

The

DRIIFT

RECORDER



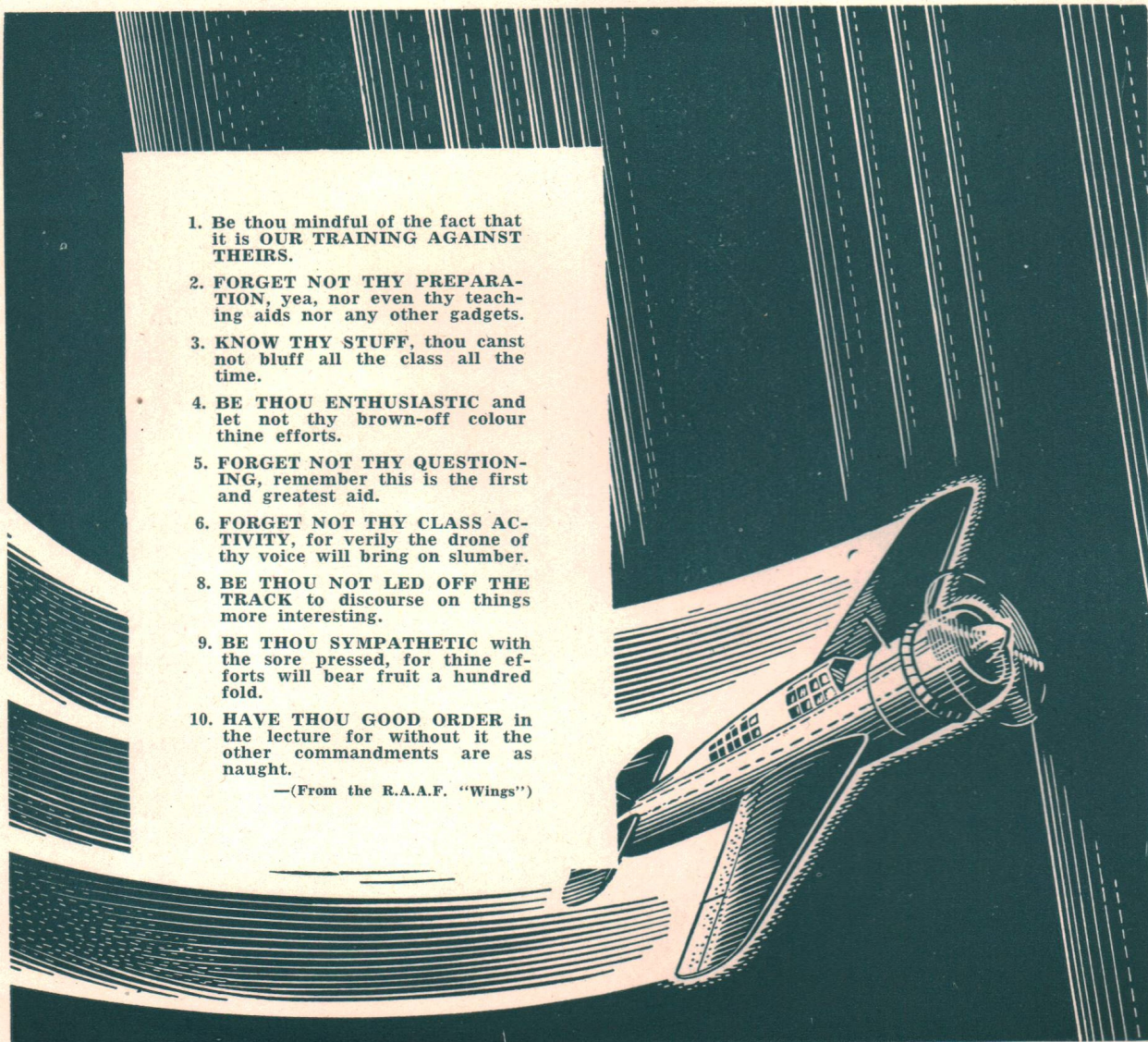
10 COMMANDMENTS

. . . *for Instructors*

The average instructor hasn't done much lecturing in civil life. So these **T E N COMMANDMENTS OF LECTURING** should be valuable. They come from some expert talkers, so they are founded on hard experience.

1. Be thou mindful of the fact that it is **OUR TRAINING AGAINST THEIRS**.
2. **FORGET NOT THY PREPARATION**, yea, nor even thy teaching aids nor any other gadgets.
3. **KNOW THY STUFF**, thou canst not bluff all the class all the time.
4. **BE THOU ENTHUSIASTIC** and let not thy brown-off colour thine efforts.
5. **FORGET NOT THY QUESTIONING**, remember this is the first and greatest aid.
6. **FORGET NOT THY CLASS ACTIVITY**, for verily the drone of thy voice will bring on slumber.
8. **BE THOU NOT LED OFF THE TRACK** to discourse on things more interesting.
9. **BE THOU SYMPATHETIC** with the sore pressed, for thine efforts will bear fruit a hundred fold.
10. **HAVE THOU GOOD ORDER** in the lecture for without it the other commandments are as naught.

—(From the R.A.A.F. "Wings")



COUNCIL ACTIVITIES

Through the courtesy of the officials of the Ninette Sanatorium, the staff of this School were given the opportunity to be X-rayed free of charge. Interest was aroused by advance films showing the danger of T.B. infection and during the four days that the technicians from the Sanatorium were at the School, well over one half of the personnel took advantage of the offer. The equipment, consisting of the only miniature X-ray machine in Manitoba, was set up in the restroom in No. 2 Hangar, and approximately 35 people were put through an hour.

April 21st marked the date of the first in a series of four demonstrations arranged by the Girls' Council for the girls of this Station. This was a Fashion Display by Miss O'Brien and her assistants from the Hudson Bay Company who modelled the latest Spring fashions, as well as our own particular style of Station

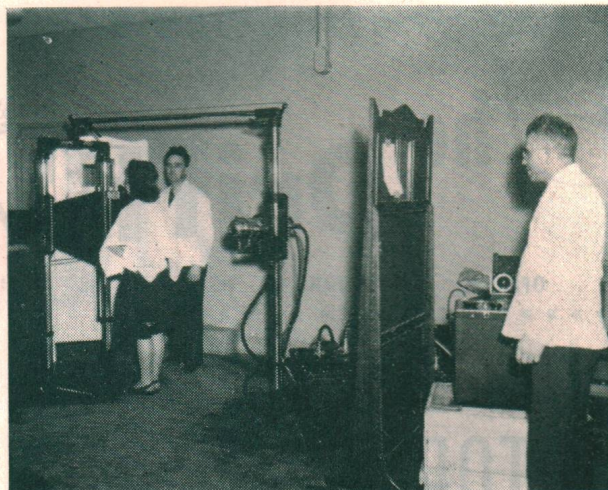


coverall. Shirley Dill, one of our own employees, modelled the School uniform as it should be worn. The highlight of the evening was Helen Symonds rushing around behind the scenes cleaning our special No. 5 DUST from everyone's shoes.

The other demonstrations consist of the "Remake Review" on May 4th, "Beauty is Your Duty", on May 18th and last but certainly not least "Stretching Your Pay Cheque" to be held on the 1st of June.

The Council has also organized a blood doner drive and a number of girls now attend the blood bank every week.

Page Two



CLASS 96B

Since we last were in print our sixth week exams have passed by and we still remain unscathed, but our twelfth week is only a short way ahead.

Night-flying has come as a shock to some of us more used to working on the ground at those awkward hours, while our sextants (Link Type A12) are caused mild consternation. Some have voiced the opinion that a pink elephant should be substituted for the bubble.

We would like to know:

What Wally Havenhand does when "Showboat" is out of town?

Why Jock Fleming bowls so much?

What was the phone number of Sammy Madill's Esquire girl?

Why Johnnie Beard plays ping-pong in the basement?

What Paddy Igoe says on his lengthy phone calls?

What Bill Oldfield does when his radio breaks down?

Why Adge Cowan doesn't go near the American Consulate?

What Al Ryski would do if he lost his sweat shirt?

Why Bill MacAdams doesn't learn to play basketball?

How many times Johnnie Johnstone has been to breakfast?

How much Ivan Lee spends on phone calls?

Whether Phil Robbins sold winkles on the old Kent Road?

Why Roy Barber spends his spare time at the Cave?

Why John Barratt isn't on the stage?

What Jim Irvine does when no one listens?

Why John Merrick doesn't go home more often?

What Reg Marsh sees in red-heads?

Why Roger White-Smith goes to the Airmen's Club so much?

What Bernard Hoey does in Moore's?

What make of sock Bob Beaver smokes?

Why John Bobick doesn't give up wolfing?

What would happen if Jock Small couldn't get any Scotch?

Why Clarke Hill doesn't stop wearing his pyjamas in P.T.?

Why Gordon C. spends his 48's in the Marlborough?

What happened when Mr. Dean put on Mr. MacDonald's raincoat?

THE ACCOUNTS SECTION

by NEIL FARQUHARSON

You probably didn't notice it, fellows, but as each man came up for his pay last Friday, PO. Jones was reading him like a book. Having been an airman once himself, he didn't require much time to read your mind . . . so—better develop a poker face for next pay day, just in case he is here.

We are glad to know FL. Lapp is out of the hospital and will be back with us soon. I was asked on Saturday why the curly haired chap was not on pay parade — it didn't require a second glance around our office to know who that wasn't.

Speaking of Smithy, — I heard an officer challenge him to a bet last week and Bill didn't take it — Boy, is he slipping! Truly an unworthy product of the C.N.R., another ex-railway man is with us temporarily—Bud Anderson. I am going to get shot for telling this, but what's the odds? Bud was happily dreaming of one of our ex-stenos the other day, while walking of the guard-house. He didn't notice an officer approaching until he had passed. That night he had a dream of a court martial for the offence and the sentence "Two more years in the Airforce". "Never", says Bud, "was I so glad to awaken."

We miss Don Stocker around the office but are glad for his sake, of the Ottawa posting. We are sure he will work as hard and cheerfully there, but don't think he will ever get a sparring partner like Smitty.

Barry Bucham got his Corporal hooks this month and when we asked him if he was going to buy or—, he said he would buy. Nice guy that!

Sergeant Kruse and Major Cherrier are spending their week-ends trying to break par here and there. Hear they are going to hurl a few challenges before long, so don't let them pull the amateur gag on you. Jerry Stinson got back from his leave at the end of March, but has been so busy with RAF, RAAF and RNZAF records, that we have not heard anything about it yet. Probably Gannon will give us a paragraph on the Virtues of Toronto in our next article.

CLASS 94A

94A DURING A BREAK PERIOD

LAC. Suske—"When I want to talk to you I'll look at you."

LAC. Sparks—"Well, how do you like that?"

LAC. Wong—"Um, please sir — um."

LAC. Mickleborough—"I'm going to wash out."

LAC. Dunston—"Actually about fif-tie I reckon."

LAC. Hampson—"Well, — let me see, Einstein and I look at it this way."

LAC. Gamsby—"To-night I have a date with the respectable one."

Sgt. Luhrman—"Will you go over that again please, sir?"

LAC. Veness—"I've had it."

LAC. Roback—"I think that's obsolete, sir."

LAC. Barugh—"Oh gosh I ain't sure."

LAC. Stockwell—"Can I get to Calgary on a 48?"

LAC. McCarron—"I have no time for girls."

Sgt. Armstrong—"I'm going on a liquid diet this week-end."

Sgt. Brooks—"Why was I Orderly Sgt.?"

FS. Pooley—"Let me see now—were you talking to me, sir?"

LAC. Bates—"She was the cutest thing. I'll add her to my collection."

LAC. Johnston—"Why do I have to study geography?"

LAC. Krempien—"I ain't talking."

LAC. Malenfont—"Aw, there's nothing to it."

LAC. Cavanagh—"P.T. is a cinch for me—I'm the second youngest in the class."

LAC. Carr—"I'm cheesed off."

LAC. Walter—"Who feels like working?"

LAC. Smythe—"Boy, do Navigators ever have to slug!"

We welcome FO. McFadden to our class, and hope that he may be with us until our graduation day—June 17.

Think what we owe the

TELEPHONE GIRL

*The telephone girl sits in her chair
And listens to voices from everywhere,
She hears all the gossip, she hears all the news;
She knows who is happy, and who has the blues;
She knows all the girls who are chasing the boys;
She knows all our troubles, she knows all our strife;
She knows every man who is mean to his wife.
She knows every time we are out with the boys,
She hears the excuses each fellow employs;
She knows every woman who has a dark past,
She knows every man who is inclined to be fast.*

*In fact, there's a secret 'neath each saucy curl
Of that quiet, demure-looking telephone girl.
If the telephone girl would tell all she knows
It would turn half our friends into bitterest foes;*

*She'd start a small wind that would soon be a gale,
And engulf us in trouble and land us in jail;
She would let go a story, which gaining force,
Would cause half our wives to sue for divorce.*

*She would get all the churches mixed up in a fight,
And turn all our days into sorrowing nights;
In fact, she would keep all the world in a stew,
If she told a tenth part of the things that she knew.*

CLASS 99A

QUIET! Someone is coming in the distance — LISTEN — 97, 98, 99, PLONK. Naturally, readers, it is not the proverbial centipede with the wooden leg, but none other than a new course, in No. 99. When one stops and thinks — if there is time to do this — 99 also reminds a person of hearing a doctor say 99 and living up to Air Force orders, we promptly did so on our arrival at No. 5.



With this boring (too true! Ed.) introduction we as Class 99A extend our heartiest greetings to whomsoever may find a few spare moments to read this wee epistle. So far, life on the station is everything to be desired, but do I hear some strange noises, referring not too kindly to that bugbear of life — STUDY — BINDING, or whatever term can be applied. Just being raw, I won't venture to say untrained "rookies", we probably ain't seen nothin' yet.

Our class comprises mainly RAAF and RAF, with a couple of Canucks who will, perhaps boost our morale or tell us what or what not to do whilst in Canada. There are a few of the members who once tried their hand at trying to be ace pilots but apparently found out the Air Force had different ideas of their ability. "Man is not lost" forms the motto of all navigators, good or bad, and we as a class will finish in the former category, we hope!

Among the RAAF are quite a number of blue-chevrons warriors who have seen Active Service in the Middle East. The remainder can be categorized as sun-tanned airmen, having just recently arrived from that

sunny continent of Australia, where the sun always shines—well, most of year, more so than way up here.

With good Australian wit and an occasional dash of Old England, there is never a dull moment in class, not even when a sticky problem crops up. When this does occur, we are enlightened through the medium of one student in particular who always, just as a matter of curiosity, asks the instructor just what it is all about.

When this issue is published we will just be in the throes of sixth week examinations and then in the following issue you can read our tale of woe.

So, kind readers, with this screed we make our initial entry to the columns of "The Drift Recorder" but —don't forget to read next month's thrilling instalment. We will most likely be able to tell you how many gray hairs are in our navigation instructors' heads, who, by the way, are FO. Pitcairn and PO. Wynne. Watch their progress!

CLASS 98B

Once again it is time for the monthly hot air mass to emanate from 98B.

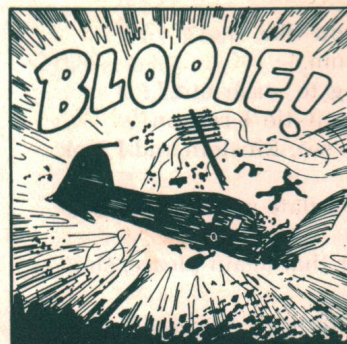
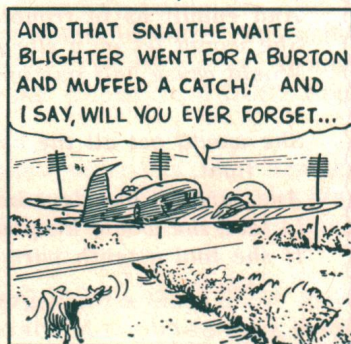
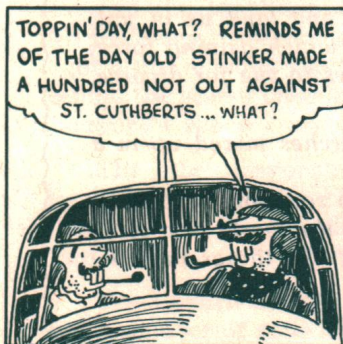
Right now the whole flight is busy beating the gen books for the sixth week exams. Loud and long are the groans heard nightly as this process is in force. At the same time numerous arrangements are being made with local hostelrys for accommodations for the 48 which follows after our period of tribulation.

In the recent War Bond Drive, the flight and our two instructors, FO. Ramsay and FO. Zubick subscribed a total of \$2,150.00 which combined with the amount subscribed by our sister flight put Course 98 well out in the lead for War Bond purchases.

Last week the flight was pleasantly surprised by the Station Poet Laureate, FO. Ramsay, who presented for the time his latest epic effort. "S.D.R.T." which was received with spontaneous applauding and cheering. It is hoped that at some future date, after sufficient abridging, our lyricist will present his work to the rest of the station.

The sixth week of our stay has come about very quickly and all of us are looking forward to that none too distant day, when we get our coveted wing.

FRIGHT'LY GOOD SHOW! Awf'ly decent blokes... I mean rugger and all that, you know *by Ozie*



—Courtesy M. T. B., Rivers

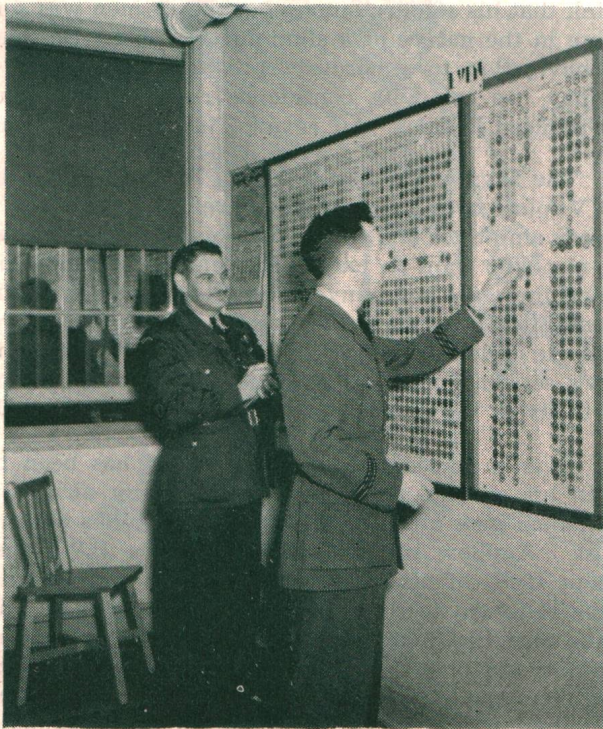
STATION CONTROL OFFICE

*Things that go on, behind the scenes
To trainees minds are seldom known,
They only know—by some strange means
The crews are gathered, — flights are flown.*

Did you ever think (answer yes or no) as you skip cheerfully down to the sunlit expanses of the S.D.R.T., carrying your wierd assortment of navigational instruments,—“How does it happen that when we are scheduled for S.D.R.T. no other class ever beats us to it? Or, how is it that every time we are scheduled to fly, a pilot and a wireless operator appear as if by magic at briefing, and a shiny Anson awaits on the tarmac? Or how come when an armament period is scheduled someone always bursts into the quietness of the classroom with a machine-gun? — Or, when DF. is the dish, some pedagogue appears with a cardioid under one arm and an oscillating current running up and down the other.”

Like the visit of the stork, these things don't just happen,—there is a reason for it,—and the reason for these coincidences around No. 5 A.O.S. is the Station Control Office.

The Station Control Office is the mainspring that keeps the wheels of this mill in motion, grinding out navigators and air bombers with bi-monthly regularity. The S.C.O., situated on the ground floor of G.I.S., is



under the capable direction of FL. Brand, assisted by PO. Potten.

Their job is to prepare lecture time-tables and flying schedules, and to co-ordinate the two so that ground work is kept abreast of air work and vice-versa.

The aim of the S.C.O. is to keep classes up to or slightly ahead of schedule. The flying schedule, as made up, is governed by:

1. No. of flights required by all classes to keep up schedule.
2. No of air bomber flights required.
3. No of aircraft involved.

4. No of WAG's and pilots required.
5. 48's.

The schedule of lectures follows closely a standard pattern: a fixed number in each subject per week. If the flying proceeds according to plan, the schedule is maintained, but when flights are washed out, the time-table must be altered to meet the new situation.

So, when a flight is washed out don't rush light-heartedly back to the classroom and gloat over your good fortune in being given a few extra sleepy, classroom periods, — but on your way back — just pause in the stillness of the G.I.S. corridor and shed a quiet tear for the fruitless labours of FL. Brand, PO. Potten & Co. in having scheduled and arranged a flight which never was flown.

Sometime, after a series of flights have been washed out, — if you sneak quietly into the Station Control Office, you may see the distracted occupants skipping gleefully around throwing great handfuls of little cardboard discs at the pegs on the wall, hoping in their delirium that by some good fortune, the discs will land on the right pegs, and that once again the time-table may meet the requirements.

In spite of their troubles and their grief, we would like to say “hats-off” to FL. Brand and PO. Potten. They are doing a grand job.

STORES DEPARTMENT

It has been brought to our attention, and in no uncertain terms, that a little news is due from this “Star” Department for the Drift Recorder. News being a little more plentiful this time, we give you what we have and hope that it doesn't miss the boat.

As you all heard and saw, Miss Kay Francis of Hollywood fame was with us to present the Victory Loan “V” Pennant to the Staff. The presentation was made to Miss Georgina Clark of the Stores Department, and Mr. Frank Bonnett of the Maintenance Department.

Georgina was chosen to represent the Company because of her fine work in the Sixth Victory Loan Campaign. Her first day's subscriptions boosted the Stores Department to 160% of its quota, and at present writing we have subscribed 174% of our quota. Of course this, we hope, will not be our final figure.

This fine showing is a credit to the way in which Geo. has gone out and sold everybody. Of course the eager co-operation of the Stores Staff helped greatly.

We have been shown a copy of the picture taken by the photographer from No. 2 Training Command, who was on hand at the time of the presentation. It is a very good one of Georgina and Frank looking up at Miss Francis. In our opinion Georgina very natty in her uniform, looks prettier than the famous movie star.

The presentation covered, we'll get back to some of the other doings in our Department. Miss Betty Silk is now holidaying at Vancouver (may she enjoy better weather than we have) and Miss Loretta Reid has taken over while she is away.

An increase in staff has also taken place, and we wish to welcome Miss Maureen Duke to our Department. Miss Duke is a stenographer, and graces our nice new office in Technical Stores.

CLASS 92B

Coincident with this issue of the Drift Recorder airmen in 92B may be observed:

- (1) Recovering from their final exams.
- (2) Recovering from their graduation party or
- (3) Polishing up brass that has lacked attention for the past five months.

It all adds up to the fact that, come this Thursday, May 18th, we hope to be on parade to receive the reward for twenty weeks of sustained effort — that little "N" with the big meaning.

In retrospect the time has been short, the work unceasing and the 48's brawls.

It was a cold winter's day at the turn of the year that 21 Canadian and 5 Aussie airmen arrived at 5 A.O.S. to be initiated into the intricacies of D.R. Navigation as taught by FO. Holden and PO. McNeill. During the course we have lost six of our original crew, Bill O'Connor and Ernie Simpson to other flights and Nat Sussman, Leigh Hull, Jack Winn and Les Lewarne to various branches of air or groundcrew.

Since our arrival here all of our class Instructors have received promotions; FO. Holden to the rank of Flight Lieutenant and PO's McNeill and Howe to the rank of Flying Officers — a deserved tribute from Ottawa for their brilliant achievement in getting us through this course!

Before departing, we of 92B, Gordie Bell, Mark Charness, Johnny Dorosh, Len Gates, Gordie Graham, Dave Gunn, "Smitty" Hamill, Bill Holborne, Harvey Jackson, Harry Kiziak, Bob McCance, Paul Michaud, Stu. Rees, "Bud" Styman, George Weeden, Johnny Wetherell, Don Williams, George Staudinger and your correspondent Gordon Sinclair, wish to express our thanks to the Instructors, Pilots, Wags, Civilian and R.C.A.F. staff who have helped to make our stay here both a memorable and happy one. And so now that the great day has arrived it's goodbye and good luck to No. 5 A.O.S.



SWINGING AN AIRCRAFT

CLASS 98B AT SIGNALS



CLASS 94A

In spite of grave forebodings by many of its members before the sixth week tests, the above flight is still, with one exception, intact. The exception is going whence he came, to the ranks of the A.B.'s. When he joined our numbers some weeks ago he was a little over the maximum weight for A.B.'s and some there are who think that his sojourn among our merry men was something in the nature of a slimming exercise. Be that as of navigation to generously proportioned desiring-to-it may, we can with confidence recommend a course be-reduced females. Au revoir Tiny and Kea Ora.

The boys would like to know, Ned, if a wind lanes W/V found over a frozen lake is reliable. I guess it was a very ambitious and commendable effort just the same. To any who want an excuse for celebration, and among Kiwis there are not many who need any excuse, we have among us a magician who can conjure up birthdays at will. He certainly helped out a well known drink company's session one Saturday night recently by having a birthday at very short notice. We liked the cake, Dick.

Over a period of years Dan Cupid has been busy with his arrows on the hearts of Newsy airmen and Canadian girls and I fear another Newsy has bitten the dust. Anyhow my flying partner, one B.W., spends about 150% of his "spare" time at one address and is even reluctant to come back for a Sunday night flight. Take care, Bas, take care. While the heads of the United Nations are busy planning a better and brighter Europe members of our flight are planning a new order of distribution of cities, rivers etc. in the same region. One bright spark has turned Madrid into a seaside resort and another has diverted the Tigris river westward into the Black Sea. Others have shifted German cities but I guess we can, with confidence, leave that job to the R.A.F. with the very capable help of the Dominion Air Forces.

As a final scoop, one of our hot members cast grave reflections on the parentage of someone who woke him up in lectures with a sharp rap on the head. The disturber of the sleep was one of our esteemed officers. Was Harry's face red?

CLASS 100A New Arrivals

We come from way down under,
We come from far and near,
'Tis not to look for plunder,
Or even hunt for beer.

We will admit we like our fun,
But when we hear of work,
It is a thing we will not shun,
Nor duty will we shirk.

As ANZACS we are often known,
A name you will agree,
That's heard where any plane has flown,
O'er every land and sea.

So here we are at A.O.S.,
For work and not for play,
And now in case you didn't guess,
We're course 100A.

JOYS OF DRILL



Sizing a Flight

CLASS 98A

Now we come to 98A again. THE COURSE of course. With computer in one hand, pencil in the other, and confusion in our brains, we have staggered through the dim morasses of the sixth week.

We are becoming concerned about the grey hair and lines of worry on our instructors' faces. They should worry, they only have to teach the . . . stuff.

We would like to record that we have had several spare periods owing to the coincidence with our course of such World Shaking events as a visit from KAY FRANCIS and a BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT. Also we happened to notice that the last squadron parade was not on D.R.O.'s. Poor show what?

Our tame professor has solved the great problem. Why do bombaimers tread on Navigators' charts? Answer—Cos (plus 2 minus %4) equals \$. i.e. Navigators still put them on the floor. Who is the bright boy who can get three parallel drifts when obtaining a three drift wind?

Up to date we have avoided the disaster of being caught dodging P.T. unlike our fellow course. You have all our sympathy, chaps. Just now we are sadly admiring the spectacle of what the well dressed Raf thinks it should wear, but we hope to improve this in the future. Our instructors at present are trying to persuade one Kiwi not to turn in logs which look like inebriated spider crawls. Good luck to them, another of the Kiwi Gang is writing 'Short Aids to Navigation! Add Deviation to TAS and get Co.C. QED. One Raf type swears that in future he will navigate by a handlebar moustache and the seat of his trousers.

A few days ago we captured a wild synthetic Kipling who under pressure turned out this verse. (Tune: Mairsy Doats).

Seed sow oats,
While Zubic gloats,
And Ramsey keeps us lively,
Cragg'll look lively too,
Wouldn't you?
They give us plots
Which jive in spots,
Though some of them get scruffy,
Then Harry gets huffy too,
Wouldn't you?

In conclusion we would like to thank the C.S.O. on behalf of the Kiwi Battalion for giving us permission to take part in an Anzac Day Parade and Service.

—Kia Ora.

ANZAC DAY

The year on its memorial wings has flown,
Returning again with tales of bravery,
Lives lost of ones so dear and close
In the halocaust of deathly Gallipoli.
We, the sons of Anzacs far from home,
Do on an allied soil in memory stand
Of valour and of courage, of life and of death,
So bitterly won, so easy lost, but yet
There burns for us that fiery torch
So dearly flung for us to hold,
To keep alive 'till freedom bought so dear,
Is ours once more and we may breathe
The heavy scent of flowers beauteous
That today are used by Anzacs sons
In fondest memory of the lives we lost.
And this our sacred vow today we make
We will fight for that for which our fathers died.

—J. K. Bogue.

OUR JUNE ISSUE—Class and Dept. News Deadline, June 1. Let's have your Contributions often and early. WANTED: Artists, Cartoonists, Writers and Reporters. See FO. F. C. Brown TODAY!

☆☆☆☆ SPORT PAGE ☆☆☆☆



Mr. D. S. Ormond presenting jacket to PO. Staples, of the Station Hockey Team. Coach Jimmy Foster in centre foreground.



A shot of the head table showing many sporting notables at the recent Winter Sports Windup Banquet.

Winter Sports Wind-up Banquet

After a winters hard play and a lot of fun, the championship hockey and basketball teams of the station were guests at complimentary dinner tendered by the station.

SL. Milne and Mr. D. S. Ormond divided the honours in congratulating the various teams and presenting trophies—which were many. All these smart blue jackets that are being sported on the station of late indicate membership on a winning sports aggregation.

The Station Hockey team came in for a large share of honours for their fine showing in the Senior Hockey League. FO. "Scotty" Milne, captain, presented a gift on

behalf of the team to Coach Jimmy Foster who has a past record in hockey to stock up against any Canadian. "Pop" Ratson, by far most active fan and supporter of sports on the station, and Mrs. Sharpe were also honoured by presentations.

FL. Jantz, padre, paid tribute to one of the most popular sportsmen of the station, the late Sgt. "Tiny" Strachan.

Staff Hockey team, winners of the Inter-unit League. Maintenance Hockey team, runners-up, and the Station Basketball team under FO. Nahass, were all congratulated and received presentations.

Gymnastics

We are introducing this column which will grace the pages of our magazine in the future (we hope), and will be mainly devoted to the antics of the school personnel on the gym floor. A poor effort will result, no doubt, due to the old adage concerning P.T. Instructors, "All brawn, and no brain", but nevertheless, here goes.

We wonder at times at Hilton's constituency — how the man can continually be so lazy — it must be an art—and boy is he an artist!—"Strong Man" Bradley from course 94B—very quiet and also very industrious can be seen at the weights every time out for P.T.—"Wild Bill" Cox, course 99B, a wise old Aussie, who has been with the army in the Middle East, introducing a game of basketball that would make old Doc Naismith squirm. Flying Officers Rymal and Cuthbert pushing those heavy

weights around and acquiring new biceps and deltoids, (shoulders to you)—must be some motive—when a man starts working on his body either he has a girl or he wants to beat up on Sergeant Roy,—or some of those tough W.O.G.'s, we see playing basketball on the floor every day when not flying.—Boys seen regularly in the weight room, Sgt. Goodrich, Flying Officer Alger, FL. McCauley, FL. Holden, and others too numerous to mention.—Best floor hockey player, MacAndrew of 94—Mac with his green sweater cuts quite a figure on the floor.—And Russell of 93 going around the inside of the drill hall with his big feet first and he next.—Flying Officers Brown, Nosworthy, and Alger in a perpetual feud with the P.T. staff—most out of five baskets—and they never win.—Maybe we have to give them some lessons—Flying Officer Parsons working hard on the step test—he'll beat it yet!—Flying Officer Nosworthy

embroiled in an R.A.F. basketball game—admits its tougher than Canadian hockey. — Best built trainee, Masterson, course 100 Bombers.—Well knit and a natural.—Sergeant Treasure will be the victim of a vicious circle now that he is exercising, as it follows that if a man exercises he naturally eats heartier, thereby making him exercise all the more to take off the added weight and so ad infinitum.—At this point a tribute should be paid to the airman who returned a large (to us) sum of money which he found in the gym to the person who lost it.—Course 91A and B and 98X and Y, made 100% on their recent physical test — shows that P.T. has arrived at No. 5.—Flight Sergeant Armstrong 94A, learned to play his basketball on the gridiron with Toronto Argos or the Huntsville Hellcats—Why is the gym so popular? —we wonder if the hot water supply is responsible — no, — we don't think so — must be the P.T.

Basketball is creating quite a stir in the gym with Pilots, and Staff battling for first place with six points apiece, and Officers and Maintenance in last place with two points apiece. Some good games have been played and outstanding so far have been MacPherson and Taylor for Pilots,—MacFadden, Burgess, and Wilson for Officers—Cumbers, Fergusson, Thorsteinson, Swain for Staff — and Smitty for Maintenance. Not so honourable mention for Pilot Sheldon, who keeps the referees on their toes and thereby gets the nod as the badman of the league.—With two games to go and two top teams playing off, it looks like staff and pilots, but anything can happen in the last two games.

Summer schedules are being drawn up for the various sports, softball, soccer, rigger, and forms are being filled out by the trainee courses, and all bids fair for a good season. As we cannot enter civilian competition, we will confine ourselves to our own inter-unit competition.—More next issue!

—“Schiff”.

CONGRATULATIONS

Congratulations are due to the Station Sports for their organization of the Bowling Tournament which terminated May 3rd. The winners of two hard-fought “pick 'em up and lay 'em down” games were:

High Team—“WRIST PINS”—W. Cook, V. Hill, W. J. Buchanan, G. N. Sharland, M. Briggs.

Low Team—“POTS”—W. Raymond, R. E. Patterson, W. Pattern, Cpl. Roper, Miss Kalinski.

High Single Man—WO1 Jones—352.

High Single Lady—E. Gair—274.

Hidden Score—FL. W. Knight, M. Mandock.

The Bowling Tournament in our view has been the most successful event of our Station life to date and great credit is due our Committee for the work they did in making the Tournament such a success. For the benefit of those who don't know the personnel of the Committee, we list the membership hereunder:—J. T. LeMoine (Mtce.), W. H. Smith (Flight), D. E. Auger (Admin.), FO. K. B. Myers (replacing FL. F. J. Barker), FO. R. Milne (replacing FO. R. P. Alger), FS. R. Alm.

No. 5 BASKETBALL TEAM DROPS CHAMPIONSHIP FINAL

Any way you wanted to look at it—by advance notices, press reports, and past performances — the No. 5 Basketball team was favoured to cop the No. 2 T.C. title at the recent Championships. But it was not to be.

In an impressive semi-final game No. 5 easily disposed of the strong No. 12 S.F.T.S. team from Brandon and seemed a “cert” for the final.



Air Vice Marshall Lawrence presenting the trophy to No. 3 I.T.S. team, winners in the No. 2 T.C. Basketball Finals at No. 5 Gym.

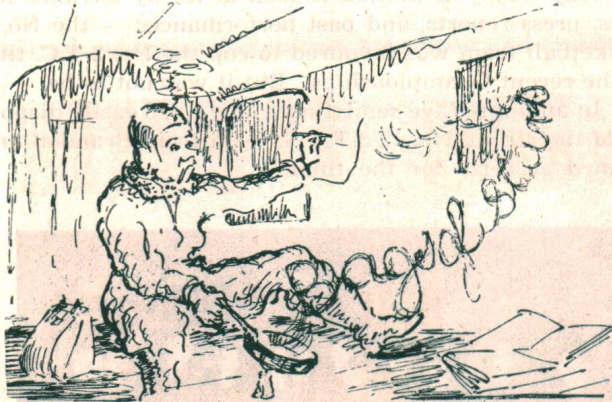
Before a gala crowd including ranks from Air Vice Marshall to AC2 the No. 5 men went down to No. 7 I.T.S. Saskatoon. The game was hard fought throughout, but No. 5 must have worked their championship game out of their system in the afternoon, for they couldn't take the measure of the Saskatchewan team. Despite the brilliant play of LAC. Bern Casey, who turned in an amazing performance netting 24 points of the teams 28, No. 5 lost the silverware to Saskatoon. The final score saw No. 7 I.T.S. victors to a tune of 33-28 and champs of No. 2 Training Command.



Casey, No. 11, accounting for 2 of his great 24-point performance in the Command Basketball Finals.

THE DEPARTURE

"Airmen come and Sergeants go, but we go on for the duration." — Old No. 5 Folk Song



A shadow was cast over the Adjutant's window, the shadow of a lorry heavily laden with kit-bags. It was there but for an instant before it had gone, leaving nothing but a cloud of dust hanging mysteriously in mid-air outside. . . A most ordinary thing to happen on a busy camp road, perhaps, and yet, somehow it seemed important to him. Once that lorry was safely outside the gates. . . But that cloud of dust; it annoyed him! Was it their last act of defiance? Their last breach of discipline? It would be just like them to make a mess of their nice tidy camp before they left! Just like them to "boob" by leaving the cloud of dust outside his window. He got up and went to see for himself. He wanted to witness the lorry leaving with his own eyes, for he knew that once their kit-bags had gone, they wouldn't come back.

As he got to the window, he was just in time to see the dust-cloud stretching down the road in a long line past the gates. Past the gates? Yes! Oh, how wonderful! The man's face changed in an instant; the lines of worry went a smile appearing in their place, and . . . his chin stuck out! He went over to his intercomm. and pressed the S.W.O.'s button. "They've gone! They've gone!" he shouted, unable to contain himself, "We'll have no more trouble from COURSE 91B! See that the news is spread — it will cheer up the P.T. staff, it'll make the C.I. happy, and we can all relax a bit now!"

But what of us? Our feelings are very different: our minds are very mixed. There is joy in them at the thought of England, and yet a tinge of regret creeps in with the feeling that, when we pass through the gates of No. 5, we leave behind us something that we have found to be really enjoyable. True, we have quite often been in a spot of trouble, here and there; equally true that we have more often asked for it, but now we can sit back and say that No. 5 A.O.S. and Winnipeg will both be a pleasant memory. We have been exceptionally well-looked-after and we have been blessed by instructors for whom no praise is too great.

Here it is easy to set down our thanks on paper, but, unfortunately, it is not as easy to convey the note of true sincerity that could be detected were we to convey our thanks to the people concerned by making a massed, personal visit. So we will just say "Thanks" here, first

Page Ten

to Flt./Lts. McCutcheon and Nahass for the way in which they have looked after us and coached us through (we have dealt more fully with them at our flight party!), to "Pop" Ratson and his staff for feeding us so well for 21 weeks (we know that, whilst we are in the service, we will never have food served to us as nicely again), and to the Adjutant, the S.W.O., and their staffs for helping us to enjoy our stay here.

And so, as we bid our last farewell, our final entry reads: 5th May '44. BASE—s/c HOME — Climbing fast on beer. T.A.S.? Terrific. G/S. Watch us get on that boat!

WE REMEMBER

by Course 91B

The morning "Otto" Butts gave the pilot his G./S. to steer for home!

That "Curly" Blight asked FL. Nahass if we should use "Z" correction during our final Elements — as if we didn't have enough trouble!

How we used to dream that, one day, we would eat in a mess with table-cloths on the table — and how we used to laugh at such a ridiculous idea!

That FL. McCutcheon was never satisfied if his angles weren't within 2 degrees on the blackboard!

. . . And how he used to look at his watch whenever he used to write a hypothetical time on the blackboard!

That Ted Davis was actually faithful to his wife in the face of great temptation.

That Cinnamon and Snow were always last in at night — and last in class in the morning!

And that Cinnamon was the only man who can boast that he went to sleep in the C.N.T.!

That "Russ" Collins (our gen. man) was never, never wrong. . . ?

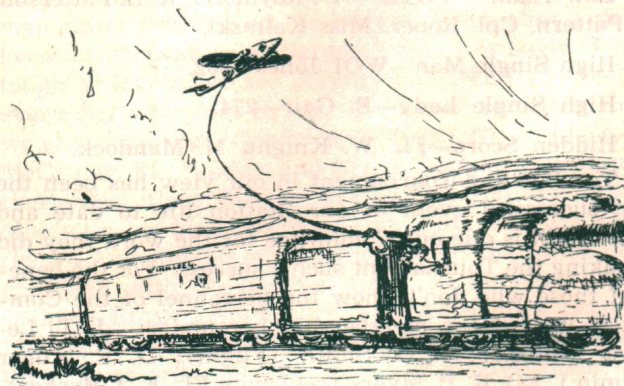
How Johnson could Cook anything!

The Saturday morning "our Paul" walked in with two rings on his arm. We were as pleased as he was — nearly!

That Godley and Blades got in most of their flying time in the States. . .

. . . And how annoyed they were because they didn't quite hit Minneapolis!

That "Mac" and "Paul" were not just our instructors, but two very fine, real people who were always looking after our welfare. Thank you, Gentlemen!



A LEADING LINE!

Incision Squad Drills

WINNIPEG, Man., May 1944. — With the new interest in drill reaching an all-time high, and since the whole station has been designated an attention area, No. 5 A.O.S. was fortunate in having at a recent dance the famous Incision Squad. The demonstration, for most part spontaneous, was under the direction of Air Commuter (acting, therefore unpaid) F. C. Brown and Station Warrant Officer (FL and paid) Pete McAulay. The Adjutant turned out to be none other than FL. Cec. "what's on your mind?" Douglas. Members of the squad in order of their disappearance were PO's Cragg and Rutledge and FO's Ramsay, Alger, Wilson and Padgatory Order of the Irremovable don. FL. "Doc" Boyd was seen hanging around in case of casualties. Highlight of the drill was the presentation of the Most Highly Dero-Finger to SWO. McAulay for his fine saluting. This entitles the proud recipient to wear the letters M.H.D.-O.I.F. after his name. The ribbon is worn immediately after that other high battle order, the C.V.S.M. During the course of the Drill there developed: (1) a boxing sequence and (2) a rugby game. In the first event FO. Paddon won a popular decision over PO. Cragg with the use of a step-ladder. FO. Alger received a well-deserved trim and Oliver Twist, the station barber is suing for breach of contract. FO. Wilson forgot to remove the bond sign from his back, and PO. Rutledge had just got up, so he appeared in his bathrobe. The

scruffy shoes of FO. Ramsay were shined by the Air Officer Complaining to the delight of the service sec-



tion of the audience. "AOC" Brown is still looking for the guy who stuffed the towel in his tunic, the "Drift Recorder" in his belt and the shears in his back pocket. (Ed. Note: FO. Brown is actually quite slim!).

Station Orchestra Makes Dance Debut

For the past six weeks Ford Braden and his Merry Men of Music have worked hard. From all parts of No. 5 musicians have gathered to form an orchestra. On Saturday, May 6, civilian and service personnel gathered at the Drill Hall for the dance under the auspices of the Girls' Council and Entertainment Committee to hear the results of six weeks' work. They weren't disappointed. What they heard was not flashy trumpet solos, hot violins, or the frenzied hot licks of a swing drummer. They got some very danceable rhythms and some delightful vocals by Miss Swanee Johnson and FS. Milette. The whole hearted approval of its very fine effort should encourage the band to continue its fine work. No. 5 A.O.S. is truly proud of the good start made by its orchestra and looks forward to many more dances this summer.

Highlighting an evening of fun and frolic was the draw for the prizes in connection with the No. 5 A.O.S. Air Cadet Fund. From a quiet start of six dollars above expenses, the fund quickly soared to over seventy dollars, which sum will be turned over by FO. Wild to the Air Cadet Fund. For this fine effort, no thanks can be too great for the Girls' Council whose members sold tickets by the score all evening. FO. F. C. Brown handled the announcements at the microphone. Mrs. G. G. Milne, wife of SL. Milne made the draw and the winners were as follows: 1st prize: D. Gray; 2nd prize: J. L. Bardal; and J. Dubuc, LAC. Cox, LAC. Alcock, H. Paulson and LAC. Croot.

(For pictures of the dance see Page 4 "THE BEACON").

Hope

E. C. Cinnamon

No hope in the days of bondage,
No faith in a righteous cause,
No heart of grace on a battlefield,
No scornings of lions' jaws:
No hope in the days of bondage
Has ever more valiant shone,
Than the hope that hopes for a taxi,
When the last bus has gone!

The Beacon

"Sheds light on many subjects"

Editor-in-chiefFO. FRED C. BROWN*

Managing Editors

Associate Editors

Feature Editors

Circulation Manager

* Lonesome, isn't it?

Editorial

Despite our pleadings and our memos, class news is still pouring in even as this is being printed — and in great volumes, too. Our request that class news be limited has been ignored, and some classes have handed in enough to fill two pages — or one twelfth of our magazine for one seventy-fifth of our circulation! We don't like to cut down class news — this is your magazine — but we must be reasonable. Class news has crowded cartoons, articles of general interest and even pictures from the pages of the "Drift Recorder". Most classes agree that we can improve our magazine by limiting class news to 350 words and having each class hand in items of general interest in addition to the short, snappy class news.

So for our June issue, each class is urged to turn in a really good class write-up 350 words in length. Then we can collect vignettes of life at No. 5 and have enough space left to print them! Class news must be in the "Drift Recorder" office not later than June 1, special items may be turned in for a week after that. We can get your magazine out on time only if you cooperate.

We wish to thank those class representatives who got their material to us on time and FO. Peter Cragg who has done much to organize class contributions. Despite their work on the War Loan, Mr. Warr and FO. Les Wilson have handled their departments very efficiently. FO. Ramsay has assisted with the features in the absence of FO. Alger. But this small group cannot publish this paper without too much work falling on the shoulders of too few. For that reason the "Drift Recorder" is reorganizing its staff so that the posting of any of its personnel will not seriously hamper its publication each month. Sgt. J. McLeod of the Photography Dept. is now in charge of art work and any artists or cartoonists are urged to contact him in Room 9, G.I.S. An organization meeting will be called at an early date. Watch for an announcement of it.

We cannot leave these pages without a word of thanks to the girls in Administration for their invaluable help in typing out copy.

Here's an example of the right spirit:

CLASS 96A

Do you want to know, dear readers that 96A conducts their own class mag? Unattractive to look at, its beauty lies in its spirit. It avoids the over mimed

S.D.R.T. 6th, 12th week and flying gabblings. It features the humour and opinions of a class.

Farmers who used to rise at 3 and 4 a.m., and who now crawl out at 7.25. School teachers who once spoke correctly and grammatically. Clerks whose figures were the essence of perfection. Shop managers whose plotting tables are never as tidy as was the floor of the store back home. Drapers with their uniforms all creased and thrown down anywhere. And so on . . . from Brewers to Tailors, and Law Students to Butchers. How is it that all these chaps get together and enjoy themselves? Surely its not solely the bond of a Navigation Course. It is their wide interest. Each one is interested in many and varied subjects and they readily express themselves and their viewpoints in print.

Another feature of our magazine is that it is the work of the whole class. We believe that since everyone writes letters, everyone can write something of interest, regardless of the subject matter. Result is not a first class literary effort admittedly, but an organ which is a living expression of the whole body and typifying a true class spirit.

Now you'll probably say — why aren't there more contributions from us to the "Drift Recorder". We contribute as much as we have time for — even our own paper has not been able to be issued as often as we would wish but that is due to factors outside our control. Our suggestions to other courses is — start a little magazine of your own with contributions from all. After all, it will be a testing ground and real good articles can be forwarded to the "Drift Recorder". Incidentally our Class notes in the April issue originally appeared in our own Class Paper.—(Ed. Note: I love those boys! Keep it up!)"

Spring Dance

Featured on Page 4 "The Beacon" are the highlights of the Spring Dance. Besides some excellent shots of the orchestra and dancers (good old Photography Dept.—Cpl. Hendricks climbed above the chicken wire)! are shown Mrs. G. G. Milne and ye olde Ed. at the microphone, the three Orderly Room lovelies, the coke bar and a flower that blooms in the Spring—tra-la!

THE COVER

This month's cover shows SL. G. G. Milne receiving the Victory Loan Pennant from film star Kay Francis. No. 5 A.O.S. service and civilian personnel have again exceeded their quotas and the "Drift Recorder" extends heartiest congratulations to all those responsible for the fine show. FO. Les Wilson and Mr. C. H. Warr who organized the sale of bonds on the station deserve much credit for the success of our War Bond Drive.

Mission to Estevan . . .

The picture below, taken hurriedly on the departure, depicts the gallant crew of a dangerous reconnaissance mission to Estevan standing in front of their twin engine Mosqweeto bom-bur. The courageous captain, shy and demure, stands modestly at the left, proud of his hand-picked crew of fighting men.



The tough ex-sergeant on this side, a bombardier of wide renown, whose latent talent with the paste-boards stood him in good stead when dealing off the bottom of the deck in a game to decide with the navigator whose ETA was right.

The handsome, photogenic chap in the middle thought he could navigate but after frequent alterations and changes of ETA was forced to admit that the clerk in the SDRT office who worked out the flight plan with the met wind really had something there.

The happy, carefree co-pilot with the firm grip on the parachute became rather discouraged after losing a game of naughts and crosses by intercom with the WAG (the determined fellow with the mysterious black bag) (see original). However, he brightened visibly when a bucket brigade with paper cartons was hastily formed, and protested that he did not feel as green as he looked.

The WAG, (one of the more responsible members of the crew, see, he's allowed to carry the secret bomb-sight), proved to be very versatile. His shouts of glee at pinpointing Brandon and Oak Lake indicating his proficiency at map reading and he eventually took over the navigation, whittling and sharpening the final ETA until it read 1863 and 3/16ths.

To the surprise of the crew the target was reached and much information was gathered in spite of enemy resistance in the form of a certain well known, slightly haywire old gentleman.

The first navigator tested the grand organ by ripping off a few bars of "One O'clock Jump" for the WAG, enough to set back the progress of music for 35 years. The co-pilot bent a few cricket bats while the bombardier bent an elbow testing some Saskatchewan nut brown ale.

The comments on the latter are on file and are not

available on request. The pilot ran a test on the pool table while the WAG went to town to test his old stamping grounds.

At the zero hour the crew gathered at the appointed place with a prop hub and other evidence and took off for base. The navigation was assisted by a few bearings on the latest news and a game of cribbage between the WAG and bombardier. But in spite of these great hardships, the crew arrived safely back at base within 2 hours of ETA to be greeted by a large cheering crowd and a brass band. But the modest heroes slunk away, avoiding the plaudits of the multitude and sought the restful warm friendly company of a bottle. Here endeth the first lesson.

TEA TIME



Left to Right: Sgt. Middleton, LAC. Ruddock, FS. Dickie, FS. Buckby, WO2 Styles.

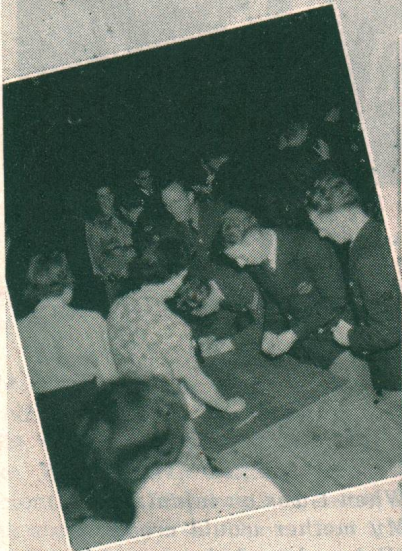
MOON SONG ★★★★★

★ When I was an infant,
★ My mother would croon,
★ "Baby, dear baby,
★ Don't cry for the moon."
★ Now I am grown
★ And far on my way,
★ I remember with sadness
★ That sweet little lay.

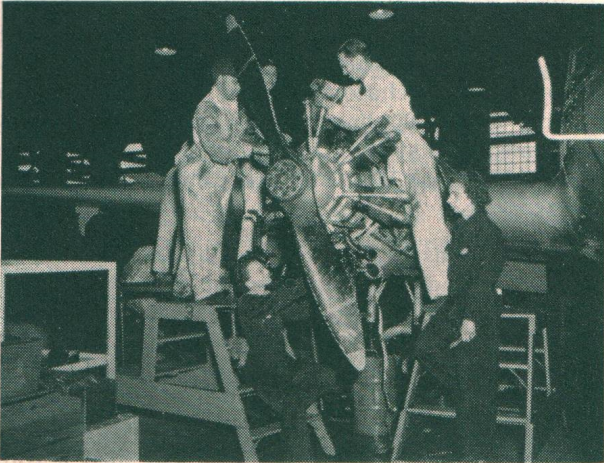
★ I sigh for the moon,
★ And the shimmering seas,
★ The gentle caress,
★ Bestowed by the breeze,
★ Of the soft tropic night,
★ Oh, I want to have soon
★ The magic, the fragrance,
★ And above all, the moon.

K. J. Shanahan

Spring DANCE



"THAT MEN MAY FLY. . ."



CONTROL TOWER



OFFICERS' PAY PARADE



This class consists of 21 blokes from the land of permanent sunshine, 2 Canucks and 1 Englishman, but that's not their fault.

As a large percentage of the British Empire do not speak English very well, any readers who do not understand any of the words used in this article can have same interpreted, and greatly improve their own educational standards, by calling in at Room 4 in the G.I.S. between the hours of 1759 and 1800 G.M.T., which is our only spare time, owing to the strenuous efforts of our instructors who are valiantly trying to make navigators out of a bunch of boomerang throwers.

Our boss man is FO. Miller, and he has, to help him PO. Kuryk. They are both good jokers, but have a distorted idea of how to play basket-ball, — or we have, result: not so good—for the instructors. If they ever play with us again we promise not to kick or bite, so help us!

We saw the recent championships held in the drill hall (we were jo-ed) and thought it was quite a good game but are sure it could be pepped up by the introduction of a few Aussie rules and Bluey Best as umpire.

If there are five players on this station who don't agree, step into room 4 during the visiting hours mentioned above, with a basket-ball.

April 25th has come and gone, thank goodness, we had to fly the next day and for most of the boys it was only their second time up, Brother, they had it! The pitch and toss wondered why some of them turned green, we know.

During the last two months we have travelled nearly 11,000 miles and are now anxiously waiting to see Canada—from the ground, but what do we get, FIRE DRILL.

A certain aircraft recog. sergeant was noticed by one of our reporters practising fire drill at a road house out of town, about 2 a.m. one recent Saturday night. HELL! what a country!

This navigation changes a bloke over night, even Colonel Dodd, (he is the one who wears the disguise), has been rising early, he actually climbs out of the cot at 7.50 nowadays.

Strath Fraser, the class joe — he likes to be referred to as class senior, is a very important man these days. Why, oh why don't you put up the stripes, mate?

Our observations of the station and Winnipeg at this stage are as follows:

- (1) The girls are very lovely.
- (2) The girls are very, very, lovely.
- (3) The girls . . .

Ron Banks—can your pay stand 15/6 per week allowance? That's what it costs you know; Who is the guy in the class that gave his girl to another guy, also in the class, and is now very jealous?

In conclusion we believe there is an old adage, something like, "Man is not lost". We sometimes feel we would like to contradict that statement.

CLASS 95A

A REPORT BY A WELL KNOWN MENTAL
SPECIALIST

A new malady has struck at No. 5, a type of occupational disease, hitherto unsuspected by medical science. It is believed to be due to eating, drinking and breathing navigation, in various forms, for long periods, and some of its worst common effects are gibbering quietly in solitary corners, putting salt in one's coffee, sugar on the potatoes and shaving cream on the toothbrush. To study the effects of MORS NAVIGATORUM (as it is known to the profession) more closely, come with us to Room 2, where at any time of day or night, various members of 95A will be found acting in a manner that cannot be explained by an hypothesis of complete mental stability.

Listen to some of the typical cries which rend the air:

"I thought my map would be all right against the window. . ."

"How CAN I get the star in the bubble—I can't see either

of them . . ."

"My WAG always gave me reciprocal bearings. . ."

"Just dream up a course and give it to the pilot. . ."

"The route's changed, fellas . . ."

"No, they DON'T take in the sidewalks at Sturgeon Falls

EVERY night. . ."

"Meat, fellas, meat. . ."

"Anyway, I'm six bits up at penny ante. Now can I copy

your flight plan?"

"While I was D.R.-ing ahead, we went right over Winnipeg and

I didn't notice it."

"Look, Bob, tomorrow we go right over Transcona!"

And so it goes on. Each of us has his little idiosyncracies. There is Thompson, leaning out of the window with his sextant, exclaiming "Bang" at 10 second intervals; Sinclair with his human sextant; "Double-the-angle-on-the-bow" Wojtkowski hugging his A.P. 1234; the two Englishmen at the back of the room who go all over nostalgic at the smell of rain; and Joe, our competent and imperturbable flight senior, who always gets a good mark for his T57 — strange that his partner Stan should have had so much Met. experience — And all the other types who make up 95A, now under the shadow of the 12th week — all in the grip of the dreaded Doom. How many will survive? Ah, who can tell. . .?

CONGRATULATIONS

To PO. and Mrs. W. P. Lehto, on the birth of their daughter, Wendy Judith, May 6.

Page Sixteen

PUTTING VICTORY FIRST

Once again it is my happy privilege to be able to say to the Staff of Winnipeg Air Observer School Limited — Well done! You have achieved your objective in the Sixth Victory Loan and have shown to the world that you are fighting this war not only on the job but also through the purchase of Victory Bonds. At the time of writing, \$93,450.00 has been subscribed, with more still to come, so that the "12½% of Payroll" objective set by the National War Finance Committee has been well surpassed.

Stores Staff as usual lead the way in first reaching their objective and on the final count showed 70% over-subscribed — a truly magnificent job! The next Department to hit the top and go well over was Maintenance and to the loan workers in that Department goes unstinted praise for selling bonds to 100% of their personnel. The Department's final figure was nearly 15% payroll which almost entitles them, if there was such a thing, to a Departmental 3 Star Flag. All other departments have done extremely well and I am sure that the final result will be something of which we of No. 5 A.O.S. will all be proud.

To the enthusiastic staff of War Workers who did the job in the Sixth Victory Loan, I am glad to pass on the thanks of Mr. N. L. Leach, the Chairman of the Manitoba Payroll Savings Section and Mr. H. E. Sellers, the Manitoba Chairman of the National War Finance Committee. Under the able direction of Harry Warr, our Departmental Captains and Canvassers in the Sixth Loan were as follows:

ADMINISTRATION: R. W. Farrell.

FLYING: John A. MacDonald, H. W. Becker, D. O. Chisamore, H. C. Paul, R. J. Shapland, C. A. Stewart, S. S. Rothwell, R. W. Cousineau, F. J. Harris, F. W. Rollins.

MAINTENANCE: R. G. Miles, M. Briggs, L. Christie, A. E. Hawkins, H. Philp, H. R. Symonds, J. Trick, R. F. Bonnett, W. Cook, D. Carter, J. MacDonald, C. Currie, P. Smith, B. Eastveld, H. McKenzie, V. Parsons, O. Cleven, R. Forge, W. Powell, J. Foulds, B. Krushen, E. Willard, S. Dill, D. Guy, P. Hassan, F. Simpkins, M. Brown.

RADIO: F. C. Dowle.

STORES: G. Clark.

M. T. SECTION: D. Klassen, C. Riggall, W. L. McKenzie, A. Williams.

OTHER SPECIALISTS: A. D. Raeside, A. M. Gilchrist, M. M. Kunec.

CANTEEN: E. Gair, B. Grierson.

WORKS & BUILDINGS: Thomas Wooler, W. E. Collicutt, A. Caig, A. M. Graham, T. H. Goodchild, W. J. Bell, A. M. Lynch, P. S. Foster, J. Watt, J. Kerr, A. H. Williams, F. Baker.

COMMISSIONAIRES: Sgt. Major Law, Sgt. Crombie.

R. & L. CATERING: Mrs. R. Sharpe.

—D. S. ORMOND.

CLASS 95B

From the distant shores of Irregular Lake to Newton Siding and points west — in the air, on the ground, and on rare occasions slumped exhausted on their beds may be found that confused and dismayed conglomeration of humanity, known since last February, as Course 95B.

Firmly convinced that only "per ardua" can we get "ad astra" we work tirelessly on. A few lads, principally Brison, Wilmot and Wilson attempt to disprove the above maxim by inventing ingenious instruments in an attempt to make a navigator's life worth living — how ridiculous!

Howard, Peacock, and Fraser attempt to outdo each other in filling their logs. I hear the WAG had to be carried from a plane the other day, completely exhausted from getting seventeen fixes for one of the above gentlemen. One fix, you know, will fill seven to twelve lines of your log depending on how much you stretch it out.

If you're ever around room 27 B.B. 13 about 7.40 some morning and see a tall dark severe looking airman impatiently placing the floor haranguing his more slothful comrades to get a move on and start parading, you'll know, without a doubt, that it's LAC. (Tailspin) Thomas, whose secret ambition we believe is to be permanent class "Joe".

Quite often, it is rumoured, some of our boys may be found in the vicinity of Portage and the Mall (street, of course), there led by our comedy team, Sgt. (one of the boys) Mofield and Cpl. Smith they indulge in their favourite pastime.

We were sorry to see PO. W. T. Newnham, our Reconnaissance instructor, posted to Paulson. Replacing him, to lead us on the remainder of our classroom world cruise is PO. Burgess.

Further study of our personnel changes indicates a change in nationality distribution. Originally all R.C.A.F., we had one "Aussie" about the time of last issue. This has now increased to three and only the other day one of the new comers confided to me that a fourth may be expected—Quadruplets! At the moment, those class members who pass their spare hours pondering such phenomena are feverishly computing the time when the Canadians will be a minority group.

Furthermore, a usually reliable source reports that one of these upside down men has been leading a couple of our boys down the flowery path taking them out on hectic forty-eights.

At the time of writing we are in the midst of our

twelfth week exams — sufficient excuse for whatever faults the reader may find with this communique. It is only because we have flown but six times in the past seven days that we are able to use the resulting EXTRA spare time for this worthy purpose.

Before we dash off we must pay tribute to our conscientious Flight Senior, FS. (Hey Fellas- Stimson who so ably looks after us, and also to Bud (one pinpoint that the bomb aimer gave me) Maracle who brilliantly represents 95B on the station basketball team.

There are lots of other things we'd like to say about the best bunch of boys who ever were ten miles off on E.T.A. but tempus non permittit or something and we'll have to find a quiet corner (what a hope), free the moths imprisoned in our A.P. 1234 and try to learn the difference between component—Q and adiabatic expansion.

A1 and B1 FLIGHT CREWS

A1 Crew (R. Forge), B1 Crew (O. Cleven)

Merle Arnason transferred from No. 4 Hangar to A1 Crew.

Eileen Fowler of A1 Crew is on sick leave and will undergo an operation at the General Hospital. We hope she will soon be back with us again.

The members of B1 Crew miss the smiling face of Charlie Jarvis since his return to his farm for the summer months, and we are looking forward to his return next fall. Another member soon to leave No. 2 Hangar is Earle Parks who is joining the Navy very soon. We wish you lots of luck, Earle.

Congratulations, to Gordon Edgar (A1 Crew), who recently announced his engagement to Miss Bernice Newman.

Genial Jack Davis has been absent from work the past few days due to a slight accident.

The latest addition to R. Forges crew was 217 pound Alex Venchuk recently with the R.C.A.F.

Don Watson's house was the scene of a star party on April 14th sponsored by the new engineers, Joe Foulds, B. Krueshen, E. Jones, G. Follows, G. Bervinson, and W. Wilson, who recently wrote and passed their A. & C. license. A good turnout of old engineers resulted and everyone had a good time, although some of the boys went home with empty pockets.

The members of A1 & B1 Crews had a very enjoyable evening on April 6th, when Grace Johnson held open house for a party. From reports received everyone who could remember had a good time.



—Courtesy M. T. B., Rivers

CLASS 91A

"ADIEU, KIND FRIENDS ADIEU"

"Nothing ever lasts" — how many times have we longed for this statement to be true, and how many times have we longed for it to be proven completely false. It is with such mixed feeling we take our leave of all at No. 5 A.O.S., Winnipeg, and eventually Canada. How can we begin to thank you all for making our working hours so pleasant, and our off-duty hours even more pleasant? We can thank you from the bottom of our hearts, and tell all our folk in the old country how swell you've been to us. Thanks a million.

Since the last issue of the "Drift Recorder", we have taken our final exams, perhaps we should say that our finals have taken us. Be that as it may, we are all through, and as this print falls into place, we shall have received our wings—May 4th. Some of us have been in Canada 14 months, and have longed and looked forward to this momentous day. There have been times of bitter disappointments, despondency and discouragement, but we are leaving these behind us, and looking forward to a happy future. We can hardly believe that we are going back home, it seems so long since we left. Every one of us is loathe to leave the grand friends (did we hear some one say — almost relations?), we have found here, and can only hope that one day we may all meet again, under happier circumstances.

OUR GRADUATION PARTY ON

Our long list of guests for Monday night includes all those people who have made any graduation possible at all, our Instructors at No. 5, whom we all thank most sincerely. What a great day for us when we graduate, but how the instructors hearts' must sink into their shoes, at the thought of starting all over again, with 25 more stupid faces, and to realise that just as they began to know them well, they'll be leaving to be replaced by even more stupid ones. The lot of an instructor is not, we feel an easy one, and we bear with them.

Presentations are to be made at the Banquet, and Tony Midlane, our youngest, is to present a bouquet of flowers to Mrs. Pitcairn, whom we feel is largely responsible for PO. Pitcairn's good humour and untiring efforts. To FO. Stewart, whom we learn is to be posted overseas, we extend best wishes, and many invitations to come and see us at home in England. We make one stipulation — no taking sextant shots with OUR girl

friends. We can, however, personally vouch for English beer.

We are leaving behind the best mess in the world — never again do we imagine that white cloths will adorn our tables, and luscious females flit twixt row on row. A mess is probably the first place of importance an airman visits upon posting to a new station, and it is here that he is very apt to form his lasting impressions. Look back for a brief moment and recall all the various messes you've been in (and we don't mean The Creek!) — a garage in a block of London flats, a canvas marquee, a hotel dining hall, a park's municipal museum, accompanied by blaring stentorian music, and lastly a pre-fabricated wooden building. Try and recall the varying forms of repulsion that you associate with each one, and as an aspirin recall the Mess at No. 5 A.O.S. — we would re-name it dining-room not Mess O.R.

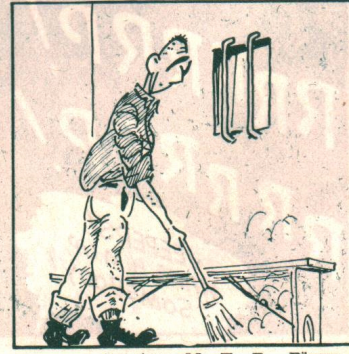
To all the various departments and sections of No. 5 we extend our heartfelt thanks for everything that they have done. We shall be returning home from this great Dominion a great deal wiser than when we arrived a year ago, for you have given us a myriad of things upon which to feast the very soul of our thoughts in the years to come. Again a thousand thanks to you all from us all.

—R. J. CLARSON.

MAINTENANCE HANGAR

Harvey Anderson, Les. Yerxa and R. B. Birch made a trip out to Brandon recently and reported on their return they had a dickens of a time finding a place to sleep. They must think we are a pretty gullible bunch back here. It's an even bet they didn't even take time out to look for a place to sleep. . . After spending a few days with his sailor brother or someone else's sailor sister at Regina, Ken Craig is back on the job again happy and contented. . . Clarke Walsh has been holidaying and reports that there is only one thing wrong with holidays, he's HAD his! . . . May 27 is the day that Vera Parsons will stroll down the aisle and step off into the sea of matrimony. Best of luck Vera! . . . Pearl Smith and Eleanor Purper are anxious to get a list of all the girls on the station who are interested in softball. They have already laid the foundation of a good team but would like more of the girls to turn out and help strengthen the club. . . Mr. and Mrs. J. Macdonald proudly announced the arrival of a baby girl on April 12, Jo Ann.

LAC "STUFF" KUFF ... the dog it shouldn't happen to



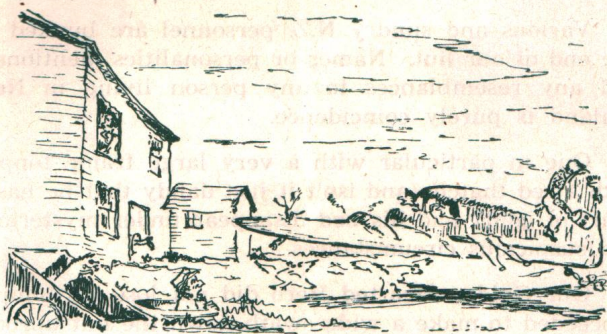
—Courtesy M. T. B., Rivers

CLASS 93B

As this is our last appearance in "The Drift Recorder" 93B tends you its fondest farewell. We have all aged considerably since our arrival on this station and this was not due to lapse of time only. However, looking over our stay here, we find that everyone has been very kind to us and helped us in every way.

We wish to thank first of all, our instructors, FO's Smart, Brown, Parsons and PO. Chadwick for their hard work in pounding into our dense heads the essentials of navigation. Their task has not been an easy one as is shown by the thin appearance and haggard look on the face of FO. Brown!

Secondly, we want to say goodbye to "Pop" Ratson who has built up our morale as well as our physiques with his grand meals. I think we shall always remember his favorite saying "Who said more pie?"



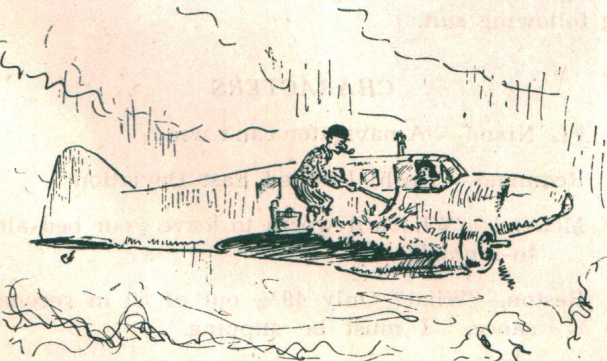
Lessells: "It's great low-flying like this. Makes you glad you're alive."

Orrange: "Glad? I'm amazed!"

A certain select group from our course also wish to "thank" the Sergeant Major who has taken their 48's away from them so they can study more for the final exams. A very dim view was taken of this at first by all concerned.

Our opinion of certain tortures like SDRT, CNT and starshots (390 of them) will not be presented at this time!

We want to say goodbye to the Claredon, Mall, Marlborough and other places where we spent our more lighter moments. And last but not least, we propose a toast to the women of Winnipeg of whom we have made a thorough study and found it quite interesting as well as . . . So long everyone!



DE-ICING

B2 CREW No. 3 HANGAR

"Airmanitis" obviously is becoming an epidemic among the fair sex on this crew . . . The Eskimo kayak manufacturing concern, owned and operated by C. B. Bennett is at peak production according to our carrier pigeon. Interviewed recently the President of this thriving concern intimates that he will have a fleet of these craft at Gimli this summer. Here's hoping deep sea diving isn't included in the program . . . Through Wilson's dickering and dealing, it is said, he has a supply of junk on hand at present. He can thank his lucky stars that the City dump is available, he may have to use it yet. . . If and when Miller joins the navy, the Waves and Mermaids will have to be on their guard. He is known here as a wolf. . . It's a fine state of affairs when a fellow who does his shift as fire warden and on occasion accepts the hospitality of the boss' car and then does his darndest to burn it up. Willard has always been considered a hot number, but there's reason in everything. . . J. Staples is convalescing after a slight illness. Hope it wasn't due to the upset he received when someone tore up that Easter bonnet of his. . . A few of the boys who decided to solo the motor scooters found out in no uncertain terms that that is not part of the curriculum.

CLIP JOINT

The dearth of news (where are those contributions?) became acute last week, so with note book poised and FO. Griffith and his trusty Brownie (the camera, of course!) in tow, ye olde Ed. became a rambling reporter. His travels led to the barber shop and Oliver Twist, our tonsorial terror, took one look at the sideburns and a new light came to an already bright eye.



After a brief discussion, it was decided that for the small sum of thirty-five cents, the editorial mop would be trimmed. It was well worth it. Griff took the picture to prove (1) the editor does get his hair cut; (2) Oliver is a very good barber, (note the absorbed expression on his face!); (3) we really need contributions!

Then there was the Navigator who was worried because his instructor's slaps on the back were getting lower and lower!

CLASS 94B

Well, you lucky readers, are privileged once again to hear of the doings of 94B.

The infamous twelfth week exams have come and gone and while they reduced our ranks slightly, those who remain are now preparing for the last lap of this course. To those who have left us we extend our best wishes for success in their new endeavours. Some startling reversals of form were in evidence in the results of the aforementioned exams, the most notable was the case of young Jimmy Drummond, our Blonde Bomber, whose main claim to fame up to now has been the fluttering of feminine hearts in the civilian canteens everytime he enters its merry portals, he was well to the rear in standings in the sixth week and he came through in terrific fashion in the twelfth to give the leaders a run for their money. Brother Bradley, Ye Olde Professor, once more topped the list. McAndrew tried to budge him but the master mind has a permanent lease on the top spot.

When we were speaking of the fair sex we should have mentioned friend Parker. We think it is only fair to warn the gals to forget this old smoothie from Montreal. He is married and he loves his wife. Tough eh, gals?

94B is a veritable cross section of Canada, there being representatives of nearly every province. Shearer, our hockey player deluxe, hails from Nova Scotia and McAllister comes from Victoria, B.C., Mac by the way tried to imitate the former Prince of Wales the other day in falling off a horse—result, a broken arm. Hope it heals quickly. A navigator really needs two pairs of arms so you can readily see the difficulty under which he is laboring at the moment. We are very typical of our fair Dominion in the way the Toronto contingent expounds the virtues of the Queen City and the rest of the lads from other sectors just as heartily howl in decision.

Our lone member of the R.A.F. its pride and joy is Corporal Lawrence. England has no more loyal son than this battling Briton. It gives us many a mirthful chuckle over the friendly chaffing between him and Salesman Sam over the relative merits of the Flying Fortress and the Lancaster. Hilton merely has to suggest to Lawrence that the good old U.S.A. is winning the war and the stout hearted Lawrence rises to the defence of the old country like a Spitfire.

The Three Musketeers of 94B, Seeback, Dube and Corporal Forbes really do their 48's up in grand style. Our smiling class senior and his two bosom pals are always seen together in the wee sma hours in downtown Winnipeg and they never lack for feminine company. Why not? It is many day since Winnipeg girls have seen three handsome men such as they.

By the time this appears in print we shall be on the verge of tackling the finals. Wish us luck. We'll probably need it.

Page Twenty

CLASS 97B

Sixth week exams at last over finds 97B still intact. Since last issue, we find two additions to our class. Ernie Simpson from 93B and Bernie Casey (hark ye basketball fans) from 95B.

A bowling league embracing all course 97 got underway, Monday, April 24, officers and trainees forming an eight team league. FO. Scotty Milne found much enthusiasm for the game, but found it hard to get the king pin. Team No. 5 sparked by Chuck Thurber took top honours with a score of 888.

The new briefing room — The St. Regis every Saturday night, has proved quite a success. Without any met. briefing or route ahead of time, most of the crews have been able to carry excellent air-plots and get good fixes although D.R.'ing ahead is very difficult and altering course, well nigh impossible. Also some of our A.T.A. at our "targets for tonight" are terrible.

Various and sundry N.Z. personnel are bunked in one end of our hut. Names or personalities mentioned, and any resemblances to any person living in New Zealand is purely coincidence.

One in particular with a very large frame topped with a red thatch (and isn't it just dandy that he has a heart of gold) had his bed disappear under mysterious and suspicious circumstances.

Our Golden Hearted Hero did not lose his temper proceeded to make a wide swath down the hut uprooting each occupant and crowing as he worked in his quaint Maori tongue.

To stem this tide of destruction temporarily was the work of a moment for those men of men, those peace loving and resourceful Canadians. A bed was removed expeditiously from the bunk of an innocent bystander and substituted.

It is fortunate perhaps that the bystander as large as our hero, also had an oversize heart. His beam in turn as he swept through the hut was terrific.

At this point the resource and ingenuity of our peace-loving and resourceful Canadians ran out.

INTIMATE GLIMPSES—Benedict Club of 97B is trying to drag in another member Bob Walkley. The "Bring your Wife to Winnipeg" slogan is gaining momentum. Lou Prior and FL. Coleman started the ball rolling with Frank Madigan and Fred Collins considering following suit.

CHARACTERS

FL. Nixon—"A navigator can't win."

Redmond—"Gosh! I added East Deviation."

McLeod—"What's it worth to leave your bed alone to-night."

Reston—"What? Only 49½ out of 50 in reconnaissance. I must be slipping."

Rennie—"That's what I call a king sized wind."

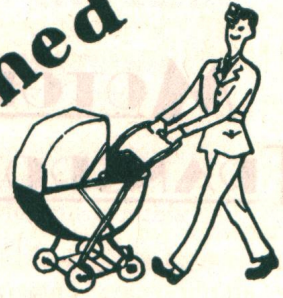
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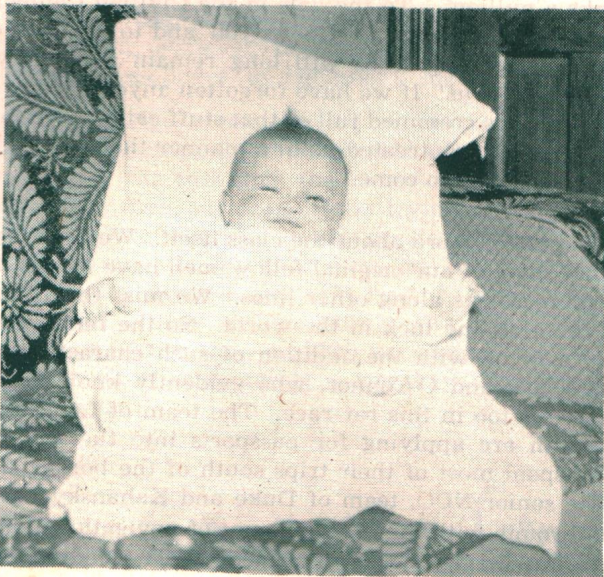
matched



hatched



This page is still being ignored except for a few D.R.O. entries that fall into the hands of the Editor. We have, however, as we promised, finally got pictures of the Douglas three and the Pitcairn three.



Brenda Joyce Goldsworthy, daughter of Sgt. and Mrs. Goldsworthy (Met. Section).



Left to Right: John, Lawrence and Joanne, sons and daughter of FO. and Mrs. Pitcairn.

This month's congratulations and best wishes go to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. L. Forster on the birth of their son, Terence Dean.

★ ★ ★

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Condey on the birth of their son Richard Bruce on April 22.

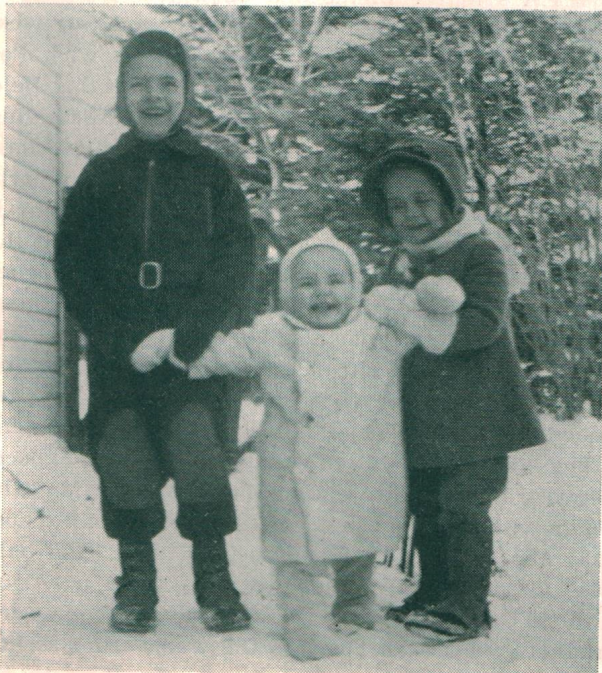
★ ★ ★

LAC. and Mrs. E. J. Coffey on the birth of their daughter, Janet on April 10 at Mentone, Victoria, Australia.

★ ★ ★

BEST WISHES TO NEWLYWEDS

Paul Cerepaka, our D.F. operator, married April 22; Kay McRae, Radio Despatch, married April 24; J. W. Farr married April 29 to Kay Kellan; Cpl. L. S. Mitchell married April 8 to Miss Margaret Lillian Stoddart.



Left to Right: Bruce, Joan, Donna, daughters and son of FL. and Mrs. Cec. Douglas.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

... or should we say "late"?

This issue has run into many snags not the least of which was the omission of the seventh commandment on the inside front cover in half of the magazines. (We caught it just in time to yell, "STOP THE PRESS!") For those readers whose copies (if you buy your own) have this omission, here it is:

7. Encourage thou questions, for out of true understanding cometh ease of learning.

MOTOR TRANSPORT



Once more we lead off with an ace topic from our corner. A bouncing baby boy has been delivered to the household of Charlie Conley. Last reports were that Mrs. Conley and the new arrival were doing splendidly. Incidentally, those cigars that Charlie was passing around had no "pegs" in the ends. Congratulations, Charlie!

Our Dolly and "Slim" have "their" car on the road once more. They have been observed cruising around the suburbs, casting eager eyes upon a few cottages. Homes being at a premium during this housing shortage, is a tough league, eh kids?

Our "Larruppin" — Lena Leslie has been confined to her home for some time, due to illness. However, brother Hilt informs us that she will be with us real soon. Vic Morrissette who also was indisposed for a considerable time, due to a serious operation, has returned once more. She has gained a little weight, and is looking none the worse in spite of her lengthy illness.

Dear old "mother earth" after an afternoon nap one day last week, yawned to the extent that she came very near swallowing our "Big Bertha" bus on Woodlawn Street. The old girl was loaded with "customers" at the time, but the boys could not extricate her from the crater. However, Andy Graham came to the rescue with his "cat", and "Bertha" proceeded on her way.

This department, more so the vehicle washers, appreciate the sight of the oil being spread on our "Main Street." This is tremendous improvement in many ways. T'was reminiscent of a London fog at times.

Now that spring has roared in on us, one would imagine the time ripe to organize an inter-departmental baseball league. We have excellent ground facilities, plenty of equipment, and no doubt an abundance of players amongst our station personnel. No doubt the War Industries league will function once more this season and this correspondent sees no reason why our school should not have an entry in this league.

CLASS 93A

Our stay at this station is now nearing the finish line. Although we are in the throes of our final exams, time can still be found to express our feelings of sincere gratitude for the patience, hard work and fellowship of our instructors and the personnel of good old No. 5. You have served us well and we all hope to indirectly return the compliment by serving for you.

To our instructors: FO. Parsons; we thank you, one

and all. How you have maintained your sanity is more than we know. To PO. Chadwick; it's been a tough grind but hang on for two weeks and we'll try and prove your efforts were not in vain. For a guiding hand as well as proving to us that DF. is not a myth but a reality, we are indeed grateful to FO. Smart. After a brisk review, we'll show FO. Brown (the walking atlas) we know more geography than when we arrived on the station. To the Met. man, the armament, photography, A.R., P.T. and Signals instructors we more than appreciate the interest you've taken in trying to mold us into Navigators.

Let us not forget the congenial "Pop" Ratson, custodian of the Mess. Only steaks were needed to make it Canada's finest and "Pop" came through. To all his help "thanks a million". To the gals in the Civilian Canteen (our second barracks) 'God bless you' and to Isobel and Ethel your smiling faces will long remain a memory. Have a coke on us! If we have forgotten anyone, forgive us, our mind is crammed full of that stuff called Navigation. Everyone has treated us in a manner that will stay with us for years to come.

And now a word about the class itself. We regret to say that some of our original fellow-men have left us to turn their efforts along other lines. We miss them, but wish them all the luck in the world. So the remainder of us carry on with the addition of such characters as Allen, Clark and O'Connor, who evidently know what the score is too in this rat-race. The team of Longfield and South are applying for passports into the U.S.A., having spent most of their trips south of the border. So far, the senior NCO. team of Duke and Kahansky have come through with the usual amount of navigation along with a few laughs (what's that accent Sgt. Duke is developing?) Our Club crooners, Frank (well-fed look) Syme (atra) and wire-haired Washburn still sing out their E.T.A.'s to the pilots, one on key, the other — well? Then there's the team of Troup and Stalwick, working as usual — Troup "working", Stalwick "as usual". Other Loop-star, D. D. Russell has left that field for the time and has directed his efforts towards aiding Marconi to give assistance to all navigators to come home on a precomplicated loop. Incidentally, his partner in crime, J. A. Miron (our class senior) claims it works, but then he claims a lot of things, even that the C.N.T. is the invention of the devil. It takes Shoener all his time with the dominoes (ivory ones) to keep McDiarmid, his flying partner, going, now that he has discovered the joys of sitting in a pub. Our pride and joy, Rennie, has teamed with McRae. (Jealousy will get you nowhere, Mac). They'll still love you back in Glen-coe. The love bug has bitten Gaudry so a duel is expected between him and Frazer for Maggie's hand. May the best man win. Allan hopes to conduct a basketball school in Australia after the war and as for Clarke, God only knows. O'Connor will be leaving us soon for a session with the M.O. Good luck, old boy — may you come back to graduate a PO. That covers the water front so, it's "Adieu" with the famous last words of advice to all future navigators: "Keep your shots honest!"

RADIO DESPATCH

These daze (and we're not kiddin') the gals of Despatch have a new slant — and we don't mean on life. Could it be badminton or bowling that brings about this new FRAME (of mind of course)?

Most of them have taken up these sports with the intention of wearing down some of the extra pounds gained during the winter months. A very lofty aim indeed, but when one thinks of the innumerable milk shakes which are consumed after "bowling nights", one cannot help but wonder—Ah well, miracles have happened before, and if the WOGS can take it why can't they!

Ace bowler among them is Ann Siddons who, the other night, achieved the top score of 24. Ann is a staunch disbeliever in beginner's luck.

Every five months or so, on one of those heavy interference nights, when signals are R-1 and noise level R-9, the task gets the better of one of the girls and right then and then while trying to decipher another impossible graticule, she decides she's had enough of it for a while and that she'll let Tom know he can set the date anytime now. At least, I think that's what happened to Kay McRae. She's Mrs. John McKenzie now, but just to show us she's no quitter, she's coming back to us after spending a month with her husband in Toronto.

Spring in the Air

or

*Other Things, Besides Flowers,
Come Up in the Spring*

In the spring, the sunshine brightens
Warming up the lower layer
Causing what the "Met" man glibly
Labels us unstable air.

In the spring, when ruddy Ansons
Ride the skies, like bucking ram,
Pilots have been known to whisper
Words like darn, — or even - - - (censored).

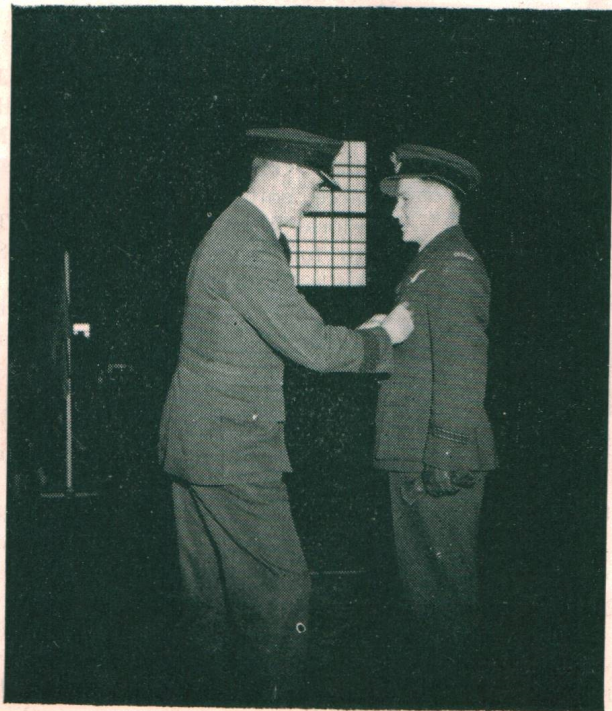
In the spring e'er comes the daisy,
Tulip, or the buttercup
Many budding airmen's fancy
Turns to thoughts of throwing up.

In the spring, while navigators
Plotted courses, as they ran,
Many meals have thus departed
In that little cardboard can.

To console you in your misery,
As you give that can a shove,
Just remember — spring is noted
For its gentle thoughts of love.

—W. G. RAMSAY, FO.

★ ★ ★ ★ Congratulations ★ ★ ★ ★



GC. J. S. Scott presents "Ops" Wings to
FL. GEORGE VIVIAN



GC. J.S. Scott Presents the Canadian Efficiency Medal
to FS. HATCH

PADRE'S PAGE

Special Services

« « « by PETER HAY

In this issue I would like to express thanks first of all to our genial caterer, known to everyone as "Pop" Ratson for his wonderful kindness and thoughtfulness every week to our patients in Deer Lodge.

Perhaps it is news to most of us that "Pop" never misses a week in sending all kinds of fruit and fruit juices, so that our boys in hospital are well supplied.

Once again on behalf of the boys "Thanks Pop".

I would also like to extend our appreciation to Miss Whiteford and the Girls' Council who are ready at all times to assist me in entertaining and serving supper to the various concert parties who appear on the station.

This splendid co-operation is really something

worthwhile and on behalf of the Entertainment Committee—"Thanks Girls".

Talking of these variety concerts, the boys who have turned out have certainly been well repaid. Judging by the enthusiastic applause, these shows have been of a very high standard.

The last two we had, the "Freedomaires" and the "Travelons" were wows! So don't miss them, boys.

« « «

The Officers and Staff of the Company extend their deepest sympathy to the family of Pilot Harold Hill, Sergeant of the R.C.A.F. on leave, who died in the course of duty on Sunday, April 30,th 1944.

* * *

We wish to welcome to the Station Miss Mary De-lamater, who has joined our staff as Station Nurse. Her headquarters, when completed, will be the First Aid Room in the Workshop Building adjoining No. 4 Hangar.

In Memoriam

One of most popular men on the station, known for his genial good nature, his keen sportsmanship, and his conscientiousness in the performance of his duties, Sgt. ROBERT ARTHUR STRACHAN, passed away very unexpectedly on Sunday morning, 16th April, following an appendectomy at Deer Lodge Hospital a week before.

He was married only last November to Miss Myrna Chant, Toronto, and made his home temporarily in Winnipeg on Simcoe Street. During her short stay here Mrs. Strachan had made a large number of friendships on the station as well as among her neighbors. Since the passing of her husband she has returned to Toronto and is at present living with her parents. To her the Drift Recorder together with all her friends extend their sincere sympathies.

The mortal remains of Sgt. Strachan were sent to Toronto for burial on Monday, 17th of April, under escort of FS. Hatch. A special guard of honor escorted the body from the depot to the train, the casket draped with the Union Jack being carried by senior members of the Sergeant's Mess. Funeral services were held Thursday afternoon, April 20th with interment in Mount Pleasant cemetery with full RCAF military honors.

Born in Ottawa, Sgt. Strachan lived for some time in Vancouver and and joined the permanent force of

the RCAF in 1935, as Service Police. During the war he had been stationed at Dartmouth, Toronto, Jericho Beach, B.C. and for the past 18 months at No. 5 Air Observer School here. While here Sgt. Strachan was an active member of the Hockey Team, Baseball Club, and took part in most sports activities. He will be greatly missed as the various sport activities for the summer season begin.

Sgt. Strachan is survived by his widow, five brothers, Donald, Jerold, George, Milton, and Bert, all on active service, and two sisters, Mrs. Robert O'Reilly and Mrs. Charles Pearce, both of Ottawa.

Floral wreaths were sent to Toronto for the funeral by the Sergeant's Mess, the Officers' Mess, No. 5 A.O.S., as well as the Civilian Company, Winnipeg Air Observer School.

FL. Linton, Padre of No. 1 "M" Depot, Toronto, assisted by Rev. G. E. Mitchel, conducted the funeral.

* * *

We regret to announce the death of the late Joe R. Snell of Wally Powell's crew who passed away suddenly in the St. Boniface hospital, April 23rd.

The funeral was held at Carman, April 26th. Pallbearers were W. Powell, J. Faulds, E. Muir, L. Kendrick, G. Faurmie, Ray Cook, all fellow workers of Joe's.

We all join in extending our deepest sympathies to his wife and little daughter.



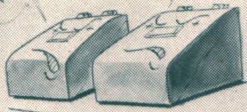
Sgt. ROBERT ARTHUR STRACHAN

TREAT YOUR SEXTANT RIGHT!



THERE'S LOTS OF CORPORAIS BUT YOU MAY NEED THAT SEXTANT!

THAT SLOOPY FLM LEFT A BIG BUBBLE IN ME AGAIN - HIC!



DONT LEAVE THE BUBBLE IN - HOW WOULD YOU FEEL WITH ALL THAT AIR UNDER YOUR DIAPHRAGM?

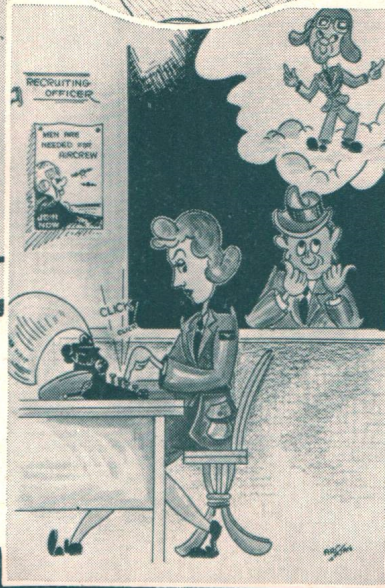


IT MAY BE A NUISANCE ON YOUR WAY OUT TO THE KITE ... BUT

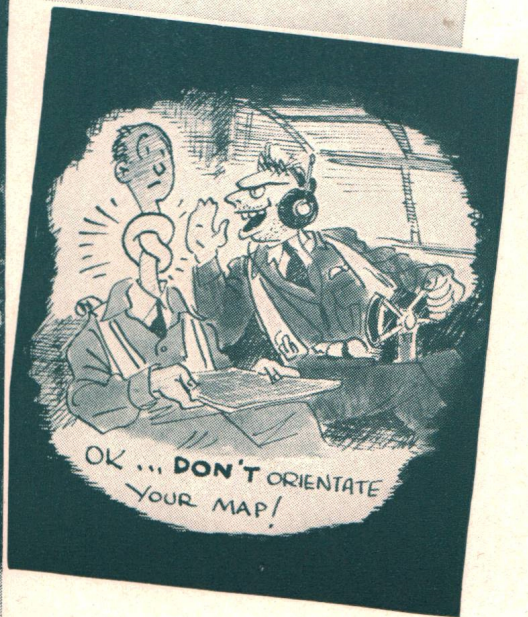


ALWAYS TREAT IT LIKE THE DECISION INSTRUMENT IT IS - SOMEDAY A SEXTANT MAY BRING YOU HOME FROM BERLIN!

Stuart



STAY AWAKE IN MET:
Overseas it pays off!



SERVICE POLICE PROTECTION

OPEN 24 HOURS A DAY

We furnish bodyguards, blackguards, and on wet days, mudguards.

Is the Adjutant looking for you? We'll lock you up so tight not even the Gestapo can find you.

Have your fingers printed today.

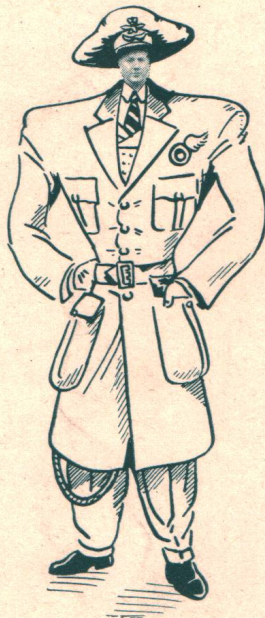
"NOTHING is too good for us."—FO. Jack Zubick, Chief Contable.

YE OLDE TOG SHOPPE

Sgt. Little, Prop.

You should see our summer suits—guaranteed to make you stay on the station.

Try our Graduation Day Special:



FIRE FIGHTERS INCORPORATED

Do you leave cigars in the pocket of your Coats Great?

Do you get burned up sometimes?

Is your barrack block uncomfortable?

Are you off subsistence?

WE WATCH YOUR FIRES

Nothing is too trifling!

For reasonable terms see Fire Chief Collins.



HOT WATER INC.



Get in hot water today!

We supply your needs!

One shave03
Enough for small shower .09

All you can use — (are you kidding?)

FAST MESSENGERS



Don't miss these Shows!

at the

RECREATION HALL

Movies every

- Sunday
- Monday
- Tuesday
- Wednesday

— WATCH FOR —

"SAHARA"

with
Humphrey Bogart
MAY 16

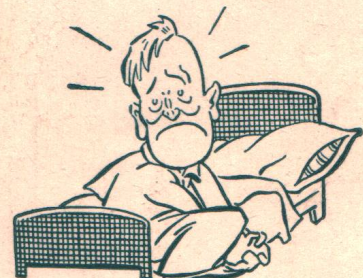
"NORTH STAR"

with
Walter Huston - Anne Baxter
MAY 21

"PHANTOM LADY"

with
Franchot Tone - Ella Raines
MAY 23

'WAKE ME AT SIX' SERVICE



Are you blue on Monday?
Does the thought of getting up play hell with your sleep?
Let us wake you gently.

OUR PRICE LIST
Super de luxe Special
(one week only)

Clash of Oriental gong
every five minutes39
Gentle shake of shoulder .17
Beds upset04