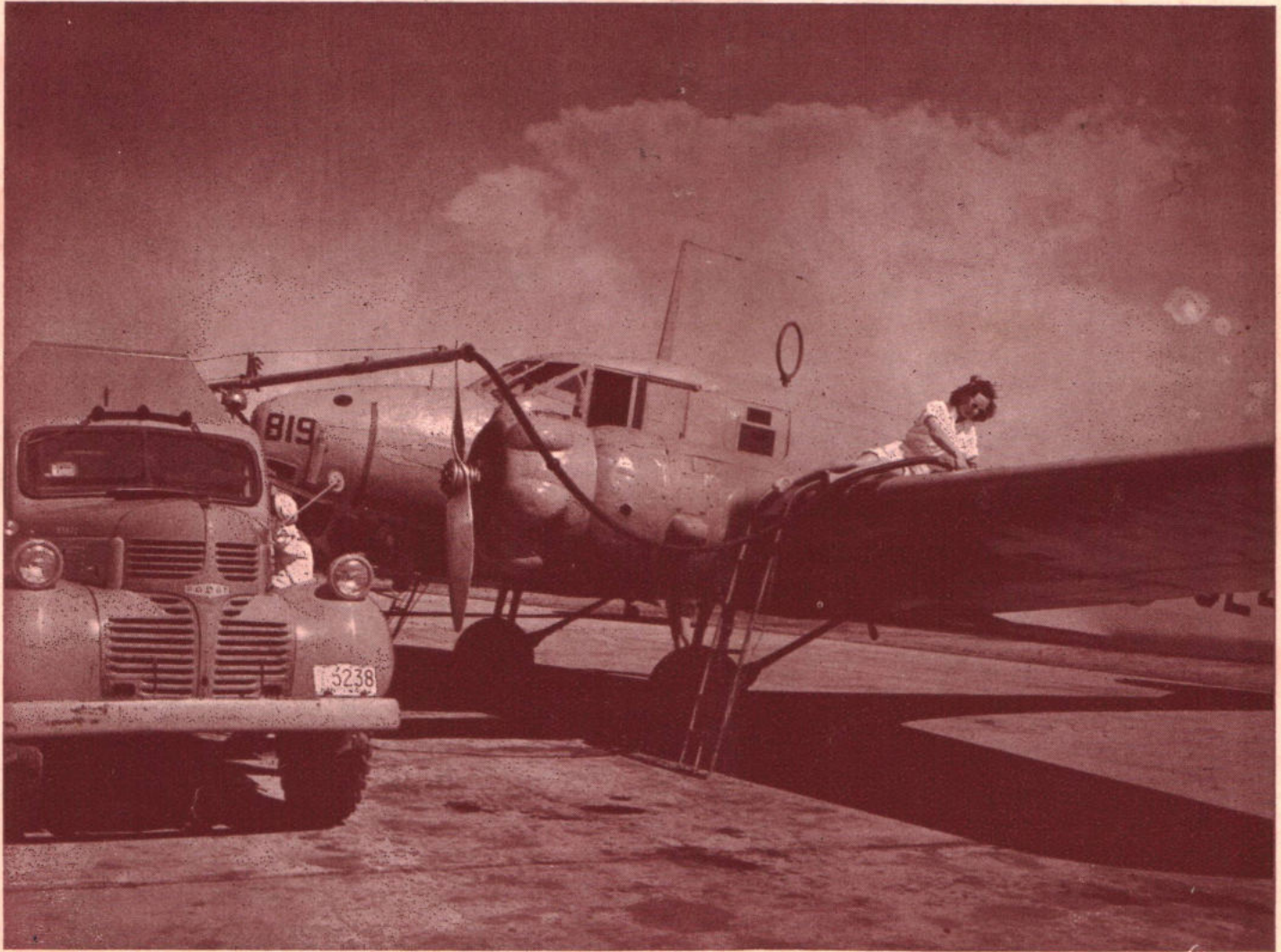


# The **DRIIFT**

## RECORDER





# *HAIL and FAIRWELL*



# The Drift Recorder

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF No. 5 A.O.S. IS PUBLISHED BY KIND PERMISSION OF THE CHIEF SUPERVISORY OFFICER

## EDITORIAL...

SO many people have been kind enough to ask about the June issue of the "Drift Recorder" (and some have begun to worry about the July issue!) that we feel obliged to explain the delay. Since training comes first and odd jobs second, our Bomb Aimers have naturally taken precedence over the Station Magazine, and this hurried effort has been sandwiched in between Course 103 and Course 106, both of which we had for a couple of glorious days while we sought to clear one course and welcome the other! Then there's the Soccer Team which takes a couple more evenings a week. Besides the time element (and the manpower shortage), FS. Simpson of the Orderly Room confessed during the Battle of Clearances that he never read the thing. Lucky, lucky Simpson!

Anyway, the "Drift Recorder" is finally on sale and we hope to be able before next issue to increase our staff, improve your magazine, and make the next the best yet — with your help.

★ ★ ★

Perhaps the outstanding change in trainee life since the last issue is the introduction of Aircrew Leadership. This, we believe, is the best break the trainee has had in some time. Those of you who question that last statement have only to remember what it does for the trainee to be convinced of its value. The inconvenience of the morning parade is insignificant when you consider the chance it gives each trainee to prove his merit and thus establish himself as a candidate for a commission. It provides a fair and sound basis for judging the individual merits of the trainee.

Next month we intend to write an article on Aircrew Leadership outlining its purpose more fully and telling you how it is working out on this station.

★ ★ ★

Our cover girl this issue is Evelyn Clements shown filling an Anson. She is one of the many

girls at No. 5 A.O.S. who are doing such a fine job of keeping the excellent maintenance and servicing record of this school intact.

★ ★ ★

On the opposite page are shown pictures taken during A.V.M. T. A. Lawrence's farewell to No. 5 and during A.V.M. K. M. Guthrie's visit to our station last month. We are privileged to print herewith a short message from our new A.O.C.

*"As Air Officer Commanding, No. 2 Training Command, I welcome this opportunity to greet the personnel of No. 5 Air Observer's School through the medium of their station magazine.*

*"The Drift Recorder gives a comprehensive picture of the school's activities; and the interest of various sections on furnishing copy concerning their work and play bespeaks both enthusiasm and co-operation.*

*"Congratulations to the magazine's staff. May they and the whole unit keep up the good work."*

### The DRIFT RECORDER

Editor in chief:  
FO. FRED C. BROWN

Managing Editors:  
SL. G. G. MILNE MR. D. S. ORMOND

Civilian Editor:  
MR. C. H. WARR

Assistant Editors:  
FO. BILL RAMSEY FO. PETER CRAGG  
Features Editor ..... FO. ROSS ALGER  
Circulation Manager ..... PO. HARRY GRAHAM

Photographs by the Photography Section.

Contributions, typed or neatly written and signed may be left at the Switchboard or in Room 2, G.I.S.  
Office of Magazine is located in the Administration Building.

PHONE LOCAL 55 — PRICE 10 CENTS

## CLASS 100B

We may have missed doing our bit for the last "Recorder", but here we are all ready to make up for lost time.

100B is destined to make a name for itself—we're not quite sure in what way, but give us time!—we've only been here ten weeks so far.

We are a cross-section of Canada—with representatives hailing from the beautiful mountain—valley province—B.C., from the foothills of Alberta, the plains of Saskatchewan; and of course we are — shall I say "blessed"? — with the company of the inevitable Torontonians, and as though that isn't enough, there are also a couple who insist upon living in the fair city of Winnipeg; and just to keep everything cozy — we boast the presence of an American citizen. Just one big happy family—you should hear us sometime!

Of our original 26 members we have lost two (one to sickness, and the other is home on compassionate leave), and one newcomer has entered our ranks. By the way the fellow who is home on leave was expecting a baby — (oh! I mean his wife was!) — but no word has been received as yet.

We have with us, too, a group who call themselves the "Terrible Ten"—9 of who have been together from Manning. The St. Regis seems to be their favourite meeting place—and from what they say, it is quite a spot!

Some quaint happenings have come to light in the course of our time here:

There's the "prodigy" who was, for instance, taking a drift on the C.S.B.S., and wondered why there was so much drift until he discovered he was sighting on a cow wandering across the field! — doesn't work so well, eh, Donaldson?

Then there's the cheery cherub who set his log by the window for a minute — and later at interrogation was heard to say, "But — I didn't think it would go out that little crack!"—these Ansons!

I guess you wonder what we think of the station and everything—well here you are—a few of the boys were picked out at random and asked their opinions of certain pertinent subjects — with the following results:

Greenwood: The mess is the only good part of the station; where's the wet canteen? and the Mk. V's?—

Ross: The mess is the best — and the rest is a mess! (hmm! a poet no less).—(Ed's. note: hmm!)

Fitzpatrick: Teach those bombers some navigation —I want to sleep!

All of us: we think our instructors are the best there are — especially FO. Richardson.

All of us again: Why so many parades?—Every time the word "parade" is mentioned we automatically begin to polish buttons, boots, etc.—just like Manning!

We've passed our 7th week exams in good style, with LAC. Bullen our leading man—nice work, Les. Bring on your 14th week — but not too fast!

Well, that's thirty for this month — and you'll be hearing from us again in the next "Recorder"—we hope!

## MOTOR TRANSPORT



GLEN THOMPSON

The household of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Kidd has been blessed with a new arrival recently. All members of this department offer their congratulations. Congratulations due to Mr. and Mrs. Strachan, (Dolly and Slim to us) who were married Saturday, June 10th. Stay ahead of them, Harvey.

Three of our cohorts are doing a grand job of mastering the station girls softball team, namely, Charlie (John McGraw) Riggall, Jack Suffron, and Hilt Conquergood. This team performs in the girl's division of the War Industries League, and so far have made a splendid showing. They were soundly trounced in their last game, but, any team must shake a bad game periodically. A little more punch at the plate by the outfield appears to be the sole need of the team. Several members of the team are well experienced ball players, namely Helen McKinnon and Louise Stocker, who have performed in the senior leagues. One way to encourage this team of ours is to have better turnouts. Let's get out and cheer at these games for our girls' team and the boys' team as well, tickets cost but little.

Incidentally, by press time, the girls' team will have travelled to McDonald for a game with the WAAFS from that station.

Now that the holiday season is upon us, some of our members have stolen away to a quiet rendezvous of some description for two weeks. Wonder where the Strachan family is hiding?

---

Definition of a meteorologist — a man who can look into a girl's eyes and tell whether.

\* \* \*

Rabbits have more fun than people.  
Why do rabbits have more fun than people?  
Because there are more rabbits than there are people.  
Why are there more rabbits than there are people?  
Because rabbits have more fun than people!

\* \* \*

Salesman: "Is your mother engaged?"  
Little Boy: "I think she's married."

## CLASS 103

Undistinguishable from any other fifty Joes, innocent as yet of fame or infamy, little can be said by way of introduction to the U.T. Navigators of Class 103.

Hardly on course long enough to have acquired the concerned expression or the shiny pants that make the Navigator stand out in any crowd, the opinions voiced thus far seem limited to the weather and the women contiguous to these parts. The first is unqualifiedly condemned as a demoralizing force, the second is considered the only antidote for the first.

Coming from an ITS wholly bereft of the sweet and the fair, this daily, in some cases nightly (already) contact with the station pretties, is heady stuff even for the oldest of us. But one or two of the more dauntless seem to combine with much success, their affairs scholastic and their affairs de coeur.

Backing this up with first, your reporter cannot refrain from mentioning the tall, not so dark but fairly handsome lad in 103B who has so neatly dovetailed his evening studies into his nightly social activities by making the acquaintance of a little Suzy Q. whose shift ends at 2359. To our U.T. Navigator, life at A.O.S. was just a bowl of roses.

That is, until the other night, when after a hard day's work, and looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to 2359 hours, our U.T. Navigator decided (time 2331) to do one more computer problem. The straw that broke the camels back.

Time 0135 hours, our hero (who simply laughs at Harvard tests) if found by the janitor, computer gripped firmly before him, his eyes closed tightly against the grim realities of life at the A.O.S.

The young lady who waited and wanted has our deepest sympathy.

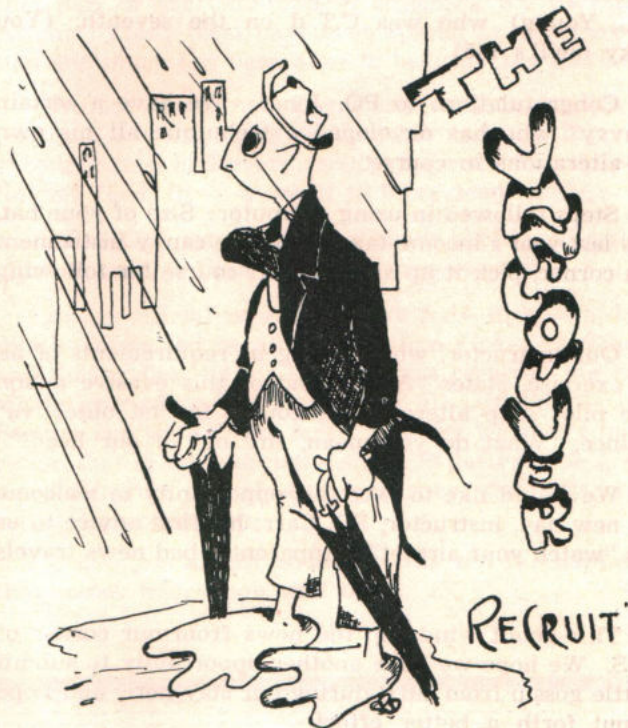
And now for a few introductions. . . the course is almost 100 percent Canadian, the almost being Smitty our sole Aussie and Kansas bred Johnny Johnson who is at home almost anywhere, not excepting cabbage patches; two sergeants, "Lucky" Hammond who has several original ideas about drill and Bill (boy she's lovely!) Gauvreau, the lad with the dimpled knees. . . "Crash" Jones and "Boots" Lovo two of the more colorful types from B flight. . . athletes Bennet, Fox, Glibbery (who also plays the piano, gets 100 percent in plots) . . . Mossing, who's violet eyes and honeyed words wreck havoc among the females in Winnipeg, even as in Edmonton. . . "Pop" (I'm cheesed) Boddy who seems to have found a home away from home. Green, G.I. (Geo! Islington not government issue) a willing hand for any damsel. . . Bert Cook, Cpl. W.O.P. the gourmand from Spider Island. . . Allan (never again, mother), Beedle, a remuster from across the field. . . "Blues" Glass, Patterson whose speciality is chasing trains in taxis, . . . Anderson E. J. a man of a few words oral or written, Gow, Alberta's outstanding junior piper. . . instructor FO. Wood (the niblick, please). . . P.O Malo, speed demon of the blackboards. . .

## CANTEEN CAPERS

By B. GRIERSON

Our deepest sympathy goes to Mrs. Iris Spencer, whose husband was killed on May 7th, on operational duties in India. . . We welcome back our college medical student, whose holidays are spent working hard in our canteen. . . Hearty congratulations and best wishes goes to our Dot Schell on her engagement. . . With the Airmen's Canteen in full swing, wonder where we would find Ethel's thoughts? Abroad? How about her sidekick Kitten? Her eyes? Could it have been the two weeks holidays with the Navy home on leave? . . . Salutations go to the little girl with the one dimple, who is back with us again. Also to our little "why sure", the girl with pigtailed. . . What intentions have Jerry and Fredda in spending their holidays at Virden, Manitoba, an E.F.T.S., if you please. . . Could our dreamer have visions of a horse ranch or something? . . . We are all wondering about Flo's typewriter. Is it still pounding out love letters? . . . Who are the WAGS seen in the canteen about 1.30 p.m. having breakfast. Did they miss their lunch too? Who was so kind to Kitten? . . . Who has got out of the habit of letting plates fall? . . . How has our Mildred braved the farewell to our "Little Aussie?" . . . Who is being a nurse to hubby these days? . . . Speaking of nurses, who is the blond V.A.D. who is spending her holidays in one of our Winnipeg hospitals. . . So ends a few capers from the canteen. . . If this isn't censored, will be back with more news.

### Aircrew Types



## Joys of Drill – Weight Lifting



Join our classes today! Any resemblance between the above and FS. Schiffer is just one of those things.

## CLASS 101B

Our class consists of foreigners from all parts of Canada and the Empire with the exception of one Britisher (a certain corporal).

The seventh week exams have come and gone; we are sorry to lose a few of our pals, also our foster mother (FL. Young) who was C.T.'d on the seventh. (You lucky devils 105).

Congratulations to PO. Jones. We have a certain "Navy" who has developed a technique all his own for alterations in course.

Steps followed in using computer: Size of your hat, plus last year's income tax, throw the canny instrument in a corner, pick it up and read off course for following leg.

Our instructor, while giving us requirements of an air exercise, states "At the end of this evasive action give pilot snap alteration of course for 1st objective" Trainee, "What do you mean, sir? out of our head!"

We would like to take this opportunity to welcome our new nav. instructor, FO. Carr; his first advice to us was "watch your airplot". Apparently bad news travels fast.

This about winds up the news from our corner of G.I.S. We hope we have another opportunity to submit a little gossip from 101B during our stay here, and hope to put forth a better effort.

Page Four

## CLASS 103Y

Course 103Y have introduced to No. 5 A.O.S. personnel, the mating call of the "Haggis". The call originated in Scotland where it was heard one foggy evening—coming from the dark, dreary depths of the oatmeal mines.

No doubt, some will have heard this weird noise by now. It usually emanates from one or two queer individuals who wander about the station—in and out of the canteens and rec. hall.

Some of our boys slept in the other morning and missed a P.T. period; ask 'em if they'll try it again.

A certain sandy moustached-gentleman in 103Y is keeping company with a certain girl in a certain canteen? Oh dear!

Then of course, there's LAC Gil Hayes, who joined the ranks of married men last Saturday evening. His bride? Oh yes, a lovely little W.D. from No. 8, LAW. Phyllis Sturgess. Happy Days—Gil and Phyllis!

LAC. Stelp had some trouble with the ponies last week-end. It seems that he picked 'em but didn't bet 'em, or bet them and didn't pick them—or somethin'.

Our own LAC "Dad" Young took a trip to Brandon last 48. Could he have a heart interest there? I wonder.

Then our little LAC DeMargerie, 103Y, the only man we know of who can get into the bomb hatch of a Mk 1 Anson without bending his knees or stooping. Yes, that's right, he just walks right in and reaches up to select and fuse his bombs.

Our only redhead, LAC. Laidlaw is worried about a certain P.T.I. W.D. at Paulson. No letters from Dixie lately, Red?

LAC. Dash deserves honorable mention for the almost impossible feat he performed in the air the other day.

## GIRL'S COUNCIL



Back Row: Left to Right—Hilda Testar, Cec. Pitre, Jean Trick, Trudy Williams, Sophie Hanson, Nellie Gallaher. Front Row: Left to Right—Frances Komyszyn, Ethel Gair, Helen McKinnon, Nan Dawson, Frances Fryday, Margaret Agnew.

# The Air Observer Schools

★  
**A BRIEF  
REVIEW**

*W*e are greatly favoured in this issue in being privileged to publish a message from Mr. J. L. Apedaile, O.B.E., Financial Adviser to Civil Flying Schools, Department of National Defence for Air, Ottawa.

When the scheme of setting up civilian-operated Elementary Flying Training Schools and Air Observer Schools as part of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan was first contemplated, Mr. Apedaile's services were sought to assist in the development of the plan, and in the position which he has held ever since, he has been greatly responsible for the fact that the civilian-operated schools have produced pilots and navigators far in excess of the number that was first anticipated or expected of them. He has witnessed the growth of the British Commonwealth Air Training from its paper beginnings to the gigantic organization of the present day and no one is more qualified than he to pass judgment on what has been accomplished.

We are also indebted to Mr. Apedaile for the original work "Yellow Files" which appears on page 21.

Some little time ago I was asked to write a short article for your Station Magazine "The Drift Recorder" by Mr. Stuart Ormond and it has occurred to me that perhaps a brief review of the Civilian Operated A.O.S. might be of some interest to readers.

Ten such Schools were opened, the first at Malton, Ontario on the 27th May, 1940 by Dominion Skyways (Training) Limited under the Management of Mr. C. R. (Peter) Troup assisted by Mr. W. (Babe) Woollett. This School was laid out for a capacity of 120 pupil population. The official pupil population of an A.O.S. is now 627, excepting Chatham, N.B. which is a half-sized school.

Of course, on the opening date the Contractors had not completed their work, much Equipment and Furniture had not arrived and the Grounds were in a lovely mess — we were in a hurry in those days — but at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 27th, the necessary complement of Anson I took off and training was under way.

Malton was the "guinea pig" and much had to be learnt from experience — trial and error—. The Syllabus of Training was the only foundation upon which to build. No precedents existed for the timid to follow or for the ultra-smart to trip over; but many sound ones were created that have stood the test of time.

Everybody was well fed and reasonably housed and training went on without let up. The School never looked back. Like a healthy colt it grew daily in strength, beauty and size. To-day it is the wise old father of you all, ably managed by Bill McLeod; while Peter Troup is General Supervisor of A.O.S. and Babe Woollett is General Manager of No. 9 A.O.S., St. Johns, P.Q.

The tenth and last School was opened at Chatham, N.B. on the 21st July, 1941 by Northumberland Air Observer School, Ltd., with R.H. (Dick) Bibby as Manager and is still going strong.

On the 13th September, 1942, No. 6 A.O.S., was closed down to make way for the extension of No. 6 E.F.T.S.,

at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, while on 20th June, 1943 No. 3 A.O.S., Regina, was disbanded for a similar reason.

Now No. 2 A.O.S., Edmonton closes on 14th July, 1944 to relieve the traffic congestion on the Airport there and to make way for a Headquarters for the newly organized Northwest Air Command.

These Schools have all done and are still doing a fine job and had it not been for the Companies operating commercial Airways and their expert personnel going all out in their organization and operation, the acknowledged early success of the B.C.A.T.P. could not have been achieved.

I have been privileged to see and talk with your graduates in operation on the other side and was impressed with the confidence and keenness they displayed in their work; a tribute to the excellent training they had undergone in Canada.

No. 5 A.O.S. — as enlarged — is happily situated on that part of the Golf Course adjoining the Stevenson Airport. Many trees have been spared in the construction and much has been done to beautify the Grounds.

Trainees have not only every modern facility for learning; but they have comfortable and airy barracks, excellent food and every facility for recreational sports to keep them fit — a credit to those responsible.

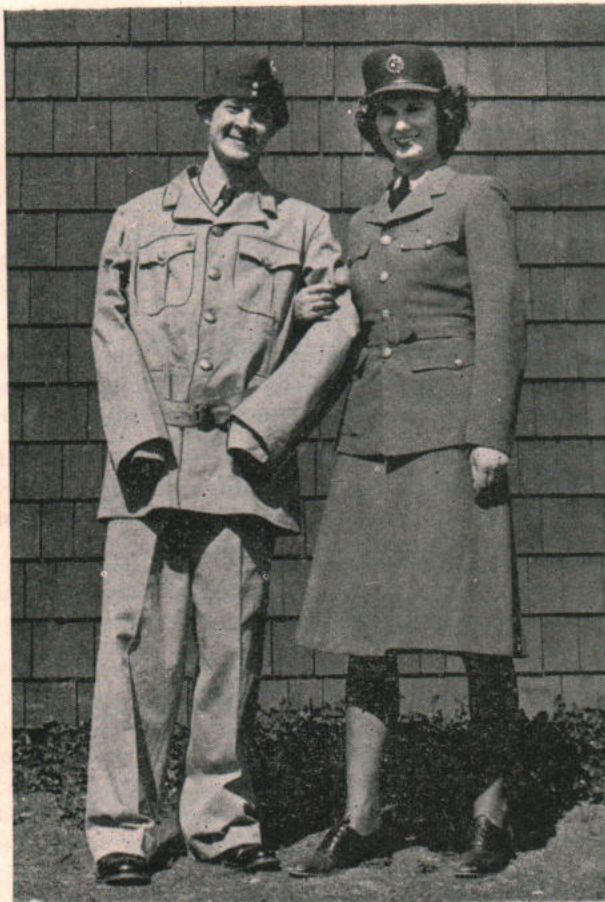
All A.O.S. are operated without profit and tribute must be paid to their economic management.

In my official capacity I have from inception, been vitally interested in all the Civilian Operated Schools and during that time I have always received the most whole-hearted co-operation from all Officials — both Service and Civilian; in fact I may say without equivocation that in my associations I have derived the greatest satisfaction and pleasure and spent the most interesting days of my life.

I wish you all continued success and the happiness that comes with a job well done.

## CAME GLORIOUS SUMMER

At last summer has arose. Came the order to don K.D.'s. Oh, happy day? As we happily thronged the hallways of Clothing Stores (don't we always wait in line? ) to get our bee-utiful new summer issue, a great variety of ecstatic Oh's and Ah's were heard rumbling down the line. Came my turn at long last. Oh, the Sargeant was very kind, he picked one out especially for me, (he said!) First I tried on the tunic of the new heavenly creation. It fit perfectly (if I rolled up the sleeves and stuffed a few cushions in the back!) The trousers were another mad tailor's nightmare. The lonely K. Denim material was so plentiful. All I needed was two holes where the pockets are, and I wouldn't need a tunic. Then came the shirts, my —what lovely things they were, with nice soft collars and short sleeves. But I guess they were just for display purposes, because all I got was two ex-army tents with cast-off pant-legs for sleeves. Came a new cap. nice material too, and so much of it. I use it as an umbrella to go with those gorgeous rubber raincoats we have, (incidentally I'm having raintroughs built on the bottom of mine—the part that drags in the mud!) But do we complain? No! — (not much!) We wear K.D.'s so women may serve; and women serve that men may fly—(off the handle!)



*Court Clerk:* "Sorry, Madam, but a license will be issued only when your form is filled out properly."

*Bride-to-Be:* "Sir! I like your nerve. We can get married no matter what I look like."



Finally I left clothing stores, loaded down with lovely new wearables, and proceeded to barracks where I donned my new belongings. I was a very proud and dignified (?) member of the Royal Canadian Air Force when I marched thru the guard-house on my way to keep a date with my W. Deb. (the S.P.'s wouldn't let me out in blues!) And now that I've come to the end of this little epistle, perhaps you can tell me why pitying glances, but usually snickers follow us down the street when we step out?

—By Cpl. Hendricks, N.B.

## STORES DEPARTMENT

The time is upon us again to give up a little of the news concerning this Department. With the holiday season upon us, one would imagine there would be quite a bit to write about, but there isn't.

Our good friend Matty is back at work recuperating from a "holiday" at Polo Park. He reports that conditions were ideal for this holiday, the hot-dogs were good, the weather fine and the winners plentiful.

A little sickness has also come our way. Ivy McMahon fell and hurt her shoulder but she is now back at work and improving rapidly. Ed. Jackson who was off with congestion of the chest is also back at work looking none the worse for wear.

Our latest news flash is that Mr. Quinn is going on a visit to Edmonton. We all hope he has a pleasant journey.

## METEOROLOGICAL SURVEY

Sing a song of something—  
Mud on station roads:  
Rain is in the atmosphere—  
Weather fit for toads!

Flying is forgotten;  
Dirty work remains—  
Cleaning up the motors,  
Wiping off the stains.

Water near the office,  
Water in the hall,  
Mops are working madly,  
But that isn't all—

Keith is in the wash rack,  
Washing dear old bus,  
When sudden, heavens open—  
Keith pal, did you cuss?

Trousers all are soaking,  
Water, inches deep—  
This time Keith is wishing  
Big Bertha was a jeep!

But now the sun starts shining,  
Things look bright again,  
Shift is almost ended—  
And so is my old pen!

—Doreen Klassen  
M.T. Section.

## FAREWELL NO. 5

After what seems a long time 96B finds its way into print once more but this time there is sadness in our hearts. We must leave you after 20 weeks which have flown away into the past like ghosts. Now we have to turn our thoughts to sterner actions for which our training here will help us ably.

It is indeed a sad moment for we leave behind us so many memories which we will forever treasure and so many friends whom we will never forget. To those who have helped to make our stay so enjoyable we do indeed give our most heartfelt thanks. Especially let us thank the civilian staff working behind the scenes and the maintenance staff who have ensured that we were using the best equipment always. Let us thank the Manager and his staff and the CSO for their consideration and patience.

Let us thank too the Mess Staff especially our good friend Pop. Long will we remember the wonders which you all have wrought with the rations; long too will we remember the clean white tablecloths — the steaks— and the turkey dinners.

To all those who poured coffee — made sandwiches and made us feel right at home in the canteens we offer our thanks. We'll remember you girls.

To our instructors Roy Deane, Chuck Wild, Bruce McDonald we say "thank you". To us you were good friends who never failed us. Thank you gentlemen.

Last but not least to the people of Winnipeg who opened their doors to us, to the girls whom we never shall forget, our deepest thanks for your kindness.

Thanks to all these, and countless others will always be in our hearts when we look back in future days to our stay here. We shall remember you all. Goodbye No. 5 and good luck.

**For Whom**



**The Belle**



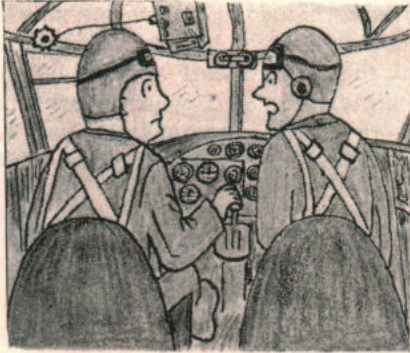
**Toils**



## 'ERK TO 'ERO

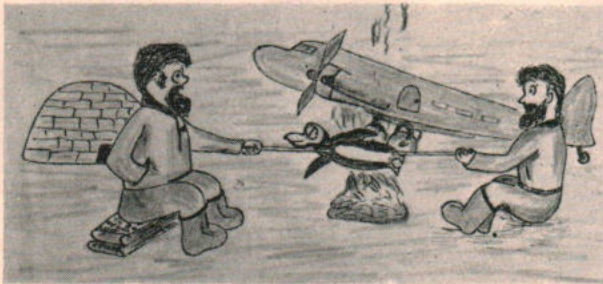
FO "HORATIO" ALGER COMES THROUGH SOMEWHERE IN N.W. CANADA, JULY 1944

This war has brought forth many success stories, has produced fabulous heroes, but none, we think, more worthy of mention than our own front pager, FO. Ross "aw gee, Pat!" Alger. After his perilous flight up North, FO. Alger, a bush navigator from awayback (that's in Sask.), has announced his intention to apply for bush



"Airtop? HELL IT'S ONLY 700 MILES"

leave. The story of "Horatio's" life is a fascinating one. He was born of parents and has lived (happily) — so far. Starting his service career as an AC2 on a rainy day in Manning Depot, his continued persistence and abstemious (no, no, that's good!) habits soon found him diligently answering telephones. In fact, it was by answering a telephone that he got this trip up North. No one else was around to make the trip. From AC2, he progressed rapidly, so that in two years he had already been awarded the coveted propellers and was well on his way to becoming a G.D. "A" Group when he was caught cheating at floor sweeping and washed out of his course. Nothing daunted, he remustered to Air Crew, thus creating a vacancy for some lucky W.D. to fill. At No. 2 A.O.S. Edmonton, he was known as the man most likely to. On graduation, he was heard to exclaim:



"You and Your MENTAL D.R."

"My ambition is to go North". Several times he has almost gone west.

FO. Fiorillo, a room mate of Alger's, is responsible for the magnificent illustrations on this page. "Fio" has never taken a lesson, but he should!

When interviewed upon his return, FO. Alger said, "Not only that, fellows, but I'm Features' Editor on the "Drift Recorder" and so far I've done less work than I did on my trip North."

## THE BITTER TEA OF NAHASS, P.

or

## Take Off Your Old Battered Bonnet

This is the story of a hat — not just an ordinary hat, mind you, but Paul's hat. That hat has completed a tour of "ops" against the enemy and has crashed into oil and



grease many times. It has personality, and under it Paul was happy. But it really was a shambles, and often on a street car, Paul would collect as many as a dozen tickets before the cash customers saw the FL. stripes and the "Ops" wing. Finally an official edict banned the hat and Paul now wears a nice, clean, shiny, new hat but he never smiles any more, although he was the first to admit that something had to be done about "the Hat".

On dark nights you can still see Paul wearing his old hat, but on the station, from the neck up he looks like a guy just S.O.S. as an airman on appointment to a commission.



Foreman: "Excuse me, but are you the lady that is singing?"

Lady: "Yes, I was singing. Why?"

Foreman: "Well, might I ask you not to hang on that top note so long? The men have knocked off twice already, mistakin' it for the dinner whistle."

## CLASS 102B

The backbone of No. 5 makes its bow under the all-revealing spotlight of the Drift Recorder. The class includes 18 R.A.F., "Battle of Britain Boys", 7 Canucks, and last but not least, a solitary Aussie, one Don "Let's go, eh?" Bartlett, the Class Senior. The course has progressed or retrogressed to its sixth week and Progress Tests are imminent. There is noticeable lessening of hair on our heads. The only member we have lost, (so far, touch wood) has been Cyril Marsay, who was unfortunate enough to have considerable eye-trouble, and in consequence had to cease training. Hard luck, Cyril, and better luck for the future.

The task of installing the intricacies of D.R. Navigation into the minds of our illustrious members has been entrusted to one FO. McNeil, who insists, even after seeing some of our efforts, that "Man is not lost." On account of his being forced to accept fourteen days annual leave (much against his will) our destinies have been entrusted to PO. Burke and PO. Lynch. The former still tells us that our attempts at directing an Anson over Canada's densely populated vastness are, to convert his own words "pretty poor." The latter is emphatic that Ireland is still part of the British Isles, though at least one member of the class was not aware of the fact.

In one field, at least, namely football, six members have hit the highlights by having the fair name of No. 5 entrusted to them. They are Storer, our hardworking captain, Buxton, McGorum, Ellis, Marsey and Swann. One win and two draws out of three games reflect well on their efforts.

### CLASS APPRECIATION

Here's to the learned gentleman who deemed it advisable to take his parachute harness to a S.D.R.T. exercise; to the class Casanova, he of the ginger hair and his many female conquests; and to the future P.F.F. man in our midst, who obviously has inherent flying aptitude.

And so Dear Readers, we must again submit ourselves to the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune and until our next confession, we make our humble exit.

## RAIN, RAIN



**Go Away!**

## Aircrew Types



## CLASS 96A

Our thoughts trail back through many weeks, while we sprawl out in our sanctum in the G.I.S. Despite the surroundings and the chatter along one continual line, our thoughts are pleasant and of every now and again, we pause to chuckle. We remember how we used to write on the board remarks which glamorized in the eyes of the class and perhaps posterity, a certain rotund gentleman now in another course. Then of course, there were the fire lectures with the possibilities of "incipient fires and 'conflagarations'." Somebody close by is talking about the last 48 — another chuckle — we suddenly think of the first 48 spent in the beer parlors, with plenty of beer, the Royal Alexandra, the Marlborough, and its comfortable beds, and that leads on to later 48's and the sight of two miscreants arriving back Monday night with groans of "Gawd ain't it awful!" We see girls standing on corners with watches, waiting for the wolves to collect them and the watches; young men under 21 entering beer parlors; men walking all the way into town from St. James at 2 in the morning. The clicking of a sextant brings us back to reality and the sight of a keen navigator taking a simultaneous fix with his link sextant focussed on Polaris, while his Mark IXA ticks by on the window ledge.

Before we bid farewell to No. 5, we wish to convey through these columns, our appreciation to all the people on the station, who have helped to make our stay pleasant. To "Pop" Ratson, we say "Thanks for the fine meals — we really enjoyed the 'lamb stoo'." To our Instructors we will give personal messages, which will be extremely complimentary and appreciative. To the others on the Station, both civilian and service personnel, we say "Thanks a lot, and Kia Ora."

GLAMOUR BOY



Bruce Cameron Forge, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Forge. Ralph is in No. 3 Hangar.

"V" FOR VEGETABLES

Across the ditch, beside the field  
Where athletes' muscles harden,  
You'll see a sight — by day or night—  
Buchanan's Victory garden.



While romping merrily around the dirt track out on the sports field, urged on by the encouraging cheers of the P.T.I., you may have noticed as you gleefully sped around the last bend, a luxurious garden growing peacefully beside the babbling brook. This portion of No. 5's holdings is known as the No. 5 Victory Garden.

Many of you may have been innocently unaware of its significance, but nevertheless, you may already have enjoyed some of its products. To date, "Pop" Ratson has served some 370 lbs. of spinach in his little delicatessen, (nestled between Barrack blocks 13 and 14).

The garden comprises about 3 acres of land and is under the supervision of Mr. "Buck" Buchanan, assistant general manager of No. 5 A.O.S. The garden is a source of constant delight to the jovial big Scotchman. If you sneak out quietly some evening, as the sun is reclining, you may be fortunate enough to see Mr. Buchanan casually strolling between the rows of vegetables, pausing now and then to caress a tender ear of corn, or to bend fondly over a struggling little onion, speaking soft words of encouragement in his broad Scottish tongue.

Mr. Buchanan has undertaken this garden on a large scale, and has planted 1000 tomato plants, 25 bushels of potatoes, as well as corn (planted to mature at different times) beets, beans, lettuce, spinach and onions. To add a touch of the beautiful he has included several rows of sweet peas, snap dragons, zinnias, and other flowers.

The produce from this very commendable venture will be turned over to "Pop" Ratson and will therefore be enjoyed by all and sundry on this station.

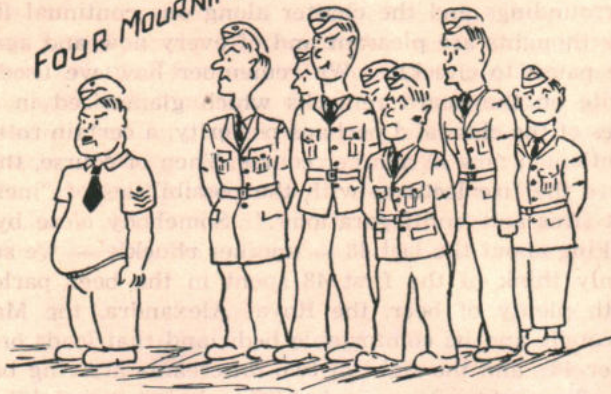
GUESS WHO!

He's lapping them up at the bar tonight,  
like he's never done before  
He tossed down the rye till they thought he'd die,  
and they stared when he called for more.  
He went through their gin—that was just to begin—  
and knocked off the rum by the score.  
He's had it! They cried but the blighters lied—  
for he ordered six beers from the floor.

OFF WITH THE OLD

MON #1 SQ TUES #2 SQ  
WED #3 SQ FRI WING

FOUR MOURNINGS



ON WITH THE NEW



# SPORTS DAY

## A SUCCESS

On July 5, service personnel of this station gathered on the Sports Field for one of the most successful Sports Days ever held here. Sponsored by SL. G. G. Milne and under the capable direction of FL. Paul Nahass and FO. Scotty Milne, the meet was climaxed by a thrilling Commando Course Race in which Bennet of 103A set a record mark of 3 minutes 19½ seconds for the course. The events were keenly contested and the Soccer, Rugger, and Softball games were worth watching. Final standings for the meet were as follows:

No. 1 Squadron.....	73 points
No. 2 Squadron.....	53 points
Staff .....	18 points

The Sports Committee wishes to thank the Commanding Officer, entrants, officials, P.T. Section, Pop Ratson and the Civilian Company for their cooperation in making this Sports Day such an outstanding success.

## SPORTS JOTTINGS

We have used the Sports Pages this issue to bring you the outstanding pictures taken at the Sports' Day, but we must find space for a resume of the teams which are representing No. 5 so well. . . The Hardball Team managed by FL. Wally Knight and coached by FS. Alm have divided their wins and losses about evenly, but have to their credit a no-hit, no-run game against the American Army team. Watch for this team in the Service Play-offs. . . The Soccer team is now top of its league having broken away from No. 3 W.S. which it defeated 5-0 after two previous games had resulted in ties. With some recent additions from 106 Nav. and A.B. courses, this team is rapidly shaping up into a fine club. FO. Fred Brown, its manager, is anxiously scanning local and service clubs for future fixtures. . . Lacrosse is rapidly gaining favour here under the guidance of Cpl. Nesbitt and such stalwarts as "Doc" Boyd, Ferguson and McColl. This team should provide some interesting games. . . Scotty Milne's softball club is still in the running with De Rose and Belton and the rest of the team giving a good account of themselves. . . The girls' softball team is tied for first place with the Majorettes and is giving No. 5 a team of which to be proud. Let's give Charlie Riggall's girls some support in the remaining games. . . Next issue we hope to have full reports on all station teams. . . and more pictures.

## SPORTS DAY HIGHLIGHTS

by LAC. HEC. CHRISTIE

All agree that the outstanding event of the day was the dash for supper. Everybody participated, no holds barred, all records for sprinting smashed.

★ ★ ★

Prize mystery of the day. The whereabouts of one LAC. Storer. We hope that FO. Brown's appeals, repeated every ten minutes for a couple of hours were finally answered. Rumor has it, that said Storer has a beautiful blonde sister. Whatever he has there was an urgency in FO. Brown's voice that would not be denied.

★ ★ ★

No lad, that was not a re-enactment of a beachhead scene in France. Those were not wounded soldiers strewn about the field. They were Aussies and Newzies who were having a nice, friendly game of rugger. Ah! friendship!

★ ★ ★

A grim solution to a grim problem was evident in the M.O.'s mad velocipedic dash in answer to the twenty third emergency call. Spurning the doctor's traditional black bag, and apparently turning to the "broke his leg and I had to shoot him" school of thought, a huge pistol was seen to protrude from his hip pocket as he bumped his way across the field.

★ ★ ★

Following closely behind on a red bicycle, was an attractive blonde young lady (said to be the victim's sister) who in a rather nice soprano cried, "Mercy, mercy, do have mercy."

★ ★ ★

Eyebrows were more than once raised at certain sounds occasionally emitted from the loudspeaker. (There's a little switch at the mike, which can be pushed when the announcer speaks to his friends).

### GIRL'S SOFTBALL TEAM



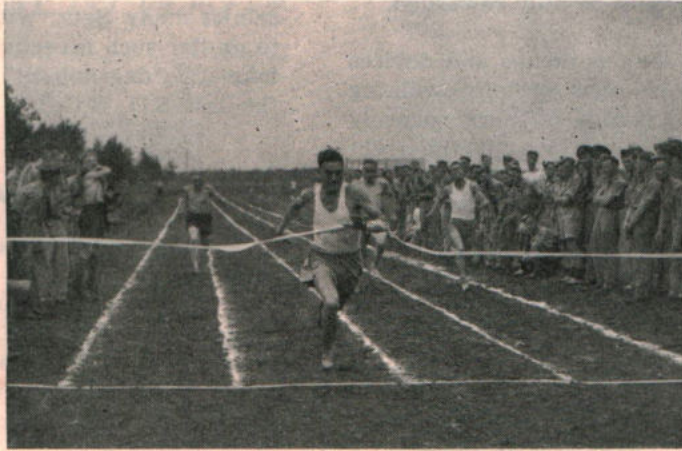
Front Row: Left to Right—J. Lemoine, M. Bodie, L. Scott, E. Burton, D. S. Ormond, E. Gair, P. Ball, V. Zetterstrom, H. Conquergood. Back Row: Left to Right—H. McKinnon, B. Wilson, K. McCall, E. Stocker, E. Purper, C. Riggall, J. Suffron, D. Beaton, R. Dill, M. Waite, H. Bibedorf, G. Berry. Absent: P. Smith, G. Johnson.

# Sports Day at

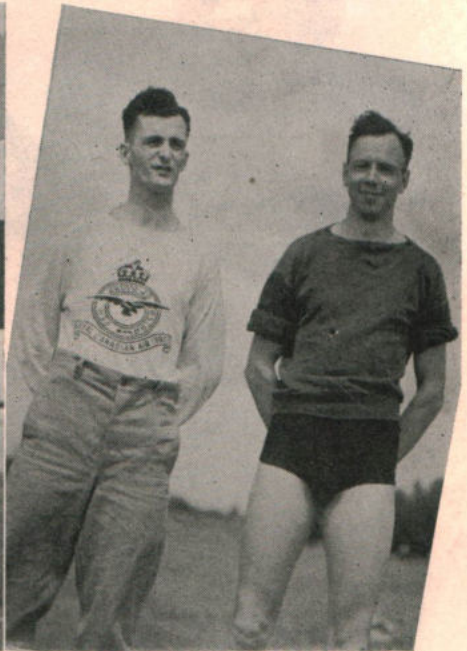


General views of the sports day showing the commando Course and the interested spectators and Contestants.

# t No. 5 A.O.S.



From left to right, Moroney winning the 880, Palmer the 100 yard dash, and FO. McChesney the mile.



Left to Right: Cpl. Earl (Staff) shot puts 38'2". Bell, winner of the Standing Broad Jump, and Bennet, winner of the Commando Race. Allan, winner of the Hop, Step and Jump; McKay, winner of the Running Broad Jump.



These pictures show a general view of the first heat of the 440 and a shot of Rugger or Modified Mayhem.

## THE PASSING OF THE "S.D.N.C.O."

There was a time, not so long ago, when senior N.C.O.'s on this station knew that if they worked long and diligently, their efforts would be duly rewarded.

Those N.C.O.'s, who by devious means and devices outdid their fellows could be seen proudly walking around the station with their badge of merit securely fastened around their left arm (or was it the right arm?) [Editor's Note: Who knows?—who cares?]. The above-mentioned badge was a beautiful creation, designed by an outstanding authority on current fashions. It was modelled by FS. Kerr at a recent fashion show, 'mid tumultuous applause from thousands of admiring airmen.



The badge consisted of the raised letters 'S.D.N.C.O.' in a lovely shade of crab-apple red, rampant on a velvety field of 'coal-mine-at-midnight' black.

But, alas, alas, competition was so keen for the honour of wearing this emblem of merit that N.C.O.'s have been known to resort to fisticuffs and such rowdyisms in order to obtain D.R.O. permission to wear it. Obviously this was creating dissention and hard feeling in the N.C.O. ranks, and the authorities decided to remove once and for all this cause of unrest.

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To Sgt. Goldsworthy fell the high honour of being the last at No. 5 A.O.S. to wear the coveted insignia. It was ordered that the work of art (Editor's Note: Art who?) be destroyed, and so in the presence of a mournful band of N.C.O.'s, Sgt Goldsworthy applied the torch (see picture). As the flames consumed the cherished armlet many Sgts., with tear-stained faces were heard to mutter such invectives as — "oh pshaw!" "bother-to-take-it!" "dag-nab-it!" and "oh dear!"—And so passed the last S.D. N.C.O.

## CLASS 104A

As one of the most recent importations to the hallowed precincts of No. 5 A.O.S. we are rather shy and reticent about bursting into print, however repeated requests from the S.W.O. and our squadron sergeant as to what we think we're doing makes it imperative that we pen these few lines to justify ourselves (what a sentence!) (Ed's. Note: You said it).

This flight is comprised of 26 New Zealanders and no foreigners so as a flight we start off with no handi-caps.

Due to the fact that on our arrival on the station we promptly volunteered for duty flight our social activities have been somewhat curtailed but phone numbers may be obtained from Fisher and Knowsley. What have they got that we haven't?

There is no truth in the story that when the pilot said to Henry "what's the course" he blithely answered "104A".

Bryant does not think up all the questionable jokes in class — McKirdy helps him.

Holmes objects to Knowsley's sleeping in class. Alf's snoring keeps him awake.

WO. Jackson has decided to sleep on station. Our worthy class senior Sgt. Taylor has put on so much condition that it has been necessary for him to acquire a home-made foundation garment to enable him to retain his normal physique.

Casualties listed so far include: Howard, broken wrist (cause Roberts), Parry, split chin (cause Roberts), Howard, torn muscles (cause Roberts), Taylor, cracked ribs (cause Roberts). It doesn't pay to keep Roberts away from his social activities for a fortnight—he takes it out on us.

In the next issue we hope to give our views on girls, Winnipeg and Winnipeg girls.

## Latest Version

A young R.A.F. officer in Egypt was carrying out exercises in navigation and discovering his geographical position with sextant. After a series of involved and complicated calculations, he turned suddenly to his pilot and said, "Take off your hat."

"Why?" asked the pilot.

"Because according to my calculations we are now inside St. Paul's Cathedral."

Younger  
 ☆  
 ☆ GENERATION.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Born June 21, 1944, at 2339 G.M.T. on our 3rd Wedding Anniversary, a daughter 8 lbs. 8 oz. — Kathryn Jean — Brown eyes, slight amount of hair — not thick and curly like her Dad's but dark and thin like FO. Milne's.

FO. HERB MOORE.



Garry De Courcy is evidently going to be a sailor. His dad works in Maintenance.



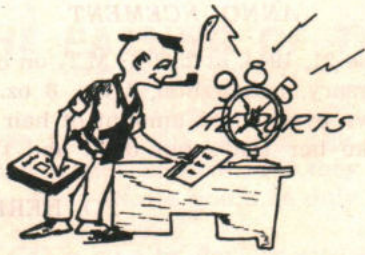
Pilot Archie Black's two tax exemptions



This is Marion Margaret, pride and joy of Sgt. C. E. Robinson who graduated recently as an Air Bomber.



FL. Wedding's strong left arm hold's daughter, Phyllis Ann



## CLASS 98B

We have now been here for fifteen long weeks and our tired old eyes have seen many strange things, including an amazing growth of the Attention Area, and certain airmen changing their trousers in the back of the mighty Anson.

We also recall quite clearly that evening about three weeks ago when dejected figures were to be seen stumbling through the rain, bowed down with kit-bags, bedding, etc. We too took part in that pilgrimage, but as a whole were remarkably philosophic about it — believing in the old adage “A change is as good as a rest;” — and we don’t get very much rest.

Does anyone have the gen on this new character and leadership idea? We hear that certain lucky individuals in the class are to be promoted to squadron leaders and flight sergeants overnight, and we approve, but who said four parades a week?

The downtown activities of the class still maintain the illustrious standards achieved in the first few weeks.

Worthy of special mention is the case of one staunch Unionist who fell asleep in the washroom of a Winnipeg theatre and his girl friend, after waiting half an hour, had to organize a search party for him.

Credit is also given to another LAC. who bound up a perfectly sound finger in a mass of bandages for purposes of deceit, and elicited a lot of sympathy from various girl friends, and also to LAC. Turner for other reasons.

Worthy of mention in a different field are a select few who obtained starshots in the C.N.T. with seven shades, although nobody in our class can claim the distinction of plotting a reciprocal course.

We were intending to publish an abridged version of our world-famed class song in this month’s Drift Recorder, but it was found impossible to abridge it sufficiently. However, anyone wishing to hear it can do so for a small charge any evening in barrack block 14.

We all offer our heartiest congratulations to our sage FO. Ramsay, who has just had a son born to him. May he be blessed with many more.

*Recruiting Officer:* “I suppose you want a commission.”  
*U/T Nav.:* “No. I’m such a poor navigator, I’d rather work on a straight salary.”

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# NEWSIES' LAMENT

*A million weary years ago  
 Midst tears and cheers from wharf below,  
 From this old world's most lovely part  
 We sailed away — but left our heart.*

*To them the war seems very grim  
 An all-out effort strains each limb  
 And each one dreams of that bright day  
 When dark war clouds are blown away.*

*An “Allied” craft conveyed us here—  
 Two meals per day and not ONE beer,  
 With powdered eggs and bacon “high”  
 We crossed the line to do or die.*

*On Allied soil we first set foot  
 Midst stink of oil and clouds of soot  
 Then clambered slowly onto train  
 T’was good to see the land again.*

*For days and nights we roared along  
 Some arguments and the odd song,  
 ’Till Western Canada was reached,  
 Vancouver called while train brakes screeched.*

*We piled out shivering in the dawn,  
 Rain drops whispering so forlorn,  
 The darkest hour before new day  
 We linked up to receive some pay.*

*Vancouver is a wondrous sight,  
 Sea-girt coast and sun-kissed height,  
 We can give no commendation,  
 We didn’t even leave the station.*

*In blowing snow and freezing air  
 We climbed the Rockies, wild and fair,  
 Their beauty almost counteracts  
 The Prairies’ ugly treeless tracts.*

*One morning came the word “detrain”—  
 It slowly seeped thru’ cold-drugged brain,  
 With frozen joints all bending slow —  
 And temperature a mile below.*

*To Winnipeg on E.T.A.  
 We came one blustery freezing day,  
 No leaf on tree — no blade of grass,  
 Just piles of snow and ice like glass.*

*Came Spring and snow removed itself  
 Furs all folded placed on shelf,  
 And then we really saw the ground  
 A sea of mud for miles around.*

*Then suddenly the grass did spring  
 And birds thawed out and took to wing,  
 But skies did early cloud again  
 And — (NO NOT SNOW) just sheets of rain.*

*The “Holy Joes” all rave and rant  
 Of Purgatory and Hell decant,  
 It does not worry us one jot  
 We know damn well we’ve had the lot!*

—P.O. Mickey Beadle.

# I've Had It!

When first I joined the Air Force  
Way back in days gone by,  
I had a yearning notion  
That I would like to fly.

But their standards and their "must-haves"  
Were really much too high  
So I took a ground crew posting  
To wait my turn to fly.

At last there came that glorious day  
When bans and rules were lifted  
So I was sent to Manning Pool  
Where airmen are gleaned and sifted.

"And what would you, my little man",  
The board they leered at me,  
"In this new grand flying game,  
Think you would like to be?"

"I think that navigation  
Is what I'd like," I said  
"To I.T.S. then you must go",  
And with those words I fled.

So I laboured and I struggled  
With winds, and tracks, and speeds  
And many other subjects  
All requisite for my needs.

And after all this worry  
And exams I'd finally passed,  
To an A.O.S. then I must go  
And now to fly — — at last.

So once more I labored and struggled  
With azimuths and L.H.A.'s  
With fronts, "shots", maps and rivers  
Until I was quite in a daze.

And though my ambition was conquest  
Through blood and sweat and tears  
They finally said "You've had it!"  
Alas! — after all these years!

"Man is not lost" is the motto  
Of all nav. schools you see,  
But I'm certain whoever wrote it  
Surely wasn't thinking of me!

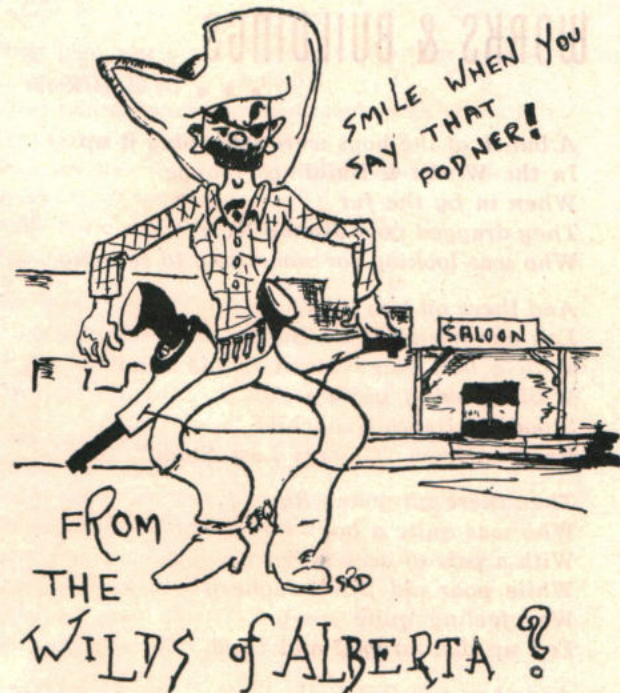
—FS. A. E. Stimson, 99B.

## CLASS 105B

105B made a good showing in the Sports events, due mainly to the efforts of LAC. Jack MacKay, who walked away with two firsts and a second. The ball team was well on the way to defeating the WAGS when a wild throw from centre field lost the game. However, 105 are waiting patiently for a return engagement—and a win!

The lads of 105, are mixed, from No. 4 I.T.S. Edmonton; No. 7 I.T.S. Saskatoon and No. 2 I.T.S. Regina. All in all making up a good flight.

## Aircrew Types



## CLASS 104X

Thoroughly versed in the art of bombing and initiated into the mysteries of navigation, we now find ourselves the "sprog" course at No. 5 A.O.S. After a week and a half at this learned institution we wonder whether we did learn any navigation at B. & G. School. Certainly our instructors have no doubts upon the matter after the other day when we carried — or dropped — our first ariplot in the air.

This course already has some matters which need an explanation. How can Donald Duck prefer navigation to redheads and a hollywood career? Will "Johnny" be washed out for "Altitude"?\* What does Mike now think of this newly enforced system of P.T.? "Taffy's" reactions when he graduates and leaves this "barbaric land?" What are the magnetic attractions which a certain C. Drug Store on Portage holds for certain members of this class? Who said "horse — " when the method of using the astro-graph was being laboriously and carefully explained to an extremely attentive class?

By the time of the next issue we all hope to have realized our desire in gaining the coveted brevet and will have more interesting news to submit to the "Drift Recorder".

P.S. For a really good laugh ask Eddy to describe the costumes affected by the soft-ball ladies, or, in his "naive" way, to eulogize on the joys of the equestrian and the advantages of a 3-point landing.

—SUB-ASSISTANT EDITOR.

\* This could easily be "attitude"—it's that kind of a scrawl — Class News Editor: It probably is—the height restriction on air bombers isn't as rigid now.—Ed.

## WORKS & BUILDINGS

• • • by G. McRorie

*A bunch of the boys were whooping it up  
In the Works & Buildings lounge,  
When in by the fur  
They dragged poor Jimmy Kerr  
Who was looking for something to scrounge.*

*And there on two tubs  
Lay our friend Ernie Bubbs  
With a half eaten lunch in his hand  
While looking quite wild  
Stood old Harry Goodchild  
Reciting from "Custers Last Stand".*

*Then there sat young Roy  
Who was quite a boy  
With a pair of aces wired  
While poor old Bill Loughery  
Was feeling quite sorry  
Fed up discouraged and tired.*

*And then our Bill Bell  
Who oft plays quite well  
Is a fellow who just can't be beat  
He's lucky to be able  
To walk around the table  
And casually pick out a seat.*

*And then in walked the Boss  
Who took quite a loss—  
The game cost him twelve cents that day.  
He pointed at Slim  
And he swore he'd get him  
Or deduct the 12c from his pay.*

*Come visitors all  
In response to this call  
And you'll witness this scene every day  
There isn't a doubt  
Old Aleck will shout  
That the name of the game is PAY.*

## CLASS 100A

100A is introducing itself to "The Drift Recorder" in its first literary adventure, as members of No. 5 A.O.S. and intend to fight their way to top flight in every field of activity.

We are lucky in being a polygot flight comprising N. Zeas, Aussies and Canadians, allied sons of democracy are we. And what a happy mob, for cheerfully they settled down to work and a little play with true Churchillian ease.

---

A bathing beauty is a girl who has a lovely profile all the way down.

\* \* \*

Who is the girl on the station, who wears a sweater which keeps everybody warm but her?

Perhaps an introduction to a few members 'twould be best.

*Goldsbury, Ippstein & Murphy (N.Z.)* A firm of money makers who is here to make money and not friends.

*Rowling (N.Z.)* Whose turn to offer the smokes — yours or mine, but despite that, he should make a fine No. 1 navigator.

*Rankin (Aus.)* This lad has a great tendency to emulate the kangaroo hop but all he receives is a bruised nose.

*Sheehan (N.Z.)* A fine sturdy 194 lb. flight leader, belong to the Devil's era (De Valera).

*Ross (Can.)* Believes that the boys from way down under take their sport too seriously with the tendency to become rough.

Now that some of our members have their names in print it would not be fitting to close without some mention of Anzac Day. That was a red letter day for most of us, for it was our first baptism to the evils and to the fires in twinkling eyes of Winnipeg. However, all members were present next morning so apparently the city is too big to paint.

So to all you readers and especially to the subscribers of this mag. 100A warns you to watch your step and follow the activities of this meteoric flight.

## LAC. BEARD WINS QUILT

The nimble fingers of the members of the Officers' Wives Auxiliary of No. 5 A.O.S. have been very busy for the past few months making a beautiful autograph quilt.

Autographs of ticket purchasers were embroidered on the quilt. The \$125 that has been raised will be used to purchase books for the library of Deer Lodge Hospital.

The lucky winner of the quilt in the draw at the dance held in the Drill Hall on Saturday, June 24 was LAC. Beard of Course 96B. When LAC Beard goes back to England at the conclusion of his training here, he will have a fine souvenir of Canada.



Shown above are three of the officers' wise holding the quilt. From left to right they are: Peggy Chadwick, Peggy Smart and Mavis Cooper.

# HEALTH Centre

By L. J. WHITEFORD

The Health Centre opened for business May 4th, and to date there have been 642 patients, 666 treatments.

Miss Delamater's professional touch has really worked wonders already. She came to us very well prepared. She is a graduate of St. Boniface Hospital, and after graduation, was on the teaching staff at Neepawa General Hospital. From there she went to St. Boniface Hospital to be in charge of the surgical ward, so she knows all the new types of bandages and can make you as good as new, even if an Aircraft has run over you.



Miss Delamater is interested in trying to keep you from getting sick or sicker. If you want to know how your blood is, she will tell you. She will take the blood for a Wasserman Test, and send it to the Lab. in the Medical College to be examined, for you. Then if you want to give away any of this precious fluid for our boys Overseas, she will arrange for you to go to the Blood Clinic.

If you want to know what is inside your chest, she will make an appointment for a chest X-ray at the T.B. Clinic. She can even cure corns. Now what more can you ask of our station nurse? She is in Building No. 32 from 8.30-11.30 — 12.30-16.30. Drop in and see her sometime.

## "USE 'EM ALL"

(To be sung with feeling—Tune: "Bless 'em All")

They give you some pencils, some maps and some charts,  
 Computer and others galore,  
 Chart plotter, protractor, a straight edge or two,  
 Text books a dozen or more.  
 They say they will teach you to find where you are  
 In winter or summer or fall  
 With Astro and DR, with Sextant on GR.  
 You really can't get lost at all!

Use them all, use them all  
 If back to your base you would crawl,  
 If you want a good fix to return from the big sticks,  
 Take out your bag, use them all!

They say if we work hard we may get a wing,  
 Others have done it before,  
 Learn about weather and check compass swing  
 Think till your thinker is sore  
 Swot free gun sighting — then pyro igniting,  
 Fuses, deflection and all  
 Take out your note pads, take off your coats, lads,  
 Grab up your gear — use them all!

Use them all, use them all  
 If a wing you would wear after all  
 Just sit on your fanny in lumbering Annie  
 Get out your gear, use it all!

Instructors will stand there and blather all day,  
 They work us all day — give us ten hours swot,  
 They've done this stuff before,  
 Our beds will see us no more,  
 But for all their dogmatic,  
 Computations and gen  
 We think that we know the score  
 We'll bet the sea gremlins  
 Would give them all tremblin's  
 If ever they flew past the shore.

Over sea, over sea  
 The Kiwi is able to roam,  
 No grain elevators — it's all blank mercators,  
 But Boy! how they smell their way home.

Remember the others o'er Pacific blue,  
 So when in the classroom the head feels too full,  
 To hold just one item more,  
 Track Crawling where seas foam and roar.  
 There's never a Kiwi who feels lost at sea,  
 Though railways don't run there at all,  
 You get no promotion — pinpointing an ocean,  
 And mapreading there means sweet all.

Use them all — use them all,  
 Though the mudflats may bore you and pall,  
 The sun-kissed Pacific — The Kiwi's terrific  
 So buck in and let's show them all!

—PO. Mickey Beadle

*Tramp:* "Has the doctor any old pants he could let me have?"

*Lady:* "No, they wouldn't fit you."

*Tramp:* "Are you sure?"

*Lady:* "Quite sure, I'm the doctor."

# Our Firefighters . . . .

Left to Right: F. Baker, P. Odell, W. McLean, H. Shaw, E. J. Hudson, E. Pearson, A. Williams, E. D. Brown, G. B. Harper, G. Berzuk, A. Graham, H. Conquergood, Chief: W. J. Collins



## CLASS 103B

When the request for material to put in this issue of the "Drift Recorder" was made, we "racked" our brains to know what would be suitable and finally decided that perhaps our observation since arriving a few short weeks ago would be worth noting. The name of the School "AIR OBSERVER" should qualify any trainee to write on this subject.

Perhaps the first observation one makes on arriving here is the good food served in the Airmen's Mess. The general atmosphere and friendly surroundings is noted in contrast to previous stations we have been on. We pause to offer our condolences to those whose stomachs continually persist in assuming an unstable position while airborne.

We have found our instructors patient and interested in teaching us the required syllabus and though at times we feel we are overworked, it is all for our benefit.

Our first trip in the air (the first for many of us) will always be remembered. The uneasiness and squeamishness were the most predominant feelings of reaction and it was a relief to have the feel of Mother Earth under our feet again.

With recreation facilities as they are we have found little reason to leave the Station during the week (of course we haven't time anyway). This has the result of our really gaining a more thorough friendship with our colleagues and has further fostered the spirit of team-work so necessary in aircrew.

We are looking forward to our stay at No. 5 A.O.S. and trust that the future will be as pleasant as the past.

Page Twenty

## MONEY CHANGES HANDS IN EPIC RACE

by 103's Special Correspondent

The outcome of months of bickering, boasting and challenges, the Commando course race between 103's Hale and Cousineau, Saturday became the event of the month.

July 1st in the cool of the evening, the two athletes, four competent judges and Jack Merritt assembled at the Course.

A nervous tension gripped the crowd as the athletes crouched at the starting line. Bookies did a land-office business.

The starting shot — the crowd roared as Cousineau and Hale bounded up and over the first obstacle.

"It's Hale" someone shouted. "Cousineau" was the reply and French Canada's "Alouette" broke through the tumult. "There'll Always Be an England" and "Hale" the answer returned.

As the athletes went over the fourth obstacle two women fainted, a baby cried, a new P.O. broke into tears. No one paid any attention, no one cared. The race was the thing.

The final obstacle. Hale got there first. Swinging on his great right arm that bulged with muscles, developed through night in and night out lifting exercises in Winnipeg's taverns, Hale swung to Victory.

Shaking Cousineau's hand in a comradely gesture and collecting five dollars with the other, Hale was great in Victory, as was Cousineau in defeat.



## CLASS 99A

We as 99A or 97, 98, 99 PLONK, greet the Drift Recorder for the second occasion, since being on the Station, but with mid-term examinations looming up in the horizon, we don't know whether we still have our wooden leg or a glass eye.

We have lost several of our class who have fallen by the wayside, and it is with deep regret that we have to carry on without them. The remainder of us are clinging tenaciously on to the wooden leg even though old Father Time is slowly overtaking us. This recalls a little verse, which is worth remembering:

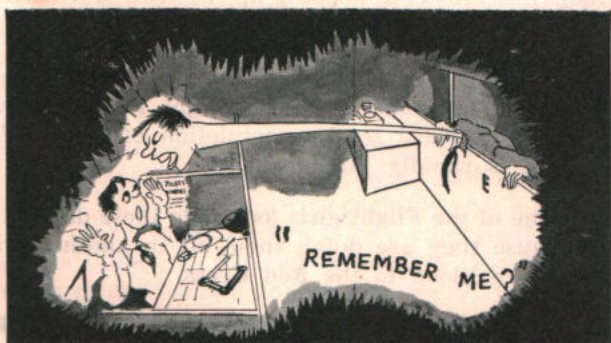
*"Man is not old when his hair turns grey,  
Man is not old when his teeth decay,  
But man is very near his last long sleep,  
When he dreams of appointments, he knows  
he can't keep."*

One of our members claims he never spent a nickel on our last 48 leave. He was too engrossed in chanting that well known song in reverse, "Always on the inside looking out."

The bug-bear on the course, especially the morning after a 48 leave, is the SDRT or Systematic Destruction of Rational Thinking. What with navigators pulling their hair out in handfuls and screaming incoherently at the Pilot for drifts, DF. fixes, etc., it is enough to upset the thinking ability of any sane human.

One of our chief worries is lack of sleep, and the recent issue of sextants has not helped us any. Now we have to place a couple of match sticks between our eyes to keep them open, while taking shots at night.

As our dear old editor has limited space, we must wave our wooden leg in farewell, until the next issue.



## CLASS 98A

The latest boast of this course is the rate at which it changes instructors. Up to date we have had seven, and we will probably finish off another two or three before the 20th week. Unfortunately we had to lose Jack Zubick who has guided our footsteps from the beginning. We were sorry to lose him but we all wish him the best of luck in his new job.

The dread shadow of the 12th week exams has passed over us and left us intact with what we think is a school record; a class average of 81 percent.

Much to everyone's regret the officers drill parades in the gym have been discounted. This is rather unfair, as it was quite as good as seeing George Formby.

We wish to congratulate the gen men who managed to get really good fixes in the CNT the other day even though the dome was incorrectly set. Good show chaps! How did you cook them?

Some gremlin keeps scrubbing our flights with a truly remarkable consistency. Usually it is because of bad weather but the other day it was scrubbed because station personnel were celebrating Dominion Day. Several members of the course were noticed making a pilgrimage to the invasion notice board just to make sure that there was a war on.

Someone in the course should qualify as a Nav. B. On coming in to land one rough afternoon it is recorded that the great city of Winnipeg was bombed by compukers. Full or empty?

We are opening a subscription to buy one member of the class a good alarm. Still, Scotty, if you had not had such an intense night you would have awakened by 7.30. What?

At present you can tell the members of the course by their dazed expressions, and vague mutterings about Coriolis, heavenly bodies (even though the 48 is 9 days away) and MFDF equals More ????? DF.

As we move steadily into the final stretch we hope that with a lot of luck, another 6 weeks will see us through.

## Yellow Files

As yellow files flow freely o'er my desk,  
With documentary data to impress  
I oft' consider as I add my chit  
How can I stop this awful bloody mess.

If I were able in some humble way  
To break the constant grind and add a word  
Of cheer and so let in the sun some day  
Where darkness reigns and freezes e'en my blood.

If I could only make a little joke  
Out of some weighty matter now and then  
Or maybe give Brass Hats a tiny poke,  
My soul would live and I could smile again.

—J.L.A.

## CLASS 104B

With high hopes course 104B, comprising 20 Canucks, three New Zealanders and two R.A.F. boys, have begun training here, under the tender supervision of FO. Florillo, PO. Graham and PO. Cobb.

Information regarding the Canadian hopefuls was lacking. However the local Police Gazette supplied some of the necessary information. Sgt. Bell and Cpl. Playfoot hail from Winnipeg and have no police record. LAC's. Moffat, Lane and Orris, Winnipeg boys, will be found expounding the advantages of the Winnipeg street cars whenever any spare time permits, although Toronto's pride, LAC's. Tolson and McCarthy usually are able to outdo them in that direction. LAC's. McKinnon and Manuch, from Vancouver and New Westminster, B.C., respectively, find raincoats excellent pyjamas (force of habit, they say). LAC. Sutton, from New Liskeard, Ontario, and LAC. Fish, from Sudbury, are the grand old poppas of our flight. LAC. Eastveld, hailing from Fort William, finds the hunting very good in Winnipeg.

Drifting in from 4 I.T.S., Edmonton, a half dozen navigators hit a Ground Position here. At the helm, returned from ops, was none other than WO.2 Speers, S.B., from down under at Enderby, B.C. LAC. W. G. Smith from Kingston, Ontario, is now quite expert at converting huge boulders into pebbles. From the bush, often bewildered but never lost, we find LAC. R. R. Smith, Jackfish Lake, Manitoba. LAC. W. Rimmer, St. James, Winnipeg, will yet draw extras as local boy makes good. LAC. Galloway will talk for hours about Sudbury, Ontario. Wonder where he is from? And last, but quite forward, happily married (and still happy?) is LAC Chapman, of Castor, Alberta. To date we have been quite resigned to stay here. Somebody swiped the birchbark we came in.

From Way Down Under, via Manning Pool, Edmonton, came a trio of Kiwis to envy the local mosquitos, who alone seem impervious to the liquid sunshine. They are PO. Pollard, PO. Snedden and LAC. McDowall. Once they looked forward to "Spring on the Prairies"!

Strangely enough, the RAF's. (LAC's. Dungworth and Woodhead) have much the same views. But all are agreed that the Western hospitality is the best yet—and improving with each succeeding leave in Winnipeg (even if the water under the beer froth does taste funny).

Will they swim? Will they stay? Will they perish? Tune in next month and find out.

---

The turtle lives 'twixt plated decks  
Which practically conceal its sex  
I think it clever of the turtle  
In such a fix to be so fertile

\* \* \*

Sure, deck your lower limbs in pants;  
Yours are the limbs, my sweeting  
You look divine as you advance  
Have you seen yourself retreating?

## NOTES and HAPPENINGS

### MAINTENANCE

Congratulations to George Follows, formerly assistant to Od Cleven, on his promotion to Crew Chief, in charge of "C1" crew in No. 1 Hangar. We wish him luck in his new position, and with the able assistance of Pete Roh as "A" Engineer, we know he will make a success of the job. A new arrival on his crew is Helen Paulson, who was transferred to Flight from No. 4 Hangar. We also welcome back to George's Crew Eileen Fowler who has been on sick leave for the past month.

George Clarke is now competently filling the position of "A" Engineer on Od Clevens' crew, and we all wish him luck. A new addition to George Follows' crew is Stan Price, formerly of Fort William, Ontario. Speaking of Fort William, we have heard some very interesting stories from three of the boys who recently spent a few days there. No doubt many stories remain untold and for full information we suggest talking to Art Armstrong, Gordon Edgar or Mike Mandock. Their trip was a complete success due to the fact that the RCAF Pilot for whom they were searching, was found safe and well.

Holiday season is now at hand. At present Stan Eccles of George Follows' crew is away, soon to be followed by Grace Johnson of the same crew and Frank Ciekiewics of Ralph Forge's crew. Grace will spend a month with relatives in Detroit.

Harold Bridgeman has left George Follows' crew to join the Navy and the members of the three crews presented him with an identification bracelet. Also a weiner roast was held in his honor on Friday, June 9th and a good turn-out resulted. We all know that weiner roasts consist of many things besides eating weiners and this one was no exception. We all enjoyed the solos of Don Appleby as well as a general sing-song. Who was the Senior Crew Chief who turned up stag? The only disappointment of the night occurred when Margaret "Hopper" Wheeler fell and cut her knee rather badly. Margaret was off work for a few days but we are all glad to see her back again.

The girls' baseball team is going full swing, and doing a very good job. It is much too early in the season to make any predictions, but we feel they will do themselves proud. Representatives from these crews are Grace Johnson, of Follow's crew and Helen McKinnon, Peggy Ball and Marg Wheeler of Ralph Forge's crew. Bouquets also go to Nadine Hodgins and Aleda Seadon for their fine efforts in keeping up the crew work while the three ball players are off duty.

Much activity is seen lately in the old Conference Room in No. 2 Hangar and the Flight Hangar crews are looking forward to the completion of the Coffee Bar which is rapidly taking shape.

If some of the Flight girls look pale these days, it is only because they are doing their bit in another way and donating blood to the Red Cross.

— R. C. Forge.

# "BOMBS AWAY"

by LAC. William H. Boyce

**T**HIS is the inside story of the workings of one of the remotest of the many sections which go to make up No. 5 A.O.S.; it is the story of life in the wide open spaces, of camp life, and of work requiring keen observation; it is the story of No. 5 A.O.S. Bombing Target at Ridgely—situated among the peat bogs twenty miles North of Winnipeg.

When your reporter visited the site of the Target a few weeks ago he found the boys in a rush of activity—it was moving day. All summer long they had lived in a tent, next to one of the two buildings which comprise this lonely outpost. All were healthy looking specimens of Canadian manhood, despite hardships of rain and wind, and we were impressed with the freedom they enjoyed when we noticed that a couple at least had taken advantage of the absence of Sgt. Majors or other such disciplinary measures to relax under a growth of three or four days chin foliage.

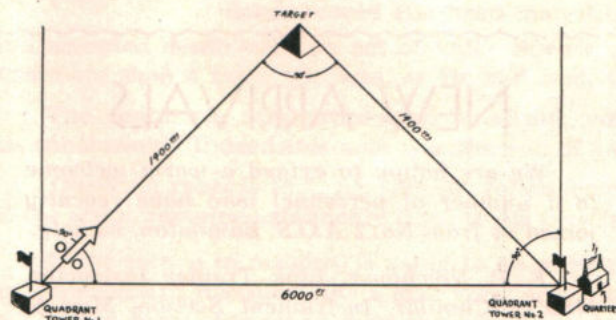
The boys are now housed in new quarters, also adjacent to one of the buildings, which are simply barrack block, kitchen and store-room all housed under one roof. From what we were able to observe, however, they still lacked a couple of modern conveniences, electricity and indoor plumbing. So, although they are comfortably situated for the winter they still appreciate the occasional trip to the city for a hot shower.

You may be wondering how the boys manage with regard to meals. They have no cook on the establishment out there—but do they starve — well, I should say not! The six or seven men at the Target, pool their resources every pay-day and make a trip to Selkirk to bring in supplies. One of their number, jovial Mike Sereney, who hails from Ottawa, has been elected as chief cook—and he certainly puts out a good meal. On the occasion of our visit he had dinner on the table less than an hour after the stove had been reassembled after moving — and it was a meal fit for any man—steak, potatoes, peas, etc. Of course steak isn't a daily fare, but we understand Mike produces quite a variety of delicacies and the boys really enjoy the life.

As far as the operation of the Target is concerned the procedure is comparatively simple. Located 6,000 feet apart, and facing inward at right angles to each other, are two square towers, or quadrants. These towers face directly toward the target which is a frame structure on which are placed electric lights powered from a special generator. The target is directly in the centre of the range of vision of each tower and slightly over 1400 yards from them. In each tower is a quadrant marked off in degrees and it is by a combination of the readings taken by the two quadrants that the exact position of the bomb's impact may be calculated. Also located in one of the towers is the radio transmitter and

receiver, in charge of a WAG., which clears the aircraft to the target as they prepare for their bombing runs. Then, in addition, there is a large red-painted arrow which points directly at the target and which at night is outlined in green lights. This serves as an aid to the bomb-aimer in making sure that he is on course and helps in identifying the target. The accompanying sketch will aid in visualizing the scene as an aircraft approaches to lay its egg.

When an aircraft has been cleared for a run on the target the boys on duty in the towers are all "eyes". They have an immense field to observe and must be prepared to catch the flash when the bomb explodes in any part of it. The boys who look after this work are LAC's. Wallie Cox, Pat Cummings, and Kudrick, Cpl. Maurice Hares and the afore-mentioned LAC. Mike Sereney. As long as the weather holds they are kept mighty busy, because the Ridgely Target is used not only by the aircraft from No. 5 A.O.S., but also those of No. 7 A.O.S. and No. 1 C.N.S., Rivers, day and night. When a "flash" is observed the watcher sights it with his quadrant and records the angle which his instrument reads. Then on specially prepared charts two angle lines are drawn for each bomb, one for the reading from each quadrant — and the spot where these lines intersect shows its position relative to the target. In this manner each bomb is correctly charted and plotted in the plotting office here at No. 5 A.O.S. from the readings sent in by a direct-wire telephone connecting it to the Bombing Range. That these chaps must be on their toes, and accurate in their work, is easy to see — for on the results of their readings often depends the difference between success and failure of a potential Air Bomber.



The average worker on the station here at No. 5 most of the pilots, and most of the Air Bombers who depend so much on their accurate and keen observation have never met these airmen who live such a hermit's existence out there on the bald prairie, or seen them in action—but all must now appreciate the import of their task — and so, in this special issue of the Drift Recorder we salute — THE RIDGLEY RANGE CREW.

## GIRLS' COUNCIL HOLDS DANCE

On June 24, the Girls Council arranged a Dance and Bond Draw to raise funds for the Girls' Baseball



Ethel Gair and Jean Dubuc

club. A large crowd attended and a good time was had by all. The station Orchestra did the musical honors with Miss S. Johnson as soloist. The draw was made by Jean Dubuc and Marcia Kunec, the holders of the lucky tickets were Ethel Gair and Isobel Taylor of the Canteen.



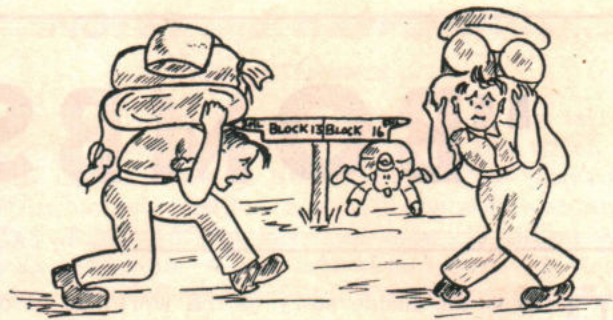
Jean Dubuc and Marcia Kunec

## NEW ARRIVALS

We are happy to extend a warm welcome to a number of personnel who have recently joined us from No. 2 A.O.S. Edmonton, namely:

F. P. Newhouse, Link Trainer Instructor, Miss S. Chmilar, Instrument Section, Miss S. G. Galavan, Radio Operator, Miss E. D. Stark, Radio Operator.

The following are pilots to whom the Anson is nothing new, D. E. Rathborne, C. G. P. Renfrew, C. Hatch, T. M. Kellough, R. A. Milne, A. B. E. Strang, T. H. Sutton, M. M. Fry, H. T. Oates.



## CLASS 97A

These notes come from a flight rapidly approaching the final exams and as our voices will no longer be heard in the loud by the time of the next publication we wish to take the opportunity of saying farewell to No. 5 A.O.S. and expressing appreciation to appropriate quarters.

During our stay we have had lots of fun, a little strife (one-sided) and a heck of a lot of work. We have had our laughs, often at our own expense, sometimes at the expense of others. For instance, one of our little lads set course on his ground speed and, believe it or not, he got there. Then there was the guy who applied Q.C. instead of magnetic connection. He might not have made out so well but he was doing just a lecture room exercise. Another two chaps went souvenir hunting the other day. Telephone wires. Don't do it, fellows, the farmers don't like it much.

Our first thanks must go to our worthy instructors for the very real interest they have shown in our progress, the Maintenance staff whose expert work is responsible for our safety in the air, and the pilots whose interest and care have brought us through unscathed. To the canteen girls, P.T. Staff, (especially Sgt. Schiffer for his Rugger arrangements) we also say "Thank you for helping us make our stay pleasant". Then last, but by no means least, comes "Pop" Ratson, the Canadian father of all boys from overseas. Leaving this mess is our only regret. So to you, Pop, and your grand staff we reluctantly say "au revoir" and "Kia Ora" from N. Zers and one Aussie of our flight. So No. 5 A.O.S. farewell! We have formed many friendships here which will ever remain pleasant memories through the years to come.



# PADRE'S PAGE

## "HARD-HEADED" RELIGION

by FL. Leo Lafreniere  
R.C. Padre

*"I sure feel a lot better since I became more conscientious about Church"*

This statement is taken from a letter of an R.C.A.F. Sergeant in England to his Mother in Winnipeg. He wrote it a few hours before the briefing which would send him on another "op". It chimes in with other "from the front" messages and with Don Gentile's comment after 350 hours of combat flying, unscathed: "If it hadn't been for the good Lord, I would never have got through this." The ace flier of the American Air Force was talking for all his co-pilots.

The number of such frank avowals, echoing more or less the famous "There are no atheists in the fox-holes", seems to show that many boys who had been neglecting religion are coming back to it and that others who had been faithful in a routine manner are realizing that it should occupy a larger place in their lives.

Although this reawakening has many good features, it would be much less welcome if it gave strength to the notion that religion is a matter of emotion and sentiment. There is much more to it than the "feeling" better or the "feeling" that because there are tremendous dangers around, there must be somebody, somewhere, to help us through them. When the "feeling" has gone, as it certainly will, it is to be feared that religion will go too.

Religion is more than that, it is something concrete, built on plain common sense and put into practice just like eating and sleeping and exercising.

The soldiers whom the Holy Scripture presents to us as making acts of Faith in the Divinity of Jesus Christ were not men carried away by strong, sudden emotion: they were hard-headed, worldly-wise Roman fighters whose chances for promotion depended on their ability to see clearly and to act accordingly. They both observed Jesus on two separate occasions, thought over what they had seen and calmly acknowledged his Divine personality.

The centurion who asked that his servant be heal-

ed by Our Lord went about it in a very matter-of-fact way. He noted Christ's cures. He said: "This man exercises powers beyond those of a mere man, therefore he must speak in the name of God. All he asks of those who want favors is to be humble and confident. I admit that he is greater than I and believe he can cure my servant." His comparison was that just as he could order soldiers around so Our Lord could order diseases, life, death. "And he was converted and all his household."

The other centurion, on Mount Calvary, was equally matter-of-fact. Jesus had declared Himself to be the Son of God. He had been laughed at. Then He had been tormented and finally crucified. And yet through

all these excruciating sufferings He had not protested nor had He cursed His persecutors as others did. He proclaimed Himself Son of God and persisted in that declaration when it would have been so easy to back out. And now, on Calvary, He was dying.

The centurion passed these details through his mind. This tortured man was certainly an extraordinary person. Those who taunted from below received words of pardon. Truly it was the man hanging there who dominated the scene. Perhaps His claims were true. The thorn crowned head bowed slowly and Jesus breathed forth His spirit. Where others struggled to the last moment, jerked convulsively and then hung lifeless, this man faced death calmly, and when its work was done, bowed His head majestically

and accepted death with an act of will. Such a man was more than a man. He was, as He had said, God.

The centurion, straightforward, unafraid, voiced his conclusion: "Indeed this man was the Son of God".

Tradition records that, he, like his fellow-convert of the army, remained staunchly loyal to his new faith.

If the return to religion is going to be more than an "emergency" measure, like a Mae West or a rubber raft, to be used only when man is beyond his depth, and is to become a real, living thing, as essential as the gasoline in the plane, it will take more than the push of emotion. Armed forces personnel will have to become "hard-headed" about religion, realize that it is just as much a part of a whole man's system as digestion and respiration and just as a practical necessity. It is the Padre's duty and pleasure to help in the development of this part of being, without which it is impossible for a man to reach the objective of life's flight.



FL. Leo Lafreniere, O.M.I.

# BLOOD

means

# LIFE . . .



Now that the final attack has begun there is an

**URGENT CALL FOR**

# **BLOOD DONORS**

Photographs have already appeared in the local newspapers showing wounded men from the invasion beaches arriving back in Britain on their way to hospitals. How many of these men owe their lives to the fact that blood serum was available cannot be accurately estimated, but certainly more than a few.

Here is a chance for us at home to make a small personal contribution to the attack. Many more blood donors are wanted at the Red Cross Blood Donor Clinic **AT ONCE!**

### *Blood Donors No. 5 A.O.S.*

DEPT.	ALREADY DONATED	DEPT.	VOLUNTEERS TO BE CALLED
Maintenance .....	56	Maintenance .....	9
Administration .....	23	Administration .....	1
Motor Transport .....	8	Motor Transport .....	2
Radio .....	8	Radio .....	1
Parachute Section .....	6	Parachute Section .....	1
Stores .....	4	Stores .....	0
Canteen .....	3	Canteen .....	4
Fire Dept. ....	1	Fire Dept. ....	0
C.C. of C. ....	1	C.C. of C. ....	1
Works & Buildings .....	0	Works & Buildings .....	1

**You Are Asked to Give Your Blood to Help Our Fighting Men.**

**For a Clinic Appointment Contact MISS M. M. DELAMATER, Station Nurse**