

The **DRIIFT** RECORDER





GIVE to the
RED CROSS 
to relieve
human suffering!

-and the
Red Cross
Means
YOU
... -

In bringing to the attention of all at No. 5 the National appeal of the Red Cross, we feel sure that there is no worthier cause to which we can contribute. Support the campaign at No. 5. Mr. C. H. Warr is canvassing the civilian staff and FL. Walter Knight and PO. Roy Cuthbert are making it easy for the Air Force personnel to do their bit for that magnificent organization — the Red Cross.

EDITORIAL.....

ON the assumption that a one-man band, while a novelty, cannot compete with a full orchestra, we have at last added to the staff of this magazine. This will give the "DRIFT RECORDER" a wider coverage of station activities and we believe, the man-hours necessary to produce a good paper without FO. Len Smart carrying on in 93B without his assistant.

Mr. C. H. Warr has done a good job as civilian editor for this issue and we are grateful for his assistance and good counsel.

We welcome to the staff FO. "Shan" Shanahan, our genial Aussie, whose graduating class kept him from doing much for this issue. We'll be hearing from "Shan" in our bumper Easter Number.

FO. Ross Alger brings to the "DRIFT RECORDER" a wealth of experience gained at the University of Alberta, and PO. Bill Ramsey, the only man we know who has received socks (the kind you wear!) from the Income Tax dept., has the kind of quiet enthusiasm we like around a magazine office. We must get him to publish the story behind that pair of socks. PO. Peter Cragg, the tall Toronto gentleman, will work with our worthy class representatives, to gather all the trainee news, both from a class and feature standpoint.

FO. Harry Seed will have the concentrated task of selling the "DRIFT RECORDER" at the new 10 cent price. We look for the close cooperation of everyone in this — Harry's unenviable task, because it is only by an increased circulation that we can hope to keep our deficit at a reasonable level.

We are deeply indebted to FL. H. M. S. Ferguson and Mr. D. S. Ormond for their unfailing encouragement and help, and to all of you who have contributed to this publication. This is your magazine. Let us give No. 5 A.O.S. a truly representative magazine — a tribute to service and civilian personnel working together for a common cause, and may the "DRIFT RECORDER" in some small way contribute to the making of No. 5 a truly happy station.

« « «

For the cover design we are indebted to Sgt. J. McLeod, of the Photography Section. Our picture of the month shows FO. Paul Nahass receiving his "Ops" wing from Air Vice-Marshal T. A. Lawrence on Thursday, February 24. This award is made to those who have completed a tour of operations. The "DRIFT RECORDER" extends the congratulations of all at No. 5 A.O.S. to FO. Paul Nahass.

Vol. 1

No. 8

THE DRIFT RECORDER

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WING COMMANDER B. N. HARROP

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Photographs by the Photography Section.

HERE AND THERE

The pilot staff got together on Tuesday evening, February 22 for a dinner and dance at the Marlborough Hotel. From all reports they had a grand time. During the dinner Fred Rollins acted as chairman and the speakers were D. S. Ormond, Wing Commander Harrop, Flight Lieutenant Ross, W. J. Buchanan, H. C. Yule and J. H. Compton. Dancing followed the dinner and, from all reports ye olde scribe can get, the whole evening was a decided success.

★ ★ ★

By the time this magazine is published we will be well under way with our campaign for Funds for the Red Cross. This cause is as worthy as any and warrants our whole-hearted support. Displayed in the Canteen are the contents of a regular Prisoner of War parcel and one can readily understand how much they must be appreciated by those boys "over there" who are interned for the duration. Each parcel represents an expenditure of two dollars and fifty cents to the Canadian Red Cross Society and more money is needed to carry on this and the many other activities they have undertaken. So . . . for those in PERIL, PAIN and PRISON CAMPS . . . let's all GIVE! Generously!

★ ★ ★

Nan Dawson of Administration and President of the Girls' Council has been doing a land office business in *Drift Recorder* subscriptions. At the time of writing we had not received the returns from the girls in other departments but here's hoping they are meeting with similar success. The printing and publishing of the magazine represents quite a bit of work and expense and by soliciting subscriptions among the civilian staff it gives us a better insight as to how many copies are required to adequately cover the civilian staff.

★ ★ ★

Instructor Archie Black, together with his bosom pal, Rex, were around passing out the cigars, heralding the arrival of a baby girl. Rex looked somewhat dejected, apparently anticipating the fact that, from now on, he was going to have to take second place and live just a dog's life.

★ ★ ★

Pilot Allan King left recently for Montreal, with him went all the best wishes of everyone on the station.

★ ★ ★

Ronnie Simpson and Jack Harris, in a moment of bravado or recklessness, call it what you like, walked into the Administration the other day and challenged anyone within sound of their voice to a tussle on the curling rink. By the time this is published they will probably have learned their lesson. (We hope!) In any event, when they found their challenge called, they immediately started talking about importing a skip, but that is "out". It must be station talent or none at all. Rumors have it that Horan is going to be their second man. We feel for them. Especially when they run up against that Mutch, Cann, Bardal and Warr combination.

★ ★ ★

That bet of one dollar, which has been long outstanding between a certain little lady in the Administration office and Stores has finally been settled out of court, but she still maintains that G.H.Q. didn't have any blouses or shirts in stock which would fit her girls.

Pilot J. A. McDonald recently announced, and proudly too, the arrival of a bonny baby boy. Pilot C. G. Davidson, not to be out-done, was seen strutting around the hangar, heralding to all and sundry, that he too was now a proud Papa of a boy who will, in time, turn out to be one of Canada's leading transport pilots.

CLASS 87B

Right now 87B are right up to their necks in final exams. As the class scribe is more than up to his neck, this piece may have been better left unwritten and the time spent more usefully thinking about binding. As someone once said: "We like work — we can look at it for hours". By the time this goes to press, troubles such as producing astrofixes between here and Kenora, navigating imaginary aircraft across Europe in the Stygian blackness of the S.D.R.T. and roasting in the C.N.T. may be temporarily forgotten by some of us, and we will be able to go forth to attempt fresh fields. So we thought we would like to leave our mark between the pages of the old *DRIFT RECORDER*.

When we depart from No. 5 we will be taking many happy memories with us. Though it is rumoured that we are getting out only just in time!

Taking a roll call we have FO. "Herbie" Moore, "Mother Hubbard" for the "B's" and FO. "Scotty" Milne, recco expert and compass king — knows his P's and Q's in fact.

Now the students:—Chiefy Huggins (Yes please!) our Flight Senior and Cpl. Willie Taylor. Don McIntyre is the only one playing at home as the rest of us are foreigners. Jocks Watt and Allan represent Scotland, Mike Flavin, Ireland, and Tony Legge, British Guiana. The others are English by birth even if Bohemian in outlook. Red Bartrip who is very keen on Canadians; "Tosh" Beasleigh, Dennis Down and Bill Fraser are first on the list. Then comes Gristwood, flight diarist and an obvious illiterate. Hedges and Canon Hodgson fill the H's, and Lambert and "Mall" (not our other home!) Mallinson are two more stalwarts. Daddy O'Neill, father of a bouncing baby boy which has 27 godfathers and Ernie Paige (I don't give a fig) follow. Freddie Pink, Robinson and Jonathon G. Rudge, who calls himself a gentleman (i.e., a worn-out wolf) mustn't be forgotten. Jimmie Seddon, navigational equipment dealer, Don Stratford, "Jesse" Taylor, Les Vale, Jack Yost and Uncle Tom Watson and all complete our motley crew.

POST 12th WEEK COMPLAINT

*We work all day, we fly all night,
And plot our shots on Sunday;
All the bloody thanks we get
Is don't be late on Monday.*

Before signing off we must mention a little piece overheard between two new staff pilots. It runs as follows:—"We were coming back to base, making a good track too. When suddenly the navigator produced an old-fashioned course from out of the blue, which took "Annie" miles away. I turned round and queried it. All he said was — 'I'm coming in on a leading line' and dammit, I looked out and couldn't see it anywhere!"

We'll close by wishing the best of luck to the rest of the School, the people of Winnipeg and all who have made our stay a pleasant one. Au revoir!

CURLING

One of the most popular games of the Golden West was introduced to No. 5 A.O.S. when a curling club was organized at this School. It boasts 64 so-called curlers who have at least partially mastered the intricacies of tickling the length of a sheet of curling ice with a weighty whisk. When PO. Brown threw his first pair of dibs and "layed two", the remark was passed that he was getting quite stout and should have been expected to do much better. FL. McAulay was quite pleased with himself for ending up "shot" and not by the usually accepted process. FL. Banfield "hogged" his first pair of stones but having observed his capacity and reach at the dinner table it was not at all surprising. FL. Baby needed to be told that there was no sweeping behind the "tie" and a cup of tea might improve his technique at scrubbing the ice. When FO. Alger was told to "deliver from the back" he thought we were referring to the station bus. FO. Wilson by a masterful effort was usually able to place a "biter" on the front ring but why not with the set of tusks he displays immediately his feet are under the dinner table. And Peter Hay! What a "draw-er" and we don't refer to anything red and itchy which kept him warm on the ice. He seems to be suffering from a 6-end complex. He thinks he had the chance of scoring on FO. Barker last year. FS. Sadler usually ended up in the house but his wife claims he's never there.



And the outfits, girls, you should see them! FL. Baby sports a drape from down East; FL. West possesses a torso sweater from which with difficulty his feet protrude; the CO. arrays himself resplendant in an Alaskan parka and pipe; FL. Ross wears a head covering reminiscent of Long John Silver; and FL. Lapp wears an adorable white dove sweater equipped with electric razor, comb, tooth brush and arrid.

But I am sure everyone enjoyed the season immensely and preparations are now under way for a Monster Red Cross Bonspiel on or about March 11. You will all enjoy the game so hand in your names in a hurry. You don't need to know the difference between a "runner" and a "draw" to win — do you Frank?

PERSONAL

Who is the man in 89B who for the first 8 weeks on course never left the camp but who, of late, is often perceived making a very fast run from the bus to make the grade for a Sunday afternoon briefing or the C.N.T.?

Why are all these men in 89B taking unto themselves "better halves" (?), or getting engaged? Is it the course, the beauty of the Canadian girls or the personality of the "Aussies"?

A. GREENWAY.

VALENTINE PARTY IN GIRLS' BUILDING

Number 10 building was officially opened by a very successful Valentine party on February 13th. under the direction of the house committee—Betty Silk and Jean Peleck. Mrs. D. S. Ormond and Mrs. W. J. Buchanan very kindly assisted.

The serving table complete with red roses, tapers, and red hearts suspended from white satin ribbon added a great deal to the decorations.

Large arrow pierced hearts decorated the walls and gave a very festive effect.

Some 80 guests visited the building during the afternoon. Mostly from town, although friends from the station also called in to see us. Mothers, sisters, brothers, relatives and friends, even husbands faced the storm to see where their relatives worked and lived and were very complementary in their comments of the quarters.

Spotty, the barrack block mascot, was on his best behaviour. Spotty is put out every night, when his owner winds the clock and puts out the milk bottle. He's a very obedient dog and loved being shown off to the party.

During the evening the girls invited their friends from the station and with the assistance of a radio and gramophone spent a very good evening.

There was one disappointment. Our friend, Pop Ratson, after practically putting on the tea himself was unavoidably detained and couldn't be with us.

Overheard at the 2 a.m. pyjama conference on the tea—"You should have seen Joe wash dishes. Boy! he's swell at it."

Frankie swept up the snack room just like he was used to doing it. He can sure come anytime he likes."

"Gosh I'm tired but it was worth it. We had a grand day".

CLASS 94A

Some three weeks ago there arrived at No. 5 A.O.S. twenty-eight enterprising would-be Navigators, all of whom, with one exception, are products of No. 6 I.T.S.

Not a few of us entertained fears regarding the kind of station to which we were being posted. These fears were short-lived, however, for, upon our arrival we were pleasantly surprised to find that nothing for our comfort, instruction and general happiness had been overlooked. We should like to show our appreciation to all those who have and are working diligently to make this one of the best stations we have seen.

Our class is under the capable guidance of FL. Brand and FO. Lee, who have more than likely discovered before this that their task for the next four months will be anything but easy. WO2 Patterson, who is our class senior, has enough extra duties to run the average fellow ragged.

Of the twenty-eight students, twenty-one are LAC's. Of the other seven, we have WO2 Patterson, already introduced, WO2 Coles, FS's Armstrong and Pooley, Sgt's. Brooks and Luhrman and Cpl. Dipersio. Cpl. Dispersio and LAC. Robach have served overseas with the R.C.A.F. and LAC. Johnston spent some time with a Canadian Regiment in Jamaica.

Those not from Canada are LAC. Wong from Jamaica and LAC. Carr, an R.A.F. and a real Scotty.

We are determined that our class shall do a good job of the course and we have already set about to accomplish our purpose. It is hoped that we shall not be judged on our showing in S.D.R.T. Up to the time of this article our performance in the above has been ferociously grim.

"I W-WANT SOME S-STOCKINGS, P-PLEASE"

"Yes Sir, can I help you?"

She was quite small, really, and looked pretty harmless. Yet, somehow, behind the stocking counter, she seemed to me more like a tigress about to make the kill. Maybe it was the mischievous twinkle in her eye, or maybe it was the mocking smile; perhaps it was the innocence with which she said, "Can I help you". Whatever it was, I was finished, floored, and, I think, blushing — me, blushing! !

"I w-want some s-stockings, p-please." I could hardly believe my ears. Surely that wasn't me talking! Where was all the boldness with which I had made up my mind to approach her? Where was the matter-of-fact-, "I-do-this-every-day" air that I had planned?

Before the war, nobody paid much attention to stockings — except sisters and girl-friends and things — and when women used to get into frightful tempers over a mere ladder, nobody took them very seriously. I mean to say, as long as a girl's legs looked good, one didn't bother to think of all the processing that lay behind them. Now, however, what with coupons, unless you know someone who knows someone who did someone else a favour, it is practically impossible to buy stockings in England.

Bearing these facts in mind, it is not surprising, then, that, on finding myself in Winnipeg one sunny morning (it was warm — about 15 below!), with a benevolent and "let's-do-a-good-turn" feeling, that I should decide to send some stockings home. This sounds an easy thing to do, but I assure both my readers that it is not as easy as it looks. It requires polish, a bold plan of action, something upwards of ten cigarettes — and a few drinks are definitely an added asset for increased confidence.

Having worked myself into the correct frame of mind — drink, boldness, drink, cigarettes, drink etc. — I sauntered down Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, with a cigarette dangling nonchalantly from my lips, and looking into every shop window that didn't have "Ladies' Wear" flagrantly displayed.

Now Winnipeg, on the surface, is just like any other town in Canada. To the casual observer the people hurrying about the streets are intent on nobody's business but their own; but I wasn't to be deceived! I *knew* that everyone was staring at me! Five times I walked past Eaton's, and five times I failed to turn into the massive portals of that store, *simply because everyone, within a radius of 200 yards, was staring at me!* I decided to have a few more drinks, and turned into the Mall beer parlour.

At 14:55 hours I staggered from the "Mall" no longer caring whether everyone was staring at me or not, and with head erect I walked straight down Portage Avenue to Eaton's. I had confidence now, I would walk into the shop and say "I want some stockings, please, size 9 1-2 and 10 and something that will look well with a brown skirt". (For my sister had written saying that *any* colour would do, *really* — as long as they weren't too red and not too light, though, of course, if I could get something to go with a brown skirt . . .).

I turned into Eaton's and was immediately swallowed up in a crowd of women; I never knew there were so many women in the world. The older women looked curiously, the young women looked amused and I looked like the man who coughed. And now, here I was, face to face with the Tigress, and my confidence had gone with the wind!

"I w-want some s-stockings, p-please."

"Any special colour sir?" The smile was getting worse, now, "Do you want them to go with R.A.F. blue?"

This was even worse than I had imagined, "No — any colour will do . . . Well, look here, can you give me something for a brown skirt?" I blurted it out, somehow, and, immediately, the smile disappeared and demurely, she said, "Oh, you're one of the lucky ones who have civilian clothes over here, are you?" "Yes", I said and laughed — well, anyway, I opened my mouth. Can I help it if no sound came out?

She went away and left me in peace for a minute, but when she returned that mischievous look returned to her eyes, as she asked, quite innocently, of course, "What length do you like, sir?" Dash it! Do they have lengths, too? Why couldn't all women have long legs, and done with.

"I-I really don't know," I whimpered it, this time, "I'll leave it to your judgement".

"Perhaps you'd like to see mine, sir?" That was too much. I shouted — shouted loud "I don't know, give me any length."

Then, if you please, she has to unfold them and hold them up to the light for me, just in case everybody didn't already know what I was buying.

"Yes, they're fine; I'll take those; how much are they?" It all came out in one breath for all I wanted to do was to run. However, my sister's warnings came to the fore and I remembered, just in time, the one essential to buying stockings.

The right thing to do, I am informed, when a stocking is held up, is to look at it darkly and suspiciously and say in an accusing voice "Ah! But are they fully-fashioned?" I did this, and was informed that they were, so I grabbed the stockings, stuffed them in my pocket, and RAN!

By E. CINNAMON,



SEXTANT READINGS

BY LAC. C. I. TOLHURST 88B

*The Indian tribesmen in eras of old
Contrived fiendish tortures, at least so I'm told;
But none could compare with what we have today,
The sextant Mk IX and the new Mk IX-A.*

*It was a most pleasant and bright afternoon,
We were hoping the lectures would end very soon
When into the room strode PO. Bob Hay—
"We'll take up the Sextant, the Mk IX today!"*

*He immediately started a lengthy tirade
About knobs, screws and levers and settings and shades;
Then to finish it off, he explained all about
How to take 24 shots and average them out.*

*Just before they dismissed us, FO. Alger said:
"Take at least 20 shots ere you go to your beds.
We've an astrograph trip that we fly 'morrow night
So get cracking, and turn in a real bang-up flight.*

*"I want you to know all the proper procedure
For shooting such stars as Capella and Vega."
And when, later on, as he strode from the room,
There remained there behind him a deep pall of gloom.*

*Later on in the evening chaos reigned supreme
As all 88B re-appeared on the scene.
Jim Cunningham says he was just about first
To get in a bubble, and not have to curse.*

*Jack Bates ambled in and threw his cap down,
"I can't see a thing!" he said with a frown;
So we all made suggestions to put the boy right,
Like, removing the shades when you're shooting at night.*

*Then Roberts breezed in with coat and hat on,
Very smugly he said: "I have seen Procyon."
He was followed in quickly by Parry and West,
Who each cast a reading on top of his desk.*

*In a minute or two we were out in the snow,
We had proof and by now we were rarin' to go,
First McDonell and Donnelly shouted with glee,
They had shot their first star, so had W.G.*

*Joe Reeder and Reeves had some toes that were froze,
As Shykoff helped Dempsey to thaw out his nose;
But Harris and Wild soon were hurrying home
To explain to their wives how to work it alone.*

*'Twas Wincent or Agnew who jumped up and said:
"Let's go to the barracks and shoot them from bed!"
While Greenhorn and Matheson quickly had gone
Into yellow band tables, to find what was wrong.*

*Konarski and Campbell had nothing to say,
Together with Lynd they were shooting away,
While Anthony said: "Now let's get this straight,
I haven't one shot and it's now half past eight!"*

*Then over to bed with all sextants away,
And a very tired airman knelt down to pray:
"Dear God, if you please, on our next astro flight
Make that north star, Polaris, a little more bright."*

CLASS 88B

In this mad race for fame, glory and a wing, 88B rounds the far bend and is now in the home stretch. Their motto "Noli Illegitimi Carborundum" still flies high. Tovarich Roberts and Wolf Campbell thunk that one up. Academically, "Muscles" Parry and "Laughing Boy" West are out in front with "A.N. Tables" Greenhorn in hot pursuit. Reeder, Wild and Cunningham, W.G. are keeping up the pace and will be up there at the finish. In a badly broken field, Harris, Lynd, Larson or Matheson will probably provide the dark horse.

"Masters of the Gyroscope" are Donnelly, Dempsey, Konarski and McDonnell, and all have money to prove it. Our best "Recce" men are Howard "Swoon" Wincent and Agnew, God's gift to despondent women. With Jack Bates as Flight Senior and Dud Reeves, Jimmy Cunningham, and Jack Parry on the flight party committee, a binge is in order. Skykoff and Tolhurst are now running a book on those present come the "Great Day". And so with a dip of the wing it's adieu to the instructors, No. 5 A.O.S., and Winnipeg.

CLASS 90B

Hello everybody, this is 90B., the all-Canadian flight. All-Canadian, that is, if we ignore our two genial R.A.F. representatives Bob Hall and Fred Turner. They refuse to be ignored; so once again, this is 90B., the R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. flight. Our nominal roll gives no indication of our adversity of shapes sizes and types. We can go from "Shorty" Young, our ace hockey player to "Lanky" Bob Cummings our navigator from Fort Francis. Then, on the one hand, we have our two leading socialites (a new name for wolves) Jim Lumby and Doug. Niel, and on the other hand, the studious flying partners Al Johnston and Bob Hall.

A word about our instructors. PO. Fox our chief mentor has become a blushing father and PO. Macey is now FO. Macey. PO. Oughton our new guide is, as are both the others, a great instructor.

Every flight has one:

Bert Edmonds on his first photography flight lies up in the nose calling "left, left — steady" — "exposing" and then presses the bomb switch.

Then there's the fellow who has about fifty more sextant shots than everybody else. Claire Langman our happy "Yank" takes the cake there.

Yes, we have one too — positive that he is another Nelson Eddy. His voice is something that Dante forgot to include in his description of the Inferno. If you ever hear "Sucking Cider through a straw" you'll know it is 90B.'s Murt Murtagh.

The flight's amateur Met. man is Frankie "Cold Front" Ferguson.

We are not all lucky — some of us are married. Our flight senior has for the last month been looking for a place for his small family. We sure wish that he would find one and bring his wife out here. We need a nice home to go to on Sunday evenings.

As in all flights we have fellows who work hard and stay fairly quiet. Note our super piano player Johnny Comrie and our brilliant defenseman in hockey Alf. Revel. There is our B.C. friend Tony Vause and the class brain John Dure. "Blondie" Johnson our remustered Air frame mechanic is another plugger — you'll see him working every night.

This will serve to give you some idea of the glory that is 90B. We are open at any time for someone who can teach us all the stuff that we have to know without requiring us to get out of bed. So long.

A Letter From Abroad



The following is an excerpt from a letter received by PO. Shuh from his A.O.S. flying partnew PO. Andrews is a navigation officer with No. 45 Squadron, R.A.F.T.C. The letter itself explains some of the experiences encountered by a navigator in this branch of the service.

"I received your Christmas card thank you very much. My Christmas dinner, (it had no right to be called such) was eaten in Gander, Newfoundland. We were grounded at Gander because of weather, and stayed there five nights waiting for a decent flight plan. It seems there is always a dangerous front on the North Atlantic somewhere. We finally left on the sixth night for the Azores. Since starting this job I have developed a terrific interest in weather forecasts, icing, freezing levels, gas consumption, winds etc. It apparently has a direct bearing on your future age.

For instance, we had a Dakota (C-47A) full of freight. They will not go very high nor will they go very fast (130-170 mph.) We had a very active front at right angles to our track a little better than half way over. We at Gander were in the cold sector, and the Azores were in the warm. We could go under it with the likelihood of clear ice falling in the form of rain into the cold air from the over riding warm air or we could go over it at 25,000 ft. (ha ha). We thought we could go high enough that we could pick our way through isolated cumulo bampus. We found to our horror that the kite when wide open went to 17,000 and about one mph. over stalling speed. Poor show! We came down to 10,000, then barged through with de-icers and carb-de-icers on. It was a grim show and we won't do that again.

We took our Dakota to Cairo and had a wonderful trip. Had a two-day stop over at Algiers and went into the city. This is Allied H.Q. you know so it was quite interesting, baloon barrages, tanks etc.

The next stop-over was Marble Arch, about 40 miles west of El Aghela. There wasn't much to see except desert and war wreckage and most startling of all a great marble arch in the middle of the desert. It straddles the highway and is purely an ornament as there doesn't seem to be much reason for it being there.

Then we pushed on to Cairo, rode the camels, saw the Sphinx, went through the pyramids and then came home.

Coming back we visited Tripoli, and found the Eighth Army was either a pack of madmen or else the Huns tore the place up before they left. I wouldn't give ten bucks for what's left. A great deal has been repaired but the damage is still very noticeable, and the harbour is full of burned out and bombed out ships.

Since that Cairo trip I have been home again and to U.K. again, in fact by the time you get this I should be in U.K. again. We get no more leave until the push is over but most of the lads don't mind. We seem to think our efforts will help end it, so the more trips the better."

"SWING TIME" TO RETURN IN APRIL

Whatever else April brings, it's a cinch that if it brings "Swing Time", it will be a happy month. Earlier this year the show really gave No. 5 a full evening of laughter and entertainment. Watch for the date of this fun-fest.

Former R.K.O. circuit comedian AL BESTALL's antics will keep the laughs rolling through the show, and you'll hold your breath in wonderment at the illusions of DENIS THYNE, who, incidentally, is a member of "THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAGICIANS". Star of last year's R.C.A.F. "Blackouts", IRV MacDOUGALL's lightening feet will set a flashy pace in modern rhythms of today. Fresh from Hollywood, radio, stage and light opera, the thrill of DAVID ATKINSON's romantic baritone voice will linger in your memory.

And, fellows . . . All this is backed and made to sparkle with a snappy swing unit, made up of our old maestro — who brought us to life — LEN MOSS, who virtually has played his accordion around the world, and one of your old radio favourites from out west — DICK TAYLOR — and his guitar. PAUL GROSNEY, Winnipeg's gift to the world of Jazz, gives out on the trumpet, — and last but not least, the former Toronto Band Leader — GREN HOBSON — favourite personality in Eastern Canada, plucks a mean string Bass.

FO. Ashdown, who, confidentially, has himself starred in theatre and musical comedy in many parts of the world, is the advance agent, talent scout, manager, Dr. Anthony — and Officer Commanding of the unit.

A WORD ABOUT YOUR MAGAZINE

With each succeeding issue of the "Drift Recorder" we have endeavoured to raise its standard. This issue we have even raised its price. Because of the large cost involved in printing this magazine, this price still does not nearly defray the cost of publishing your magazine. You see, therefore, that we are not interested in profits. What we want is a truly representative magazine, and we honestly believe this issue is a long step towards that goal.

But it is still largely a one-man enterprise. Let's make our April issue a 2000 people project!

We hope to publish the April number in time for Easter. This means that all copy, drawings and photos must be in our hands not later than April 1 — sooner if possible.

F. C. Brown, P.O.

A young mother came to the door of the nursery and saw her husband standing over the baby's crib. Silently she watched him as he stood looking down at the sleeping infant. In his face she read rapture, doubt, admiration, ecstasy, incredulity, wonder. Deeply touched and with her eyes glistening, she tip-toed over and slipped her arm around him.

"A penny for your thoughts", she said tenderly.

Then startled into consciousness, he blurted: "For the life of me, I don't see how anybody can make a crib like that for \$3.49."

THE RESELECTION BOARD

By FL. A. F. BANFIELD

Most trainees' reactions at the mere mention of the words "Reselection Board" are somewhat analagous to those of a small boy while passing a graveyard at night—an eerie, awe-inspiring dreadful place from which one should keep as far away as possible. And indeed many of those who come before the Board give one the impression that they feel that they are being brought before the Lord High Executioner who is no doubt going to cut off their heads. Actually, however, this is far from being the case; on the contrary the Board does all in its power to make those appearing before it as much at ease as possible.

The practice of allowing individual units to have their own Reselection Boards has been in force about a year, the reselection previously having been done at No. 1 Reselection Center, Trenton, Ont. The main advantages of the present system are that not only does a trainee never have to wait more than a week before appearing before the Board, but it is possible to give his case much more careful consideration.

The Board is generally composed of three members, two of whom are senior navigation officers, while the third member is the Training Wing Adjutant. At this school the Board sits every Wednesday morning, the time of sitting and the names of its members being published in D.R.O.'s the day previous.

Who comes before the Board? Only those trainee's whose training as a navigator or air bomber has been terminated for any one of a variety of reasons. The work of the Board is to study each case carefully, in the presence of the trainee, from all angles, and to remuster him to a trade in which the best use can be made of his abilities and special qualifications. This requires a care-

ful examination of all documents in the trainee's file, including such pertinent data as Initial Training marks, results of Classification Tests and Code Aptitude Tests, training marks obtained at this station, character and leadership assessments, comments of instructors, basic trades, method of entry into the Service and civilian occupation prior to enlistment. A very important factor is the appearance and service spirit of the trainee during his appearance before the Board. As a general rule the members of the Board have had no previous contact with the trainee, and can, therefore give an unbiased ruling. The proceedings of the Board are confidential, and during the interview the trainee is permitted to present his case as he sees fit.

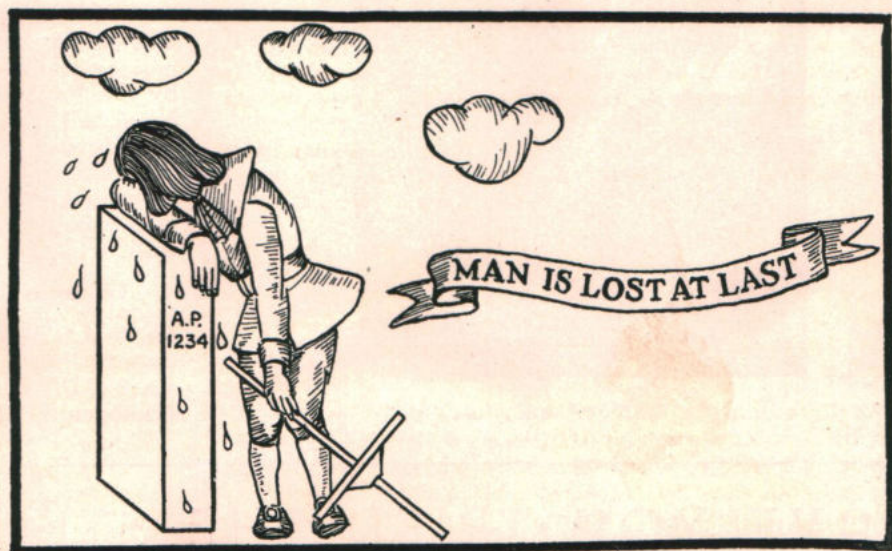
The Board endeavors at all times to arrive at a solution which is not only in the best interests of the Service but which is agreeable to the trainee. The Board feels it has done a good job only when the trainee leaves the Board feeling that the new work that he is going to undertake is the type for which he is better suited and that, despite perhaps his present disappointment, he is determined to do his very best in his new job. The work of the Board is not easy, and because of such factors as the exigencies of the Service, medical categories, method of entry "etc.", and the fact that the same regulations do not always apply to R.A.A.F., R.A.F., R.C.A.F., and R.N.Z.A.F. alike, the categories to which a trainee may be remustered are sometimes limited in number.

Those who appear before the Board should not feel down-hearted for there is a place for everyone in the war effort. Each job requires special qualifications, which not everyone has, and sometimes one finds ones place only by trial and error. The main thing is to do ones best — no one can ask for more. After all it's the CREW SPIRIT that counts!

FIRST WEEK



TWELFTH WEEK



☆☆☆☆ SPORT PAGE ☆☆☆☆

DRILL HALL ECHOES

The results of the recent Harvard Step Test of courses 86 A and B proved very good — 44 out of a possible 45 passed. The average failures for A.O.S.'s in the Command is placed at 13.4%. Congratulations to course 86 Navigators — something for others to shoot at.

Committees have been drawn up to organize the "after-hour" sports program. Class seniors are busy selecting teams to compete in basketball, floor hockey, borden ball, etc., and it appears a very heavy schedule will soon be in progress. To ensure success FL. Peat was made chairman, and he states much enthusiasm has been aroused. The Trainee League ceases at 2000 hours to enable other personnel and civilians to participate in their scheduled games during the evening. Teams must be prompt and referees must act to carry this schedule through.

Sgt. Schiffer has a weight-lifting class in a small room here. Rumor has it that at least 16 enthusiasts are taking part and improving each day. The sergeant has held weight-lifting records for Canada at one time.

Two P.T. instructors on the station are puzzled as to how certain personnel in the show "Show Boat", presented at the Recreation Hall, obtained their names and used same with gusto in a certain song.

The P.T. & D. Staff are pleased with the honest effort each individual is making to get into shape and certainly we look for the best when future Harvard Step Test results are made known.



Sgts. Schiffer and Hatch

BASKETBALL

With the opening of the new drill hall basketball is springing in to importance around No. 5 A.O.S. The first home game was played on the 17th of February against the strong No. 3 Wireless School team. Due to the recent formation of the team this was their first chance to show their ability with practice.

At first the game was very close but led by Casey the home team gradually edged ahead until at half time they were leading 24 to 16. In the second half however, No. 3's sharpshooters Ensor and Campbell hit their stride and with a minute to go they were only one point behind. A foul shot gained this point and a few seconds later another basket gave them a two point lead. Things looked very black for No. 5 then but a hard drive put the tying basket through the hoop just as the final whistle blew. The overtime period was crammed with action but the boys from A.O.S. came out on top by one point.

Every member of both teams played a wonderful game and while Casey of No. 5 and Campbell of No. 3 were the high scorers Russell, McCance, Jones, Doherty, Maracle and Devine, of our team were all responsible for the win. The officials for the night were Sgt. Hatch of the P. T. Staff as Referee and FO. Wilson on the stop watch and both did a fine job.

The team seems to be off to a good start and with thier fighting spirit they should do well. FO. Nahass, as coach, and FL. Boyd are in there with all they've got. The team line-up is as follows: Casey, Russell, Doherty, Devine, FO. Milne, FO. Wilson, Rosenberg, Trymbulak, McCance, Butler, Jones.

GAMES PLAYED TO DATE:

Portage A.O.S.	24	No. 5 A.O.S.	11
No. 5 A.O.S.	51	No. 8 R.D.	46
No. 5 A.O.S.	51	No. 3 Wireless	50
No. 5 A.O.S.	61	No. 8 R.D.	56

On Thursday, March 2, No. 5 A.O.S. and No. 8 E.D. met on the basketball court in a stirring exhibition of passing and shooting. The strong No. 5 quintet coached by FO. Paul Nahass won the game 52-46, but not until No. 8 had thrilled the small crowd of spectators with a stirring last quarter rally. Casey and Russell led in the scoring for No. 5 with Bloomfield and Ulrich of No. 8 turning in a stellar performance. Both schools had well balanced teams, and Sgt. Schiffer handled the game well.

Linesups:—

No. 5 A.O.S.—McCance (4), Casey (22), Russell (14), Doherty, Milne, Devine (4), Maracle (8), Jones.
No. 8 E.D.—Ulrich (17), Howard (5), Solomonian (5), Prakopchuk (1), Bloomfield (18).

HAVE YOU TRIED THE STEP TEST LATELY?

THE HOCKEY TEAM



Back row: left to right—Alm (Mgr.), Trudel, Luney, Wood, Staples, Hector, Hatch (Trainer).
Front row: McMunn, McNabb, Nosworthy, Milne, McIntyre, Brayford.
Absent: Foster (Coach), Alexander.

STATION HOCKEY TEAM

No. 5 A.O.S. has consistently topped the Inter Unit Hockey League with a minimum of big time players. With only "Scotty" Milne and Bob Luney allocated to No. 5 A.O.S. from the R.C.A.F. Bomber team, the No. 5 squad has won every game but one, losing that to No. 8 Repair Depot by a very close 5-4 score. The schedule began at the Olympic Rink but since has moved to the Amphitheatre Rink where No. 5 has hit its stride. A resume of the games are as follows:

No. 5 A.O.S.	6	No. 3 Wireless	1
No. 5 A.O.S.	7	No. 8 Repair D.	7
No. 5 A.O.S.	12	No. 15 A.I.D.	0
No. 5 A.O.S.	7	No. 7 E.D.	1
No. 5 A.O.S.	3	No. 2 T.C.	0
No. 5 A.O.S.	12	No. 15 A.I.D.	4

The standings to date are as follows:

No. 5 A.O.S.	13 pts.
No. 7 E.D.	10 pts.
No. 8 R.D.	9 pts.
No. 3 W.S.	6 pts.
No. 15 A.I.D.	4 pts.
No. 2 T.C.	2 pts.



WC. B. N. Harrop congratulates Sgt. Art McMunn on scoring two goals in fourteen seconds at one of the regular league games.

Besides these games No. 5 journeyed to Portage and defeated Portage la Prairie "All Stars" by virtue of one goal, the score being 9-8 Portage iced a very strong team featuring Gordon Pettinger, who has played N.H.L. for some years. A previous game with Portage resulted in a 9-9 draw, this game being played at Selkirk.

At present, it appears a good bet for No. 5 to come out on top, but many more rooters are needed to boost the team and give the boys the support they have so well deserved.



Jimmy Foster, coach of the hockey team. Jimmy coached the Moncton Hawks to two Allan Cups and the British Olympic Team (1936) to a World Championship.—(Winnipeg Free Press.)

Throughout these entire games and practices, Sgt. Ray Alm, Manager of the team has been ever present, looking after transportation, arrangements and sundry other problems. He has been a great help to the team and P.T. Staff, and his work has been greatly appreciated by the team and staff.

Player	Experience	Section
FO. Doug. Nosworthy	Wpg. Rangers	N. Instructor
Sgt. Jack Hector	Trail Smoke Eaters	Pilot
LAC. Don. McIntyre	Trail Smoke Eaters	U./T. Nav.
Sgt. Bob. Luney	R.C.A.F. Bombers	Dental
FO. Bill Wood	U. of Man.	N. Instructor
PO. Joe Staples	Flin Flon	W.A.G.
Sgt. Art. McMunn	St. Boniface A's	W.A.G.
Sgt. Darryl Brayford		Pilot
FO. "Scotty" Milne	R.C.A.F. Bombers	N. Instructor
Freddy McNab	Wpg. Juniors	Radio Mech.
LAC. Alexander		U./T. Bomb.
LAC. Bob. Mallenfont	Quebec Aces	U./T. Nav.
LAC. Jerry Munn	Dauphin	U./T. Nav.
LAC. Wynn		U./T. Nav.

Support Your Teams!

CLASS 87A

The thought that when this issue of the *Drift Recorder* is published 87A will be bulling with all its might for the great day, is a mellowing influence; while it is upon us we would like to take back all the things we thought of saying when we had the chance, and instead pay due honour to the pleasantness of our stay here.

When we look around at ourselves, we must confess FO. Nosworthy and FO. Wilson have done a fine job, even though we are the first people to say so. There have been times when we have suspected that the choice of Confusion Lake as a turning point was due to the association of ideas, but neither instructor visibly despaired, and we were strengthened thereby. We hope we have managed to give them some satisfaction for their work.

We should not like to leave without putting our gratitude to the other instructors on record, and our admiration is extended to the hard working photography section, which managed to string all our runaway shots together and bring them into Room 6, billowing behind Sgt. Jacobson like condensation — trails. To him, Sgt. Arnold and Sgt. Dickie we are more than grateful: the latter has stood many shocks including the news that Calder has renamed some 70% of the planes on the syllabus "Bleinheim" and the remaining 30% "Unknown".

And so we say goodbye to Stevenson Field, feeling sad at leaving so many good friends both at Stevenson Field and within Winnipeg itself; thanks again.

CONCERT

The concert season got off to a good start on Thursday, February 24th, when the All-Girl presentation "Show Boat" wowed a packed Recreation Hall with a lively, tuneful musical jamboree. Peter Hay had indicated earlier in the year with the presentation of "Swing Time", that wonderful R.C.A.F. offering of music, mirth and madness, that the Recreation Hall would be the place to be come Concert Night. "Show Boat" is the kind of entertainment the boys like and for many reasons. It has an All-girl cast. It's gay and tuneful. The dancing is exceptionally good. The singing by featured vocalists and the chorus had the lads swooning in the back rows. But above all, it has the undeniable charm of being fresh and gay, every member of the cast giving her best all the time. As soon as the curtain lifted, entertainers and audience became one happy group intent upon enjoying themselves! The lively sing-song near the end typified this. No detailed account of the acts is necessary here. Those who saw the show will remember it. Those who did not can look forward to a rare treat when this show returns to the Recreation Hall. To all those who took part in the show, and to its sponsor, the Winnipeg Electric Company, to Peter Hay, of the Auxiliary Services who is responsible for these shows, go the thanks and appreciation of all at No. 5 A.O.S.

NOTES FROM 93A

Which singer in our class taught his wife navigation so she could do his homework?

Why is it that after air analysis some fellows feel like singing "I'll never smile again"?

Which student navigator in our course thinks a rhumb line is a bunch of sailors lining up for their daily ration?

Wonder why Stalwick keeps writing to "Six Mile Mary".

WITH THE AIR BOMBERS

I, 657 — so on and so forth, have been, today, charged with the task of compiling Gen. stuff or otherwise, for the "*Drift Recorder*". Personally, I think it is a way of initiating me into the ways of "JOE" but, duty is duty! 94Y is a conglomeration of nondescripts, which has no equal, but has some good runners-up in "X" — this usually means "unknown quantity", and for once, I heartily agree. Did you ever meet a strange apparition wandering around No. 5 A.O.S., with a red head? Well, you should — he is really a card! Last night for instance, he was instructing his grandmother on the ways to roller skate. No one really knows if he was successful or not, but the next evening he was to be seen under the influence of alcoholic beverage. This was before the dance. By the way, now we are on the subject of the dance, who was that certain officer (NAV.) (INSTRUCTOR) who was seen to enter the dance with lipstick over his collar? Where did he get it? — I thought that it was strictly for the use of girls. To cease this scandal and get back to "Red". Did he really think that a "dummy run" was a baby running along with a dummy in its mouth — or — that a hang-up is a fellow paying the price for killing his pal — or even that a dry cell is a place where you land after breaking a law of the land. He was even heard to say during a geography lesson that "antimony" was something that is paid to a separated wife!

"Y" at present is getting ambitions. This week was a week-end so all the chaps went to town to get atlas' etc., but did they come back with atlas', — no — an officer type shirt isn't much like an atlas is it?

The "dead line" is here, and the lads have no more news so this will be the total amount of scandal scraped up for this time — but look out for next issue! I may be able to even get a few candid camera shots of what happened after the dance.

CLASS 93A

ROLL CALL—

MIRON (Acting Corporal Unpaid) — "I'll never cheat again."

TRYMBULACK—"And me so small".

CROPLEY—"Diamond Jim".

RUSSELL—"Alias H. J. Fawcett the 3rd".

ROME—"Just a business acquaintance".

SHOENER—"Hello Seven".

TIMLECK—"I'll take an Indian any day".

STALWICK—"It'll never take the place of baseball".

TROOP (curly)—"Stalwick made me".

SAUL—"Don't bother me I'm too d--- busy".

LOMAX—"Saul, for God's sake, speak to me".

PORTER—"Hot Lips".

WESTBROOK—"The man with the pipe".

SYME—"What's Crosby got I haven't".

WASHBURN—"I disagree".

RENNIE—"The pride of 93A".

FAZER—"Hi Doc".

GAUDRY—"Will you guys get off my bunk".

McRAE—"When I was in Glencoe".

CLARKE—"A lad from 'down under'".

McDIARMID—"A dark horse".

McCONNELL—"A real hep-cat".

SOUTH—"Guess I'll go to bed".

LONGFIELD—"He's happy now".

DUKE—"Once a Sgt. always a Sgt."

KAHANSKY—"Take for instance".

SHORT CUTS BANNED

AFHQ RUINS STORY IN BURST OF GENEROSITY

Just as the Editor was rubbing his hands in glee over the story about to break, the bar in the officer's Mess suddenly blossomed forth with white sheets headed "Honey, have a beer on me!" and that was that. Fourteen P.O.'s had become F.O.'s and the thrill was gone.

So numerous had the "overdue" Pilot Officers become that serious thought was being given to the possibility of abolishing the post of Senior Flying Officer at present held with distinction by F.O. Frank Barker, S.F.O., C.V.S.M. and bar (he has charge of it!) In place of this exalted position was to be set up a Committee of Nine Old Men headed by a Senior Pilot Officer (SPO).

And now fourteen P.O.'s have become F.O.'s and the rest must once more abandon themselves to the tender mercies of Father Barker. As FL. George Ross, comforting them in their sobbing, said "There is nothing more dismal than P.O.!"

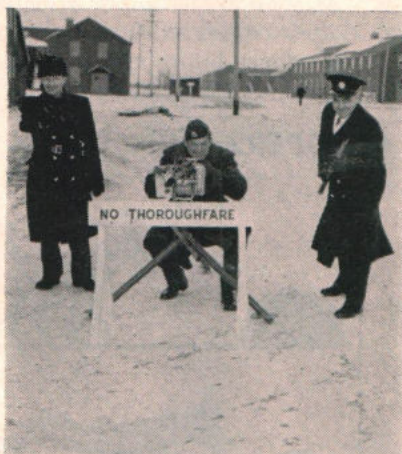
Sometink iz Fish!

"One night heppens I'm hengink around Moscovetz's Delicatessen witt loose ends when a frand is handing me free a pass to de Bellet. I'm knowink notting from Bellet, but I'm in de mood end de price is right. So gredueally I'm arrivink de theater and hop in goink de coitin. Onto de stage is comink oud, mincing on tippy toes, gredueally a goil, dressed 40 years younger den sprink in noddink bud a semple blue crep de Cheney. In de program iss sayink de goil's name iss Danssussey. Her foist name is Premier. In back each laig looks like she's carryink a New Englandt boiled dinner. She's ron-

(Continued on page 2)

Civilian and Service Personnel Desert Beaten Path

WINNIPEG, Man. — Because it was feared that the G.I.S. would one day be turned into a "Victory Garden" if much more good earth were brought in, an official edict has banned the use



"THEY SHALL NOT PASS"

of the network of trails on the Station. It was at first thought that this was a shrewd move on the part of the P.T. Dept. to make sure that Officers get their exercise. One or two of them had actually skipped P.T. which they are required to take with their classes. The banning of short-cuts more than made up for this deficiency in training because due to sabotage in the Station blue-prints, the Officers' Mess has been placed just outside the Station limits, or about two miles from the G.I.S. as the Anson flies (O.K., O.K., but that's the way our Anson flies).

The "King of the Short-cuts", PO. Stan Howe, who paid with a week-end of O.O. for stepping out of line claims he was pushed, and LAC. Steele, when arraigned before Magistrate Banfield and asked if he were guilty, murmured, "Oh quite!"

So far four criminals have "got away with it" by making a dash in dawn's early light. One was heard muttering darkly, "It's a long lane that has no turning!"

Fire-Bug at Large

Every time the siren sounds, officers at No. 5 A.O.S. rush out to see what section of their quarters is on fire this time, and PO. Fred Brown rushes to the cloakroom to see what part of his greatcoat is burning. It all began when the editor, a non-smoker, decided that a sixteen-cent cigar, the gift of FO (then PO) Les Wilson, was exactly the right touch to add a little more dignity to an already dignified figure. Two puffs were enough of course, and the cigar was butted, ground into the snow — in short, apparently extinguished and placed in the great coat pocket — not to be relighted, but worn as a sort of facial adornment.

Peter Hay was the first to notice the smoke and donning his helmet he dragged the offending great

coat to the wash-basin where the fire was put out, but not until:

1. the pocket was gone.
2. the fire had burned a hole through the coat.
3. PO. Brown had been disturbed at lunch.
4. The Mess had decided to elect the culprit "the man most likely to shun smoking in 1944".

A "No Smoking, by PO. Brown" sign now hangs in office 8.

The Beacon

'Sheds light on many subjects'

Editor-in-chief.....PO. Fred C. Brown
 Managing Editors.....
 Associate Editors.....
 Feature Editors.....
 Circulation Manager.....
 Well?

Editorial

We are most gratified at the success of the "BEACON". Sgt. Schiffer came up to us and said that we had superimposed FO. Alex Holder's head on some one else's magnificent body and offered to bet One Dollar on same. With the aid of a microscope, three doctors, an affidavit from FO. Alex, and a crowbar, we were able to convince Schiff that the brawny brute was really "Man-ana" Holden (See page 3 — Christmas Issue — "THE BEACON"). We won the Dollar which the P.T. and D. section had us squander on milk shakes for them.

● SOMETINK IZ FISH!

(Continued from page 1)

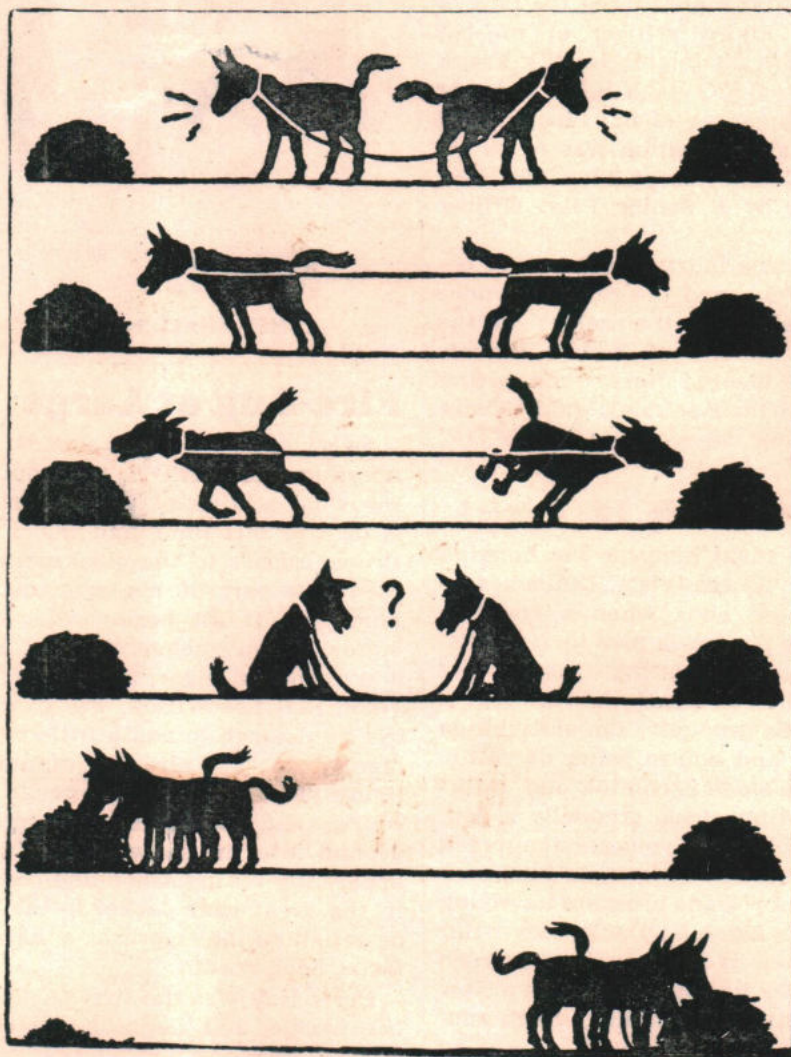
nink here, she's ronnink dere. She's afrady sometink? I'm sayink to mineself, wot'a mekkink de goil so noivous, when soddenly comes jommpink from de stage a fella. He's wearink noddink but a stale leoperd. De fella's name is Adagio. Soddenly de goil, Danseussey, is seeink Adago so she's hidink. So help me, on de stage iss not wan single piece foiniture, but she's hidenk. Behind noddink. Adagio iss lookink. In de exect middle off de stage she's standink yet, and Adagio, de dope, ain't seeink her. Sodenly he's seeink. So he makes greduelly a terrific jommp at her. He vunts. She's jommpink away. She dunt vunt. So he's ronnink witt jommpink witt grobbink. He vunts. She's ronning witt leapink witt doggink wot she dunt vunt. He vunts. She dunt vunt. Oy! iss dis a bizzness! So he chasink de goil at eight toity-five, I'm leavink at tan twenny-five. So I'm not knowink how he made oud."

"MOE"

How To Become Popular With Your Pilot

1. Wander casually to your aircraft. There's no rush. This will give your pilot a chance to brush up on his cussing. Forget your maps and equipment occasionally — your pilot can always sit there and watch the other pilots wave him a cheerful good-bye.
2. Take your time getting settled in the aircraft. He's in no hurry for the course etc. He can practice "circuits and bumps" over the base while you twirl your computer.
3. Move freely about the aircraft — the floor boards are strong. This gives your pilot practice in flying your courses straight and level under adverse conditions. It will make a man of him — it will probably be the death of you.
4. Don't shoulder the blame for faulty navigation — after all, you're the navigator. If the trip is a "bust" you can always say your pilot didn't fly your courses even if 99 44/100% of them are keenly interested in helping to make you good navigators.
5. When taking "shots", warn your pilot at the beginning but don't tell him when you're through. This assures you of a straight and level course indefinitely, or at least until your pilot faints from sheer exhaustion.
6. As soon as the plane stops taxiing, dash from it like a mad moose and don't bother to thank your pilot. After all, he has only flown the kite for three hours and for your benefit!

CO-OPERATION PAYS . . .



« At great expense and with much trepidation we bring you a feature of great interest at this sad time of the year. Tax time is with us and with apologies to Mr. Ilsley, W. L. M. King, 1000 Jokes, FL. Lapp, Mr Olafson and all our readers we give you Pilot Officer Silas O. Slapcabbage, C.V.S.M. and bar, R.D.F. and bar, B.V.D. (Magna Cum Laude) and his simplified Tax Form. »

THIS
SPACE
FOR
RENT

Income Tax Form

That even FL. Lapp and Mr. Olafson
can understand.

Name
(if officer, use sir name)

Address
(if female, add phone no.)

Sex
(the answer "occasionally" is out)

THIS SPACE RENTED

*"The Drift
Recorder"*

SUBSCRIBE
TODAY

INCOME

£ S D

1. Revenue from rummy, poker and bridge.
(If from bridge, add 5% notwithstanding tax).
2. Revenue from clipping War Bond Coupons
(Penalty, 10 yards for clipping).
3. Revenue from selling War Bonds.
(Nil, we hope!)
4. Revenue from pay day.
(If nearly nil, ain't it awful?)
5. Revenue from sale of empty bottles.
(Lucky, lucky you!)

Grand Total - - - (Change to
Canadian \$)

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Did FL. Lapp or Mr. Olafson help you with this form? (If so, add 10%). | 5. Interest on Blondes.
(Not deductible if over 45). |
| 2. Did they say they knew what they were doing? (If so, add 7 1-2%). | 6. Did you cuss a little while filling this form? (Oh, come now!) |
| 3. Or did you fill it out from your own little head? (If so, add 50%). | 7. Did you contribute anything to the Drift Recorder? |
| 4. Where were you on the night of Dec. 31, 1936? (If drunk, add 10% liquor tax). | 8. Was your net income for 1943 over ten bucks? |

AND NOW THE TAX!!!

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Net income (Item six). | 4. Normal Tax (write down what you earned last year. Under it write how much you have left and send check to government for this amount). |
| 2. Withholding Tax (from your wife's figure or yours, whichever is larger). | |
| 3. Sir Tax (for impolite airmen only). | |

Dance Officially Opens The Drill Hall

On Saturday, Feb. 19, an event long and eagerly awaited took place when the Drill Hall was officially opened. Under the capable chairmanship of FL. Aubrey



Boyd, the affair was well planned and thoroughly enjoyed by the large crowd which gathered to witness the brief opening ceremonies and dance to the rhythms of the R. C. A. F. 14-piece dance orchestra, the best musical aggregation of its kind in these parts. PO. Fred C. Brown wrestled with a recalcitrant microphone to keep the

affair moving to its climax which came, with brief addresses of welcome by WC. B. N. Harrop and Mr. D. S. Ormond. Features of the evening were the various dance contests. Vera Bridges and LAC. Hamerston won the Spot Dance while Gladys Williams of the Parachute Section and G. H. Williams of the Pilots Staff lasted



WC. B. N. Harropp welcomes the large crowd at the opening ceremonies.

long enough to win the honors in the Elimination Dance. The handsome "Drift Recorder" trophy for the Jitterbug Contest went to Ruth Dill of No. 4 Hangar and LAC. McGuire of the Armament Section. FL. Boyd, "Pop" Ratson, the R.C.A.F. band, Sgts. Schiffer and Hatch, and all those who worked hard to make the dance so successful are to be congratulated on a job well done.

EAT AT POP'S!!

"The Beacon" Scores Scoop

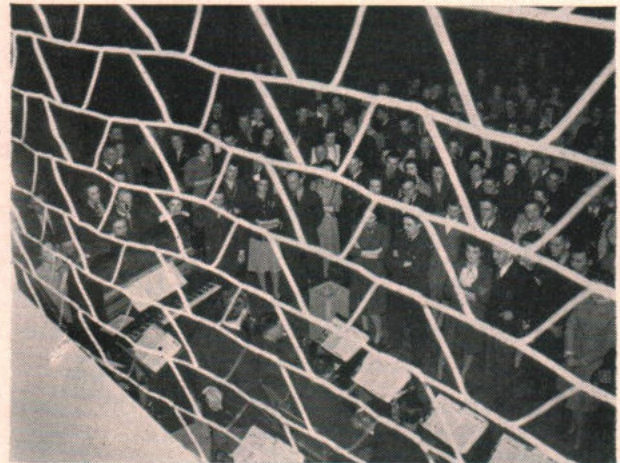
The alert and agile photographer who has been on hand to witness the stirring hockey played by our team was fortunate in getting a shot of the largest crowd of



officers ever to attend one of the games. Despite this magnificent turn-out, the team insists that the Amphitheatre will hold many more. No. 5 A.O.S. is urged to get out and support its team which has led the league all season.

Coop Spoils Scoop

Scores of people at the dance at the Drill Hall opening looked up and saw the photographer taking the pictures through the chicken wire and murmured,



"Oh, my goodness, he shouldn't be doing that!" They were right, and a broken-hearted editor tried in vain to drown his sorrow at the sight of the Conga line neatly criss-crossed with rows of light and the dancers struggling for recognition among the reflection from the chicken wire. So it was that the pictorial scoop of the month scheduled for a full page lay-out became a bitter memory, and though the Photography Section has more than redeemed itself on subsequent occasions, the Editor can never, never, forgive it. The memory of those mutilated people will haunt him forever.

CLASS 94B

This flight which favoured No. 5 A.O.S. with its entry on January 31st is composed of 25 Canadians and one Englishman.

The 'star' of the class, LAC. Dube who says 'he joined up the Air Force' because according to the old army song "It's better than behind the 'plough' "keeps the remainder of the class amused with his accented bar-rack room talk. With this Canadian and French Canadian influence it seems that the only way that the fellow (guy) from G. B. can retain his nationality and his English accent is to drink gallons of the 'chah' (tea) which is served in the Airman's Mess.

Recently our instructors, Flying Officers Allan and Gohl have been rather pleased with life. We think that it is probably because the record of the number of aircraft which actually return after S.D.R.T. operations has been broken again. The navigators who know their position with less accuracy are now in the minority — we hope!

METAL SHOP No. 4 Hangar



First row: Miss Vera Parsons, Miss Ann West, Miss Kay Burnett, Miss Margaret Cameron, W. Armi.
Second row: H. Nicholson, H. L. Philip, E. Chapman, D. Hilderman, C. R. Fox.

GIRLS' COUNCIL

The girls of each department have elected a member to represent them on the Girls' Council, whose objective is to sponsor the welfare of the girls on the Station. They held their election of officers recently and appointed Nan Dawson as President, Marcia Kunec as Secretary and Ethel Gair as Treasurer. The Executive is representative of all departments in which girls are employed.

The duties of the Council are many and varied.

They have organized a drive for blood donors which cause has been very well supported.

Under the guidance of Miss Whiteford tuberculosis films were brought to the School and shown to all who were interested. This is to be followed by T.B. X-rays for all, free of charge, thanks to the co-operation of the Ninette Sanatorium.

A benevolent fund is under way which will send flowers to members who are sick or away. A parcel has been gathered for Pauline Moore who is now serving in the Air Force in England.

Last but not least, the Council is planning many social events to be held in the near future, so be watching for more news.

MOTOR TRANSPORT

by GLEN THOMPSON

Since our last issue wedding bells have again broken the stillness of the eventide of Saturday, January 15th last, for our Doreen Handel and John Klassen. We wish them the best in their new venture.

"Pappy" Williams has again gone for the "Highland Happiness"—curling to us. He did not make quite an auspicious start, but at last reports his rink were hot after the jewellery. Keep it up son.

Glen Thompson of "A" crew, our representative on the Sports Executive attended the Social & Recreation club meeting last Monday, February 6th and by all indications this club of ours seems to be heading the right way in order to keep our sporting events and entertainment alive the year round.

Ed Mager, our genial mechanical wizard, has had misfortune to crack a rib while at his work recently, and has been confined to his home ever since. We are looking forward to his speedy return.

Charlie "Greasy" Conley has likewise hurt his back and also is confined to his home. We hope to see him back shortly.

We have recently acquired a new-w-w-w bus. This now brings us into competition in the bus-world. If Napoleon were only alive to tell us about his first ride in this vehicle.

Percy Hussey also had to return to the hospital for a re-check. Hurry back, Percy!

We are still wondering when Trudy Williams is going to fulfill her promise. Trudy, are you stalling for bets? In case you readers are not aware of this promise, it runs something like this. Trudy vowed, that if she won the \$500.00 Victory Bond that was raffled recently, she would throw a big party for her fellow drivers. So Trudy dear, what are you waiting for?

Vi Morrisette has once more left us due to illness this time, we learn it will be an operation. Best of luck, Vi.

We wonder why Harry Williams, Keith Buckingham and yours truly, had such a pale complexion on the morning of February 17th, /44. Take it easy, fellas, you'll last longer.

Our "B" crew held a lovely party at the home of Betty Johns recently, and judging by all rumors and accounts of the evening, everyone had a splendid time. By all appearances the "standing in line" idea does not hinder this crew. Not to mention "A" crew in this respect. We understand that some of the participants of this "brawl" had considerable difficulty in locating their homes afterwards.

It has been heard that "A" crew are boiling up another party on approximately March 12th., out at Middlechurch at the home of Dolly Oakley's sister. We take this opportunity to warn all residents of this peaceful locality to lock all doors and windows on this night, and have plenty of sleep during the day, for when this mob commence to "hoopdy-doo", sleep in Middlechurch will be an impossibility. In other words, anything can happen.

'Nuff said.

PARACHUTE SECTION RUMBLES

LAC South 93A, Sgt. Duke 93A, LAC. Cumming 90B, LAC. Oxman W.O.G., LAC. Rennie W.O.G., LAC. Henderson 88, LAC. Dowsett 95X, LAC. Seddon 87B.

These laddies have all contributed their fifty cents for opening a parachute on the ground.

CLASS 86B

Our stay at No. 5 A.O.S. has drawn to a close, and these paragraphs are our final bow. Looking back on a course which once seemed interminable, and now retrospect seems so short, we are vaguely surprised that we have any memories of anything but work. We once calculated that we worked 88 hours in one period of 6 days, not including time for meals.

Individuals in our course have, of course, distinguished themselves in various ways. At the time of writing this we know little about the results of our work, but we know a lot about incidents connected therewith. There was the case of our Broomfield, for instance, who one day, being first navigator, was peacefully dozing at his desk, when he was requested to ask the W.A.G. to speak to the pilot.

To Broomfield's horror, no W.A.G. could be found. No other solution presented itself to him but that the poor chap had fallen overboard. He therefore solemnly logged this event, giving the approximate time to the nearest minute, and "notified the Pilot."

The venerable gentleman who didn't hold with aeroplanes is on record as having been led out of the CNT in tears from his first exercise, after having sweated himself into a decline for 60 minutes, during which time he produced three position lines clearly indicating his position as somewhere in Central Canada.

These mechanical devices for introducing the maximum amount of inconvenience and discomfort to future navigators are always prolific in incidents worthy of chronicling. The spectacle of Corporal Benny and Yemen getting blacker and blacker in the face as they hurl insults at each other, ensuring that they shall not hear the reply by carefully swirthing the intercomm. off.

We still recall our pathetic gratitude, one Friday evening in the thick of our finals, when, on returning to our class room to prepare for a milk-run flight, we found that our Senior instructor, FO. Murray had managed to persuade the C.N.T. staff to detail us for the ensuing Saturday and Sunday. We were almost speechless with delight as we had feared that we would have had a week-end with nothing to do.

During the months of our course, we have got to know FO. Murray fairly well. We know, or think we know, the "All Clear" from the "Danger" signals. Let me warn his present course. Should he commence a period by embarking on a fairy tale, or a quotation from the Ancients (notably Cato — "What did Cato say, Jones?"), get ready to duck. We have liked him, and are sincerely sorry that our paths in future diverge.

PO. Shuh came to us just before our 12th week. We have come to appreciate the look of stunned yet pleased surprise which shows every time any of us pass any exams. He is deservedly popular with us, though for one period of 10 minutes or so he was in imminent danger of being stabbed to death by dividers, or clubbed with computers, when he walked into the S.D.R.T. in the middle of a particularly complicated exercise, and informed us that we were being chased by fighters, had altered course, speed, and height, and were in thick cloud. (Most of us were already in thick fog). The invective and lamentation which immediately arose would have melted any ordinary human heart.

We say good-bye to both of them with regret. We have appreciated the way they have treated us. It is always the custom on leaving, to say nice things about one's mentors. Custom is no empty form in this case. We consider that we have been fortunate in having been posted to No. 5, and we leave with best wishes to its staffs, officers, instructors, and joes. As to the

mess, — we hope, but without confidence, that some day, somewhere, we will encounter one as good. So here we go. Redman, the inventor of the Technicolour log, Pickersgill the industrious, too many Tr. and G.S. winds per hour, the sedate and decorous Mr. George (known to those of us who tried to sleep in the room below as Fairy Feet,) Denholm, whose musical tastes are, of the yearning variety, a trial to Messrs. Elliott and Landells who sat in front of him. The slender Williams, who seemed to get "organised" socially, with such smooth rapidity, — and all the rest of us — 86B.

CLASS 86A

Congratulations to FO. Shanahan and PO. Deane, the Instructors responsible for the absorption of the great and wonderful arts of Navigation by many and varied skulls! Also to the Instructors of the subsidiary subjects for their patient efforts!

Thanks to Sgt. Spershott for his fatherly guidance throughout the course!

Cupid has not limited his supply of ammunition during the stay in Winnipeg and several members have come very close to the achievement of matrimonial bliss.

EXTRACT FROM NAV'S LOG-HOMING on pre-computed loop reading:

19.20—No Null

19.22—No Null

19.25—No Null

19.27—Still No Null

19.29—No Null — abandoned hope

19.30— A/c visually.

ODE TO ASTRO WITH APOLOGIES TO FO. Shanahan.

Our Instructor knows his gen, he's well in with taxi men, when he's cruising on the deck, practises heavenly body rec. but 96 thinks it their right to ask which bodies he sees at night.

MESSAGE CHIT SUGGESTION BY 86A

MESSAGE SLIP.

By.....

(For use in the air only.)

Date: Always.

To: MY DEAR WAG

From: 1st NAV.

Text:—Please would you tear yourself away from your book to kindly oblige me with 3 teeny weeny BRGS.

STN. CALL. TIME. CLASS. APP. BRG. BRG.

1.
2.
3.

Thanking you in anticipation. I remain,

Your Overworked Navigator.

X X X X X X T.O.O.....

T.O.R.....

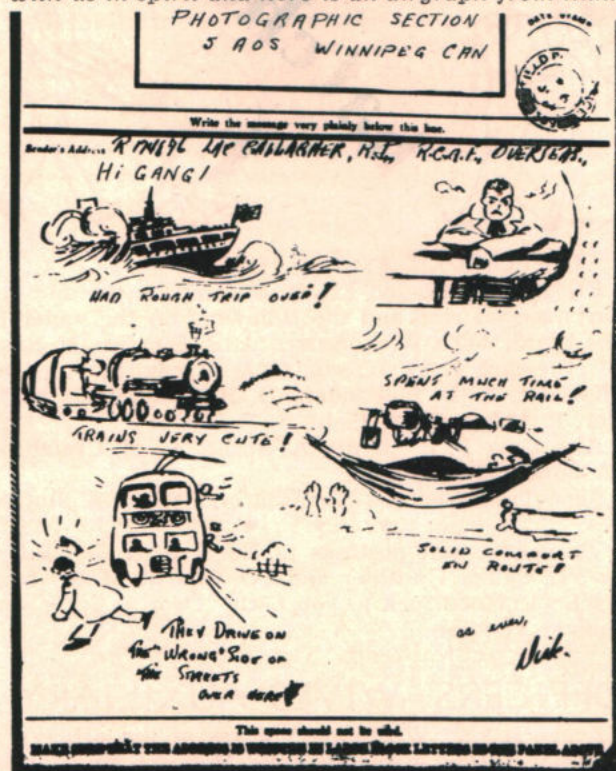
PARACHUTE SECTION

Mr. K. Reid of No. 33 E.F.T.S. Caron, Saskatchewan has been transferred to No. 5 A.O.S. and is now in charge of the parachute section.

★ ★ ★

Dan Cupid has been having his little fling around this section too. Dorothy Elrick married Sgt. Howard Insley a graduate of No. 5.

The last issue bemoaned the loss of Dick Gallagher, whose cartoons had done much to brighten up the pages of the Drift Recorder. Dick apparently is still with us in spirit and here is an airgraph from him.



CLASS 91B

'Twas Sunday, twelfth day of December, 1944, and the Sun had just attained an altitude of $49^{\circ}13'$ whilst it was nearing the L.H.A. of 245° , when a bus pulled up outside Barrack Block 14. As the door opened, a stream of twenty-two airmen poured forth, showing, by their talk, that they were of that peculiar race of men known as R.A.F. They were joined later in the day by five men whose brightly polished buttons bore the legend "R.C.A.F." We had arrived at No. 5 A.O.S. . . .

Much has happened since then. The destination of the Sun has been reduced to $13^{\circ}13'$, the class has been reduced to twenty-four and FL. McCutcheon and FO. Nahass have been reduced to tears, but we are still plugging along looking, not to the left, nor yet to the right, but looking ahead to the great day. Even the "New Order" leaves us un-moved, and we put up with it all tolerantly waiting hopefully. . . .

If you have read as far as this, you will have gathered that we started out with twenty-two Englishmen and five Canadians, only to be reduced in number to twenty Englishmen and four Canadians — or, rather, nineteen Englishmen, four Canadians and "Jock" Hendry (mustn't arouse the old Scots blood, you know!) — by the "Ceased Training Gremlins" that live in the corners of every cubicle in the S.D.R.T. We wish Jock Carr luck with his new class, and the same to Hatton, who has gone back to England. Sgt. Jackson appears only on pay-parades, and this seems to be his main duty nowadays. After these last minute adjustments had been made, we settled down to our work and managed to squeeze through our sixth week examinations — an event for which Otto Butts bade a fond farewell to his Sextant, though he promised it a speedy return. So now, in our 8th week, we are still endeavouring to navigate our way along the rocky road to our brevets.

Our first appearance in these pages would not be proper without mention of our Corporal, Joe ("You wouldn't chuckle") Browne. He it is who looks after us, changes our diaphers, and generally sees to our welfare — even amusing us from time to time with songs straight from Cairo (for our Joe has seen five years Middle East service). Sometimes he has so many jobs to do for us that we wonder if, perhaps, his parents knew something when they christened him "Joe". . . ? We all thank you, Joe, and promise to behave ourselves better in the future! (Joe loves the New Order!)

Then, of course, there's Otto, who can't make up his mind whether to marry Dorothy or his Sextant, and who awards himself his brevet and commission every night, in his dreams. ("It'll shake some people if I get a commission!") Jack Godley navigates his way through the night, and insists on having a lower bunk because, he claims, it is cozier to take drifts therefrom. There's also Russ Collins who's *never* wrong, though even he slipped up when, after binding hard on his diagram of the camera control all the time during the briefing, took all his photographs with the bomb tit! Oh yes, we have our "gen-man" too!! George Manwaring is the man who supplies us with our humour, and we appreciate it very much. It is not true, though, that he wore away the bottom half of legs by walking—he lost them when he was being held in his Anson whilst using the Astro Compass.

I know that I still have twenty-six readers left — our instructors will read this, I suppose — so I might as well inform all and sundry that we played 91A ice hockey and beat them 3-1. Special mention goes here, to Snow, Harder and Davis, all of whom scored and without whom the score against us might have been higher — though, of course, Collins filled the goal pretty well. (Oh yes, we've been learning to skate, under the watchful eyes of our Instructors and our four "Canucks", but we can't help thinking that the ice is a somewhat peculiar place to sit!) Success having gone to our heads, we hereby issue a challenge to any Australian, English or New Zealand team who'd like a game (Canadians are definitely not allowed in numbers — we have enough trouble getting the puck from our own!) We are even willing to give us a P.T. period if it can be arranged. (Incidentally, special mention should be made of the P.T.I.'s on this Station for making P.T. interesting and enjoyable. Thanks!)

Now in conclusion we would like to thank FL. McCutcheon and FO. Nahass for their interest in us. (We can't help thinking that they will have to be awarded A.F.C.'s if they ever get brevets on our breasts!) We thank them, sincerely for the way they work with us and pray that we will prove to merit it.

SOCIAL AND RECREATION CLUB

Our Social and Recreation Club held a meeting recently and elected the following officers: W. S. Cook, President; W. Collicutt, Vice President; Don Carter, Secretary and E. L. Cann, Treasurer.

Getting settled on the new station has somewhat retarded our social activities but now that the Drill Hall and Recreation Hall are ready for use we can probably make up for a lot of lost time. As a matter of fact, the R.C.A.F. dance held there recently was a decided success and our Anniversary party sponsored by this club attracted a huge crowd, which enjoyed itself very much. It is hoped that many such functions will be as well attended and as thoroughly enjoyed.

attached



matched



hatched



This department apologizes for the lack of coverage given the most important events in your lives. To make sure that all those attached, matched or hatched are given full publicity, four young ladies become social reporters for future issues of this magazine. They are Miss Swan Johnston and Miss Rae Ledingham of the Orderly Room, Miss Geo. Clarke of Publications and Miss Nan Dawson. They will appreciate all news for this section, so let them know of events early and don't forget those baby pictures.

Congratulations To . . .

Sgt. and Mrs. F. E. Gifkins on the birth of their son, Gerald Erle.

FO. and Mrs. B. D. Fox on the birth of their daughter, Judith Charlotte Anne.

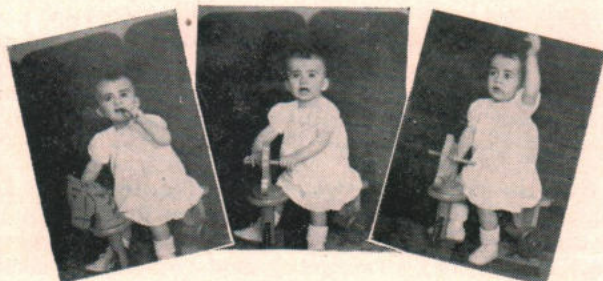
LAC. and Mrs. G. E. Roper on the birth of their daughter, Constance Winnifred.

Sgt. and Mrs. E. D. Whillans on the birth of their son, Robert Douglas.

AC1 and Mrs. J. Hutcheon on the birth of their daughter, Margaret Gail.

Sgt. and Mrs. A. T. Daintrey on the birth of their daughter, Margaret Eleanor.

LAC. and Mrs. C. W. LaCroix on the birth of their son, Charles Gary.



Judith, daughter of SL. and Mrs. G. G. Milne

★ ★ ★

BIRTHDAY, by K.J.S.

On this thy natal day
We mind us of the time when Earth
First saw thee and in Heaven the mirth
And gaiety for another child to be of God.

★ ★ ★

In quiet ceremony at St. Patrick's Anglican Church, Miss Frances Goode became the bride of FO. Alex Holden on February 19. Miss Muriel Goode was bridesmaid and FO. Bill McCarron was best man.

★ ★ ★

On February 17 at Malpeque Church in Prince Edward Island, Myra Rose Hickey and PO. W. A. Chadwick were married by Rev. C. J. Crowdis.

To both couples, the *Drift Recorder* extends heartiest wishes for their future happiness.

WE CONGRATULATE:

FL. A. C. West and FL. R. E. Lapp on the addition of their second ring and the following on the widening of the braid: FO's W. L. Smart, A. B. Pitcairn, H. Seed, G. W. Stewart, L. G. Wilson, C. E. Macey, R. P. Alger, M. Kwizak, A. D. McFadden, D. H. Murray, R. K. M. Miller, R. Milne, W. A. Gohl, S. T. Howe.

Also Cpls. F. B. Henry, A. Sprott, R. M. Creighton, A. C. Jones, H. Rempel.

Sgts. Treasurer and Simpson and FS. J. S. Judge.

★ ★ ★

We regret that postings to No. 7 B. & G. Paulson takes FL. Cairns Gauthier and FO. Charlie Macey from this school. Good luck to you both! Drop in for a visit whenever you can.

OFFICERS' WIVES AUXILIARY

Every second Wednesday, wives of the officers at this station gather in the Officers' Mess for an informal get-together. Mrs. Betty Roberts is President and Mrs. Peggy Smart is Secretary. Mrs. Mae Nahass looks after the finances of the club. Far from being a social club, the Auxiliary has already formulated plans to further the welfare of the trainees at No. 5 A.O.S. Every week, two members take turns visiting our sick trainees at Deer Lodge Hospital taking them cigarettes and fruit.

If you haven't already bought a ticket on the Auto-graph Quilt made by the Officers' Wives Auxiliary, of this school, get one today.

Those of you who have spent any time in Deer Lodge Hospital know how urgent the need for books is — not old history books or "Susie finds peace with Cathbert Q. Throckmorton", by Phineas P. Dinwiddie, but the books that a man can read and enjoy, including the best sellers of the day. Your two-bits is needed. You may be glad of a book yourself some day. Certainly thousands of young airmen, sailors and soldiers will be grateful to the splendid gesture of the Auxiliary in raising funds for this library. You can help. Will you — TODAY?

Third Anniversary Celebrated

On January 6, 1941, No. 5 A.O.S. started operating. Now a little over three years later, in the New Drill Hall, a party has been held to celebrate this event. On Saturday, March 4, thousands gathered to dance to the music of the R.C.A.F. orchestra, enjoy the highly successful Bingo game, and partake of the good things set before them by "Pop" Ratson. Ford Braden acted as M.C. and WC. B. N. Harrop and Mr. D. S. Ormond spoke briefly. Air Vice-Marshal T. A. Lawrence was unfortunately unable to be present as planned. The party was sponsored by the Social and Recreation Club under the chairmanship of Wally Cook, and even now, a week later, the staff of No. 5 is still talking about the good time they had.

CLASS 89A

When one enters the final lap of the navigation course; just having passed the twelfth week, one is certainly in a bad way. The only sex one sees is the sex in sextant. The only home made cooking encountered is that done in the classroom and the only commission one can look forward to with certainty in the liquor commission. (Oh yeah—Ed.).

It must be a toughest course, we say, if our instructors Messrs. Holtby and Peat each have to take a fortnights holiday in the 9th week. Why, Mr. Peat was so desperate to get away, he hired one, Findlay, to kick him in the ankle during a peaceful and friendly game of football — staggering off in search of a doctor and sick leave.

Our Canadian cobblers (notice the touch of Australian) say it is the mildest winter they have had for years. "Mild be blowed" says Trowbridge. "Its ridiculous, it is impossible for the 2nd navigator to sleep up in the back it is so cold. The only way to keep warm is by fire one builds to cook his sextant shots."

While one the subject of sleep. One, Tangey, while dozing in the pleasant sun over Kenora, was awakened by the W.A.G. who said "Excuse me", (he was one of the polite few that really exist, believe it or not) "Could you give me our position" to which above mentioned spark replied "Shame on you Sarge, fancy a big boy like you being lost." These WAGS will have to be instructed at briefing not to wake 2nd Navigators, because the only place they can sleep since the advent of some new French custom called "Reveille", is in the classroom by day and up back by the Anson by night.

Why, if the 2nd Nav. is kept awake he'll have to look for real trains (leaving Portage approx. 17 carriages) or real Ansons (on starboard bow height approx. 6000') with the consequence of instructors having to spend hours extra analysing the logs reading report after report.

All this definitely proves that the Anson has come to stay. Why are you guys mooning about — too much work at night? What else is there to do in Winnipeg? Any suggestions will be gratefully received. Please address Messrs. Cain & Jess c/o Editor.

89A — SOCIAL

It is rumoured that LAC. Tangey is to be the next Duke of Marlborough.

Subscriptions are being called for a public address system for "Boss" Dickson of 89A, to deliver his multitudinous manifestoes.

When is the M.O. going to wake up to LAC Phillips, 89A, who appears to have become part of the establishment of the Medical Section.

A movement for bigger Widows' Pensions is being advocated by Mr. Jess — a member of the Railways Union of New South Wales.

Tom Larson has been called "One Wind" by Mr. Holtby. We suggest a more fitting title to be "All Wind."

We wish our New Zealand visitor, Drummond, would get up off his knees occasionally.

CLASS 88A

At the end of our fifteenth week and with the pressure very much upon us we will take time to write a few bits of foolishness which will strike a familiar note to 88A and many will amuse our fellow trainees:

- The Bloom method of Astro pinpoints (Remember the chart on the wall?)
- But my shots were honest, Sir.
- This one is pretty corny.

- You'll get a big "bang" out of this trip.
- You can see through it! (a navigator looking through a Mark IX after having had two good astrograph trips with it).
- What do I do now Mac?
- You'll find astro very accurate.
- The route has been changed.
- Listen to the "Met".
- It took forty minutes to find Polaris (C.N.T.)
- I have to have some screwy method to remember.
- Is our armament sergeant still in Publications?
- Settle down a moment you chaps.
- Fiver and no leave!
- Have you ordered your uniform yet?

WT. INFO

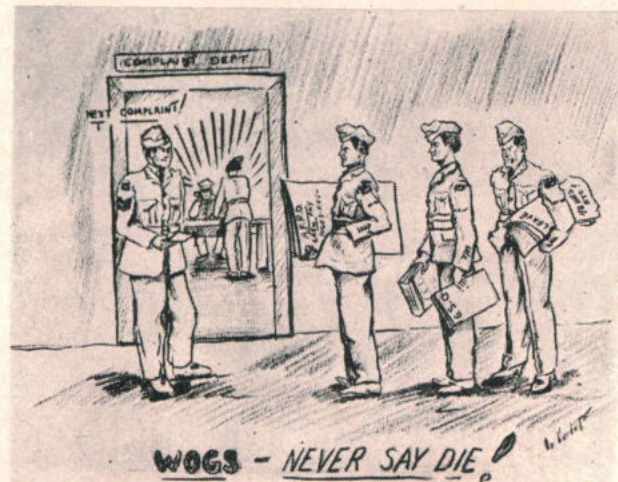
To date nothing really surprising has happened around the W/T set-up of the station. Since our last publication, things have been running fairly well up to par from all angles, with the usual "moans" from the W.O.G. personnel as regards to "pays", "flying" each day for the month of, and hooks. According to reports the "chevs" are on their way shortly. More luck to the lucky land! There are also rumours of a barrack block for the aircrew-groundcrew, instead of them being quartered hither and thither like a bunch of orphans.

We all want to bid fond adieu to the W.A.G. personnel who have left, and wish them the very best of luck in their new duties. FO. Rymal, who has spent a most enjoyable leave (we hope!) at the Sunshine Ski Lodge (Banff), is now back to the grind.

Apparently the W.A.G.'s and W.O.G.'s have been quite busy off as well as on the station. Congratulations to all the new arrivals, and as the old adage has it, may all your troubles continue to be small ones.

Quite a few of the boys have been on the flu list of late but we're hoping the "stand-bys" will have the time off soon again. Speaking of lists, quite a few of the boys, both W.A.G.'s and W.O.G.'s, with special bearing on the latter have been on the visiting list to the small room on second floor mid-wing, west side, Tsk Tsk, boys!!

Greetings to the new "ops" of late arrival, may your stay be enjoyable, and don't forget to ground check, please! Herewith is a cartoon we hope can be reproduced, having passed all censorship regulations, etc., and how's about a few ideas for the next write-up? On closing, speaking for the majority, we're glad to be here and hope to be around when the girls come home. Congrats 30s - 73s - 88s etc., to all the Flywheelers, it's great working you, and let's keep the moans at their present level.



RADIO MAINTENANCE

Certain members of the Radio Department were very, very happy at the good fortune which befell Mr. Johnson last month when he won the Victory Bond. Just how happy no one knows! When we say certain members, we are not sure that Mr. Johnson can be included for, while he won the bond, it would seem that he left his guard down and lost a goodly portion of it during one of those noon hour round table conferences in the Canteen.

Probably many wonder about the gang that gathers at the end table in the Canteen during the lunch hour. Topics of discussion vary from the distance between any two points to the merits of participating in draws etc., side bets are allowed, ranging from a penny to five dollars. It seems that five dollars was the last amount involved.

On entering the Radio Shop many a person wonders what that strange new cage in the corner is for. No, it is not for monkeys, they still run around loose.

★ ★ ★

Incidentally, who was forced, by the misfortune of sitting on a newly painted bench, to run around minus trousers, while a cleaning project was in progress?

★ ★ ★

The Radio Flight Crew have moved over to No. 3 Hangar taking most of the noise with them.

★ ★ ★

"Hobby" Hobkirk deserves much credit for doing a good job on Radio ground checks.

★ ★ ★

The following new employees are welcomed to our maintenance staff, Bill Barbour, Bruce Barbour, Bruce Sebastian and Jack McCrea.

RADIO MAINTENANCE No. 4 Hangar



Seated left to right: J. Hahban, Miss Kay Clay, Miss Claudia Smith, Miss Edna Woods. Standing left to right: H. D. Johnson, W. Barbour, J. Ross, A. H. Johnson, P. M. Cole, F. McNabb, R. T. Archibald, F. C. Dowle, J. T. McCrea, G. W. Faires, L. C. Morriossn, R. Lecomte, S. Bodnaruk.

CLASS 91A

Probably the shortest distance any one has ever travelled on a posting was that traversed by the bus from No. 3 Wireless School, which brought the prospective Course 91A from within the walls of the Deaf & Dumb Institute (so aptly named). To all of us No. 5 had been a Utopia (illusion fast dispelled), a haven of refuge into which we soon would pass, leaving behind past bad luck, and "general duties". Once again we were ready to be called the cream, and take up our old title of air crew, for three long months had passed since we had been u/t anything!

Our instructors FO. Stewart and FO. Pitcairn faced with a Herculean task of teaching a 99% R.A.F. course, set to with a will, and as our results have so far shown they are not labouring in vain. We sincerely appreciate the formidable task before them, and their ceaseless and untiring efforts.

The "ague" has smitten two of our brethren, and they have passed on to other courses. (Cries of "Get Some Sextant Shot hours in!") We would wish you, Fred, and Red the best of luck, and may your circles of uncertainty grow smaller, we are hoping that ours will! We welcome Cpl. Appleton, and hope he doesn't fancy being Flight Senior, as we already have one, recently endowed with two new stripes.

By the time the next issue of this magazine appears, the "12th week doom", (which is setting in fast), will be over, one way or the other, and our finals will be looming ominously near.

The quotations below are purely imaginary and any similarity to the pearls of wisdom emitted from the mouths of my contemporaries, are a coincidence.

"Picturesque Beef and Natter"

"There was I, 200 miles inside the States, no map and no air plot."

"What — you've got more service than the Serg. Major?"

For lost (stolen or mislaid) equipment please contact LAC. Locke.

"Can I have a late pass Sir—I got 49.9% on my last 'progress' test?"

"How cold did it get last winter Colter?" Line!!

"We always seem to fly over Lake Manitoba."

"Water hot chum?"

"I always get my drifts from the DRIFT RECORDER, and not the pilot."

"Just put my maps and log against the window Sir and then . . ."

"He gave me at least two dash marks for that."

"I was properly up the creek!"

"I gave the bomb aimer a wizard wind!"

"My intentions were misconstrued and my integrity questioned."

"Anybody got the correct time?"

"Ring me up if we are flying — you know her number."

"How many Bren gun carriers did you make for Russia, Frank?"

"It'll take more than an Astro Compass to check Course 91A!"

SUPPORT YOUR RED CROSS—GIVE GENEROUSLY!



Left to Right: S. Kostick, H. P. McKenzie, Miss Eleanor Purper, Mrs. Pearl Smith, Miss Dorothy Beeton, J. Fast, C. W. Carlson, H. Clark, C. G. Hawkins, S. C. Wortley, H. Dyck, R. C. Walsh.

MAINTENANCE

Grace Peterson was the lucky winner of the \$100 Victory Bond on February 16. She must have found it hard to believe for even though she was present when her name was called she forgot to give out with that little squeal of surprise. She would be a disappointment to Frank Sinatra at one of his concerts.

★ ★ ★

Ruth Dill spent eight days in the hospital recovering from a head injury received while skating. Oh well! What goes up must come down.

★ ★ ★

Dot Sommerset came out second best in her argument with an Anson. She suffered a painful head injury when she ran afoul of an aileron horn. It resulted in several stitches and loss of several of those pretty blonde curls.

★ ★ ★

"Cam" Bower and Harry Wood accompanied Mr. Ruse to Edmonton. They returned looking hale and hearty but then, with all those American troupes stationed up there the competition was a little stronger.

★ ★ ★

J. Waldie is to be congratulated for his speed skating achievements for despite a recent leg injury he went to Minneapolis and walked, or skated off, with second place honors.

★ ★ ★

The hospitals seem to be doing a land office business at the expense of Maintenance. Jean Trick, M. Sears and E. Jeanes have undergone operations and now Wally Cooke is in for an engine check.

★ ★ ★

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Burgess are receiving congratulations on the birth of a baby daughter, Carol.

★ ★ ★

Edith Fraser is sporting a very nice ring given to her by Doug. Horton of the woodworking shop. Yes, they're engaged.

CLASS 89B

The Air Ministry regrets to inform you that after operations carried out at No. 5 A.O.S. "Man is lost at last". Is Navigation to become a lost art? It was recently disclosed that a secret conference was held a short time ago at Elm Creek (Manitoba's hub of civilization) by Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin to decide the questionable fate of this question. After a 21 hour parley the three great leaders agreed that we of 89B should be given another chance after all. Thus it is that, with the consent of God and man, Course 89B, although sadly depleted in numbers, is still blown through the skies around dear old No. 5.

History, it is said, is created from little incidents. Apparently then, history has been in the making on our well beloved station during the past few weeks with the introduction of new and drastic disciplinary measures. Just like home! Most often heard expressions—quote "Button up that overcoat"! "Get out of bed, it'll be dawn in another four hours". "Get off my neck; that overcoat belongs to me". "Aw h---, I hate marching!" I guess you can't have everything.

Anyhow, one way or another, we shall all be leaving No. 5 soon with many memories — most of them happy. We should like to take the opportunity of thanking both our instructors for their painstaking efforts in making navigators out of us. Since we can't drag personalities into this, we might as well call it a day, leave the obvious unsaid and get back to work. After all, we can't disappoint Stalin, Roosevelt and Churchill after their deciding to give us another chance.

Maybe man isn't lost after all — just temporarily baffled.

That's us all over again.

Taking a Relative Bearing With the Astro Compass

(Simplified Method)

1. Warn the pilot.
2. Warn the entire crew, if it is necessary to wake up the W.A.G. to do this, "let sleeping wogs lie."
3. Level.
4. Re level.
5. Warn pilot.
6. Re level again.
7. Set Course True, Mag. and Compass against True Course Line. If possible average these.
8. Subtract the pilot's age.
9. Compute true Height and set on Lat. Scale.
10. From Air Almanac, find S.H.A. aries. Disregard this and find S.H.A. of Rigel.
11. Re level, rewarn crew.
12. Pretend you can't hear the pilot asking if you're finished.
13. Panic
14. More panic.
15. In desperation, loosen bracket and let the Astro Compass fall gently to earth.
16. Warn pilot.
17. Alter Instrument Report, saying that you had no Astro Compass when you entered the aircraft.
18. Ask bomb aimer for a pin point and pretend you are still deaf to the 1st navigators plea for an Astro Compass Bearing.
19. On landing, claim air sickness when asked why you have a blank Log.
20. Remuster to ground crew.

R. J. Clarson, 91A.

CANTEEN

Much to the regret of all, the Canteen has lost one of its favourite and best-liked members, Dorothy Temp-est, who has once more resumed her obligations as a dutiful wife and housekeeper. We couldn't let Dottie go without an appropriate farewell, so took the occasion of her departure to hold a buffet tea in the Ladies Lounge on January 10th.



The entire Canteen Staff was present and the lovely luncheon prepared by Opal Orchard and Mary Mowchan, was enjoyed by all. After tea, Miss Whiteford, with a short speech presented Dorothy with two enormous parcels. Removing countless folds of wrapping from the first one, Mrs. Tempest came upon her surprise gift, a package of Craven "A" cigarettes, her favourites! Nothing daunted, however, but with slight trepidations she tried again, and on opening the second gift, found, much to her pleasure, a lovely walnut coffee table, token of esteem from the girls she had worked with.

After calling F/Sgt. Tempest to view the gift, Dorothy thanked us all, very prettily, and extended an invitation to the girls to consider her home as open house.

We wish to take this opportunity to extend our thanks to LAC Phinney, who obliged us by taking photos of this memorable occasion. It was one we all enjoyed and will not easily forget.

CANTEEN



Left Front: D. Anderson, Miss Freda Smith, Miss Opal Orchard, Miss Kay Hardwick, Miss Betty Grierson. Rear: Miss Lenore Percival, Mrs. Mary Mowchan, Mrs. Gloria Smith.

CLASS 93B

At the present time 93B is about to encounter its first stumbling block on the way to the coveted "N" wing (6th week exams). This is our first mention in the *Drift Recorder* so we will introduce ourselves.

We are under the capable guidance of FO. Smart and PO. Brown, in whom we all have the fullest confidence.

Like all our flights we have our "characters and personalities". First of all there are Curtis, Bindner, Lessells and Orrange, whose prime ambition is to scale the walls of the Royal Alexandra. A large percentage of our flight, including Clarkson, Godfrey, Bowles, Mittay, Wallen and Moir are addicts of that game of chance (the little white-eyed cubes of misery). Flying partners Wallen and Dyer are our bad luck boys having completed only two of their five flights. Also in 93B is Jimmie Crossley, our sole Aussie, whose life is a hard one in this crew of Canadians. Formerly of "Le Belge Congo" is "Mac" McDiarmid whose lectures on "Dead Japs" are a source of interest to the whole flight. At this time, 93B wishes to congratulate a former member "Swoop" Hoey on his rapid recovery and wish him all the luck in the world.

Merely as a matter of record and in the hope that public pillorying might help change the apparent conviction, mention must be made of the man who doesn't believe in Wind Velocities. These really do exist and affect tracks and things. Wonder if there could be a station near the Doldrums; or could the Doldrums be an area merely dreamed up by a sixth week trainee.

We sent a man to check a meeting of the music appreciation club.

Young blighter resting on the back of his neck, really, in a lounge chair, roused himself to ask:

"Let's hear that Perpetuo from Mozart."

"Blast the Perpetuo", comes cheerful rejoinder of fairly untidy looking ruffian operating gramophone, "you heard it the other week, and it's not very good. Besides, I like Paganini."

As Paganini began, Pistol Packin' Mama swept through the left open door to the canteen.

One tip-toed down the room, closed door, placed a chair against it, tiptoed back.

Following selection was Tosti's Evening Air.

These quiet melodies don't merge well with the temperament of the Recorder's men. This one dashed back to 93B's panic pen to jot down a quick note about what the British and Americans are doing: going to make the Americans tear down all their pin-ups — going to be a revolution!

CLASS 95A

Course 95A arrived on February 13th and is composed of eighteen chaps who had troubles at various Elementary and Service Schools, along with seven graduates from I.T.S. as follows:

Barber—quiz; Beatty—C.W.A.C.; Britton—Brit; Clayton—scribe; Coles—snatch; Eccles—Sam the gonoph; Falconer—Doc; Farquarson—Farquie; Freeman—anchorman; Jardine—the hermit; Tahrenz—Silent; Techow—whip; Legault—one in 3,000,000; Legrow—Jooh; McKay—Junior; Morris—Met. man; Ozero—Aussie; Rogers—the loger; Rykiss—Curly; Sandulak—the peasant; Sinclair—our boy; Sisson—"baldy"; Thompson—Cas; Williams—weary; Wojtkowski—whiz; Wynn—windy.

The morale of the flight has been bolstered considerably by the mess, spotless barracks and the efficiency of the instructors. It is for this reason that we hope and expect to graduate a complete flight on that day that we are all looking forward to — Graduation Day.

STORES

The time has come again to delve back into our mental notes of past doings and try to bring you up to date on happenings in Stores.

Ed. McCrea, our purchasing clerk, has left us to take up a radio career. It would seem that this department raises good radio material for Ed is the second person to leave us for that field. Jack Scott was the first to go and is now featured on the program Moonlight Moods on C.K.R.C. Our bets wishes go to Ed both in his new career and his forthcoming marriage.

Betty Silk has been moved to purchasing and Loretta Reid, formerly of Technical Stores, will assist Betty in Main Stores.

Everyone is interested these days in what the Social Club and the Girls Council have in store for us. Our representatives, Saul Silverman of the Social Club and Hilda Testar of the Girls' Council are very enthused and promise some interesting developments in the near future.

STORES STAFF



Front row: left to right—Miss Agnes Delaney, Miss Georgina Clark, Miss Loretta Reid, Mrs. Ivy McMahon, Mrs. Alice Smith, Mrs. Betty Silk, Miss Doreen Beaudry, Miss Hilda Testar; Back row: left to right — G. H. Quinn, W. Pattern, W. E. Schoyen, E. H. Jackson, J. Lawrie, J. F. Hayner, G. J. Bissett, C. A. Boyd, A. Matthews, F. C. Nixon.

ATTENTION INMATES OF 92B!

The 20-week Test Match between the "Possibles" and "Probables" for final selection in the "Gentlemen's" Team has now reached its height (6 feet meaner than Sea Level). Fortunately for readers a "crawl to crawl" description is not possible in this issue owing to the limited available number of "Baragraphs". (Exguse please, I didn't take my Buckley's.) In future, however, all "out hanging" performances will be marked with an "astrofix" on the class blackboard.

The palm (with the thumb tucked well into the face) for the best performance to date goes to "Pet", "Mis", "Rone" a minute dig "coke" walked it in for top scorer. Billy B. looked like a comer when he tried for a quick single as a "pipe" opener but a snappy return by the bowler "rung" him out. E. J. is still at the wickets and looks like retiring only when the "brief" umpire does so.

This is the second screwiest article you have ever read but wait till our next! it'll be just plain silly, so order your copy now — order 2 copies — cancel the order and buy War Bonds!

CLASS 92B

January 2nd, besides a New Year, brought 92B Navigators to No. 5 A.O.S. 1944 is here to stay another 10 months but we're hoping to graduate sometime in May. (The pessimistic note is sounded since the results of our 6th week exams became known). Our instructors FO. Holden and PO. McNeil are, at the time of writing, looking remarkably fit after 6 weeks with 21 Canadians and 5 Aussie airmen.

Having space for only one story on the doings of 92B we reluctantly overlook the story material provided by LAC's Bell, Dorosh, O'Connor Hall, Wetherall along with many others and pick as the "story of the month" the travels of our diminutive Aussie Class Senior Len Gates who, it is rumoured, no longer believes in the navigator's pet theory that "Man is not lost". Along with Les Lewarne (now among the missing), Len accidentally explored the northern hinterlands of Manitoba while on a routine navigation exercise recently. In an entirely revolutionary form of square search our heroes managed to locate Carberry airport after 3 1-2 hours of diligent search. There they landed on a cupfull of gas and a prayer. Upon arriving back at No. 5 some eight hours after takeoff, LAC. Gates was heard to mutter darkly that in future he would leave the exploring of northern Canada to our very capable bush pilots.

LAMENTS TO A FOAM FLICKER

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who kneeling by his peaceful bed
Hath never bowed his head and said,
Please — give us a wet canteen!

Is there none with throat so dry
Who gazing to the darkened sky
Hath not the strength to stop and cry
Please give us a wet canteen!

Perhaps there's a connecting link in
Those solemn prayers to wishful thinkin'
We have no wish to get stinking from drinkin'
Please — Please — a wet canteen!

It is not that we are drunkards all
Who would spend our lives in some beer hall
We only make a plea that this'll
Supply enough to wet our whistle
Give us, Please — A wet canteen!

R. W. STALWICK, 93A.

RADIO DISPATCH

After two months separation we have at last joined the rest of the staff on the new site. Many changes have taken place in our staff since the last issue of the Drift Recorder. The Wilks-Biddulph marriage was celebrated last December and the happy couple are now living in Ottawa. Jerry Poff, our former Signals Officer has joined the ranks of the Benedicts, Alma Crump, now being Mrs. Poff. Congratulations are in order for Sally Ormond on her engagement to Lieutenant John Summers R.C.N.V.R. Doreen Broad still writes to Jack Nicolson very faithfully each day. After all, why not? That's his ring she is wearing.

Welcome to Shirley Beaudry, Addie Kruse, Ann Siddon and Keith Snyder, all new members of Dispatch and a special welcome to future operators Margaret Atkins, aged three months, daughter of S. O. Horace Atkins; and Dennis James Robertson, aged four weeks, son of Senior Operator J. Robertson. Congratulations to the proud parents!

In Love

by FO. K. J. SHANAHAN

Moonlight on the tall white gums,
Poignant beauty.
Ribbon of road unrolled before devouring wheels,
Sence of liberation.
Grass mirges into green as we roar into the air,
Who can master us?

Shadowed vespers sung in cloistered chant,
Our dependency on God.
My love, my love, these does my mind record,
Your loveliness impales me,
Thru' you am I free,
At once am I disciple and lord.

THE INTELLIGENCE LIBRARY

By PO. W. G. COOPER

Plans are actively underway to set up the finest Intelligence Library in Number 2 Training Command. It is to be right on this station. The exact location is the large room on the mezzanine floor of the Drill Hall between the Education Office and the Auxiliary Services' office.

A great deal of careful thought, planning and work have gone into its creation; ideas having been brought from visits to libraries scattered between St. John, Quebec and Patricia Bay, B.C.

The room itself is a most attractive one. Its western orientation provides an abundance of light during day-time hours; then to supplement the ceiling lamps, three floor lamps are to be set around at convenient spots and a number of desk lamps are provided.

The already beautiful floor is to be covered with two fine airforce rugs. Comfortable chairs to accommodate thirty-five people have been ordered and will be set in convenient places.

The room is to be used for Progress of War classes and for a place to make available secret, confidential and restricted information for study by instructors and trainees alike. Large maps showing the major battle areas will be on constant display so that anyone can see at a glance where our troops are engaging the enemy and how they are progressing. It is because of the availability of these maps that the classes in Progress of War are to be held in the Intelligence Room.

While this is important it is not the main function of the room. The secret material received on the station contains information with which every instructor and trainee should be very familiar. Here it will be available not only during normal working hours but until 19:30 or 20:00 hours.

The room will be in charge of an officer at all times and since it is a library, library etiquette will be expected at all times. When you see what a fine room has been made available for you, you will be proud of its appearance and will wish to keep it clean. Above all make use of the information that you will find in it. This school has turned out some of the best Navigators and Bombers in the Air Force. We would like to hang your photo on the library wall, too.

S.A.S.O. VISITS NEW DRILL HALL



Left to right: WC. D. G. Price, Mr. D. S. Ormond, GC. J. S. Scott, WC. B. N. Harrop, Mr. W. J. Buchanan, FL. G. Ross.

THE CORPS OF COMMISSIONAIRES

There have been many changes since we had an article in the *Drift Recorder*—the removal from old No. 5 to new No. 5, and the increase of the working personnel and guards.

There are many of us who were sorry to leave the old station and start on the new, but now that we are getting settled to the new surroundings and working conditions are being put into shape, one must say that new No. 5 is all right.

Among the guards may be seen many new faces, some of the old ones have gone, but our ranks have increased by double the strength required at the old station. There have also been promotions and we now have our old sergeant and three lance/sergeants. We are glad to have on this new station many of the old workers from the various departments who in the past worked with us and the same can be said of the Service Police and the new personnel. As a guard's life is not always an easy one, this co-operation is very much appreciated by the guards.

The Company is to be congratulated on having a fine school, with every modern convenience and facility, and when completed this will be one of the best flying fields in Canada.

No. 5 is well guarded by men who have seen action in many wars as one can see by the ribbons they wear.

From the guards' point of view, it is a pleasure to serve on this station and one feels that we are part of it.

COURSE 86 VISITS NEW DRILL HALL



PADRE'S PAGE

Lenten Services

FL. PHIL. JANZ

February 23rd. to Good Friday has been designated on our Calendars as the Lenten Season, a special season of the Church year commemorating the last phase of the Savior's life on earth, which has been observed by the Christian Church for many centuries. During this season the usual routine of pleasure and frivolity is reduced to a minimum and special services are held in many churches, commonly known as mid-week Lenten Services, as will be noted also in the city of Winnipeg from church announcements appearing in the Press.



In keeping with this age-old custom, it is our intention to conduct such special Lenten Services also on our station every Wednesday evening from 18:30 to 19:00 hours, beginning March 1st. These services will be held in the Chapel and it is hoped that all Protestant personnel will avail itself of the opportunity to attend. Further details will appear in D.R.O.'s.

The general theme of our Lenten meditations will be: "The Road Back to God". We consider this a fitting theme at this time of the world's crisis and one which ought to give us a great deal of food for thought. It is the padre's firm conviction that such a subject has a great deal to do not only with winning the war but with the shaping of this new world about which so many visions are seen at this time. You're not asked to agree but only to think!

Cheerio!

Here's a poem, author unknown:

"Give us men to match our mountains,
Give us men to match our plains,
Men with empires in their purpose,
Men with throbbing, conquering brains.
Give us men to lead our nation,
Give us men with holy zeal,
Men aflame with truth and vision,
Men who bear the heavenly seal.
Give us men who love the Bible,
And its precepts to obey,
Give us men who have convictions
And are Christians all the way.
Give us men who follow Jesus,
Give us men who love their Lord,
Men with hearts, pure and courageous,
Men led by God's eternal word."

THE ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE

By FL. A. F. BANFIELD

The "What" Committee you ask? And well you might. The Committee, however, has not had much of a chance to function as yet but from now on there will be more than enough entertainment provided for everyone on the station. The main drawback so far has been lack of facilities to put on any functions but now that both the Drill Hall and the Recreation Hall are complete dances, picture shows ("Flicks" to the R.A.F.) and vaudeville shows will be regular features of the station activities and a word about each is in order.

DANCES—It is expected that dances will be held once a month in the Drill Hall. If circumstances permit they will be held every two weeks to coincide with graduations.

PICTURE SHOWS—Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday in the Recreation Hall, each feature being shown two nights. Only the best pictures will be shown, as a glance at the advertisements in this issue will verify. Ordinarily pictures will be shown immediately after the first showing in the city. On Sunday evening all ranks will be permitted to bring lady friends and to entertain them in the canteens afterwards.

VAUDEVILLE SHOWS—every second Thursday an outside troupe will give a performance in the Recreation Hall — come early and get a seat as the shows are free!

MUSICAL APPRECIATION HOUR — held every Wednesday evening. At present they are being held in the Airmen's Canteen, but when the lounge in the Drill Hall is furnished, they will be held there. See FL. Janz if you have any ideas for improving it.

At present the Committee consists of, FL. Banfield, President, Mr. Hay, Secretary, with FL. Janz, FL. Boyd, PO. Murray, Sgt. Hartwell, and Sgt. Judge as members. It is hoped that later on there will be representatives from the trainees also.

Anyone with musical or dramatic talent (real or suspected) especially those with previous experience, are urged to contact the Committee as it is proposed to have a station orchestra and dramatic club. How about it, you neophytes?

Your *Greatest*
Motion Picture Experience!

FLESH AND FANTASY

MARCH 12-13



Vaudeville!!

POLICE TROUP

MARCH 9

ADMISSION FREE!



in **TECHNICOLOR!**



MARCH 14-15



AMATEUR NIGHT

MARCH 30

Coming Attractions

RECREATION
HALL



HUMPHREY BOGART • EDDIE CANTOR
BETTE DAVIS • OLIVIA de HAVILLAND
ERROL FLYNN • JOHN GARFIELD • JOAN LESLIE
IDA LUPINO • DENNIS MORGAN
ANN SHERIDAN • DINAH SHORE • ALEXIS SMITH



Songs Galore!
with GEORGE TOBIAS • JACK CARSON • ALAN HALE
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON • S. Z. SAKALL • HATTIE McDaniel
Directed by DAVID BUTLER • SPIKE JONES and his CITY SLICKERS
Screen Play by Norman Panama & Melvin Frank and James V. Kern
From an Original Story by Everett Freeman and Arthur Schwartz

MARCH 19-20

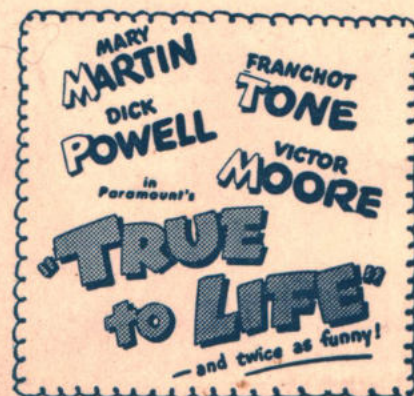
ADMISSION TO MOVIES

20c

SHOWS START AT
2000 HRS.



MARCH 21-22



MARCH 26-27



Vaudeville!!

LEGION TROUP

MARCH 23

ADMISSION FREE!



MARCH 28-29



QUIZ PROGRAM

MARCH 30