

# The **DRIIFT**

## RECORDER



No. 5 A.O.S.

NOVEMBER, 1944

Winnipeg, Canada

# OUR Unit Welfare Committee

There is nothing which so adversely affects a person's morale than worry over personal or domestic problems. By morale, of course, we mean one's interest in his work, his ability to concentrate upon a given task, his initiative as well as his cheerfulness in the performance of daily duties. Anyone who has had the experience of trying to do a good job while, for example, there was illness in his family or some financial burden requiring immediate attention, will understand the meaning of "morale."

This is especially applicable to those in the armed services, to airmen in particular, who of necessity MUST concentrate on their task, because even the most insignificant "slip-up" may have dire consequences. For that reason the RCAF has from the very beginning laid a great deal of stress on the "MORALE" of its personnel.

For this reason a UNIT WELFARE COMMITTEE has been appointed at No. 5 A.O.S. Its purpose is "to provide sympathetic, efficient and accurate information and advice to personnel whose efficiency and morale might be adversely affected because of worry over personal or domestic problems". This committee has now been functioning for the past two months, and it is safe

to say that there are few committees which are more in session than this one. Already during the short time of its existence it has been able to be of real service to quite a number of airmen, providing not only urgent financial assistance through the Benevolent Fund, has also been giving valuable advice and guidance in matters of compassionate postings, discharges, rehabilitation, and legal entanglements.

It might be emphasized here that all interviews and proceedings are strictly confidential. Anyone wishing to present a matter to this committee may do so to the committee as a whole or he may approach any individual member with full assurance that his confidence shall not be betrayed.

Please note that this committee also functions as the BENEVOLENT FUND (Inc.). It is assumed that personnel are acquainted with the existence of the RCAF Benevolent Fund, details of which are found under a separate heading in the Drift Recorder.

Following are the members of this double-purpose committee: President, FL. Ph. Janz; Secretary, FO. W. G. Cooper; Members: SL. D. R. Jackson, FL. C. R. Douglas, FL. R. E. Lapp, FO. J. I. Zubick, and Mr. P. Hay.



FO. J. I. Zubick, Mr. P. Hay, SL. D. R. Jackson, FL. Ph. Janz, FO. W.G. Cooper, FL. R.E. Lapp, FL. C.R. Douglas

# The Drift Recorder

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF NO. 5 A.O.S. IS PUBLISHED BY KIND PERMISSION OF WC. G. F. JACOBSEN D.F.C.

## EDITORIAL . . .

THE success of the Special Victory Bond Issue of the "Drift Recorder" was such that we have decided to publish a November Issue and a Christmas Issue. The tidy sum of seven hundred dollars was raised for the Victory Bond Drive and fourteen lucky winners have received their bonds. The success of such an undertaking is due to the whole-hearted cooperation of our readers and we wish to thank them all for their support. So numerous were our salesmen and salesladies that we cannot mention them all by name. We cannot, however, refrain from mentioning the fine work done by Dot Auger and Irene Butterworth, who not only took charge of civilian sales, but also typed and tabulated returns. Each section, both service and civilian, responded nobly and appropriately enough, though there was one big draw for the fourteen bonds, seven went to service personnel and seven to civilian personnel.

★ ★ ★

This month's cover, which we like very much, is the work of Sgt. McLeod and Cpl. Campbell of the Photography Section. Sgt. McLeod is also responsible for the fine layouts of pictures throughout the magazine. He will be in charge of the Art Work for the Christmas Issue, so you budding artists had better contact him at the Photography Section in No. 1 Hangar. For the pictures in this issue we are indebted to FS. Jacobson, Sgt. McLeod, Cpl. Campbell and LAC. Krass.

★ ★ ★

Now a word about our Christmas Issue. It is our intention to make this issue the best yet, since it could quite conceivably be the last Christ-

mas issue for No. 5. To do this we must have the cooperation of every section and each class. And this is one issue which must be handled on schedule! Deadlines are deadlines and the last day for section news and class news (which must be no longer than one column this time) is Monday, December 4. This doesn't mean that on Sunday, December 3, classes suddenly dash off a hastily scribbled (and we do mean scribbled!) piece as their contribution. Let's give that section news and class news some thought and effort this time. Cartoons and other features can be handed in today, and really special news can be handed in right until we run the last form. BUT we CAN'T print it all in the last minute and we WON'T print just anything — not in the Christmas Issue. Let's get at it — TODAY! You'll be disappointed if your gang doesn't turn in the best effort. It will be an issue that you'll cherish as a souvenir.

★ ★ ★

The "Drift Recorder" extends its congratulations to FL. Barker, FO. Murray, and Harry Warr on the fine showing No. 5 has made in the 7th Victory Loan. Their hard work and the cooperation of all at No. 5 has given this station a record of which we can be justly proud.

### The DRIFT RECORDER

Editor in chief:  
FO. FRED C. BROWN  
Managing Editors: SL. G. G. MILNE MR. D. S. ORMOND  
Civilian Editor:  
MR. C. H. WARR  
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FO. KEN COTTON, Sgt. I. McLEOD, Cpl. A. S. GORBET  
Photographs by the Photography Section.  
Contributions, typed or neatly written and signed may be left at the Switchboard.  
Office of Magazine is located in the Administration Building.  
PHONE LOCAL 55 Price: 10 Cents  
Vol II No. 2



A crew chum?  
No! 106B!

For the last time the doings of Course 106B will be inflicted on our generous public and the editor must be congratulated on his forbearance in allowing any of our articles to appear in print. We could scarcely depart without recording our impressions of Winnipeg and No. 5.

We think No. 5 A.O.S. a grand place; it would have been much better had we been allowed to sleep. However, we cannot say we were not warned—notice all 'round the barracks exhorting us to make beds up hospital fashion! To the people of Winnipeg (and Strathclair - 5024 1/2 N 10024W) who opened their doors to us and have really shown us what Canadian hospitality is like we say "thanks again!" You are a swell crowd in spite of the fact you ride on street cars instead of trams, visit movies not cinemas and use gas rather than petrol. Regarding the girls of Winnipeg (and one in Strathclair — see Indian Head, Brandon Topo) we cannot possibly say, or see, enough! Without them our stay in Winnipeg, to say the least, would not have been what it was, nor our reception in England what it's going to be. But in spite of this Sword of Democles we still maintain they're among the prettiest anywhere.

We have lots of others to thank — a few below: "Pop" and the Mess staff who taught us to appreciate good food.

Page Two

The Pilots for their ever generous tributes to our alleged navigational ability at interrogation, even if it didn't affect our ultimate air marks.

The Met Men in general for the weak cold front they gave us, and Mr. Allison in particular for: (a) His excellent instruction and (b) his cooperation in the above phenomena.

Sgt. Osland, who's never seen one, but gee, when he was in the States. . . (anyways — that's another story!)

FO. Crisp, whose tones we shall all affectionately remember when coming in on heading lines using "H" pencils.

FO. Cobb, for his excellent translation of AP 1234 from the original Hebrew.

FO. Gads for the fun of the thing.

To a certain gentleman who raised us from the heights of ignorance to the depths of despair in twenty easy lessons we render thanks for an unforgettable performance. With such an example before us we shall never fail to recognize things as they really are. But it must be recorded we go down insisting "We are not blind," as opposed to the old French motto "They shall not pass!"

Last but not least, we congratulate our own instructor FL. T. M. Brown, on getting his second ring and on still surviving twenty weeks combined assault from lances, yonks and the Rest. ("Ee! if ever a man suffered!")

Seriously though, the whole course sincerely thank him for his unsparing efforts and wish him every success in the future.

GOODBYE No. 5.

P.S.—What about some leave?

### AND FROM 106A



## CLASS 105A

Well, fellas, it seems that this is to be our last contribution to the Drift Recorder.

This is the end of our 18th week and the finals are nearly through. Results seem to be satisfactory so far and despite the grim looks that are popular in the classroom, I think everyone is feeling happy about things in general.

We decided to make this issue a review of the course as we have seen it from the inside. As a start we recorded one of the prize incidents in a short verse, to wit:

**We knew a young lad from the East,  
With dimples, a visual feast,  
Who, on return from a flip, came out with this pip,  
Missed base by 10 seconds — at least!**

After being with 105A for so long, we consider ourselves privileged to be able to publish for the first and only time, the secret ambitions of some of our men:

JORDIE—to get all the Nav. Instructors in the S.D.R.T. and have them do a controlled plot.

HALLET—to have half of his moustache left for graduation.

HANNA—to be joed for the wet canteen again.

GUY—to be as handsome as the guy in the mirror.

BRIGHTWELL—to wear out a razor blade.

BROWN—to be really rude. (Ed's note: What? another Brown!)

JERRY—to remember where he left his collar, tie and teeth.

FL. HOLYOKE—to conduct an uninterrupted lecture.

FO. FERGUSON—to find a log marking machine.

PO. HAWKINS—to be back on 98 Course.

### PAUSE

**There is a man with a ticker,  
Whose draw could hardly be quicker,  
'Tis said, on request  
Or when timing a test,  
No dieker, one flicker — the ticker.**

Believe it or not the following sayings will go down in history.

You've had it, Fellas!

Me and the A.V.M.

Who's the smartest airman on the station, and why am I?

That's no lie!

I can't seem to stay awake, sir!

Do you think I'll get the watch, sir?

Who's the answer to the maiden's prayer and why am I?

That's what two beers does to me!

Incidentally, old man, you passed Post "A" half an hour ago.

Congratulations to Wing Commander Jacobsen on his recent promotion. — Wider bands and more of them, sir!

And 105B. You never thought there was a connection between Air Crew Leadership and "I" Cards, did you?

In closing we would like to extend our thanks to the civilian staff for the fine job they have done in making our stay here as enjoyable as it has been and especially to Pop Ratson and his staff for their treatment of the inner man. We consider this as being the greatest contribution to the war effort yet.

A special vote of thanks Pop, from Ellis, Maxie and Jerry.

And our friends in the canteen, too numerous to mention individually, thanks a million every one of you. Those milk shakes and those smiles were really morale builders.

And of course our instructors without whom we would have fallen by the wayside, you have our utmost appreciation and admiration for making possible the impossible. There is only one word—thanks!

In short although it's going to be darn nice to collect that wing we will all be sorry to leave No. 5 and all that it stands for.—Cheerio!

**OBJECTIVE—\$112,000.00  
SUBSCRIBED—\$133,900.00**

The title line describes more aptly than a whole column the success which has attended the Seventh Victory Loan Campaign amongst the personnel of Winnipeg Air Observer School Limited. Obviously the credit for this outstanding accomplishment goes to every one of our staff who has purchased bonds but at the same time Mr. C. H. Warr, the departmental chairmen and the war workers who handled our campaign are to be highly complimented for the enthusiastic way in which they swept through to our objective in the first week of the loan. The perpetual leader, Stores Department, was again the first to meet its quota and finished with 175 percent, this time, however, tied by the Fire Department with the same percentage over-scribed. At the time of writing, Operations had subscribed 129 percent of its quota and still have returns to come in. Maintenance and Flight combined to reach 119 percent of their objective. Canteen did an outstanding job reaching their quota by the fourth day of the campaign. Radio, who always manage to be out front, reached 136 percent of their quota and Administration 125 percent. Works and Buildings and the M.T. Section have their objective well in sight and will undoubtedly be well over the top by the end of the drive.

I am happy, once again, to extend to our Committee and our personnel, the congratulations and appreciation of the National War Finance Committee for their magnificent part in the success of the Seventh Victory Loan and to add the Company's thanks for a job well done.

—D. S. ORMOND

## Our S.W.O.

Getting the story of a guy who has really done something in this war is the toughest assignment a reporter can get.



Steve Lisoweski has been in this thing from the beginning. In fact, he was in the City of Winnipeg Auxiliary Squadron before the war. After the outbreak of war, the squadron stayed here till January 1940 when it moved to Rockcliffe by special train. LAC. Lisoweski and the Squadron stayed here till May when a trip to a Destination Unknown landed them at Salisbury Plains in England. He well remembers the canvas that awaited him. The Squadron soon changed from Army Co-op (Lysanders) to Fighters (Hurricanes) and went operational in June, 1941. Steve left the Squadron in June to form new squadron 414. He stayed with it till February 1942 when he went to Tain, Scotland to make up a new Squadron for the Middle East. In March, another Destination Unknown kept him on board ship for six weeks till he landed at Durban, S. Africa.

When it got to Egypt, the Squadron had no aircraft and the Canadian ground crews meanwhile serviced U.S. medium bombers. Just before El Alemain the Squadron got Spitfires. As part of the famous Desert Air Force, the Squadron trekked from El Alemain to Enfideville, its last landing field being 5½ miles from the German lines. With the defeat of Rommel, the Squadron moved back to Tripoli for a commando course

Page Four

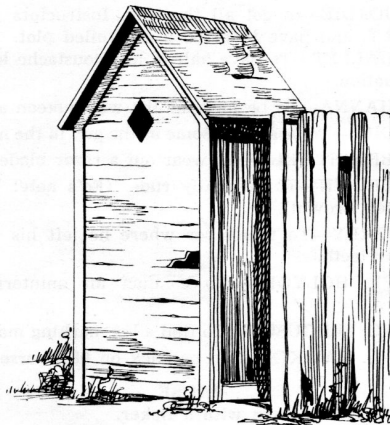
by FS. Lisoweski in lieu of the leave the boys had all expected.

In June 4, 1943, Steve had charge of an advance party of 87 men on a landing craft. Its Destruction Unknown was Malta.

Steve's was the first Squadron to land in Sicily and after Sicily moved on to Italy. The ground personnel was flown in in six D.C. 3's and landed at Joya. He left Italy on Dec. 23, 1943 and, flying to Algiers, had Christmas dinner there.

After two months in England, he landed in New York, March 12, 1944. In May he reported to No. 5 A.O.S. where he holds down the important job of S.W.O. If this sounds more like a report about a Squadron, it's because Steve won't talk about himself. No one, however, will doubt that Steve has seen a lot of this war.

## IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE!



*We see it every morning,  
It happens every day,  
A double row of lovely ladies  
Meander on their way.*

*They march straight down the aisle  
They mount a flight of stairs  
Where the powder room awaits them  
And they always go in pairs.*

*Perhaps the trip is long enough  
Or the stairs are dark and lonely,  
But two by two they always go,  
To the room marked "Ladies Only".*

*The supervisors tear their hair,  
And the boss is torn with grief,  
The day's production goes to hell  
Whilst the girls go to relief.*

*At three o'clock each afternoon  
The parade begins once more,  
What goes on in that little room  
That cannot wait till four?*

*The only solution I can find  
That is fair to every man;  
Is to move the damn defence plant,  
Into the Ladies' can.*

—Reprinted from the York Arsenal Shellburst.

## CLASS 109B

Once again as the date of publication draws nigh we gather round our Class Ed (Joe) to give vent with the many remarks which we hope he will publish. Since our last appearance in the magazine, we have surmounted the first hurdle in our long race for our goal. There are now only 68 DAZE to go excepting 48's and then nights spent out on the spree take a few DAZE off our binding periods. Actually we are now all very hard at work now getting ready for the 14th week exams and here we must pause for a moment to give credit where credit is due to our grand quartet of instructors:

FL. Hyndman, FO. Parsons, FO. Fletcher and Sgt. Mudge, who have spent many hours patiently teaching us the arts of Navigation and Astro.

Speaking of Astro, it has been mentioned that at a recent star recognition class, FL. Hyndman was initiated to NEON & ANSON V, new discoveries in the celestial sphere. It has also been mentioned that a certain FO. (No names, no pack drill!) has been observed hawking the recent publication of "WINGS" by openly displaying a half dressed maiden. What sales talk! Whoo!

Anyone interested in music should drop into classroom 4 any night where a vocal discord in tuneful harmony may be SOFTLY heard rising from the rear of the classroom while others try to concentrate on plots and flight plans. Off flights it has been observed that several would-be-navigators have attempted to climb down on track to the extent of 1000/min.

There is also this very interesting extract from a low level log:

- 1000: At Height
- 1005: Airborne
- 1010: Observe Hostile dog approaching aircraft
- 1011: Chasing dog
- 1012: Dog attacks
- 1012½: Evasive action: increase airspeed
- 1013: Dog chasing aircraft
- 1014: Dog lagging behind
- 1015: Dog still further behind: suggest tiring
- 1017: Dog out of sight: Reduce airspeed
- 1020: BOISSEVAIN (we were sure)

POSTSCRIPT—Relating to the above: any similarity to actual facts is purely coincidental:

Other navigational feats of 109B.

To fly north for 20 mins. after E.T.A. and pinpoint KILLARNEY.

To give a bearing and distance from the U in GULF on the Indian Mercator:

One question we have which we would be grateful for an answer is: Can it be the humidity that causes such a decided air of drowsiness during MET periods? One theory advanced by Prof. I Knowital was that it was the fog that was predicted to lift by early noon that deadened the vocals sounds and lulled the boys into sleep.

Well, folks, as the chorus of the navigators theme song ("Time waits for no one") wells up from the rear of the classroom, we sign off with our class motto and return to the arms of Morpheus.

109B—SEMPER IN EXCR . . . . .

## GIRLS' BARRACK BLOCK 10

Here we are again with the latest in the way of Bowling and other activities. The Bowling teams, namely, Ansons, Flywheels and Wasps have been very successful lately and the scores are piling up. We were thrilled to have our photo taken in the Bowling Alley the other night. Sorry to report that the Flywheel team are missing in the photo as they were not able to attend. The Wasps seem to be keeping in pace with the Flywheels on their scoring sheets and not to forget the Ansons, the reporter herself is hoping they will come on top with high honours.



Standing, left to right: Gladys Deane, Mildred Smith, "Del" Delamater, Dawn Digby, Isabel Kruso, Jean Peleck, Cece Pitre, Miss Whiteford. Seated: Jean Senyk (Captain "Wasps") Stella Chmilar (Captain "Ansons")

However, we are also trying desperately to form a Girls' Basketball League. That handsome blond you see running around the Basketball Court is our great Coach namely, the one and only Leo Vandecasteyen. We are very grateful for the increased interest shown by the basketball enthusiasts on and off the Station. As yet our team is not organized, so how about the rest of you girls co-operating with us?

And so we leave you with Van's voice still ringing in our ears — Please make that Basket Good! So much for the news from this corner of the Station, here's hoping we gather more for the next issue of the Drift Recorder.

—S.C.

### Free

There are still some extra copies of the March, April, May and September "DRIFT RECORDER" available. These may be obtained FREE by leaving your name and section at the switchboard. This offer is good only while they last, so if you want any of these, make your request today.

## Meet The SIGNAL SECTION

The "Drift Recorder" is always avidly read by our WOG's and it is noted that a cartoon on Page 7 of the October issue asks what they do. Well, we're here to tell you.

It is a well known fact that as soon as an aircraft is over the horizon, it is gone as far as base personnel are concerned unless constant radio contact is maintained.

During the month of October there were five wash-out days yet 18,399 contacts between aircraft and base were completed. This is a record for No. 5 A.O.S. for a one month period. Another record was broken when 1147 contacts were made in one day. Also during October there were 368 bearings given our aircraft by the D.F. stations which are not included in the above totals.

This means that every aircraft in the air contacts base at least twice every hour, giving its position; height; compass course; and estimated ground speed at all times during the flight.

To estimate what this means in safety to aircraft and personnel, consider what would happen if radio wasn't available. Your aircraft would take off, be away three or four hours without undue alarm. A search would not be instigated until the known endurance of the aircraft had been exceeded. When the search had been started, the only known factor for the area to be searched is the course the aircraft was supposed to have taken, and which it probably didn't take as it is now lost. On S.F.T.S.'s, it is not unusual to search for a lost aircraft for three or four days after which if it is not found, the search is given up.

With radio equipment, the wireless operator can notify base immediately the aircraft is in difficulties, outlining its position and trouble. Means are then taken by base to assure immediate assistance by navigational, medical and technical personnel as necessary. In the event of a sudden crash, where the wireless operator did

not have time to send a SOS, the last M.T.B. clearly outlines the area to be searched. In this way, the search area is reduced from thousands of square miles to a few hundred and the aircraft can be found in hours instead of days. This can often mean the difference between life and death of injured personnel.

This is only part of the wireless operator's job. He can often be instrumental, by assisting the navigators and pilot, in bringing the aircraft back to base safely. There are radio range and direction finding stations to provide a course to steer. Loop bearings can be taken on known stations which also assist the navigator.

The importance of radio can be judged by the fact that at No. 5 A.O.S. there is approximately a quarter of a million dollars invested in radio equipment and operated by personnel at an annual cost of thousands of dollars.

That wireless operator may not look busy on normal routine flights, but happily he's there when things go wrong.

### WAILING WOES OF WEARY WILLIES WHO WON'T WIND WINCHES

*The Hot Shot WOG puts on the Dog  
As off in his Anson he flies,  
Now the Flight's near done and it's sure been fun  
So he thinks of his gal and sighs.*

*"What raptures, dear, now I'm so near  
And soon we'll dine and clinch".  
In such sweet bliss, he doesn't miss  
The wail of the aerial winch.*

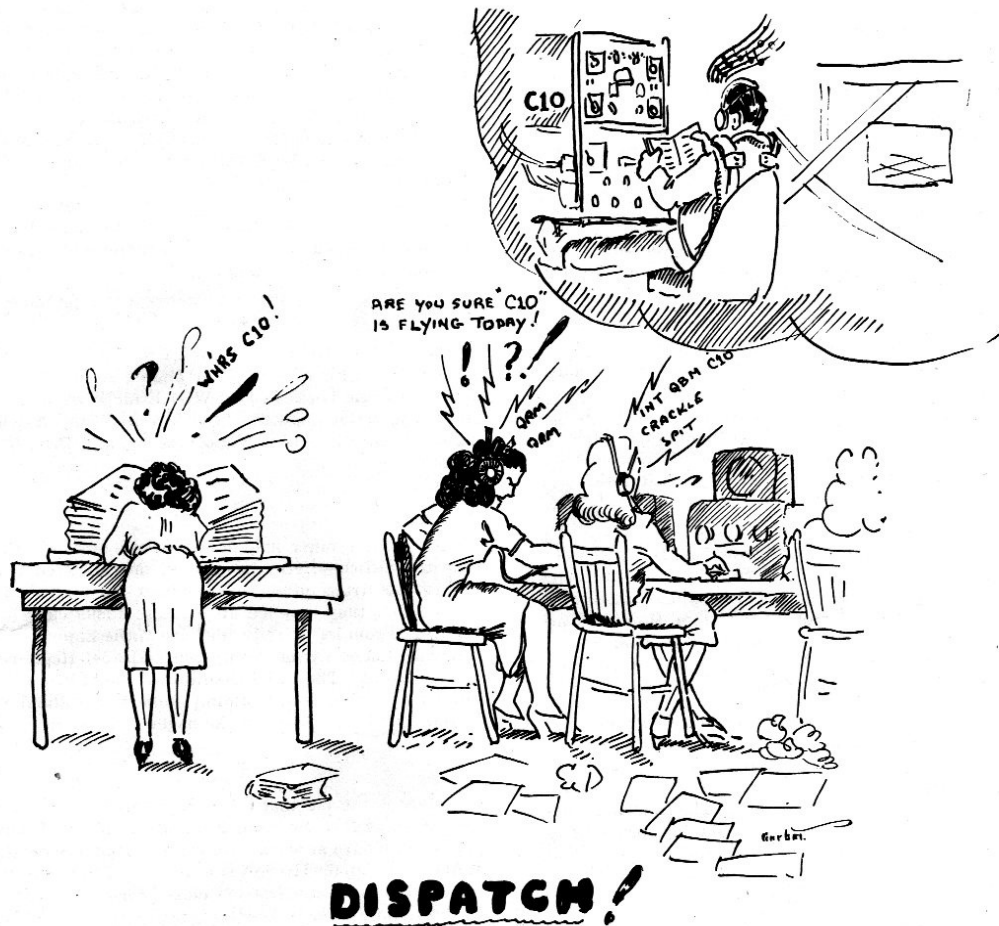
*"My God" says he, "What will I do  
I've lost my trailing aerial!  
Ten bucks it costs to make it new  
What can I say to Muriel?"*

*No dine and dance can he pursue  
Until he makes the aerial new  
The moral is when you begin  
The downward path make sure*

**YOUR AERIAL IS WOUND IN!**

### J. Clewless McGoon - the Navigator





Once the aircraft have become airborne it is the Despatch office personnell's responsibility to keep in communication with them until they have completed the exercise and are once more ready to land. Position reports are required at least once every thirty minutes. Despatch must also be notified every time the WAG or WOG shifts from base frequency to frequencies not normally monitored by the Despatch operators. This enables the base station to be in a position to contact, directly or indirectly, any of our Aircraft at any time.

By the time twelve aircraft reports have been handled together with the numerous corrections, requests for Weather Reports, Departure Times, Reports on Motor, Instrument or Electrical Failures, Changes in Route, Emergency Landings, etc., anyone who puts in a shift in the Despatch Office really has done a day's work and know it.

A new record of calls handled during any one month and any one day was established by Despatch

during October when a total of 18,399 calls were handled during the month. On October 18th, 568 position reports and 1147 calls were handled in 16 hours — yet our Storekeeper wants to know what we do with the couple of dozen pencils he hands out every three months or so!

Each shift has four or five junior operators and is in charge of a senior operator. The senior handles all communication with the Flight Commanders and when not doing that is constantly monitoring the frequencies being handled by the junior operators. It frequently happens that the more experienced senior operator is able to copy messages that are unreadable to the junior operators because of interference or weak signals. Should the occasion warrant the senior operator has the facilities for taking over the channel himself and handling the situation directly thus avoiding delay.

# Record BREAKERS

## A

A great deal of credit for breaking records is due to the maintenance and serviceability of the radio equipment. These are the lads and lassies who are responsible for radio maintenance.

Front Row: Left to Right—B. Sebastian, A. Johnson, C. Malec, G. W. Faires, Chief Technician. Second Row: Jean Tully, Kay Clay, Joyce Lewis, E. Woods. Third row: Sgt. A. Klippenstein, J. Hohban, F. McNabb, J. Ross, F. C. Dowle, W. A. Baron, H. D. Johnson, Supt. of Radio. Missing from photograph: Miss C. Smith, R. T. Archibald, S. Bodnaruk, W. Barbour, T. H. Corbett, L. C. Morrison, R. E. Roy, D. R. Reid.

## B

From left to right: Front row—Cpl. G. R. Rennie; Cpl. J. J. Anderson; Sgt. F. Marti; FL. T. D. Locheed; Sgt. J. A. Manley; Sgt. Wm. Keyes; Cpl. V. A. Irwin. Back row—Cpl. J. H. Dohaney; Cpl. S. Holmes; Cpl. T. S. Surgeoner; Cpl. S. L. Lucow; Cpl. J. J. Barry; Cpl. J. N. McLeod; Cpl. K. H. L. Dunn; Cpl. R. J. G. Karam; Cpl. N. E. Ramey; Cpl. H. J. Benedict.

These are the lads who did a week's operations of more than five trips without missing a call and averaged better than ten calls per trip thereby qualifying for the prize (two damp and dusties) each offered by FL. Locheed, (yes he did it too). This had been accomplished by one operator, Sgt. Manley, previous to the contest. Guess the boys were thirsty.

## C

Front row: Left to right—Cpls. R. G. Miller; A. V. LaFave; J. F. Irwin; J. E. Flynn; J. H. Dohaney; F. J. Watson; M. W. McNamara; G. E. Roper; J. E. Downey, D. H. Mallard; L. Miles. Second row: N. E. Ramey; J. Connelly; K. H. L. Dunn; WO1 E. G. Ware; PO. J. C. Patterson; WO1 S. Konar; FL. T. D. Locheed,

PO. J. A. Stewart; PO. J. F. Roach; Sgt. F. Marti; FS. E. R. Matthews; Sgt. Wm. Keyes. Third row: Cpls. G. W. Brand; G. R. Rennie; J. W. Bain; S. L. Lucow; F. E. Lutz; G. L. Roach; C. R. Leet; R. F. G. Karam; J. H. Brown; C. W. E. D. Flint; R. N. Weims; R. C. Beckwith. Back row: W. J. Lennon; V. A. Irwin; K. Jenkins; D. H. Burrage; D. M. Maxwell; J. J. Barry; J. Reimer; L. Callow; R. C. Caron; A. A. Munds; W. G. Collins; A. S. Gorbet; G. A. Ritchie.

This represents less than half the wireless flying personnel as it was impossible to get them all at one time due to leaves and duty.

## D

The WAG Office "Gremlins". FO. Hal Penn is OC Wags and has his hands full arranging flying details, and leaves. He is assisted by WO1 Ernie Ware as Day Duty Wag better known as "Get 'em all Ernie" due to his persistence in selling Victory Bonds and Drift Recorders.

## E

Here is the other half of the record breakers, the Dispatch Office—Here the ground operators control the remote transmitters and contact all aircraft in flight. Yes, they handled all of those 18399 calls for October. From left to right they are Marie Zapp; Jerry Galavan; Lorna Duval; Emily Stark; Isabel Hepburn; Doreen Broad. The Chief Operator at the "Little Gestapo" monitoring desk is Jimmy Robertson. Standing in the rear is the Dispatch Manager Reg Durie.

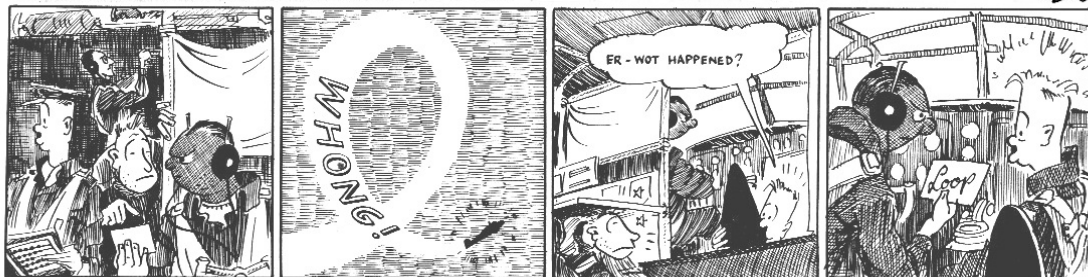
## F

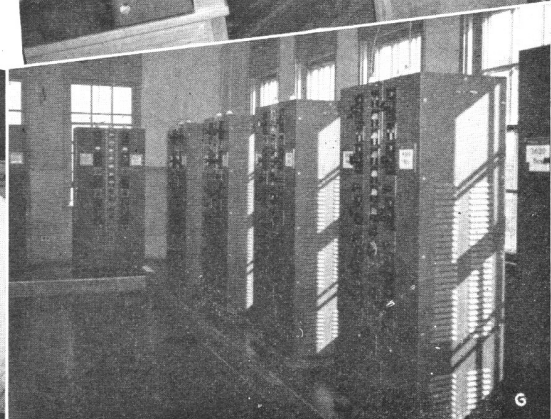
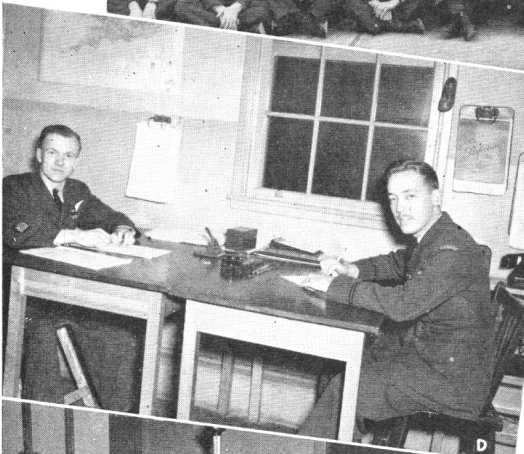
Here is the lad that tells you where you are. Vic Lee operates the Direction Finding Station and here you see him hard at work. Vic is an ex-Flight Sergeant WAG repatriated. His job is a lonely one as he waits for calls to give you first (?) class bearings right out in the middle of the prairie.

## G

This is the place where all the "Squeeks" originate. The transmitters shown are controlled by the "Cuties" in the Dispatch Office.

## CLEWLESS McGOON





# ADMINISTRATION

Here we go again! Deadline past and no administration news handed in. Tut Tut! Who could be slipping?

We would like to welcome another young lady to our staff. Mrs. Evelyn Thom arrived on the second of November to take over duties on the switchboard from Mrs. Phyllis van Someren, who is leaving next week "to put on storm windows."

Congratulations are coming to (Miss) Maude Lowry on her appointment to the Girls' Council and subsequent election to the position of Secretary of that group.

October 25th was Red Letter Day in the lives of Bobby (Paymaster) Graham and Nan Dawson when they won the Bond on the last of the Sixth Victory Loan Pay Day Draws. Boy, were they happy!—or should I say slap-happy! (Free cokes on the house too!)

We believe Jon Bardal is the first member on the station to take advantage of the Manitoba Medical Service — Just hit the deadline! November 1st! However, we are all glad to hear that Jennie is home again and doing well.

Outdoing himself for the Bond Drive is C. H. Warr,

who is dashing madly around the station selling Bonds right and left and incidentally rushing in and out of the Pay Office with more and more deductions. To quote P/R Office — "Grrrrr gna !\*:!\*““?!

Cheers to Ted Cann for the new and very comfortable front seat in his car.

## Deadline Dick . . .

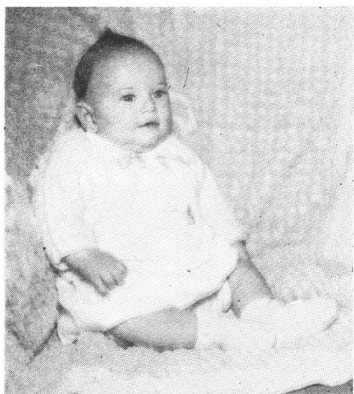
FO. Brown is a man, renowned on the station:  
An editor proud as the proudest creation.  
He spends most of his days and many a night  
Persuading, well — me, for example, to wright,  
To sweat and to strive for a line that will rhyme  
And to occupy all the contributors' thyme  
Which to him, is a precious and valuable pyriad  
Used mainly for sleeping, and other things myriad.  
But hard-hearted Brown will excuse no delay  
And try to worm out of it! — Just doesn't pay!  
So this is an off'ring to fill up a space  
Sign my name to it? — Haven't the face!  
And since Friday's the deadline, won't add any more,  
For the DEADLINE ain't 'after' or 'at' but BEFORE!

—D.M.W.



STANDING: Mrs. D. M. Walsh, Miss M. Delamater, Mr. A. M. Olafson, Mr. W. J. Buchanan, Miss E. Graham, Mr. D. S. Ormond, Mrs. J. F. Dubuc, Mr. J. L. Bardal, Mr. E. L. Cann, Mr. C. H. Warr, Mr. R. W. Farrell, Mrs. F. Beattie, Miss M. Lowry, Mr. H. G. Mutch. SEATED: Miss D. E. Auger, Miss I. Butterworth, Miss L. J. Whiteford, Mrs. I. E. Smith, Miss D. R. Letham, Miss E. Dawson, Mrs. L. R. Wright.

☆ *Cute*  
KIDDIES



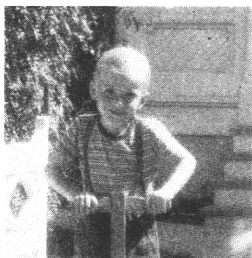
Diane Beverley—7-month-old daughter of FO. and Mrs. W. W. Kuryk.



Darlene Anne, 1-yr.-old daughter of Bill Bell, Wks. & Bldgs.



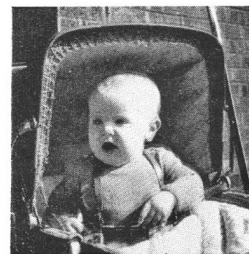
Mernelda Anne Ruth, 20-month-old daughter of Cpl. & Mrs. Neil Campbell, Photo Sec.



Raymond Harold, 7-yr.-old son of FS. & Mrs. "Jake" Jacobson.



John Peter, 4½-month-old son of FL. & Mrs. Pete McAulay.



Barry, 8-month-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John A. MacDonald



Wendy Judith, four-month-old daughter of FO. & Mrs. B. Lehto.



Betty Anne and Mary Jane, daughters of Frank Hughes — Airport Manager.



Garry & Lorne, sons of PO. and Mrs. Al. Lynch.

## CELESTIAL NAVIGATION FROM A SILO

From the outside the Celestial Navigation Trainer (C.N.T.) looks like a silo. Inside, basic bomber crews (pilot, navigator, radio-operator, air bomber) sit in a dummy plane fuselage which travels through a model sky. To simulate night flying, small electric stars are fixed in a wire cupola overhead. For daylight flying, terrain photographs are projected on a silk screen below.

The instructor may control all of the natural variables of flight; cloud, haze, bumpy air currents and wind drift; he has also under his control the movement of the stars in keeping with the passage of time and the changing latitude and longitude of the plane. The instructor can eliminate all but the major stars to simulate cloud or haze. The machine automatically makes the fuselage pitch and turn as in actual flying. As daylight approaches, the instructor turns the terrain projector and the screen below the plan lights up. At first clouds are visible, then between broken clouds, land can be seen. The navigator checks his computers against the terrain moving beneath him. Finding a pin-point, he thereafter proceeds towards his objective by mapreading. As his objective is approached the bomb-aimer takes over and releases his bombs. In 40 to 70 seconds he sees a flash on the terrain below, giving him his accuracy.



FO. Frank Campbell, O.I.C. C.N.T., faces the bright sunlight after a few hours in his silo.

Page Twelve

## CLASS 113X

With time on my hands and a bubble on my brain, if you will allow me enough latitude, I will endeavor to enlighten you upon the highly derogatory dilemma of divers dim types from DAFOE.

On our arrival at Winnipeg we were cordially welcomed by a venerable gentleman, conspicuous by his musical voice and becoming manner. We were soon moved by his geniality and the usual type R.C.A.F. luxury transport (air conditioned cattle for the use of Mk.1). As we had reclined at ease overnight, thanks to the C.N.R., recent successors to Wells Fargo, we were basically alert to the local colour. Churchillian salutes were reciprocated.

At No. 5 we were marshalled in militant manner to the mess by the VOICE, where we were astounded at the Pop provided provender. Duly installed in Barrack Block 13 ardent Air Bombers were observed carrying out the visual inspection of 'pits, i.e. rigidity, distortion, corrosion and rust, presence of all parts, all moving parts working freely.

We were formally invited to look over G.I.S. commencing and finishing at room 8, where in modest manner we recorded our various abilities and next of kin (if any). The Drift Recorder super salesman was soon on the scene and inside of five minutes we had succumbed to his patter to the extent of forking out our last 50c for the Special Victory Bond issue. One member of the flight, rather ironically the Carnegie in our midst has since been successful in winning a \$50.00 bond.

Our flight instructors FO. Kuryk and PO. Coleman, must surely have realized, when they looked us over, that one of the hardest jobs of their career lay ahead, firstly to make up for a three-day late start and secondly to try to put over much complicated matter to so many mediocre mentalities. However, through their painstaking efforts we now believe that we are at last with them.

Whilst being conducted with the solemnity due to the occasion to the Holy of Holies, the veritable inner sanctum itself (G.I.S. Room 8) we noticed, not without a little trepidation, that we were not alone in this monstrosity of architectural art. Fleeting forms passed us by, furtively looking hither and thither with a look of utter despair upon their drawn haggard faces. Upon enquiry we learned that they were Navigators in their 17th week. The length of their faces being in direct proportion to the time spent in G.I.S. We were soon to make this grisly temple of learning our home; eating, drinking and the necessities of life were regulated to the background, only to be whispered when Mr. Kuryk and Mr. Coleman relaxed their vigil.

We are now in our third week with one flight to our credit and bid fair to be the first course in the history of flying to graduate solely on S.D.R.T. and A.M.B.T. This doubtless will mark the end of an Epoch, equivalent to the flights of the Wright brothers and Lindberg. After all we are 113X and we can do it!

## CLASS 106A

Our class now makes its final appearance in the "Drift Recorder" and, above all, we wish to place on record our thanks to the instructors who have guided our occasionally faltering footsteps up to this our sixteenth week. Our finals are very near — we count in hours now — but through the ministrations of FO. Wynne in Navigation (six hours tomorrow!) assisted by FO. Cobb on Instruments and FO. Gads on Radio Aids, we feel only slightly apprehensive. When we consider the mass of technical knowledge we have swallowed, and partly digested, we hope that we shall give them cause to be half as proud of us as we are of them.

Calling attention once again to the fact that we comprise a score of Britishers, one Canadian and one Aussie, we would like to thank the people of Winnipeg for the wonderful hospitality which they have extended to us during our stay. We shall carry back with us (at least we hope to carry back!) the pleasantest memories of Canada and rather than risk the loss of this paragraph at the editorial blue-pencil, we have committed it to paper so early.

In return we feel we owe No. 5 A.O.S. something, so it is with the greatest pride that we announce an astounding Navigational Discovery!

Many of our less inventive predecessors have taken As/Co bearings on beacons only to discover that their second bearing was exactly the same — the beacon being an Anson on a similar course. Previously this had been held to prove nothing but our tame Spherical Trigonometer tells us that this is a Special Case! And that the Ground Speed of the observed Anson divided by the Ground Speed of the observing Anson is equal to the cosine of the Track Convergency. Thus the navigator need only call up the other Anson — preferably on the emergency frequency — enquire their ground speed and D/R track and at the cost of another set of tables, he has an unreliable Ground Speed check! We are working furiously on correction tables for use on Climb and Glide, Track Crawl and Angular Velocities for inclusion in the 1950 edition of the A.N.T.

There are a few personalities in the flight whom we should like to perpetuate for our future amusement. Fellahs — in years to come can you forget these? Adams (PO. Prune's younger brother) — Barney Ainscough the Dominic — Och Awa' Anderson (Brace up chaps!) — Ash & Barnes, the Co-chefs — Bragg, our Canadian — the armchair star shooter, Jock Bryce — Pranging Pete Collins, the British Ambassador to the Belgian Club — Cachou Coton of the Wet Canteen — Crouch "rapidly becoming decadent" Curly Ellis, no MET card again — we-do-it-better-up-north Entwistle — Sgt. Taffy Evans "Press on regardless chaps" — Steve Firth, terror of the W.D.'s — Good God Man Gutkind — Hirst, the Yorkshireman — Hughes, the dark horse — Iffla the Aussie — a real "Cave" man — Gen man Jackson, King of Kresges —

Leddy and Loates the Canteen Cowboys — and finally Johnny (C.B.) Lowe.

Finally no farewell to 5 A.O.S. would be complete without mention of our gratitude to "Pop" Ratson and his staff. Coming from a rationed Britain, we naturally appreciate the quantity of Canadian food but the quality of Pop's menus has far surpassed our hopes, and this is not the least of our regrets at leaving the Station.

## CLASS 109A

We live in stirring times, folks, and history is certainly being made today as our first class news goes into print. It has taken us a long time to get round to this, as we are now in our eleventh week, the delay being due to the keenness of our literary experts on the various subjects studied here. However, the work is just too easy now so we hope to handle a series of enlightening articles in the future as a challenge to the boredom of the long winter evenings.

We managed the hurdle of the seventh week exams without any losses from our ranks and are looking forward eagerly to the coming fourteenth week trials. Unfortunately, some of our less robust members have given themselves up to the tender mercies of Deer Lodge during the past few weeks and we trust that they will soon be fit and on the job again without too much delay.

We now total twenty-four literati (means learned men, Joe) comprising four Britishers, nineteen Canucks and their equivalent in New Zealanders, which, if you're smart at mental D.R., adds up to one.

We are very grateful for the keen interest and skilful guidance of FL. E. E. Hyndman and the Boys whose help and enthusiasm are responsible for our favourable progress this far.

The arrival of the snow augurs ill for the pinpoints on the next air exercise and repetitions of a let-down and glide-in from Ninga or beyond is visualised. But one cannot blame the present precip for carrying an airplot with ground speed in lieu of TAS! The recent fog encouraged lots of uncomplimentary remarks on the local climatic conditions, but we have been informed that it is always foggy in Vancouver.

And here is today's funny story as over-heard in the Airmen's Mess by our roving reporter: "I D.R.'d ahead in six minutes and while I was waiting for the D.R. to come up, I obtained a fix and worked another W/V."

Jock wishes to inform all concerned that he is definitely not forming a Caledonian Society with or without the assistance of the Hon. member for Ipswich despite prevalent rumours to that effect.

And now, readers, we feel we have already boosted the sales of this magazine beyond its rated capacity so we regret we shall have to close forthwith, despite your pleadings.

## RCAF BENEVOLENT FUND

The RCAF Benevolent Fund was founded as a trust in 1934, commemorating the work of Canadians in the Flying Services during the war of 1914-18, for the purpose of direct relief of distress amongst RCAF personnel and their dependents, during and after service. In the ten years since its founding considerable assets have accumulated from canteen profits and other sources, among them many voluntary donations. On 1, April 1944 the Benevolent Fund was incorporated as a non-profit company for purposes of administration.

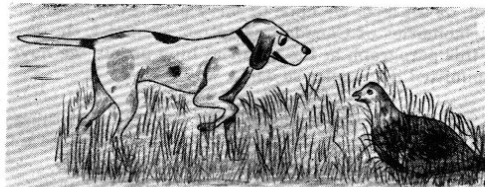
Specifically the fund has planned or undertaken the following:

- (a) To assist heirs and dependents of missing personnel while their estates are tied up pending completion of the necessary investigation.
- (b) To assist in the education of returned men, where the funds provided by normal government agencies are considered inadequate.
- (c) To assist in the upbringing of children in homes where the father has been killed. Help is planned in their education as well as facilities for summer camps.
- (d) To provide grants or loans in emergencies not covered by other government organizations.

Every unit has a committee to which applications for assistance may be made. The committee in charge of this unit is the "UNIT WELFARE COMMITTEE". All applications are to be submitted to it. If immediate assistance is required a loan up to \$250.00 may be made drawn on the mess or station fund concerned with a promissory note attached to the application and submitted to the central claims committee at Ottawa for reimbursement.

This is but a brief outline as to the set-up and functioning of the RCAF Benevolent Fund. For further information contact any member of the Unit Welfare Committee. Personnel are reminded that this is their own fund, supported largely by their own contributions and everyone is to feel free to approach the corporation's representatives when the need arises. Every claim may be assured of prompt and sympathetic consideration.

### You Looking for Something, Bub?



## November Birthday Congratulations . . .

|  |   |   |   |
|--|---|---|---|
| <b>November 1</b><br>W. C. Aikenhead   | <b>November 6</b><br>W. T. Powell<br>M. Smith (Miss)<br>W. E. Schoyen   | <b>November 12</b><br>A. R. Bell  | <b>November 21</b><br>O. Clevin<br>C. M. Smith (Miss)                   |
| <b>November 2</b><br>R. Burgess<br>F. Cieciewicz<br>K. H. Turner                                 | <b>November 8</b><br>J. A. Penty<br>A. Ross   | <b>November 13</b><br>C. W. Coutts<br>L. E. Mackie (Mrs.)               | <b>November 22</b><br>G. J. Brandt (Mrs.)<br>G. Guignard<br>A. G. McKay |
| <b>November 3</b><br>W. Blair<br>J. W. L. Forster  | <b>November 9</b><br>H. C. Paul<br>R. G. G. Hiley   | <b>November 16</b><br>W. L. Barker                                      | <b>November 24</b><br>J. Demacheski                                     |
| <b>November 4</b><br>E. White<br>W. G. Wilson<br>S. B. Salome                                    | <b>November 10</b><br>J. Houston<br>A. M. Gilchrist (Mrs.)<br>E. B. Gilchrist<br>M. A. Bodie (Miss)<br>H. T. Reynolds | <b>November 17</b><br>A. B. E. Strang<br>T. McGee<br>J. DeCourcy        | <b>November 25</b><br>W. J. Bailey                                      |
| <b>November 5</b><br>J. E. Davis<br>P. F. Newhouse<br>H. W. L. Atkin<br>M. Shymanski<br>H. Clark | <b>November 11</b><br>N. W. Buchan<br>L. Mowatt   | <b>November 18</b><br>J. Hilton<br>I. M. Kruse (Miss)<br>M. Daly (Mrs.) | <b>November 27</b><br>C. R. Patterson                                   |
|  |   | <b>November 19</b><br>D. Stevens<br>D. F. McLellan<br>A. W. Armstrong   | <b>November 28</b><br>G. McKinnon (Miss)<br>F. M. Parsons (Miss)        |
|  |   | <b>November 20</b><br>O. Radford<br>W. L. Rae<br>M. Kizwick             | <b>November 29</b><br>M. Lowe<br>V. Balicky (Miss)                      |
|  |   |   | <b>November 30</b><br>J. G. McPherson                                   |

Page 14A:

This issue of The Drift Recorder did not have pages 15 thru 18. 4 pages of The Beacon were stapled in and replaced the normal pages.

## Wrong Brown Promoted!

### No. 2 T.C. Makes Terrible Mistake in Initials

WINNIPEG, October 24th. — When word got around that Brown had been awarded a “flute-loot”, everyone yelled “Oh, my glory, not that!” — until some bright lad pointed out that there were three Browns among the officers, T.M., M.C., and F.C. Investigation showed that the lucky one was

T. M.

M. C.

F. C.



Tillman, Merritt or “Lucky”



Marsh Carl or Carl Marsh



Frederick Charles or “Dirty old . . .”

T.M. Apparently in the rush of moving, or not moving, or moving, or not moving, ad infinitum, No. 2 T.C. had mixed the initials, or forgotten to include the other two sets. If only one promotion was intended (Editor's Note: Please, leave us not be subtle), then T.M. is a good choice and the other Browns would rather have a free beer than a second ring any day. (Editor's Note: This reporter is mad!)

### OFFICERS' HOE-DOWN HUGE SUCCESS

MESSVILLE, October 28th. — With perfect harvest weather and real old-time music, plus a dozen other incentives, members of the Officers' Mess gathered for what turned out to be the best and funniest party of this or any other season. Everyone entered into the spirit of the occasion by coming dressed up in a variety of costumes that made the Mardi Gras look like a revival meeting.

Prizes for the evening went to Mae Nahass, whose characterization of Matilda the Milkmaid was price-

less, Bill Richardson, who brought “Silas Twinderbine” to life, Peggy Parsons, whose “farm lady” was a classic of the wide open spaces, Fred Brown, whose female impersonation was original to say the least.

To the committee responsible for this fine party — FL. Barker, FL. Knight, FO. Murray, FL. McAulay and FO. McFadden — go the thanks of everyone attending this gala affair. Don Murray's drawing of hillbillies were wonderful.

Because the pictures of the party taken by Sgt. McLeod, are really good and because trainees and civilian co-workers will want to see

the officers in less serious mood, we are printing a page of pictures on page 3 of the “Beacon”.

### P. T. SECTION BUYS A “DRIFT RECORDER”

Drill Hall, October 31st. — A persistent group of salesladies finally broke down the sales resistance of that bunch of hardy perennials, the P.T.I.'s, last month when in a moment of weakness, the Section forked over FIFTY CENTS for a “Drift Recorder” and a chance of winning a Victory Bond. This gives the section a figure of 100 percent of its quota, which was set at one.

# The Beacon

"Sheds light on many subjects"

Editor-in-chief.....FO. FRED C. BROWN\*  
 Managing Editors.....  
 Associate Editors.....  
 Features Editor.....Not that guy Alger!  
 Circulation Manager.....  
 Art Editor.....  
 Office Boy.....  
 Secretary.....(Just fooling, dear!)  
 \* More lonesome than ever, ain't it?

## Editorial

One of our fellow instructors recently said to us, "Well, after all, it isn't much more work than instructing navigators or air bombers." We sighed as we thought of all the navigators and air bombers we had lectured, flown with, graduated. This magazine is our "joe" job and only recently has the lack of trainees made it a little easier — one day last week we only worked half a day — twelve hours.

So we thought that our reader (bless her!) would like to know how a "Drift Recorder" is published. Well, the publication of this magazine begins as soon as the edition is on the news stands. The first thing that must be done is to get copies of all the pictures Scotty Milne wants for his scrap book. Scotty is very fussy about this and makes the editor feel like a heel when it isn't done promptly and efficiently.

Phase II begins with the sorting of comments. These are divided into three classes — the kind ones or "Nice effort, kid!"; the "Question" type — "Where's our class news?" etc. (as if we'd know!), and the comments of those who have never done anything for the rag. These we ignore.

Phase III is the tough part — getting a staff together. Most people imagine that just because a guy's name appears on the mast-head, he's on the staff. Some are, and some are not. Some get a free copy for letting the editor use their names so that he won't feel too lonely or too conspicuous when the magazine is published. Some of them, like FO. Ross Alger, "bring a wealth of experience to the publication" — (The Drift Recorder, March, 1944) but this wealth has been hoarded with a zeal that would have done credit to

Ebenezer Scrooge before Tiny Tim got to work on him. Occasionally the members of the staff write a poem and the editor is so grateful that their embarrassment prevents them from such menial chores as proof-reading or news hunting.

Somehow, however, the material gathers and goes to press and a magazine appears and the vicious circle begins again. Actually, we do get swell co-operation from most of you and needless to say, we try to make this truly **your** magazine, whether you are service or civilian personnel.

## Lament of the Lac.

### In Lower Twelve

Now don't get me wrong, fellas, I ain't the beefin' kind. I kin take as much guff as the next guy, an' if the weather ain't bad, mebbe a little more. When the weather is bad my rheumatics start to prod me, see. That's why I'm usin' a lower bunk ever since I joined this outfit.

That's how I come to know there is two classes of guy in this set-up. . . . upper-bunkers and lower-bunkers . . . and that is where I figger I got a beef comin'! Exceptin' it's safer if it rains and the roof leaks, a guy in a lower got no livin' status alongside one of those upper-bunkers.

I got it on pretty good authority, too, that a guy what sleeps in a upper bunk has a much better chance to get his commission on account of he's so used to climbin' over other guys.

Now take this guy who is usin' the top story of my Parkhill, he's just the average upper-bunker. The Tarzan type. An' he scares the livin' daylight out of me every time he makes a leap for his top perch. Someday he's goin' to miss and root up lots of floorboards with his snoot.

I call him Joe when I'm polite. So I will tell you a little about Joe, so it will be the same as tellin' all about all the upper-bunkers you will ever meet.

I am sittin' on the edge of my slumber pit last night, readin' in the paper how the Maple Leafs is a cinch for the flag, when the bunk takes a lurch to port, and I'm sittin' on the floor with the paper wrapped around my neck like a little Lord Fauntleroy collar. That's Joe doin' his

crash dive. I get settled back once more readin' the news of the bombin' of Berlin when. . . Wham! something whooshes through my paper, takin' out the last three paragraphs I'm readin'. It is just a service boot that Joe is lettin' down for the night. I swing over to the other side of my bunk to miss the second one and land there just in time to get it right on the noggin and if you thinks those boots is heavy on your feet, you wanna' get one of them on the bean sometime.

I am just gettin' settled again, readin' some recipes on the women's page, which is about all that is left on the paper, when I smell somethin'. It's like a mixture of rags burnin' and the cold slaw we get in some mess halls (not Pop's of course). But I know it ain't because what's stickin' in my eye ain't exactly a bunch of raw carrots. It's Joe's feet danglin'.

So I figger mebbe I'd better climb in bed and if I can fergit where I am, mebbe I can go to sleep. I close the old peepers and start countin' sergeants jumpin' over a cliff, when I feel somethin' settlin' on my face and I feel like I wanna sneeze. I open my eyes, and think for a moment that it's snowin'. Then I realize it's just Joe bangin' the ashes off his cigarette. So I pull the sackin' over my head and hope for the best.

Joe suddenly decides that he has to go somewhere in a hurry, and he hops down, usin' my bunk for a steppin' stone, plantin' his big fat foot right in my face, and rippin' the pillow with his toe nail.

And that is only a start. Other little things he includes in his boudoir repartee are trompin' on my clean linen with dirty boots on his way up, hangin' his socks on the underside of the top spring an' tossin' orange peels down my neck. One thing I gotta give him credit for is being a clean guy though. He always tests his socks every morning to see if they need washin'. He tosses 'em up to the ceiling, and if they come down they're O.K. for another day, but if they stick there, they need washin'.

But do I get mad? Naw, like I said before, I ain't the guy to beef an' besides, that, he just weighs 185 lbs. to my 140. But if they find that lug fit for a casualty list some mornin', you'll also find I was on the postin' list the night before.

### OFFICERS' HALLOWE'EN PARTY





## "BARRACK BLOCK THIRTEEN"

1313 ANSON AVENUE

"I'VE GOT AN ANSON, AVENUE?"

CRAP, CHUCK LUCK, STUD POKER, and BLACKJACK RUN BY  
The MANAGEMENT

PRIVATE ENTRANCE FOR LADIES ALSO USED AS FIRE ESCAPE. SPECIAL RATES  
FOR "JOES" AND THE GAMBLING "PERFESH"

BEER IN THE FOUNTAINS. DOGS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Not responsible for sextants, astro-compasses, blondes, poker chips, cokes,  
or other valuables kept under pillows; they should be left with FL. Bob Lapp in  
the G.I.S.

**If you are fond of athletics and like good jumping, lift the mattress and see the  
bed spring.**

### House Rules

Dogs not allowed in the bunks.

Board \$2.00 per square foot.

Guests are requested not to speak to  
the Dumb Waiter.

Meals served in bed only upon request.

Anyone troubled with nightmare will  
find a halter on the bed-post.

If the room gets too warm, open the  
window and see the fire escape.

Don't worry about your Bill, he'll be  
all right.

Sights on request, but not that kind.  
Towels changed weekly.

Socks must be removed at night.

Blackjacks must be left with the night  
clerk.

All loaded dice must be accompanied  
by a body-guard.

Yoo-hooing from the windows strictly  
at your own risk.

# Meet the **P.T.** and **D.** Boys

You trainees who are wondering who all the local muscle-men who keep you fit are, and you civilians who are wondering who the lads in the white sweatshirts are, will welcome this introduction. We'll start with the back row from left to right and then do the front row:

WO1 LISOWESKI—Steve is Station Warrant Officer and is a hockey fan. He has spent four and one half years overseas in Africa and the Middle East and has so far resisted all efforts of the "Drift Recorder" to get his story. But we'll get it!

SGT. WILLIAMSON—He's a body builder and a 'discip'.

SGT. SHIBLEY—Jack is the "daddy" of the section. He looks as young as Rosenberg. That must be because of the life he leads "he" can mean either Shibley or Rosenberg depending on how well you know them. Shibley is the "gen" man on drill.

LAC. FREDMAN—Monty is the "joe" of the section—he does all the work — you ask him.

CPL. STANOWSKI—Wally is the famous hockey player of the same name. This quiet, likeable former N.H.L. star recently became the proud papa of a bouncing baby hockey player.

FS. GEDDES—Bob has a heart as big as his voice, and brother, that ain't no tiny whisper!

FO. MYERS—Bert's background in physical education is an impressive one. He has been a supervisor of playgrounds in Windsor, a cadet instructor in Toronto, and has specialized in P.T. courses at the University of Toronto.

## FRONT ROW

FS. EARLES—Don is a good athlete and a good P.T.I. He plays on the station basketball team.

FS. SCHIFFER—"Schiff" hasn't been a P.T.I. all his life—only since he learned to walk. His weight-lifting prowess and body building have been outstanding and he makes a hobby of his profession. He is a favorite with the trainees.

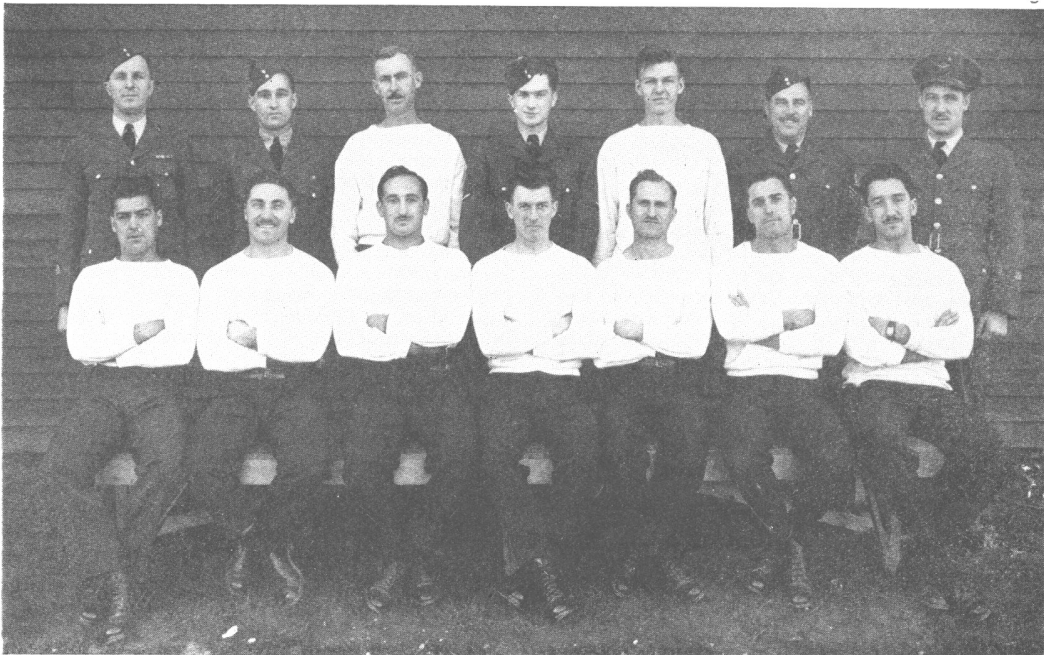
SGT. GOLDSTEIN—"Goldie" is another strong boy with a rugged build and a reputation as a hand-balancer. He is fond of good reading and finds time for lots of it.

CPL. HURTUBISE—He's a drill expert, plays softball well and is a bowling champ.

SGT. NESBITT—This efficient equipment man played professional softball in Detroit before the war. He is a top-notch referee in any sport.

FS. MACHNICKI—Mac has built the two best obstacles courses in the country — one at No. 5, the other at Saskatoon. He's boss of the N.C.O.'s and is a hard-working, practical guy who likes hockey and snooker. He is still trying to beat "Schiff".

CPL. ROSENBERG—Leo is a gymnast, lacrosse player and is a former editor of the "Airmen's Post", Brandon, though his only contribution to the "Drift Recorder" is the smile in the picture. He's the only P.T.I. with a car.



## AUXILIARY SERVICES

In this issue I would like to bring to your notice the real set-up we now have in the Station Library.

This library is available to all and as new books are being added every month there is reading material for every taste. You'll find fiction, non-fiction, mystery historical and educational works.



Here are some facts worth knowing:

There is a qualified librarian in attendance to help you in your choice.

Library hours are from 1200 hours to 1700 hours and 1800 hours to 2000 hours daily except Sunday, when the hours are from 1880 to 2000.

Another interesting fact is that last month 472 books were taken out by the trainees. This figure will be even higher this month.

Now to those who have not visited the Library—why not drop in and browse around, meet AC1 Sage, the librarian? He will find something of interest for you.

Here's just a word about our CONCERT PARTIES that will appear every second Thursday in the Recreation Hall. These are really bang-up shows with lots of variety and, judging by the enthusiasm shown at the last two performances, are well worth attending.

The artists give their time free to entertain the troops, so come and relax from study for a couple of hours every two weeks and enjoy some good music, comedy, dancing girls etc.

The shows booked for November include the Winnipeg Police on the 23rd, starting at 2015 hours, how about it, boys? Let's fill the Rec. Hall, come early to get a seat in the bald headed row.

—Peter HAY,  
Auxiliary Officer.

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With the fourteenth week threatening, 108A has been too busy recently to get into much trouble of the kind worth reporting in this column.

We made our first acquaintance with snow at the beginning of the month and held an initiation ceremony, in the course of which a great deal of fun was had by all and a few minor injuries sustained. A number of foreheads swabbed and adhesive tape and bandages also indicated that a few of the braver spirits tried their luck on the skates with varying success.

In the realm of sport we continue losing at basketball with monotonous regularity, not because we are unable to produce a first rate team, but because we are unable to master the peculiarities of the Canadian roles. However, despite the fact that time grows short, we hope to achieve at least a couple of brilliant victories before graduating.

Individually, our members are such models of good-deportment that scandal is difficult to come by. We did hear, however, that Murray Haywood has applied for a sleeping-out pass and are wondering why at this late date he is going to so much trouble. . . It is also rumoured that one 108A man who shall be nameless, was, for a week or two in grave danger of figuring as the third person in a divorce action but understand the danger has been averted.

The "Fill in the Face" contest submitted by one of our members should prove a howling success and the entries should provide a great deal of interest and speculation. (Editor's note: Yeah, it sure would have, if you had handed it in on time to be engraved).

The author insists on a strict observance of the rules and expects that the handsome prize will be very keenly competed for. (Editor's note: We, too, have a lovely prize for late class news!).

We are very pleased to say that after a few grim days when we seemed in grave danger of losing him, the Powers that Be have permitted us to keep FO. Ramsay, and we all hope he will remain with us for the remainder of our time as we consider him a very regular bloke indeed.

# Pilot to Navigator!



This exclusive picture shows FL. Bob. McCutcheon and his "students". Yes, trainees, the pilots are plotting! Certainly they aren't writing for the "DRIFT RECORDER". How about that news? We had some wet weather, you know.

## CLASS 112A

Now a word from the sprogs — the all British star combination — you guessed it — 112A.

We arrived at camp and were forthwith told to disappear until Monday morning. What a first impression! — Did we mind the notice about "Keep off the grass" (where is the grass anyway?), don't smoke, don't put tea leaves in the wrong places, etc? We were the liberated, the chosen people — until Monday — then we were the stooges, the duty watch, the fire picquet, the uselessly employed.

Then on our third Monday we became trainees, course 112A, the course to beat all courses, led by FL. "Fairenough" Mitchell, FO. "Gun" Cotton, instructor in skiving and allied subjects, FO. "Peekaboo" Gads and PO. Burgess. We are bound to make Navigation history led by such a band. (Turn to the crime page). Our met. man had a job convincing us that cirrus looked like a thin whale in the sky but we saw it all when he said that met is a very tricky subject.

We must pay tribute to a temporary guardian angel who looked after us for two weeks—FL. Rowan—whose name we shall remember.

• Now in the initial throes of the long, long trail of binding we seem to be curing ourselves of the Course Compass and Ground Speed Air Plot and the minus a hundred aircraft rec. score.

We begin to miss our Ma's apple pie, our soccer and our tobacco—(oh this Canadian confetti substitute!) we have to concentrate on our other vices instead or find consolation in ice cream or lemon pie. Indeed, some lads seem keen to settle here — perhaps with the Roumanian girl with the car, or the Goolie, or the blue-eyed hostess. (Are some ears burning?)

This is not really our first Recorder contribution — our smiling boy Bob Drage having been pictured à la mess hall last month.

Be warned, too—this is not all you will hear of THE FLIGHT!

# We Fly by Night

• • • By A. Pilot

*Editor's note: This is one of those things that must be read in the spirit in which it is written. . . one of good-natured fun. We encourage counter-blasts from navigators, air bombers et al; and assure you again that this epistle is good clean fun and was written with due respect for all members of the crew.*

A night flight could be defined as a flight which takes place between the hours of can't see, and can see, and over territory which you can't see, even if you can see.

To the navigators it is a period when as much work as possible is attempted in as short a time as possible, with as much confusion as possible.



*Technicolor Photograph of Anson Mk.V Turning on E.T.A. on Night Flight*

To the W.A.G. or the W.O.G. it is merely his second or third trip that day. It is a time when between calls to Flywheel he may catch up on his reading, or listen to Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Frankie Sinatra, or some other nocturnal disturbance affecting the radio waves.

To the air bomber who lumbers out to the aircraft laden down with maps, charts, sextants, computers, dividers, logs, flashlights, etc. and then proceeds to spread them around the co-pilots seat, and hang them on the instrument panel, or control levers, it is another trip, another bomb, another three hours flying time. It is interesting to note how confidently he carries all this equipment to the aircraft, and how dejectedly, after landing, he drags it back to G.I.S., wondering what the H - - - it is all for.

To the pilot a night flight is a period of quiet meditation, during which he may see himself as a criminal, as a savage, as a padre, or as a Good Samaritan, depending on many things which he may think of, or may encounter during the flight. It is a certainty that the pilot is bound to encounter several of a vast number of happenings, which will add zest (or should we say "jest") to the night flight, as though any such happenings were necessary to add zest to a night flight.

To the pilot too, the night flights may be put into three classes. First, the long "two legged" trip, or the turn "ten minutes before ETA trip"; secondly, the "milk

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route trip", which is considered one of the better types, and finally the three-legged trip — bombing included — which is now considered as the best type of night flight due to the confusion it causes all members of the crew as to position of the aircraft and relative bearing from base. For our biography of a night flight we will consider the latter type of trip — the three-legged job, bombing included. Let us consider that all members of the crew are aboard, including confusion, and we are making a routine night navigation and bombing exercise under ordinary conditions.

We stagger down the runway under a full head of steam; the pilot anxiously awaiting the arrival of air speed, without which it seems these aircraft are unable to fly. Suddenly, if we are fortunate, air speed arrives, and we become airborne and head into the dismal blackness of the prairie night. Now we start our long tedious climb to height, which may be anywhere from three to ten thousand feet above so-called mean sea level. Fortunately we cannot fly at fifteen or twenty thousand feet due to lack of air at those altitudes for members of the crew, and also, we are told, the engines require air, and will not function at those higher altitudes. . . good old engines.

While climbing, confusion is one of the main participants in the action aboard. It is he who loses the air bombers dividers, and who fails to subtract the variation from the first course given to the pilot. But finally we are on our way—engines roaring—fabric waving, and teeth, usually the pilot's, chattering at the predetermined, but unreliable and astonishing speed of one hundred and thirty miles per hour, heading out for complete blackness.

It would be well to state here that the latter night flight, that is — the "three-legged, bombing included flight" is divided, from the pilot's viewpoint into four sections. Firstly — there is the "waiting period" . . . waiting for the other members of the crew to reach the aircraft, then waiting for a radio check, then waiting for air speed to arrive, then waiting for space between ourselves and the ground, and the final wait of this "waiting" period is the one where he waits for the navigator's first chit. Secondly — there is the "turn back now, or else," section, or the "Thumbing your nose at fate" period, which usually lasts from base to the first turning point, or about fifty minutes in time, where one minute is an eternity. This is the period where the



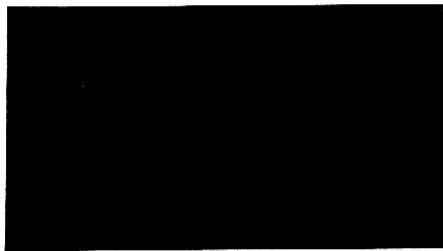
*Plan view of Anson Mk.V Taken over Plum Coulee at 2359 Hours.*

pilot usually is casting fond glances to the rear where lies a vanishing glow of light that was Winnipeg. It is here that such thoughts as: "which engine will quit

first?" "how long can I stay up on one engine?" or "what was that?" are constantly filling the pilot's mind to such an extent that he is completely unaware as to the position or altitude of the aircraft, and for this reason, this section may also be termed the . . . "where the hell are we?" period.

Along about this time, the crew seems to come to life in the pilot's realization. They now have their turn, and make the pilot realize how nice and painless it would be to be stood up and shot. The first member of the crew to make his presence felt is the air bomber, who grinning fiendishly, in a light so bright as to put the sun to shame, pinpoints himself on a map, usually the wrong section of the map. The searchlight which he uses (and calls a flashlight) causes the outline of his map to be reflected in technicolor in every window of the aircraft. After being cautioned re his use of lights he slyly manoeuvres his torch, and with deadly accuracy squirts a beam of light, at frequent intervals directly into the eyes of the unsuspecting pilot. And now the pilot, he too, grinning fiendishly turns on all the lights in the cockpit and his landing lights besides, so that the air bomber can no longer see the ground, and he settles back in his seat.

It is now that the navigators make themselves known, and it is especially gratifying to note that they wait until the pilot is comfortable before they begin their part in the festivities. The first indication of their part in the confusion is always the dropping of their computer to the floor of the aircraft. This causes the pilot to start violently, and while he is still recovering they begin to beat fore and aft, fore and aft, then aft and fore. This is in the nature of an endurance contest, and invariably the pilot wears out first, and sternly reprimands the navigators for not taking their P.T. on the ground. No longer able to cause anxiety in the above manner, they now resort to the more cunning way of doing it. The first navigator sneaks quietly up and taps the pilot, who by now is keyed to anything, and who once more starts violently, and tells him that he is about to take some astro sights. The pilot then carefully adjusts the trim of the aircraft and has just settled down to hold a steady course, when the second navigator gleefully runs up to the front, ignoring his first navigator's star shooting, to tell the pilot that he is about to check the course, or thrusts an M.T.B. into the pilot's trembling hand for a signature.



*Head-on View of Anson Mk.V taken over Skownan at 2359 Hours*

Once again the pilot mutters some incoherent invectives under his breath and attempts to recover his instruments. This procedure is standard and can be expected on

every night flight until such time as the pilot threatens the whole crew with a fire extinguisher.

Now comes the bombing, or "anything can happen" period. Here, once more the air bomber excels himself. It is the period too which makes the pilot realize that what has gone before was so trivial as to be hardly worth mentioning. Such antics on the air bomber's part as knocking his head against the switches, kicking the pilot violently on the shins with a heavy boot, or slyly catching the stabilizer in his harness are merely considered part of a bombing procedure. It is with a great sigh of relief that we hear the "bomb gone" as gurgled over the inter-com by that worthy person.

Included in this section is the turning point, which is a point not to be missed in our biography. Three minutes before all ETA's or turning points is the signal for the use of all the lights aboard. The whole crew seem to be able to co-operate wonderfully on this, and the pilot, on looking to port before turning is startled no end by seeing the image of a goggle-eyed, gaunt old man sitting valiantly at the controls of an aeroplane. After some fast mental reflection, he decides that the image is that of himself.



*Side View of Anson Mk.V Taken Over Birds Hill at 2359 Hours*

This leaves but one section or period through which we have to pass now in returning to base, this is the "Damn the WAG" period, or "I wonder where the front is now" period. Although it be the last period it is by no means the least important one, for it is the section of the trip where weather takes the pilot's mind off the festivities and general confusion aboard to worry over more serious matters. It is a detailed procedure to ask the WAG, after you have rudely interrupted his favourite program, if he has heard any weather broadcasts, and after explaining to that noble member of the crew that there are weather broadcasts from the ground station, you settle back in your seat, with the promise that you'll have some weather shortly. Knowing full well that you will receive a full report on the weather as you roll down the tarmac, you settle down in your seat and mutter black words unconsciously, at the weatherman, the WAG, in fact, the whole damn crew.

Finally, as the glow on the horizon increases in size and brilliance, you are able to pick out the lights of the runways of Stevenson field. You do a circuit or two, land, and stroll over to the flight room satisfied that, as usual, it has been an uneventful night flight.



Having made our spectacular debut in last month's issue of the Drift Recorder we continue our woeful tale with greater confidence. It's good to have confidence in something. Take the course for instance—and we all look apprehensively at our rapidly diminishing nominal roll.

We regret the departure of our fallen comrades and wish them the best of luck in their new ventures. Pete Morgan has emigrated to MacDonald to start a gunnery course and Eric Whittaker is probably somewhere en route to England. That reminds me — I'm told the British Isles are great pinpoints for use in European operations. Recently we were all surprised to lose both Reg. Tyler and Dave (Fitzy) Fitzgerald, but with Reg and "Fitz" it was not a matter of "keeping it up" as it was of "keeping it down". You've guessed it—airsickness! Further additions to our select, if motley, midst are Jack Moffatt from 104B and Peter Combe from 106A. It seems our roll is almost—I stress, "almost"—as variable as the met. man's winds. These latter, since our Coastal Command exercise, have caused us to change our theme tune to "Deep in the Heart of Texas"!

Our fond and fatherly instructor, FO. Milne, has been cutting the ice lately, as "goalie" for the R.C.A.F. (vs. Rangers) ice-hockey team. A few more pounds in the right places, Mr. Milne, and the Rangers would not have been able to see that little net at all! It was a good game, though, and a certain 7 Australians enjoyed their introductory "spectation" of the game.

"Jonesy", too, could have cut the ice at about the same time when he unexpectedly stumbled into a little scheme for the "allocation of homework". He says it's "not the thing"—but ask the boys about it!

Parnell discovered a property affecting Components P.Q.R. and Co-efficients A.B.C., which even FO. Cragg, a wizard in this witchcraft, had not foreseen—"magnetic personality". Mr. Cragg has looked haggard, defeated, deflated and disillusioned ever since.

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Before continuing any further, we all extend to Ken Wilson and his family our sincere sympathy in his recent bereavement.

Roving around Winnipeg recently (and not in the rural precincts of Assiniboine Park) observations have been noted of the curves of pursuit made on heavenly bodies. What an attraction the married lovelies have had for the 108B boys lately! Remember boys, husbands have guns, and the armament section teaches as to "always allow for bullet trail towards your own nose."

Yeo and Keen have much in common with the P8 compass on Saturday nights — a great alcoholic content and a lousy sense of direction. During my prying peregrinations I spotted them track-crawling the sidewalks and stalling at the curbs.

Can anyone solve the following enigma?

- (1) Why has Lin Burrows needed all those late leave passes?
- (2) What does Norm Woods say when he talks in his sleep?
- (3) How does Norris win all those poker hands?
- (4) What language is it that Hunter uses?
- (5) Distraught and demented as we are, will our sufferings be extended for another 2 - 4 - 10 weeks?
- (6) What made us think we wanted to be navigators?

With these queries we draw to a conclusion, continuing on our precarious limb of the ladder to success according to our motto "semper in exc — (what am I saying!) — "per ardua ad E.T.A."



"It's My Navy Career Now, You Know!"

## UNWANTED?

I am nearly two years old but nobody seems to want me. Daddy can find a home for Mummy; but won't you take me too? Daddy is looking for a furnished house in West End, not too far from the Air Observers' School (where he is an officer instructor). P.S.: Daddy and Mummy don't drink. Box 1550 Free Press.

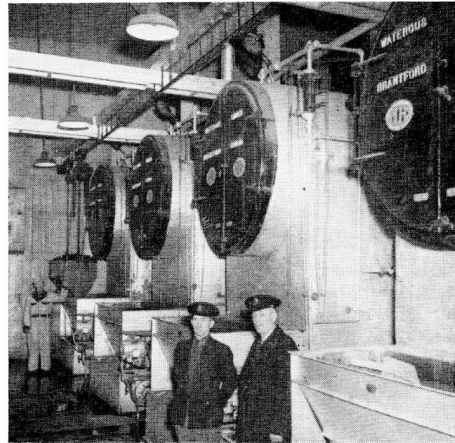


The above advertisement in the local paper intrigued us so much that we immediately started to track down this hapless member of No. 5's faculty. (after all, two unused liquor permits are enough to intrigue anyone as Christmas approaches!) He turned out to be none other than FL. Art Weaver of the Beaver Patrol (Office 19) and a member of the maddest little group of instructors in the G.I.S. (Editor's note: How come I always get that one o'clock lecture, Art?).

This magazine is happy to join the "Free Press" and the "Tribune" in their search for a place for little

David and his two illustrious (and sober!) parents. Let's have any leads that might be helpful. Just leave them at the Switchboard with your Christmas contributions.

## THEY KEEP US WARM



Mr. R. Burgess, standing in rear, unloading the hopper. Mr. Herb Hickling (Shift Engineer) and Mr. Jim Kerr (Chief Engineer) in the foreground.

The Central Steam Heating Plant consists of four 180 Horse Power Boilers equipped with chain grate stokers, using an average of 20 ton of coal daily during the winter months. The plant supplies steam for heating, cooking and hot water for all buildings (except hangars) on the station through a network of underground pipes 18,800 feet in length excluding pipes in buildings and 18 pumps are used to return condensed steam back to boilers.

## C.N.T.

*O go thee down to C.N.T.  
Take thy little link with thee—  
And when alone in Tower Dark  
Try taking sights on ruddy Spark.*

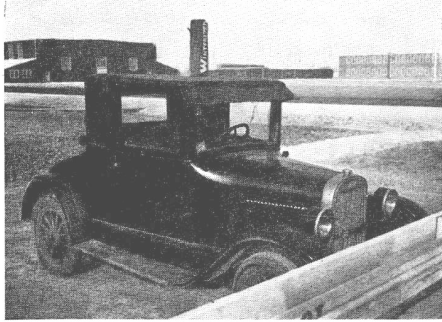
*Then find the Switch — if thou art able  
To light up thy wee plotting table,  
And grab thy books and look therein,  
Be CALM lad! Don't get in flat spin.*

*Find azimuths and intercept—  
And other things at which adept—  
Try plotting some on ruddy chart  
To find out — maybe — where thou art.*

*Then plot the line for thy wind vector  
Thou'll find it comes from the wrong sector—  
And when art finished, they say — "Look IT!  
Just how the HELL, Lad, didst thou Cook IT?"*

## THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

Mr. R. G. Miles, the owner of this "travelling telephone booth" or "stand-up-and-put-your-coat-on"



is pleased to present for fall review, the latest winter modification in heating comfort. Bob says he could do without the heat except that some days he travels alone.

## CLASS 110A

It appears that our first appearance in The Drift Recorder must be made in the wake of a maelstrom— were we sucked in! — or in plain language 'the seventh week exams'. However, we find we are all still on course but slightly off track and drifting in a fog to graduation E.T.A. February, '45. As Mr. Churchill would have said "Never before did so many know so little about so much."

The class is composed of Aussies; with a dash — three Canucks and a Yank, Gus. Gus, incidentally, comes in for a fair amount of good-natured banter for which he invariably has a ready answer. The instructors headed by FL. "Good question" Weaver are endeavoring to bash into very unreceptive skulls (in most cases) the mysteries of Navigation, D/R and Astro and with the ready co-operation of the class are doing a good job, we can only hope that the results will be as good and we gain the coveted wing.

For the past week our favorite Met. man has been missing and we miss his lectures on "wapour trails" which he insists will cause us "lots of trouble, lots of grief."

Class personalities include George and Chesty whose daily dialogue would make an excellent radio program with George as the comedian and Chesty his "Charlie McCarthy". George will make a good navigator some day if keenness is one of the qualities needed. Chesty was mentioned as the dummy because he, like all men in love, is usually silent and we wonder if this is due in any part to the staff of the mess where Chesty bowls a pretty fair alley with Pop Ratson and one of his youthful female assistants. His only known rival was Dick Collins who, lacking Pop's support

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turned his attention to Town and is now troubled by street lights. We will try and have the Council install dimmer switches in your target area Dick.

"Drag Harlan" Len Forbes is the class "Craps" man and is constantly accompanied by two small red cubes marked with white dots which must have some strange magical qualities as he is often observed to throw them on the table with the command of "Right back for Poppa". He then takes all the money in sight and drifts off. He appears to drift anyway.

Snow, that mysterious element of which we had heard much, from travellers who occasionally visited our far land in better days, has arrived and in consequence, most of the boys are suffering from "le cafard" as the legion calls madness. It seems to affect each one differently, some clutch their best friend and hurl him into a nearby ditch where they endeavor to make a snowman to scale, while others merely turn their collars up and pretend it is still summer time. All, however, have extracted from their sea kit bags a tight nether garment called "romance buster" which they wear next to the skin and extending from waist to ankle and hope that they will soon be back to bask at Bondi. Speaking to Jupiter and Pluvius they are wont to say "Turn it off now, mate, we've seen it and 'had' it". Anyhow we no longer dream of a white Christmas as it appears to be a reality.

Wanted! A good strong man to take the world off the shoulders of Johnny "Atlas" Grover, maybe Pixie would oblige in he thinks he can carry the world and Nick Hamblin.

To sum up, our stay at Winnipeg to date has been very enjoyable in our leisure hours, which are few enough, and when we return to the bosom of our respective families, we hope to take with us besides memories, the O. R. Mess, the Wet Canteen, and a trophy of the chase, the larynx of FS. Geddes.

## THE OTHER SIDE



Last issue carried the story of two young ladies who refused to be photographed. This month they repented and we have the other side as we promised. On the left is Agnes Delaney and on the right is Georgine (that's how you spell it!) Clark.

## CLASS 110B

110B will never make navigators let alone scribes, however, as our motto is 'we endeavour to please' and we are renowned for the fact that we will be in anything once — even the Drift Recorder — here we are.

The class is almost entirely Aussie except in that like all good alloys it is tempered by a little of that sterner metal termed Canuck—two bits may be handed to the class senior! We might mention that we are all hand-picked men — who said from the gutter? — exemplifying in every detail that marvellous observation "Victory through Air Power". Our husky young bodies though not possessed of that certain tan which 110A has been acquiring of late fill out our long winter woolies as if they were poured over us and we are possessed of that clarity of eye and keenness of mind that simply amazes our instructors especially after they have marked our logs.

We scoff at anyone who says learning to be a navigator is "hard" — such a person must be lacking in vocabulary otherwise he would use "exhausting". For the first two weeks of our stay here we were under the impression that we had either stumbled in on a refuge for downtrodden geni or that the instructors were pulling our skinny legs. However, with the approach of the seventh week, came the dawn and with it our infamous and stolen motto "Tirez le digit". Then followed a trying period of "whats-yer-average" and "You know you need sixty percent", etc. We knew — that's why we were worrying. Many were the sighs of relief when the mighty Caesar (s) gave the "thumbs-up" and said "let them be (CT'd later on)". Our opinion is that they didn't want other G. I. Esians having their studies disturbed by the clang of empty heads rolling off the block.

Like all courses before us we have our discoveries, experiences, bright-sparks and dim-wits. Of our discoveries the first was the original infernal machine — the computer. Seems that ours read correct to the nearest ten units whilst those the instructors tote are de-luxe editions with micrometer attachments. The next was the S.D.R.T.—to some a relic of Inquistador days, to others a haven wherein they might slumber caressed by the dim light and with their snores hidden by the incessant inter-com question of "what drift did you set?"

In town we discovered that the species of female termed "single" is extinct and that every able bodied female over fourteen years of age has a husband in the Infantry and two children in the nursery. Not the least of our experiences is the one we get after the third helping of the celebrated Pop Ratson meal.

Celebrities are continually popping up amongst us — Harry Tuffy who is the worthy promoter of "The Society for the Donations of Worthless Watches to Winnipeg Women" and the author of a small treatise on how to D.R. and A/C in two minutes without the instructors waking up to it. We have "Metro the Met. Man", "Big Noise" Pernet who incidently spends all his spare money on new reeds for his instrument, and

last but not least "The B-29" who will persist in yodelling every time he plots a fix smaller than a baby's diaper.

We know we've said more than enough but before we go a few words of praise for our truly indomitable instructors, FL. Weaver, FO. "Actually" Allan, FO. Macdonald and FO. "J.C." Rothwell. We appreciate their efforts and with time hope to dispel their apprehensions as to pouring the seed of knowledge on barren soil.

Cheerio folks and thanks for listening!



### WHO IS AC2 "JOE"?

To his Government AC2 "Joe" is manpower.  
To his C.O. he's expendable.  
To the M.O. he's a potential casualty.  
To the S.W.O. he's another foot in a shoe.  
To his O.C. he's a replacement.  
To his FS. he's a gold brick.  
To his Mess Sergeant he's a chow hound.  
To his O.R. clerk he's a sick book rider.  
To his Sergeant he's a lousy recruit who'll never make an airman.  
To his Corporal he's a target for hard labor.  
To the LAC he's a meathead.  
But to his girl back home he's a hero, and to his family he's  
THE shining example of a Canadian airman.

★ ★ ★

A drunk who had boarded a double-deck bus and stumbled up to the top deck, came rolling down the stairs a minute later with the observation, "I ain't going to ride up there. There's nobody driving."

★ ★ ★

A parachute trooper from a training camp in Tennessee chanced to come down over the cabin of an old mountaineer with a family of fourteen children. One of the sons, sighting the parachute floating down with a man attached, ran into the house shouting, "Bring yore gun, pop. The gol-durn stork is bringin' em full grown now."

★ ★ ★

Tourist: "White man very glad to meet red man.  
White man hopes big chief is feeling very good."  
Indian: "Hey, fellows, come and listen to this fellow — He's great!"

★ ★ ★

"That's a pretty dress you have on."  
"Yes, I only wear it to teas."  
"Whom?"

## S.D.R.T.

*Now in this place of oft shed tear,  
Of little joy and watered beer,  
There is one spot which shineth bright  
The trainees' joy and their delight.  
'Tis there their fancy may take wings  
And do the most amazing things—  
Pinpointing lands they do not see  
And taking sights with no P.E.  
The solid floor beneath their feet  
Yet flying high midst cloud and sleet  
Taking drifts on strip of paper  
To mention just one crazy caper.  
I know you'll all agree with me  
When sweating in S.D.R.T.  
That any man with normal brains  
Can find more sense in playing trains!*

## DRILL HALL DANCE A SUCCESS

On Saturday, Nov. 4, a very successful dance was held in the Drill Hall. Very effective decorations and the cabaret effect together with some fine music made the dance a notable event and FL. Barker's announcement that a similar dance would be held once a month was cheering news. Our agile cameraman, LAC. Norm Krass, was on hand to get some pictures. In the top picture may be seen, left to right — Eric Jeanes (No. 4 Hangar), Kay McCall (No. 4 Hangar), May McCall, Bob Desjardin (Electrical Shop), C. R. Chapin, "Del" Delamater, and Isabel and Ted Chapman.

Inset — Ford Braden and his famous trumpet.

Picture No. 2 shows Dot Auger cosying up to the scarecrow which formed the centre piece.

Some of the winners of bonds are shown next with Harry Warr, who held his raffle that evening. Left to right they are — W. Raymond (M.T.), H. Goodchild (W. & B.), C. H. Warr (Personnel Manager) FO. Ross Alger, W. Pierce and FS. J. P. A. Millette (CNT).

Just to show that the draw is on the level, our C.S.O. closes his eyes as he draws a lucky number out of the sombrero held by Harry Warr. Decorations for the dance were done by Jean Senyk, Dawn Digby, Gerry Galavan, Doreen Brown, Edith McGregor who are shown here. Missing from the picture are: Kay McCall, Alice Martel and Maude Lowry. All these young ladies worked hard all Saturday afternoon to make the dance a really fine one.

Many were the parties enjoying the fine box lunch put up by "Pop" Ratson. A typical group were: Maude Lowry (Admin.), A. K. Napper (Pilot), Unus Evans, Sheila Mann, Betty McCorquodale, Mary Nelin, Norma

Page Twenty-Eight

Bores, Gibb Nelin (Pilot) Roy Mann, (Pilot), Bill McCorquodale (Pilot), LAC. Ken Emery and Moira Hazlette.

To the entire Entertainment Committee headed by FL. Frank Barker, ably assisted by FO. Don Murray, go the thanks of everyone who attended the gala evening. A special vote of thanks must go to Ford Braden and his station orchestra for their fine music.

### WINNERS "DRIFT RECORDER" BOND DRAW

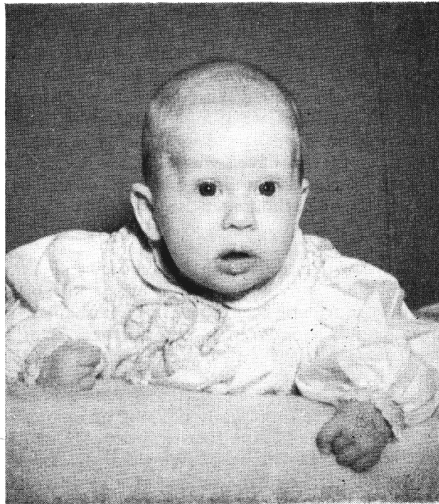
No. 17: Miss Opal Orchard, (Canteen); No. 102 W. Raymond, (M.T.); No. 110: W. Pierce, (M.T.); No. 409: J. Kerr (W.&B.); No. 535: C. Bennett, (No. 2 Hangar); No. 599: J. Oleynik, (R.&L. Catering); No. 738: Cpl. Pennell, H.O. (Signals); No. 934: FS. Millette, J. P. A., (CNT.); No. 955: LAC. Hudson, D. G., (Course 109A); No. 1026: F. R. Yandall, (W.&B.); No. 1106: LAC. Burke, E., (Course 113 AB.); No. 1239: Cpl. Callow, L. (Signals); No. 1262: LAC. Smith, W. G., (Course 104B); No. 1305: LAC. Miller, M. C., (Course 107B).

### WINNERS HARRY WARR'S DRAW

W. A. Clarke (Pilot), \$150; J. Cornwall (W.&B.) \$100; FO. R. P. Alger (Feature Editor "Drift Recorder") \$50, (the lengths to which this boy goes to make news for this magazine! Ed.); C. H. Goddard (Pilot) \$50; Helen Symonds (Instruments) \$50; Harry Goodchild (W.&B.) \$50.

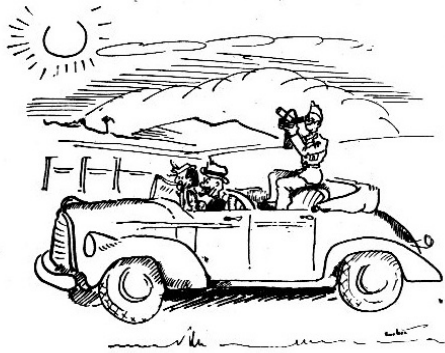
## ANY BABY PICTURES?

This wide-eyed, quizzical young lady is none other than Pamela Elizabeth Brown, the editor's daughter. Like her dad, she's wondering if we're going to have lots of cute baby pictures for the Special Christmas



Issue. How about sending in that picture today? All we need is a clear print and the baby's name and parents. We'll do the rest.





WE DONT NEED ROAD MAPS - NOW THAT GEORGE IS AT NO. 5A05

### CLASS 105B

As we hardy survivors? of 105B happily close our books and turn in the remnants of sextants, we tend to reminisce on the highlights of our twenty-week stay at No. 5. We remember when "Dauphin Kid" Sirota was lost but didn't know it; and "Lovey", the keen type, didn't want to "force land" till he closed his airplot. . .

Little Doc Sweeney and Big Doc Stork, pennant log chaps. . . Big Doc, proud of his pinpoint on Shilo. Little Doc gave an alteration for Base when bang on over the field.

O'Neil McWagner (from Ireland) with Killarney, a prohibited area, made three alterations, and hit Killarney every time. . . wonder how Cameron made a lovely astro trip with all seven sun shades down, (tsk, tsk!).

Queister altered course for a large cumulus — he thought it was the dance hall on the Bluffs. That Deane boy checked his instruments found no L.D.R. and still came home with a 3 drift W/V.

Magic Masich is right there when it comes to Astro —he can't understand where he got the nickname.

Twenty minutes to beer time Foster is the Newsie who loves taking a short range bearing on a glass of suds — his "cure" for unhappy stomach.

Mitch is happiest on a trip near Pilot Mound—his mother keeps a lamp burning and Mitchy is assured of one good pinpoint. "Ninety Nine" Rippon—loves to D.R. to D.R., especially travelling west. Jim Kendall —7.30 a.m. C.N.T. First entry in his log "Equipment checked, one blanket, one pillow."

A few Pet Sayings and Doings:

LAC. QUIST—"The old boy told me to stop, but I couldn't — there were no brakes on the wheel."

LAC. RIPPON—"Here we go, singing and dancing."

CPL. STARK—"Just a minute, sir, you see, the square of the hypotenuse equals the cube root of the vertical."

LAC. TROBAK—"The co-alt plus the ch-long relative to the pos'n. equals your unknown posn."

LAC. FINLAYSON—"Oh, not again! I haven't seen my 'I' card for weeks!"

LAC. HARGRAVE—"But it's still not as bad as the Army."

LAC. MASICH—"Well fellows, I reckon I got that solid."

LAC. PESKLEVITS—"Are you kidding?"

LAC. PLETCH—"Silence is golden".

LAC. DEANE—"I wonder what the weather is like at Mason?"

LAC. LABRASH—"Who is always first out of the madhouse (and why am I?)"

Now that the course is nearly finished, we wish to convey our thanks to our instructors who diligently lent their efforts towards our successful graduation. Also many thanks to all the personnel operating the station who helped to make it one of the best.



Left to Right: "Killer" Quist, "Sleepy" Cameron, "Pepi La Motto" Jordan, "Big Doc" Stork, "Little Doc" Sweeney, "Scotty" Pesklevits, "Up in Mabel's Room" Sirota, "Sawmill" Trobank, "Cutie" Crawford "Lover Boy" Masich.

## Congratulations

To our C.S.O., Wing Commander G. F. Jacobsen D.F.C. on his elevation to that rank from Squadron Leader. This makes him the youngest Wing Commander on the Station.

★ ★ ★

To Flight Lieutenant T. Merritt Brown on his well-deserved promotion.

★ ★ ★

To Flight Lieutenants Ray Payne, Hugh Hunter, Lorne Tyndale (missing), Ken Thompson and "Pappy" Edwards, formerly instructors at No. 5, now on "ops". FO. Doug. Nosworthy, our Overseas Correspondent, sends us word of these promotions.

★ ★ ★

To Mrs. Robert Arthur Strachan (nee Myrna Chant) on the birth of her son on October 23rd. The new lad is the son of the late Sgt. "Tiny" Strachan, whose sudden passing last April 16th, was deeply mourned by all at No. 5 A.O.S. May we of No. 5 extend to little "Tiny" and his mother our very best wishes and express the hope that he will bring new found happiness to his mother, whose cheerfulness and courage has been an inspiration to all who knew her.

★ ★ ★

To FO. and Mrs. W. B. Oughton on the birth of their daughter, Margaret Ann, on the day the Victory Loan started.

★ ★ ★

To FO. and Mrs. Harry Seed on the birth of their son (pardon us, daughter), Sydney Louise. Harry now has two daughters, Leslie and Sydney. He will probably call his third daughter, Georgie.

★ ★ ★

To FL. and Mrs. I. R. Mitchell on the birth of a little Newzie, Lawrence Norman, on October 15.

★ ★ ★

To FL. and Mrs. T. Pickering for not letting the number of girls get too far ahead of the number of boys by having a 8-lb. 4-oz. son, Roger Neil, on Nov. 2. The officers seem to have more daughters than sons though FO. Ken. Miller, now at No. 2 T.C., and FO. Doug. Nosworthy, now overseas, each have a fine son to help Pick keep the race from being too uneven.

★ ★ ★

To LAC. and Mrs. A. E. E. Lindskog on the birth of Lana Maureen on October 29.

★ ★ ★

To all other recent parents who haven't reported their blessed events.

★ ★ ★

To FO. and Mrs. "Chuck" Wild whose marriage took place at Odessa, Sask., on October 23. All happiness!

## In Memoriam



D. A. DUVAL

Doug. Duval was a Winnipeg boy having attended Ralph Brown and Champlain Schools. During the hey-day of bush flying he became interested in aviation. At San Antonio Gold Mines he worked as Agent for Wings Limited from 1937 to 1940, and to facilitate his ambition to be a pilot he bought his own plane while at Bissett. It was during this time he married Amy Brownlee.

He commenced his commercial flying as co-pilot for Wings Limited out of Lac du Bonnet, Man., just prior to the amalgamation of the various air line companies under Canadian Pacific Air Lines, Limited. A little later he was loaned to this School as an addition to our pilot personnel.

Doug, however, always seemed to prefer the romance of the lonely trails of bush flying, and it was during the late fall of 1943 he managed a transfer back to Canadian Pacific Air Lines. While posted at Rimouski, Que., in the Spring of 1944, tough adventure in fog and darkness landed him on an ice-floe in the St. Lawrence River where he drifted for seven days until he was picked up with his two passengers by an ice breaker.

Leaving Canadian Pacific Air Lines he worked privately for a short time, until he became a bush pilot for Hennessy & Hooker who traded with Indians in the north country, flying out of Pickle Lake, Ontario. It was while trying to complete a pre-freeze-up trip back to Sioux Lookout that Doug's luck ran out completely.

We miss Doug . . . His personality was outstanding. He was always eager to help a brother pilot in trouble, and more willing to fight for others than himself. Sad thoughts and a few tears are manifest for the carefree boyishness which has passed away and beyond.

The funeral was held November 1st from Thompson's Funeral Home, Winnipeg. He is survived by his wife and two sons, Paul five and Gerald one and a half. To them goes the heartfelt sympathy of the many people at No. 5 who knew and liked Doug.

# GOOD SHOW

Final figures for the 7th Victory Loan show that the Service Personnel of No. 5 have scored two outstanding successes.

1. Topping our quota of \$73,000 by \$21,000.
2. Losing one C.N.T., plus our new parade square, complete with Victory Loan pennant to No. 1 A.O.S., Malton, (No. 1 A.O.S. obtained 140 percent of their quota, to 128 percent of our quota) in a hilarious contest waged via the teletypes.

The average subscription of over \$160 shows the fine cooperation of each one of our service personnel and speaks well for the fine efforts of the committee whose picture appeared on last month's cover.

Special praise must go to FL. Frank Barker and FO. Don Murray, whose bulletin board was a joy to read, and whose entire campaign was a sincere, straight-forward effort. Good show!

## GIRLS' COUNCIL

On October 25, a new slate of officers was announced. The purpose of the Girls' Council is to foster women's activities on the station. It looks after entertainment and sports and is planning some worthwhile projects for the coming winter season. Members of the Council include:

President, Alice Martel, M.T. Section, Home Phone 201 642; Secretary, Maude Lowry, Administration, Home Phone 86 588; SOCIAL & ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE: Chairman: Doreen Brown, Parachute Section, Home Phone 73 384; Kay McCall, No. 4 Hangar, Home Phone 21,435; Maureen Duke, Tech. Stores, Home Phone 59 696; Edith McGregor, Flt. Hangar. SPORTS COMMITTEE — Chairman: Jean Senyk, Radio Despatch, Res. No. 5 A.O.S.; Muriel Benson, Flt. Hangar, Res. No. 5 A.O.S.; Helen McKinnon, Flt. Hangar; PROJECT COMMITTEE — Chairman: Rae Rutledge, Flt. Clerk, (Mr. Yule's Office); Home Phone 72 964, Irene Bolton, Shops, No. 4 Hangar, Home Phone 31 098; Mrs. Peters, Works & Bldgs., Home Phone 28 586.

The Council will welcome any suggestions and is anxious to get the active cooperation and interest of every girl on the station.

## MORE MAINTENANCE PERSONALITIES



Standing, left to right: Harry Wood (Foreman Inspector), Bert Birch (Test Pilot), C. R. Ruse (Sup't. of Maintenance), Lillian Christie (Stenographer), Jack DeCourcy (Senior Engineer), Fred Newlove (Sr. Mtce. Clerk), R. G. Miles (Asst. Sup't. of Mtce.), Seated, left to right: Ann Eliason (Mtce. Clerk), Olie Radford (Chief Inspector), Shirley Dill (Mtce. Clerk), "Dad" Macdonald (Mtce. Clerk), Cam Bower (Foreman Inspector).

**REMEMBER**  
8 1/2 hours work for 8 hours pay...

*"notice"*  
Taking short cuts, or walking across  
Drill Hall floor, Strictly Prohibited

LADIES

OUT OF BOUNDS  
TO ALL RANKS



NO SMOKING

**KEEP  
OFF THE  
GRASS**

**VEHICULAR  
TRAFFIC  
ONLY**

**STOP**

SPEED LIMIT  
15 M.P.H

MEN



STOP

NO SMOKING

OUT OF BOUNDS

PROTECTED PLACE  
POSSESSION OF CAMERAS OR  
MAKING OF PHOTOGRAPHS IS STRICTLY  
PROHIBITED  
DEFENCE OF CANADA  
REGULATIONS 31

**KEEP  
OFF THE  
GRASS**



**NO THOROUGHFARE**

# When YOU Make an Appointment *Keep It!*



**BLOOD DONORS  
NEEDED!**

A pint of your blood can save a wounded service man. Thousands of donors are needed. Call Red Cross Blood Donor Service.

**Our AIRMEN**  
*don't turn back from a raid on Berlin . . .*

**Our SAILORS**  
*don't return to port when the going gets tough . . .*

**Our SOLDIERS**  
*don't call headquarters to say they can't fight today . . .*

These are the percentages of total personnel for each Section.  
How is your Section doing?

|                         |     |                            |            |
|-------------------------|-----|----------------------------|------------|
| Parachute Section ..... | 72% | Maintenance .....          | 27%        |
| Radio .....             | 37% | Stores .....               | 18%        |
| Motor Transport .....   | 30% | Flight Clerks .....        | 10%        |
| Administration .....    | 29% | W. & B. ....               | 3%         |
| Canteen .....           | 26% | <b>Total to date .....</b> | <b>195</b> |

**WATCH FOR THE CAMPAIGN**

Sponsored by The Young Men's Section of the Board of Trade