly done;
Behind that fearful rabble
Sat a bot from Sixty-one.
The bomber sat as bombers sit;
His mind was in the past,
The pilot drove that trembling crate
Into the icy blast.
At 35 the thermo' stood
Around the minus side,
And there were twenty thousand leaks
In Aggie's wretched hide.

An astro flight it was, and so,
The hatch door open wide,
The bot was plucking up some guts
To shove his head outside.
"Shut down that ruddy blasted door
You suckin' great galoot!
Don't open up those windows or
I'll sling you out yer coot."
Thus spoke the pilot to the bot,
The Wag, D.F. refused;
"The wireless is U.S." he said;
Right there he sat and snoozed.
The bomber was his last resort,
"A pin-point," Bot requested.
"The ground is blotted out by cloud,"
That sleepy stiff protested.

"Oh starve the knock-kneed, pink-eyed crows!"
The bot cried out in rage,
"A man could get more flamin' 'elp
From babes of minus age".
With n'er a fix or track made good
Recorded in his log.
How could he reach that bloomin' place?
His mind became a fog.

Then sudden to his fozzled nut
A notion bright did come;
He grabbed his trusty old mark nine,
And jumped up off his thumb.
Old Jupiter was plain to see
Though other stars were dim,
And blast refraction from the pane,
This shot would do for him.
Those lily-livered sons of sin
That filled the other seats,
He'd navigate this plane to hell
In spite of all their bleats.
He logged the shot and I without
Exaggeration say,
Before that plan had sped ten yards
He had the L.H.A.
Then plug my ears! The air went blue
Within that ancient tub,
The bot sank back into his seat
As though struck down by club.
Then to the pilot out he stretched
An indicating hand,
"For Pete's dear sake, go, take me in,
I have no yellow band".

J.W.K.C.
(with apologies to A.B.P.)

Here is a topical morning verse -
To be greedy sir at breakfast
Is but a sign of the beast.
In war time face the challenge;
An ouef is as good as a feast.

CLASS 61 NAVIGATORS



Left to right:

Rear Row: A.S. Paff; H.N.T. Kite; R.A. Wheeler; K.M. Wilson;
R. Brook; F.R. Leatherdale; K.G. Fitzgerald; J.S. Boden;
J.C. Pittman; G.O. Paton; O.D. Macdonald.

Middle Row: D.M. Cruden; A.J. Hogan; W.E. Atkinson;
L.D. Coutts; T.P. Sheridan; K.J. Dowsett; J.S.J. Zucker;
S.M. Slatter; H.M. Beyer.

Front Row: P.R. Pettit; J.O.K. Cameron; A.L. West;
P/O B.O. Fox; F/L J.W. Dolphin; P/O J.D. Forbes; K.B. Smith;
J. Venn.

Course 61 Navigators graduated on February 5, 1943, leaving behind them an enviable record in class and air work and a somewhat unsavory reputation in the matter of throwing chalk, snowballs and stink bombs. They also leave a large number of scowring young ladies in Winnipeg.

On arrival at this station, the Australian members showed a great deal of interest in our weather, particularly in snow, "tea cosies" and long underwear. They were continually mystified by such things as the Dalton computer and D.R. Since, they have retained their interest in snow but have mastered the intricacies of the computer, in fact, they know quite a few tricks of their own.

Outstanding in the class was H.N. Kite, for his all-round work (he won the Starratt Memorial Trophy), P.R. Pettit for his excellent air work, "Snowy" Beyer for his exuberance in everything he undertook, good or bad, Sheridan for his size, or should we say - lack of it.

This list could be lengthened to include all members, since every man was an individualist. Perhaps the most outstanding characteristic of the group was its class unity and class "esprit de corps".

The graduation banquet was held in the Marlborough Hotel, February 3. Nev Kite acted as chairman and toasts were proposed by Peter Pettit, S. M. Slatter and Jack Venn. They were replied to by F/L W.K. Goyer acting C.S.O., J. M. MacLachlan, acting C.I. and F/L J. W. Dolphin.

Graduation took place on the afternoon of the 5th, when wings were presented by Group Captain Bonham-Carter of #2 Training Command, Sgt. Cameron, who was in hospital, missed this parade.

Keith Smith was class Senior. The instructors were F/L Dolphin, P/O Forbes, P/O Fox, Sgt. Kerr, Cpl.'s Arnold, Hartwell, Thorstinson.