

The **DRIIFT**

RECORDER

Nislet Hughes



Good Bye . . . Good Luck



It is with distinct pleasure that No. 5 A.O.S. dedicates the April issue to Wing Commander and Mrs. B. N. Harrop. Wing Commander Harrop retires from the R.C.A.F. after distinguished service in two wars.

Wing Commander Harrop was born at Indian Head, Saskatchewan. An undergraduate at Queen's University (Science '17) when World War 1 broke out he immediately left to train privately as a pilot. Lessons were taken on a Curtis Flying Boat at Hamblin's Point, Toronto. The Company disbanded before the course was finished, but along with several other adventurous youths he found himself on the way to England, spending Christmas 1914 on the high seas.

On arrival in England he was granted a commission in the R.N.A.S. and first soloed on a Maurice Forman Longhorn—a pusher aircraft. After completion of training and several postings he finally went to Seaplane Carriers—the first being H.M.S. Riveria. After a spell at Malta, he was placed in command of a seaplane base at Mudras.

While at Mudras he was one of the two officers selected to make a special night flight from the mouth of the Dardenelles to two islands beyond Constantinople to rescue General Townsend interned there. Two seaplanes were fitted up with special tanks and taken close to the Dardanelles and hoisted overboard. One air-

craft could not get away because of rough seas, so the Wing Commander proceeded alone. Heavy shell fire was encountered at Constantinople. The venture was unsuccessful, however, the storm around the islands preventing any small boat from leaving the shores. His aircraft returned to Mudras after a 6 1-2 hour flight. The following night the other seaplane ventured forth but was shot down at Constantinople.

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

In 1922 he joined the R.C.A.F. and in 1929 he transferred to the Reserve when he took charge of flying for the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co. He now returns to his company from which he obtained leave of absence at the outbreak of this war.

On Tuesday, March 28, a dinner was held in honor of Wing Commander and Mrs. Harrop at which gathering FL. George Ross presided. SL. G. G. Milne presented Mrs. Harrop with a token representing the esteem in which she and her husband are held.

It is with sincere regret that we say goodbye. All No. 5 joins the "Drift Recorder" in wishing Wing Commander and Mrs. Harrop the best of luck.

—F. C. BROWN, FO.



—Courtesy M. T. B. Rivers

THE FOURTH DIMENSION Epiloge 90A

*"In your spare time", he said
"You'll work these problems out"
Which gave us all to wonder
What time he spoke about.*

*Our Brains Trust sat up nights on it
And strained their shattered nerves,
And Bates got out a graph of it
With classic cosine curves.*

*They added hours of compass swings,
Components P. & Q.
They added time to figure out
The routes we never flew.*

*They added time to learn the "gen"
On "rads" and "fire one burst"
On "holding off" and "building up"
And "launching tail-end first".*

*They threw in time for C.N.T.
So frenzied while it lasted,
And SDRT that allied scourge
That kindred and arch (censored)*

*They added all the hours up
And tossed in flying nights
And added to the mounting toll
Four hundred sextant sights.*

*The answer will discourage
You men of lesser clay—
Thirty-four point five eight hours
Per mean and solar day.*

*We told the boss about it
And he replied "Let's see,
That leaves you nearly three hours clear
If you work on A.M.T."*

CLASS 90B

Well, we made it! At least we hope we have after having finished a rather rough set of exams our brains are in somewhat of a whirl.

When we look back at the many trying times behind us, they all seem very small to the serious work ahead. To change from an LAC. to a Sergeant or Pilot Officer in one day is a fairly large jump but with the aid the instructors have given us I am sure we will be able to "weather the storm."

90B to Sgt. Shiffer has been a mad bunch of fellows, who arrived in the gym a half hour before him and wouldn't leave until they were practically thrown out.

Since the last issue very little has happened outside of much studying and little sleep, but I am sure once we have our wing up our many hours of work will seem very small.

The C.N.T. has also been introduced to us since last issue and I am sure any more trips would have driven us mad. Every morning or should I say every night you can hear the fellows getting up none too quietly, groping for their link sextant and carrying their mark IX for show.

I would like to take this opportunity to amend one of my statements of last issue when I called a certain two fellows "wolves". Since then they have improved considerably and have now built up the reputation of being "cubs".

There are many things on this station which we have enjoyed but the most outstanding is the delicious food. On behalf of 90B I offer thanks to Pop "who said more pie?" Ratson, Mrs. Sharpe and their staff for the grand table they have presented throughout our stay at No. 5. It would take many paragraphs to mention all the good times we have had here (even though most of us come from Toronto and vicinity).

Perhaps these lines will do it:

*On behalf of our flight 90B.
We wish to denounce C.N.T.
To the P.T. staff we offer regret
For the many times we made them fret.
And to Donny Boyd — the met. he can keep,
For the many times we fell asleep,
Messieurs Oughton and Richardson are thankful too.
That 90B is nearly through.
To the Pilots and Wag's of No. 5.
We offer thanks for being alive.
And for those suggestions in interrogation
We say, "It's too damn cold for Navigation!"
And to the station we offer thanks
For the hot water — (which ain't) out of the tanks.
The bomb aimer deserves a very royal crown
For winding the wheels up and winding them down.
And with this we depart, but not till we say
We liked No. 5 — it's a bit of O.K.!*

—R. J. Butler.

THEY KEEP 'EM FLYING!

Pictured below are some of the groups in Maintenance who work hard and long to keep our planes in the air. They deserve much credit for the fine job they are doing.



From left to right: Mrs. F. Chadwell, H. White, Miss E. Nelson, Miss H. Paulson, E. Jeannes, Miss V. Balicky, F. Salter, E. Gilchrist, A. Weigand.



Back Row: M. J. Burgess, Mr. J. Koltalo, Mr. P. Stevenson, Mr. L. Mowatt, Mr. D. Johnston, Mr. P. Farrier, Mr C. Currie. Front row: Miss A. Johnston, Miss C. McCall, Miss E. Prest, J. McDonald, Miss E. McMillan, J. Domas, H. Eliason.



From left to right: Mrs. C. Rex, Miss M. Agnew, Mrs. M. Oliver, M. Simpson, M. Phillips, W. Meakin, S. Collier, J. Ignot, Mrs. M. Arnason.

A new aggregation of U/T Navigators now clean their feet on the mud scrapers of this station.

A colorful composite of Australians, G.B.'s and Canadians tend to make this conglomerate group of ex-pilots something new in the annals of No. 5 A. O.S. . . . That "South Pacific Island" is represented by three staunch Aussies, Newman, Collier, and Clark, two of whom find Canadian girls rather becoming, or is it becoming rather—and the third has novel ideas on how to apply variation and deviation correctly in this eloquent code sentence, "True Virgins Make Decent Cuddles." . . . From the rock of coal and breweries are the Navigators who believe pubs make good pin-points even though they do admit that their Track Required and T.M.G. vary appreciably when leaving such groghouses.

A thumb-nail sketch on the boys might look something like this:

Pianist of the act is Bastone, who can summon mean swing rhythm from the most serious music—Hymns fall definitely into this category . . . Included in "Daddy" Ward's versatilityes are weight-lifting and moral droppings. Bann's Puritanical book sums up much sense and many cents while his "air" partner Fulcher (with emphasis on the "air",) strongly contends accuracy as a keypoint in Navigation. Monty Watts can hardly wait till we commence studying the "heavenly bodies"—he doesn't know that they are just stars, (and him a married man). Curly Webb sings a good second in the shower and contends that D.R. means Dohn Rottal (well may be). Another of the G.B. boys (G.B. being for Great Britain, of course) is Smith, R.L., who seems to have a passion for Virden—what's the "gen", Smitty? . . . The smallest member of the R.A.F. is "Pomme" Byrnes, an infallible authority on basketball among other things . . . A closed-mouthed individual is Norm Bond and we think this lad will bear watching when the final count is taken.

In conclusion we present Jock Symes our delegate from Edinburgh, who has a philosophy worth noting in relation to the consumption of the "vintage of Bacchus."

The imitable Canucks are last and least (in numbers only) with representatives from coast to coast.

First in the alphabet is our talented Calgary Cowboy whose air partner Stewart wishes he was big Bill Thompson of Chicago (what has he got to hide?). Layton and Lawrence come from that bald-headed no man's land lying between Alberta and Manitoba (I was stationed there once). Rooney and Smith J. hail from the big city of Montreal, while Morrice and McFarlane come from the pin-points, Stayne and Camlachie respectively. The West Coast boys include your byliners and basket artist Markle from Vancouver. Cpl. Hawkins a natural for flight senior is the veteran of our gang.

Something more than satisfaction was felt when we greeted our dean FO. Ramsay, whom we ardently believe will carry us successfully through to the "N".

WORKS and BUILDINGS

Works and Buildings were left out of the last issue of the D. R. because their copy was too late to catch the deadline. One or two of the boys were a little peaved with yours truly, but when you have got to gather the news from the various departments, prepare it for publication and get in the many other chores which are part of the old daily routine it's no wonder someone gets left out in the rush. Best way to get around that situation is to scribble down the highlights of what goes on in the old sanctorum and then we have got something to work on. Just a few notes is all that is necessary . . . There's a lot of credit coming to Andy Graham and his snow gang in their efforts to get ahead of that last blizzard we had. They put in sixteen to eighteen uncomplaining hours per day to make sure that, should the occasion arise, our firefighting equipment would have access to any part of the camp . . . Ernie Bubbs' son, Petty Officer E. Bubbs was a visitor to that station last month. He was home from sea duty and dropped in to meet some of the fellows in the W & B section . . . W. E. Weale, who was injured about a month ago is on the mend, he went into the hospital a few days ago for an X-Ray examination but is mighty anxious to get back to work. However the doctor says he will have to spend some time yet recuperating before he can get back into harness . . . Whoever sent that notice to Works and Buildings suggesting they organize a basket ball team almost started something for Alec Caig and Jack Knowles were on the verge of entering a team, but, at the last moment decided against it, for that long reach of Alec's would give them too big an advantage and there wouldn't be much fun in the game if there wasn't a bit of a contest . . . Incidentally, that was a nice gesture of you fellows when you ordered that wood and groceries. It is things like that that make this old world a pretty fair place to live in . . . Joe Harkness, the Canteen caretaker, should be able to make the station football team after the display of footwork he put in on that rat the other day, it would be worth while to watch him go to work on that other rat, the paper hanger . . . The annual Works and Buildings bowling Banquet and Dance was well attended and was a huge success. During the banquet Mr. Ormond spoke and the prizes were awarded. R. Dawsett's team won the trophy and a cash prize. J. Kerr's team, winners of second place won a cash prize and A. Doner's team took the cash prize for third position. Prizes for individual high score for ladies went to Miss Betty Coyle with a score of 333 and to Ted Brown, as high man, with a score of 326. G. Hughes was awarded the prize for the oldest bowler and W. Kerr as the youngest bowler.

It seems that R. Dowsett and J. Kerr had to roll off a game last week to break the tie existing between the two teams and Jim, being a little optimistic about the results, has prepared his acceptance speech for the banquet with the result that Roy finally came around to borrow it. The dance, following the banquet was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Sgt. Major Law and Mrs. Law won the waltz contest, and Mrs. Peters and her daughter the spot dance. All in all it was a grand evening. We should arrange to have more of them.

CLASS 96B

Some little time ago a very weary few found their way at long last to a navigation school after many months of floor scrubbing and other less pleasant duties. It was a relief to find such a comfortable and luxurious mess waiting to feed us for we last had seen a tablecloth some months ago at home.

Yes, everyone agreed No. 5 was about our cup of tea (or coffee if you prefer it). Little did we realize what was awaiting us. However, we have settled down and in spite of a discrepancy of three, for sundry reasons, our morale, collectively, at least, is on the up-and-up.

Flying has come as a shock to us, too, after those happy days when our instructors had said, "We'll go up and do some slow rolls," and we had gone to some remote spot and beaten up some miserable farmer. All was different now, we really had to find our way about. The less said concerning our success the better. But mention must be made of the couple who came back saying, "Well I swore it was Carmen and the 2nd Nav. said it was St. Norbert and there we were—Lake Winnipeg."

Individually we talk something like this:

Cpl. "Wally" Havenhand: "I won't be ruthless tonight."

Cpl. Curnow: "Darn it I applied variation wrong again."

Cpl. Gold: "What a 48 it was!"

LAC. Barber: "I just had a baby."

LAC. Barratt: "These others can't play bridge to save their lives."

LAC. Beaver: "Where would I be without my pipe?"

LAC. Beard: "The pilot's course was a cinch beside this."

LAC. Bobick: "No one's going to make a sucker out of me."

LCA. Cowan: "Betty Grable is my type, if you know what I mean."

LAC. Jock Fleming: "Scotland for ever!"

LAC. Claude Hill: "I didn't know where I was."

LAC. Hoey: "I get all my material from Jack Benny."

LAC. Paddy Igoe: "De Valera is always right."

LAC. Jim Irvine: "Well, the colonel said to me . . ."

LAC. Johnnie Johnston: "Oh boy, you should see Bristol."

LAC. Lee: "Must just phone the girl friend."

LAC. Bill Macadams: "I'll bowl you off the alley this time."

LAC. Madill: "R.D.F. was difficult, too."

LAC. Reg Marsh: "Lyme Regis is the place."

LAC. Merrick: "I actually live in this city."

LAC. Oldfield: "Wasn't it a marvellous concert?"

LAC. Robins: "This is the first time I ever bowled."

LAC. Ryski: "Well, I think I see it now, Sir."

LAC. Small: "And then I found the liquor store shut."

LAC. White-Smith: "Actually, old boy, I haven't the vaguest idea."

LAC. Wyatt: "You shouldn't move around too much in basketball."

Incidentally may we express our deepest sympathy for our instructors.

CLASS 92B

With the 12th week exams now a thing of the past and the "period of total darkness" a thing of the present, we take time out from C.N.T., S.D.R.T., square searches, etc., to introduce the various quaint characters that inhabit Room 22 of the G.I.S.

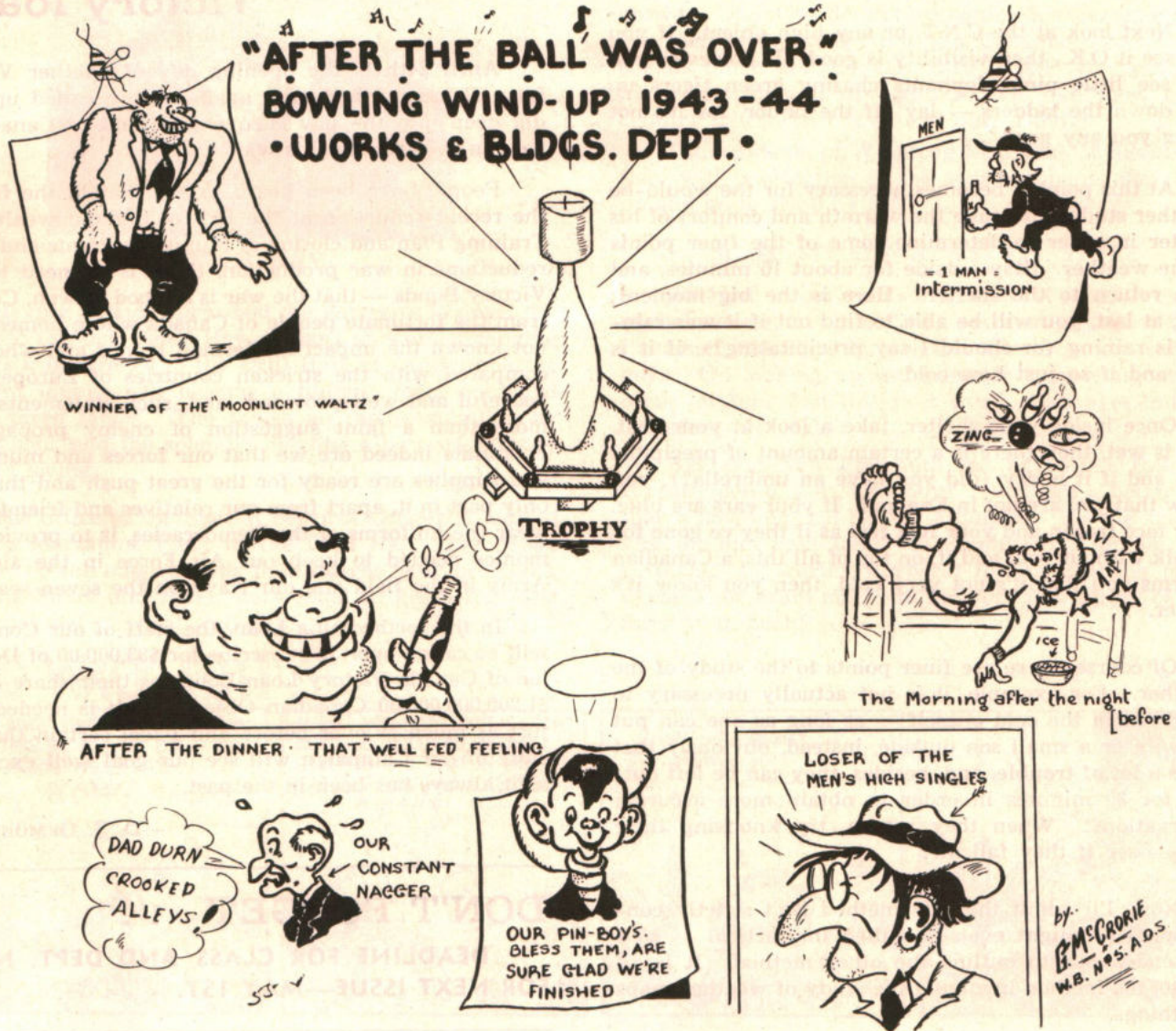
There's Gordie Bell who manages to get his 14 hours sleep daily with the aid of night flights and day classes George Staudinger is taking a keen interest in heavenly bodies of late and may be seen most any hour in the Canteen, minus sextant, studying one in particular. Johnny Dorosh, it is rumored, finds trouble in locating his socks in the early hours of Sunday a.m. We could elaborate on that but FO. Brown asked that this writing be kept clean. Harry Kiziak has convinced the more gullible members of our group that the Air Almanac tables are incorrect. "Either that or my sextant readings" he is quoted as saying "and they're never wrong". (The writer, being his flying partner, could tell you differently—but why spoil a beautiful friendship?) McCance, Jackson, Gates and Rees find trouble in keeping up with the required quota of sextant shots and frequently may be heard moaning in unison "When were

the stars out last". We never make out our flight plans any more without first consulting our met gen man, Mark Charness who has the dubious distinction of being wrong more often than the Met. office. The Aussies in our course Williams, Grant and Styman have taken a yen towards our great north country, all three having been forced down in the vicinity of Dauphin in the past few days. Congratulations to Dave Gunn, our Russian Front expert, and his partner George Weeden who credit the Red Army with advances on our war map which even Joe Stalin has yet to claim. Fiery Paul Michaud and cool "Smitty" Hamill have been newly teamed up as flying partners and, at latest reports, this unusual combination is doing well.

As our finals loom ominously close we find Bill Holbourne and S. H. Wetherall leading the pack down the home stretch with Williams, Graham, O'Connor and Sussman in hot pursuit.

We're an amiable bunch and even agree when told "of course it could be proved by spherical trigonometry but we won't go into that right at present" or "these courses are magnetic so we'll carry an airplot of course".

That's it until our graduation issue, when we all hope to be around to say goodbye to No. 5 A.O.S.



METEOROLOGY

By E. CINNAMON

There are two main ways of studying the weather; one is simple and the other is enough to drive anyone crazy. The first and most simple method is my own—I have invented it myself and offer it to the saviors of civilization (I heard someone, in their blissful ignorance, refer to air-crew as such) in order to help them to stay sane.

To determine the weather it is necessary to have some form of shelter, a billet, canteen, office or private house. This is very necessary, for without it the weather student cannot be comfortable and if he is uncomfortable his forecast is likely to be all wrong. Having settled down comfortably in a chair, look out of the window for about 10 minutes at the sun or moon and stars, according to the time of day. If they aren't there, then it is cloudy. If it is cloudy, then the height of the cloud can be guessed, whilst the type can be determined by asking someone who knows. Simple, isn't it?

Next look at the C.N.T. or any high object. If you can see it O.K., then visibility is good. If however, you can see little pink elephants chasing green tigers up and down the ladders—lay off the liquor, for it's not doing you any good.

At this point it becomes necessary for the would-be weather student to leave the warmth and comfort of his shelter in order to determine some of the finer points of the weather. Stay outside for about 15 minutes, and then return to the shelter. Here is the big moment; now, at last, you will be able to find out if it was raining, is raining (or should I say precipitating?), if it is cold and if so just how cold.

Once inside your shelter, take a look at your coat. If it is wet, then there is a certain amount of precipitation, and if it is dry (did you have an umbrella?), you know that you are not in England. If your ears are blue, your face frozen and your feet feel as if they've gone for a walk without you; and if, on top of all this, a Canadian informs you that it's not very cold, then you know it's winter.

Of course, there are finer points to the study of the weather. For example, it is not actually necessary to stand out in the cold oneself—as long as one can put the wife or a small son outside, instead, obviously that saves a lot of trouble, and, besides, they can be left outside for 30 minutes in order to obtain more accurate observations! When they return, try knocking their ears—see if they fall off!

Now, I'll admit that my method isn't strictly conventional—might even be called impractical—so I will endeavour to outline the other method. It is, of course, the method involving the study of weather maps and things.

Now I don't know much about these things, for they seem to me to have quite peculiar properties. I remember one day, quite a long time ago, now, when I saw one. Well, really! It left me with a feeling of despair and it took a pay-parade to console me.

The thing had big black lines drawn all over it in odd shapes and, here and there a dash of colour was added, to mask fronts. (Fronts are a subject on their own and can be either hot or cold according to individual taste). From this weather map the skilled weatherman was able to tell me just what sort of weather they had had in Regina 6 hours previously, but when I asked him if we would be flying in half an hour, a fixed, glassy stare appeared in his eye, and he asked me whom I took out the night before.

On the whole, I advise anyone who wants to make a study of meteorology to buy a bicycle and study it at first hand.

the sixth **V**ictory loan

April 24th is the opening day of another Victory Loan Campaign and once again we are called upon to dig deep into the pay cheque and lend to Canada all we can to carry on this war.

People have been heard to say that in the face of the recent reduction of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan and closing of Munitions Plants and other reductions in war production, there is no need to buy Victory Bonds—that the war is as good as won. Coming from the fortunate people of Canada whose homes have not known the impact of German bombs and who live, compared with the stricken countries of Europe, in a peaceful and well-provided land, such statements have more than a faint suggestion of enemy propaganda. Fortunate indeed are we that our forces and munitions and supplies are ready for the great push and that our only part in it, apart from our relatives and friends who wear the uniforms of the Democracies, is to provide the monies needed to keep our Air Force in the air, our Army in the field and our Navy on the seven seas.

In the forthcoming Loan, the staff of our Company will be called upon to subscribe for \$83,000.00 of Dominion of Canada Victory Loan Bonds as their share of the \$1,200,000,000.00 Canadian Objective. It is needed now just as much as ever before and I feel certain that the close of our Campaign will see our goal well exceeded as it always has been in the past.

—D. S. ORMOND.

DON'T FORGET . . .
DEADLINE FOR CLASS AND DEPT. NEWS
FOR NEXT ISSUE—MAY 1ST.

PAGE PETER

The familiar answer to most questions "Page Peter!" amply describes the scope of the role played by the Special Services Officer, Peter Hay of the Canadian Legion. His duties are so numerous and varied that only a few of them can be mentioned here. They range from the supplying of writing materials and the arrangement for special courses supplied through the Canadian Legion to the finding of rooms for airmen and their wives and the staging of concerts by the various troupes that visit No. 5 A.O.S.

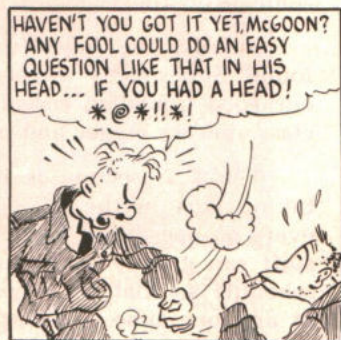


PETER HAY

Having already furnished the Airmen's Lounge, the Legion, through Peter Hay, is hard at work arranging for its transference to the Drill Hall, at which time the present lounge will become a billiard room equipped with three tables. The tables are being supplied by the school, and the splendid bowling alleys are already in full swing.

The office of the Special Services Officer is located on the Mezzanine Floor of the Drill Hall. Let "Page Peter" be the magic words that answer your problems, for the Padre and Peter work hand in glove for your spiritual and physical well-being.

P/O WACK POTT



—Courtesy M. T. B., Rivers

Page Seven

CLASS 97A

We 26 "Newsys" and one R.I.F.—er pardon—R.A.F. man of the above flight wish to be a belated "Hello" to Winnipeg in general and No. 5 A.O.S. in particular. We find the station good, the food incomparable, the temperature cold but the girls' hearts warm. That's what I'm told by the rest of the flight, anyway. What with amendments to A.P.'s and the amount of homework we get our chance to prove the last characteristic is all too limited. From some of the stories told by the boys after our first 48 they're not losing time with what chances they do get. Rumour has it that one of our number was in bed before midnight once during the last fortnight and we didn't notice the lights in room 7 of G.I.S. going that late any night. Then the social circles of 5 A.O.S. received a distinct jolt when "hush telegraph" put round the word that our ranks were graced by near Royalty. Who could this exalted personage be? Many were the questions but few the answers, 5 A.O.S. rocked to its foundations but no Newsy blew the gaff. N.Zers are characteristically quiet and secretive but at last the news came out. None other than the Duke of Rangitoto. Hi-ya, Dook! (American papers please copy). When our roll is called one man invariably fails to answer. Says he doesn't recognize his name. Reckon it's spelt with a "W" but the Canadians reckon "R" sounds much better. Our R.I.F.-R.A.F. rep. comes in for a fair amount of badinage but like most of his country he can take it — and dish it out.

The residents of Winnipeg East wish to advise that they will take action if the said occupants don't shut up and go to sleep by 2359.

SOME SPORTS NEWS N.Z. STYLE

We have in our ranks a number of footballers who we believe can foot it with the best that any other flight, Canadian, R.A.F. on Newsy, can muster so get to it you guys. On looking up the calendar I see summer will occur on June 21st this year so all challenges must be in before that date.

B.B. says New Plymouth was never like this. B.B. is really one of our "best boys". But he's a better pilot than a nav. and still he was grounded. It's the sub service for him next time. In conclusion, I, or we, wish to thank our worthy Corporal for his untiring efforts to raise our exam marks to the very fine figure of 52%. Stick to it, Dick!

☆☆☆☆ SPORT PAGE ☆☆☆☆

INTER STATION HOCKEY LEAGUES 1943-44

By SGT. H. SCHIFFER

This year the Local Station Hockey League was comprised of Officers, Staff, Maintenance and with the able assistance of the coaches, namely: FO. Myers and FO. Hardy for the officers, FS. Hatch and FS. Bergum for staff, and old standby Wally Cook for Maintenance — the league got under way and kept its interest for the entire season. The officers were eliminated by Staff and Maintenance drew a bye by virtue of their wins during the scheduled games; but in the finals, which were held



THE CHAMPS



Top, Left to Right: LAC. Hill, Flt. Sgt. Machnicki, Sgt. Middleton, Sgt. Strachan, Sgt. Schiffer, Cpl. Campbell, Flt. Sgt. Dickie, Flt. Sgt. Campbell. (WO. I. Hill, now PO. missing from picture). Seated: Left to Right: Flt. Sgt. Hatch (Coach), FO. Myers, SL. Milne, Mr. D. S. Ormond, Flt. Sgt. Bergum (Mgr.)—1943-44 Inter-Section Champions.

at the Olympic, the Staff defeated the Maintenance, best 2 out of 3 games. The first game ended up with staff ahead 4—3; the second game went into overtime and ended up in a tie 3—3 and the final game, a shutout for staff 3—0. This was the first season that the Maintenance did not emerge champions of the Inter-Unit League. Impetus was added to the play due to the generous offer of Mr. D. S. Ormond of wind-breakers for the top two teams, the champions being given crests in addition.

THE MAMMOTH BASKETBALL CHAMPIONSHIPS, APRIL 22

DRILL HALL ECHOES

by FO. K. B. MYERS

In spite of the fine spring weather everyone now seems to be more or less "duty fitness" conscious at No. 5 these days. It is interesting to note the progress made in Canada since the new program went into effect. Here are some of the averages taken from results sent in to A.F.H.Q. from stations across Canada.

- (a) Before the Duty Fitness program began— 44% failed.
- (b) After it was in effect for some time:
Results in December 1943—12.2% failed.
Results in February 1944—7.6% failed.
Results in February for A.O.S.'s—12.2% failed.
No. 5 A.O.S. to date—1.3% failed.

This is a fine record indeed for No. 5. However, after all General List staff and officers have been tested it may not be so envied—as that depends on how well each individual prepares himself for the Harvard Step-Test. Then too, in the near future all Air Bombers will be given a chance to prove their prowess. To those who fail, the P.T. staff advises that you contact two popular officers—FO's Miller and Moore—who, after failing the test, passed it five days later under similar conditions but without the benefit of our genial M.O.'s. They will note the same good results in the near future, we expect. "That is the proper spirit to meet the challenge, fellows", say we. In conclusion, no R.A.F. graduate has failed the Step-Test to date at No. 5. Could it be that their National game of Soccer is the best conditioner, after all?

BADMINTON—eliminations in the Winnipeg area are to be completed by April 22nd and the winning team will compete for the Command Playoffs on April 29th. These playoffs are also likely to be held at No. 5 and a strong entry is expected from this station.

According to the observant P.T.I.'s here, 90A led by LAC. Butler, take every opportunity to get on the gymnasium floor—in fact they wonder if the class even takes time to eat at noon! They also say 94A appears to be "The class most likely to obtain the highest percentage on the Harvard Step Test."

Finally, the boys from New Zealand must have found Superman's secret for stature—or maybe it is our good Canadian cereals. Anyway, every succeeding class appears bigger and better (?) than the one before.

The P.T. section is happy to welcome staff, now taking part in the P.T. program, and will give them every co-operation. However, Section Commanders and staff can greatly assist this section by arranging their schedule so that no large group will be on the floor at any one time. This will serve to make the period much more enjoyable for all.

Well Played, Maintenance!



Top Row, Left to Right: J. Suffron, S. Debrus, R. Home-wood, S. Shuttleworth, W. Schoyen, L. Yerxa. Sitting, Left to Right: J. Houston, P. Del-Rizzo (Mgr.), W. Cook (Coach), D. S. Ormond, W. Smith. Missing from picture: E. Corbeille, D. Watson.

RUNNERS-UP — STATION HOCKEY LEAGUE



NO. 5 BEATS CITY CHAMPS

Thursday night, April 6, at the No. 5 Gym the No. 5 A.O.S. Basketball team won the No. 1 Winnipeg Area Title and the right to represent this area in the No. 2 Training Command R.C.A.F. Championships.

In a thrill packed game that had the fans chewing their nails all the way the Navigators from No. 5 downed the powerful No. 8 Repair Depot aggregation, recently crowned City Senior League Champs. This victory makes the way clear for No. 5 to a semi-final berth, when, later this month winners from such stations as Brandon, Paulson, Saskatoon and Yorkton will compete here for the Command Championship.



Back Row, Left to Right: FO. Wilson (Assistant Coach), LAC. McCance, LAC. LeGault, FO. Milne, LAC. Russell, LAC. Casey, FO. Myers. Seated: LAC. Maracle, SL. Milne, Mr. Ormond, FO. Nahass (Coach), LAC. Devine.

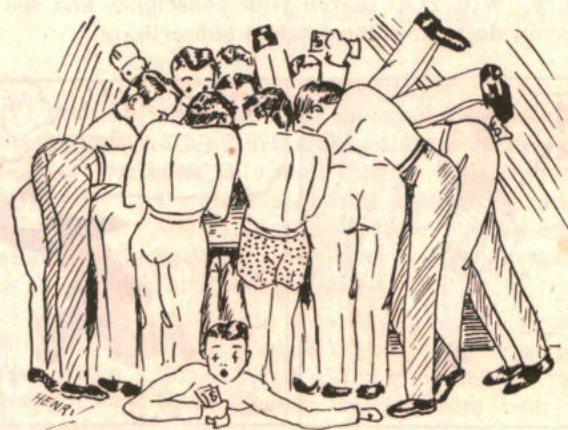
The No. 5 harpsters were clearly out to emulate their local hockey team who won the Winnipeg R.C.A.F. Hockey Loop this winter. And it was a player from that same hockey team who provided the final thrill this encounter. FO. "Scotty" Milne, better known for his goal keeping activities in senior puck circles this winter was hero of the night. In the frantic last five minutes of the game a basket from No. 8 turned No. 5's one point lead into a deficit. Time-out was called with 20 seconds left to play. Shortly after the tussle resumed Russell tipped off to McCance who passed out of the key to Milne. With as much nonchalance as he kicked pucks out of the nets this season, "Scotty" looped through a counter from the 3-4 line to sew up the game for No. 5, for 10 seconds later the final whistle knifed through the bedlam of noise to end the second half. Once more the No. 5 team had proved that their victories over top-flight senior competition in challenge games this spring were no flukes.

Both teams started out slowly, showing a respectful deference for each other's ability and the game settled into a tight hard-checking bout. Casey piled up 5 points for No. 5 with McCance, Milne, Russell and Le-gault scoring a basket apiece. Half time score stood at 17 to 13 for No. 8.

FO. Nahass gave another of his well known "Knute Rockne's" in the breather with good results, for the Navigators opened the second half with a strong offensive giving No. 5 six points, to take a 19-17 lead over No. 8. From then on the tempo increased with never more than two points separating the teams. Points scored in the second half were: Casey 8, McCance 2, Le-gault 2, Milne 2, Russell 1, for a final score of 28-27 for No. 5.

Casey with his sure ball handling and phenomenal left-handed shots — McCance, Captain and ace play-maker — and "Scotty" Milne, a stonewall on defense with baskets up his sleeve when needed — paved the way to No. 5's victory. Russell, usual high scorer, who ran in 33 points against No. 3 Wireless recently was held to a mere 3. Refereeing was capably handled by Y.M.-C.A. instructors.

... more indoor sport



*** VICTORY FIRST ***

FO. F. J. BARKER

The reader will recognize the above slogan as that for the Sixth Victory Loan to commence April 20, 1944. And having recognized it as such the reader says, "More Guff", and turns to some other page in the magazine. I very much doubt if there is one reader of this magazine who is conscientiously putting Victory first and foremost. We will spend a considerable part of the next few days conjuring up reasonable excuses for contributing as little as our consciences will possibly allow us to contribute to the coming loan. We have placed our life at the disposal of the Air Force—is that not enough? We were earning \$2,500 a year before the war and are now earning less than \$1,000 a year — and still they want our money. We gave up our homes on Park Avenue and our unfinished College education to live in a humble 6 by 3 iron bedstead in a drafty billet—is that not enough? What other sacrifice can they ask of us?

The true answer to most of these excuses is this — "What Guff". The answer to all our arguments is this, very simply this. Have we ever faced a bullet or a cold blade of steel? Have we ever been forced to spew another man's guts over No-Mans-Land with a bayonet clutched in gore dipped hands? And we talk of sacrifice! Have we ever trudged up to our lice-infected arm-pits in slime in a trench with rats for companions, and a sniper's bullet seeking out any part of our germ-laden bodies. And we talk of sacrifice!

The case is simply this. We are all given the privilege, and I do mean privilege of loaning our earned money at a fat rate of interest to provide the instruments and tools whereby others may be killed to defend our way of life. Please, Let's all BUY A BOND—every one of us.

Now, just a word about the performance of No. 5 A.O.S. in the fifth Victory Loan. Our quota was \$60,000 and was oversubscribed the very first day. 92.5% of the personnel of this station contributed. We stood in third place in this command on our performance as a unit with personnel of over 1000 airmen. We oversubscribed to the extent of \$22,700. The average subscription was \$132 per person. A truly enviable record.

Our Sixth Victory Loan quota stands at approximately the same figure. Our aspirations are still as high. Surely this is one matter upon which there can be no hesitancy. Will YOU search your conscience and see to it that you do your utmost when subscribing.

CLASS 91A

Before we report the news for the month we must record an event which missed our last column by a matter of a few hours. Heartiest congratulations to FO. Stewart and FO. Pitcairn on their promotions, they must have been long overdue.

The 12th week exams are now a thing of the past, and the doom associated with them overshadowed by an even gloomier doom—namely that of the finals. Thanks to Sgt. Jacobson, who on his night of Orderly Sergeant found time to spare to give us extra gen on the F24 and its wonders. We all feel confident of having passed.

Since the last issue the intricacies of the C.N.T. have been placed before us, and with the thought that a man made machine has never beaten us we bravely scaled the 32 wooden steps into the wobbling stratosphere. We were always under the impression temperature decreased with height, but a marathon inversion must be permanently over the C.N.T. area. Some could be seen skipping nimbly through the snow with only a chart as a loin cloth, and a sextant and other highly complicated implements as weapons to be used in case of hostile attack. Not to be discouraged by our first results we gamely climbed the steps a second time, and on descending, and meekly enquiring of the W/V set, were relieved to find we had found one unit within in 90° and not our previous reciprocal. It has been suggested by a certain bad element in the class that some one take a shot on POLARIS, and hit it, once and for all!

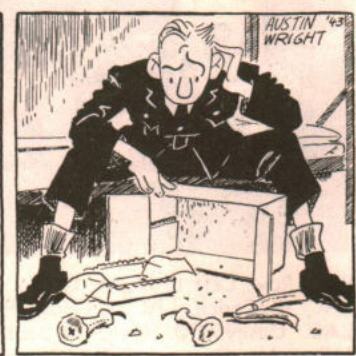
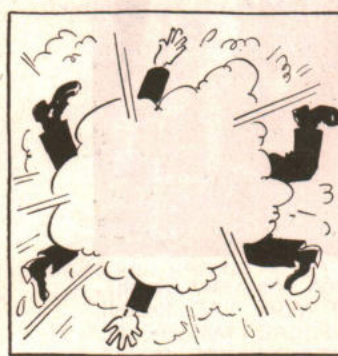
Floor hockey, basket ball (and showers) have been waged fast and furious (hot and cold) during P.T., with some skating when the rink allowed.

Since we are now on the last lap (not we hope the last—as we have plenty of pretty girls in mind) the graduation dinner committee headed by our gallant Cpl. (acting, unpaid) have been tentatively suggesting various fabulous sums of money per head for this special occasion. We are wondering if this committee was formed from those who know the "ins and outs" of the Mall best, for it is here we are all hoping to celebrate on Thursday, May 4th.

We shall be in the next issue for the last time, and in the meantime have many stars to shoot.

R. J. CLARSON.

P.S.—We notice today that FS. Jacobson is sporting a brand new crown. Can this be as a direct result of our final photography exam?



—Courtesy M. T. B., Rivers

Officers Step-Tested

WINNIPEG, March 17. — The P.T. and D. Dept. (Punishment, Torture and Derision) and the Medical Dept. combined their not inconsiderable talents last month to honour the patron saint of



Ireland. This they did by subjecting all General List-officers available to that classic form of mayhem known as the Harvard Step-Test.*

With "Capt. Bligh" Attridge and "Simon Legree" Boyd chanting "up, down, up, down" dozens of Officers went through their paces under the eagle eyes of the P.T. Dept. In honour of the occasion, WC. Harrop and SL. Milne watched the doings and didn't help any by laughing, FL. Janz, our Padre, and Peter Hay were also on hand to give what spiritual comfort they could to the battered and tired souls as they crawled away with aching limb and pounding heart. Just as soon as the torn muscles heal, another test will be made. This time, however, some Officers will be ready, for each day now sees hardy bands of two or three staggering around the Drill Hall or indulging in that great contact sport—RAF basketball.

*For those of you who haven't been formally introduced to the Harvard Step-Test (henceforth re-

ferred to as H.S.T. or That Thing), a word of explanation might not be amiss.

Shortly after the fall of Hong-Kong the Japanese having run through their barbarous catalogue of torture, decided they needed something more subtle, something

(Continued on page 2)

There's One Born Every Minute

By E. Cinnamon

He looked quite scruffy, really, and something about him seemed to say that this was the place in which he spent all his spare time—and cash.

It was in the beer parlour that I met him, and he was one of these peculiar birds who always seem to gather round the R.A.F. when they invade beer parlours. You know the type — "I was in Liverpool 35 years ago, and my second cousin's aunt has got a son in the R.C.A.F.", as if it were his only claim to fame.

We were talking about beer —

Barrack—Kit Inspection

INSTRUCTIONS

1. At 2000 hours all airmen are to be standing on their heads preferably in a dark corner looking completely befuddled.
2. The inspecting Officer will detail a blonde stenographer and a portable Underwood to take down each man's reactions.
3. Officers inspecting will:
 - (a) Assume that each man is completely happy because he has a navigational watch — if he hasn't, see if he has a sun dial.
 - (b) See that soles have heels, and if possible, vice-versa.
 - (c) Check for unauthorized possession of:
 1. Incendiary Blondes.
 2. Hair tonics.
 3. Zoot suits — such as stuff cuffs, reet pleats, glad plaids, ripe stripes, crape shapes etc.
 4. Dead mice in mouse traps. If there are none, Officer is to build a better mouse trap, or beat a path to the nearest madhouse.

the subject of the true poets — and, all of a sudden, he said, 'I'll bet you a beer, that I could drink 24 glasses of that stuff in 20 minutes', I laughed; here was an easy beer for me and pay-day wasn't until Wednesday.

Twenty minutes later, he drank the last glass of beer of the period — a period during which I had been steadily buying him beer to settle the bet — 15 in all.

He finished the beer, and muttering "you've won the bet" he deposited 10c on the table and left.

The Beacon

"Sheds light on many subjects"

Editor-in-chief FO. *Fred C. Brown
 Managing Editors
 Associate Editors
 Feature Editors
 Circulation Manager
 *Toronto papers please copy!

Editorial

Many of you are wondering why the "Beacon" is late this month. It's getting as bad as the "Drift Recorder".

★ ★ ★

It's all your fault really. Class news is still trickling in, Maintenance hasn't been heard from even yet, Easter came and went, the printer is very busy and some people think this paper can be published in fifteen minutes a month.

★ ★ ★

But we're getting a staff together and it will begin functioning today.

★ ★ ★

For the May issue we need cartoons and we need them early. Get busy today — let's make the Spring number really something!

★ ★ ★

Don't forget — get your class news or dept. news in before Monday, May 1. Then we can keep up with special items and station news right up to publication date.

OFFICERS' STEP-TESTED

(Continued from page 1)

that looked civilized with diabolical cunning, they constructed a bench twenty inches high. Their hopeless victims were paraded before this innocuous object. The sigh of relief soon turned to wails of agony — the victims were in a torture chamber after all. The prisoners were compelled to step up and step down on the bench while their grinning captors chanted "Up (pause) down (pause) up (pause) down."

The Japs had succeeded — they had devised a new form of torture. As is their want they named it after a famous American institution — Harvard. Its inventor had gone to Yale.

N.W.I.O.W.Y.C.U.A.A.

or

NEVER WRITE IT OUT WHEN YOU CAN USE AN ABBREVIATION

When I was but an AC2,
 A laddie clad in Air Force blue,
 I knew not what there lay in store
 For me—and for a number more—
 By way of short-cuts and abbreviations
 In vogue on all good Air Force stations.

"Name and address" they asked of me

When I signed on at No. 3.
 A smiling lass, a W.D.,
 Said "You're in the B.C.A.T.P.,
 And off you go to No. 1
 To learn how KP should be done."
 M.O. I found out to my dread
 Was he who puts a man to bed
 With fevered brow and quaking knee—

The reason is — T.A.B.T.
 At I.T.S. the line you toe
 To try to please the C.S.O.,
 And then again you may C.T.—
 The findings of the M.S.B.
 A time there was, I will confess,
 When naught to me meant A.O.S.
 But now it is my Q.T.E.
 As home I stagger from a spree
 And do my best not to be late
 Lest I should lose my 48.

Now Q.D.M. and E.T.A.
 Are pukka navvie terms they say,
 And so are "t" and P.Z.X.—
 The latter does the boys perplex—
 For with it, be it night or day,
 Go "Z" and "d" and L.H.A.
 YI, PB and WG
 Are M/F D/F stations three.
 And if PB you wish to work,
 The WAG wakes up, and with a jerk,
 He tunes the set, his AR2,
 "First class!" he shouts, "and just for you."

You find QC and add Co. T,
 Throw in C.A., say one degree,
 You plot the fix and then you say,
 "It's worth to me is S.F.A.
 The way it is, but if I cook
 It well enough, why it will look
 Just like the real McCoy and I
 Will not be left here in the sky
 Without a fix, without a wind,
 Tho' to get this one I've sinned."

Instructors do their students quiz
 With "Where is Jupe, or Polariz?"
 On recco tests, "The S.I.O.,
 Who is he, what does he know?"
 D.R. drift and W/V
 Are found in A.P. 123
 4 and the boys in G.I.S.
 Must know their Q and T.A.S.

Though this be but to save confusion,

I have come to this conclusion:
 A man in training, to survive,
 Must know the meaning of from 5
 To 10 initials or as great a number
 As a human being can remember.

By FO. ROSS ALGER

AUTHOR'S NOTE: The author is not a poet but has been beaten repeatedly over the head by F.C.B., *DRIFT RECORDER* mogul. The above, given under duress, is not a true picture of the author's mind.

EDITOR'S NOTE: To appreciate the delicate phrasing and inherent beauty of the above lines, the poem should be read aloud, in a low voice, with feeling.

THE BEACON SCOOPS AGAIN

MEDICAL SECTION, April 1944. — The agile Photography Dept. under the eagle eye of FO. Griffith has again come through



with one of its timely "shots". This time our candid cameraman has, without the mottled effect of chicken wire (The Beacon, March, 1944), caught the true spirit of the local medicine men. This superb photography shows Dr. Attridge performing his last operation at No. 5 A.O.S. before leaving for No. 7 A.O.S. Portage. Dr. Boyd is shown at the left pumping blood into the patient as fast as Dr. Attridge on the right takes it out.

FL. Jack Newstone will take up where FL. Attridge left off. The line, as usual, will form on the right.

Income Tax Returns

This page seems destined for lofty things. Last month you remember we had a special Income Tax form here. This month we devote it once again to that engrossing subject. Those of you who read the Editorial in last month's issue will remember mention of PO. (now FO.) Bill Ramsay, the only man we know who has received socks (the kind you wear!) from the Income Tax Department. We said we'd publish his story and here it is:

Bill, it seems, received a letter with an Income Tax form enclosed. Here is the letter he wrote and the reply he got.

TO: Inspector of Income Tax,
New Supreme Court Bldg.,
Ottawa, Ontario.

Gentlemen:

I gather by your letter
That my tax is long o'erdue,
So, enclosed you'll find my tax form
Which I'm sending back to you.

If you look at this form closely
You will see it still is blank,
'Cause the fifty cents I did own
Has been withdrawn from the bank.

I paid the tax for '41,
But not for '42,
As 'twas then I joined the Air Force,
And became an AC2.

If you can take an AC's pay
And figure it so high
That you'd class it as an income
You're a better man than I.

Yours truly,

(Sgd.) W. G. RAMSAY.

TO: AC2 W. G. Ramsay,
No. 5 A.O.S.,
R.C.A.F., Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sir:

Re: 1942 Income Tax Return

I received your novel letter,
And am mailing back to you
A verse of explanation
And I hope you like it too.

We checked the Army-Navy lists,
But your name could not be seen,
We forgot to check the Air-Force
That's once, "we were off the beam!"

So we mailed Form T-11
Little dreaming that some day
We would get to know you better
In this most peculiar way.

To redeem ourselves we are convinced,
There's just one thing to do
We'll have to send a special form
That's knit in Air Force blue.

So until the war is over
You can sit back and relax
We'll never bother you again
With forms for Income Tax.

We all wish you the best of luck,
Let's see what you can do.
Woe to the Hun, that meets up with
Our poetic AC2.

Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) K. FELLOWES,

Inspector of Income Tax.

P.S. Explanation of Verse 4.

We have a fund for buying wool
To knit socks every year,
That we can send to fighting men
To bring them Christmas Cheer.

But we'll have to knit another pair
The socks we have won't do
For each girl wants to knit and purl
A special row for you.

(Editor's Note:— HE GOT THE SOCKS!)

WATCHES OR "MAC" INVESTIGATES

"Will the Airman who lost his watch, please form a queue, 6 deep, outside the guardroom at 17:30 hours to-day" . . . So read the announcement in D.R.O.'s the day I read them.

Arriving at the guardroom at 17:00 hours promptly, I was amazed at the number of people who arrive for appointments early. Why? Anyone knows that officials are always late, so why arrive early? Or, putting it differently, why am I always at the back of the queue.

At the guardroom we waited, hoping against all hope that our particular watch was in the safe hands of the S.P. on duty.

As we stood there waiting patiently (Why don't all airmen wait patiently?) an officer walked past. His shoulders were bent, his head was bowed and flecks of grey showed in his black hair. As he saw us, he stopped, and we noticed that he was a Flight Lieutenant, and that his eyes gleamed piercingly through his glasses, whilst his face was worn and lined with worry. He kept on muttering something about watches and finally, giving us a look that was terrifying and wild, he pounced on us.

"So you want your watches back, eh! You lost them, didn't you, Why can't you look for them?" He uttered a horrible, blood-curdling laugh, and turned away, but immediately turned back to us with a look on his face as if he had all the worries of the world on his shoulders.

"Why is it that you fellows can't hang on to your watches?" And the thought that "if only looks could kill. . ." came into all our minds, for he had a murderous expression on his face, though he spoke more quickly, now. "Why can't you keep the things? You don't know what you've done to me! A few days ago I was fit and happy, and then all you chaps had to lose your watches. Why, oh why? I've walked around the camp, climbed every stair in the place and crawled about the place on my knees looking for watches until I've worn myself down". He went on, "Look fellows, I'm older and wiser than you, so please, please take my advice! When you wash, change for P.T. or whenever you take off

your watch ensure that you LEAVE YOUR WATCH WITH A RESPONSIBLE PERSON OR PUT IT IN



YOUR POCKET. If you won't do it for your own sakes, please do it for mine! And don't, whatever you do, leave your watch on your bed or take it off and leave it in the washrooms." And with that, he went on his way. . .

We queued for another 5 minutes before we were called in. Out of the 12 of us, 2 got their watches back, and now that I have to pay out \$70.00 for a watch I know that it is worth while doing everything in your power to hang on to your watch. Whenever you put it on, see that the strap is securely fastened, and check on it every now and then; and take the officers' advice. Honest, \$70.00 is no joke! Let the motto be:

"DEATH TO THE WATCH GREMLINS"

We offer our congratulations to FO. Nosworthy and his class of 97X which is made up of twenty-four R.A.F., New Zealand, and Australian Bomb Aimers. Twenty of these boys have subscribed to the Victory Loan.

Class 93A News But What of 93B

As someone once said, "In this war we are fighting against the Germans, the Japs and time." Since we are now in the throes of our 12th week exams, the following time table drawn up and strictly adhered to by Miron and Russell of our flight illustrates how true this philosopher is.

TIME TABLE Crew — Miron and Russell

MONDAY	TUESDAY
7.07 Arise	7.03 Arise
7.27 Eat (if time)	7.26 Eat
8-12 Classes	8-12 Classes
12-12.30 Eat,	12-12.28 Eat
Mail, Change Sheets	12.28-1 Sun Shots
12.30-1 Sun Shots—	1-5 Classes
Weather permitting	5-5.30 Signals
1-5 Classes	5.30-6.15 Eat, Mail
5-5.30 Signals	Write Letters,
5.30-6.15 Mail, Sup-	Relax
per, Relax	6.15-6.45 Aircraft R.
6.15-6.45 Aircraft R	6.45-6.47 Smoke
6.45-6.48 Smoke	6.47-8.00 Homework,
6.48-8.00 Homework	plotting sun shots
8.00-10.00 Met Re-	8.00-10.00 D.F. Re-
view	view
10.00-10.30 Star	10.00-10.30 Star
Shots	Shots
10.30-10.41 Food	10.30-10.45 Eat
10.41-7.07 Sleep	10.45 Sleep

Which character in our flight thinks the twilight zone is the period between moonrise and sunset?

* * *

A roamer is that scientific instrument you put in your bag before the flight, look all over for the whole trip and find it the next day during air analysis still in the bag.

* * *

A Winnipeg woman is one that buys a fur coat to keep warm and leaves it open to be stylish.

* * *

There's only one way to be happy on this course—bring your wife out to live with you. For reference see Troup and Lomax.

* * *

Who is the "Joe" (Acting Corporal, unpaid) who believes the way to study European countries is to acquaint himself personally with natives of the same—and I do mean acquaint.

* * *

Why do they call astro-flights Cook's Tours?

* * *

What well known cub reporter for this paper sabotaged his colleague by taking the camera apart during a photo flight? And what will happen to said reporter when only his pictures are able to be printed?

BUY VICTORY BONDS

CLASS 94A

We feel that the Drift Recorder would not be complete without a little account of the class doings of 94A. We are in the tenth week of our course. And, most of us are by now firmly convinced that the only thing that can lie down on the job and get results is a hen. For the most part our time is relatively well occupied with navigation. Recently we were issued with sextants which will help to prevent our spare moments from weighing too heavily on our hands. It is a coincidence worthy of mention that lately several married men in the class have had their wives move to Winnipeg. Then the other day FO. Shanahan remarked to the class that not a few married women were very adept at using sextants. Not one of the students appeared to know just what he meant — or did they?

Space will not permit a report of the social life of the class. It is sufficient to say that we generally make an effort to pay a visit to Winnipeg every three weeks. All seemed to think that the last forty-eight was an enjoyable one, if one can take LAC.'s Cavanagh, Sushe and Gamshy's report as an indication of opinion.

WC. HARROP AND HIS ADMINISTRATION STAFF

This group is composed of Headquarters and Training Wing personnel. Headquarters Staff handles all incoming and outgoing mail, weekly and monthly statements, establishments, etc. The saying "As goes Headquarters Orderly Room, so goes the station", is quite fitting.



Back Row, Left to Right: AC1 Duffy, AC2 Rice, AC1 Deschenes, AC1 Hill, Sgt Treasure. Centre Row, Left to Right: Sgt. Simpson, LAC. Moon, Sgt. Holden, AC2 Carlson, LAC. Sharland, LAC. Fulford. Front Row, Left to Right: FS. Campbell, FL. West, WC. Harrop, FO. Paddon, FC. Bergum.

Training Wing is responsible for all trainees' files and records, and graduation reports. With two courses graduating every two weeks, the serious look on the faces of the members of this department may be justified.

• WHO SAID: "Our job is done?"

With the approach of the summer of 1944, talk of the coming Invasion of Europe grows ever stronger and it is safe to hazard the guess that it will not be many months before our forces in the air and on the land and sea will be involved in the most bitter struggle this earth has ever witnessed.

To us who are engaged at home in the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, there are times, living as we do in a land of peace and plenty, that war may seem very far away, particularly in view of the recent reduction in the flying program and other indications of a return to peace in the easing of wartime restrictions. Actually, however, these actions are not evidence that the war is won — they only indicate that our leaders have planned well and are now in the fortunate position of having the trained forces which are needed to take part in what we hope will be the final action.

No. 5 A.O.S. continues as one of the Navigator and Air Bomber Training Units of the Air Training Plan and as such, it remains our duty to give our best effort to the effective and efficient operation of our School. Let us not be misled by the rumour mongers and super optimists and wishful thinkers.

THERE IS MUCH WORK STILL TO BE DONE
AND OUR PART IN IT LIES CLEAR
BEFORE US!

—D. S. Ormond.

OFFICERS' WIVES AUXILIARY

The drive to raise funds for the Deer Lodge Hospital Library went over the top when Class 97 Bomb Aimers bought the last of the tickets on Tuesday, April 11 to bring the number sold to five hundred. To all those who contributed so generously, the Auxiliary extends its thanks and the thanks of the boys in hospital who well appreciate the fine gesture.

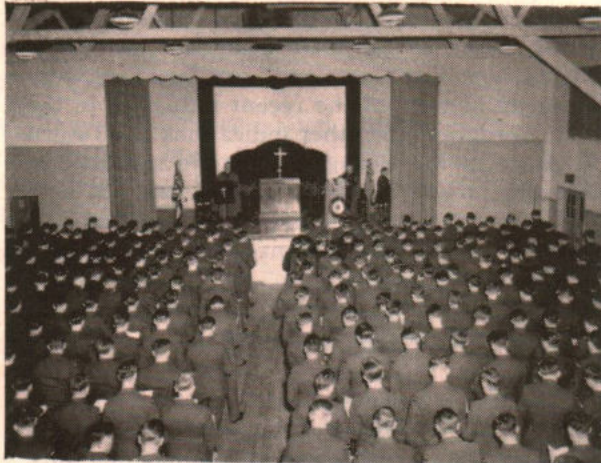
Work on the Autograph Quilt is now proceeding smoothly and the draw for this will be made shortly.

The Auxiliary held its semi-monthly on Wednesday, April 12, at the home of Mrs. Peggy Smart.

The Auxiliary is anxious to have new members attend its meetings. Officers' wives who haven't done so, should get in touch with the secretary, Mrs. Peggy Smart by phoning 403 408.

Easter Church Parade

Our first station Church parade at No. 5 A.O.S. was held on Easter Sunday morning, a very fitting season of the year for such an event. The brilliant Easter sunshine together with the fine turn-out of officers, N.C.O.'s and airmen, the stage-setting in the Recreation Hall with altar, ferns, and ensigns, the lusty singing accompanied by Sgt. Treasure, the recorded music of the well-known "Halleluja Chorus" and Marian Anderson's rendition of "O Rest in the Lord" all combined to make the service one long to be remembered.



Our guest speaker for the day was WC. H. McFarlane, Command Chaplain, who delivered an excellent Easter Message, while our Acting Commanding Officer, SL. Milne read the Scriptures from 1. Corinthians 15th. To them and all the officers and N.C.O.'s who made and carried out the arrangements for this church parade the padre would like to express his appreciation.

Easter is one of those glorious festivals of the year which turn the hearts of men from the drab, everyday routine of life to the sublime eternal verities of God, in whom we must live and move and have our being. It is well at this time that we contemplate upon the Easter message of the resurrection of Christ and keep it mind for our comfort and sustenance as we meet the many problems of life which confront us.

CLASS 95B

WARN THE PILOT. The 6th week exams are over and Class 95B remains on course in spite of answers like the following.

FL. Dolphin—"What is Occulting?"

Bronstein—"The black and white border, around the map".

Brodsky—"There should be a law agin' it."

Wilson—"Please, Sir, I wrote the question."

Maracle—"Watch that, eh!"

The rest of the class didn't know the answer either.

It must be admitted, however, that even though they realize that all instruments cost \$79.00 if lost, Class 95B has the best interests of humanity at heart. They dug deeply into their pockets to alleviate the sufferings of two of their more unfortunate classmates "Stubby" Stimson and "Lucky" Wright who suffer from repeated attacks at their second fronts. They also suffered with FO. Kwizak, their Mentor, who almost lost his eagle eye in a Floor Hockey debacle, and sympathised with Casey when he went to hospital to dream of Syracuse hailstones and Bambloads.

CURRENT EVENTS

Davidson and Thomas are alternately playing Casanova at the Airman's Club.

Flash! Casanova turned in his grave.

Gabura claims Cassy was a pupil of his.

Flash. Casanova turns again.

Jones' wife is in town: Peacock receives letters from a girl friend who raves about hardware floors. Howard's socks have walked again; Stubby is not using his pillow anymore; Berry is still writing; Brison is outburroughing Burroughs; Corporal Hatfield tells a dog story that's pretty good; Laperriere dislikes cats; Smart longs to use his textbooks when writing exams but doesn't have to; Scoudouc hasn't been the same since Burcher left; Friedlander joined us recently and since he hails from Australia knows all about Kangaroos; Sgt. Nofield is our Met man and his utterings are as unpredictable as the weather; Smitty sits beside him; without a pipe Cowden would be lost; and vice versa; and Dawson sits next to Jones; Wilmot is inventing a secret weapon; and Bell plods ever onward.



CLASS 91B

We have been on this course, now, for 15 weeks, heading, though not always straight and level, for the 4th of May, that glorious day of graduation. We long for our stripes and brevets, and we will toil in the air, sweat in S.D.R.T. and fight in coat-room until we get them.

We have become quite famous (or infamous?) throughout the station, and we are found easily. If you stand within 100 yds. of G.I.S. any evening, and follow the noise, as you would a radio beam, you will arrive at Room 10 — our dormitory. Look in sometime! Attend one of our "at homes"! Dance to Joe Browne and his Eastern music! Revel in "Tyer" Foster's impersonation! All done in glorious Sickly-colour! We guarantee your entertainment!

Sad to tell, we have lost another two of our class, George Manwaring and Ted Green. George is, we think, on his way home, which is good, but we do miss him sometimes for he was, without a doubt, the most popular man in the class — and the funniest, too! Ted Green has joined up with Course 92, after being off the course for 10 days. He had some very bad luck and we all wish him well on his new course. . .

So the remaining 21 carry on! We do the "odd" air exercise (Do we care if we hit St. Norbert on E.T.A.?), getting the "odd" DF. fix and, even, the "odd" trip in the C.N.T. (the odd fix being 9 or 10 on each trip!). Life is, in other words, as it should be for 15th week navigators. Bob Surtees continues to hunt from 2359 hrs. until 0500 hrs., "Russ" (Right-on-the-Button) Collins shoots Polaris with no bubble in his sextant, Peter Blades measures course on the sun with last month's L.H.A. and Messrs McCutcheon & Nahass, realizing they have reached the "Critical Point", don't know whether to run for home while they are still safe, or carry on to the final and bitter E.T.A. As someone once said in 1940:—

*"Never before, in the field of Navigation,
have so few made a mess of so much."*

P.S.—Will Bryant get down to St. Paul and his beloved Gracie next "48"? What will happen to our hero? Don't miss the next issue to learn the exciting finish to this enthralling Drama!

CLASS 94B

Sixth week examinations are now just a memory and we are all eagerly awaiting for the fog of the twelfth week to clear so that Graduation Day, June 16th can be visualized as a "cinch" for all of us.

Our chief source of worry is that 'blinking tin-can' in the Signals room but Cpl. Campbell assures us that the dots do actually sort themselves from the dashes in time! Just what is meant by time we don't know but everyone hopes that it is a period of less than ten weeks!

Having been issued with our link sextants, we were beginning to congratulate ourselves on how fortunate we were to have the warmer weather conditions in

which to take our shots. It is doubtful, however, whether the brass monkeys would have braved the cold March wind which we experienced on our initial period of sextant reading. But we do have the satisfaction of knowing that the majority of our 'shooting' of the celestial bodies will be carried out under more favourable conditions—a privilege not shared by our unfortunate predecessors on the earlier courses.

It is hoped that there is something in the rumour that the Mark V Ansons will shortly be ready for our use. With the increase in speed which these will give us, however, the probable excuse from the second Navigators who have few pinpoints will be—"There it was—gone!"

We offer our best wishes for a speedy recovery to LAC Margetts who is at present in Deer Lodge Hospital and sincerely hope that he will be permitted to remain on this course on his return.

Farewell to

H. M. S.
Ferguson



By FL. A. F. BANFIELD

When the news came that FL. Ferguson had been posted overseas, it was received with mixed emotion, for while we were glad to see him go because he wanted so much to go, we were all sorry to see him leave since he was so much a part of the station. His unflinching good humor, inexhaustible supply of free cigars, and musical talents, will be sorely missed; indeed it is hard to imagine a mess party without at least one duet by FL's Ferguson and McAulay.

Recollections of him go back to a very cold winter day in Brandon, January 27th, 1941, for that was the day I joined No. 8 Air Navigation course, fittingly too, I might say, for no sooner had I been presented to PO. Ferguson (resplendent in a UNIFORM!) than he produced a bottle of beer, Western, but quite good. Well, this started to cut the ice, and ere long I was introduced to PO. (now FL.) Douglas, who was later at Rivers to appropriately acquire fame as the "Whirling Douglas". Shortly after course 8 AN moved to Rivers where it was joined by PO. (now FL.) Nixon.

On completion of the course (and what a sweaty course, eh Stew!), our ways parted to unite again here at No. 5 A.O.S. last Christmas. Since that time the four of us have spent many a pleasant session yarning about old times.

FL. Ferguson leaves with the best wishes from No. 5 A.O.S. for success and all the luck in his new duties.

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attached



matched



hatched



SHUH, SHUH, SHUH — BABY!

Easter Sunday was especially significant in the lives of FO. and Mrs. J. E. Shuh. The Easter bunny (they don't believe in the stork!) left a bouncing baby boy for them. The newcomer, John Edward, weighed 7 lbs. 5 ozs. and Mrs. Shuh is doing well. You can recognize FO. Shuh quite easily. He's the one running around shouting "It's a boy!"



Margret Helen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Olafson.

Valory Jean Richardson made her debut into the lives of FO. and Mrs. Richardson on April 3 at 2335 hours. The little lady weighed 8 lbs 11 3/4 ounces and her father's only comment was, "Gee!"

★ ★ ★

FO. and Mrs. A. P. Wedding are busy sending New Zealand reports of their daughter's progress. Phyllis Ann was born on March 7.

★ ★ ★

Another young lady arrived March 26 to stay with PO. and Mrs. W. W. Kuryk and is doing very well.

★ ★ ★

This would seem that the officers at No. 5 A.O.S. are really setting the pace in nursery matters, but we feel sure other sections are having "blessed events". Let's hear of these. (Ed. Note: This is not an appeal for cigars. I hate cigars!)

★ ★ ★

Next month we hope to have pictures of FO. Pitcairn's three children and FL. Douglas' three and we are anxious to publish pictures of other happy groups, so send them along. Let's hear from the civilian staff and trainees.

★ ★ ★

We have record of only two marriages recently—that of PO. F. B. Carr to Miss Charlotte Myrtle Buton McLachlan at North Bay, Ont., and that of LAC. A. W. Sparks (Course 94 Nav.) to Miss Dorothy Joan Merritt

at Winnipeg. We know very well that more than these four happy people took the plunge during the past month. D.R.O.'s will give up some idea of the changes in marital status of service personnel, but we have no such check on the civilian staff. Miss Nan Dawson of Administration will in future be our "Attached, Matched and Hatched" reporter so see that she gets all the news.

Our heartiest congratulations to A. R. Hill, A. E. Lynch, and C. G. Anderson on winning hard earned commissions.



Donna May, daughter of FO. and Mrs. Don. McFadden.

To the hard-working W.O.G.'s may we offer the hope that an additional stripe will soon adorn the two so many of you have recently won.

★ ★ ★

The promotion to FO. of PO.'s Brown, Cuthbert, Deane, McNeill, Paddon, Parsons, Ramsay, Shuh and Zubick removes all doubt as to who is Senior Pilot Officer. It is now definitely somebody else.

★ ★ ★

When FO. Stan. Howe was at Rivers, he got a Winnipeg posting because he was going to get married. Now almost a year later, he married Genevieve Eileen Norman in Winnipeg on April 8. Nice going, Stanley!

BUY VICTORY BONDS

MEDICAL AND DENTAL



Back Row, left to right: LAC. M. Stronski, Sgt. J. T. Edwards, Sgt. C. Cyr. Middle Row: Cpl. R. Cronk, Pte. D. A. Smith, LAC. J. A. Defoy, Sgt. C. L. Wray. Front Row: Capt. A. A. Rabinovitch, FL J. A. Boyd, FL. F. R. Attridge, Capt. O. Brewer.

HERE and THERE

Well, that much talked of miniature bonspiel between those capable representatives of Administration and the less capable representatives of the Pilot staff was played off recently and if it wasn't for that old spirit of comradeship goodness only knows what the final results might have been. For the first five ends the pilots didn't seem to know what the scoreboard was for, they seemed to think it was there just for the purpose of advertising British Consol cigarettes; however with a little coaching and after watching Admin closely they did finally get the general idea and settled down to some serious playing. The final score was 16—10 . . . F. Dowle and J. Ross of the Radio Section have extended a challenge to one and all, on the station, to a single game or to a complete bowling tournament, no holds barred. Go get 'em boys! Fred was overheard confiding in one of his bosom pals that some day he may be able to break 100 . . . Wonder what could have been in that young lady's mind to make her come away from home minus her skirt. She waltzed into the office, removed her hat and coat and lo and behold she finds herself in a most embarrassing situation. She had to hunt for a barrell to jump into until Stores could send out a runner with replacements . . . Who was the Scotchman who waited until W. Collicutt bought a large pot of tea and then went over to the counter, obtained a cup and some sugar and then came back to give Bill a hand with the tea . . . A new fire alarm bell has been installed in the telephone office and the darned thing is as big as a dinner plate. The girls sit there on pins and needles waiting for it to start booming and when it does things really begin to happen around that office . . . Ted Cann apparently enjoyed the Works and Buildings banquet thoroughly, it seems that he lost

track of two hours during the evening somewhere. . . The staff of Maintenance Hangar 4 presented P. R. Reimer with an engraved wrist watch recently when he left to join the navy. When the boys were soliciting funds to purchase the watch they called on Peter to put in his donation so that he wouldn't suspect what was going on. He was a surprised and happy boy when he found out what it was all about.

CLASS 96A

Reality pesters us all day. Night brings bed where the individual is alone—48s excepted—and the dream petard begins conglomerations of fancy. There was Ellery with a big bag on his back scattering AP1234s among 5000 instructors. Ten thousand Ansons saw I at a glance. Flying in front with the clean outspread wing of a saint, conducting a Cheetah Choir was FO. Murray. Buzzing around was PO. Wilde throwing basketballs through the D/F loop. A blanket fell off my bed as I saw a woman beautiful. But she faded to minimum signal and there stood Hetherington combing his hair. Charging through the alto stratus came Thom carrying a chain of beer bottles, diabolically scheming. Warren lugging a milk-shake machine. Then came a procession of the wierdest things. Wellington on a cow with escort of swine. To songs of praise the cumulus towered to a symbol of Egmont. Smiling came Lethe himself, Fitzgerald wrapped in cumulus. I heard a squalid noise. Writhing as though in difficulty was green O'Shea throwing shamrocks in the air—little did he know a few were maple leaves. He seemed to be sinking in a bog. I saw a small man running through eyes of needles munching in rage English Channel Plotting Charts; Lake it was. Then came McKinley playing with the points of pins with a firm cold face. Clouds of smoke—dragon like—Edmiston. Quicker the visions pass. God of inward worry—Norrie. A hundred elbows fill my view, Peebles playing Dalton Basketball. A ceaseless chatter as though all birds in the world were making noises—Elsmore. Two fortresses chasing Grumman Avengers—Jones and Bray. Lister reading a book. The G/S of the visions becomes too great. I must alter course. I turn in bed. Another blanket drifts. The Vail lifts. Address books stand in a wild heap. I see Glencoe. I see the McDonalds running. Fortunately I see one of them bringing drift recorders and compasses with him. I see him in Winnipeg. I fall down some mountains into the Pioneer Hotel. Young surrounded by full schooners. Poor Hitch loitering in an Invercargill milk bar waiting for the pubs to open. An O.O. making a bed and rolling down the fire chute crying "bowls for Merrie England". MacLean scrubbing pots. McKechrie juggling golf clubs. He drops them and dashes off. A pretty woman has passed. Moroney in a dignified embrace beside some milk cans. I see a Jap cutting up Navigator's wings. I see a wing parade at Rongotai. A Liberator emerges from a cloud with a wing commander sitting on its tail. I see the class in the Officers' Mess. But they were in the Dress Circle at the Rec Hall one night for a few minutes. I hear feet padding to breakfast. A hard boiled egg forms in my throat. The vision disappears as I see a bull. I sit up and hang in sweaty air. More reality. I must get up.

NO. 5 A. O. S. STATION ORCHESTRA



Many of you have heard weird and wonderful sounds emanating from the music room in the corner of the drill hall and perhaps some have even wondered if that perchance it might be an orchestra practising.

Well, in those early days there were many who doubted . . . and were it not for the faith and hard work of a few, the new No. 5 A.O.S. Orchestra would still be a dream in the minds of the Padre and Peter Hay. But to go back to the beginning, it was before last Christmas when the Padre first attempted to arouse the interest of a few amateur musicians around the station on the subject of an orchestra. But without avail. Again the Padre tried; he advertised in D.R.O.'s, he bought an old drum, a tinkling cymbal, even the music for "Boogie Woogie" and "Pistol Packin' Momma". A practice was announced and a few enthusiasts turned out to have a jam session with banjo, guitar, clarinet, drums, and piano, but the 15 piece ensemble of today bears little resemblance to that meagre gathering in February.

A large share of the credit goes to Ford Braden, a well known Winnipeg musician, who saw interesting possibilities for a Station orchestra. He has inspired the band with his hard work and in spite of his occasional weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth at the efforts of some of the more amateur members of the band he has established himself in a sound position as a very able leader.

By the middle of March, Ford and the band gathered enough courage to announce their intention to play at the Quiz program and concert in the Recreation hall on March 30th.

However, shortly before the show was to open and the members of the band were nervously sitting on the edges of their chairs, it was noticed that the turnout was very poor, possibly due to inadequate publicity or the fact that the news leaked out that the green, amateur station orchestra was going to make its debut. Someone suddenly suggested an idea (not original) that the duty watch be "joed" to enlarge the audience. So the show was delayed for a time and then the side door opened and in marched a straggling, snarling column of conscripted audience. Unfortunately the corporal in charge of the parade was at the rear of his flight so that the duty watch marched right past the stage, and out the door on the opposite side, leaving the corporal and the last file to witness the spectacle of the M.C. FO. Fred Brown, Peter Hay, and Ford Braden, lying on the stage blubbering and beating the floor with their little fists.

However the show went on and the band, considering its inexperience, made a fairly creditable showing.

Since their debut the band have been practising hard on some of the newest popular numbers and sever-

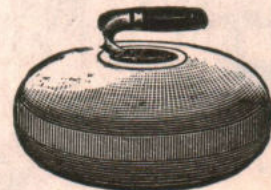
al well known old standards. There is still room for more talent as each section, rhythm, brass, and sax, is not yet complete. There is an especially urgent need for more saxophone players although any enthusiastic musicians who enjoy making their own music will be welcomed for an audition.

All sections of the station are well represented in the band, both civilian and R.C.A.F.; maintenance, electrical, radio, instructors, pilots, P.T., M.T., etc.

Mr. Ormond and the W.A.O.S. have supported the band very enthusiastically and the Station Benefit Fund have supplied instruments, music, and music stands.

★ ★ ★

Curling Windup



SATURDAY NIGHT, March 11th, some hundred-odd honest-to-goodness and would-be curlers from No. 5 A.O.S. gathered at the Deer Lodge Curling Club rink to participate in a novelty bonspiel, proceeds of which went to the Red Cross. Under the capable direction of FO. Barker the event was a roaring success, the Red Cross campaign benefitted by seventy dollars and everyone had an amazing time.

Commencing at 7 p.m., the 'spiel continued to midnight, each rink playing two five-end games. Between games, players were refreshed with sandwiches, cake and coffee, served upstairs in the clubhouse. Eats were donated by generous Pop Ratson who has never been known to pass up a worthy cause: in addition, he threw in ten dollars to swell the Red Cross fund. In all, twenty-four rinks participated, roughly a hundred players; four rinks were present from No. 8 Repair Depot, the remainder consisting of No. 5 A.O.S. personnel and friends. Seen on the ice were FO. Gerry Poff and wife, Mrs. Tyndale, FL. George Ross and brigand-like headgear, FL. Cec. Douglas and Homburg, FO. Jack Griffiths and junior models (two), and others. Between draws, FO. Barker made the presentation of \$70.00 to Mr. Thomas of the Deer Lodge Curling Club who accepted the contribution on behalf of the Red Cross.

After the 'spiel, the majority of the curlers clambered on buses, later de-bussed at the officers' mess where presentations were made to the high and low rinks. FO. Cooper and rink—Mrs. Cooper, Miss Merle Lownsbrough and Mr. Bill Jarman topped the list with 15 points; the booby prize was won by — you'll never guess — FO. Barker, the pres. himself, and rink — Mrs. Barker, FO. Gerry Poff and wife, who piled up the staggering sum of 3 points in 10 ends. Followed quickly a few words by Dr. Synder of the Deer Lodge Curling Club who expressed his club's happiness at the success of the occasion. A short sing-song led by FO. Barker and FL. Baby was well-received and marked the end of the organized party. Shortly after, the curlers wended their various ways home, agreed that curling for a worthy cause was fine sport indeed.

CLASS 92A

Digger Doings

Their faces muffled by balaclavas and their bodies wrapped warmly in heavy issue greatcoats, mysterious figures have lately been reported making hurried entries to, and even more hurried exits from, classroom 21—now known as “The Morgue” to its unfortunate inmates of Class 92A. It appears that the prevailing ice-bearing N.W. wind has found a sanctuary in this room, housing “sun-worshippers” from Down-Under, and is loath to relinquish its icy grip on the boys. Despite the efforts of an inconsistent heater, the daily presence of the blizzard is becoming a spine-chilling experience to the inhabitants.

FO. Howe, who was among the many in the daily pilgrimage to this Eskimo's Mecca, succumbed to the cold and had to recuperate in bed . . . FO. McNeill and WO. Jones have taken up the baton, however, and have become rival contestants in the “heat” race in and out of the room . . . Among the ranks of the wounded is Don McCleod, who fell foul to a chap playing the PROPER rules of Basketball the other day. Don suddenly became a parquetry lover and fell forward in full embrace on the drill hall floor. Like entrants in two-legged race, Don and his companion “Hoppy” Bennett can now be seen doing the “Peg-leg” Polka down the hallways of the G.I.S . . . For months now, cobblers of 92A have admired the basket-football prowess of “Bushy” Hollick and Apple-Islander, “Unc” Hall. But their latest effort would have made even Madame Pavlova blush with envy . . . The air was tense. The game had been waged long and hard. Hollick's team needed one point to win. Suddenly Hollick grasped the ball, flashed past two onrushing interceptors and made straight for the opposing goal . . . “Who will stop this man?” came the cry. “I will,” answered our Hero, “Unc” Hall. And so saying, he shot out his leg, catching the charging bushman unawares. (Sorry, I mean on the ankle!) . . . Like a twisting top, the goal-seeker gyrated away from his earthly foothold, doing a stall-turn and a serious of ethereal evolutions, concluding with a swallow-dive from the rafters to the floor . . . Which explains why “Unc” and “Bushy” both play on the same side now!

FIRE DEPARTMENT

By GLEN THOMPSON

This is our debut into the news corner of our station. Hence, we will endeavour to give out with some interesting news topics, we hope, through the medium of our “Drift Recorder”.

Rarely visited and fortunately rarely heard from, this Fire Department rates second to none for its size. We recently put into service, a new fire alarm system. This system is a tremendous improvement over the former button system. One will now notice fire alarm boxes conspicuously located throughout the station, in

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order to hasten the location to the fire hall in case of fire.

Spring, apparently, is around the proverbial intersection. “Poopdeck” Forsythe informs us that he has pansies nearly in bloom in his greenhouse, of course.

Charlie Melvin has had a try at batching of late due to confinement through illness, to the hospital, of Mrs. Melvin. We learn, however, that Mrs. Melvin will be home shortly, and a welcome day it will be for Charlie.

We have in our midst, we claim, the station's foremost cribbage ace in the person of Len Bates. We invite all professional players to engage him in a session if they are short of coke money.

In Memoriam



It is with deep and sincere regret that we learn of the death of Flt. Lt. Shannon, of Winnipeg, who was killed while on Active Service, Overseas, on the 27th of March, 1944.

Fl. Shannon joined the R.C.A.F. in November 1940, graduating as an Observer from Portage in September, 1941 and as an instructor, from Rivers in December of the same year. He came from Rivers here, to No. 5 and was instructor to Course 45. Later, he took Course 47 through the latter part of their training, and it was this class that was the first to take the Straight Navigator's Course on this station and the first to have their Wings Parade here. While on this station he became very popular and was a keen and active member of the Officers' Baseball Team.

In November, 1942 he was promoted to Flying Officer and posted overseas. He was on operations for three months before being sent to North Africa for six weeks in December, 1943. Returning to England early this year, he continued flying until he met his death one month after his promotion to Flight Lieutenant.

Our sincerest sympathy goes to his wife, mother, sister, and his two brothers; Captain P., and Lieutenant J. Shannon, who are with the army Overseas.

The Accounts Section

By NEIL FARQUHARSON

With the change over to new records of pay, Accounts has outwardly been a silent section during the past months. But not so within. Daily we see Don Stocker pulling the hair (singular) from the top of his head as he tries to determine whether a man is on subsistence allowance, ration allowance, or living in.



Back Row, left to right: Sgt. J. R. Kruse, LAC W. B. Bucham, AC1 W. A. Gannon, Cpl. E. K. Keyes, LAC. N. D. Farquharson. Front row, left to right: LAC. W. E. Smith, WO2 I. S. Cherrier, FL. R. E. Lapp, Cpl. D. A. Stocker.

Speaking of allowances makes me think of the pay of the poor old LAC. When this war is history and monuments are being erected, I'm sure they will not forget those noble souls who stood in line for hours (remember Manning) and upon receiving their pay (?) went away smiling.

Manning Pool!!! When we heard WO2 Cherrier was coming to our section, we wondered; in fact we — (well it doesn't matter). After working with him for over a month, we find that hidden away from new recruits No. 2 had at least one "good guy" — and if there is any air-force rule of which you are doubtful, just ask the Major.

The smiling Corporal who greets you as you enter the door is Eddie Keyes. Among his many other duties he takes care of newlyweds and proud fathers (for documentation I mean) and by the way, Daddy, he smokes.

FL. Lapp is quite well known to all of you as an officer, but if any of you are interested in curling, ask him about the Lapp Special — or better still, ask some of those who played against him.

Barry Bucham has just returned from the West Coast and what he thinks of his native Winnipeg's weather seems to jibe with the opinion of Torontonians. Your writer recently spent a few days in Toronto and honesty compels him to withdraw SOME of his remarks about that much discussed city. Jerry Stinson is in the vicinity for his leave and should be able to give you the latest news.

Non-Public Funds remain in the capable hands of

Bill Smith and Ambrose Gannon. If at any time you visit us, and are greeted by an apparently shy and retiring individual, be on your guard. As much as mention any debatable subject and Bill will snap, "Do you want to bet"?

Sgt. Johnny Kruse is a familiar figure in accounts, but do you recognize him as the man who comes around about once every week and convinces you that you want to get up at 6:30 when you know darn well you don't? Can't figure out how he does it.

No one has found out yet why we had no visitors to this section from the 20th to 23rd of March. It couldn't be that Ricky's holiday came then? And who was the sender of that lovely cake?

OPERATIONS

Bob Cousineau reporting for B Flight says that in that flight they have an inventive genius in the person of C. Baranovsky, better known as the Baron. It would seem that the Baron has invented a new instrument lighting system which is a marvelous improvement over the present system of panel lighting. Details are rather vague as to whether or not the Baron is carrying a pet glow worm with him or a good old fashioned box of matches nor was there any mention as to the cost of installation, but Bob suggests that if maintenance is looking for some worth while suggestions, with full plans and particulars, they would do well to contact the Baron immediately.

Bob also reports that a few days ago prior to take off the Mark I Ansons were parked on the east side of the taxi strip in front of No. 4 Hangar. The pilot (and it could have been Bob himself) was ready to taxi out when:

Navigator to Pilot: "We have no drift recorder, sir."

Pilot, grumbling: "Well, get one out of the aircraft behind us."

Of course, it wasn't the proper thing to do but this pilot was in a hurry. However, ten minutes later the navigator returns.

Navigator to Pilot: "I went through all the aircraft behind us, Sir, and I couldn't find a drift recorder."

The perplexed pilot grazed back through the window and saw a line up of brand new Mark V Ansons. To use Bob's own words, "D'ye get it?"

It sounds like a very similar episode that happened sometime ago when Kay McKellar in the Flight Office was new on the job. It seems that on that particular occasion the navigator came dashing into the office to report there was no drift recorder in 89. Kay blithely comes back with "You must be hard up for something to read—here's a Liberty."

If you see any of the pilots walking about the station staring into space with an occasional blink of their eyes, it isn't the lifting of the beer ration that is to blame, they probably have just finished three hours in the C.N.T. Get Horan to tell you about the time he flew it for three hours in his stocking feet and how his toes were curled up like pretzels when he got out. At that they finished up just 4 miles from Hambourg.

"OPS" WINGS AWARDED

On March 23, Air Commodore A. J. Ashton of No. 2 T.C. presented FL. Ken Holtby and FO. Frank Neale D.F.M. with their "Ops" wings. We extend to both these members of the staff of No. 5 A.O.S. our heartiest congratulations.

FL. Holtby enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in July 1940 and attended No. 1 Manning Depot, No. 2 I.T.S., Regina, No. 2 A.O.S., Edmonton, No. 2 B. and G. Mossbank and No. 1 C.N.S. Rivers. In May 1941 he flew overseas on Ferry Command and was then posted to No. 20 O.T.U. in Scotland. In August, 1941, he began operations with No. 40 Squadron and his tour took him over such targets as Duisberg, Karlsruhe, Stettin (one of his longest raids—9 hours 15 mins.), Emden, Dunkirk and Kiel.

In October 1941 he flew down to Malta via Gibraltar and operated from there till February 1942 when he went to Egypt. In June of that year FL. Holtby flew back to Canada. At present he is taking the staff "N" course at Rivers.

FO. Frank Neale who comes from Regina, joined the R.C.A.F. on June 28, 1940. From Manning Pool in Toronto he went successively to No. 1 I.T.S., Toronto, No. 3 A.O.S. Regina, No. 2 B. and G., Mossbank and No. 1 C.N.S. Rivers. He arrived overseas on April 19, 1941 and joined No. 144 R.A.F. Squadron on July 4 of that year. The targets he flew over include Kiel, Hanover, Bremer, Cologne, Rostock, Kassel, Frankfurt and others. For a low level attack on a convoy on November, 1941, he was awarded the D.F.M.

FO. Neale returned to Canada on July 1, 1942 and is an instructor at this school.

CLASS 98A

This article is written to introduce Class 98A which has just started its sentence of 5 months hard labour. It is a rather exclusive body being formed entirely of R.A.F. and Kiwis. Strangely enough, there are no natives or Dingo-hunters in this illustrious band. Our instructors are that honourable quartet FO's Seed, Ramsay and Zubick, and PO. Cragg.

At present the Class is wandering round, dimly wondering if this is not a dream, and thinking of focal lengths, occlusions, rhumb lines and other mystic symbols. And the 20th week seems a long way off! We have discovered that Canadian indoor hockey can be greatly improved by a new set of New Zealand rules which allow it to be converted into a form of legalized homicide.

One Kiwi PO. has earned the heartfelt gratitude of the staff by agreeing to be orderly officer one weekend. Libellous rumours report a connection between this and the fact the person concerned missed most of the lectures on the morning after the night before. We prefer to put it down at his virtue. At present it is not certain whether he has volunteered to repeat the performance.

We are blessed with a large number of LAC.'s with a sense of humour, and one PO. (may his name be blessed), who, doing star recognition pointed to the lights of an Anson and inquired what star was that. The pitying spectators didn't know whether he was drunk or merely dumb.

It is reported that if and when we pass out, the wolf howl will be heard again in Winnipeg.

★ ★ ★ ★ Congratulations ★ ★ ★ ★



FL. HOLTBY



FO. NEALE

M.T. SECTION

By GLEN THOMPSON

This department has an ace topic to lead off with at the time. Our Dolly Oakley and Ewart "Slim" Strachan have announced their intentions. Just in case

MOTOR TRANSPORT



From left to right: Mrs. D. Klassen, Miss D. Oakley, Mr. E. Mager, K. Buckingham, Mrs. V. Morrissette, Mr. H. Seed, G. Thompson, Mrs. L. Leslie, H. G. Williams.

that some may wonder at their intentions, just take a peak at the "sparkler" on Dolly's left hand. "Slim", are you abandoning the bright lights of Winnipeg, for the coaloil lamps of dear old Middlechurch? Nevertheless, Middlechurch is now on the map since "A" crew held their recent blowout. Some of our former sidekicks were present and everybody enjoyed the reunion. Main incident worthy of mention was the crash-dive act performed by none other than Harry Williams.

We once again take this opportunity to welcome a newcomer to our midst, in the person of Ray Bernt of "A" crew. Since we last yielded our doings to the Recorder, our stores driver Johnny Orestes has left us. Genial Harvey Kidd has taken over since his departure.

Thursday, March 30th, marked the occasion of "amateur night" in the Recreation Hall. This occasion was blessed by the appearance of our gracious blues singer, Midge and other artists. The program was enjoyed by all who were fortunate enough to attend.

Last reports on "Swede" Morrissette's condition were welcome news to all. We learn that she has left the hospital and now is convalescing at her home. Incidentally, we wish to convey Vi's thanks to all, who so kindly volunteered to donate blood on her behalf. Keep up the improvement, Vi, as we are awaiting your rapid return.

Three of our drivers have been loaned to the Fire Department since our last Recorder edition. Those involved are Glen Thompson, George Berezuk and Harry Williams. Keep cool fella's.

And now, as further topics of interest, at present, are at a premium, we will fold up until next time in order to shovel some "snow" from our door.

STORES DEPARTMENT

This month we have some very interesting news apart from our every day routine.

Beginning Monday, April 10th, the Technical Stores will operate from what was once the Tool Room in No.

4 Hangar. The old Tool Room has been completely renovated by the addition of bins, racks and a new issuing counter and wicket.

The Office end of the Technical Stores is to be enlarged considerably, and the Smith-Pattern combination need not worry any longer about small lunches, there'll be enough room for expansion.

We are happy to have with us Miss Irene Olson, who has joined our staff as a filing clerk — a very nice young lady well liked by all.

CLASS 97B

Although but recently arrived at No. 5 A.O.S. and at present in the throes of Duty Watch we feel that it is time 97B made its debut in the DRIFT RECORDER. After reading the last edition of this paper we are happy to be able to occupy some of its space.

97B is made up entirely of Canadians and the other half 97A of New Zealand "Jokers", and at present there are many energetic discussions on the relative merits of the two countries.

We like to assume that we are one up on the Newzies in that we are able to see Polaris at all times and they are not. This fact was ferreted out by Bob Walkley and whether he shot it from the stars or it appeared to him in a dream has yet to be determined.

Being the new course and still having a little leisure to acquaint ourselves with the station we are well pleased with what we have seen.

If we put as much effort into our work as is put into training us both instructional and facilities for study and recreation there can be no doubt as to the outcome.



"Mind passing along a message to the gent on the other side? Ask him: "Who d'ya think yer shovin!"

he found it didn't pay!

(This "Believe It or Not" story, by Bob Ripley, has been made available to the War Finance Committee through the courtesy of the United States Treasury)

ASHURBANIPAL OF ASSYRIA, the richest man who ever lived, was worth a trillion and a half dollars — 75 times as much gold as is held by the United States Treasury. Yet it availed him nothing! Neither he nor his son had the sense to use this wealth for the good of their people or for their protection.

And so it was comparatively easy for the Medes and the Persians to invade Assyria and enslave it. And finally, when defeat stared the great King in the face — when it was too late — Ashurbanipal, in terror, had a tremendous platform built of polished wood, in the city of Nineveh, and on top of this he heaped all of his wealth — 142,000 tons of gold in 2,500,000 bricks (or ingots), each brick 7 by 28 inches in size, and each brick valued at 50,000 dollars. This treasure formed a pyramid of shining gold nearly 100 feet high, and in the intervening spaces he placed all of his jewels and personal belongings — his wives on golden beds — his children — even his pet dog.

And then a great quantity of oil was bought from Mosul and poured on top of this golden mass, and when the torch was applied, the King himself walked in and laid himself down among his wives — his family — his pet dog — and everything he valued in life. And so the great Ashurbanipal, the richest man in the world, was consumed in his own wealth. He immolated himself and became part of this great, conglomerated, melted mass of money. And so ended the Empire of the Assyrians. It never rose again.

I was in Nineveh a few years ago. Only a few mounds marked the spot that was the glory of Ashurbanipal. Why?

Because Ashurbanipal, who had practically all the money in the world, didn't do anything with it! So he and his country were lost.

Even his conquerors — the Medes and the Persians — made the same mistake. They came, saw, conquered, and confiscated this great golden, molten mass of money that was once the King and the wealth of the great Empire of Assyria.

What did they do with it? Nothing.

They melted it into money again — and remelted it — and in generations since it has been remelted a thousand times — until, Believe It or Not, it is a mathematical fact that every golden coin in existence in the world today contains in it some minute particle of Ashurbanipal himself, the King who had all the money in the world but didn't know what to do with it!

What are we going to do with *our* money today? Enemies threaten us, just as they threatened Ashurbanipal of old.

What will it avail us? Nothing?

Surely it will avail us no more than it did Ashurbanipal unless we do something with it. And there is one thing to do — and that is to "Buy and hold more and more Victory Bonds and War Savings Certificates" and so make our money directly available to our country — make it help our country — otherwise it will become a molten mass, and we the people will be destroyed as Ashurbanipal was destroyed 2,600 years ago.

—BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

MARY MARTIN
DICK POWELL
FRANCHOT TONE
VICTOR MOORE
in Paramount's
TRUE TO LIFE
-and twice as funny!
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High-Powered Mystery Melodrama!

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Produced by Robert Fellows
Directed by Richard Wallace
Screen Play by Warren Duff
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"BALALAIKA"
April 23 - 24



Watch for

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LUCILLE BALL
HARRY JAMES
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Story and Screenplay by Dalton Trumbo



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No. 2 T.C.
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CHAMPIONSHIPS

SATURDAY
April 22nd

Come out and cheer
No. 5 A.O.S.
to Victory!