

# The **DRIIFT**

## RECORDER



No. 5 A.O.S.

SEPTEMBER, 1944

Winnipeg, Canada



# Our New C.S.O.

SQUADRON LEADER G. F. JACOBSEN, D.F.C., whose picture appears on the front cover of this issue, has all that a Navigation School could ask for in a C.S.O. He's young, his knowledge of navigation is extensive, he wears the coveted D.F.C., and already his administrative ability has done much for his Station.

Much like any recruit's, the story of Squadron Leader Jacobsen's climb to his present post starts at a Manning Depot. In his case, it was No. 1, Toronto and the date was June 4th, 1940. Through Manning Depot, I.T.S. at No. 1, Toronto and No. 2 A.O.S., Edmonton, where he enrolled in Course No. 1, Squadron Leader Jacobsen displayed a keen interest in navigation and upon completion of B. & G. at Mossbank and a course in Astro at No. 1 C.N.S., Rivers, he graduated on January 7th, 1941 as a Pilot Officer.

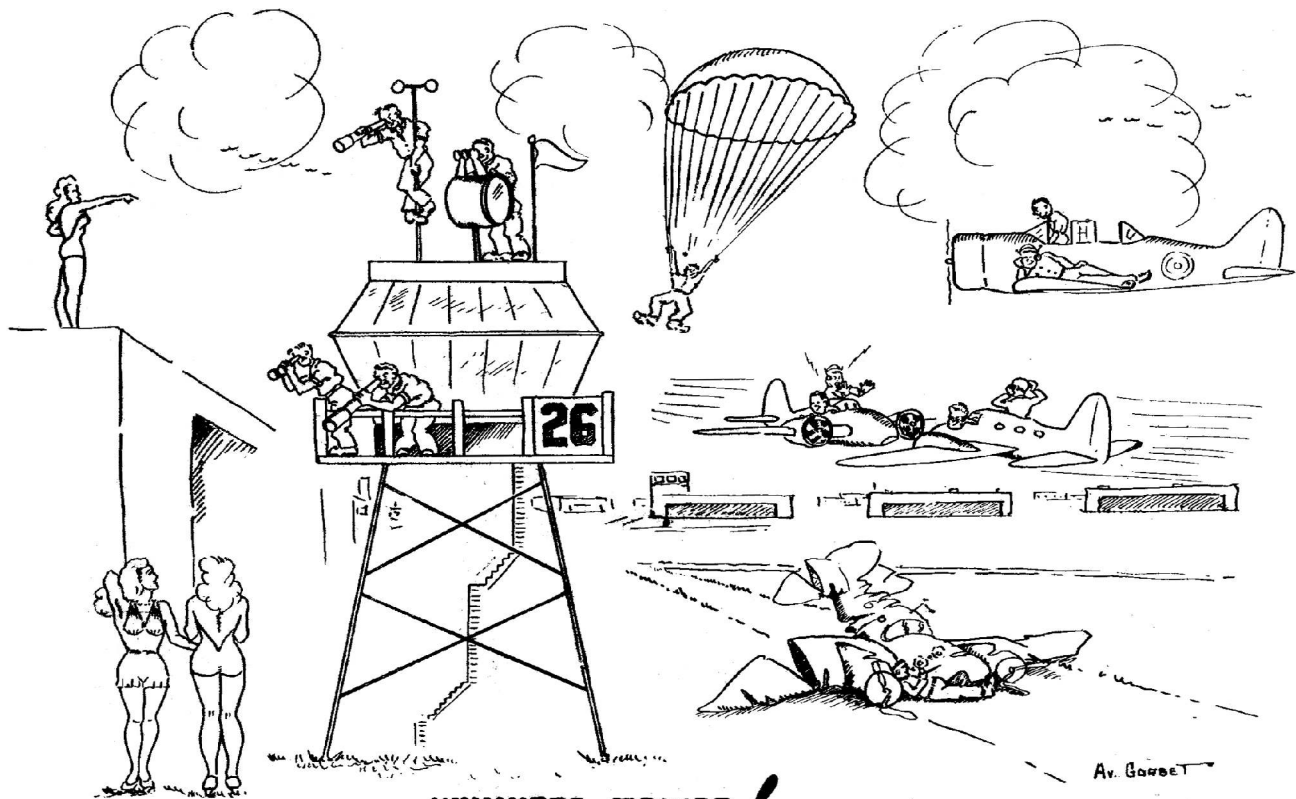
Overseas in February, 1941, he went to O.T.U. at Basingbourne and from there to 218 Squadron at Marham. During his thirty-eight trips over enemy territory, he bombed such well-known targets as Berlin, Hamburg, Stettin, Kiel, Essen, Cologne, Dusseldorf, Duisberg, Nuremburg, Frankfurt, and many others. From October 1941 to August 1942, he was Navigation Officer on 75 Squadron, a New Zealand Squadron. For one month, Squadron Leader Jacobsen was Station Navigation Officer at Mildenhall for the 149, 75 and 115 Squadrons before moving on to 3 Group H.Q. as Group Navigation Officer. This promotion brought with it for him the distinction of being the first Canadian to fill such a post in a Bomber Command Group. In August 1942, he was appointed to the rank of Squadron Leader and returned to Canada at the end of March, 1943, after which he spent a year at A.F.H.Q. as T. Nav. for the O.T.U.'s in Canada.

On July 19th of this year, Squadron Leader Jacobsen arrived at No 5 A.O.S. and three days later officially took over command of the Station.

Many of the stories of Squadron Leader Jacobsen's experiences cannot be published until after the war but there are some which can be told. On his twelfth trip, in July 1941, Squadron Leader Jacobsen saw his brother shot down over Brest in a carefully planned raid on the "Scharnhorst" and "Gneisenau". Of the nine aircraft from his Station, only one was shot down yet of the rest only three returned to the home aerodrome, his being one of these. The rest landed elsewhere, crashed, or the crews bailed out. His brother, Lloyd, who trained with him throughout his course, is now a prisoner-of-war. On his 13th trip, Squadron Leader Jacobsen was forced to bail out.

Squadron Leader Jacobsen is a Winnipeg boy. On April 10th, 1943, he married Sybil Shearer of St. Vital. If we said he was a good guy, he'd pooh-pooh the idea and not that politely either, but we of No. 5 know, that though discipline is firm, life on the station under SL. Jacobsen's supervision will be pleasant and the continued success of No. 5 A.O.S. is assured.





## WINNIPEG TOWER!

As the mighty MK I's and MK V's from No. 5 A.O.S. taxi out toward the runways, they look very peaceful and quiet. However, inside these aircraft there is bedlam. The first navigator may be seen furiously nailing his chart to the table, while falling to the floor all around him are pencils, computers, sextants, dividers, etc., etc. The second navigator is whipping the astro-compass from standard to standard, sighting on some mythical thing known as the trailing edge. The air bomber may be found (if you look closely) under a pile of maps, logs, and inter-com sets, mumbling incoherently to himself. The WAG is twirling knobs, pushing buttons, and swearing softly, as great groans and squeaks emerge from his earphones. The pilot also is pulling levers, pushing buttons, spinning handles and glaring at his instrument. But all this frantic activity will be to no avail if "The Tower" should refuse permission to take off.

"The Tower" — that little glass house perched on top of long spindly legs, beside the field, is the traffic cop on this busy corner, and its word is law.

The traffic control officer in the tower controls all incoming and outgoing aircraft, both R.C.A.F., and civil. Just stand by the field any bright, clear morning, afternoon, or evening and watch the steady stream of aircraft coming and going, and you will realize the tremendous amount of traffic handled by control in any one day.

The past record of the Winnipeg Control Tower is an excellent one — both for safety and for efficiency. Here is a brief description of the staff who maintain this record.

The Senior Traffic Control Officer, Nelson Harvey, formerly with the Meteorological Section, has worked in the tower for three years. He has just recently been promoted to his present position, succeeding Eddie Cardinal, who leaves for Ottawa, early this month.

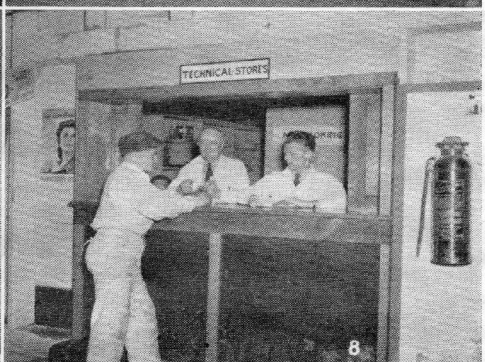
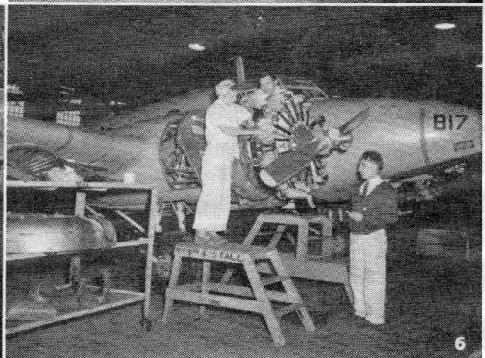
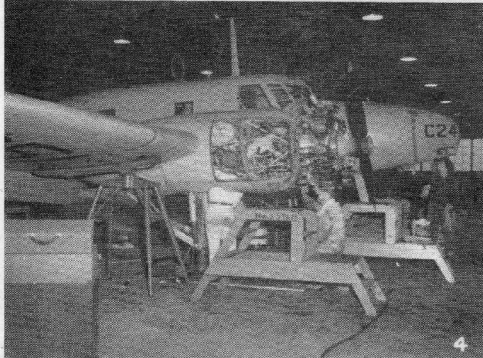
Mr. Harvey's co-workers are:—Rennie Neal, formerly employed on Radio Range, and has been with Winnipeg Tower for two years, — Rolie Porter who came here from Regina Tower about a year ago, — and Branson St. John, formerly an instructor at No. 34 E.F.T.S. Assiniboia, who arrived last month, — also from Regina Tower.

Two other men on the staff, who at present are learning the intricacies of the game, are: Norman McLeod, who recently returned from overseas, where he was a pilot instructor, — and Randy Corran, who prior to coming to Winnipeg served for about a year as Radio Range operator at White Horse.

The girls that you see in the tower as you taxi by (don't tell me you haven't noticed them) are: — Elizabeth Russell, of Winnipeg; Vivian Fuller, also of Winnipeg; and Helen Laidlaw, who hails from Indian Head, Sask. All of these girls were trained at Montreal, prior to assuming their duties at Winnipeg Tower.

These are the folks who look after our safety around the Winnipeg airport. So the next time you taxi out for a take-off, or do a couple of circuits prior to landing, give a thought to the staff of control tower. They are constantly at work behind the scenes, so that when your turn comes up to use the runway, you will have sole right to it, and will not have to fight it out with Ansons, Harvards, Cornells, Hudsons, Yales, Bolingbrokes — or what have you?

# THEY KEEP 'EM FLYING



The fine service record of Maintenance is pretty much taken for granted because maintaining that record is its job and because it does it so well, it is seldom commented upon. But such a record could not be achieved without the hard work and cooperation of everyone in Maintenance. "The Drift Recorder" is proud to present some of the tasks and those who perform them. They are, of course, but a small fraction of the total effort and personnel, but will, we hope, give our readers an insight into the work of Maintenance.

- (1) Senior Engineer of Maintenance Office "Cam" Bower (at desk) gives some instructions regarding checks and overhauls, etc., to "Olly" Radford.
- (2) "Pop" Macdonald in the Log Book Control Office can give you the "low down" on any ship at No. 5.
- (3) A Mark V. is hauled in for a check-up.
- (4) A Mark I. "getting the works". This is a 100 hour check.
- (5) They must be clean. Vera Balicky polishes a rudder.
- (6) Engines must be changed at times. A new motor is just installed in this Mark V. Harvey Anderson (top) Pearl Smith and F. Lewis.
- (7) Some trouble with the tail wheel truss. Harry Philp (right) and Charlie Brown make some repairs.
- (8) New parts required. Philip Kurdziel draws some bolts for undercarriage from G. I. Bissett. W. E. Schoyen (right) checks a file.

## THE STORY OF No. 5

By FO. ROSS ALGER

Now when this war is o'er and done,  
Perhaps by nineteen fifty-one,  
There'll come a cry from some small lad—  
"Tell us a bedtime story, Dad!"

Then Pop will swell his chest and say,  
"You bet I will, with no delay,  
Just jump in bed and man alive  
I'll tell you the story of No. 5!"

The tousled head will tuck itself in  
Till all's very comfy, just under Dad's chin,  
"Tonight's little tale's on my days at school  
With no end to working and no time to fool.

"The school I speak of isn't the one  
That you'll be going to one day, my Son;  
The one I mention was one of the best  
That ever turned airmen out of the West.

"No readin', no writin', no 'rithmetic—  
Not even the sound of a hickory stick,  
But logs by the thousands, on table, on floor,  
Logs on the wall, a million or more.

"In Winnipeg, Man. on the banks of the 'Boine  
We sweatted unmercifully, if a phrase I may coin,  
Night after night — it's a job we're alive—  
That's part of the story of our No. 5.

"Somtimes in the day — but often at night —  
We would all get together and go for a flight  
To Ninette or Brandon or some other run,  
Our steed was the best — the Anson Mark One.

"Astrograph mounted, astrocompass aligned  
The stars we would shoot, the winds we would find  
The pilot we'd warn, the WAG we'd cajole,  
Ten fixes we'd plot 'ere we got to Caroll.

"We never got lost, we always came home  
No matter from track how far we did roam;  
The course we'd compute, the drift we'd derive  
To help us get back to our dear No. 5.

"Civilians and guards and girls on the Camp,  
Cokes in the canteen, kites on the ramp,  
The chills at ten thousand, how can I forget?  
Hot coffee at midnight, it's warming me yet!

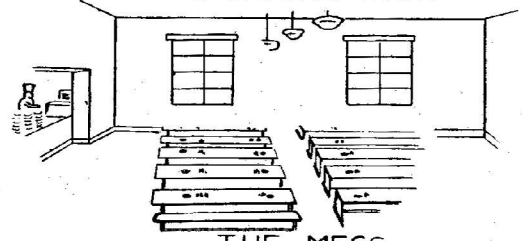
"In the winter 'twas hockey, in the summer softball,  
And when we could swing it, 'twas nothing at all,  
Parades in the morning, who thought we'd survive!  
Just another bright chapter at our No. 5.

"The flight at low level, gadzooks it was hot!  
The speed indicator was reading in knots  
As over the water at prop height we zoomed  
This one little airman was sure he was doomed."

The curly head stirred at his Pop's last remark,  
As he rubbed his blue eyes and yawned in the dark  
And he whispered so softly, the dear little lad—  
"That was some bedtime story Dad!"



THE ORDERLY ROOM



THE MESS

- Breen, Linnell

## CLASS 107B

This is the first issue of the Drift Recorder 107B has the honor of contributing to, and looking over past issues we consider it an honor, as we think the Drift Recorder is a very fine publication. (Ed's Note: Gee Thanks Fellas!)

We are now in the throes of our fourth week, having just completed our first "48". Sob! Sob! and looking in the distant future for our next one, which we will need to cram for those seventh week exams.

The class is made up of 27 men, eight are RAF, eighteen RCAF and the minority of one RNZAF. The lads come directly from England, the RCAF come from No. 2 ITS, Regina and PO. Greenwood, our Newsie, transferred from Course 103 after spending a while in the hospital.

We have made five flights, some were smooth and others not so smooth, which quite a number of the class found out, but all in all, we have enjoyed our air exercises.

So much for the news and views of 107B — here's hoping we'll stay on track till deadline time for the next issue.

\* \* \*

A recruit was running the obstacle course, puffing and groaning, when finally he fell down.

"What's the trouble", demanded Schiff.

"I think I've broken my leg, sir," the victim moaned.

"Well, don't just lie there and waste time," shouted Schiff, "Start doing push-ups."

## KEEP IT CLEAN!

When you're eating your lunch,  
Your dinner or brunch,  
Or merely enjoying a smoke,  
It's greatly despised  
And not civilized  
To spill cocoa or coffee or 'Coke'.

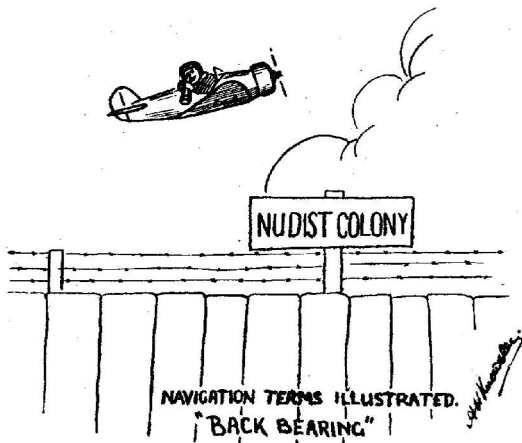
And don't ever feel,  
When an orange you peel  
Or a lunch you unwrap in a rush  
That the waitress can clean  
All the mess that has been  
Left lying around in a mush.

When you're doing your work  
And some untidy jerk  
Leaves a wing where the 'props' should  
have been,  
You curse and you swear  
And you tear out your hair  
And say things quite bad and obscene.

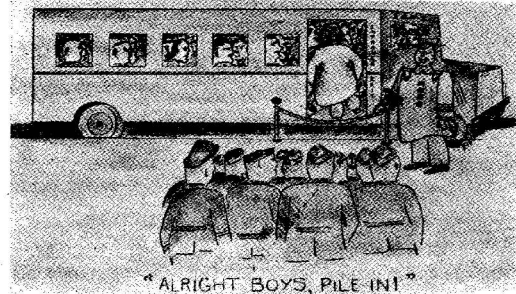
At the end of the table  
You'll see (if you're able)  
A waste paper basket's on hand  
For the garbage and waste  
That is not 'to your taste'.  
For 'Refuse' is healthier canned.

So whatever the jerk,  
Be he pilot or clerk  
Or a service-man tending a plane,  
Will you do as requested?  
Ah yes! You have guessed it!  
WE DON'T WANT TO ASK YOU AGAIN!

—DORIS WALSH,  
Payroll Office, No. 5 A.O.S.



## Ain't it a Fact!



## CLASS 102B

### "THOUGHTS ON THE 'N'"

(on the blackboard in our classroom)  
All ye who would the brevet wear  
Tarry here awhile in prayer,  
And daily salutations make  
To Allah\*, for his own confounded sake.  
\*Who's he?

The issue of the Drift Recorder always seems to catch us in the middle of exams — this time the fourteenth week variety, of an intensity and brutality that none can deny. Outside this gala week our life has progressed energetically towards the paths of higher navigation. PO. Lynch left us "to take some other station" and we were very sorry to see him go but we are fortunate to have PO. Burgess in his place. FS. Upton has joined the course for a "refresher", and naturally adds tone and standing to this otherwise undignified array of struggling mortals. We have also a New Zealand representative in Leslie Speer, who joined us from 98 Course. Six men have left us, in sickness, and, we fear, in health. Ave atque vale! In the air we have drilled coastally and searched squarely; we have D.R'd ahead in inconceivably minute periods of time; we have applied variation wrongly; we have used GS. instead of TAS for our airplot, we have used m.p.h. instead of knots; we have been responsible for fallacies and we have defeated the purpose of the exercise. But through all we have survived, remembering that man is not lost but that his circle of uncertainty is irresistibly large. We have also practised crew-co-operation — on the ground, in air analysis periods, where we have to bind ourselves together against the villainy of the instructors. No quarter is expected, and certainly none is given.

In the odd five minute periods when we are not labouring, we play football, some with skill, but all with gust. Wilf Storer and Ginger Ellis were awarded their jerkins for playing with the "Champs" all through the season, and Ray Burton has represented the School on a number of occasions; our congratulations to them. But we must stop: swotting calls and Nav. Theory will wait not. Time marches on and all we can do is fall in behind and keep step with it.

## HERE'S YOUR CHANCE

By FO. W. G. COOPER

The Staff in the Education Office has been aware of an added interest in the services it has to offer the past month. What the new stimulus is, we are not sure. It might be that our new location in the G.I.S. has made it handy for airmen to drop in the discuss their educational problems, or it may be that the success of our fighting men indicates an early close of hostilities with the accompanying transition of personnel to civil life. At any rate, the number of men interviewed is well over the figure for any preceding month, the number of Legion Courses ordered has doubled preceding months and a typing class has been organized at the request of interested airmen.

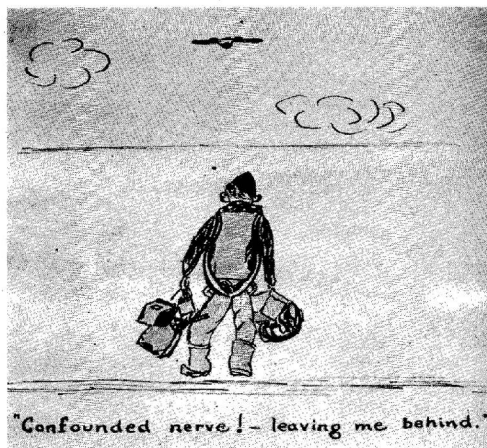
The purpose of this article is to make known to every airman, the facilities that are his through the Education Officer.

There are scores of men in the Airforce who for one reason or another, have not completed high school work. Many of these lads now realize the inadequacy of their schooling and wish to improve it. This can be done while you wear the uniform. Many fellows are doing it in spare service time, others are utilizing their evenings. The point is this: You can obtain correspondence courses absolutely free by means of which you can get credit in any province for every high school grade. And this is not all; if you are a high school graduate, and wish to get University credit towards a degree you can obtain a wide variety of courses at a fraction of their cost in civil life. Besides this academic work, approximately 160 courses can be obtained on technical and vocational subjects, ranging from typing to refrigeration.

In connection with the opportunity to study which is offered to you, every airman should know that the service is developing a new department. Men have been trained to conduct tests which show one's natural aptitudes. A number of these men, Personnel counselors, have already been trained and some have been posted to their units. Because No. 5 A.O.S. has not a large enough strength, there will not be a counsellor here permanently. However, there is one attached to No. 8 Repair Depot, who, it is expected, will visit this unit at intervals. If you wish to be interviewed to discover your aptitudes it will be possible to do so. His presence on the station will be announced in D.R.O.'s when he arrives. Watch for it. At an interview you will be questioned and given an opportunity to discuss your hopes with the Counsellor. A series of three or four tests will be given to you from which the Counsellor will be able to suggest along what lines your aptitudes lie. He will advise you then to visit the Education Officer, who will suggest courses which will develop your talents. The choice is up to you. The Government is prepared to go the extra mile to get you rehabilitated satisfactorily, but remember always that you must play ball too. The Government's part in rehabilitating you is to give you an opportunity to learn something, by means of which you can take your place in civil life. You will not be guaranteed a job, and you will not like-

Page Six

ly be offered one by the Government. This is a physical impossibility, and would ruin your incentive. Instead everything possible is being done to help you prepare yourself for the day you will step into civil life. Have you ever seen a position 'open up' which might have been yours had you already acquired a certain knowledge or a certain skill? It is the man who takes advantage of spare time to acquire a skill or certain information, who steps into a good position when it presents itself. You are extremely well advised to utilize spare service time to get as far ahead as possible before the peace bells chime, so that when the time comes to face the fierce competition of thousands of servicemen returning to civil life you will be able to be "in there" with the best of them.



### CLASS 105B

To start with, we have found in our happy little flight, some very unique and original personalities. Our hats off first of all to LAC. Quist, who stands on the corner of Hudson's Bay, and is still trying to convince the natives of Winnipeg that the real Canada is anything East of Pape Avenue, Toronto. So here's luck to the "SCARBORO KID."

A lot of the boys still snicker when they take a drift on the L.D.R., for they recall not so long ago when our "Brantford Whizz", LAC. Sirota was conscientiously taking drift on a beautiful little Cumulus. (Note: He arrived back at base).

One of our boys, LAC. Rutledge, wishes to be remembered to the boys. His shoulder, which he broke playing hardball, is healing satisfactorily.

Last but by far not least, the flight extends thanks to the staff and Station for the picnic at which the majority of the flight attended, and had a really swell afternoon.

And so we leave you with LAC. Miller's voice still ringing in our ears. "Oh Pilot please take me home!"

attached



matched



hatched



Anyone who thinks that, because there's a dearth of births, a lack of engagements and a noticeable decrease in folks getting hitched, there won't be a page devoted to this department, is crazy. Even if there were only one item, there would be, because on August 3, Pamela Elizabeth Brown was born and believe it or not she is the most wonderful baby in the world. You have your editor's word for it.

★ ★ ★

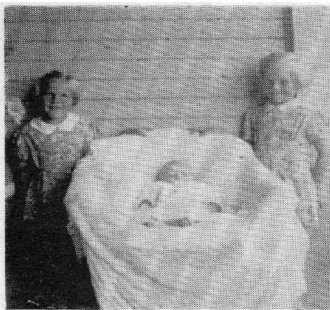
On July 4, a son, William Desmond, was born to FO. and Mrs. Bill Ramsay. Bill was heard to exclaim at the time, "He's the most wonderful baby in the world."

On August 20, a son, Robert Stanley, was born to FO. and Mrs. Ken Miller. Ken was heard to exclaim at the time, "He's the most wonderful baby in the world."

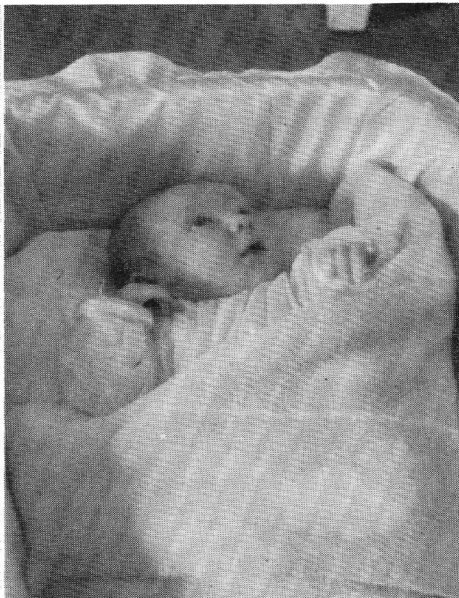
HOW ABOUT IT?

This seems to be the hardest department to run (the manpower shortage is acute!) For the October issue, pictures must be in the hands of the editor by October 1, but we can take items of engagements, marriages and births right up to with a week of publication. Let's have that news!

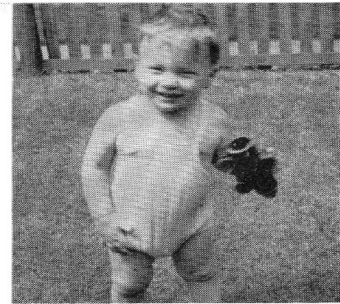
...MORE 'MOST WONDERFUL CHILDREN'



Betty 6 · Luella 5 · Barry 3 Mos. Harvey Kidd, M.T. Section. Father



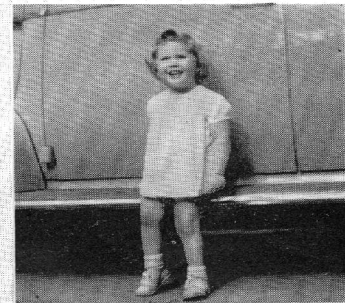
Kathryn, Jean, Daughter of F/O and Mrs. Herb Moore



Ian, Robert · 14 Months · Son of F/O and Mrs. Jim Peat



Harry, Son of Sgt. and Mrs. H. Pratt. Photo Was Taken in 1943 at London, England.



Leslie, Pride and Joy of F/O and Mrs. Harry Seed

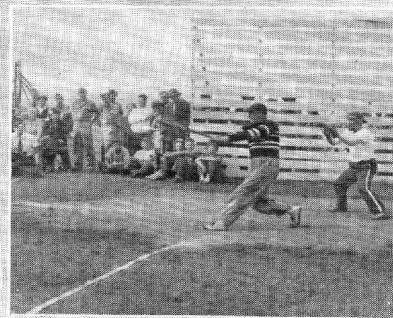


HERE'S A POPULAR JOINT...EAT AT POPS

F.O. BERT MYERS AND S/L G.F. JACOBSEN IN PENSIVE MOOD



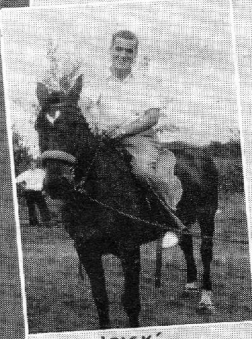
F.L. PHIL BABY, THE BABY BABY (OR VICE VERSA) AND F.L. BOB MCCUTCHEON



SWING IT, SCOTTY, SWING IT . . .



TRUBY WILLIAMS STUFFS CHARLIE RIGGALL WITH PIE UNDER THE EAGLE EYE OF JUDGE BOB MASON



'PICK' JUST A BOY AT HEART!



F.L. WEST - S/L GOLDSMITH - ARTHUR MORRISON - D.S. ORMOND AND GUESS WHO



CLEAR THE TRACK, BOYS . . . . .



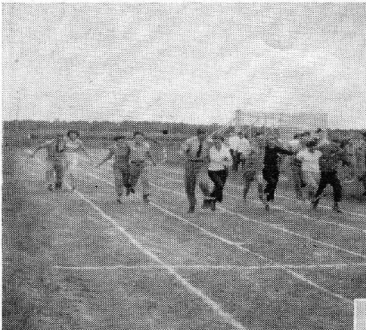
'RUGGER' FINAL SCORE: SGTS: 15 LACs: 9



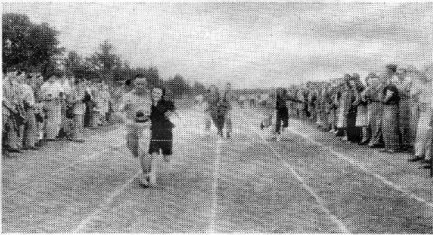
THE LARGEST FAMILY - OOPS, WAIT A MINUTE . . . .



THIS IS THE LARGEST FAMILY - SGT. AND MRS. CYR AND THEIR FIVE RECEIVE PRIZE FROM MISS WHITEFOOT



GET A LOAD OF THESE GUYS AND GALS...



F.O. AL. GOHL COMES IN LAST



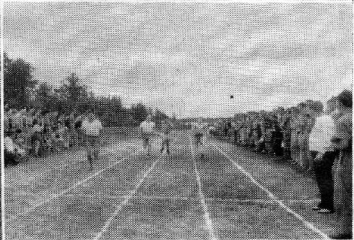
THE WINNER HAD THIS RACE IN THE BAG!



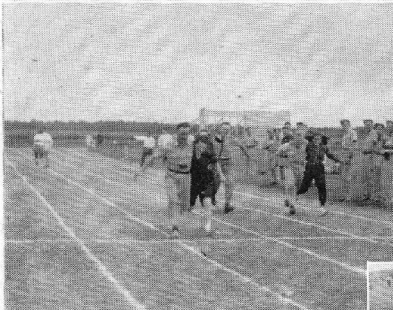
SUCH SPEED, SUCH FORM!



F/5 MILLETTE AND PIPE BAGGING A WINNER



PALMER WINS -- THE PROFILE BELONGS TO F/5 GEDDES



COME ON, AL!



THREE LEGS ARE BETTER THAN TWO?



F/1 DOUGLAS, F/1 RICHARDSON, F/1 NAHASS AND F/1 PICKERING IN THE 100FT. DASH.



THE OFFICERS -



THE N.C.O.'S -



AND THE WINNERS!

# KIDDIES' KORNER



THE EDITOR'S DAUGHTER WAS TOO YOUNG FOR THIS GROUP OF HAPPY YOUNGSTERS



LOOK AT THOSE EXPRESSIONS --



AND THOSE!



SHY, PUZZLED, CONFIDENT, INDIFFERENT AND JUST A LITTLE NERVOUS...



PHIL JANZ LENDS A HAND..



LOOK AT THOSE DETERMINED FACES!



A BIG HIT WITH THE KIDS AND FL. TREV. PICKERING.

# PUMPKIN PIE DERBY



ONE GUY LAUGHED SO MUCH HE GOT LARYNGITIS...



AND PETER HAY HELPS A TODDLER FINISH LAST!



MRS. NELLIE GALLAMER PRESENTS A PRIZE TO NANCY HANSON

FINAL  
EDITION

# The Beacon

Less  
Comics

Vol. 1—No. 5—4 Pages

WINNIPEG, SEPTEMBER 1944

Weather—All Wet.

## Civy Tuggers Defeat NCO's

### Works and Buildings Triumph

WINNIPEG, August 12.—In a brilliant burst of pep and energy, the tough guys of No. 5 pulled an almost equally tough team of N.C.O.'s around the Sports Field to win the 1944 Tug-of-War championship, held at the Annual Picnic. Their triumph was a dramatic one. All afternoon the contest between the Officers and N.C.O.'s had been publicized as the Event of the afternoon. Coached by that mighty "up and atom" Cec. Douglas (known to all men with pull as "Cecil B. de Doug" from the show of the same name), the Officers' team looked mighty good on paper. Trouble is they didn't stay on paper. The team boasted such strong men as "Pancho" Potten, the wild bull of Station Control, that noted horseman "Pick" Pickering, "Muscles" McCutcheon, "Let me at 'em" Lehto, Graham and Greenwood, the twin mastodons, Harry "Gone to" Seed and Bert West, who can tear a page from the Manual of Air Force Law, using only one hand. The N.C.O.'s team was an equally noted aggregation, star-studded with strongmen such as Steve Lisoweski, FS. Geddes who can tear down an airman using only his trained tonsils, "Laughing Boy" Little, "Burly" Bogue, "Caveman" Cameron, "Superman" Sheehan, Jackson, Goldsburg, Treasure and even Atlas himself, who is masquerading at the School under the alias "Sgt. Schiffer." As we said, the Officers should have stayed on paper, or at least on their feet, because they were decisively beaten by the crafty N.C.O. team. Broken-hearted, Cec. Douglas disbanded his team.

Then it happened. From the ranks of the W. & B. roared a mighty challenge. The teams lined up. The pull started. Then the N.C.O.'s found W. & B. had an extra man. Once

more even, the teams started again. This time the crafty N.C.O.'s whipped in a couple of men complete with cleats. Off came the shoes, and the struggle began again. W. & B. won.

In an exclusive interview with "The Beacon", a W. & B. official spokesman said, "We're a great team, and we're glad we won. Names? Well, we're too modest to mention them. But here's the secret of our success, we eat Krunchy Krinkles for breakfast!"

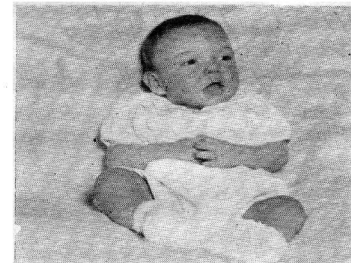
### Monsoon Season Too Much for Bus

WINNIPEG, Sept. 1. — The four-inch rainfall which turned the station and its environs into a quagmire claimed as its first casualty the famous "Five" bus, relic of bygone days and answer to the famous query, "Will the automobile replace the horse?"

At the Deer Lodge Terminal, commuters to No. 5 were amazed and alarmed to find a covered wagon awaiting to whisk (such whimsy!) them to work. One guy intent on being comfortable dangled his legs over the end. Naturally the first small pond crossed soaked him to the knees just as the truck passed the broken bus. Several displayed vertebrae were reported on the new Commando course otherwise known as "Road Under Construction."

### High Flyer

It seems that when Donald arrived in this world and discovered his Dad was a pilot, his one ambition has been to outshine the "old man" in the field of Aviation. His chance finally came when Pop was transferred from No. 2 A.O.S. at Edmon-



ton to Winnipeg and decided to send for him and his mother. They were vacationing in Vancouver, so he did a little campaigning with Mother, and convinced her that in coming to Winnipeg, they should be loyal to the profession and make the trip by air. Passage was booked via T.C.A., and the trip made according to Donald's plans. Crossing of the Canadian Alps was made at 18,000 feet, at which height it is necessary for the passengers to use oxygen, and Donald was no exception. He was given an oxygen tube to place in his little mouth, but took it for some kind of an all-day sucker, and wanted to chew it. It was finally decided to fit him with a regulation mask, which Mother had to sit and hold in place during the trip. However, all went well, and Donald thoroughly enjoyed the experience. Papa Rathborne is somewhat perturbed though, for in all his experience as a pilot, he has never flown at that height, neither has he ever had occasion to use an oxygen mask.

## The Beacon

"Sheds light on many subjects"

Editor-in-chief ..... P.O. FRED C. BROWN\*  
 Managing Editors .....  
 Associate Editors .....  
 Feature Editors .....  
 Circulation Manager .....  
 \*Lonesome, isn't it

### Editorial

So many people missed "The Beacon" last issue that we hasten to make it once more an integral part of "The Drift Recorder".

Since it is the less serious part of your magazine, we can use this short space to remind certain classes about their lack of cooperation and to point out that this is their magazine. Our readers want to know what's happening around the station and unless everyone turns reporter, some of the best stories are lost. There are still civilian sections which are too bashful to hand in material.

Come on, folks, remember what we said about a full orchestra sounding better than a one-man band.

\* \* \*

We must have hit an exam season with this issue, because the class news has been very scarce indeed. Don't forget, fellows, this is your souvenir of No 5 and as such is worth a few minutes' thought and effort to record your deeds indelibly in these pages. Get a class reporter today and see that your class gets the publicity it merits.

\* \* \*

Near the end of the month, ye olde Ed. will sneak away for a spot of well-deserved rest (nuts to youse wise guys!) so you'll probably be spared the mournful cry, "How about a contribution?" for a few days. But our next issue must come out in the middle of October, so let's have the news and views all in by October 1. Class news will be collected by P.O. Peter Cragg and Harry Warr will continue to trudge around the station in search of elusive civilian copy. Let's make the next issue a honey!

## Dentists' Dilemma

This picture shows those redoubtable dentists, Capt. Brewer and Capt. Rabinovitch guarding their gasoline dump. Seems that the "tug 'em" twins

wanted to keep a gallon of gasoline on their premises for use in their work, but the authorities frowned upon this fire hazard. Then came the pay-off. Dozens of carpenters were rushed to the vacant lot adjoining the Dental Clinic and there they built a gasoline container, painted it a brilliant red, and laid down a board-walk to it. The capacity of this gasoline dump is one gallon. On rainy days, you can see Capt. Rabinovitch in his rubber dinghy 'punting on the Thames' as he paddles out to get a drop of gasoline.

Capt. Brewer is at present taking a rest cure at Brandon, but Lieut. Salter has stepped in to fill the breach (or should we say cavity?)



## Reference B & B 3X-24614

File: Inv. Form A62B-M.P.

As Head of the Division of Provision for Revision  
 Was a man of prompt decision — Morton Quirk.  
 Ph.D. in Calisthenics, P.D.Q. in Pathogenics,  
 He has just the proper background for the work.

From the pastoral aroma of Aloma, Oklahoma,  
 With a pittance of a salary in hand,  
 His acceptance had been whetted, even aided and abetted  
 By emolument that netted some five grand.

So, with energy ecstatic this fanatic left his attic  
 And hastened on to Washington, D.C.  
 Where with verve and vim and vigor he went hunting for the nigger  
 In the woodpile of the W.P.B.

After months of painful process, Morton' spicular proboscis  
 Had unearthed a reprehensible hiatus  
 In reply by Blair and Blair to the thirteenth questionnaire  
 In connection with their inventory status.

They had written — "Your directive when effective was defective  
 In its ultimate objective — and what's more,  
 Neolithic hieroglyphic is, to us, much more specific  
 Than the drivel you keep dumping at our door."

This sacrilege discovered, Morton fainted — but recovered  
 Sufficiently to wire, "We're convinced  
 That sabotage is camouflaged behind perverted persiflage—  
 Expect me on the 22nd inst."

But first he sent a checker, then he sent a checker's checker,  
 Still nothing was disclosed as being wrong,  
 So a checker's checker's checker came to check the checker's checker,  
 And the process was laborious and long.

Then followed a procession of the follow-up profession  
 Through the records of the firm of Blair and Blair  
 From breakfast until supper some new super-follow-upper  
 Tore his hair because of Morton's questionnaire.

The File is closed, completed, though our Hero, undefeated,  
 Carries on in some Department as before;  
 But Vict'ry is in sight of — not because of, but in spite of  
 Doctor Morton's mighty effort in the war.

## Are You Man or Mouse?

Now that there's all this talk of Rehabilitation and Find Your Aptitude, it's about time someone evolved a Simple Test to answer the above Burning Question, because, after all, upon the answer to that depends all the other answers to a lot more involved queries such as "Will you refuse to leave when discharged?" So before you rush headlong to the Personnel Counsellor or Family Psychiatrist or away on Farm Leave, answer this simple questionnaire and you'll have the answer. Do not peek at the answers at the foot of the page or you're a mouse. Just check the answers that apply to you.

- 
1. When the station orchestra plays "Bust Me Big Boy with a Boogie Beat" you
    - (a) Jump up, grab the vocalist, and really swing it.
    - (b) Look around to see if PO. McIntyre is still Orderly Officer.
    - (c) Just sit there and wait for a waltz.
  2. When FS. Geddes chides you on your Personal Appearance, you
    - (a) Rip off your Suits Aircrew Top (which you are wearing with shorts) and offer to knock his block off.
    - (b) Hand over your "I" card and a piece of Dentyne.
    - (c) Look around to see if PO McIntyre is still Orderly Officer.
  3. When **FLIGHT SERGEANT** Schiffer suggests a brisk tour of the Commando Course, you say:
    - (a) "Yippee, let me at it!"
    - (b) "Aw hell, Sarg., can't we be friends?"
    - (c) "Who, me?"
  4. When you go to Kenora, you
    - (a) Dash into the water and head for Toronto with an eight-beat crawl.
    - (b) Float on your back and wonder what the met. man would call that little pink cloud.
    - (c) Lie on the sand and look at the babes.
  5. When you see FL. Pickering on a horse (see Picnic Pictures), you
    - (a) Dash up and ask them for a 48.
    - (b) Pat him gently on the nose.
    - (c) Whisper in his ear "What do you like in the 5th at Polo Park?"
  6. When you see a shapely blonde getting on the bus, you
    - (a) Push your way forward.
    - (b) Just stand and watch.
    - (c) Turn away and wait for the next bus.
  7. Your idea of a perfect day is
    - (a) A parade, a morning flight, S.D.R.T. in the p.m. and Star Recognition at night.
    - (b) Four Saturday Lectures and a half holiday.
    - (c) Any half of a 48.
  8. When your log whips through the perspex, you
    - (a) Grab a 'chute, and dive out after it.
    - (b) Warn the pilot and level the astro compass.
    - (c) Sit back and relax.
- 

### SCORING SYSTEM

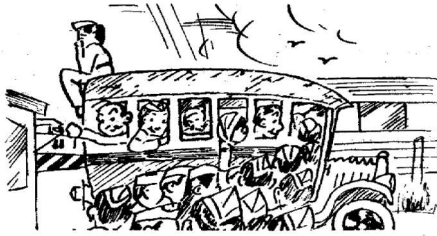
For each (a) checked, score yourself 10. If you have checked all (a's) you should be ashamed of yourself.

For each (b) checked, score yourself 7 and look around to see if PO. McIntyre is still Orderly Officer.

For each (c) checked score yourself 3 and take a brisk glance in the mirror.

Now for the answer. Clutch your score card firmly in your little hot hand and swarm up to your favorite babe. Ask her firmly, "Am I a man or a mouse?" She'll tell you.

### SEED'S SERVICE FOR SERVICEMEN



"If the transmission is busted, it's one of ours." Do you want a lift from Portage? See us first. You'll stand in line, though.  
Pool cars our speciality.  
Our Motto:—"Leave us walk."  
Phone 43.

### Just juking

*Instructor:* You should have been here at eight o'clock.

*New Navigator:* Why? What happened.

\* \* \*

*He (stopping):* "I've lost my way."

*She:* "Don't flatter yourself, dope. You never had a way."

\* \* \*

A buck private and his girl were riding out in the country on horseback. As they stopped for a rest, the horses rubbed necks affectionately.

"Ah, me," sighed the private, "That's just what I'd like to do."

"Well, go ahead," said the girl, "it's your horse."

\* \* \*

*She:* "You look very downcast."

*He:* "Yes, my wife has been away for six weeks, and she's just come back."

*She:* "And does that make you so unhappy?"

*He:* "Well, I told her I spent all my evenings at home—and today the light bill came. It's for fifty cents."

\* \* \*

A certain newspaper editor had cause to admonish his son on account of his reluctance to attend school.

"You must go regularly and learn to be a great scholar," said the fond father encouragingly, "otherwise you can never be an editor, you know. What would you do, for instance, if your paper came out full of mistakes?"

"Father", was the reply, "I'd blame 'em on the printer."

And then the father fell on his son's neck and wept for joy. He knew he had a worthy successor for the editorial chair.

*Helen:* How did you stop your husband from staying out late?

*Mabel:* When he came in late I called out — "Is that you, Jack?"

*Helen:* How did that stop him?

*Mabel:* My husband's name is Bill.

\* \* \*

Bob should never have married Joan. In six months she's made him a pauper.

Wow! Was it a boy or a girl?

\* \* \*

"Who was that physical wreck I saw you with last night?"

"Oh, I call him Ersatz. He's substituting 'til the Germans and Japs are licked and Bill comes home again."

\* \* \*

*Father:* I'm going downstairs to throw daughter's young man out.

*Mother:* Now, Dad, remember how we used to court.

*Father:* Gosh, I never thought of that! Out he goes!

\* \* \*

A sweet young thing grabbed a taxi downtown the other day and said to the driver, "To the maternity hospital, and never mind rushing—I only work there."

\* \* \*

A Londoner got on a bus, carrying a hundred-pound bomb, and sat down.

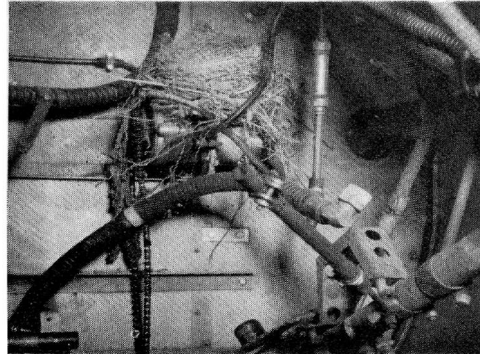
"What's that you've got on your lap?" asked the conductor.

"A delayed-action bomb I'm taking to the Police station," was the explanation.

"Good grief," shouted the conductor, "you don't want to carry a dangerous thing like that on your lap. Put it under the seat."

### BIRD FANCIERS AWAKE!

Would you like an old Anson for a bird house? Do your birds long for aeronautical surroundings? If so see Mr. Ruse for something like this:



To get one of the cute bird-houses, all you have to do is tear off the Wing of a Mark 1 and mail it with a copy of any Tuesday's D.R.O.'s and you'll get the bird.

# Rehabilitation

By Sgt. A. ROBERTSON

Canada is well in advance of most countries in her planning for the rehabilitation of her ex-service men. Already most of the plans are in operation and many thousands of discharged men and women have taken advantage of them.

Back in December 1939, the Prime Minister of Canada appointed a Cabinet committee to study the problem of demobilization and rehabilitation. This Cabinet committee, under the chairmanship of the Minister of Pensions and National Health, appointed in turn an advisory committee, made up already of deputy ministers and senior officials of the Civil Service. Under this advisory committee, sub-committees of experts in various fields were set up to deal with specific problems arising in the program of retraining. The work of most of these committees has been completed, their recommendations have been sent in to the General Advisory Committee for approval. The recommendations approved by the Advisory Committee were then forwarded to the Cabinet Committee and then took the form of legislation. A great deal has already been made law and changes for the better are continually being made.

The following outline will give you an idea of what has been made law and what you can expect when you are discharged.

When you receive your discharge you will be given a thorough medical and dental check. If you are fit, you will receive your rehabilitation grant of one month's pay and allowances, one hundred dollars clothing allowance, and your fare home or to your place of enlistment.

Free medical care is given to all men for almost every disorder arising within one year of date of discharge. If the disorder is caused by service, the hospitalization is free for life. Dependants' allowances will be paid.

If you are temporarily incapacitated or unable to find a job when you are discharged you may receive the out-of-work benefits for any period up to the length of service with a maximum of twelve months. The benefits are \$50.00 monthly for a single man and \$70.00 monthly for a married man.

A great many men will wish to return to their old jobs. If you return within three months from the date of your discharge, the employer is required, with certain reasonable safeguards, to reinstate you in employment "under conditions not less favorable than those which would have been applicable had enlistment not taken place."

In addition to your rehabilitation grant and clothing allowance, you will receive a sizeable gratuity which depends upon your length of service in Canada and Overseas. For every month spent in Canada you receive \$7.50 and \$15.00 for every month spent overseas. For every six months overseas you will also receive a sum

equal to seven days pay and allowances. In addition to the grant and gratuity mentioned above, a re-establishment credit equal to the amount of the gratuity is available for certain specified purposes.

If you wish to brush up in your old trade or learn a new one, the Government will help you. You may take vocational courses up to one year in length and your fees will be paid. You will also receive a subsistence allowance of \$60.00 a month if you are single and \$80.00 a month if you are married, while undergoing training.

Some fellows were not finished high school or were ready to enter a University when they enlisted. If you are one of these fellows and are the "keen type" you may receive one month at school or University free for every month you spent in the Service. Your fees will be paid and you will receive subsistence similar to that already mentioned in the preceding paragraph. This is a wonderful opportunity and you should prepare yourself for it.

If you have a subject or two of high school to complete, you may take them now while you are in the service. You will then be ready to enter University when you are discharged. Your Education Officer can get courses on academic or vocational work free for you.

The Veterans' Land Act has made a very good opportunity for a man to establish himself either in full time farming or on a small holding coupled with employment or commercial fishing.

If you have two years farming experience you may take advantage of full time farming. You are allowed to choose your own farm and may borrow up to \$6,000.00 to become established. If you take the maximum loan and fulfill all your obligations the Government will absorb \$2,320.00 of your loan. Smaller amounts are available for men who wish to have a house and a few acres in a low tax area. To take advantage of this offer you must have a job in town which will enable you to meet your payments. Similar assistance will also be given you if you wish a small holding coupled with commercial fishing.

Preference in employment is provided for members of the service who wish to enter the Civil Service and other employers are being encouraged to adopt the same policy. Also, to help the service man find a job, an Employment Service has been instituted in all main centres across Canada. A Welfare Division and Citizens' Committee have also been established in all centres to help you with your re-establishment problems.

Your Education Officer has the "gen" on this rehabilitation and the details, which have been omitted from this article, may be obtained by calling at his office in the G.I.S. Building.

## DESPATCH

Things have been happening so fast around here lately that it is hard to know where to begin. We'd like to welcome our new operators Emily Stark and Gerry Galavan from Edmonton, Isabelle Hepburn of the C.W.A.C. and Helen Hawkins who has come back to us after an absence of almost a year. This information should answer the many inquiries as to who the new flywheel girls are — especially the one with the "Tiddly Dress" — term meaning anything and everything nice. We'll leave it up to WAG talent to find out the phone numbers.

It was, however, with much regret that we said goodbye to Muriel Holland who is now living in Vancouver; Adeline Kruse and Fran Fryday who are with the Civil Service in Ottawa; Alma Poff, Marg, Holliwell and Polly Ormond. The famous "Canteen Romance" materialized into wedding bells when Marg Holliwell became the wife of Flt. Sgt. Terry of New Zealand. Best wishes to her and Polly Ormond whose marriage to Lieut. Commander John Somers R.C.N.V.R. took place this month.

Kay McKenzie, Gertie Gillis and Jean Senyk are back from Toronto. Congrats to Jean on her engagement to Sgt. Eric Walker.

By the way the girls are wondering who the WAG is who takes his alarm clock up with him every night and what he would do if the alarm didn't go off every half hour to wake him up for his position report.

Thanks to Sgt. Weir and Cpl. Simmons for giving us a hand when we were short of operators.

## SENIOR DUTY OFFICER'S LAMENT

By FO. BILL RAMSAY

My path's beset with grief and woe  
Since I became an S.D.O.  
For if the scheduled flights don't soar  
Then Pancho \* hands out guff galore.

But if I send the boys to fly  
When CB clouds are in the sky,  
And they should stray away from track —  
So help me — they may ne'er come back.

When rain-filled clouds are overhead,  
The pilots say, "Let's go to bed".  
But Pancho says to S.D.O.  
"In spite of thunder, make them go".

And while my hair is turning gray,  
I send those rascals on their way  
And home I go to sleepless bed  
Lest those poor blighters come back dead.

So if I send the boys to fly  
They may get lost up in the sky  
But if I say "Oh, leave it be!"  
Then Pancho cuts off my D.F.C.

\* Pancho, of course, is none other than FO. Ray Potter, who is FL's. George Brand's right hand man in the Station Control Office.

## CLASS 100B

Here another month has rolled around. In the last four weeks not much change has taken place in our ranks. We had the misfortune to lose one member through an accident. Otherwise we are still hanging on by the skin of our teeth, so to speak. Our wim and wigor has not the spark it had at first but as a whole I think we will pull through O.K. We have had a lot of fun with our work and some wise and not-so-wise observations have been heard. Here are some that were overheard of late.

A/Rec Instructor (after flashing a plane on the screen) "Look at the four bladed prop. Anyone could recognize it by that."

MacKenzie, "Excellent — nothing but the best."

Then there was a fellow by the name of Foss. He must have something when the girl friend has to banish him to the study and lock him in so he can "gen up" for the finals.

They say yours truly has even started to do his problems in his sleep. Not much wonder!

One of the gang has taken the big step toward marital bliss. The knot is to be tied on September 2nd. We all wish you and Kay the best of luck and happiness, Gerry.

By the time this goes to press we will be finished our job here. We would like to say thanks to all the civilian staff here on the Station and also to the people of Winnipeg. We have had a good time and it is the friendliness and hospitality which we will long remember.

Our Instructors, Bless 'em, are a swell bunch of fellows and all credit is due them for our progress. Thanks in particular goes to FO. Bill Richardson, our class instructor. His willingness to help us over the rough spots and his ready wit have shown us what a really swell guy is like.

So-long for now!

## GALT SCHOOL CLOSES

Last month Galt Aircraft School closed.

Since the school opened in September, 1939, 7,632 men were trained for the RCAF and 538 for the Royal Canadian Navy. About 1,600 others were trained in various trades.

Practically all of the equipment at the school has been shipped to Toronto for a rehabilitation school being set up on premises formerly occupied by No. 6 ITS.

Among the men who trained at Galt and are now stationed at No. 5 are CPL's A. R. Throp, F. J. Watson, W. Collins, J. Jameison, T. Surgeoner, and LAC's A. Wojciechowski and R. S. Cameron.

## CLASS 106B

"We few, We happy few, We band of Brothers."

—HENRY V.

Few is about right as we gaze with apprehension at the approach of our seventh week exams, which, by the time this article reaches print will have left their indelible mark upon our destiny.

This hand-picked selection of manhood oftentimes referred to as a flight is composed entirely of New Zealanders except for twenty-four Englishmen and one foreigner from Canada. (Test your Arithmetic — total 26).

An introduction to the seamy side takes you direct to two cadets whose enthusiasm for Coastal Command after an examination of "Coastal Command Drill" found an irresistible magnet above the waters of Lake Manitoba.

A cadet who needs no introduction either to us, or the feminine population of Winnipeg has been complaining bitterly of the diminutive length of the Anson's fuselage necessitating considerable suffering to the W.A.G. when taking drifts on C.S.B.S.

Speaking of mental D.R., what about the lad who doesn't bother about logs?

The boys who practice curve of pursuit attacks in Assiniboine Park have eclipsed even the enthusiasm of our armament instructor. (Maybe the target is different.)

After our last flight it was generally agreed that Dalton could not make a computer, that all issue watches constantly perjure their mechanical souls and that "the only constant thing is (wind) change."

Space must be found to mention our athletes, namely Still, our mighty half back, who also made a place in the 220, and Urquhart, whose valour on the football field is well known.

In spite of our blissful innocence on such minor subjects as Navigation, etc., we must acknowledge the noble efforts of our instructors, FO. T. M. Brown and FO. Gads, whose heroic endeavours to bring our minds in line with service standards have left but one burning query — What is A.P. 1234?

"Now Flight, finish your cigarettes and come to attention — Let's get pitching." Away with these mundane trivialities, there is work to do!

MAN IS NOT LOST. (He's in the Wet Canteen).

## It's a Girl!

Our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Kostuck on the birth of their daughter on September 2. Paul is the chef in the Officers' Mess.

## CLASS 104A

PERPETUA IN

(with apologies to Byron)

Our Paul he came down like a wolf on the fold  
And his optics were gleaming—in frenzy they rolled  
And the frown on his brow was most fearsome to see  
As he glowered at Bryant and Jackson and me.  
"This Course is unruly and stupid and dense,  
The ignorance you have displayed is immense  
I work you by night and I work you by day  
At Nav. and at Astro what more can I say?  
But Edgar alone has made progress in these  
The rest of you think you can do as you please!"  
Now the students of Paul are loud in their wail,  
And even young Alf wakes up and looks pale  
While Edgar the scholar sits silent alone.  
From the rest of the class comes a dolorous moan—  
we've had it!

Since last we broke blushing into print we have had a shift in quarters — this, however, has greatly facilitated our observation of the heavenly bodies — as they move to and from work. Bob Fisher, however, has failed to give us his long looked for panegyric (is that spelt correctly?) on Winnipeg girls. Why Bob? Now for a few jokes on a few blokes.

JIM HENRY (after three hours in the air) "I'm damned if I could find my sextant". Moral — don't use it for a seat.

ALLAN ROBERTS: "I caught it from a horse."

ERIC GOODHALL: "Yes, I was turned out of a good school too."

UNCLE GORDON: *The Airmen's Friend with his bed-time stories.*

JIM HOLMES: "I don't see that, sir."

ALF. KNOWSLEY: "I mean to say."

CURLY BRYANT: "Yes, Mac, I'll get you a nice girl."

BILL JACKSON: "It's love, love, love!"

MORRY TAYLOR: "Well, he's still got young ideas."

DUG WATSON: *The Canteen Navigator P.T.N. (in a very hurt voice)* "No I don't want to cut it off."

H.E.G.: *We though it was bush week for a day or two.*

R.C.M.: *What heavenly body were you observing at 0600 hrs 13-8-44.*

BOB HARKNESS: *Pin-point Shilo.*

Do you know George? George is the Course gremlin? What's a gremlin? Hasn't your mother ever told you anything? Well, George is the chap who asked in an amazed voice "What do people live in a place like Canada when there isn't a war on?"

The writer of these notes for security reasons desires to remain anonymous.

## Yeah Schiff!

Seldom has a scene been more appreciated than that witnessed by your wandering reporter when on Saturday, September 2, he saw FS. Schiffer tenderly sewing on the crown above the three hooks. Congratulations, Schiff!

Page Seventeen

# ☆☆☆☆ SPORT PAGE ☆☆☆☆

No. 5 A.O.S. has definitely become sports conscious and the efforts of the P.T. section and the various team managers have been rewarded by the success of the teams. This success is not measured by the number of wins or championships, but by the good-fellowship and keen sportsmanship displayed by those who have taken part in the Summer Sports Schedule. Here is a brief summary of that schedule:

## **Baseball . . .**

Under the capable management of FL. Wally Knight and coached by FS. Ray Alm, No. 5's team has finished on top of the league which includes teams from the U.S. Army, the Canadian Army, No. 3 W.S., No. 8 R.D., and No. 7 E.D. The team boasts such stalwarts as Charlie Belton (Capt.), Freddy McNabb, Neil Colville, Bill Oughton, Morris Hamilton, Harry Braux, Bud Brotherton, Harry Cross, Lefty Connelly, Al Pring, Art Moon, George Roper, and Al Lynch. In the league games, the team won 12, lost 7 and tied 1. At present it is competing in the play-offs so watch for notice of the playing dates as these games will be worth watching.

## **Cricket . . .**

Although it is a recent addition to the Sports curriculum, cricket now has many enthusiasts who cheerfully usurp the Soccer pitch for well-attended practices. Under the guidance of PO. Jack Crisp and FS. Jim McGaughran, the lads are selecting a really fine team for the Championships on Sept. 15 and 16.

## **Lacrosse . . .**

From a shaky start, this team has developed into one showing real promise. Cpl. Nesbitt deserves the credit for the improvement together with such fine players as Ferguson, Hardy, Glibber, McColl, Legge, Raye, Kendall, Birstow, Bennett, Fowler, Distan, Anderson, Mason and Rosenberg. This team plays for the championship against No. 8 R.D. on Sept 15 and 16.

## **Soccer . . .**

This team has played good football all season and a finer team spirit cannot be found anywhere. Under the eagle eye of FO. F. C. Brown, the team has not been beaten so far this season and will carry this unblemished record into the Championship Play-offs on Sept. 8, and it is hoped, Sept. 9. FO. Brown faces the tasks of rebuilding his team as graduation has robbed it of such stars as Dave Scott, the Irish lad whose feats between the sticks won him an International cap and a firm place in the hearts of Winnipeg Soccer fans, Bas Coomer, former Cardiff Corinthian, whose prowess at full-back was only matched by that of his partner, Eric Camp, a B.C. lad. From the half line goes Bill McDougall,

Page Eighteen

only other Canadian on the team and one of the best conditioned players in these parts.

Ken Almond at centre forward was an aggressive goal-getter and his coach, who was also his instructor, was very sorry to call out his name on the recent Wings Parade. There are, however, such fine players left as Wilf Storer, Ivan Carr, Pat Anderson, Bill Urquhart, Dave Still, "Ferdie" Gutkind and FL. Bill Hannant D.F.C., whose postings, it is hoped won't come for a week or so. From the new courses are coming such players as Hetherington, Hunter, Williams, Armour, Wardle and others and it is hoped that the new team will play the same hard, clean football their predecessors did. Then, win or lose, No. 5 can be proud of its Soccer Team.

## **Softball . . .**

No. 5 was well represented in this sport, fielding a Girls' Softball Team, a Civilian Men's Team, and a Station Team.

Perhaps we'd better let Manager Charlie Riggall introduce the Girls' Softball Team which won top honors in the league and is now battling for the championship. O.K. Charlie, it's all yours:

HELEN BIBERDORF, from No. 4 hangar is doing a super job at catching and hopes to continue if her shins and fingers hold out.

HELEN MCKINNON, from Flight hangar. She is the real spark-plug of the team. She steadies the girls and has one theme when she pitches. From Helen to Helen and to Helen with you if you can't see them.

LOUISE STOCKER, from Canteen Staff. Doc. plays a nice game at first and the opposing team look worried when she picks up a bat.

VIOLET ZETTERSTROM, from Flight hanger. Vi drives a gas truck and also knows how to apply the brakes to a ball if it comes her way. Plays 1st short.

DOROTHY BEATON, from No. 4 hangar. If you knock a fly and Beaton is on the field you could swear she has a basket cause she seldom misses and she does a nice job on 2nd base.

PEARL SMITH, from No. 4 hangar. Smitty handles the ball like a veteran and packs a mean bat when she goes to the plate for a swing. The smaller they are the more wallop they pack. Smitty is the captain and plays 2nd short stop.

BERYL WILSON, from No. 4 hangar. Beryl plays 3rd base and does a nice job, only an injured ankle is going to be the cause of her not playing in the finals.

ETHEL (Tiny) GAIR, from the Airmen's Canteen. Ethel plays left field and some of the sensational catches she makes, makes your heart bob for a while. Another small parcel that packs a punch with the bat.

**MARJORIE BODIE**, from Flight hangar. Mary plays centre field and is right on her toes. She also gets her share of the hits and her long flies even if they are outs score many runs.

**PEGGY BALL**, from Flight hangar. Peggy plays right field, and is a good catcher now that Beryl is laid up. She is surprising a lot by her play at 3rd base.

**MAY (Commando) WAITE**, from Flight hangar. The C.W.A.C.'s made a big mistake when May got her discharge. She would have made a good instructor for the Commandos. You should see some of her dives into the bases. May also fills in at most any position. At present is at first base.

**LORAINEE SCOTT**, from Flight hangar "Muscles" plays the field and sometimes gets a crack at the infield. A nice batter and catcher.

**RUTH DILL**, from No. 4 hangar. Ruth is a fielder and though she doesn't get much work is always ready if you need her.

**ELEANOR PURPER**, from No. 4 hangar. Eleanor plays second base and field but is not up to par at the bat. Tries hard but has a lot of bad luck.

**GRACE JOHNSON**, from Flight hangar. Grace is a nice fielder but also is not very strong at the bat. Tries hard and has always done her share when she has been called on.

**GLORIA BERRY**, from Flight hangar. Gloria plays the field does a good job, lacks a punch in her batting, but is improving more every day.

**KAY McCALL**, from No. 4 hangar. Kay is a big help to the team she looks after the score and first-aid and does a real job. Never misses a game and plays just as hard as the rest of the girls.

**EDNA BURTON**, from Flight hangar. Edna never got to show her stuff as she had to leave for Toronto before the play-offs. Was out of baseball for a long time and found it hard to get back in her stride.

**JACK LEMOINE**, from No. 4 hangar. Jack entered the ball team in the league, then due to his playing for the Men's Ball Team, turned it over to the M.T. Section and we have really given it everything we've got.

**JACK SUFFRON**, from M.T. Section. Jack does a nice job of coaching and shows a keen interest in the team.

**HILTON (Casey) CONQUERGOOD**, from M.T. Section. Casey coaches 1st Base and in his spare time gives private tutoring to any ball player who figures she needs it.

**CHARLIE RIGGALL**, from M.T. Section. Had my last championship team in the Eaton League in 1937, and won't settle for anything but the 1944 pennant. Are you with me, Gang?

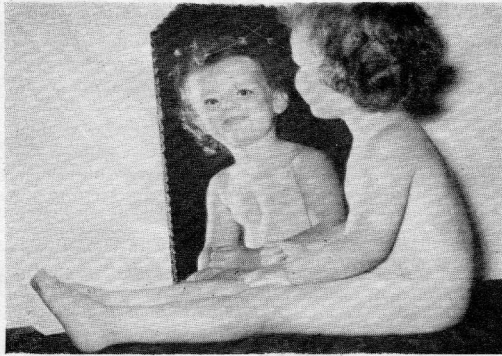
★ ★ ★

The Civilian Men's Softball team did not fare quite as well as their sisters but had a season packed with fun and good spirit. The team, which boasts such players as Ken De Rose, Wilf Schoeyn, Don Chisamore, Daryl Brayford, Jack Hector, Jack Lemoine, Jock Houston, Bill Smith, Hurd Einarson, Ted Chapman, Fred McNabb, and Al De Courcy, is very anxious to meet Scotty Milne's team and when this game is arranged it will be really worth watching.

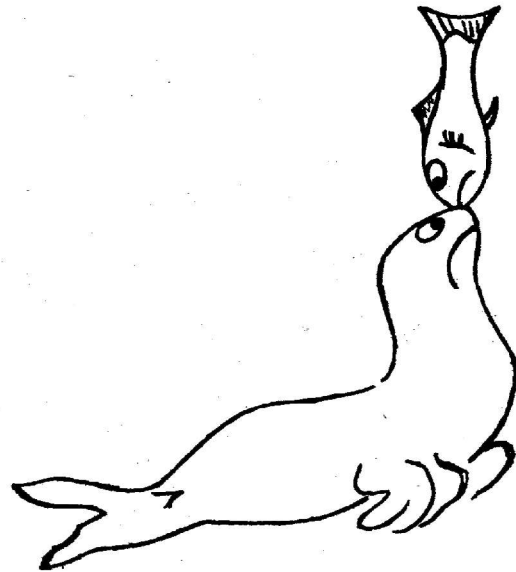
Scotty Milne's team is at present in the thick of the play-offs having won that right by a season of steady play despite an ever-changing line-up. Scotty as catcher has returned the ball to such pitchers as De Rose, Hammerston, and Cooper and in the field Neil Colville, Wood, Ferguson, Belton, Oughton, Dohaney, Nahass, McIntyre, Oxman and Roper have all played hard and well. Special praise must go to the WOG's for the staunch support they have given the team.

As this issue goes to Press, the station teams are in the play-offs for many championships. Let's all get behind these teams and show them that we appreciate their efforts to bring sporting laurels to our station. Come out and cheer.

### Through the Looking Glass



An excellent photographic study of three-year-old Marion Grace McLeod, by her father, Sgt. J. McLeod of the Photography Section.



## CLASS 104B

Well folks, the Brain Trust (query) is now pushing on manfully through every trap ever known to be laid for the young player. We still regard our instructors with the most intelligent expression we can muster and are puzzled why so many of them shudder as they step to the blackboard at the beginning of each period. Even our most long-suffering chief, FO. Fiorello, rose in his wrath the other day and threatened to din in some point with a spoon on a certain part of our respective anatomies.

However, let us now hastily step in and say that we have introduced ourselves far too modestly. Let it be said, amid cheers, that none of the flock failed to pass muster in the seventh week exams. Admittedly, a few of the troops fell by the wayside prior to that hectic week and now adorn such halls of fame as the P.T.L., the Orderly Room, Headquarters and the Service Police. Gendarme Orris begs to intimate that he still has a few vacancies in his department. If this goes on Class 104B's theme song might well be "The Wide Open Spaces". Even now one or two have to talk to themselves.

So far we can still agree that "Man is Not Lost" but we are convinced that he can be temporarily uncer-

### Exam Types by "Fio"



Page Twenty

tain of his position. On some flights if a few had been uncertain a little longer they would have had to take our their first U.S. citizenship papers. Then there was the case of the merchant who got a beautiful pinpoint in the centre of a prohibited area he was supposed to be avoiding. 2nd to 1st Nav.: "There's your pinpoint, Shilo". 1st Nav.: "Ssh, it's Carberry!"

(Memo 104A: When are you going to give us a go for that 10%?) [Editor's Note: That'll hold them].

Corn Department: What did the dragon say to the panther? Your panther dragon. [Editor's Note: It must be that I'm tired!]

Now to a few glimpses of off duty life just to show that the odd man still remembers how to find the station gates. We notice LAC. Chapman (S.O.P.) crawling into his lonely little bed, mumbling "It's a cold, cruel bunk." After watching the antics of 5 A.O.S. Veterans at the picnic this month his better half suddenly decided to go home to mother.

Our third 48 coming up finds Smith, W. G., a-singing "There were three little sisters". Where are they now, W.G.? We now quote LAC. W. Rimmer (ex-Staff Sgt.): "Oh, sure we'd have the odd 30 mile route march in the Army, but this — (blue pencilled) Believe it or Not, by Galloway and Fish: "Last Saturday? Why we were picking blueberries by moonlight in Headingly." (Editor's Note: To be taken with a grain of salt). We now have pleasure in introducing that most versatile of geni, the one man who has never written Dorothy Dix for advice, LAC. McKinnon, who has never needed a model log for his love letters. Our English chum, LAC. Woodhead, has been unveiled as a-piano player of class. We wish he would stick to his piano and stop vocalising in the swot periods. He has even drawn out our scholarly Tolson into singing dubious songs of an evening.

That is the gen from 104B for this month, gentle reader. In your spare moments just give us a thought as we grapple our way towards the 14th week examinations, yet another hurdle to surmount before comes the day when we may receive our long-awaited wing.

He ain't drunk, I just saw his hand move.

### Outranked

A R.C.A.F. sergeant at Trenton saw somebody in a grounded plane working the levers and trying out all gadgets.

He walked over and found a boy in the pilot's seat.

"Get out of there; what do you think you're doing?" he demanded in the way that sergeants have of making such requests.

The boy got out, pointed with dignity to three stripes and a crown on his arm and demanded: "Who do you think you are talking to?"

He was a flight sergeant in the Air Cadets.

## HERE and THERE

Mrs. B. I. Frizzell recently received an interesting pamphlet from her husband who is at present Overseas. This pamphlet was printed and dropped from the air by the Germans, suggesting to Canadian troops they are wasting time fighting as an Ally of the Russians and English, that they cannot hope to acquire any additional territory, nothing but serious casualties. Judging by the recent turn of events, Hitler's study of Astrology will need a little brushing up.

"Red" McMahon is fully qualified to write authentically on that grand old American delicacy the "hot dog" for it seems that while holidaying at the Beach, he decided to take a nap. He was well protected from the sun's rays, except for his bare feet, which were exposed, and when he woke up, he found he owned two really genuine "hot dogs". Didn't notice how Red was making out at the Picnic Day dance—did you?

Did you notice that russet complexion C. R. Rusc was sporting when he returned from his holidays? Some of the more envious boys suggested it was a tan acquired under one of those beer parlor "sun" lamps at Grand Beach.

There has been quite a golf mania around the station this summer. Some of the boys have fared quite well, and others not so good. Practically every department has its quota of golfers, and in the station tournament, which Wally Cook organized, everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. We should have more. The Personnel Department, however was a little too ambitious and entered the Municipal Tournament only to get trounced in the first game. It is rumored that the interest in golf in that department is on the wane, and swinging to duck hunting.

Incidentally here's a little word of warning to you golfers. There's a dark horse on the station in the person of Edgar Brown in the Fire Department, who according to our cub reporter took top honors in the Winnipeg Municipal in 1929-30-31-32. Nice going Edgar!

The world at large would like to know what Alex DeCourcy has got "on the ball" that he can win four of those Victory Bond draws and not bat an eye. For luck he puts Wally Cook to shame.

Visited Charles Bennett in the hospital the other day and he was looking and feeling much better. Charlie couldn't understand why none of the gang had been up previously, to visit him, until he was told that many had been up, but were turned away to the doctor's orders.

Charlie had suffered a concussion and it was necessary he have an undisturbed rest. He had a nasty experience, but everyone is wishing him a speedy recovery.

V. S. Christjanson who came out of the accident second best with four fractured ribs, is at present resting up with friends at Lunder, Manitoba.

A. W. Lazenby returned recently to his home in New Germany, Nova Scotia. Arnold was reluctant about going, but his doctor's advice prevailed.

## CLASS 106A

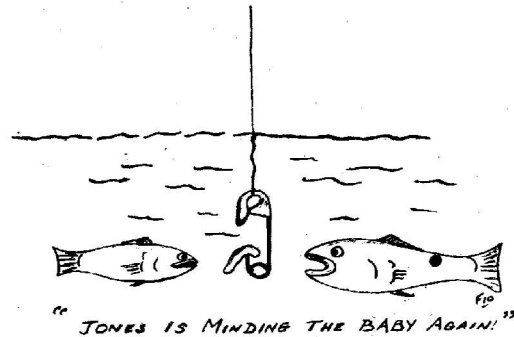
This article marks our first appearance in the Drift Recorder, our previous contribution being merely the dime needed to buy a copy. (Editor's Note: Gee, thanks, Fellas!) Indeed it is our first appearance in print outside the columns of the Police Gazette. We are all British with the exception of one Canuck, one Aussie and one Yorkshireman. So far only one member has fallen by the wayside — he was unfortunately C.T.'d through eye-trouble in our second week.

Few of our boys call for particular notice, and perhaps, fewer still can stand it, but there are some who have collectively merited a few words. All of us had our first taste of the far famed Winnipeg hospitality on our arrival at the Union Depot but a lucky dozen soon went much further than this when invited to a Wiener Roast. No-one now needs to ask where Norman, Andy, Ken and Barney are every evening.

Our course is the proud possessor of a moustache. Already it has been seen within the hallowed portals of the Fort Garry on our first 48, but when it reaches full maturity still greater things are prophesized for it. Ferdi, its supporter besides owing one twenty-fifth of this moustache is also said to own half of Spain; controversy still rages as to which is the more precious possession.

In this short time we naturally haven't made much impression on the station but already we have two representatives in the football team—Andy and Ferdi—who helped in the recent victories over Winnipeg All-Stars, Gimli, No. 3 Wireless School and Scottish. By the time of the next edition we hope to occupy still more positions of usefulness (and prestige!) and in more optimistic moments some are even aspiring to the favours of the girls in the Civilian Canteen. But these heights are too dizzy except for the occasional audacious Cockney.

Until the next edition we make our modest farewells on a note of sorrow at losing the exclusive services of FO. Gads who was a great help in a great quartet of instructors, but look forward to his ministrations in the future, even if we have to share him with less deserving mortals.



## CLASS 100A

As this issue goes to print, 100A may be observed in that slap-happy state of swotting during every spare minute of the day. We started our course badly by having several instructors in the first two weeks. We lost FO. Shanahan and on May 12th were presented with FO. Gohl.

Now the 17th week is hanging her dark shrouds o'er us and ah, alas! How little we know of the intricacies of D.R. Navigation and Aldis.

We have now lost six members — two, Pete Cummins and Rod Ryan, who have transferred to other courses; two to AB, Bill Connelly and Swinging McDonald, Tim Talbot to WAG's and Jim Bourke to Ground crew; also posted to another course was FL. Vivian.

Under the capable guidance of FO's Gohl, Richardson, Milward and Anderson we hope to obtain that coveted "N".

Before departing early in September we of 100A, Bob Marks, Bob Harris, "Catmeat" Teehan, Barry Goldsbury, Bart Sheehan, Aussie Rankin, Bill Benson, Pat Anderson, Dave Copeland, Joe Horne, Bob Ross, Fred McDavitt, "Gusher" Quinn, Johnny Young, Athol Muir, Pete Rowling, Chas. Brooke, Joe Barton, John Marshall, George Patterson and your news scribe Keith Bogue, wish to express our thanks to Instructors, Pilots, WAG's, Civilians, and R.C.A.F. Staff who have made a memorable and pleasant impression upon us, the boys from "Way Down Under" and Canucks — and so, it's goodbye and goodluck to No. 5 A.O.S.

## CLASS 105A

After six hard weeks at No. 5, a formal introduction of 105A is hardly necessary. We have become part of the scheme of things.

We are three Aussies, an Englishman, and a bunch of foreigners from the I.T.S.'s at Regina, Saskatoon and Edmonton. Not really a bad bunch if they could only speak the King's English!

On our first week-end the Aussies formed a delegation that paid a visit to the States. No reports are available on the success of their mission, but it seems that Max was very lucky that the train did not leave on time. And who is it that casts very nervous looks over his shoulder when anyone speaks of "hubby?"

Incidentally, have you had that tunic cleaned yet, Max?

The burning question, — who started the fashion of the dark upper lip? Rumor says that it originated in our course office — but no more.

The Englishman's 21st was an excuse for the boys to use the wet canteen to the utmost. Too bad we haven't a few more boys nearing their majority.

A trio of our boys is very successful at making itself known, and wasted very little time when we ar-

Page Twenty-two

rived. They take quite an interest in Maintenance and (young) things in general over there.

Talk is still fresh about last Saturday's Station Dance. This same trio very ably represented us at this event.

Nice going boys, but did you have to sit down on the job?

The Canucks of 105 seem to have their own opinion of the new basketball rules. When are we challenging 99 and 101 Aussies?

The 7th week exams are causing quite a bit of worry at the moment. However, we have only lost one man so far, and hope to remain the same.

We were sorry to see you go, Corporal Barnard. Good luck in your next venture.

As we arrived in time to start right in on the scheme, we naturally have our views on Aircrew Leadership, leg paint and all that. For further gen on the subject Sergeant Brown is the man, I'm sure he will oblige.

We would like to thank 101B for FL. Young. We too can appreciate a good man.

To end this month's report, I should like to add a short poem by one of our hard-working men.

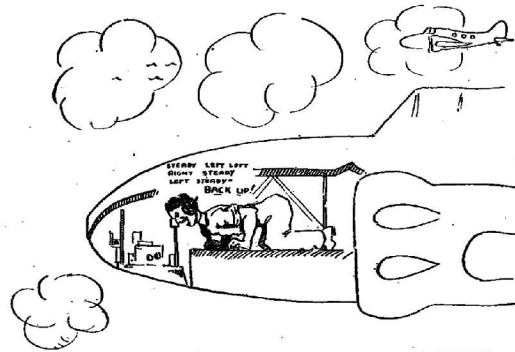
### THE NAVIGATOR'S LAMENT

*With laurels bright and spirits keen,  
Ambition riding high,  
We entered here six weeks ago,  
Our aircrew job to try.*

*The task is hard, the road seems long,  
Studies are a race,  
Yet every step we fight with zeal,  
To match the hectic pace.*

*The hours fly, and days pass by,  
Weeks just disappear,  
And frantic minds now try to dodge  
The falling axe they fear.*

*And on the verge of falling hope,  
Our minds we try to goad,  
Red eyes are not from drink alone,  
But horrors that forbode.*



## LORNE TYNDALE MISSING

It is with sincere regret that we learn that FO. Lorne Tyndale is listed as missing after air operations. Lorne was one of No. 5's best instructors and after going Overseas early this year, began to make a name for himself as a Navigator with a crack operational squadron. Lorne's many friends hope that this announcement will soon be followed by news that he is safe.

May we all express to his wife and baby son our heartfelt hope that such word may speedily end their uncertainty and worry.

## MOTOR TRANSPORT

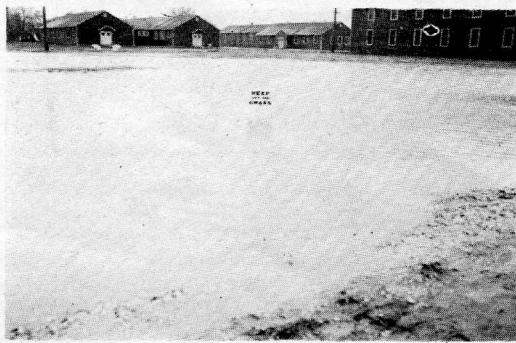
By GLEN THOMPSON

Now that the holiday period is nearing termination, we will endeavor to yield an account of this department's various happenings. The holiday created some acute driver shortages during the past two months. Those who were unfortunate enough to be working really had to hustle. Now that all our faces are back, including a few new ones, we feel that we have a huge staff.

Since our last issue, we have added several new faces to our fold, including a new stenographer in the person of Alice Martel. We also have our Betty Johns back in camp after a lengthy illness due to an injury to her foot.

As we near the deadline for the press, we are happy to observe that our entry in the girl's division of the War Industries Softball League, has wound up the schedule perched on top of the league, and are now playing off in the semi-finals. Incidentally, this smooth aggregation of athletes is masterminded right here in our department. Those involved in this department are: Manager, Charlie Riggall, Jack "White Seal" Suf-ron, and Hilt. Conquergood, not to mention the water-girl and batgirl, "Svenska" Morrissette. Congratulations fellows, on a very good show!

The Works and Buildings men have been with us for the last ten days altering our washrooms and build-



ing our long overdue lockers. This is a fine improvement over our former hook system. Now everybody has a new clothestree, even Jack and Hilt who have a priority on the top floor.

Wes. Pierce has left us temporarily for the harvest fields, we hope to harvest.

Charlie Riggall had the misfortune of cracking a rib recently, but is now back with us, apparently none the worse for his, will we say accident?

## STATION PICNIC HUGE SUCCESS

Elsewhere in this issue is to be found a complete pictorial story of the very successful Field Day and Picnic held by the School on the 12th of August. To those of us who were able to amble around enjoying the many features of the day and the pleasure of the dance in the evening, it might not occur that without a great deal of work and competent organization, the day would have not have been what it was for any of us. For all who participated we wish to extend our keenest appreciation to the Station Sports Committee, who assumed responsibilities for the day and who are namely:

Mr. W. S. Cook	FL. P. T. Nahass
Mr. E. Chapman	FO. R. Milne
Mr. P. Hay	FO. K. B. Myers
Miss D. E. Auger	FS. R. Alm

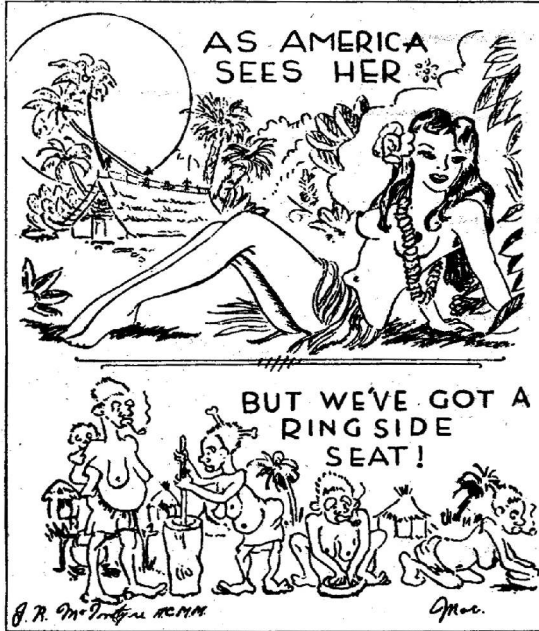
While the Committee named were responsible for the organization, there were many others of the School Staff who participated in the organization, there were many others of the School Staff who participated in the organization of the sports events and helped with the ground work and planning which made the day so successful. To the following we also wish to extend our thanks for their interest and work in our Annual Field Day and Picnic:

Mr. W. Collicut	Mr. W. Bell
Mr. J. Kerr	Mrs. N. Gallaher
Mr. F. C. Dowle	Mr. J. T. Lemoine
Miss N. Dawson	Mr. C. R. Patterson
FO. F. C. Brown	FS. Schiffer
FS. S. Machnicki	PO. J. Crisp
Sgt. M. Nesbitt	FL. P. Janz

*I am very happy to have this opportunity of extending a warm welcome to Squadron Leader G. F. Jacobsen, D.F.C., our new C.S.O., on behalf of the Operating Company. As the story of him appears elsewhere in this issue, there is no need to go into further particulars of his career Overseas, but we are extremely proud to have one with his operational experience as the Senior Air Force Officer on our Station. The Squadron Leader's keen knowledge of navigational requirements, firm but fair hand in the administration of his duties, and happy nature, assure him every success in his new position.*

—D. S. ORMOND.

**From Our South Pacific Rep.**



**CLASS 102A**

With mild apologies for a non-appearance in the July edition of this illustrious periodical, steps into the limelight, Class 102A. Naturally you have heard of us, dear reader, and have no doubt been waiting, wide-eyed for news of our adventures in this world of A.O.S. 5 — (Airman 1 for the use of).

Composed of a staunch spinal column of 14 New Zealanders — “tenahoe to wahine” — with a Canadian minority numbering 6, plus 1 Aussie, Course 102A marches ever forward on its somewhat shaky road towards the Graduation Ceremony. With the 14th week examinations but 7 days away by C.N.T. some slight trepidation enters our hearts. However, our worthy motto, “Nil Desperandum Corborundum” — inspires in us an inherent sense of loyalty and duty to the task in hand, and each heart cries, “We shall not fail” — (Put a candle on it, Hammy-boy!)

Under the very able guidance of FO. Howe, who has we fear, been forced to exert no little effort in order to instill into our minds the mysteries of this witchcraft called Navigation, we feel that much has already been accomplished, and advantage is taken of this opportunity to record our very grateful appreciation of his untiring pains on our behalf. Tall tales concerning the L.D.R., C.S.B.S., etc., are spun to us by PO. Burke, while the ravages of DF. are expounded for the information of those of us who are still awake, by PO. Burgess. It is desired here to mention the loss, earlier in the Course, of PO. Lynch, whose charming manner and sincere

interest in our welfare won him a place in every heart. His transfer to instruction on another course was mourned by all.

The seventh week exams alas, severed four from our midst, bringing to our minds once more the truth of those words of Shakespeare, the eminent New Zealand poet, who said, “Parting is such sweet sorrow.”

Light music during the tense hours of class-room study is supplied by Messrs.: Cosson and Kavanaugh, whose ready wit comes “as the cool zephyr o’er the parched desert land.” — (By another, by anonymous, New Zealand poet).

An unhappy incident, you will be distressed to hear, occurred a short while ago during an exercise in that instrument designed to create enemies out of the best of friends; We refer, of course, to the S.D.R.T. One of our earnest young pilots, intent upon his important task, hurriedly picked up his Computer, placed it to his mouth and began in grave tones: “Pilot to Navigator, pilot to Navigator . . . !” But we seldom speak of matters like that.

So far as the out-of-camp activities of the boys are concerned, it might appear at first glance that the less said, the better. Most of us seem to have become firmly entrenched in various week-end headquarters, and progress towards the inevitable “Saturday night state” is, in many cases, swift.

And so kind friends, we New Zealanders of Course 102A have journeyed half way across the world to brighten the lives of all at No. 5. What do we think of Canada? We think it is great, and we do appreciate all the hospitality which has so freely been accorded us. And what think we of No. 5, and of the Navigator’s Course — now! Sorry I spoke! Drop in to Room 21 some time and find out. It will be quite an education.

Farewell dear readers, farewell, until the kindly essence of 102A graces once more the comely pages of the Drift Recorder.. Till then, playmates, happy landings, sweet dreams — (there is an Aircrew Leadership parade in the morning!) and all the best from the New Zealanders and Canucks of Course 102A. (Come on, Hammy-Boy let’s go!)



“NOW I’LL SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENS IN A CLOUD”

**Promotions**

Among the officer’s promoted recently were PO’s Oughton, Lehto and Potten to FO.; FO’s Small, Wood and Rowan to FL.; and PO. McIntyre to Orderly Officer.

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**A**T LONG LAST, the two birds sitting at the next table finished their beer, got up, and went out.

Sufferin' Moses, I'd never heard the like of it. For one whole hour they hadn't let up beefing and bellyaching about everything under the sun — shortage of beer, gasoline and tires; prices of food and clothing; wage rates; too much work, too heavy taxes. To hear them talk you'd think the war had heaped miseries and sacrifices upon them that would make the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition look like a pink tea party.

"Oh, well," I thought, "right or wrong let 'em rave, it's a free country."

It then slowly dawned on me that, on top of having that "well fed" look, each had offered to drive the other home so they were not so badly off—they had not only cars, but plenty of gas and good tires to boot, and money for beer.

The waiter look my way and I nodded—I sure needed one more after that. Halfway down the glass I again said to myself, "Yep, it's a free country." Then, for some reason or other, my thoughts turned to some of the persons I know who are helping keep Canada a free country. Back 5 years to September, '39, to the night Tommy and Jack walked into the corner cigar store in their new Black Watch uniforms. They sure had looked swell in their kilts, especially Tommy, who, no doubt, had acquired the knack of wearing the sporrán from his father who had followed the pipes in the last war.

Jack's back in town now, saw him the other day. But Tommy isn't — he never will be. You know, I hardly recognized Jack. Might have been the officer's uniform he had earned the hard way. Then, again, it might have been that he looks a lot older, sadder. He told me that the last he (or anyone) saw of Tommy was when they were scrambling up the rocky beach at Narvik. Tommy was on his left. There was a deafening roar, the scream of red hot flying shrapnel, and Tommy just wasn't there anymore.

Gees, Tommy was a swell kid. He was too young to die. If there's a Valhalla for good guys, he's sure here. I wonder how his mother, and that good-looking girl who was wearing his ring, feel.

Tommy used to kick around with the two Black kids. They both joined the Air Force. I remember well telling them just a few years back that if they wanted to be our team's bat boys, the least they could do was to keep the bats off the baselines.

They tell me that Squadron-Leader Black, D.F.C., and a couple of other medals I just can't remember, is buried in a little cemetery way up in the north of Scotland. I'm told that the villagers pulled his bullet-riddled body from his crashed fighter, gave him a swell burial, and sent his papers home to his mother. He brought his plane home

from an air battle over France. God, how he must have suffered before he died.

Two weeks later, WO. Black, D.F.C., blasted his Hun from the sky, then leaped from his own burning plane. But Fate was unkind—his parachute didn't open.

Their deaths nearly killed their widowed mother. She now looks like an old woman, without a thing left in the world to live for — only her memories and her boys' medals. Those kids all died before they needed to shave!

You know, I also remember the day we went down to the station to see the kid brother-in-law off at the end of his embarkation leave. He hadn't been called, he just gave up a \$75.00 a week job and joined up—if I remember right, he simply said something about "duty".

After all the handshaking was over, he turned to his mother and gave her a big bear hug. His eyes

were bright—too bright. At last he tore himself from her embrace, gave me a sickly grin, turned, and weaved his way through his fellow-passengers down the platform and got on his train.

He didn't look back, and I don't blame him, for I know damned well that there would have been tears in *my* eyes if I were leaving home for the first time. He's in Italy now—been on the other side 4 years. I wonder if he'll be the same good-natured kid, if he does come back.

His older brother is over there with him now—his company said they'd hold his job as Sales Supervisor for him, so he left his wife of six months to join. His excuse for joining was very flimsy—said he wanted to keep an eye on the kid brother.

"Yep," I thought again, "it's a free country", thanks only to those kids and thousands of others like them. They gave up good homes, good jobs, easy living, yes, even their very lives, for a lousy buck-thirty a day—without bellyaching about it.

What for? Only so that we may live as we have in the past—as human beings in the best damned country on earth.

I wonder how they, the dead, and those still living, fighting in the mud and filth, amidst the stench of rotting bodies, often hungry, tired to their very marrow, would feel if they heard us (yes, I'm just as guilty as the two who were at the next table) bellyaching about a little tightening up on *luxuries*.

*I don't think they'd like it:* So, on the way home to my little family, safe and sound through their sacrifice, I told myself that I was one lucky guy; that, in comparison with what those kids have put up with, I have absolutely nothing to bellyache about. I also told myself, in shame and humiliation that, instead, I should get down on my knees and thank God for the likes of them.

And I'm going to do just that.

—from NOORDYN TALE-SPIN.

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## "NEVER AGAIN"

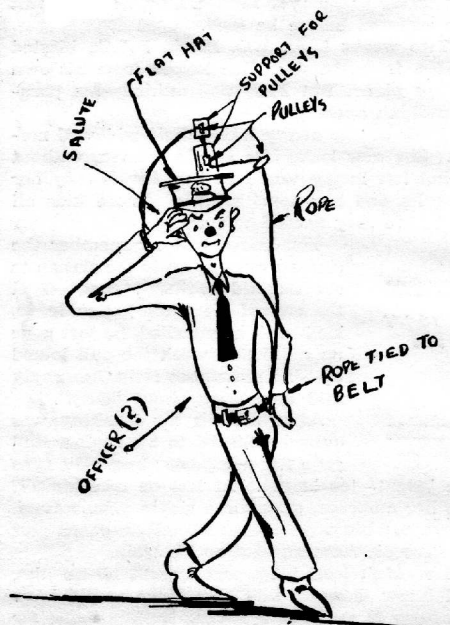
(So Help Me)

By Stabilizer

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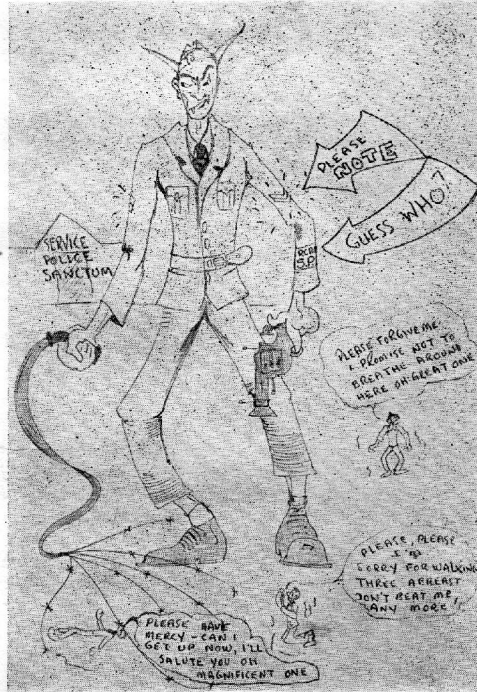
Do you find the walk to the Post Office at noon a permanent wave?

If you do, try our new Automatic Saluter!

This amazing new discovery will relieve your tired muscles.

It can be adjusted to salute (1) LAC's. (2) SL's and above (3) FL. West. It has a special whistle attachment for yoo-hooing.

## OUR KONTEST KORNER WHO DAT?



### RULES:

- (1) All entries must be postmarked not later than 2359 hours, July 1, 1955.
- (2) Only the given name must be submitted — no epithets, pet names or pseudonyms.
- (3) No profanity.
- (4) No smoking.
- (5) No walking on the grass.
- (6) In case of a tie, be sure it's an issue tie. All others verboten.

PRIZE: You bet he is!



## AT THE MOVIES



<p>SEPTEMBER 10</p> <p><b>"AND THE ANGELS SING"</b></p>	<p>SEPTEMBER 13</p> <p><b>"ACTION IN ARABIA"</b></p>	<p>SEPTEMBER 17</p> <p><b>"DESERT SONG"</b></p>
<p>SEPTEMBER 20</p> <p><b>"THE MAN FROM DOWN UNDER"</b></p>	<p>SEPTEMBER 24</p> <p><b>"TENDER COMRADE"</b></p>	<p>SEPTEMBER 27</p> <p><b>"THE HEAVENLY BODY"</b></p>