

THE EDITORIAL STAFF.

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EDITORIAL STAFF

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(The Drift Recorder is to be published every six weeks until further notice. Contributions for the 15th of May issue must be in the hands of the editors by April 30. Stories, humorous or serious verse, interesting items of news, jokes, cartoons, will be welcomed. Material should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief and handed in at the telephone exchange. A charge of 5 cents a copy is being made to help defray the costs of publishing as of this issue.)

ANSON IS AS ANSON DOES

The Anson is not without honor, save on its own Station. Yet, in the early stages of the war it rendered yeoman service on Coastal Command, and to a certain extent it still does, though in the main it has been replaced by the Lockheed Hudson for reconnaissance duties. As a training craft it is unsurpassed for all-round performance. At Observer Schools alone, the lowly Anson has carried would-be navigators some 75,000,000 miles - 3,000 times around the globe.

Coastal Command started this war with a grave shortage of aircraft and personnel. Its principal land aircraft was the Anson plus a few excellent flying boats. It was with this equipment that Coastal Command fought, and fought amazingly well, the first nine months of the war. Those were the days when Bomber Command was dropping leaflets But Coastal Command was in the battle from the drop of the flag. Within a few days of the declaration of war, a Coastal Command Anson had sighted and attacked a U-boat. Within a few hours of the first moments of war, Coastal

Aircraft were escorting shipping convoys and encountering enemy aircraft.

It was at this tempo that Coastal Command fought its war right up to the days of Dunkirk. And then came its greatest mass effort. The few aircraft that the men of Dunkirk saw hurtling into battle above them during the historic evacuation from the beaches were, in the main, the slow reconnaissance bombers of Coastal Command. Fighting was not their job, but Ansons pitted themselves against ten times their number and more of modern German fighters and more often than not the Ansons won. It was nothing at that time for three Coastal Command aircraft to report that they had engaged forty enemy aircraft, had shot down several and had driven the rest away, for the loss of one of their own number.

With grim humour the pilots coined their own unofficial motto - "Anson is as Anson does." The commander-in-chief declared that they were his "secret weapon".

THE EDITORIAL PAGE.

PENGUIN CORNER

WHAT IS NO. 5 A.O.S?

by D. S. Ormond.

As we are all doubtless aware, our School is one of the many units of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, employed in the training of aircrew for Service in all parts of the world but unlike the majority of such units, it is operated in its physical aspects by a Civilian organization. This organization is an incorporated company named Winnipeg Air Observer School Limited which is controlled by Canadian Pacific Air Lines Limited, the aviation subsidiary of Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

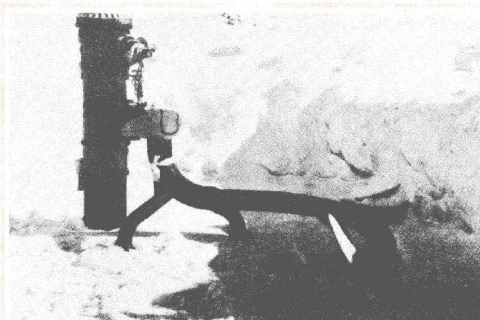
The governing principles of our operation are laid down in the Agreement between our Company and the Department of National Defence for Air of the Dominion Government under which the company agreed to operate the school for the training of students in Navigation and its associated arts, in accordance with a syllabus which is set down by the Department. The Company is charged with the responsibility for the physical operation of the School, the flying of aircraft and their maintenance, the maintenance of the buildings, the messing of trainees and, in fact, "all things necessary or desirable for the efficient maintenance and operation of the School, and the well-being and comfort of the Supervisory Staff and pupils." It is the responsibility of the Supervisory Staff to give instruction to the Air Navigators and Air Bombers training at the School. This staff is also responsible for discipline and, incidentally, seeing that trainees get their pay.

We, then, as civilian members of No. 5 A.O.S., are doing the same work as our relatives and friends in uniform in various branches of the Air Force Training Units throughout Canada and with our associates of the Supervisory Staff of the R.C.A.F., ours is the same objective - the winning of this war! There are times when the hardships of operation in cramped quarters and 20° below zero weather are prone to make grumblers of us all but when our lot is compared with conditions in England, where often hangar space is an unknown quantity, night operations are carried on in the black-out and a hail of Nazi bombs is substituted for a western blizzard, it will be obvious that we are fighting this war under pretty comfortable circumstances.

Our only objective and our only thought must be the defeat of the Axis and through the efficient operation of No. 5 A.O.S., which is dependent upon every man and woman of the Company's Staff, regardless of what their particular job may be, each one of us can do his and her part in assisting to reach that goal.

SPIES!!!! SABOTAGE!!!!

We knew it! No sooner would the Station be awarded honorable mention in the Efficiency Pennant hunt than the nasty Nazis, yappy Jappies, and their spaghetti-bending pals would be taking steps to upset the smooth functioning of Station life and Training activities.



Schnifflehund Schniffing

Fortunately, Art Editor McFlorie was on the job and successfully headed off what might have been a disastrous reign of terror, when the picturized daschundlike enemy agent was apprehended as it emerged from one of the deeper of the local snow-drifts.

Gordon, knowing the species, and their affinity for hydrants, effected its capture, after cleverly managing to secure photographic evidence for the Drift Recorder's reader, and now plans to have its' remains

stuffed and placed in a Station Museum along with Doc Lindsay's two-goal hockey stick, Tommy Grafton's spare of a couple of curling trophies, and a piece of home-baked pie (like Mother tried to make) from the Canteen. You dream the craziest dreams, Gordon.

The second issue of the Drift Recorder goes to press without benefit of the sage advice of the Editor-in-Chief, who is away on Annual Leave, necessary, no doubt, to recover from the strain of publishing the initial issue. Comments on Vol. 1, No. 1 would have filled No. 2 had the blue pencil not been used extensively on submitted copy, besides, we have our pride. A good number of remarks lead us to the belief that the first Mag. was not humorous enough, but to balance that, some thought the effort too much in lighter vein - so where are we? All seemed to agree that the effort was worthwhile, that a happy balance was struck between Service and Civilian interests (which, after all, are one) and that a high standard has been set for succeeding issues. Your editors again remind you that a good magazine depends on good copy, carefully thought out, and promptly turned in. We would stress the need for the human angle in the stories received. Personalities liven up the best copy and make it readable.

PRESENTING :

"BUCK" THE PILOT.

by D. DuVal



Mr. W. J. Buchanan,
Assistant General Manager.

A great flapping of wings, a lot of cigar smoke and "They're Off!"

Through the cigar smoke can be seen a "wee Scotch lad" aboard a stork. The expression on the face of the stork is one of bewilderment because, after all, storks, too, have a definite procedure as laid down in their Station Standing Orders of conventionally carrying "noo-uns" cradled in a napkin. Naturally enough tho, the Scotch lad was not disturbed in the least as he was right up there in the "driver's" seat ruddering that "Joe" stork like any veteran "air teamster" to the Buchanan residence in Kirken-Tilloch, Scotland.

From this first aero experience it was a cinch for Buck as all he had to do was sit back and await the creation of the aeroplane. Nevertheless, this initial flight stood Buchanan in good stead for at the outset of his flying career he had to resort to that instinctive form of navigating long areas of flying that were "virgin" trips out and "mental maps" home.

Not being interested in lighter-than-air, due to the excessive "smoke" this waiting naturally became monotonous as any fellow knows who has waited for conditions to warrant a "flip", so our first pilot went out after things.

W.J. started out conventionally by attending school and beginning a career in Engineering with the idea of specializing in Mechanics. In order to become "the" mechanical engineer it was necessary to complete this education in Germany and Buck acquired a knowledge of the language in preparation, which no doubt pulled him through many tough spots in the next few years of his life.

War in 1914 gave him the opportunity to get fighting and with the patriotic urge to get "in there" came the ambition to be associated with his country's best unit, The Scots Guard, where men either became soldiers or corpses. He went to the front in 1914 and was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant in 1915. A lot of things happened in that period but Buchanan doesn't talk about Buck. We do know that he was a soldier and that he has four or so medals, but I'll let you find out about them as all I got was "Oh those, uh".

Requesting a transfer from The Scots to the Royal Flying Corps gave his C.O. jaundice and placed Buck under observation as they were quite sure he was a mental case for even thinking of giving up the prestige of the Cavalry for such an unmilitary contraption as an aeroplane. He must have been very insistent as the transfer came through in the spring of 1916 and he was posted to Suez. He began to fly on a "bird cage" known as a Morris Farmen, a bi-plane of CO H.P. from Morris's to B.E.'s which were modified from B.E. 1's to B.E. 12's. These babes sure must have been something (Buck says they were good, and meant it). They carried 8 - 20 lb. Cooper bombs with a Lewis 303 on each wing strut which were discharged by cable-pulley arrangement from cock-pit to trigger. This job was good for 4 speeds, take-off 65, climb 65, cruise 65 and stall 65 or higher (I'm sure).

Next on W.J.'s horizon came the Bristol Scout which was the smallest machine with but 26 ft. wing span, but as Buck says, she had power. Such being a "rotary" of 110

horses if they were all up in the bit together. This is, no doubt, where the word "blip" originated as the procedure for control rested in your ability to blip the switches, blip to pull chalks, taxi and land.

Incidentally, the largest pilots were detailed to this smallest machine and from what I gather, sat "outside" from the knees up. For extra control, all that would be needed would be a "hook" and "fan-ears".

After the Bristol came the Martynside Bomber powered with a Beardmore water-cooled engine. Buck got some time on this but it was withdrawn from service.

In November 1917 the first Bristol Fighter arrived in Palestine and Buck was the envy of all with this latest type and kept busy there and in Salonica on B.E.'s and R.E. 8's until January 1918 when he was sent to Mudras with orders to bomb a German ship, named Goben, in the Dardenelles. To do this job he had a French Breguette Bomber which carried only one 500-pounder. Buck found his "Ridgley" and in his words - "Needless to say, I missed."

Bulgarian ground fire and a Scotch curiosity made him a prisoner in September 1918 after landing an agent behind the enemy lines. This happened on the return trip and he was forced to land on a sandbar in the Struma river where seven soldiers with that "welcome" sign witnessed his landing. By not being able to speak Bulgarian he was unable to ask the boys how it looked or tell them how he "greased it on", which would really be a "killer" to some of the lads.

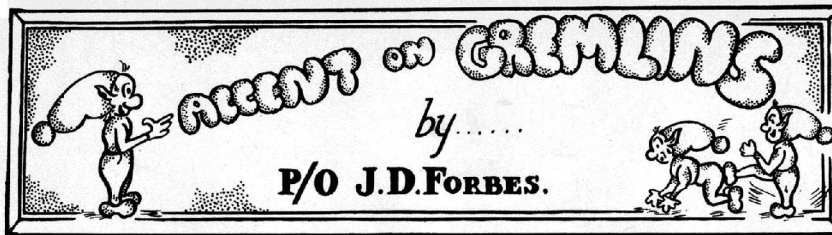
The reception at Philliappolis prison camp was very cordial and to keep him in the best of company they gave him 2 weeks solitary for a start and then a civil court trial, presided over by Germans, not Bulgarians, who were very anxious to settle this little episode by a charge of espionage and a well-picked firing squad. This attempt to rob Canada of one of its future veterans was frustrated by the intervention of the American Minister from Sofia who convinced the court that it would bring about reprisals, and even today reprisals are significant, but Buck describes this episode not as facing a firing squad, but as having to wait 6 weeks to receive decent food from home. He did not do too badly though, after getting out of solitary by having a share of food from Viscount Torrington and Ted Cooper, pilot prisoners from the R.N.A.S. who had been held long enough to have received their food from home.

Pilot Buchanan got back to Salonica in 1918 and was sent to Adrianople with the 17th Squadron equipped with D.H. 9220's. This job carried a gunner who had 2-303's fixed together and movable and no doubt considered "potential". He was at the Turks' back door until they gave in and from there back to Philliappolis and there is no doubt but what that prison score was "squared" during his 2-week sojourn.

Armistice found him at Sofia having arrived from Flovidid. From Sofia to Salonica to Greece to Italy to France to England and to a whole week's leave after which he was posted to Ireland for a year. From Ireland back to "native soil" and a posting as an instructor at C.F.S., Uphaven, Scotland.

(Continued on Page 18, Col.1)

ACCENT ON GREMLINS
by.....
P/O J.D.FORBES.



Yes, we have them! or how else can we explain the million and one things that seem to go wrong when to all appearances they should go right. How else can we explain those bumpy landings on a perfectly calm day, a motor conking out when the instrument board says everything is nunky-dory, the ignition system refusing to work just after an aircraft comes out of maintenance, a sextant light blanking out just after you have taken nine shots with your head in the frigid slip-stream; how else can you explain some of those logs that the trainees bring back, some of those fantastic winds that they obtain, some of those amazing ground speeds that they have calculated; how else can you explain that D.F. loop reading which Sgt. Airborne gave you, that Astro-fix which plotted you in North Dakota; how else can you explain the disappearance of your 'yellow band' or your Dalton G; how else can you explain those forecasts by the 'Met' men?

There is no 'reasonable' explanation, so it must be the Gremlins and the Fiffinellas. (How else can you explain the goings on in Ireland, how else explain the national traits and characteristics, if fairies did not exist and exert their influence?) So how can we explain the amazing aggregate of inexplicable happenings on the station if we did not have Gremlins!

They are everywhere — the rascals! Underneath the cowlings, in the exhaust valves, dancing on the magnetos, doing handsprings on the ailerons and flaps, reversing the trimming tabs, plugging the pilot tubes; they are in the 'met' office twisting the isobars and pulling the mercury column of the thermometer down, down, down (these are the Frigids, a particular type acclimatized to the West); they are in the Despatch office diving on the Morse sender keys (how else can you explain some of the dot and dash combinations that the Wags pick up?); they are in the fuel playing checkers with the octanes and heptanes; they are in the barrack blocks secreting pieces of kit underneath the sheets, they sound the fire alarm when a crash signal is intended. They are everywhere. Anyone with a sensitive imagination can see them in parka and trousers bedaubed with grease and paint.

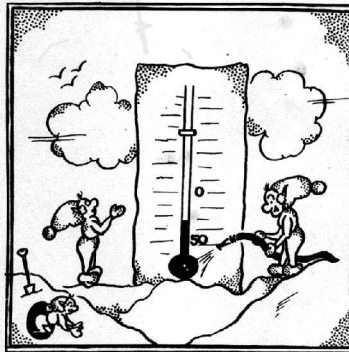
Not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like one of these! In fact, you can no longer tell the Fiffinellos from the gremlins — they are all one (and one for all). How else can you explain the name "Ethereal Vaporings" submitted as a title for our magazine, if the young lady who contributed it had not been aware of these pampered imps in parkas. And now that I think of it, what better explanation of parasite and profile drag can be given when you consider the 'make up' of some of these miniature gargoyles.

Why, just the other day when we tried to take off on a photographic flight, and had the equipment all set up (yes the leads did sort of get mixed up for a while but perseverance had its reward!), the pilot, Mr. Rollins, turned around and said, "No go! Can't get one motor started" — I knew it was the Gremlins at work. It was at least 20 degrees below zero but I cannot lay the blame on the weatherman. I could not see the beastly little rascals holding the prop down but I could hear their mocking laughter. No, it was not the wind. Well, we removed the equipment and plodded back to the Flight office to await another aircraft.

Shortly after, we filed out again. I am not by nature a pessimist, but somehow I did not have much faith. We climbed into this second aircraft and commenced figuring out where this lead went and where that lead went. Suddenly, I hear Rollins say: "Forbes, come here a moment". I detached my hand, or a goodly part of it, from the frozen metal on the camera and clambered over the co-pilot's seat. "Look at that", he said. "The revs drop 250 when I switch off one magneto. We can't take a chance".

It was only too true. My knowledge of engines is not comprehensive but I knew this was an excessive drop in engine speed. The aircraft was purported to be serviceable — but what could one do? You cannot compete with those mischievous gremlins. Doubtless the report said: "One magneto unserviceable", whereas it should have said: "One magneto gremlinated". We filed disconsolately out and sensibly called the whole thing off.

I cannot but feel a little amused when I hear that an aircraft was forced to make a landing at such and such a place because of icing on the wings. I know too well that the demonic rascals have been on another bender. I can visualize them clinging with one hand to the wing tips and with the other piling super-cooled droplets one on top of the other until the aero dynamic qualities of the wings are destroyed. Little do some of the pilots know that when a motor conks out, it is no fault of theirs or of the maintenance crew, but they have once more been victimized.



Clever these little rascals are! How they can get a bubble into a compass that before take-off was perfectly serviceable is, I must confess, a mystery to me. There must be dozens of them clinging to the landing wheels everytime I am compelled to wind them up.

One of us, however, is certainly an authority on these little folk, else, how could he depict them so interestingly? I refer to Gordon McRorie.

How he talked them into sitting and posing until he sketched them, cannot, of course, be revealed, for Gremlins are definitely on the secret list. As for Cpl. Jacobsen and Sergeant Kerr, they have not as yet been able to photograph these evasive vixens. But if you see one of them sitting in a dark corner with a camera pointed, do not necessarily think they are pixillated. My personal opinion is that camera shutters are too slow to capture their movements. But perhaps in time we may receive permission from the Union of Gremlins to describe them as they really are. At the moment, however, I cannot dare offend them by revealing what I know. We have trouble enough on the station as it is.

Four leathernecks were playing bridge one evening on a small Pacific Isle when a report was received that a party of about 200 Japs was landing on the beach.

The four Marines looked at one another. Finally one rose and said: "OK, I'll go — I'm dummy this hand."



S/L K. S. Pitcairn - Chief Instructor, No. 5 A.O.S.

A recent addition to the Staff of No. 5 A.O.S., S/L Pitcairn brings with him a wealth of experience, accumulated both in civilian life and in the Service. With degrees in mathematics from McGill and Glasgow Universities behind him, he joined the R.C.A.F. in December 1939, and graduated with the first Navigation Instructor's course about three months later.

Since then, his dynamic energy has been devoted to the training of Air Observers and Air Navigators, and there are few Schools in the B.C.A.T.P. which have not felt his influence. After instructing several of the early Navigation Instructor Courses at Trenton, he reported to No. 1 A.O.S. Malton, in time to impart his knowledge to the first class of Air Observers to graduate, as well as to several of its successors. His ability, both theoretical and practical, was early recognized and his next post, which he assumed in December 1940, was C.I. at No. 4 A.O.S., London. After some time at this School his services were again required elsewhere and he was posted as Chief Instructor to No. 9 A.O.S., St. Johns. From St. Johns, S/L Pitcairn was posted to No. 1 C.N.S. Rivers, in January 1942, where he was Officer-in-Charge of several Astro-Extension courses and Navigation Instructor courses. In July 1942 he was made Chief Ground Instructor for C.N.S. from which post he comes here.

The Squadron Leader's outstanding qualities are his generosity and willingness to spend any amount of time and effort to help those who are "keen on navigation", and the improvement of navigational and instructional technique. His good nature and constant smile are only disturbed when he is balked by someone who, through lack of desire or apathy, is unwilling to contribute his best to the war effort.

He claims little or no appreciation for music and will explain his "horrible" dancing with the excuse that he is tone deaf, and can only tell "God Save the King" from "Annie Laurie" because the people stand up.

We all welcome Squadron Leader Pitcairn to the staff of No. 5 A.O.S., and know that his contribution to the already long list of its achievements will be no small one.

HAIL AND FAREWELL

Men may come and men may go .. but a really good scout like F/L Bill Gwyer can't leave without his cheery presence being missed around the Administration Building and in the Officer's Mess. He has left his "last words" which we print "as is":

"In leaving No. 5 A.O.S. I would like to express my thanks for the co-operation received from all personnel on the Station. It has been a pleasure working with all the Instructors and the civilian personnel, and I sincerely hope that this spirit of co-operation will continue to increase and that No.5

In April, 1937, when George VI was crowned King of England, three airmen of the Permanent R.C.A.F. stationed at Camp Borden, Ontario, were selected by Air Force Headquarters to attend the ceremonies. One of these three was the distinguished-looking gentleman whose portrait appears elsewhere on this page.

Flight Lieutenant T. J. Sullivan, the Senior Administrative Officer at No. 5 Air Observer School since December 8, 1942, is a soldier to the core. He has been wearing polished buttons and a military haircut almost continually since August 1914, when he went overseas with the Royal Canadian Engineers. Upon his return to Canada in 1919, he was appointed to the staff of the Department of Soldier Civil Re-establishment, a position which he held until 1923, when he enlisted in the "Canadian Air Force" which disbanded a year later. When the Permanent Royal Canadian Air Force was formed in 1924, A.M.2 (Aircraft Mechanic, now Aircraftsman) Sullivan was taken on strength as an aircraft rigger, later remustering to clerk stenographer.

In January 1942, W.O.1 Sullivan was commissioned as a Flying Officer in the Administrative Branch. Since he came to No. 5 A.O.S. about three months ago, he has been one of the busiest men on the Station, but never too busy to talk to anyone, be he an ACO from the Armament Section or an Air Vice Marshall from A.F.H.G. On a unit such as this, the S.A.O. is Adjutant, D.A.P.M., Equipment Officer, Messing Officer, Discipline Officer, M.T. Officer, and a dozen other things. During his nineteen years with the Air Force, Flight Lieutenant Sullivan has served at Dartmouth, Ottawa, Camp Borden, Trenton, Vancouver, Brandon, Caron, Sask., and this is his third Station in Winnipeg, so he is well equipped by experience to handle the responsibilities of his position.

As is evident from his perpetual smile and cheery "Good Morning", our S.A.O. is a happily wedded man, and has been for some twenty odd years. He is the proud parent of two children, a daughter attending school in Halifax, and a son who, after completing first year university in Brandon, enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in a technical capacity.



F/L T. J. Sullivan

A.O.S. will go on to the top of the ladder. I wish my successor the best of luck and can only say that he is lucky to have drawn a school such as we have here."

Mention should here be made to the coming on the Station of an Assistant to S/L K. S. Pitcairn, our new C.I., in the person of a former member of the Staff, F/L G. Ross from #1 C.N.S., Rivers.

F/L Murdoch MacLachlan, who has been assistant C.I. for some time past is reported to be leaving shortly for Portage la Prairie A.O.S., and in exchange, F/L A. Banfield is to be posted in.



"It's sabotage! It's plagiarism! They can't do this to me!"

These words, richly interlarded with unprintable expletives, and uttered in a piercing irascible voice, came shrilling into the Editor-in-Chief's office the morning after the "Drift Recorder" made its debut. They were followed almost immediately by a diminutive bundle of irate humanity.

"I don't mind your using my stuff," this personification of indignation shouted, "but you could at least give credit where credit is due."

"I thought we'd done that, Anson, old boy," began the E. in C. in his most conciliatory manner, "We —"

"Don't try to get out of it that way," came the scornful interruption, "You printed pictures of the C.S.O., the C.I., the Company Manager, the S.W.O., and the McAulays but did you print a picture of Anson S. Pants, detective superlative? No! You're willing enough to use my stories — but what do I get in return? A casual reference. Ingrates!"

"To tell the truth," the E. in C. lied glibly, "the reason we didn't print your picture was because we thought you were a military secret; and besides, we didn't have a picture."

Anson thawed visibly, dug deep into a pocket, and produced a piece of paper.

"If you find I'm not a military secret," he said, "you can use this. McRorie did it." He handed the E. in C. the sketch that graces the top of the sheet. "That's me twice," he said ungrammatically. "I'm ubiquitous."

All of which explains why the reasonably exact facsimile of Anson S. Pants graces this page. And the inclusion of the picture also explains why we are able to pass on to you a few more excerpts from the Chronicles of Anson S. Pants, the snooper-doooper sleuth.

For instance, from Anson's diary we glean that one ardent Armament student had an embarrassing moment not long ago. Seems he insisted that, in a Gas Decontamination Centre, there must be a Wing Commander in charge. To back up his argument, he turned to a diagram of a Decontamination Centre and pointed triumphantly to a cubicle labelled "W.C." As the C.S.O. astutely observed, Wing Commanders have enough troubles without being mistaken for indoor plumbing.

You won't believe this one, but Anson avers it is true. It happened to one of the Aussie trainees and contributed to the feeling of endearment he has developed for Western Canadian winters.

On a recent frigid evening the class to which this "down-uderer" belonged was briefed for a night-flight. The briefing called for a multitude of star-sights, D/F P/L's, course checks, fixes and W/V's. Laden with astrograph, sextant, almanacs, tables, and the rest of a navigator's bag of tricks, Aussie staggered out to his aircraft, determined to turn in an excellent job.

In spite of the fact that the figures on the thermometer didn't go low enough to accommodate the pointer, Aussie settled down to work. He whipped from flight plan to log

to computer to sextant to astrograph to astro compass to M.T.B. to pilot to what-have-you with such bewildering speed that he had soon worked himself into a lather of perspiration. Down his face, on to the table, and into his flying suit, the sweat streamed in rivulets. That is, it ran in rivulets until the sub-zero temperature caught up with it.

Aussie first noticed the disastrous effect of this as he was taking a star sight. He'd notified the pilot of his intention, so he wasn't surprised when he had no trouble in keeping the bubble and star in conjunction. Suddenly, however, he felt the aircraft lurch off course, and — no fooling — the bubble and star still stayed together. Taking his flashlight, Aussie examined the sextant mirror. There, impaled on the mirror by the congealed sweat from his brow, was the image of the star. With a shrug, Aussie tossed the sextant into a corner — he didn't want a myriad of congealed stars cluttering up his sextant mirror — and, anyway, he didn't have tables for Ice Refraction.

Not in the least daunted, Aussie turned back to the plotting table, picked up his computer, and started to turn the dial. You've guessed it — it wouldn't budge; it also was ice-bound. He tried the Appleyard scale — ditto.

With a tremendous sigh, Aussie plunked himself down into the navigator's seat, determined to relax for a moment and decide on a plan of action. Suddenly, an inspiration struck him, and he attempted to spring into action. "Attempted" is the right word — he was frozen to the seat in his own perspiration.

The WAG pulled, the Bomb Aimer shoved, the Pilot manoeuvred the aircraft in every known gyration. But Aussie still stuck.

He was still stuck in the seat — even the fur of his flying suit was a congealed mass — when the aircraft returned to base. It took a blow torch and half the maintenance crew to remove him. But Aussie suffered no ill effects after his sheath of ice was removed — that is, no ill effects except the low marks and caustic remarks that his class instructor bestowed on him during a subsequent air analysis period.

Anson S. Pants thinks Aussie should have received an award instead of a bawling out. But then, Anson wasn't present to confirm Aussie's story; after all, it was a little far-fetched.

And speaking of awards, Anson says that one of the most pleasant of his recent assignments involved the tracking down of names of #5 A.O.S. Graduates who have won themselves honours overseas. He has come up with a partial list which we reproduce below:

- F/S A. W. Morris of Course 21 DFM
- F/O T. W. Pierce of Course 25B DFC
- F/S P.S.O. Brichta of Course 31 DFM
- P/O W.A.R. Barry of Course 31 DFC
- P/O H. B. Hay of Course 31 DFC
- F/S N. C. Turnour of Course 31 DFM
- A/F.L. E.H. McAfferay of Course 33 DFC

Anson says he's still looking for more names. We'll add to the list in subsequent issues.

AIR PHOTOGRAPHY...

by F/O. J. O. GRIFFITH.



It has been said that he who knows most about his enemy has half the battle won and for that reason reconnaissance has played an important part in warfare since wars began. Until the last war, reconnaissance was done usually by scouts and cavalry patrols and, of course, further information was gathered from as many different sources as possible, all of which were not equally reliable. The first use to which aircraft were put in warfare was reconnaissance. Observers made sketches and notes of what they saw and, as the value of this form of reconnaissance became apparent, preventative measures had to be taken and the fighter aircraft came into being. As fighter aircraft became more proficient at shooting down observation aircraft, it became more difficult to make observations and bring them back and from this situation sprang air photography. By the end of World War I the usefulness of photographic reconnaissance had become established.

The eye and brain of man have certain limitations which are overcome by the use of the camera. Any observation made by the eye is of a fleeting nature and is limited to the particular point on which the eye is focussed at a given time. The camera takes in a wide field of view, all of which is recorded clearly and permanently for future reference or study, without being influenced by memory (or lack of it) and imagination. If large scale detail is required, an observer must come close to his objective and take time to make his observations, but with the camera, any desired scale may be obtained from any height or distance at such high speeds that the risk of enemy interference becomes almost negligible. With the rapid development of night photography since the beginning of this war, night reconnaissance can be carried out to discover activities which would be invisible to the eye, and the possibility of this form of reconnaissance helps to hamper the enemy's movements.

The equipment used for air photography has been developed rapidly from the crude adaptations of ground cameras which were first used. During the period 1918 to 1939 the R.A.F. developed the camera which is in general use today. It is an efficient instrument which can be used for all forms of air photography from hand-held obliques to night photographs of bombing attacks. This aerial camera is light in weight, compact, simple in operation and rugged enough to stand the hard usage met with in active service. The basic design is such that modifications may be made to any part without interfering with the operation of other parts.

Methods, too, have advanced from the clumsy and laborious plate changing of earlier days. Air photographs, either single pictures or a long overlap of dozens of pictures taken at predetermined intervals, are taken by merely turning a switch.

Processing is done very rapidly on efficient modern

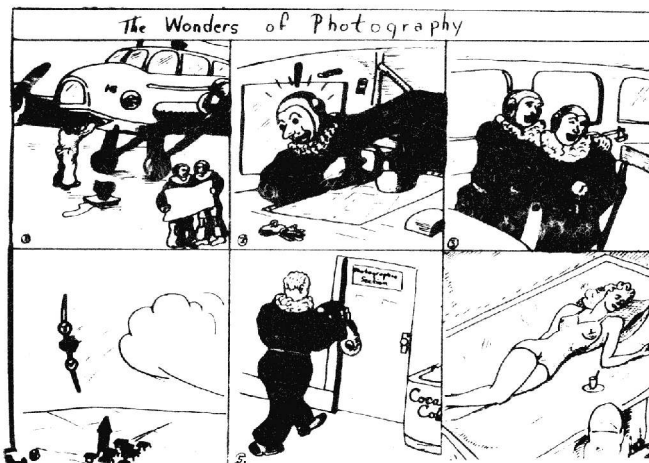
equipment which is often fitted in trailers to provide mobility for photographic units. If necessary, any prints can be produced in less than half an hour after an aircraft which has done a photographic reconnaissance reaches the ground.

In spite of the simplicity of the equipment, the production of good air photographs calls for a high degree of skill, preparation and co-operation on the part of the aircrew. The pilot must be a "precision" flyer, proficient in instrument flying. The camera operator, who is usually the bomber, must be familiar with the camera and accessories as must the air gunner who also has a part to play. They must have sufficient knowledge to enable them to diagnose and remedy simple troubles which might occur in the air. Before starting on a flight they must discuss the operation from every angle, and plan every move so that the job may be carried out in the shortest possible time. If the operation is a bombing attack, photographs must be brought back to substantiate any claims in regard to damage to the enemy.

Behind the aircrew there must be an efficient ground organization for training, maintenance and production. This is the unit photographic section. In operational as well as training units, the photographic section is responsible for training aircrews in photographic duties and for keeping them in practise on up-to-date methods and equipment.

In the Air Force, the photographer is no mere "shutter-snapper". The training he receives includes optics, chemistry, physics, mathematics, interpretation and plotting and a knowledge of airmanship. He must also be able to do maintenance work on all types of cameras used in the service.

By the time he joins an operational unit, he has become a highly skilled technician who can be relied upon to keep cameras and accessories in working order and produce photographs under difficult conditions in the shortest possible time. After air photographs are printed, they go to the Intelligence Branch and there again they pass under the eyes of specialists trained in interpretation. By using a stereoscope and suitable pairs of vertical photographs, the interpreter can see objects in the third dimension just as though a model has been laid under his eyes. He can assess the amount of damage done by bombing, detect camouflage, study the progress of new construction or demolition, see the condition of crops and even the kind of crops being grown. From the information gathered from photographs, operations of all kinds can be assessed and planned. Photographic information is quickly obtained and is probably the most accurate form of information available to Intelligence. The complete story of air photography will not be known until the war is over, but some of the results can be seen in newspapers and periodicals. It should be remembered that photographs suffer in reproduction and that the originals are clear and sharp and full of detail. From having been a child of reconnaissance, it may now be said that reconnaissance is photography.



ESSAY (A SAY) ON WOMAN

"God made man and rested ...
 God made woman — and since then ...
 Neither God nor man have rested ..."

The good Lord created woman for man. This in part, if not in whole, accounts for so many strictly male institutions, such as, the Trappists, the Jesuit Order and various others...

She was made from the rib of man. This may explain why she always has a bone to pick with her husband. As a matter of fact, picking may be referred to as her hobby... she picked the first apple from the Garden of Eden; picked her husband from his bachelor bliss; and today she picks his pockets on pay-day ... when not engaged in developing this particular talent, she appears to derive uncanny glee from picking other women's reputations to pieces.

She is reputed to have been born with the tongue of a parrot, the memory of an elephant, the brains of an oyster, the fury of a wild-cat, and the sting of the cobra ... little wonder that the dog is man's best friend ...

Further investigation into the animal kingdom reveals that, similar to the chameleon which has a habit of changing colors, her hair can be counted upon to assume a different hue from year to year.

Her life is one continual paradox ... she will devote hours before the looking-glass painting her face up like an April rainbow, then cover the whole thing with a veil.

She thinks nothing of concealing her lips, which otherwise might have been lovely, under a pound and a half of tasteless goo known as lipstick, but doesn't seem to mind exposing her toes to the public eye, through shoes so small they would fit in her ear ... in fact, they would be more practical there.

She'll force her husband to wear overshoes, "because everybody else wears them" ... but let another woman parade a hat like hers, and she's ready to commit harikari.

She is shocked when her long-suffering husband walks around the house in his shirt sleeves, yet she'll attend cocktail parties in a strapless evening gown held up by nothing more than a lace of confidence on one side and a thread of hope on the other.

She cries "shame" when her hubby leaves his shirt open at the neck ... but you'll see her wandering around on the beach in a bathing suit so brief she could use it for a book-mark.

Often, she'll run home to mother because her mate won't wash the nicotine stains off his fingers; then she'll sit down and plaster her own fingernails with enough chemicals to start a paint factory.

In politics, she clamors for feminine suffrage; however, it's ten to one she'll answer - Clark Gable - if you ask her the name of the President of the U.S.A.

She can't understand how her life partner enjoys sweating and staggering through eighteen holes of golf - but she'll go through the tortures of the damned and endure inhuman punishment at the stocking bargain-counter.

She ridicules his vanity if he exercises to keep young, and still the vixen will pierce gaping holes through her ears for pendants, and strut around gasping for breath in a corset that would hardly go around a bottle of milk.

In short - give her enough rope and she's ready to hang herself - sometimes we wish she would.

Roughly speaking (and you have to speak roughly when you refer to "a rag, a bone, and a shank of hair" as Kipling calls them ...) there are two different types, each distinct from the other, which make up the female of the species; the man-hater and the man-hunter. The former hates men because they are always eluding them ... the latter hunts them for the same reason.

(Continued on Page 15, Col. 2)

A NEW ZEALANDER CONTEMPLATES CANADA

by P/O A. P. Wedding

Impressions of Canada will, I think, necessarily depend very much on the season of the year the newcomer arrives here. And I don't think the present is a very opportune time to ask him for his impressions - ears and fingertips still sting too much from the recent 40° below days. However, having spent one summer "on top of the world", I shall try to forget the - well, unmentionable frigidity of the past month. My home town has never seen snow - perhaps I should qualify that by saying that two or three flakes observed by somebody in one of the suburbs about 25 years ago caused quite a stir in the city. Sometimes 9 or 10 degrees of frost in early spring mornings, but that all disappears as soon as the sun rises. In summer the temperature rarely approaches 90° in the shade - we are extremely lucky in respect to weather conditions.

I have invited incredulity in writing home, telling my friends of reading the newspaper outside at 10 p.m. I can almost hear the remark - "Yes, under a street lamp". Our days at home are shorter in summer and longer in winter than over here - in midsummer it is dark by about 8:30 p.m.

Canada appears to me as a land of contrasts. Contrasts in many ways. First, the climate: I have said enough about that already. The rate of growth of trees and vegetation after the snow disappears in spring is surprising - things begin more gradually at home, and much of it grows all the year round. All our native trees are evergreens and the fields are always green, though summer may bring a brownish tinge in dry years.

Distances here seem tremendous. At home, a 400-mile trip is a long way. It takes all night! Much of such a journey is up and down hill, through undulating countryside with scarcely a flat stretch. The number of turns and twists make speed hard to maintain.

Dress differs in some respects - we do not have the same weather conditions. I dare not consider what would be thought of me if I appeared in Queen Street, Auckland, wearing one of those "parkas" so common here, and I had never so much as seen overshoes before I came over here. Much more brilliant colours are worn by the feminine sex - not that they need more embellishment than New Zealand girls, but the contrast does appear most marked.

Almost daily, for some months after arrival, I endangered my life by persistently looking the wrong way when crossing the street. We do things the right way at home - and keep to the left of the road. Traffic lights were also rather a problem - most New Zealand cities still adhere to their traffic cops, which seem to suit our traffic conditions rather better than lights.

Now, may I mention the subject most interesting to me, as an architect. I think that in some ways, building over here is a long way ahead of our own. There is more scope and greater population, and there seems to be more need for public buildings. At home so much time can be spent outdoors that must be spent inside over here. The houses here are different: often more compact and more picturesque in some ways, though it may be only their difference from New Zealand houses that creates that impression. Storm sashes, screens and furnaces are almost unheard of at home, and there is no need for them. I used to wonder why such things were necessary when I saw them in magazines. Now I have found out - with a vengeance!

In short, the things which I see as different in Canada from New Zealand (I will not say better or worse) all appear to spring from the same cause: natural conditions and contrasts which vary so much from our own, cause differences in the aesthetic viewpoint, and deeply affect everything that goes with everyday life. Doubtless you like your Canada - I like my New Zealand. I have seen something of conditions in this country. I only wish I could show you New Zealand.

THE SPORTS PAGE

by P/O K.B. MYERS.

The feature of the sporting activity during the past month was the wind-up of the station Hockey League schedule, and what a wind-up it was. The Maintenance squad, led by Manager Wally Cook, and sparked by heady-centreman McNabb, carted off the title in "A" group, and went on to take the final series from Course 65, 2 games to 1, but the boys from the hangars knew they'd been in a fight.

The "fighting sixty-fifth", with merely twenty-four men to pick from had every man who could skate out on the ice, and the series wasn't decided until the last minute of the final game.

In the group finals the Maintenance squad laced the W.A.G.'s twice, 4-0 and 5-1, the second game being played on a surface of slush, which made good hockey impossible. The scores by no means indicated the play, and the W.A.G.'s were unlucky around the nets on numerous occasions. Sgt. Stanger was outstanding for the losers, being the best man on the ice, while Smith starred for the winners.

Course 65, although below form, managed to win out over 66 in two straight tilts, 4-3 and 5-3. Jimmy Reid, on loan from 69, played great hockey in a losing cause, while for the winners, Jack Willis on defence stood out, tallying two goals and two assists during the series.

The first game of the finals saw the maintenance squad

overcome an early deficit, and go on to win 6-4, led by centre-ice star McNabb, who bulged the twine four times. Ernie Heyworth, a rugged, hard-hitting stickhandler all season, fired two goals for the losers, and played a sensational game.



Standing from L. to R.: C.R. Ruse, Pres. of Mtce. Hockey Club, C. Smallbone, Asst. Coach and Trainer, S. Debrus, D. Watson, C. Brown, O. Cleven, G. Mitchell, W. Schoyen, H. Einarson, W. Cook, manager and coach. Sitting L. to R.: F. McNabb, W. Smith, L. Morrison, P. Pellessier, J. Houston, J. Gallagher, Mascot with trophy. Missing from picture H. Nicholson and F. Robertson.



Standing from left to right: P/O Tyndale, Pres, Sports Committee; LAC Leydon, LAC King, LAC Heywood, LAC Wood, Manager; LAC Willis, Captain; LAC Mason, LAC Orton, P/O Hunter. Kneeling from left to right: LAC Bates, LAC Eirikson, goal; LAC Pringle, LAC Hampe.

In the second tussle, the underdog Navigators, sparked by the phenomenal goal-tending of Erik Eirikson, slapped Wally Cook's men down, 5-3, to even up the series. On right wing, Kitch Bates fired three goals, and played heads-up hockey all the way. McNabb was effectively bottled up all the way by the 65 defence.

The final game was a thriller from the first whistle. The teams played typical play-off hockey, and the Cookmen led 1-0, at the end of the second period.

Early in the final frame, McNabb and Smith broke away for two quick counters and gave the "Civies" a 3-0 lead. The Navigators sent on five forwards, and, with their backs to the wall, tallied twice in quick succession, Pringle and Heyworth scoring. With every man up, Maintenance broke away and Smith put the game on ice, 4-2, with only 50

seconds left.

At the conclusion of the game, the trophy, generously donated by the Company, through Mr. Ormond, was presented to the Maintenance Captain by P/O Tyndale.



AUSTRALIA VS NEW ZEALAND by R. R. Ross

In common with most other trainees arriving in this country in winter, our course, 68 Navigators, put learning to skate near the top of their list of things-to-do-in-Canada. Progress was more rapid than we expected, and we soon developed ice-hockey ambitions. We decided to challenge one of the other national minorities of the station, and considered the Australians, the R.A.F., and Rhodesia. We thought the last mentioned, with one representative on the station, would make the most suitable opponent for our debut, but a match was arranged between the Australians and New Zealanders of Course 65, and we were called upon to make up the numbers on each side.

The game took place at the beginning of the month and provided few thrills, but plenty of amusement for the spectators. The players could be divided into three categories, those who could skate and turn fast (there were a few), those who could skate fast but were slow with their alterations of course, and those who managed to overcome the forces of inertia too late to see much of the puck. The result was a series of scrimmages in the goal-mouths, with goal and goalie forced back towards the fence. It was from these melees that most of the points were scored. The goal was never safer than when the guardian was facing a three-man rush. Perhaps because of their greater experience in Rugby scrums, the New Zealanders finished with a 5-3 lead, but the accuracy of this score is doubtful, as most of the goals were awarded when, after the scrum disintegrated, the puck was found to be in the net. There were probably one or two goals that escaped detection.

The natives seemed to be favourably impressed and a member of Course 65 even suggested that we should play them. If this weather lasts, you'd better warn the bombers!

TRUNDLERS IN ACTION - by P/O T. Pickering

The Administration Bowling league which has been toppling the pins at the Saratoga Alleys on Tuesday evenings, reports a sensationally popular season. Members of the Instructional Staff with their wives, along with civilian personnel have kept the eight alleys reserved alive with action and deafening with war whoops (are you listening Doc?)

In the present Schedule one night's bowling remains, with the Compasses, captained by F/L Gwyer in the top spot with 18 wins to 6 losses, and the Fixes in second place with 13 wins and 8 losses. Personnel of the Champion Compasses has been F/L Gwyer, Miss G. Clarke, Mrs. H. Wildman, Mrs. T. Pickering, P/O Tyndale, and P/O Thompson.

In individual honors F/L Gwyer leads the men with a handicap of 5 but is hotly crowded by F/L Johnson and P/O Payne who may overtake him in the final game March 16.

Among the ladies Mrs. A. Johnson and Mrs. I. Fox are tied for top place with handicaps of -10 with a winner also to be decided in the final games.

A new abbreviated schedule will commence on Tuesday March 23, with the make-up of teams changed and bowlers of 15 games or more made regulars on the new teams.

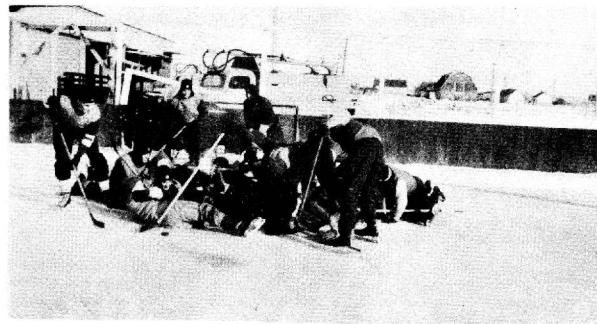
SWIMMING GALA NOTES - by L.A.C. Spencer, Class 65

Considerable interest, a good deal of hard training and gratifying results attended the participation of the No. 5 A.O.S. Swimming team in the recent C.A.S.A. (Manitoba Section) Championships. Almost all of the Trainees took their trials and training seriously in response to Pilot Officer Myers' call for swimmers, and the resulting team consisted of 3 New Zealanders, 1 Australian and 4 Canadians, representing seven Courses of Navigators and Bombers.

Johnny Bradstock and team Captain Spencer both placed in their respective heats in the Armed Services 50-yard, but were unfortunate in losing out in the finale. The Relay team consisting of Bradstock, 64 Nav., Bissonette, 67 Nav., Benoit 67 A.B., Mitchell 68 Nav., Harris and Birbles 65 Nav., Seed and Spencer of 65 Nav., placed second to the Navy, out-swimming the Air Force entries, and with a little more training might easily have taken the decision from the Sailors.

THE ROARING GAME

Three No. 5 A.O.S. Curling rinks have participated during the Curling season along with the No. 8 Repair Besom and Stane welders playing week-end games at the Thistle Club, with fair success. Participation in the local Spiel between the Stations has resulted in many interesting games, with the Collins rink from No. 8 winning one of the Primaries, and finalist in another with final result unknown as we go to press. P/O Tommy Grafton is mainly responsible for the success of this entry, incidentally. Among the Station curlers have been Wing Commander Harrop, who throws a canny rock, Peter Hay, whose industry with the broom gives a hint as to his origin, P/O Barker who has during the season taken his ring out-of-town with some success (even with the curling). Padre Stibbards plans to buy a Hoover for next season after a tough season of sweeping while the rink stands a man short. It has finally been conceded that the name "The Roarin' Game" has not been derived from any sound of the rocks, but by Toots and Frank encouraging one another from opposite ends of the ice.



SPORTS - from Page 9.

An all-star team is a pretty tough thing to pick, but here we go out on a limb:

- Goal: Stibbards (Officers)
- Defence: Willis (65)
Heyworth (65)
- Centre: McNabb (Maintenance)
- Wings: Stanger (WAGS)
Reid (69)
- Utility: Smith (Maintenance); Lindsey (Officers)

RADIO SECTION

Two reliable men were needed to check aircraft loops on the ground. There were only two on duty so they had to be reliable, after the odd boot in the pants.

So away they did go, hand compass, a spare pair of phones hung on one head that was quite a distance off the ground.

"You, Shorty, with the hand compass, see what the aircraft heading is."

"O.K. boss."

"Well, what is it?"

"172 degrees, sir!"

Shortly after in came the earphones with the man between them:

"Did you get the aircraft heading?" asked Earphones.

"Yah," replied Shorty, "But you go and check and make sure."

Away went Earphones (suspended about six feet from the ground) with the compass. On his return, Shorty asked, "Whatcha get?" With no doubt whatever in his mind, Earphones said, "186 degrees."

"Eh, you — (censored because ladies read this, too) replied the Superintendent and Shorty in unison.

"O.K., I'll check again."

"Whatcha get this time?"

"186 degrees."

More explosions from the other two. Super grabbed the compass, trudged back of the aircraft and lined up the compass.

"172 degrees," he exploded, "How in the blankety blank are you reading that thing? Here, try again."

"That's funny," said Earphones, "It varies; first I get 186 degrees, then 184 degrees, gee, now I got 176 degrees."

BANG! - Came the dawn!

EARPHONES HAVE MAGNETS IN THEM.

SECURITY GUARD

Things We Have Observed

That - your first issue of "The Drift Recorder" is a literary masterpiece, but it couldn't be otherwise, because it was born in a high-ranking station of the British Commonwealth Air Training Scheme. The "old sweats" in the guard are quite enthusiastic and are greatly interested in the publication, truly a co-operative venture and the personification of Democracy. They say "Thank You" for granting us some of your valuable space, and we wish you to know it is appreciated - Tons of Luck!

That -
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
X ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS X
X THE PRICE OF SAFETY X
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

This is a prominent sign in Number 1 hangar, quite conspicuous, that even he who runs can read. And what a splendid slogan. Believe it or not, it's also the Commissionaires' slogan. So don't be annoyed when we ask to see that pass.

DEPARTMENTAL

A party of 18 or more from No. 2 Hangar held a Bowling Party at the Central Bowling Alleys. All members returned to that place on Sherburn St. for refreshments.

Marion Hewitt of No. 2 Hangar who is in the hospital suffering from slight concussion, received a nice bouquet of flowers and basket of fruit from members of A, B and C crews of No. 2 Hangar.

Cecille Pitre of No. 2 Hangar was loaned recently to the Parachute Department to give them a helping hand there. Also, in transfers we have Helen Friesen moved from the Dope Room on to Johnnie Hildebrand's Crew.

To that certain party who recently bought a new "Willys" they should know by now that alcohol and gasoline never mix. A small car like that looks mighty funny standing on its nose in a snow drift.



Speaking of Passes -

That - we are looking forward to seeing quite a number of new photographs. 'Nuff said!

That - there is an old saying "Better Late Than Never", but "Better Never Late".

That - we have never noticed around the hangars a pair of slacks with much slack in them.

Keen Observation:

A Lesson from the Woodpecker

The woodpecker pecks at a good many specks
Of sawdust, while building a hut,
He works like a nigger
To make the hole bigger,
He's sore if his cutter won't cut.

He don't bother with plans
Of cheap artisans,
But there's one thing can rightly be said:
The whole excavation, needs this explanation,
He builds it by using his head.

W.J. McBurney,
Rep. Commissionaires.

NEWS AND VIEWS --

Bert Doner	Lead	C.S. Smallbone
Harvey Mutch	2nd	James Ross
Grip Hughes	3rd	Ted Cann
Ernie Bubbs	Skip	S.M. MacDonald

Second Teams

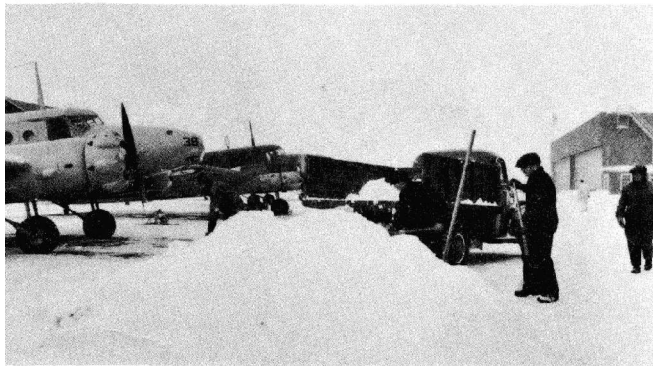
Roy Dowsett	Lead	"Bumpy" Walker
Jim Kerr	2nd	Marion Walker
Bill Bell	3rd	Ollie Radford
Alex Craig	Skip	Forbes Thompson

OFF THE RECORD - By Stores

For the past 8 or 9 months, much has been heard, but little seen of our new uniforms, and they are now one of the main topics of conversation. Interest in them was brought to a climax last week when Stan Evans and his tailor measured the men for their new garb.

Stores Staff were on the helping end when mechanics, pilots, clerks, plumbers, carpenters, and etc., were paraded before the tailor. By working well into the night, the Men's Furnishing Dept. (#5 A.O.S.), outfitted approximately two-thirds of our male staff - over two hundred employees. Quite a day's work!

Measuring the girls of No. 5 is something we'd look forward to - with pleasure!



DESPATCH

In honor of Mrs. H. Hawkins whose wedding took place in January, the girls of this office entertained at a dinner at Moores, Saturday, February 13th. A presentation was made.

Once a teacher, always a teacher. So M. Johnson left us to go back to instructing. A different kind of instructing, though. She couldn't quite break away from the spell of "dit-dit-dit-dah" and has combined both professions. She is now Morse Instructor at No. 3 Wireless School.

Welcome to the eight girls who have just come back from Toronto where they have successfully completed a course in wireless at Radio College of Canada, and will join the present staff as Radio Operators. They have, in fourteen weeks, mastered the intricacies of Morse, discovered there is something more to radio than tuning dial and an off-and-on switch, and have learned to say "hello" and "over" the R.C.A.F. way. They are now being initiated in the art of picking up a signal through interference three times as loud as the signal itself, and doing rather well, too.

Two rinks from the Works and Buildings Dept., headed by Harvey Mutch, their Superintendent, endeavoured to take on and demonstrate to the Maintenance Dept. that they could show them the fine and scientific points of the game of curling. The contest took place on March 9, 1943, at 5:30 p.m. at the Granite Curling Rink.

The rinks consisted of:

The game played by Thompson's and Craig's rinks was a very one-sided affair, with Thompson winning with a score of 13 to 2. This was no doubt due to the excellent curling done by the charming "Walker" sisters. Maybe it was due to the presence of these ladies that the "Craig" Rink was off their game.

The other game between Ernie Bubbs and S.M. MacDonald was a very close and interesting one. At the 8th end, Bubbs was leading 5 to 3. On the 9th end they made some miss cues, which Wally Cook and Norm. Kern, who were interested spectators attributed to their being tired with their strenuous work. Their opponents took advantage of their lapse to put over a 4 end. On the 10th and last end, "Dad" MacDonald's rink played a very careful and defensive game and scored another two points to give them a victory with a score of 9 to 5.

Congratulations to A. Sigurdson and Eleanor MacKarness of No. 2 Hangar who recently became Mr. and Mrs.

Larry White of Wally Powell's crew was changed recently to No. 2 Hangar, working in the Instrument Shop for the present. Taking his place on Wally's crew is Sam Clark of No. 2 Hangar.

Our popular superintendent of Maintenance, Mr. C. R. Ruse, spent several days in the west recently on business.

An engagement of note is that of Miss Buff Winters to Eddie Rougeau, both of No. 1 Hangar. Congratulations!

It has been noticed around the hangars recently that some of the girls have been appearing in the new "Zoot Suits"—coveralls to you. Apparently all the girls agree that the suits are pretty "Thinky". For further information on this newly coined word you will have to ask one of the fairer sex.

ADMINISTRATION DEPARTMENT

Smooth efficiency! That's the Administration office these days, with all branches reporting on time in spite of the drifts the current blizzard whipped up. In fact, the latter are drifts well worth recording in the local Mag. Congrats to the editors on an excellent first issue.

The week-end trips to La Riviere seem to be packed with thrills and fun, according to our Sweater Girl, Dorothy Evangeline. Too bad the cold led to a cold that led to bed. Glad you're back Dorothy, and how about taking the gang next time you ski on Old Baldy.

Mr. W. J. Buchanan has returned from Montreal after attending a conference of the Assistant General Managers of Air Observer Schools. He reports his visit as being both educational and successful. We all agree with him about the success, for behold, on his



(Continued on Page 15, Col. 2)

"Classes in Review" is an attempt to give expression to some of the impressions of the trainees of #5. Of necessity, these remarks must be brief, but we hope they meet with the approval of our readers.

Our newest arrivals, Courses '70 and '71, have not been with us long enough to be termed old-timers, but perhaps they are already 'hep' to the various ins and outs of station routine, such as, Critical Point - i.e., the latest possible time to rise and yet get buttons shined, beds made and breakfast eaten: or, Course to make good a Reciprocal Track - between the bunk house and the mess: or Square Search - for finding the odd spare minutes to catch up on letter writing, phone calls, sleep and other important duties.

Course '70, under the guidance of F/L Ferguson and F/O Baby has members from Canada, England and Scotland. Sgt. Wilson, the class senior, hails from Vancouver. Some difficulty is being experienced by the class in the understanding of the Gaelic of its Scottish member and by one member who is looking for a new uniform as a result of the meals encountered. All look forward to a profitable stay at #5.

Course '71 is the chore of P/O Thompson and P/O Lee. It consists mainly of RNZAF, only six being RCAF. The RCAF members took their ITS at Regina. The boys from New Zealand spent some time at Brandon Manning Pool, which perhaps accounts for the report by the drill NCO that they are pretty hot. They have not as yet been exposed to the mysteries of Astro, but look forward to that time undaunted. We hope their stay at #5 may be both pleasant and profitable.

Our Senior Classes will be graduating before this edition of the Drift Recorder appears. They have weathered the perils that beset the path of all would-be navigators, and now look forward to further duties. Speaking of weather, no member of these classes will forget the winter of '43. Years hence, graybeards will gather their grandchildren about them and the children will listen in hushed silence as they relate of 'charting courses in thundering Ansons across the trackless skies of Northern Canada, while the thermometer registered unheard of readings, and pilots 'froze' at the controls', or of standing knee-deep in snow, peering anxiously through Mark IX's for elusive Poraris or Pollux. Ah! Them was the days!

Course '64 has several claims to fame. The entire class was involved in a motor accident, no serious injuries reported; they participated in the mass bombing raid, making a good showing for #5; and finally, they are graduating without losing one of their number through failure in studies or practical navigation. Good luck to them.

Course '65 deserves the title of 'The Most Briefed Class to Leave #5'. No other class could so effectively jinx the weather, and washed-out flights, changed routes, and delayed take-offs were the rule. Apart from this, '65' will be remembered as the runner-up for the station hockey championship. Perhaps it was the generous offer of P/O



Sun-Shooters

Lyndale in regard to a certain cup that made the boys play so hard. We wish them the best.

(The material for this page has been rather slow in coming in. Would the class representatives please turn in any contributions to Instructor's Office #4 before the 15th of the month?)

CLASSES IN REVIEW

The remaining classes are going along as usual. They are in the stage where the novelty of the station has worn off and there is no rallying effect due to the nearness of graduation. As a result, they struggle along, just keeping their noses above the water, with diligent instructors attempting to push them under whenever possible.

Course '66 are showing signs of wear. Two have fallen by the wayside, four are in the hospital and the remainder are in various stages of mental decline. However, all the would-be navigators are gunning for the gold watch. With twelfth-week tests just around the corner, more drastic happenings may be expected.

Course '67 have just completed their mid-terms, and feel that there is still a ray of hope. All being Canadians, the weather does not deter the boys, much. Excellent harmony exists between all members except when night flights are rehearsed at 5 A.M. They are quite a chummy lot if you judge by the way the evening study period is carried on on one bed. Cheer up, boys, just 6 more weeks to go!



Before the Flight

'68' Navigators, an all New Zealand class, is approaching mid-terms with some trepidation. From the past experiences of other classes, mid-terms are popularly termed WO tests. However, we trust that all will safely weather the storm. '68's views on Canada's weather were expressed, but as this is a public paper, it was thought advisable to omit them.

Course '69 has the distinction of being the first course at #5 to take an extension to the navigation course. As a result, their mid-terms are still in the hazy future, and all seems well. It appears that the going must be toughening up, however, as one member is reported to be in the hospital. They have completed several day trips and are beginning to feel at home in the air. We hope that the extra time will not make their stay at #5 long enough to be monotonous.

THE AIR BOMBERS

At present, we have three courses of air bombers on the station:

'69' instructed by P/O Fox and Sgt. Sadler are hoping to graduate soon. They are mostly Canadians with some RAF.

'70'AB's claim to be Dead-Eye-Dicks when it comes to bombing, and IAC McDonald's direct hit the other night seems to bear this out. The class is evenly divided, half being Canadians and half RAF. The class is instructed by F/L Dolphin and Sgt. Alm.

'71' Air Bombers have been on the station for only a short time, so have had little chance to prove their mettle. The class is mostly RAF, only two being RCAF. Instructors are W.O.1 Neale and Sgt. Alm.

THE PILOT'S DELIGHT

by Pilot C.A. Stewart (Island Lake Post please copy)

Aye some may spin their tales of woe,
Of men both brave and bold
And weave their tales of a rolling stone
And death for flowing gold.
I spin a tale of hardships, too,
In manner tried and worn;
The things we hate and gripe about
Would meet with brave men's scorn.

Our duties are very simple
And will be ever thus,
Except for lack of tickets
Our Anson's just a bus.

We fly in cold without complaint
Our morals up to scratch.
You never hear our men protest
An open astral hatch.
We're always on the Gyro Course
The compass could be wrong,
We never fly along the tracks
Though temptation's very strong.



A group of New Zealand, Australian, English
and Canadian Trainees.

Our duties are very simple
And will be ever thus
We're thinking of printing the tickets
And make money from wheeling this bus.

Old Nimbus Nick is always right,
We never doubt his word
And if by chance his word is wrong
He never gets the bird.
We hate to see the flights get washed
Through snows or summer rain
We'll fly through Hell and Saturdays
And never will complain.

Our prayer is that the future
Will fulfill our fondest dream
To lick the pants off Hitler
And forever fly the beam.

A Canadian private and a British corporal entered a "pub"
somewhere in England and each ordered a beer. Before
drinking his, the corporal went out to buy a paper.

The barmaid, a pretty wench, pursed her lips invitingly
and leaned over the bar toward the shy Canadian. Putting
her face close to his, she whispered:

"Now's your chance, Canada."

The private looked around the empty room. "By golly, so it
is," he said; and promptly drank the corporal's beer.

(Continued from Page 12)

PLEEZ!!!

A man stood on the canteen floor,
His face was grim and old.
He had a lunch pail in his hand -
At least that's what I'm told.

He gazed around in wonderment
For he found he was unable
To sit in peace and eat his lunch
For the rubbish on the table.

On one he saw some orange peel
Wrapped in a sodden mass.
And someone else had spilt his soup
And one his demi-tasse.

A sandwich soaked in milk reposed
Beneath an ashtray loaded
With peel and skins and cigarettes
And slowly it corroded.

Stuck to the floor a piece of pie
A sausage and some peas
An airman gaily drifted in
And slipped upon his knees.

And someone else in anguish writhed
For he found himself a wreck.
An office girl had passed behind -
Her soup slipped down his neck.

And all around was negligence
For noone seemed to care
That canteen girls worked hard and long
Wearing their fingers bare.

Or if their backs were pained and stiff
And their feet were aching much
The tables remained a cluttered mess
That no one liked to touch.

So the man who came in through the canteen door
Turned slowly round on his heel
And crawled back into his cubby-hole
And therein ate his meal.

And sadly his mind and his heart went out
To the girls in the old canteen.
And he thought:- With a very slight effort
We could keep those tables clean.

D.M.W.



Sgt. Williams receiving
Starat Gold Watch from
F/L Gwyer.

It would only be fair at the outset to say that the nickname or abbreviation "W.A.G." for Wireless Operator Air Gunner is a singularly unfortunate one. It seems to put two strikes in some quarters on a group of boys who have a particularly important job of work to do. True, they frequently fall short as Beau Brummels. We know that in many cases their back hair forms a fringe over the collar of their tunic; some even cultivate side-burns. White (?) shirts, sans collar pins, are a frequent occurrence. They simply adore being picked up down town in battle dress, and if there is anything they like more than one C.O.'s Inspection of Barracks a week, it is two. Beyond these items, and maybe a reluctance to attend Mess Meetings, Church Parades and dates with blondes, they are a pretty good crowd.

Why call them "W.A.G.'s"? Why not call them *\$-£XX's, and be done with it?

To their credit it should be said that when they had been cheated off (or at least felt that they were, until the Fairy Godmother in the House of Big Shots sent along some nice new crowns and made Flight Sergeants of them), they took it, and did a good job of work. They grouched and growled, as good W.A.G.'s will, after what they had been led to believe was their normal tour of duty had passed, and they were still with us, but they did a darned good job in the air and have become real operators.

The navigators cuss 'em (sotto voce). The Signals Officer sticks up for them when outsiders slander them, and bawls the daylight out of them when he gets them on their own. The C.S.O. and S.A.O. wonder what in heck they'll be up to next, while the S.W.O.—(may God forgive him for his evil thoughts of them). On the whole, though, the old School will never be the same when some of the old crowd have gone.

No, you bunch of scruffy young so-and-so's, you're all right. When your postings come through, we'll miss you. We'll miss you for the job you do, and the way you do your darndest to be good guys in the air, for your participation in station activities — hockey and the like (you gave Maintenance a run for their money, didn't you?)

If you never cause more grief, or do a worse job on any other Station, you'll make out okay, and will be missed by future units just as much as you'll be missed by the "powers-that-be" at No. 5 A.O.S.

Having sighted her catch, and baited the line, she proceeds to summon every trick, wile and subterfuge at her command to enmesh him into the web of matrimony she has spun around him.

That man is doomed from the start is an accepted psychological fact... that she will whittle him down to her size and mould him into submission, is an accepted physiological fact... accepted, but never understood. The change from man to moron is a slow, painful and degenerating operation, but nothing can be done about it... for the finger that leads him around by the nose bears the ring the unfortunate creature placed there... the stigma of slavery.

Tears have been shed, curse uttered, minds ripped asunder, graves have been dug prematurely... and all boast the feminine touch... "cherchez la femme..." (But for Heaven's sake, don't find her!) Ah! woman, what sins are committed in thy name.

Very little remains to be said... (has she not the last word?)... Friend, as you wander, sad of heart and weary of soul, in this lonely vale of tears... heave a sigh, but a sigh of thanks, as you witness a brother sufferer straggling along behind his "bitter" half. For there but for the grace of God, go you.

Bachelors of the world... ARISE!!!... but not too long, lie down again — for here comes a woman.

And yet... with all their faults, their flaws, and their fiascos, with their horrible hats and their silly habits, God have mercy upon us... We love them still...!

(Continued from Page 12)

return, perched upon this Stalwart Scot's Lofty Dome was a New Fedora Hat. We wonder what inspired him to take this action? DID HE PART WITH HIS BELOVED FUR HAT or was he allowed a liberal trade-in allowance on his purchase?

STORK VISITS PHOTO SECTION

Maybe these lensmen get into a rut on this business of reproduction, or perhaps it might be the virile life they lead chasing down photographic material, but they seem to be doing very well for themselves. Out of a staff of six airmen, Sgt. Kerr has recently had a daughter arrive at his home; Cpl. Jacobson, a son; and AC2 Charach will settle for one of either, or twins, when the end of April rolls around. Well, what's the matter with you other three photogs?





Flt./Sgt. E. D. Collins

Maybe the mountains around his birthplace at North Bend, B.C., gave him his initial inspiration for climbing the heights, but our Flight Collins, maestro of the Orderly Room, has done his share of rising in the Service, and if a toe or so has been stepped on in the process, maybe it was for the good of the Service.

Taking his schooling in Port Coquitlam, B.C., "Flight" went on from business College in New Westminster to service with the Canadian Pacific Railway, until in 1940 he took his clerking ability to the R.C.A.F. Recruiting Depot and subsequently was sent to Manning Pool in Toronto. His apprenticeship over, his posting to No. 5 was of the sort that stuck and here he still is, after 25 months, and having seen C.S.O.'s, Instructors, N.C.O.'s and Staff come and go.

"Those were the good old days", says Flight, "you knew the trainees by name and the place wasn't cluttered up with so many N.C.O.'s that you have to wait a month or more for your turn as Duty "Joe"." "There weren't even any girls about the place for the first 14 months," he reminisces, "until finally a lone female took over the switchboard, and then the S.W.O. had to put that section Out of Bounds." But now, you stumble over powder puffs and lace handkerchiefs on any roadway, and the busyness of life is punctuated by the sound of high heels clicking".

Well, it's a well organized Orderly Room Flight Collins runs, and we do mean "orderly", don't we lads?

UP THE LADDER

One of No. 5's "old timers" departed recently, when George Owens of the Armament Section was posted to No. 5 "M" depot. George came to No. 5 in October 1941, as Acting Corporal — he went away as a Pilot Officer.

Sergeant Owens, as he was most familiarly known to most of us, was a true Manitoban. Born at Cypress River between thirty-five and forty years ago, he attended Cypress River High School, Brandon Normal and the University of Manitoba Summer School. For some thirteen years he worked and struggled, trying to instill into the minds of "young Manitoba" some of the principles of French, Literature, History, Science and Mathematics. In 1939 he heard another George calling and donned the Air Force blue.

George was one of the most popular N.C.O.'s at the School. He was president of the N.C.O.'s Mess when he received his much-deserved commission. Baseball, curling, golf, tennis — they were all in his line. George in the corner of the lounge with a good book was a familiar sight in the Mess. In addition, his prominent membership in that fun-loving organization known as "The Commandos" merits mention.

It is with mingled regrets and pleasure that we say farewell to George Owens. We are glad to have known him and sorry to lose him. We know that he will go far in the R.C.A.F., and that his posting from here is but another stepping-stone. "Bon Voyage" Pilot Officer Owens!

THE ORDERLY ROOM by Sergeant A. G. Bergum

The first issue of the "Drift Recorder" was accepted by one and all in the R.C.A.F. Orderly Room with utmost approval. Then, in a chorus, "What? No write-up about this place? — this hive of industry! — and very heart of the Station!"

Well, I can assure you by mutual agreement, on behalf of the staff, we'll be represented in all future issues, that is, providing the censors will let our material go through (By an eyelash. Ed.)

Like any other office, we have our busy times, our slack times, our joys and our griefs, but let any R.C.A.F. unit try to get along without an Orderly Room! Let anyone deny that the Orderly Room isn't equally as important to the operation of a Unit as the Machine Gun to the Gunner flying over Berlin.

My own length of service here is limited, but I can conscientiously say that the fine spirit of co-operation tendered by the officers, airmen and civilians excels anything that I have ever seen — consequently, I am proud to be one cog in this smooth-running, efficient Orderly Room.

In closing, permit me to introduce our staff by way of this little jingle, written and submitted by Mr. Lyn C. Doyle of the Orderly Room:

"P O M E"

In the Orderly Room at the end of the Hall
You'll find nine men, keen and true.
While they don't get very much credit,
It's surprising all they have to do.

There are stencils, reports and letters to mail
And records and orders and things.
And every so often, some extra detail
To change someone's hooks into rings.

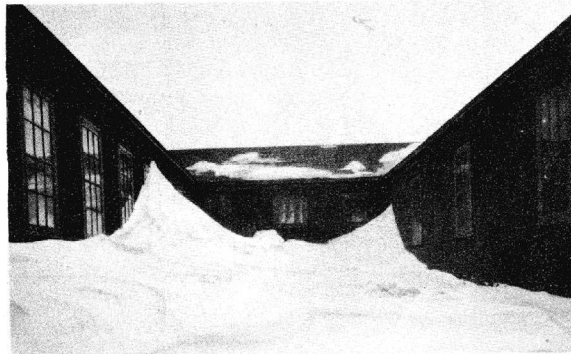
Millette issues stationery all the day through
And puts stencils through his machine.
Komatch has a million-and-one things to do
And still keeps his own buttons clean.

Rice turns out "orders" six days a week,
Warner and Rice do the typing.
Collins sits back behind a big desk
And listens to everyone's griping.

Bergum is called Central Registry,
His duties take patience and brains.
Humphrey is really only a "Joe"
But then someone must clean out the drains.

Fordyce is the poor Records man,
A "Ref" who won't take a bribe,
Now this is the end of my "pome" —
As everyone sees, I'm no scribe.

— Lyn C. Doyle.



Window Screen for S.A.O. March 17.

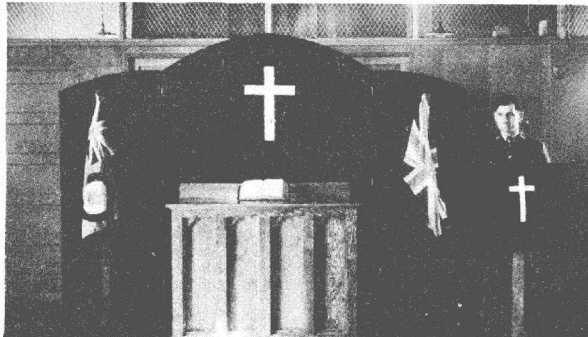
THE PADRE'S CORNER

Of prime importance to Trainees, Staff and Civilians alike on the Station is the business of winning the War, and the best efforts of us all are the least we can afford in effecting this as speedily as possible. We cannot, however, lose sight of the fact that following the War there is a "Peace to be won", and the direction of our inclination now will determine our usefulness in the New Order.

For not as Supermen will we be able to impose our terms universally, but only as men with a Plan for Living. The best minds of civilization are agreeing belatedly that no Way of Life can be considered that leaves out of the accounting, the sovereignty of the individual, and social and international planning that will give all men a place in the sun.

Featured in the excellent photo of our Station Church Parade Altar set-up are two elements which will inevitably have to be taken into consideration before a sane, practical World Order can bless the whole of man-kind. The Cross, symbol for 2,000 years of the sacrifice of Man for men, and challenge in these days to men everywhere to forget pettiness in the cause of allaying Need among others, will have to be lifted high. Without vision, the people perish. Let us be inspired by the example and sacrifice of the Son of Man, who not only "went about doing good", but thought it not shame to die for what men thought was a lost cause, and so became Saviour of the World.

The other symbol, the Open Bible, representing the rights of free men to worship as God leads them must also become



Following is Chaplain's conception of life as she is lived around the STATION:

HYMNODY OF AIR FORCE LIFE

0600 hours	Reveille	Christians Awake.
0700 "	Breakfast	Meekly wait and murmur not.
0830 "	Fall in	Come ye simmers.
0845 "	Manoeuvres	Fight the good fight.
1200 "	Dinner	Come, ye thankful people, come.
1330 "	Parade	Go, labour on.
1515 "	Lecture	Tell me the old, old story.
1630 "	Dismiss	Praise God from whom all blessings flow.
1700 "	Supper	What means this eager, anxious throng?
1800 "	Free Time	Yield not to temptation.
2245 "	Lights Out	The strife is o'er.
Pay Parade	Count your blessings.
Defaulters	O Happy Band of Pilgrims.

AUXILIARY SERVICES

Last month's issue under this heading had an article which might easily have borne the title "Page Peter".

I have a hunch as to who the author was, and want to thank him, for the boys on the Station have surely been "Paging Peter" more than ever, and that is as it should be.

Yes, boys, that is what I am here for — "service for you", so don't be bashful in coming forward. If I can be of service to you in any way at all, contact me at the Guard House.



On Wednesday evening, March 10, we tried out a new venture in showing "Movies". It was really an experiment on my part, and did I get a thrill to see the crowd flock in: some two hundred enjoyed the show to the limit. The picture shown was "The Fleet's In" starring Dorothy Lamour. Our genial caterer added to the success of our first show by serving hot chocolate and cake to

all present. How about it boys, — three cheers for good old Abe!!

Yes, we definitely will have more of these shows; just watch your notice board.

Now, just a word about our repair service. The Ladies Auxiliary will gladly darn your socks, turn the collar of your shirt; in fact, make almost any small repair in your clothing. Isn't that something, boys? Why not take advantage of this service? Bring your articles for repair to my office every Thursday. All that is asked is that you have your name clearly written on the bundle. I will look after the rest.

Don't forget — "Page Peter".

Your Auxiliary Officer.

FOR THE RELIEF OF SUFFERING

Civilians and Service personnel alike have responded very generously to the appeal of the Red Cross. J.L. Baral and Dick Farrell have been soliciting for the Civilians and report \$439.00 with their campaign about half done, and prospects of coming close to \$600.00 as it ends. Guided by P/O Myers, the campaign among the Service personnel concludes with the grand total of \$575.46 subscribed. In addition to \$100.00, proceeds of their Mess Dinner Carnival, the Officers have made up a total of \$317.40. The trainees contributing by classes subscribed \$173.07, with Class 67 Navigators tops with \$37.00 and Class 69 Air Bombers second with \$26.00. Staff Airmen and N.C.O.'s contributed the balance of \$84.99. Good show, lads and lasses, especially when compared with last year's \$123.00.

(Continued from Page 3)

His first acquaintance with air mail came through flying despatch for Air Force H.Q. and in December 1921, he was again posted to instructing but this time on twin-engine Vickers Vinys in Egypt

Resigning from the R.F.C. in 1926 Buck went to England to fly the proposed England-to-India route for Imperial Airways which, like a lot of "advancements of aviation", died for lack of finance, so he left England for Canada in March 1926, joining the ranks of "returned" ace pilots who gave our Canada its first opportunity to unfold the North.

To endeavor to portray any of this pilot's experiences in our North would be an incentive for some intelligent person to write a huge book that would pay royalties and Buck would "retire" — so also would those "other" pilots and that would leave us new ones very much like "babes in the woods". So, W.J. went to the Ontario Provincial Air Service in 1925 and 1927 found him with Western Canada Airways, which was the late James Richardson's pride and joy, flying milk out at \$1.00 per quart and corpses back at double fare. Regardless how high they were, the price was always higher in Fokker Universals, Supers and Junkers (water-cooled).

Western Canada contracted for the prairie airmail and Buck as Superintendent made the first trip to Regina and Moose Jaw carrying Royal Mail. This was the opportunity Canadian Aviation needed but once more the ugly head of profit and finance was raised and down fell the hopes of many a young aviation enthusiast.

The "pioneers" returned to the North and further north and Buck was associated with Canadian Airways Limited, which company was born out of Western Canada Airways. He assumed charge of the Flying Box-Car, Junkers C.F.A.R.M., and poked stuff into the Barren Lands, out of Hudson's Bay on floats. He flew with this company as far north as Victoria Island, east to Labrador on skis and floats and all current types of machines but he still regrets the fact that he has not flown over the mountains.

Pilot Buchanan came to No. 5 at the beginning from Wings Limited and began his "instrument" flying in the torture chamber. He checked out on exercises and became one of the staff pilots. After due course, he was promoted to Flight Commander, then to Operations Manager and today he sits in the Assistant General Manager's seat. When you get the chance, ask Mr. Buchanan how he managed to fly so much and get a sheet reading:

No Scratches!
No Bruises!
No Fractures!

(Continued from Page 2)

We are all interested in the strengths and weaknesses of one another or is the evidence of wash-room chats to be disregarded?

Once again, high praise is due the photo section for the excellent shots and portraits provided, to the assistance of all members of the Editorial staff for their co-operation, and for the department and feature write-up news-hawks. If copy does not appear in this issue, it could be because it was late, or through lack of space.

WHY 5¢ A COPY

Advertising pays the cost of most magazines. Some months ago orders were received that no further advertising could be accepted for Air Force Station magazines. This caused the discontinuation of many publications. In face of this, feeling the need was there, the first issue of the "Drift Recorder" was prepared and paid for, from funds that could not be permanently diverted to this purpose.

While your 5¢ does not pay for this magazine in full, if you all participate, the balance can be raised and the "Drift Recorder" will be a permanent part of No. 5. It is up to you.

WHO PAYS FOR WAR?

Do we all realize that the cost of war comes out of our pay cheques? We can all make this burden lighter for ourselves by conserving material, avoiding waste and protecting equipment.

Every broken tool or instrument, every bit of wasted material, every broken wing tip is paid for by our taxes!

LET'S ALL BE CAREFUL!

"POT POURRI .."

TWO COCKNEYS STOP OVER AT WINNIPEG

Lor', blimey, George, an' ain't it cold -
So this is Winnipeg,
Me nose feels tho' it wasn't there,
Me blinking ears feels dead.

I didn't know as 'ow it was
As cold as this out 'ere..
I fink it spoils yer appetite
As far as drinking beer.

Well, anyway one wouldn't 'urt,
It gives yer 'art a cheer.
Let's go an' ask this bloke in furs
Whot's standing over 'ere.

Why, blow me, it's a copper, George,
And bust me blooming 'at,
Whot would they say in London now
If cops was dress'd like that?

Forget the beer, let's stroll along.
My! ain't the gals a treat,
All painted up just like the ones
Yer sees on Regent street.

Naw, look at them 'ere tramway cars,
And motor cars as well,
And blokes in spats and bowler 'ats
Like any West End swell.

But where's the blinking Injuns, George,
And broncho busters, too?
Why, everyone looks civilized
The same as me and you.

I figure out we have been done,
But won't catch me again,
This ain't no wild and woolly west,
Let's get back to the train.

— John E. U.

Each of two screwball cavalry rookies was given a horse.

"How are we going to tell them apart?" asked one.

"I'll cut off my horse's mane," suggested the second. So, they trimmed one horse's mane, but it soon grew out again. The first screwball then cropped his horse's tail but it, too, soon grew out.

"Let's measure the horses," suggested the first screwball. Sure enough, it worked. The white horse was two inches taller than the black horse.

METEOROLOGICAL SECTION L.A.C. W.M.H. BOYCE

The "Met" Section — always one of the most efficient sections of #5 (are we kidding?) — should be more effective than ever now, with three new airmen and an additional civilian all added to its staff since the beginning of the year. Yes, L.A.C.'s Bill Cavanaugh, from London, Ont. and more recently of Saskatoon; "Ducky" Dean, from Craik, Sask., and Bill Boyce (to uphold the honour of the East) from Montreal; as well as Mr. Ernie Allison from nearby Kenora have all added their respective weights to the staff to such an extent that old-timers such as Don McMullen, Sgt. Golsworthy and Cpl. Dale hardly recognize the place where they started their good work many months ago. No longer are 12-hour shifts and widely scattered "48's" necessary — rather it is a case of coming to work early to make sure of a seat.

Congratulations are in order this month to Bill Cavanaugh, who was presented with a red-headed baby boy on St. Valentine's day by his wife. A nice Valentine, say we. Bill claims the little tyke looks exactly like his father. Imagine starting life with a handicap like that? We haven't delved fully into Henry Capelle's recent temporary duty at Prince Albert and are, therefore, assuming that the evident pleasure he derived from the stay up there was from a purely educational point-of-view. Of course, as we all know, education is a wide field?!?! These 3 A.M. sessions with the boys on the graveyard shift are proving quite profitable to George Rawson (ask Benny) — we hope his luck keeps up as it is really a great morale builder. Talking about morale builders, Billy Boyce brought his own favorite morale builder around to the section for a short visit a week or so ago. She is IAW Chadney, from Springside, Sask., and stationed at Paulson. We are all hoping to see her again, especially Billy, who walked around with a far-away look in his eyes for a week after she left town. Lloyd Slind is walking around these days with a twinkle in his eye and a frog in his throat. We strongly suspect the latter is caused by nervous tension. Watch this column for future developments. See you all next month.



HAPPY LANDINGS.

"PARACHUTE SECTION."

by... C.J. CURRIE.

Back in the year 1797, man made his first parachute descent. This daredevil was a Frenchman whose name was Garnerin. In 1802 he again jumped; this time over London from a balloon at a height of 8,000 ft.

Although these jumps were successful, we must not forget that there were some tests which ended in tragedy for those who were trying to perfect a means of descent for men of later years. Statistics now show that the odds against a parachute not opening are a million to one, with records showing no fatalities in the last twenty-thousand jumps.

However, up to the year 1920, our knowledge in the world of parachuting was still limited. Had it been more than a novelty during World War I no doubt scores of more lives would have been saved.

There are many arguments as to what is the lowest altitude a successful landing may be made. Records show successful jumps have been made from 150 and 130 feet; and to go the other way from a height of 34,000 feet, taking 2 minutes and 20 seconds to reach the earth.

Getting closer to home, let's look in on our own Parachute Dept. To begin with, this is an "Out of Bounds" area to most members of the Station. On entering, one sees a very long table and quite a number of shelves filled with very neatly packed bundles.

In this Dept. we have a staff of three — two "lovely ladies" well versed in parachute packing (and no doubt other things), and one male. These people are charged with looking after that bundle of silk, upon which some day some man's life may depend.

There are several types of parachutes, but all cost in the same price field of \$300.00 each. This is not a great amount when you consider the material used and the amount of time spent in the making of them.

Each chute consists of about seventy yards of finest silk (some nylon) and some 400 yards of silken cord. The average chute when opened is 24 feet in diameter. In the care of parachutes, it is required that each be opened every 30 days and thoroughly inspected and allowed to hang open for 24 hours. Packing requires from 20 to 30 minutes from start to finish.

Although opportunity has not arisen for any of our "chutes" to be used, no one knows when that time may come, hence the girls continue sacrificing stockings that some young airman may have a "Happy Landing".

(Many thanks to Ruth Latham, on the switchboard for her industry in typing our slugs of copy that our reporters had forgotten ought to be typed, Ed.)

