

SHIRLEY DILL  
*Maintenance*





Our new Sports Committee has done a grand job in getting several softball leagues under way and now with a Station Sports Committee organized and in full swing, the sport pages of our newspapers should be recording our athletic achievements almost daily. Congratulations to the baseball and softball teams for their good showing to date, and orchids to our Soccer Boys for their victory over the City League leaders in a recent exhibition game.

There should be no need to go down town for our bowling next winter! The plans for the Drill Hall in the new site have now been approved and one lean-to will boast a four-lane bowling alley. It has been heard that steps are underway to organize a Recreation and Social Club to take advantage of the many facilities of the New School. What about a School Orchestra and Dance Band? Its up to the musicians -- with a little organization we should be able to find our own orchestra to grace the opening festivities at the new site.

It is agreed that two heads are better than one, therefore, it should follow that 1300 heads will do a better job too. Now that we are actually moving into the New School, we have the opportunity to make it the most up-to-date School in the whole country. If our readers have any suggestions for improvements or changes in accommodation, or facilities, just address a note to the Manager or C.S.O. and it will have every consideration. It does not matter what the subject may be, from the handling of aircraft to lounge accommodation, for if it will improve the efficiency or comfort of No. 5 A.O.S., we will do our best to put your suggestions into effect.

#### Civilian Staff Organizes for Sports

At a recent meeting held in the Pilot's Mess, the following Sport's Representatives from the various departments of the Civilian Staff were present:

W. Schoyen	Stores
H. Nicholson	Shops - No. 2 Hangar
P. McKenzie	No. 2 Hangar
L. Burgess	No. 2 Hangar
O. Cleven	No. 2 Hangar
J. Houston	No. 1 Hangar
P. Pellissier	No. 1 Hangar
M. Holland	Radio Despatch
J. Ross	Radio Maintenance
J. Crombie	Commissionaires
E. L. Cenn	Administration
A. Raeside	Parachutes
J. Kirk & G. McNeil	Pilots
G. Thompson	Motor Transport
A.E. Doner	Works and Bldgs.
G. Jansen	Link Trainer
D. Tempest	Canteen
E. Hodge	maintenance & Flight Office

P. Thomas	Girls No. 1 Hangar
H. Symonds	Girls No. 2 Hangar

From the above meeting the following Executive Officers were elected:

Honorary President:	Mr. D.S. Ormond
President:	E. L. Cenn
Vice-President	A. Raeside
Secretary	M. Holland,
Asst. Secretary	E. Hodges
Treasurer	G. Jansen

Advisory Committee being made up of the above representatives.

Plans for an active summer program were discussed fully at this meeting.

The following Men's Softball teams have been entered in the Inter-Section league, which has been divided into three groups. Group "A" comprises-- Officers A and B; Pilots; Spitfires, (Maintenance), W.A.G.'s and Staff (Air Force).

The "B" Group includes Rangers (Maintenance) Ansons (Maintenance), Pilots, and Three classes from the Navigators.

Group "C" is comprised from the different classes of Navigators. At the time of going to press, the writer is tipped off to watch those Spitfires go, from information obtained this team has only had one defeat to date.

In the Inter-Station league we have entered a Softball team, comprised of Air Force and Civilian personnel. This league includes teams from M.D. No. 10, No. 7 Equipment Depot, and No. 5 Air Observer School. No. 5 A.O.S. team at present heads this league, with only one loss recorded against them. Wilf Schoyen of the Stores Staff has been doing some nice pitching for No. 5, and Freddie McNabb has been doing well at Short Stop.

A combined team from No. 5 A.O.S. and No. 7 Equipment Depot, have entered into the "B" division hard ball league, which play all their games at the Osborne Stadium. Ed. McRae from the stores staff did some pitching for this team, until his side, which is not quite strong enough yet from his recent operation, did not permit him continuing further play. Fred McNabb from the Radio Maintenance has also played a little with this team. At the time of writing this team is well up in the league standings.

A recently formed Girls Softball team is now open for exhibition games with any other Station Girls teams. This team include the following players: Gloria Smith, P. Thomas, B. Gordon, L. Stocker, B. Hayes, H. Biberdorf, I. Bolton, E. Purper, M. Briggs, D. Craggs, C. Pitre, G. Williams. They

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# HOW TO FLY A JENNY (J.N.4.)

(Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Rouse on being questioned on the Aircraft of this piece, remember it as the standard Trainer for American and some R.F.C. fliers of the last war. It was a two place bi-plane, frequently with a four-cylinder radial engine--even on landing. Both gentlemen are inclined to feel that much of the humor below was grimly realistic and not very funny in practice....Ed.)

## Inspection:

It is best not to inspect the aeroplane. If you do, you will never get in it.

## Getting into Cockpit:

Do not climb into cockpit in the usual manner. If you put your weight on the lower wing panel it will fall off, and, besides, your feet will go through the wing -- probably spraining the ankle. The best way to get into the cockpit is to climb over the tail surfaces and crawl up the turtle back. Be sure to brush the squirrel and gopher nests out of the seat. Be sure not to cut your hand on the remnants of the windshield.

## Instruments:

After having lowered yourself carefully into the seat, and having groped in vain for a safety belt, take a good look at the instruments, both of them. The other is the Altimeter and it functioned perfectly up until 1918, when the hand came off. Look at them now, for after the engine starts you can't see them.

## Starting the Motor:

The switch is on the right. It isn't connected but it does give a sense of security to the mechanic who is pulling the prop over, to hear the switch click, when you say "switches off". If, for some reason, the motor does start, don't get out to pick up the unconscious and bleeding mechanic, as he really did deserve it.

## Warming up:

Don't warm up the motor. It will only run a few minutes anyway, and the longer you run it on the ground, the less flying time you will have in the air. After the throttle is open do not expose any portion of your body beyond the edge of the cowling. It is no fun to have your face slapped by a flying rocker arm, or to be peppered by small bits of piston rings, valves, etc., that are continually coming out of what were once the exhaust stacks.

## The Take-Off:

The take-off is in direct defiance of all the laws of gravity. If you have a passenger, don't attempt it.

## The Flight:

After you have dodged through the trees, wind-mills and chimneys, until you are over the lake,

you will notice a large hole in the left side of the fuselage. This hole is to allow the stick to be moved far enough to the left to get sufficient bank to allow a left turn. Never try a right turn.

## The Landing:

The landing is made in accordance with the law of gravity. If the landing gear doesn't collapse on the first bounce, don't worry, it will on the second. After you have extricated yourself from the wreckage and helped the spectators put out the fire, light a cigarette, and with a nonchalant shrug, walk, don't run, away.

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## Ode to "69" Navigators

*By* LAC W.G. Ramsay (Now P/O)

'Twas away back in the winter,  
As the snow blew soft and fine.  
That a motley bunch blew into camp  
To form Course 69.  
There was little Tommy Melvin,  
Ogle, Poole, and E.T.A.  
And then wee Jimmie Reid sneaked in  
And asked if he could stay.  
There are others of our number  
Who have earned their right to fame,  
But we haven't got the time, just now  
To call them all by name.  
When the going was the toughest,  
Just to ease our grief a bit,  
We've depended on Mike Murray  
For his sparkling Irish wit.  
'Twasn't long before they showed us  
How to work our Dalton G's;  
What was meant by D/F bearings,  
E.T.A.'s, and M.T.B.'s.  
Then they worried us with signals,  
Aircraft rec., and maps and charts,  
And we had to know our compass,  
How it worked and all its parts.  
We were forced to learn the difference  
'Tween a planet and a star;  
Why the cold front chased the warm one,  
How it bent the isobar.  
Then we had to hold a rendezvous  
With Betelgeuse at nights.  
And we'd bang away at stars and such  
To get our sextant sights.  
Then we'd sit there in the classroom  
While the stove was piping hot.  
And we'd grab a sizzling star shot out  
To see how it would plot.  
When we flew beneath the cumulus,  
Or through a storm we ran  
We have often launched our dinner  
In that little cardboard can.  
And altho we now leave No. 5  
To go our varied ways  
The memory of old "69"  
Will live through all our days.  
We will meet with different fellows  
And they may be very fine,  
But they don't come any better  
Than the boys from "69".

**"COMPTON of No.5.**  
by **D. DUVAL . . . . .**

The goose is a mighty fine flier, but he too had to have a mother to guide him to his first solo. To walk from a creep stage is a period of instruction and I don't think there is any record of a proud parent giving out with an instructional creeping demonstration to the current offspring. Someone had to start on two feet otherwise we might yet be on all fours looking up instead of down. Right in the middle of aviation's creeping stage was our Chief Instructor John Howard Compton, and now in aviation's sturdy-legged walking stage he is putting a certain finish on fledgling wings who will be "greats" in aviation's "Perseus" stage.

Howard's job is not "what was" but "what is" in respect to the ones that come under his jurisdiction. Many a good aircraft has been written off by someone who "has had" a lot of so-called "time". The human body is purported to be composed 80% of water, but I believe Compton made a deal for 40% Aspirin as I never hear him complain of a headache.

Darlingford, Manitoba, claims this Canadian who began to fly at Curtiss Field, Long Island, N.Y. by paying \$500.00 for 10 hours instruction which amount entitled him to own a "powered glider" known as a Curtiss Jenny (less motor). Engines could be purchased from the Curtiss Factory at \$400.00 and from the instructors at \$100.00 up. The idea behind this instructional plan was an abundance of Jennys and O.X.5 engines, but no matter how it was figured out the dual fee was \$50.00 an hour which wasn't any incentive to waste time and I'll wager it made the time-keepers and the instructors sort of harem favorites. The ground course consisted of assembling and making the engine installation in your own Jenny and then, (horrors) testing your own mechanical ability by the newly acquired art of flying your own mistakes.

this was in 1923 and Howard's associations brought him in contact with personalities like Ralph Sperry and his Lawrence powered 3 cylinder bi-plane, the Sperry messenger, Doolittle, Williams, Acosta and Pitcairn, the millionaire pilot, who made a study of types and, with his associates, a European study of Autogiros, Curtiss Field was the hangout for the veterans, and although Howard was a demonstrator with a total of six only, (should have said lonely) hours, he acquired a lot of additional instruction by flying Bert Acosta and the "boys" down to the beach on Long Island in his Jenny, getting "dual" in return.

The Toronto Exhibition lured John back to Canada where the outfit known as Skywriting Inc. put on a show advertising Luckies, and the Daily Mail (England) with 12 aircraft, manned by 11 Englishmen and one American. There were no American pilot licenses at this time so barnstorming was quite in order. After the show

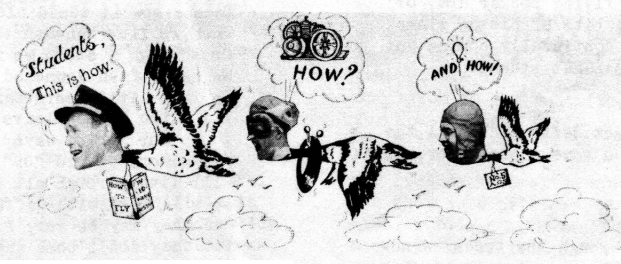
he went back south and worked with Bill Stultz, who, by the way, flew Amelia Earhart to England, assembling and testing Italian Ansaldo's powered with a 220 H.P. in-line water-cooled engines and a plywood (hand-work) fuselage which gave out a 145 cruise. When they finished this job Howard worked with C.S. Ireland disposing Jennys, Orioles and M.F. Flying Boats (160 h.p. 3 place) for Curtiss Aircraft to prospective buyers who became owners after persuasion and a certain amount of "dual".

Barnstormers, like our robins, go South for the winter, and Howard spent a lot of time at various resorts, schools and charter flying in Kansas, until 1928, at which time he went to work for Fairchild on aerial photography at Grand Mere near Montreal. Thence to Canadian Airways on bush flying in 71's, 82's, Junkkers and Travelairs carrying loads into northern Quebec mines, ranging from live bulls to women of easy virtue.

After 9 years of Quebec he went to the Ontario Provincial Air Service and was flying fire-fighters out of Sioux Lookout in Moths, etc. Howard played with Ontario fires for three years without getting his Moth's wings singed, becoming quite proficient at "air services speciality" which led him to accept a position as pilot on a Norseman for a mining engineer, flying said gentleman to Ontario's best hunting and fishing spots (hope there is some of this going on after the war) until the machine was turned over to the Norwegian Air Service in a war capacity, at Toronto. After checking the Norwegian instructor out of floats, Howard was a free lancer. This was at the time No. 5 was getting ready to begin and Mr. M.E. Ashton was in Toronto, and his looking eyes were out a foot or so for pilots. It happened and the next thing John Howard was a civilian pilot at A.O.S. No. 5.

John's most embarrassing moment occurred in bush flying with Junkkers A.T.F. between Mistassini Lake and Oskelaneo, when at 4500 he found the rain was turning him into a airborne arctic ice wagon, and quickly. Well over bush is over bush, and when you are gradually losing height you no doubt wonder whether your Mother could have had the right idea after all regarding a musical career as the path to success, and hang the adventure. This was the longest 25 miles Howard has ever flown. After landing with full throttle, he was kept busy for quite some time, melting ice.

As a staff pilot at the School he began to climb thru the overcast one day on a routine flight, with two navigators, and came out on top at 21,000'. The navigators experienced a little oxygen difficulty and their logs were unreadable from 15000' but John let down back on track and never felt any effect whatsoever, not even a "hang-over" next day. There is a more embarrassing chapter still to (Continued on page 11)



# YOUR HANDWRITING SPEAKS

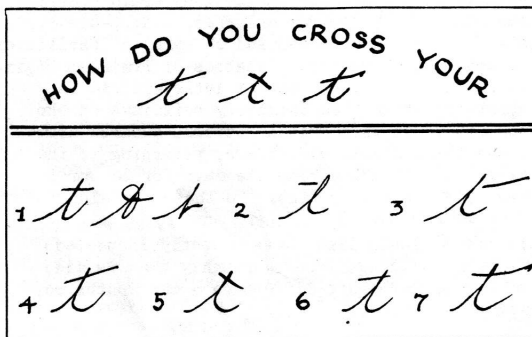
by J. W. Romaniuk

Graphology -- character analysis from hand-writing, has been proved to be reliable when deciphered by an expert. He not only can give the I.Q. and character analysis, but also the physical fitness of the writer. Even an amateur has little difficulty in determining the general character of the writer.

Writing will not only change from year to year, but it can alter during the day. Everyone has noticed how difficult it is at times to write well and evenly.

The letter "T" is a good example to study, and the amateur can readily realize the logic of this study. The above specimens will serve this purpose.

1. All 3 have the same meaning. Average amount of will power and respect for other people's rights. Note the horizontal stroke evenly divided by the vertical stroke of the "T".
2. This writer is hesitant, the stroke is short and ahead of the "T" denoting caution.
3. He is in a hurry and missed the "T" entirely showing energy and exuberance. If the stroke was above the "T" it would also denote temper.
4. The slant upward is generally that of the thinker and day dreamer. His thoughts are in heaven.
5. The downward stroke is that of the toiler. His nose is to the grindstone and he doesn't leave his work incomplete.



6. The light and short stroke as is evident, shows lack of will power.
7. The opposite of 6 is firm, sometimes with a hook at the end, denoting determination. You can almost see the chin sticking out on this writer.

There are also many other features. First of all the I.Q. of the writer must be determined, as in one of above average I.Q. a characteristic may indicate a virtue, whereas in the writer of below average I.Q. it may mean a vice.

Slanted or upright writing has a meaning, so does spacing of letters, words, or lines; dotting of i's, opened o's, letters formed differently from school copy, and these are only a few by which character analysis may be made.

## The WAGS

-by-

Pilot Officer J. P. Diversi.

Postings are in the air at No. 5 A.O.S., and the ranks of the old W.A.G's have been sadly depleted. Our signals officer, F/O Poff, is among those posted, and he takes with him the best wishes of all whom he came in contact with. A presentation of a certificate of credit was made to him by P/O McMullen, on behalf of the W.A.G's, as a token of their esteem; a stipulation being that he replace his present battered cap of lengthy service, with a brand new one. Sgt. Bert Plank, familiarly known as "the darling of dispatch", has also left No. 5; always gentlemanly and courteous, Bert was a real personality on the station, and the W.A.G's are the poorer for his posting. Sgt. "Bull" Dawson is posted also, and Dispatch will miss his breezy operating in the air. Congratulations go to W.O.2 Griffin, on his recent elevation to rank of Warrant Officer Second class, also to F/Sgts. Stanger, Harrison, and company on their promotions. We welcome to

the Station the new Signals Officer, F/O Clearwater, who brings with him a wealth of experience gained from service in world wars one and two.. We also welcome the new W.A.G's to #5 A.O.S., and trust that the same spirit of Camaraderie will exist among them as did among the old W.A.G's who have left. Pleased to report that P/O Wheelock is out of the hospital, and is now fully recovered from him bout with "Miss Scarlet Fever". P/O McMullen has inherited the job of bar officer from F/O Poff, thus keeping that position among the W.A.G's. "Mac" is a non-drinker, but takes a very keen interest in his new position. Congratulations to Flight Sergeant Spencer, who is to wed Miss Iris McCarthy. Our best wishes go to the happy couple for a bright and prosperous future. As these are the writer's last notes before leaving this school, the posted W.A.G's have asked me to express, permedium of the pages of the Drift Recorder, their sincere appreciation of their very happy stay at No. 5 A.O.S.

# "Over There"

by LAC Wm. H. Boyce

Throughout the long winter and wet spring months those of us whose duties take us out on the tarmac and taxi strip, have watched with growing interest the slowly-increasing building development progressing on the Southwest edge of the aerodrome. We have known that eventually they would comprise our home -- our modern, enlarged, and up-to-date station. As time passed and our present facilities became more overcrowded, classes of Trainees began to follow each other over at intervals, to be quartered in the new dormitory buildings on the new site. At this writing several hundred airmen spend their nights over there, returning to the Ferry Road School during the days for lectures, meals, and flying duties. To these men alone this article may not be news -- they know what the new #5 looks like, have probably inspected the many buildings more thoroughly than we did, and can picture what difference a few months may mean to the place.

However, many of our civilian and service personnel are wondering just what their new station will be like -- and the main question on everybody's lips is "When do we move?" Oft have we heard dates mentioned, oft have these dates slipped by, and still we remain. Perhaps this article can at least partially answer those queries, and at the same time give our readers some idea of what awaits them over yonder. It is quite possible that some sections may be in operation over there by the time this article is in print -- but even if this is so we doubt if they will have had much time for inspection tours -- moving is a big job and will keep everybody busy reorganizing and rearranging before we can eventually feel at home in our new quarters. One thing is certain -- if each and every one of us tackles the temporary extra burdens which will befall us at moving time, with the proper spirit of cheerfulness and co-operation -- then the move will be made that much more quickly and efficiently and the job will be over before we realize it.

From a hurried examination of all the buildings on the new site, it is clear that when all construction is completed and the contractors have "folded their tents" we will have a station second to none in the Air Training Plan. As the old saying, "An army marches on its stomach" is still true when applied to working and training it is among the first essentials that the Mess Hall be completed before much can be done in other directions. Completed it will be, too, probably by the time this article appears, and it is really up-to-date. Equipped as it is with modern steam-table equipment, ranges, dish washers, electric baking and mixing equipment, and with multiple small rooms for storage of meats, vegetables and other edibles, it is arranged to accommodate civilians, N.C.O.'s, and airmen, and has a capacity roughly five times that of the present Mess Hall.

To provide still more comforts for the inner man, and to provide as well those other vital necessities required by the personnel who will make the station their home, no fewer than

three separate canteen buildings have been scattered about the site. In contrast to the conditions under which our present canteens are operated they will provide ample room, equipment and facilities to meet the requirements of all. We have heard rumours to the effect that one of these canteens is to be set aside especially for the civilian personnel. If such is actually the case we wish to register our objection here and now. The canteen is a place where all personnel can meet, get to know each other better, and generally "let down their hair". If we are to expect the greatest co-operation possible between the various departments and sections, air-force and civilian alike, there should be a place where they can meet informally to discuss mutual problems and so increase efficiency -- and what better place for this than in the canteens. Let us keep them unrestricted if possible.

One of the greatest improvements, and one of the most impressive buildings on the station, is the new G.I.S. There, in a double-storied H-shaped edifice, are upwards of thirty large classrooms, as well as a number of rooms for special instructional purposes, and innumerable smaller offices for instructors, equipment, etc. One of the several new features in the G.I.S. building is an observation gallery -- judged by your reporter to be especially built for the benefit of those star and sun-shooters, whom we see around us every day equipped with their Mark IX's. In the low-set roof of this gallery there are a series of astro-hatches, and it will be no trouble whatsoever for the budding nav's to stick their necks up through the roof to keep check on the movements of the all-important heavenly bodies. Another new feature, adjacent to the G.I.S. is the building which will, when completed, be the Synthetic Navigation Trainer. Not a very large building it has a totally different appearance from those surrounding it, and forms a real landmark on the site.

The quarters for officers, N.C.O.'s, women and airmen are all built on the modern double-tiered style and are certain to provide ample comfortable accommodation for the staff and trainees when all complete. Inside the main entrance to the women's quarters we noted a large reception room, and look forward to the time when it will be well equipped with chesterfields, radios, etc. and of course decorated tastefully according to the whims of feminine fancy.

Down in the Hangar area we were slightly amazed at the amount of territory covered by the double-double hangar. It is far from completed but will certainly house a goodly number of aircraft when it is. It reminds one of an aircraft assembly line building -- it is so long. Other new and improved sections apparent are a modern firehall with Crash Tender and Hose-Wagon already on the premises; a Motor Transport Section of substantial proportions with garage space which practically quadruples that at present available. Mr. Mutch's department, too, should be well pleased with the new set-up. Works and Buildings offices, workshops, and storage sheds, are provided in a separate section of the camp and we expect this de-

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## CLASSES IN REVIEW

### Course 79A:

This is 79A coming your way! There never has been and never will be another 79A. (Thank heaven). Such an associated medley of humans as would delight any psychologist's heart. Blondes, brunettes, and even a red head, not that there aren't any in other courses, but they aren't quite the same. There is a subtle difference, nothing pronounced -- just a little hidden something.

Lets have a look into our classroom -- only a few instructors have had that privilege; among them, four Aircraft Recognition Instructors, who at this very moment are probably playing poker with grim faces -- the stakes are high! The loser must take over 79A. One of them has to lose and the thought of this sends visions of hari-kari scampering through their minds!

In class our tribe is a rather sleepy and dejected appearing little group -- in fact our gen man, Mr. Scott, strolled in the other day to find the whole class slumbering. The last ten minutes of every navigation period is spent in heated discussion on the merits and demerits of Australia, England and Canada. Mr. Fox, the chief of our little tribe, from the land of the kangaroo, is an ardent admirer of Australia. Our famous seven R.A.F. members are enthused over England. And the remainder of us add the odd good word for Canada. Every once in a while Colorado Ewonus opens his sleepy eyes and draws out the merits of -- you guessed it -- Colorado! When Mr. Scott arrives to unfold to us the mysteries of D/F and all that it means, listlessness falls away as the clothes from a strip tease girl. There is a general shuffling of feet, rubbing of eyes and looks of beguiling innocence appear on several faces, especially the disturbing R.A.F. element. The "R.A.F." what a wealth of meaning is contained in those magic symbols. The "R.A.F." the underpaid, overworked, section of the Community whose devotion to duty is so well known, and without whom 79A would cease to be.

The loss of this little band of adventurers (sixth week exam?) would no doubt be a source of everlasting regret to Mr. Fox and Mr. Scott, who regard each and every one as his brain child. Recently Gray and Chuter, two of our R.A.F. members, became aware of the dangers that Canadians face in every day life. While strolling peacefully through a field they saw a shadow fall across their path and glancing up, gazed for the first time at two terrifying dragon flies. The lads bolted and last seen were in full retreat with the dragon flies vainly trying to keep up.

It seems that bouquets should be handed out to all who have had a hand in the messing facilities on this station. The boys still can't get over the thrill of having someone standing over you, just waiting to shove another piece of delicious pie your way. Really a grand way to win friends and influence people. On top of this, the officers of 79A are very popular in the classroom as well as one the football diamond. We are also proud to have amongst us that distinguished person Cpl. Mallen, who spends most of his time looking after our interests,

Along the sports trail 79A is setting a fast pace under the leadership of Des Pitts. With no losses in softball to date, its reported that we're rated highly as contenders for those dazzling silver mugs. George Hope, our star twirler, led No. 5 A.O.S. to a well earned victory over No. 7 E.D. the other evening, which should make opposing batters feel very unhappy. We've heard lately that 79B has a softball team -- how interesting!

"I'll Never Smile Again" Ferris spent the most unenjoyable forty-eight of the current season when his rather healthy grin caught the eye of the drill Sgt. on parade square. What did Frankie say about his forthcoming forty-eight -- "I've had it."

Well -- you've had it for now!

### Course 75A Navigators:

"Some look upon it with wonder, some hear it with wonder, and yet others even after hearing about it know it not", which, being interpreted means that during the last few weeks we have been introduced to the mysteries of Astro.

Something such as this was all that was needed to convince us finally that navigation stands in the same class as meteorology -- a science in its infancy relying solely upon an element of luck seasoned with an odd sprinkling of guesswork -- sorry, estimation -- and adjustment; the whole being rescued from catastrophe by generous hearted pilots who are pastmasters in the gentle art of track crawling.

This atmosphere of frustration was happily dispelled one afternoon, long will it be remembered, when the object of all navigation was revealed to us in strict confidence by the great White Wag Himself. Do not repeat this or discuss it in letters to your girl friends, but we have it on his authority that navigation is merely an aid to D/F. Had this been made clear to us from the start we should have been saved much unnecessary mental torture. All is now clear. D/F is an aid to fixing position, and navigation is used solely to provide a means of knowing where to plot the D/F bearings. This all dovetails easily with Astro, which will provide, with suitable adjustments, a really accurate check upon which hemisphere one happens to be flying in at a particular moment. The whole presents a scientific symphony of accuracy which is a delight to work with. That this is fully appreciated by the powers that be, is shown by their careful insistence upon plotting to the nearest half degree and half mile, rough work really, but a concession made to novices in the art.

However we are getting the hang of things by now and the course is proud of its reputation as keen types, so much so that not one of our number raised any objection to flying during a forty-eight hour leave and also the following three Sundays. The advent of third detail night flights is hailed with glee, since the romance of the starry heavens has us in its grip and all that worries us is that we have so few

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## DEPARTMENTAL

### Dispatch Office

With most of our staff taking their holidays some time this month, the office is even quieter than usual, providing of course that that is possible. Murial Holland has just returned from the coast and is still trying to convince Kay McRae, who has just spent two weeks in Toronto, that the west has it all over the east. It's rather a difficult task, as Kay has her own personal Reason for liking the east. Gert Gillis, Alma Crump and Jeanne Chavanne, have just come back from a trip to Norway House, as brown as the many Indians they have seen there.

All but three of the girl operators can now boast of having been up in an Anson. Although the trip was rather short, all agree that it was a tremendous help in understanding the difficulties under which our friends the Wags have to operate and in creating a wider knowledge of the apparatus they're working with.

Helen Hawkins is leaving us for a while. Hope to see you back soon Helen. Welcome to Marie Zepp who has just joined our staff.

Two Wags sit at their HRO  
To fathom this they'd like to know.  
Over the air a Dah and six dits --  
Could it be a five or a six?  
The position plotted by our Jo  
Appears to be over Tokyo.

Now where could little Willie be?  
Of course he's on tower frequency.  
They send the wx slow and clear  
An IMI they're sure to hear,  
But they won't blame it on the fellas  
It's probably the Fifivellas.

Suggested by the girls as an answer to the remark about the Gremlins on the keys of the Dispatch Office.

### Stores

Since the last issue of the "Drift Recorder" we have had a few happenings worth recording.

Mr. Quinn spent a week at Edmonton going over a few "grievous" items with Mr. Bishop, Chief Store-keeper at No. 2 A.O.S., an everlasting impression being made by Edmonton and its activities. Since his return, Mr. Quinn has been gaining fame as a horticulturist and after seeing samples of the potatoes grown in his Victory garden, Mr. Buchanan has taken a back seat in the art of vegetable culture.

As soon as the Auditor General could be disposed of, Bill Pattern had a busy week-end over at No. 7 Equipment Depot reconciling our records with those of our parent depot. This being done, we are now free from one worry for a few months.

Well, the holiday season is here at last -- in fact it is over for three members of the Stores Staff, who have returned looking fit and ready to take on all the work they can. We have made an addition to the Stores staff in the person of Mr. Jack Haymen, who shows signs of being a worthwhile addition. indeed. We won't dwell too long on the subject of moving to our new quarters, that's a subject too well worn. We do hope for an official move soon, the sooner the better. This anxiety is terrible!

### Canteen

Among our talented Girls of the Canteen, we find we have a poetess. She has composed a poem which we think covers most of the news for this month. Good work Louise -- keep it up.

We all offer our best wishes to Iris McCartney who is to be married to one of our W.A.G's, James Spencer. Best of luck to the Happy Couple.



Dot Tempest and Kay Hardwick pose for LAC. Phinney

### CANTEEN CAPERS

With cheery smiles and tripping feet,  
The girls of the Canteen attempt to meet  
The orders large and the orders small --  
From airmen, civies, workers, all.

We wash the dishes and polish the glasses,  
While lucky airmen doze in classes.  
And speaking of classes and glasses and such,  
What makes our glasses disappear so much?

There's an air of romance about the place --  
Cupid has struck with his usual grace.  
For Iris McCartney our pert Irish maid,  
Has plans for her wedding neatly laid.

There are casualties other than those of Cupid.  
Gloria's hand has had a rather bad sprain.  
But we are pleased to report she's at work again.  
Opal is back and oh! do we cheer.  
The canteen without her has been very queer.

Isobel the mistress of our sandwich board,  
Has great fun watching the hungry horde.  
Standing four deep at the counter  
Waiting impatiently their number to encounter  
We don't mind, in fact we like to hear the  
fellows croon.

But please we beg do leave us our spoons.  
Dorothy and Kay grace the airmen's canteen,  
Selling towels and soap to keep airmen clean.

Providing next month the poet still thrives  
We'll attempt more news from our busy hive.  
--- Louise Stocker.

### Telephone Room

Hello everybody! This is the first contribution to our splendid magazine from the Telephone Office, the place where the lines are always "busy". An operator's work is very interesting. We never know what the flash of a light and the opening of a key will bring. Sometimes it's amusing and

(Continued on page 13)

## NEWS AND VIEWS

### The D/F Station

This month's communique will be written during a momentary lull in the fierce battle raging on our front; one operator vs the mosquito hordes. Works and Bldgs. supplied us with screens in the nick of time or else I am afraid this would be written "In Memoriam". The surrounding acreage seems to be the Happy Hunting Grounds for all mosquitoes.....hunting for the D/F Station, and happy when they have found it. Some of the stagnant water nearby was sprayed but that operation seemed only to spur them on to reap more vengeance. We have the biggest and best fed mosquitoes for miles around, believe me.

Our Senior Operator, Rex Mathews, has been confined to the hospital for two weeks undergoing a serious operation. He came through fine but will be home convalescing for several weeks yet. We all wish him a speedy recovery and hope to see him back on the job soon.

Well, we have one W.A.G. who is showing the world that he is ready to settle down. One of our operators, Vic. Lee, became the proud Father of a little bundle of joy a short time ago. Mother and son are doing fine.

The scented air and lipstick in the ashtrays offers constant reminder that the ever-curious female invaded this outpost of #5. Alas, no longer will we be able to boast of the puzzling intricacies and hard work connected with this office. Although they showed marked interest in the work I think they will be content to leave this job as it is.

Since the vacation season has just ended for yours truly this will have to be all for this issue but will see if we can't dig up some news for the next issue.

### MAINTENANCE

The new school is shaping up quite nicely and the question now and has been for some time, is, "When do we move?" There are several good bets on, so that if sometime we pick up and leave suddenly for the other side, you can safely bet there must be a lot of money involved for someone. There are a few new planes behind one of the hangars which makes it almost certain that before very long we'll be on our way.

Roy Pryor has left for the navy and you can picture our five feet of "Dynamite" in a navy uniform. He was also the guest of honor at a farewell party held at the Traveller's Hall. Everyone attending had a very enjoyable time. We wish Roy all the Luck in the world, and hope that it will not be long before we see him again.

Holidays are here again and several of the staff have already had theirs, or are soon leaving for what we hope will be a very enjoyable time. Some have gone on trips, while others are visiting Winnipeg. You no doubt would be surprised to learn of the places that you can visit in the city. We do hope that you all have a good time and come back feeling that this time we can really "Finish the Job". Sorry to hear that several of the staff have been on the sick list, Louise Beckman, Pat Hassan,

Phelma Cavers, Joy Thomson, Frank Lewis, Grace Petersen and Dot Coppin are the unfortunate ones who have had to spend these few glorious summer days in bed. Dot had an operation for appendicitis and Grace had tonsils removed. Both decided to go in at the same time so that they would be company for one another, the result being that Grace could not talk so Dotty still was lonely. Too bad!

Our Met men has been very good to us of late and we are having some very nice days with the odd weekend also -- here's hoping that by September it is all rained out. Yes -- seems there are some holidays due about then!

Our Mary from the No. 2 Hangar office went and was quietly married on July 3rd. She is now away on holidays. We congratulate Mary and wish her lots of good luck.

Leg-painting has become quite an art. Overheard was the fact that a shop was to open for such a trade with seam painting a specialty. The trade should prove very interesting.

Mr. Ruse enjoyed a week at Lac-du-Bonnet, rather a surprise holiday to several of us when we arrived at work to learn that he had silently stolen away in the night! At the time income Tax was the great problem of many people!!

The girls' softball got underway but seems that it has died, the scores of our only two games were no indication of play and we surely can make a better showing than has been. We sincerely hope that before this issue is out, some one has revived the enthusiasm. I honestly believe that with such players as Bumpy Gordon, Bubbles Hayes, Marion Walker, Helen Bieberdorf, Pearl Thomas, Louise Stocker and several others we could turn out an unbeatable team -- what say girls?

Several new girls have been added to the staff of both hangars. Welcome to No. 5 and we hope that you enjoy your work as well as the staff.

Janet Shorter and Alice Steel have left, -- we are sorry to see them go.

In Freddie's little black book where he writes down little things such as why people have not been in to work, he has a record that reads something like this: Name? Reason: "Hangover" -- this night life that some of our office staff (male) lead, must be very hard.

Fred Newlove has been on a camping trip and at the time this news was sent to the publisher he had not returned but you can bet he will have some good fish stories to tell. At least we are hoping so!

Did you hear about the Test Pilot whose wife, being on holidays decided that he would do some washing. very cautiously he put everything into the washer, including a pair of blue socks, and the result was that everything, including a tan sports shirt, was tinted a lovely shade of blue. Not being stumped by that he decided to clear that up and put a half bottle of dainty white into the tub and turned out

the most beautiful white shirt one has seen in a long time -- sock included! Warning to husbands whose wives are going on holidays. Better luck in the future.

Trips to the beach are the thing these days and several of the gangs are finding them very profitable, especially some lads from number two. With gas rationing people are using the trains and have really been making it one big happy family, going down, but coming back has its own problems.

K. Williams and Claudia Smith held a farewell party for Gordon Mitchell on Friday night July 16th. We wish "Mitch" lots of luck in his new field and hope that he will drop in to see the gang if ever around this way. He was presented with a cigarette lighter.

Margaret from instruments is going to take the long step to the altar in the very near future but after it is over she will be back. Congratulations, Margaret.

#### R. & L. Catering

We believe before this goes to press, it is really going to happen ??? We will be serving meals in the new Mess hall. After the cramped quarters we have here the new hall looks tremendously big, but we hope it will soon feel like home to everyone.

This month we have been up against three R's, Races, Rain and Rations. The races left us flat; the rations still bother us a lot, but keep us slim, and the rain is certainly doing its best to take the joy out of life.

As you all know Tuesday (C.O.'s parade) means early breakfast, but most Tuesdays when we arrive at the crack of dawn, all out of breath, the fair Adonis at the big stove calls, "There's no parade today -- track's too heavy". However we believe our boys after living in the "wilderness" as they call new No. 5, would make good mudders on any track.

There is one thing the boys will never forget even when they fly to new horizons and that is our friendly Manitoba gumbo, but we think they will be glad to have it in their memories and not on their feet.

We were very sorry not to be in a position to give tea to the last Grads but with our move in sight and packing going on, it was quite impossible. However our hearts went with them and we wish them all the luck in the world.

Mr. Ratson has again come to the fore, very generously and has donated a trophy to the Soft Ball League. We of course will all take a keen interest in the games and hope the boys keep the lovely "mug" here.

(last reference is to the trophy and not to our "Abe". ---Ed.)

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(Continued from page 7)

flights left in which to experience that wonderful sense of peace and rest which comes over all who contemplate the quiet stars.

We leave you thus, with a picture of quiet industry and contented striving, but will someone please tell us why we are doing it?

\* \* \* \* \*

Down by the old mill he tried to kiss her but she wouldn't kiss him by a dam site.

## PILOTS

Greetings to all from the "you fix 'em we bust 'em" department. Everything is well with the Pilots these days. Few woes reported from the Flight Commanders, and the boys on exercises seem to be flying enough to keep happy. Although rumor has it that one Sunday night, in the midst of all the commotion, one of the local Supermen stepped out of his ship on the parking lot, disappeared into a mudhole, and wasn't heard from 'till the next afternoon! Pilot Training Department is going full blast. Some wit dubbed the instrument refresher course the "Compton Cure", and wanted to know if two weeks in a rest home went with it. But we are nevertheless very grateful for the kindly assistance given by our friend Howard.

"Jake" Taylor was passing out cigars (and good ones too) recently on the occasion of a brand new 6 lb. 12 oz. daughter. "She's not only beautiful" says Jake, "but think of the Income-Tax exemption and the extra food rations!" And Sgts. Emmett and McPhee (as inseparable as ham and eggs) received their commissions the same day. "Sure am glad" confided McPhee. "Was afraid to bend over with those shiny old pants."

And here's a welcome to all the pilots who have recently joined the gang. Number 3 AOS Regina sent us Sgt. Pilots Cliff Anderson, Wayne Aikenhead, and Civilian Pilots Eric Badgley, John Findlay, Stanley Rothwell, Sig Olafsson, Howard Becker, Norman Eley and Johannes Snorrossen. Sgt. Kenny McKenzie, former hockey star, came down from Number 2 AOS at Edmonton; Sgt. Albert Middleton shifted from Number 7 AOS Portage, and Sgt. A. Ackron deserted the east in our favor. Hope you like it here fellas.

If you're around the briefing room before and after flights, you can hear many wierd and wonderful things if you aren't deaf. Ralph Worthington was telling me that all these fancy rate one and two turns etc. don't count. "The only one to have down pat," says our representative of the California Chamber of Commerce, "is the 180 degree turn. It's a must!" The Mark I's aren't such bad old crates, even if the gear retraction isn't that new-fangled hydraulic stuff, and the humidity in the cabin is a little high in a rain storm. They say that with a Martin B-26 Marauder if you lose an engine, a red sign flops down on the instrument panel which says "That's all, brother!" And the odd covetous glance it cast at the new Mark V's on the east taxi strip. They really look good, yes sir!

One of those bits of unintentional humor from our friends in the tower. On one of those calm days one of the lads was landing north, brought the ship over the fence at 75 and, despite lots of brake was beginning to wonder if the runway was long enough. In the midst of his troubles the tower called him and said, "Number so and so, keep it rolling please!"

See you next month.....

\* \* \* \* \*

John: "She swears that no man's lips have touched her's."

Bill: "That's enough to make any woman swear."

ODDS AND ENDS  
with  
Anson S. Pents

During a recent snooping circuit Anson A. found himself ensconced in an empty "Shea's" listening to a number of just graduating navigators who were breaking down their reserve and health while telling stories of their experiences. Anson says to tell this story properly would require a very broad accent, but this is the way it went. He also adds that any similarity between the characters and locale in this story, and No. 5 A.O.S. is purely suprising. Needless to say it couldn't happen here. Could it?

It seems that a certain member of the Scotch Foreign Legion was spending a quiet night studying in the down town reference library. Being a hot night the books ran out rather quickly but our friend still looking for a quiet spot to meditate on the amount of work he was planning to do shortly, drifted into one of the "nighteries" for rest and food. Meeting some other "students" he became engrossed completely in the intellectual discourse and when next he looked at his watch computed the time to be nearly 2 A.M.

Now the interesting part of this discovery was that his late pass was for 12 o'clock midnight. Debating mentally the alternatives of leaving town, purchasing a vaulting pole, or trusting to his gaelic accent to confuse the guard, he decided on the latter course.

Finally arriving at the golden gate Scottie came face to face with his problem in the form of a large, stern, S.P. and the following conversation took place:

"What do you want?"  
"I want to sign in."  
"Let's see your pass. Oh! 12 o'clock, eh?"  
The S.P. studies this for a while and then:  
"What's your name and course?"  
Hopefully: "A....., course....., navigators"  
"It is, eh!" Thums over several pages, spies something, scratches head -- "Did you say A...?"  
Scottie, not sure what the score was, but being impressed by this momentary lull in the expected storm, decides to brazen it out.

"Certainly, I said A....."  
Once again the S.P. runs down the list, repeats the head scratching and then fixes "A" with a cold stare. "No you don't, you're not "A", he's signed in".

Scottie, musing on the wiles of well meaning friends, suddenly realizes that maybe he has an opening: "Do you mean to say that you, an S.P. would permit an impostor to sign my name? It will na look so guid on the records."

The implications of this adroit move sank in and the S.P. considering that "realism is the better part of discretion" looks at Scottie and says: "Well, what are you waiting for? Beat it!"

Hugging himself with suppressed glee our late friend makes his way to his hut and after a reasonable amount of effort climbs into bed and immediately is sound asleep.

But that isn't all---just at dawn when Scottie was deep in the heart of Scotland, he becomes conscious of a gentle tapping on his shoulder and with great effort pries open one eye. To his amazement who does he see kneeling at his bedside with anxious eyes but his old pal (now) the S.P.

"Scottie", whispers the S.P., "I'm worried. I been thinking this over -- you won't tell, will you?"

This is almost too much for Scotland, but looking as straight as possible, he mutters, "Go on, let me sleep, you can trust me. I will na let ye doon." and rolls over back into the heather.

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(Continued from page 6)

partment has some very busy days ahead in making final installations, adjustments, alterations, etc. for the various sections when they move over-- not to mention the problem of getting the grounds into some semblance of order after the contractors have evacuated.  
In the recreational field we understand that F/O Myers has selected a good sports ground and will have activities humming over there without interruption -- just as he has here on the Ferry Road site. The frame work of the drill hall is up and it will be completed as soon as the more essential buildings are done. It certainly will provide a real recreational centre for longer fall and winter evenings to come -- with facilities for badminton, basketball, volleyball, tennis, etc. not to mention the bowling alleys which are being planned as an integral part of this building.  
While the grounds in and around the new station are anything but pleasant to look at and walk on at present, there is plenty of evidence to show that it is a well laid-out station, and will certainly more than make up for the disadvantages we have been working under here at Ferry Road for the past months, due to lack of proper working space and accommodation.  
Before signing off we'd like to put in our plea for some sort of transportation service to be provided as soon as things get really organized. We like walking, of course, but we are slightly nervous of what might be hiding in the thick (?) woods which border the road leading to the main gate, and which surround the Administration building -- and we do want some type of protection for our feminine colleagues from wolves (prairie or otherwise). At any rate, for the benefit of all, let us hope the Winnipeg Electric decides to run a little closer to the new #5 A.O.S. than Portage Avenue.

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(Continued from page 4)

come in his life though, and that is the time a guy really wishes he had four legs as two are not rugged enough to hold your torso steady while a strange voice utters "I do" out of your very own mouth. But don't take this literally. He has no idea of ever giving up his much envied single status.

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"Did you ever row a bicycle?"  
"Are you crazy? You don't row bicycles".  
"That's funny -- I rode one."

# THE SPORTS PAGE

by P/O K.B. MYERS.

The summer program is well under way, Cricket, Soccer, Soft-ball, Baseball, Tennis, Rugger, yes even Golf, are now very popular. Now that our Station is rapidly growing, things have gone far beyond our expectations, for example: that wet day last week when each ball diamond and volley-ball court were practically under water, instead of the usual fifty, over one hundred and thirty trainees came out for a sport's period. This did not include the additional fifty leaning up against the far fence taking an Aldis Lamp test at intervals -- the interval being every time north chased south down to its own Soccer goal mouth. Said the Sergeant rather sorrowfully, looking over the approaching jovial crowd: "It is no wonder they are now giving P.T.I.'s a "B" rating when one is expected to keep that many busy on twelve square feet of high ground. Fortunately for all concerned, however, the time tables are usually well planned, and when we get that five acres at the new site many of our troubles will vanish -- we hope.

Eatons have found that P/O's Wheelock, Diversi, and Sgt. Ellis greatly bolster their Cricket team this season, and if we had accommodation and equipment, No. 5 A.O.S. would have a team of its own. Speaking of equipment, when we are really stuck, Mr. Hay, our Auxiliary Officer, usually comes through.

It is now rumoured that F/O's Baby and Pickering will give Golf lessons at reduced rates now that the tournament is over. Anyway fellows, we didn't all bet you to "win", but we're glad you put up such a "good show". Better luck next time.

## Inter-Section Softball League is Popular

In spite of the weather, this league is now well under way. Competition is keen, and most of the games are good. Perhaps it is because all the trainees have their eyes on those twelve cups "Pop" Ratson has so kindly donated to the winning trainee team (one cup to each member). According to F/L Gauthier, and P/O Wilson, 77B, it's a sure bet. This class boasts of players like LAC's Gonor, Neale, and Seale, etc. but don't you other classes get down-hearted -- remember the chips aren't down until the playoffs come -- anyway you can disrespectfully pray for a few wash-outs.

The "A" Group too, boasts of some good teams -- such as Staff, Maintenance and Officers etc. -- yes, even the Pilots turned out last week, and was there ever enthusiasm!! We all hope it lasts.

Even though we run into numerous obstacles on the new station, lets all make a sincere effort to co-operate fully, and see the schedule through.

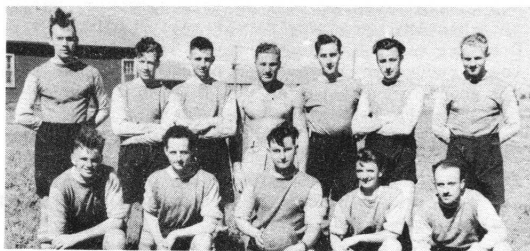
## "B" League Hardball a Success

Under the direction of F/L "Doc" Lindsey and Mr. Graham, No. 5 is building a hardball team second to none in the league. All games are at

Osborne Stadium on Saturday afternoons, and these games merit more support. With such men as P/O's Rock, Norton, Kwisak, and Sgt's. Dorell, Swain, along with the catching of LAC Belton, not forgetting the civilians, McNab and McRae, the team is fast rounding into shape. The Army found it necessary to use Commando tactics to beat us. Later on we took No. 3 Wireless by an 11 to 2 score.

In conclusion, it is a well known fact that every station has a spirit -- be it good or bad. Through the medium of sports, much can be done to boost morale and maintain a good station spirit. Then lets all get together and make No. 5 a sport's minded Station.

(K.B. Myers) F.O.  
P.T. and Drill Instructor.



#5 A.O.S. R.A.F. Soccer Team

Back Row: F. Heath, J. Bourne, S. Palmer,  
Sgt. Schiffer, A. Williams,  
S. Chaplin, H. Pettridge.  
Front Row: G. Baythorpe, T. Hudson,  
S. Pegler, D. Laycock, G. Hardy.  
Missing from picture: E. Ruston, H. Harris.



F/O's Baby and Pickering qualify in Championship Flight in Manitoba Amateur Gold Tourney.

## Station Softball Team

-by-

W.O.2 S.F.W. Norman

Back in the Spring of 1943 (such as it was, and what there was of it), the old baseball bug went on the prowl, nibbling here and there with the result that a fine team was formed from Service and civilian personnel at #5. Sgt. Alm and W.O.2 Norman appointed manager and coach

# SPORTS PAGE

respectively, speedily procured equipment, sweaters and caps, and proceeded to whip a scruffy-appearing squad into a fighting aggregation of keen ballplayers under the fatherly eye of F/O Myers. The team's entry in the City "B" League, pits them against No. 7 Equipment Depot, with the winner of the play-offs getting into a championship tilt with the winner of the City "A" League.

Six games had been played between the teams, with four wins and a game by default against one loss, for the station entry. The sole loss to the tune of 4-3 has been amply revenged of late by drubbings of 16-8 and 17-4, leaving no doubt in the minds of the teams, at least, as to who will meet the "A" Champs.

Past and present players and positions follow:

Pitchers: Wilf Schyer (Stores)  
 F/O Barker, L.A.C. Hope, F/S Paquin(W.A.G.)  
 LAC now P/O Marder of 76 A.B.

Catchers: F/S Duveyjonck (W.A.G.) LAC Belton (Staff)

1st Base: Sgt. Strachan (S.P.) W.O. Ill Norman (Arm)

2nd Base: LAC now P/O Gilchrist, (76 A.B.)  
 LAC Swain (Arm) LAC Schantz (80 A.B.)

3rd Base: LAC Cunningham (71 Nav.)

1st. S.S. LAC Gonor (77 Nav.)

2nd. S.S. Freddie McNab (Radio Section)

Fielders: F/S Sadler (Arm) Sgt. Hughes (Arm) Glen  
 Thompson (M.T.) LAC Neal (77 Nav.)  
 LAC Seal (77 Nav.)

## Personalities in Sport

-by-

Sgt. Schiffer

Since the last edition of our paper, many events have come to pass. For instance, we developed a top soccer team that showed real class by defeating the Army 3-2, the Airforce (represented by No. 3 Wireless) 4 to 1 and the much wanted Scottish 6 to 1. Only the last game was played on our own pitch. Our final game was played against an all star team and they beat us by quite a margin. The boys that represented the school were F/L Douglas, class 72. When this issue comes out we will have played Course 72 and Course 80 AB's on Wednesday and a representative team of the two courses against Scottish in a return match. A couple of good games in the offing. Now about the lads themselves:

Ruston is goal and most of the time not in goal. Rusty is the lad with the white patch of hair and can readily be seen playing either full back or half; doesn't like to be charged and puts his fists up at the sight of an opposing knee.

Williams and Harris -- two stalwart backs -- Harris really outstanding -- good trusty boot and one of the mainstays of the team.

Stan Pegler -- the boy with the tan. Stan organized the team, told us when the team could get off, when F/L Douglas would let them go and generally kept us posted on exams or future flights thereby saving us plenty of headaches. A fine boy.

Heath and Hudson -- Undoubtedly the best on the team. Hudson, or Teddy as he is called, got quite a build up from our local newspapers and did not let them down, living up to advance expectations. Quite a small fellow but wiry and very tricky. Heath a good steady player.

Palmer, Pettridge and Baythorpe -- These boys play good soccer, Baythorpe being a very hard worker but as he used to tell us, the course comes first. Pettridge, has the nicest form as the English call it, we term it class. A player who knows what to do and when to do it without apparent effort. The classiest player.

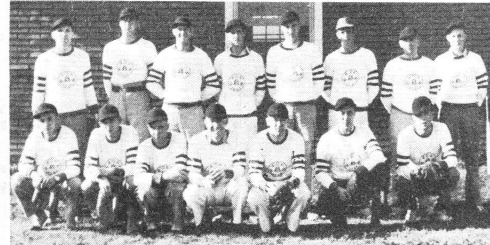
Chaplin and Hardy -- Hardy is possibly the oldest chap on the team, but he really is a good outside left, and certainly was an asset to the team. A word here about Herring of 76 AB who graduated after one game, one of the best outside lefts we have seen.

We have entered a team from No. 5 in the Manitoba Championships and we are going to try to get a complete representation from the School now that we have well over a hundred RAF on the station.

In the Scottish Sports we entered four students and two of the boys brought home prizes.

Nugent from Course 76N was third in the half mile, labouring under a sixty yard handicap to the first man. He was scratch man and at the end of the race he was only five yards behind the winner.

Harling Course 75A, took two jumps in the high jump and cleared 5 ft. 5 in. and came third, the winner doing 5 ft. 7 in.



Left to Right:

Back row--Belton, Hope, Alm, D'Angela,  
 Hughes, Swain, Neale, Messmer.  
 Front row--Gonar, Norman, Spratt,  
 Thompson, McNab, Smith, Shantz.

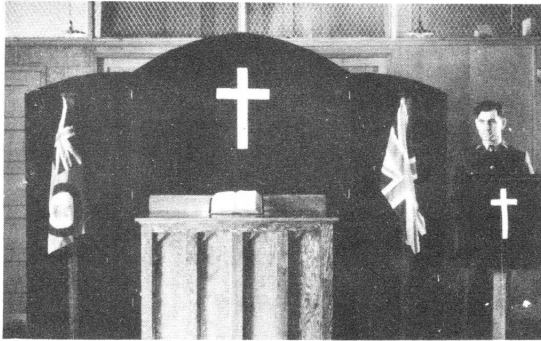
(Continued from page 8)

sometimes it's -- well--"must you ask us something we've never heard of?"

You can imagine the surprise a young lady received the other night when calling No. 5. A.O.S. and asking for a certain department the voice at the other end of the line answered "City Morgue!" All in all it's a grand station to work for and let's keep it that way.

We welcome to our staff Miss Ann Jaron, formerly with the Willson Stationery Company. Cheerio!

## THE PADRE'S CORNER



Momentous happenings, in war, politics, legislation, and locally as we endeavor to sort order out of chaos on the new site, leaves us all wondering how busy a person can become and whether God expects us in the busyness of life in this present emergency to take time for Him. The answer -- as always -- is "Yes", for there never was a muddle in international affairs that wasn't more ably straightened out when the leaders of nations took time off for calm meditation, and the search for God's guidance. Similarly, many a trainee of this Station is finding that the weeks of study and intensive training are made the more coherent when God's hour is observed and His purposes sought. And then there is that day when we aren't so busy but we are shocked out of normalcy by an emergency that may be life or death, and that may spell sanity or despair. At such times God becomes most real even to the pagan, and the need for His Friendship most evident.

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

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The Dedication Service on the morning of Graduations, has in the immediate past proved to be a helpful and much appreciated part of Wings Day. Simple in form, non-sectarian in content, the Dedication service has been attended voluntarily by Hebrews, Roman Catholics and Protestants, and the Padre has

been thanked by members of each group for the Spiritual uplift given the wings celebrations.

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No place of worship has been assigned the Padres as yet on the new site, but plans call for complete and adequate chapel accommodation. In the meantime classrooms or other space are being utilized. Watch D.R.O. for the location of your Church Services.

\*\*\*\*\*

We extend a welcome to F/L Gaston St. Jacques who has now been appointed full-time to this Station and No. 8 Repair. R.C. Masses and Office hours will be announced through orders.

### AUXILIARY SERVICES

Perhaps in this issue it may be advisable to detail some of the many services that the Canadian Legion War Services are providing to thousands of men and women in the forces, and to their dependants.

Little publicity has been given to the "personal services". These services involve the adjustment of dependants allowances and in dealing with many varieties of personal problems involving debts, fore-closures and domestic relationships.

Particular note should be taken of the Educational Services provided under the Legion direction. Men on active service can enroll, without cost to themselves for public and high school studies leading to matriculation.

Trade courses of value in both peace and war, may be learned. This system also extends overseas.

Probably very few of the trainees on the station know of the very valuable technical library supplied by Legion War Services on the station. These books are in the G.I.S. building in charge of F.O. Brand, or get in touch with the Legion Auxiliary Services Offices, in other words "page Peter"!

(continued from page 2)

are very ably managed by Glenn Thompson and Bud Parks, with Bumpy Gordon as their Captain.

A Station Picnic is now taking shape and we will have further details of the sports angle of this event in our next issue.

Edward Cameron, formerly of the Buildings Staff is now on active service in the Royal Canadian Navy. Jack Kerr, also former employee and son of Jim Kerr, our Chief Engineer, is with the R.C.A.F., stationed at the west coast and will be visiting us shortly on his leave.

Jimmy Munro's son, Henry, was recently in on leave and remustered to Air Gunner.

This issue appears without any news from the Works and Buildings Staff. Editorial license causes us to assume that the department is so busy wielding hammer, saw and axe, and pushing a waxing machine and broom at the new site, that there was no time for pen-pushing.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to Mr. Joseph Freeman of the Buildings Staff and Mrs. Freeman, who last week received word of the death of their son who was a prisoner of war at Hong-Kong. Also to Joseph A. Harkness and George P. Hills, both of the Buildings Staff, who lost their nephew, William Edward Harkness at Hong-Kong.

# EDITORIAL

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

## EDITORIAL STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: F/L B.G. Stibbards

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EDITORS: P/O H. E. Hunter  
Sgt. Bergun

MANAGING EDITORS: F/L H.M.S. Ferguson  
Mr. D. S. Ormond

CIRCULATION MANAGER: P/O G. Edwards

FEATURE WRITERS: LAC W. H. Boyce  
D. Duval

ART EDITORS: G. T. McRorie  
ACI R. J. Gallegher, D.S.G.

PHOTOGRAPHY: LAC Portigal  
Cpl. N. B. Hendricks

SPORTS EDITOR: P/O K. B. Meyers

## DEPARTMENTAL REPRESENTATIVES

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RADIO: J. Ross (Maintenance)  
J. Chevanne (Dispatch)  
G. Stainsby (Operators)

MAINTENANCE: Miss Briggs

CANTEEN: D. Tempest

STORES: W. Pattern

R & L CATERING: Mrs. Sharpe

## Editorial

"Under New Management" might be the term applied to this issue of the Station Magazine. With the posting of Editor-in-Chief Forbes an able man was lost to the cause and replacement had to be made. With the present change it is hoped that all of the best in previous issues may be retained and innovations introduced that the former high standard of the "Drift Recorder" be maintained.

Civilian Editor Don McMullen deserves heaps of kudos for his work in rounding up copy and hastening those who have no respect for dead-lines. It's chiefly his promotion that masthead and Editorials have been ousted from the valuable front pages and relegated to the rear where they belong. For the two persons who read this far, may we express our hope that the wives who found previous issues lacking in humorous material, will find this one replete with fun, conscious and otherwise.

Attention is drawn to new features of this issue: The Picture quizz is the brain-child and last contribution of LAC Portigal, and, we feel, a good effort. Something similar will be attempted in the next issue if there is enough reader demand. LAC Romaniuk's article on Graphology will be made a monthly feature with another phase of this fascinating study presented in our next.

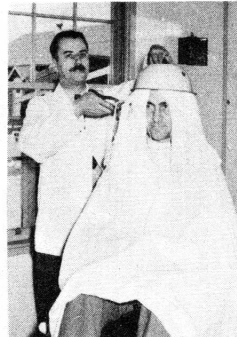
As we go to press we are in the throes of moving and hence have an iron-clad alibi for the errors of the issue and such incoherence as is apparent. Perhaps the September "Recorder" will take on something of the serenity and order of the new site.

One last plea for the cooperation of all sections in the production of the Magazine. This issue could have been out more than two weeks earlier, and thus could have been that much more timely, had it not been for certain sections failing to have material in. Deadline for material for September's issue will be August 20, and let not anyone plead ignorance, -- "ignorance of a published order will not be accepted as an excuse for its non-observance" as K.R. (Air) would put it.

The Editor-in-Chief.

## Tonsorial Tit-Bit

Our alert Photographer happened along at the psychological moment, the other day, and caught the Station's genial Knight of the Shears in the act of giving a Regulation "two-inches-on-top-and-nothing-on-the-sides". Oliver has long been overdue for special mention in these columns, for a more obliging, proficient, and good humored



barber cannot be imagined, and it is to be hoped that he will follow us into the new quarters. However rumor has it that he will be cutting hair no longer on the new site. Be that as it may, when it comes to industry we can all testify to his ability to cover plenty of work in a day and like his Dickensian namesake, our Oliver Twist comes up smiling and "asking for more".

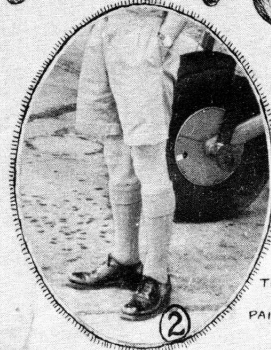
Answers to Station "Rec." (page 16)

1. Parachute Room Door.
2. S.W.O. (and with his hands in his hands in his pockets, too. Tut! Tut!
3. West Corner No. 2 Hangar.
4. Munro.
5. Lake "Puddle". (Reminiscent of June-July days)
6. Scrum you fellows, scrum! (Note rigger ball)
7. The Guard House on the Field.
8. Boiler room Stack, No. 1 Hangar
9. Walk in front of Stores.
10. Steps to the Incinerator.
11. See the Hangar Gang.
12. The Caterpillar tread.
13. The Mess Hall Door knob.
14. Found outside the M.O's Office - one boiler.

# STATION



1. ONE OF THE BEST KNOWN DOORS ON THE STATION

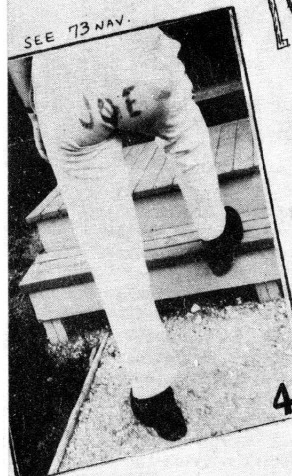


2. THE BEST KNOWN PAIR OF LEGS



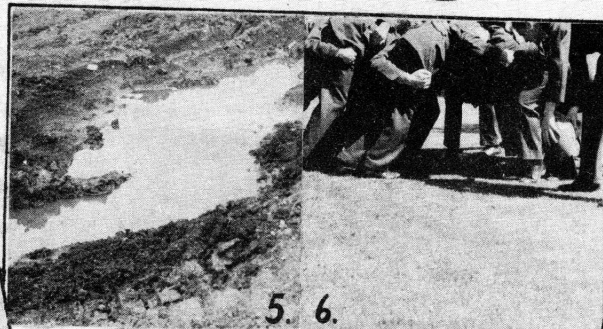
3. THE BEST KNOWN HYDRANT ON THE STATION! (ASK HOBBY, THE STATION DOG!)

# WRECK



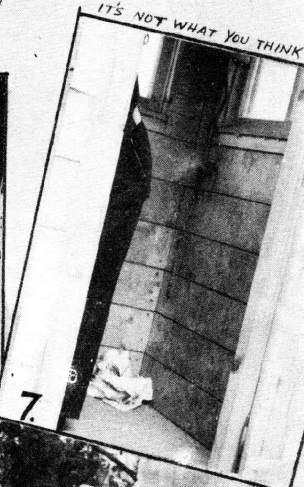
SEE 73 NAV.

4.



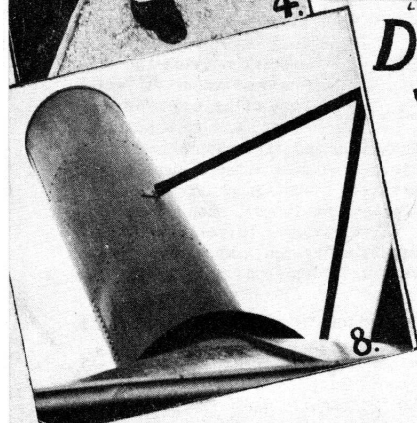
5. LAKE WHAT?

6. CRAP GAME'S



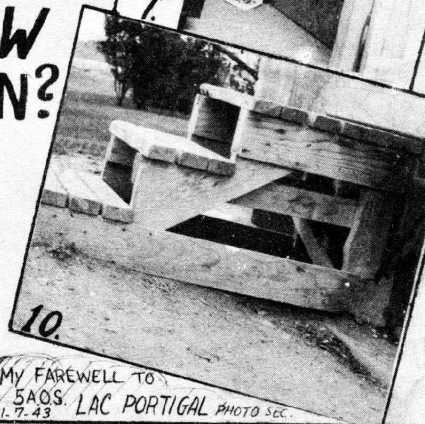
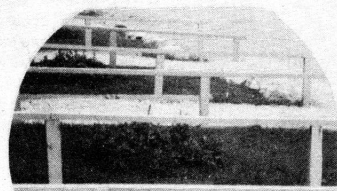
IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK

7.



8.

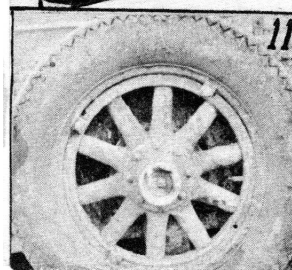
**DO YOU KNOW YOUR STATION?  
SEE PAGE 15**



10.

9.

My FAREWELL TO 5AQS. LAC PORTIGAL PHOTO SEC. 21.7.43



11.



12.

13.

