

The
DRIFT
RECORDER

Season's Greetings

It is with much pleasure that I extend my best wishes to you all. To both Service and Civilian Personnel go my sincere thanks for the splendid spirit of co-operation and cheerfulness that prevails at No. 5 A.O.S. May your Christmas be a merry one, your New Year a happy one!

W.C. G. F. Jacobsen, D.F.C.



To one and all at No. 5 A.O.S. is extended every good wish for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. 1944 has seen the culmination of our efforts at this School and of Canada at large in the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan and with the Season's Greetings I include the grateful thanks of the Company for the faithful and diligent service rendered by each and every member of our staff during the past year.

D. S. Ormond



Exit the "Drum"

*There's a Sextant Shootin' Son-of-a-Gun,
From the South Pacific Climes,
Who can paralyse with parallax
or twist your flying times,
He's the curly headed Conqueror of Moon
and Stars and Sun,
That horizontal buzz-bomb, by the name of
Bull-Dog "Drum".*

Lending support to the rumour that No. 5 may close in the next year or two is the fact that New Zealand has recalled its Ambassador to No. 5 A.O.S., PO. Drummond. "Drum" is as much a part of No. 5 as the Anson. In fact, some people claim he was born here, acquired his accent when his mother was frightened by a Newsy (probably FL. Mitchell).

"Drum" says he left the "Land of Everlasting Sunshine" at 0730 hours, Dec. 24, 1942 and reached Vancouver on January 9, 1943. At Edmonton he was introduced to a Canadian Winter with temperatures as low as 56 below. No. 5 was at its old site when "Drum" crept up on it on Jan. 25, 1943 as a member of course 68. PO. Roy Payne (now FL., overseas) and PO. Wedding (now FL., S.D.R.T.) were his instructors.

Then it began. On February 5, "Drum" broke his arm but with it in a cast, he carried on and flew despite the sub-zero temperatures. When the cast came off, he was soon in the General Hospital for a bone graft.



SL. G. G. Milne, Chief Instructor bids PO. Drummond a fond farewell

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This was followed by 3 months' leave during which our hero toured the States. Continued trouble with his wrist sent "Drum" hopping from course to course — 72, 74, 78 until finally FL. Ken Holtby, FO's Ken Miller, Herb Moore, and FL. Jim Peat combined their talents to graduate "Drum" on course 89. The Big Day saw SL. G. G. Milne pin the wing on with what sounded like a sigh of relief. Since then "Drum" has been on the instructing staff. Early this month he left for New Zealand. His message before leaving was "Thanks to the Winnipeg Citizens, the Civilian Staff of No. 5, and to all instructors with whom I've been associated. I'll always have a kindly thought for Canada, and especially Winnipeg despite its eleven and three-quarter months of winter — KIA - ORA (good luck!)"



Class 114E

If, as has been rumoured, this is the last issue of the Drift Recorder, we wish to get a word in before either it or we are washed out. (Editor's note: Just another D.R.R. Daily Routine Rumour).

Having become somewhat acquainted with one another, we find we are composed of a flight sergeant, several would-be pilots and almost every profession from minister to miner. Of the R.A.F., we have two, who confirm us in the belief that all Englishmen are alike, not only in temperament but in appearance. In fact the resemblance is so marked, that they could be brothers (which they frequently have to deny).

As everyone is aware, "E" signifies efficiency. We humbly admit that it is possible they may have confused us with another class, and yet, looking over the remainder of 114, we are hardly justified in assuming as much as that. As the saying goes: "Time will tell".

We are fortunate in that FO. Shuh and PO. Hawkins now been appointed as our instructors. With the 7th week exams looming large, we share a common anxiety in that we do not wish to be deprived of each other's fellowship. But if their industry is matched by ours, there should be no danger of such a calamity.

As yet, we have been unable to find a permanent room in the G.I.S. Temporarily we now share space with launching tubes, machine guns and assorted pyros. By the time this is in print, we hope this situation will be rectified.

From our diligent study of A.P. 1234, we see that "man is not lost". But this we have found from those first few trips, depends largely upon the pilot's ability to navigate. Incidentally we have discovered the same holds true for S.D.R.T., which to our mind, is undoubtedly one of the most fiendish inventions of this war. Certainly it refutes the adage that there is nothing new under the sun.

However, all good things must come to an end, and so, too, we must close, wishing everybody the compliments of the season.

No. 4 Hangar J. Lemoine's Crew

We, being elected unanimously the best crew in the hangar by airforce trainees, officers, the other four hangar crews and maintenance inspectors have at last been prevailed upon by a large delegation to publish our astounding record of the tremendous amount of work performed by our crew.

Only our inherent modesty and the desire to keep the light of our achievements under a basket has kept us silent and unsung as far as the Drift Recorder is concerned but now the truth shall be told. (Ed's note: Hmm, sounds like some class news.)

We are the number one crew of the hangar both figuratively and numerically speaking.

Any crew would be efficient under Jakie Lemoine, but our crew being packed with the best looking, most intelligent and hardest working people in the hangar has risen to the heights.

Jake "Lemmon" is our chief, well dressed, distinguished looking, a great athlete and coach and an uncannily skilful poker player, which has netted him at least \$150.00 in the last two weeks.

Needless to say, he has been much sought after as a crew chief by the other crews. He is also very popular with the ladies, especially Miss "Barnacle" Purper.

Tiny Peter Reimer is Jake's lieutenant, quiet spok-



en, jolly, full of jokes and an A-one aircraft technician.

Second in line is our blue nose with the red nose that lives on sardines, George Tracey. There are rumours in the hangar that he has a second hand tie exchange that nets him five thousand per annum (ties).

Percy Farrier is George's helper, kept busy handing George tools and the crews number one news bringer. A gospel of truth, an accurate prognosticator of the first degree, admired by all.

The above mentioned personnel are the reason our aircraft engines never give any trouble. All are first rate engineers.

The airframe department is headed by "Hawkeye" Eliason, quiet spoken, well mannered, reliable, a specialist at the tailwheel, but able to take over any of the complicated repair operations necessary to maintain the high standards in maintenance set by our crew. He is very highly educated, and is cheerfully willing and able to answer all questions asked of him, from algebra to arsenic.

The Duke of No. 5, Mr. Charles G. Hawkins, is another stalwart of our crew. He specializes in mainplanes and fuselage and many a time has worked to the point of exhaustion repairing the tiny aileron bearings or untangling the hydraulic system. He is the best dressed man in the hangar.

Tommy Wolfe is rated by the hangar personnel as a genius at undercarriage, a regular speed artist at changing tires, bound to succeed in the aircraft industry as he has an Irishman's stubbornness at doing tough jobs well. He is the baby of the crew, but has been married for several months, and is always informing and advising his running mate on undercarriage, Mr. (IT) Joe Slobothka, of the complicated problems of the newly-weds.

Many grave problems have been thrashed out as they have sat packing bearings or repairing radius rods.

His advisor on married life is Slobothka, a bachelor naturally, and the other undercarriage reprobate. They keep the crew amused, do most of the work and get paid the least. They don't get much money but have a lot of fun. (Editor's note: Slobothka claims his name is actually Eric Jeanes!)

As the men on our crews are all gentlemen, we put the ladies first at the last. Flo. Chadwell, the envy of the other girls because of her angelic disposition, is always doing more than her share of the work. Admired by all she is cheerful, kind and considerate. She is married, darn it, and no doubt is a wonderful wife.

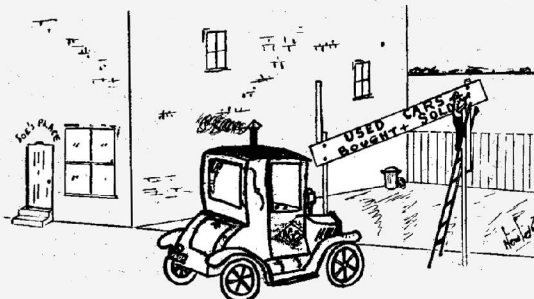
Flo's helper is "Barnacle" Purper, a great big strapping girl and a paragon of virtue. She is always out on the floor working her fingers to the bone for king and country.

Because of these two girls, our ships are the cleanest when they leave the hangar. Needless to say they are the most sought after pair of washers for substitution on other crews.

To sum it all up, we have finally been convinced, albeit reluctantly, by the other hangar crews, that we are the best in the hangar.

Their one final conclusive argument about this was, they told us, the fact that whenever other crews are short handed our crew is the first to volunteer help. It has been proven time and again that by cutting our crew in half, one section can do our work, the other can do another crew's work, and everybody is happy.

No, I think that shovel is too small, but Merry Christmas in spite of what you're thinking.

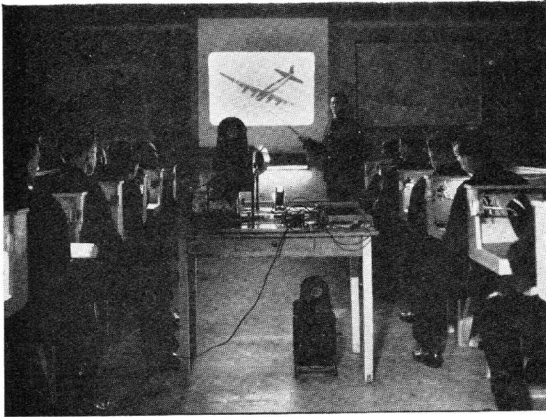


"Hm! Less \$10.00 for Alteration to Lot. That Makes us Even."

Meet the Aussies

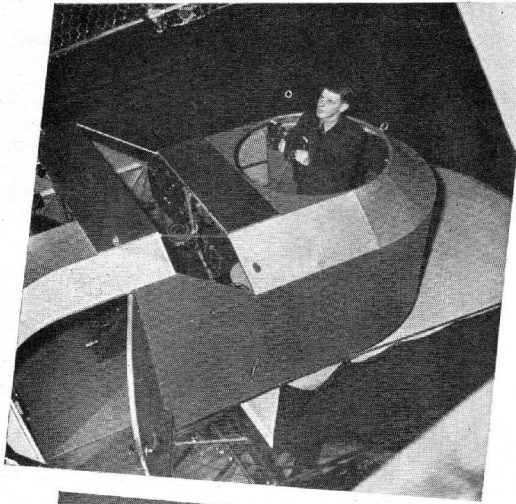
The pictures on these pages were made available to "The Drift Recorder" by Flight Officer Frances Douglas, P.R.O. of No. 2 Air Command. They are the work of Sgts. J. E. Mailer and W. R. Turner.

They depict the many sides of life at No. 5 and have as their cast that intrepid band of Aussie bird-brains (whoops, we mean, men) of 108A. Looking closely you will see the Aussies in an Aircraft Recognition class with Sgt. Maurice Bodle, in informal discussion with FO. Peter Cragg, look-



ing at the loop and even in the S.D.R.T. We also see one of them in the C.N.T. Further perusal finds them taking Morse, glimpsing a globe, and talking things over with the Padre, FL. Phil. Janz. Some of them are even weight-lifting closely supervised by Cpl. L. Rosenberg.

We are indeed grateful to Flight Officer Douglas for the use of these pictures as we feel they will be treasured years from now in the happy days when we can recall the S.D.R.T. and C.N.T. and kindred tortures without wincing.



Hen House Gen from Barracks 10

If you've a yen
To learn the gen
From Number 10
Read on, MacDuff,
We'll shoot the guff
Of all the fluff
That live therein!

The first to be seen
On our list is Jean
Senyk when on the beam
Is a scream!
To end our ditty
She's on the House Committee!

The next is Gerry
She is very
Galavan.
The day we'll rue
When she's not on it too! (House Committee)

This is the end of our ditty
On the House Committee,
So without further ado
We pass this on to you.

Due to the combined efforts of Gerry and Jean, our House Committee, and the splendid cooperation of Miss Whiteford, we, of the Hen House, are to enjoy the fruits of their labours in the form of a Christmas party. As yet the plans for it are in their most embryo stages but from the bare outline it looks like a sure-fire success. Lucky are those who receive the invitations which are



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to be sent out. Games—and what games!; dancing and for those who like to raise their voices above the clamour of the crowd—a singsong. Of course, we'll feed the brutes too, if and when they feel so inclined. Here's to the success of the party in number 10 Hen House.

Recently we've had occasion to roll our Welcome mat out of its layer of mothballs and give friendly greeting to new chickens who have arrived here. Ada Quinn, Phyllis Jessett, Ina McConnell and Belle Orr from 19 EFTS, Verdun; Dot Raebick from 2 AOS, Edmonton; Vera Karpinka of the hanger staff; June Allard and Irene Penney have left their old perches and come to roost here at Number 5.

Lately, the girls in quarters have found their lounge occupied by members of the Girl's Council industriously and arduously engaged in the art of glove-making. So intriguing it looked that the girls promptly joined their numbers to those of the Girl's Council and almost every Wednesday evening now finds the lounge packed with girls struggling with thumbs insisting on being sewn in backwards and fingers going inside out. A word of advice, girls—it's all in the way you wrinkle your brow! For relaxation from such a strenuous task we turn to our knitting in the hopes we can cope with it. We feel sure the boys will appreciate the sweaters being turned out here to the tune of Knit one, Knot one, Slip one, Drop one.

That's all, Folks,

But look next time
For snappy gen
Published by
A small Red Hen.

Howdy Folks! This is your "Bowling Announcer" from No. 10 Barrack Block bringing you the Highlights of the weekly Bowling Team games held in the Drill Hall every Tues at 6 p.m., please note!

Our regular supporters turn out in full volume but other times there may be one or two missing due to different or changed working hours.

Honors for the highest score was obtained by Isabel Kruse (Anson's Team) just recently, with a score of 319, outscoring Stella by two points. Congratulations Izzie! If anyone on the teams could pass these scores in a single game, please take the matter up at the next meeting.

The brief review on the up-to-date activities may be summarized as Wins—Occasional, Losses—Frequent, Moral—High, Results—Development of team spirit and lots of fun as the Brooklyn Fans say, "Wait till the next time, could be, next week?"

Since the last issue of the Drift Recorder various changes have occurred and here are the latest standings as recorded in our Bowling Log Book:

Wasps—136; Ansons—135; Flywheels—127.

The Wasps have suffered the loss of one of their five players, namely, Muriel Benson who has left us. Tena Maryniuk we notice is a great replacement to the team. Wonder what has happened to the Flywheel Team lately? They were ahead of the other two teams up till the last week.

In closing we wish to extend to all our fans and supporters a Merry Christmas and the best in the New Year. So until 1945, we will stand in line and in the meantime keep them rolling.

Works and Buildings Bowling League

This league of the Works & Buildings Department has become an institution and the fourth season points to the most successful season yet, both in bowling as well as the friendly spirit displayed by the members. Knocking down pins is essential but knocking your neighbor is taboo.

The motto is "come with a smile and go away with a grin", and keep it up for a week. When a player who has a habit of piling up 300 gets five pins for a whole game, you can grin, but please don't let him see you. Another stalwart, who is a law unto himself, seemingly getting bored with the monotony of chalking up strikes and not wishing to show off, landed his last three balls in the gutter 2½ feet from the pins. I've heard of sacrifice hits but this is the first time I've heard of sacrifice misses in sport.

The annual turkey roll will be held on the 22nd December. One of the prizes is a bottle of exquisite perfume called "Midnight in St. Boniface" — let's hope

that it falls to someone who knows what to do with it and that he (or she) knows my address.

The credit of the whole success to a great degree comes from the work of the Secretary, Bill Collicutt, who spends his week ends struggling with the law of averages and tries his best to satisfy everyone, but even McKenzie King can't do that, so don't worry Bill. The committee assisting him is composed of the Captains of the teams: C. Beech, W. Seear, G. Clements, C. R. Paterson, E. Brown, J. Kerr, E. R. Dowsett, G. McCrorie, J. Crombie, W. N. Bell.

TEAM STANDING — 24 games

Team	Won	Lost
1	12	12
2	12	12
3	7	17
4	11	13
5	11	13
6	12	12
7	15	9
8	16	8
9	10	14
10	13	11

☆ ☆ PICTURE OF BOWLING LEAGUE ☆ ☆



Front Row, l. to r.: J. Townley, H. Hall, W.J. Bell, J. Kerr G. F. Smith, E. Loucks, J. Crombie. Second row, sitting: W. Collicutt, Miss Suffron, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Peters, Mrs. Jenkins, Mrs. Paterson, Mrs. Dickon, Edna Paterson. Standing: W. Collins, E. Leeder, J. Freeman, G. McCrorie, Mary West, Miss Reid, Miss Craggs, Mrs. Hildebrand, Mrs. Paton, Miss Orchard,

Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Collins, Mrs. Kinghorn, Mrs. Low, Miss Stanley, N. Paterson, G. Jenkins, G. Clements, Hobkirk. Back row: C. Reece, E. T. Bubbs, C. R. Paterson, H. Leng, A. E. Doner, W. Seear A. M. Graham, E. Brown, J. Hilton, W. Loughrey, E. R. Dowsette. Missing from Picture: W. Law, K. Hardwick, J. Hildebrand, Mrs. Brown, G. Hughes, Mrs. Turner, Mary Stone, D. Peters, B. Hayward.

The Meds and Dents

We are glad to be able to present pictures of two sections, which, although they seldom appear in this magazine, are as well known as any at No. 5. We all visit them sooner or later, if only for our annual T.A.B.T.

Trying to get a story from them is the hardest thing imaginable. Pictures, yes, but story, no. So our alert cameraman caught an actual operation in progress with FL. Powles at the controls and also Capt. Rabinovitch and one of his patients.



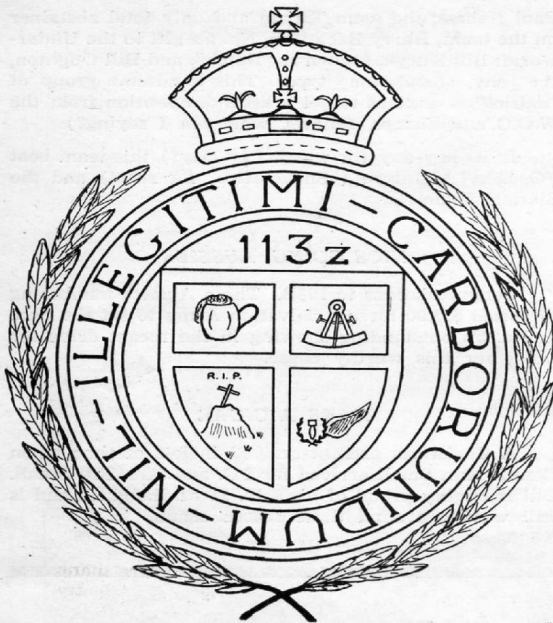
The old bogey about the dentist is dispelled when the patient meets Capt. Brewer or Capt. Rabinovitch. Here we see Capt. Rabinovitch at work on a tooth.



Left to right: FL. J. M. Newstone, LAC. M. Stonski, Sgt. C. C. Cyr, FL. G. P. S. Powles, Sgt. R. B. McKinnon, Cpl. E. Gard, LAC. G. E. Wiome.



Back row, left to right: Pte. D. A. Smith, LAC. M. Stonski, LAC. G. E. Wiome, Centre: Pte. R. Paleshniuk, Sgt. R. J. Crawley, Sgt. R. B. McKinnon, Sgt. J. T. Edwards, Sgt. C. C. Cyr, Cpl. E. Gard. Front: FL. G. P. S. Powles, Capt. O. Brewer, FL. J. M. Newstone, Capt. A. A. Rabinovitch.



Here we are in the pages of the Drift Recorder, that band of intrepid birdmen, 113Z. We are both glad and sorry to announce that this will be our only appearance. Glad because we have finished the course and sorry because we have to leave such a pleasant station and "Pop" Ratson's meals. So we take this opportunity to say goodbye to 5 A.O.S. and thanks for having us. A special vote of thanks must go to F/O Gohl for the weary hours he has endured and his encouraging cry "You can do better than that!" We are not forgetting the helping hand of P/O. Burke who is now at a G.R. School learning to D.R. ahead in 3 minutes.

We have not yet received the results of our exams so we cannot tell of our triumphs in the intellectual fields but we are confident that our class will produce some surprises. On the whole we have behaved pretty well except for two of our members who were obliged to spend a night in the cooler.

As you know bombardiers are shy, retiring people who hesitate to shoot a line—all but Wilbur Foss whose experiences in a C.B. cloud have chilled the blood of many a budding aviator. On the other hand we have "Frenchy" Theriault whose tales of "l'amour" have warmed the hearts of all hearers.

The last of the "Fighting Ryalls" is pleased to report that the attempted revolution of the serfs at "Ryall Towers" has been suppressed and they have returned to work as usual.

It is rumoured that "Bunny" Armstrong still nurses a grievance concerning the relative merits of a fix as compared to a ground position in spite of Mr. Gohl's high opinion of Fielding's navigation!

P.S. Peacock says "Whatever the circumstances, no matter how stony the road, follow in our footsteps and 'nil illegitimi carborundum'."

Class 114A

We welcome ourselves to the columns of this fine paper and, in all modesty, we believe that a great addition has been made to the A.O.S. since our arrival (Ed's note: Hmmm. . .).

The first sight that struck our bewildered eyes was the airmen's mess. It is by far the nicest that the writer has seen in his extensive travels under air force auspices. It is a pleasure to eat on the station and "Pop" must be commended on the cleanliness of the mess hall.

FO. Murray has been given the thankless job of guiding our class through the next few months. We feel sorry for him, at times, but, if given a little time, we believe that he will be proud of us at the end of the course.

One of the fastest elections within the memory of this writer took place recently here when a representative for the paper was elected in less than five minutes after he, with others, was nominated. As the nominees spent no money on electioneering, they are to be congratulated and the tax payer should take note of this fact.

The class basketball team consisting of such notables as Beveridge, Beer, Boyes, Bridgeman, Dukelow, Primeau and coached by Jimmy Crang, has won one and lost two close games. With a little more practice, we should start on a winning streak. Keep it up, fellows. This is called class spirit.

As this is the last issue of the "Drift Recorder" before the New Year, the officers and men of this class wish the station personnel a "Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."



Mayor Presents Pennant



FL. Frank Barker is shown receiving the Victory Loan Pennant from Mayor Garnet Coulter. This pennant is symbolic of No. 5's fine showing in the recent Victory Loan. Under the capable guidance of FL. Barker and FO. Don Murray, No. 5 once more far exceeded its quota.

Meet the Champs!



Jack Brison, Paul Nahass, Harry Beckwith, Bill Kuryk, Bill Oughton.

Undefeated at time of writing, the Officers' Basketball team is shown in its favorite pose. The team consists of any five guys who happen to be around on game nights. Five of the most faithful followers of that hectic game are Jack Brison, laughing boy of Clothing Stores,

Paul Nahass, the team Tarzan and only total abstainer on the team, Harry Beckwith, No. 5's gift to the Underworld; Bill Kuryk, known as "Natch", and Bill Oughton, the shy, handsome type. This handsome group of "daisies" is anxious to get a little competition from the W.O.G.'s. (Whoops, fellows, what am I saying?)

In its hey-day (or was it Pay Day?) this team beat FO. "Fat" McIntyre ("Snake-Hips" for short) and the Station Team.

NICE GOING, AUSSIES

Congratulations to 108B. These Aussies numbering 17 raised \$22.00 for the Salvation Army to set the pace in No. 5's outstanding showing in the recent drive for funds for this worthy cause.

HAVE A CIGAR

A Christmas present arrived in lots of time when Bonnie Ann Small arrived for FO. and Mrs. Bill Small. Bill is mighty proud of his 6 lb. 11 oz. daughter and is still waving around those scarce cigars.

Goodbye and Good Luck!

When the first confirmation of the report that some of our number were leaving came, "The Drift Recorder" started out on an ambitious project — the compilation of a short biography of each retiring officer. Now as we reach the final publication date, we are faced with a decision — either print a magazine with all the news or turn its 32 pages over to long fond

farewells. Since our friends who have left are going to receive this edition, we know they'll agree with our decision — print the news, restrict the farewell message to a sincere, yes and even a little sad, "So long, fellows, knowing you has been fun. May we all meet again for a chuckle over the good times we had together at No. 5."



Back row: left to right: FO. C. A. Wild, PO. R. I. Burgess, FO. R. Milne, FO. F. B. Carr, FO. K. I. Peacock, PO. S. G. Thompson, FO. E. B. Ferguson, FO. R. E. Wynne, FO. W. J. Dumsday. Front row: FO. M. Kwizak,

FO. J. Zubick, FO. R. S. Potten, SL. G. G. Milne, WC. G. F. Jacobsen, FL. J. E. Peat, FO. T. R. Cobb, PO. C. G. Anderson, PO. A. E. Lynch, FO. A. B. Pitcairn.

Variety Concert Smash Hit

On Thursday, Dec. 14, a long and eagerly awaited event took place in the Recreation Hall. Before a capacity audience, No. 5 unfolded its hidden talent with some surprising and altogether delightful results. Getting off the show in step were the six "beautiful dolls" — Midge Chorneyko, Alice Martel, Martha Pastuzenko, (all of M.T.), Doris Walsh, Bobbie Graham (Admin.) and



Bobbie Graham, Gerry Galavan, Sgt. Goldstein, Doris Walsh, Maureen Duke.

Maureen Duke (Stores). At this point only the quick thinking of FO's Don Murray, and Al. Kooyman saved the show! The next scheduled number had fallen asleep on his bunk, so the program was hastily rearranged and continued smoothly from then on. LAC "Kappy" Kaplan (114B) made up for his unscheduled nap by thrilling the audience with his brilliant piano playing. Soloists of the evening included Midge Chorneyko (M.T.), Shirley Lawrie, and Gloria Berry, whose "blues" singing might well earn her the title of the "female Sinatra"—all except the build, of course.

A monologue by Harry Sharpe (W. & B.) was a masterpiece of dead-pan humour while LAC. Murray Plunkett (114 Nav.) sang in a silver-toned tenor that had the men nervously glancing at their wives and sweethearts. FS. Brotherton (formerly of our P.T. Section) brought down the house with his "Popeye" and "Olive Oyl" and then proved his versatility with his singing and whistling. Alice Martel, who trained the dance line, demonstrated her talent at the art with a clever tap routine. The skits proved to be very funny indeed. "The Station Cut-Up" saw Dr. McCrorie and Nurse Auger doing terrible things to Peter Hay, the patient, while the barrack room skit at the end was a panic from start to finish. Responsible for this farce were FS. Brotherton, Cpl. Moore, LAC's Clarke, Beer, Forbes, Harriman, McDonough and Plunkett. Gloria Berry was their dream (and they say an LAC's life is tough!) Perhaps the surprise of the evening was Sgt. Goldstein whose strip-tease had the audience rolling in the aisles and whose Hawaiian number with Bobbie,

Gerry, Doris and Maureen was one of the hits of the evening.

Gordon McCrorie made a capable M. C. and even played the musical saw!

Special praise must go to Ford Braden and the Station Orchestra with soloist, Swannie Johnstone. This musical aggregation, improving every time out, really gave a first-rate performance and No. 5 is proud of its orchestra.

The entertainment committee, under the chairmanship of FL. Frank Barker and including such stalwarts as FO. Don Murray, Peter Hay, FL. Janz, FO. Al Kooyman and Dot Auger, deserve the highest praise for their efforts in producing this show. We feel sure that the outstanding success of the show and the appreciation of the audience has repaid them for their time and effort. To the entire cast go the thanks of No. 5.

Greetings from Peter Hay



This is my third Christmas at No. 5 and I am more than ever convinced that we have a grand station here. My work with and for you boys this past year has brought me much pleasure and real happiness. It is with warm feelings that I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year on behalf of the Canadian War Services and myself.

—Peter HAY.

Held Over

Our photography section took several group pictures in No. 2 and 3 Hangars and W. & B. this month. We are holding these for the Anniversary Number.

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To Be or Not To Be

In the days of ancient Athens,—
In those ages long gone by,
Men will prove to call on Jupiter,
Who ruled the earth and sky.

They had lesser gods for weather;
When in spring they sowed the grain
They would call on Thor, the thunder-god,
To intercede for rain.

These old-timers had their hardships,
For the day had not been born
When a man could tell what weather
We would have to-morrow morn.

We, to-day, are favoured more
Than were those ancient Grecian men,
For we have a sect of oracles
Who tell this secret gen.

From beyond the blue horizon
To the place where air-crews train
Came a mystic band of prophets
Who foretell the wind and rain.

Their predictions are uncanny,
Their decisions are quite set;
When you ask them who, or what, they are
They simply answer "Met."

They know the winds at every height
And state them, without fear;
But then they add, for safety's sake,
"These winds may back, or veer."

When solid clouds are black o'erhead
You'll hear the "Met man" state
"They may get worse — Remain the same,
If not, they'll dissipate."

When there is fog, they always know
That it might thinner get,
It may remain just as it is
Or may get thicker yet.

When rain is pouring, as from sieve,
—Knee-deep around the station
The seer states, "If this keeps up
We'll get precipitation."

In thunder, snow, or sleet, or fog
The prophets words are plain,
"Things may get better, may get worse,
Or as they are — remain"

So give ye thanks, — you aircrew lads,
—You favoured band of men.
Had you but lived in Plato's time
You'd ne'er have had this gen.

—FO. W. G. Ramsay.

(Editor's Note: With all due respect and appreciation for the Met Section, we have published this satire with the thought in mind that "a little nonsense now and then is relished by the "Met-est men"). —

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Younger GENERATION

This month's array of young lovelies is indeed a representative one and those of you who are going to catch hell from the missus because junior's picture isn't here get no sympathy from us. The response to our request for pictures was as you can see most generous and the "Drift Recorder" is happy to brighten its Christmas issue with these lovely children.

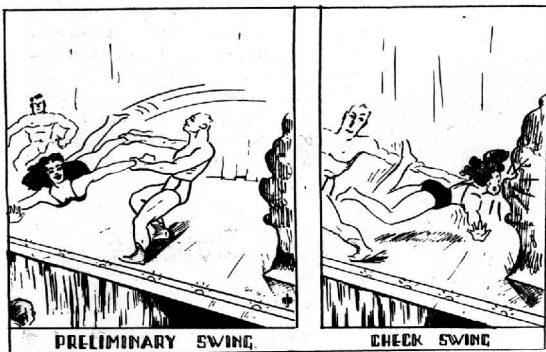
Across the top now, from left to right, we see (a) Memoree Ann, who will be a year old on Christmas Day. Her dad is W.O.G. W. A. Pollock. Next we see (b) Pauline Mildred, 16 month old daughter of FL. Newstone, our M.O. In (c) we have Judy, aged 3½, wearing her dad's (FL. Nelson Allen) hat. Victor Allen (d) is the son of FO. and Mrs. V. G. Lee. In (e) is shown Gerald Keith, son of Mr. and Mrs. De Rose. Mrs. De Rose is the former "Bubbles" Hayes, former cover girl on the "Drift Recorder". On the end of the line is Bobby, son of Met Man Ernie Allison who says "He's a young forecaster — always wet!" Barrie Ford John Braden, 2 year old son of band leader Ford Braden is shown in (g) and without a trumpet! In (h) we have Wilfred and Gwendolyn, whose dad * works in the Photo Section. The bright young Miss (J) in the lower left-hand corner is Ruth Elizabeth, who was born with two teeth! She's the daughter of FL. Russ. Rowan, who left recently for No. 5 O.T.U. Boundary Bay, B.C. The cutie with the shopping bag (n) is Judy Lynda, daughter of FO. and Mrs. Bob Mason and right next to her we see (o) charming, little Penney Jane whose daddy is Cpl. E. Gard of the Medical Section. Judith Ann Milne (p) is shown in her carriage. Her father is Reg. Milne the pilot. In (q) we see Elizabeth Joanne, daughter of FO. and Mrs. C. J. McDowell. This cute little nudist is holding a computer, of all things! That gay smile in (r) belongs to Gay Susan, who in turn belongs to Pilot and Mrs. Ganja. Mrs. Ganja used to work in Flight Hangar when she was Louise Backman. The whimsical little girl in (s) is Sylvelyn Barnes, daughter of WO2 Barnes (for further news of father Barnes see C.N.T. news). Now (t) is really something! We asked Capt. Brewer, the Dentist, for a picture of his baby and he obliged! Here is Douglas O. Brewer, 5' 11", 190 lbs. . . some baby! Better not let your shipmates see this, Doug! The medical scene in (u) is played by the niece (doctor) and daughter (patient) of LAC. Brownstein (Photo Section and front page of "The Beacon"). Directly below in (k) we see Larry James, 15 months old son of Sgt. and Mrs. Al Sprott (Arm. Sect.) and in (l) we have Melvin, son of LAC. Norm Krass, another Photo Section stalwart and portrait photographer of note. (Advt.) In the lower right hand corner is lovely Judith Marion, 22 month old daughter of SL. and Mrs. G. G. Milne. And so we come to the end and what a cute little end it is! It belongs to (v) Roger (appropriate, eh?) youngest son of FS. and Mrs. Jacobson (Photo Section).

*—Cpl. Teece.



Class 114F

To most of you the term 114F is rather meaningless. We stole silently through the gates of No. 5 on a cold—a very cold — afternoon several weeks ago. (Is it really three weeks? — ye gods, how time flies!) As I say, we arrived unnoticed and now that we are here, with becoming modesty, we remain unnoticed and shall very probably leave unnoticed. However, I suppose it would be in very bad taste not to say “Hello” to our neighbours and so to everyone (including Joe) we extend our heartiest handshake and, since this is the season of goodwill to all men, (“Wot about the inventor of S.D.R.T.” says Joe) we include our most sincere good wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



None of us has any complaints about the camp — we all think it a grand place — although at times some of us are, to say the least, slightly disconsolate (cheesed, mate!) Fortunately so far, all the victims of this dread disease have recovered. Strangely enough there are several of our number who, as yet, haven't suffered from this infectious malady. Have they discovered some remarkable preventative? Joe informs us that the only known cure is feminine sympathy, but of course, we can only guess. Winnipeg, too, we find is an extremely hospitable place — most of the chaps are well organized there. Incidentally, two Welshmen seem to find more to interest them in the canteen and the mess hall. Could it be the food? Well, the food is good, too.

To our instructors (all of them) we offer our gratitude for the really unselfish way in which they do everything possible to help us. In particular to FO. Alger (“that's right, isn't it, Major?”) who is, as his name suggests, a “REGLA” guy. If you read this, sir, we all admired you, not only for your knowledge but for the very efficient way you had of teaching us. Outside the classroom, too, you were a “swell guy” to your fellow countrymen in 114F and “an awf'ly decent chap” to the British types. We wish you every success and the very best of luck!

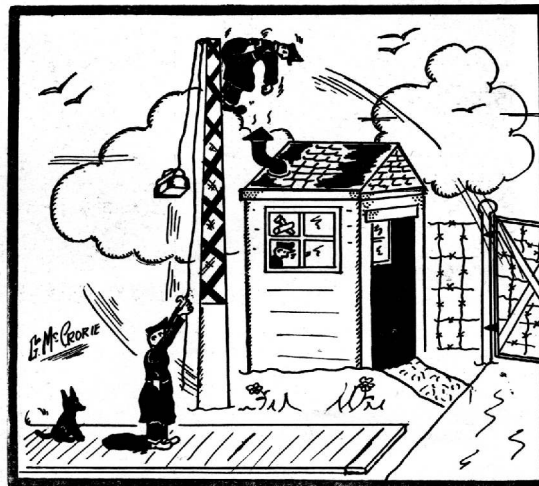
Bad luck, it seems, comes in large doses for with the departure of FO. Alger came the news that FO. Ferguson was also leaving us pending discharge (lucky

Page Fourteen

dog!) To you also, sir, we are deeply grateful and likewise with you go all our best wishes. With both our gen men gone we felt lost until FL. Holyoke arrived to plot our course. We have also been guided by FO. Murray and PO. Graham — in fact our instructors' log. is fast becoming as long as our own and, after the forthcoming seven week exams, it will probably be longer.

If the emergency arises we are quite prepared to delegate a daily instructor from amongst our UT. ranks. Even if the gen imparted in this way is of little use at least it would fill in the time and think of the fun we'd have. For instance we could have lectures by Corporal McBride on “Undercarriages — Dowty and dainty” or by our “Muscle Man”, Doug Nothstein on how to navigate back to camp with the compass bowl overflowing with alcohol. Joe suggests we take a correspondence course on “all aspects of air navigation easily explained” for only twenty dollars a month but we never have much faith in Joe's remarks, do you? After many weary months of waiting we are determined to have a shot at the course. “Thoroughly bad show!” says Joe.

And now, to quote an expression overheard in the classroom where an exasperated type was tearing his hair — “This is the end”. So with the thought of a job well done — well, at least done — we retire to live up to our motto “NIHIL SINE LABORE” — nothing without binding.



McNEILL HEIR IS BORN

One of the best kept secrets of the war was the expected blessed event at the McNeills'. Only when the E.T.A. was overdue a fortnight did FO. Bill McNeill admit that the stork was hovering overhead.

On Dec. 11, a 11-lb. baby boy (Terence Patrick) was born and Bill is one proud papa!

"Joe" Wing Awarded!

"Joe" is Recognized by Ottawa

OTTAWA, Dec. 15th. — The R.C.A.F. has at long last given official sanction to a new badge. This coveted award will rate in distinction with the famed flying "O" and will be worn above the left pocket. While no set curriculum is as yet laid down for the winning of this brevet, it is believed in official circles that many have already qualified for the wing, which entitles the recipient to place



the letters JOE after his name. It will follow the letters E.B.G.O. and may be worn as a ribbon if the wearer already has a wing. This ribbon will be of deep chartreuse with "coal-mine at midnight" black dots.

A high (he was over Boissevain in an Anson) official in an exclusive interview with the "Beacon" reporter said "It was felt necessary to limit the title of 'Joe' to those who are truly worthy of the title. For example, anyone who gets stuck with a station magazine is certainly 'JOE'. Only in these extreme cases is the title to be used. Of course, naturally, two shiny two's are never called 'JOE'. They are always 'Little

Joe' and the odds are two to one".

First proud wearer of the new decoration in the Winnipeg area is FS. Jefferies, chairman of the board, No. 2 Air Command Photo Section. Marshall of the Air Force (not to be confused with Zubick of the Mounted) Brownstein (not to be confused) is seen congratulating our hero on his fine record (Bing Crosby's "White Christmas").

Applications for the new award may be filed with FL. Bert West, Training Wing Adjutant, but don't apply until you've (1) been on Duty Watch continuously for two years; (2) spent a Sunday afternoon in the S.D.R.T; (3) tried to decipher some class news in its or-

iginal form; (4) had seventeen consecutive night flights scrubbed; (5) tried to get a dozen air cameras ready for simulated bombing; (6) worked on the "Drift Recorder" staff. (Editor's note: Pardon the bitterness!)

It is expected that this new badge will reach the place of high honour so richly deserved by the Highly Derogatory Order of the Irremovable Finger.

C.S.O. Defeats D.S.O.

No. 5's Curling Season got off to a fine start last week, despite the fact that Thursday's ice was very sticky and produced some of the weirdest curling ever seen at Deer Lodge. The C.S.O.'s array of teams soundly trounced those under the banner of D.S.O. (the General Manager, Chilluns). Capably organized by FL. Bert West, the league should prove a merry one during the season just beginning. The committee also has FL. Trev. Pickering and Jake Lemoine on it.

Greatest disappointment of an otherwise perfect opening was the failure of the camera to arrive while Sgt. Ian McLeod paced restlessly up and down the ice. Said WC. Jacobsen and D. S. Ormond when interviewed (it was their first game), "Never have we been more disappointed. Now we'll never know what we looked like throwing our first rock." Perhaps it's just as well the camera was mislaid.

THANKS

The Entertainment Committee wishes to thank W. & B. and the Electrical Dept. for their splendid cooperation during the past year. These depts. have contributed much to the success of the dances and entertainment held on the station.

The Beacon

"Sheds light on many subjects"

Editor-in-chief FO. FRED C. BROWN*
 Managing Editors
 Associate Editors
 Features Editor Posted to Rivers
 Circulation Manager aw hell, it's free
 Office Boy
 Secretary (Just fooling, dear!)
 YOU THINK I'M KIDDING?

Editorial

Gee, now that Alger has been sold down the Rivers into slavery, we're lonelier than ever as the empty mast head will show. In fact, we feel like the wife in the following story:

A husband found some holes in his socks and said: "Wifey, dear, why haven't you mended these?"

"Hubby, darling, did you buy me that coat for Christmas, as you promised?"

"N-no."

"Well, if you don't give a wrap, I don't give a darn."

* * *

Well, we've been more subtle!

* * *

Like all instructors and students we rejoice that scheduled flights are once more taking place with something approaching normalcy. For a while we feared that FL. George Brand would skip screaming from Station Control. But now we fly again and Christmas is coming. Perhaps Santa Claus will bring us an assistant!

* * *

It is with great regret that we announce the posting of our Features Editor (In name only!) FO. Ross Alger. The path to the "Drift Recorder office is paved with FO. Alger's good intentions and the editor's cries for help. We'll miss Ross' smiling reassurances that next issue will be different. And how different this one has been! No one even promised to help!

* * *

Of course, we ran into a lovely situation in Office 18. (Good old 108 Navigators!) FL. Frank Barker was presiding every spare minute over the Entertainment Committee,

FO. Bill Ramsay was busy being Mess Secretary, FO. Peter Cragg was busy being photographed and of course we were trying to publish a two colour, 32 page Christmas Issue. Advice to young Navigators and Air Bombers. Don't ever get mixed up with a newspaper!

"Fill in the Face" Contest

Any resemblance to a living person may or may not be coincidental!



RULES

- (1) All entries to be submitted before.
- (2) No holds barred.
- (3) Don't jump to conclusions.
- (4) Don't jump off the Bridge.
- (5) Judge's decision is final—and how!
- (6) No prompting or hints permitted.
- (7) In case of a tie . . . (Are you kidding?)

Prize 12 months free subscription to the Air Almanac — 1949 Issue.

Lament of the LAC.

IN LOWET 12

(Continued)

Like I said, fellas, I ain't the beefin' kind, but this weather's enough to make a saint cuss. I am likewise no saint. Just the other day I'm hearing one of the Coast boys sayin', regretful-like, "Even Vancouver ain't this bad!" After seein' those Met maps I can almost believe him.

Now, occasionally a scrubbed flight can be a joyful thing and we men that fly are given to lusty cheerin' when the S.D.O. calls off his Ansons. But there's a limit!

When Susie enlisted in the W.D.'s she did it just for me. "Freddie" she says, "you go fly a kite!" But in spite of that, they made me a nav. and all because I busted a little Moth up a bit. The report said "a complete wreck" but they're nuts. I wasn't even scratched!

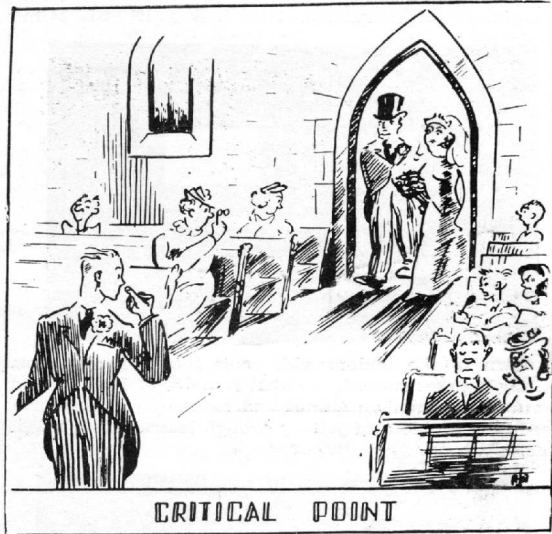
Well, after what Susie said and my tangle with the Moth I decided to make good. So I'm duly posted to good old No. 5 and installed by the Voice in lower 12, B.B. 13 where Joe, my upper bunker, is getting along by leaps and bounds.

And then the weather closes in, but good!

For days the Met. men (sometimes called "excess prophets") are muttering about such things as "easterly gradients", "upslopes", "moist surface air and "strato-nimbus" and FL. George Brand, normally a very patient man, is spending his mornings shading the flying sheet with a red pencil and chalking up another flightless, sightless day. Then he's troupin' up to his control board and sentencing the innocent victims of the weather to such terms as "controlled plot" and "S.D.R.T."

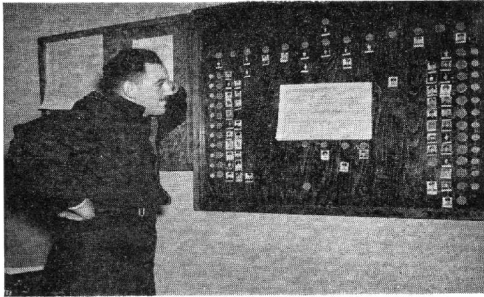
Honest, fellas, I ain't one to complain, but even the G.I.S. can get on a guy's nerves and if I'm asked to do another plot, I'll scream. The only reason I haven't screamed before is that my instructor has been making weird sounds by strumming his lower lip with his left index finger.

Navigation Terms Illustrated!



Chief Instructor Bemoans Losses

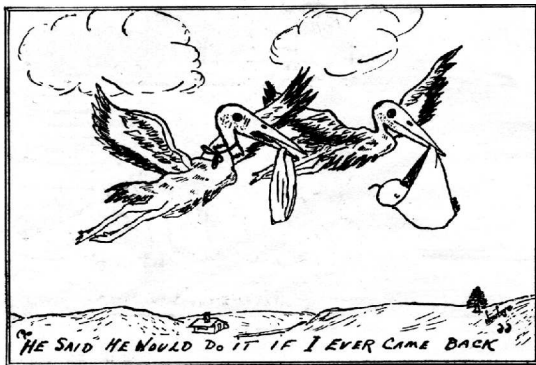
That board you see was once jam-packed with the pictures of instructors. Now look at it! SL. Milne



(known to the underworld, or is it underground, as "Coily") gazes ruefully at what remains of his depleted staff. Retirements, postings and temporary duties have made the problem of getting enough instructors a tough one.



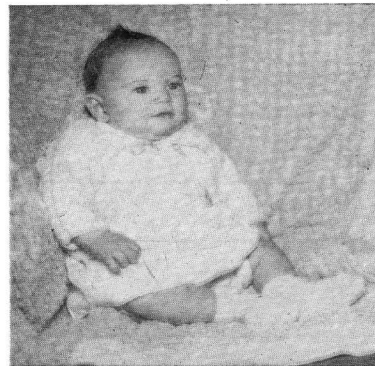
Also worried (though you'd never know it from their pictures) are FL. Pickering and FL. Douglas, Squadron Commanders of No. 2 and No. 1 Squadrons respectively.



Whoops, Sorry!



Diane Beverley Kuryk



John Peter McAulay

As it must to every baby page, a switch came to ours last month. The "victims" were the Kuryk and McAulay babies. Of course anyone can see that one is a boy and the other is a girl. "The Drift Recorder" apologizes to the parents and prints herewith the pictures with, we hope, the right names.

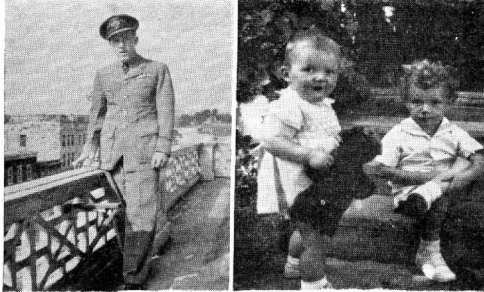
CHRISTMAS PARTY

On Friday, Dec. 22, children of No. 5's personnel will be entertained at a Christmas Party complete with tree, Mickey Mouse, Santa Claus, ice-cream and candy. (P.S. A cup of tea will be served for Mother, so bring her along, Junior).

A usually reliable source has informed the "Beacon" that this party will top anything yet attempted at No. 5, and Mothers are eagerly waiting for this event.

Flight Lieutenant Ernie Savard

The "Drift Recorder" is proud to present the son of Phil Savard, our Link Instructor. He is a member



FL. Savard, Carol and Phil

of the Ottawa Typhoon Squadron, giving Hitler a headache.

In a recent letter to his parents, FL. E. Savard reports that he successfully dive bombed the railway yards at Isselberg in Germany, and destroyed a goods train. The railway lines in the yards were cut and the roundhouses blown open.

Before going overseas FL. Savard served as a flying instructor at Windsor Mills, Quebec, Virden, Manitoba and Souris, Manitoba.

His wife and two children reside in Winnipeg.

Class 114C

At various times during the past week complaints have been received at No. 5 A.O.S. from Messrs. Orion, Cassiopiera, Ursa Major, etc. concerning a new Constellation which they allege was outshining them in brilliance; their fears, however, were soon put to rest; the galaxy proved to be none other than that epitome of manly virtue, superb intellect and iron discipline (as quoted in FL. Wood's speech in the classroom 28, 11, 44). Course 114C, which now graces this column with its first and final effort.

A short description of this class will hardly suffice to indicate its sterling qualities, but it should be known that in its present stellar form (it will doubtless change considerably in three weeks time) it consists of eight stars of the first magnitude and sixteen of a much lesser brilliance. However, we realize that we cannot all be aces in the gentle art of navigation and so we give you a cross section of intellectual giants, stars and stardust alike.

The Happy Gang — comprising, stars in embryo, Chapman, Tyler, Cummings, and Paine, who are at present undergoing a course in basketball, as played by gentlemen.

"Sinatra" Plunkett — who has struck on a rather novel method of raising his voice one (or possibly two) octaves.

A formidable front seat combination including Happy Herby Gardner on whose face was observed the faint tremor of a smile on at least one occasion during the past week.

Silent Cpl. McMillan — guaranteed to carry out all parade ground "Joe" jobs with characteristic expedition.

LAC. McIntyre — at present taking lessons in mental D.R. from the screaming skull.

Cpl. Moore — bush law peddled daily. Specializes in section 40, Subsection 2.

LAC. McDonough — "Change your underwear, Snow."

And countless others (well, almost countless anyway) including Sgt. Connolly, the expert on New Guinea — "Yes, we'll soon be back in Storey's Tourist Hotel, men".

FS. Priestley — an Oxford undergraduate.

LAC. (God, "Al") Barry — Buffalo chips ad infinitum.

Naturally when we talk of the great we must not fail to mention that famous Batsman, reckoned by Australians to be on a par with Bradman, FL. Wood who has gone to the crease not a few times on our behalf in the last week.

And so we must close this literary masterpiece with that poetic gem from the works of the famous New Zealand poet John Milton (all R.A.F. comment will be treated with contempt) "Kan nge tanangi e rununga e katoa".



What Did We Ever Do To Ottawa?

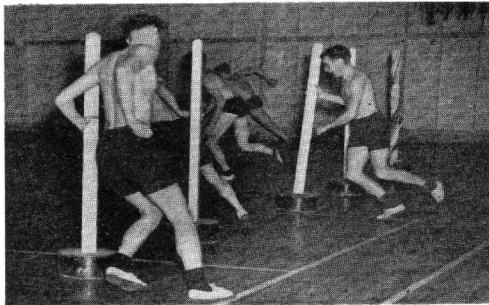
By Cpl L. Rosenberg

According to Webster, Innovation means "the introduction of new things," and maybe that applies to the latest development in the Physical Training Section on our station.

Whether you've spent the last couple of months here or at some other station, chances are you've already collided with the infamous Physical Efficiency Test. . . But on the long shot that you are still a stranger to the inner workings of this gruesome little ritual and hanker to know more, in a painless sort of a way, here are the observations of a comparatively recent victim.

Frankly, I feel quite strongly on the subject. My airman-like stride has been reduced to a halting hobble, and from here it looks as if it's going to be permanent.

About the middle of October, AFHQ, announced that the old Aircrew bogey, the Harvard Step Test, was being dispensed with. However, the trainee's joy was soon dispelled by the announcement of the Physical Efficiency Test now in use. A usually unreliable source gave the following announcement. A survey made by various medical officers revealed that the old Harvard Step Test, was not fulfilling the requirements of proving whether an Aircrew graduate was "physically" fit

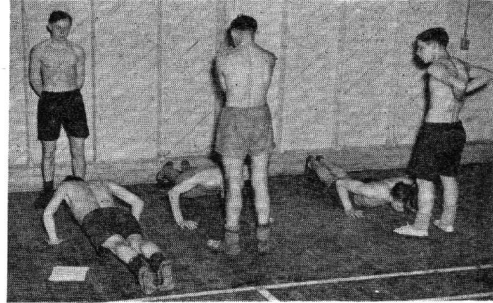


to go on operations. Medical Officers interviewed stated that after trainees had taken the test, they were still able to get around. In fact other than a slight stiffness in the lower portions of the legs, no effects were felt. Personally I think that the M.O.'s were getting tired of standing around while the test was being given. This time the P.T. Officers were called to Ottawa plus some experts and authorities on torture devices (left over from the Spanish Inquisition) were called in. The result of this conference was the following test.

To obtain 100 percent a trainee is required to complete 55 pushups, 114 sit ups and do 300 yards in ten laps in 50 seconds or less. To obtain a mere pass only 33 pushups, 47 sit ups and 300 yards, in 55 seconds are required. . . I won't go into the gruesome details of how to do these tests as the mere thought throws me into an epileptic fit.

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Present indications are that this test is proving more successful than the one formerly used. Medical Officers report (as they no more stand around and watch during the test) that there has been a 30 percent increase of sick parade on days immediately following the day of the test. Instead of complaining of only stiff legs, complaints now are made of broken ribs, contractions, hyperthyroids, and even a few cases of physteræe.



Reports from P.T. Officers show that despite the rigidity of the test, the great majority (60 percent) obtain passing marks. As to what the P.T.I. think I will refer you to FS. Earles of our own section who will give you their view point especially when it comes time to make out the million reports.

Authorities consider the test a valuable means of determining the condition of the trainees. I beg to differ.



The Health Centre

Merry Christmas, Friends. You won't over-indulge in turkey and things, will you? Anyway, looks like everyone is getting the Christmas spirit already and we will have a really jolly time.

Perhaps you would be interested in knowing a little of what has been accomplished at the Health Centre since it opened in May. Minor casualties, treatments and tests total 3,150 including 175 Wasserman tests and 178 haemoglobin estimations. One of our main interests at present is finding more blood donors, and the Girls' Council is doing a good job of canvassing each department for new volunteers. A donation of your blood would be a splendid Christmas gift for our boys in the front line, wouldn't it? Call the Health Centre for an appointment, and transportation to and from the Clinic will be arranged for you.

We have a good supply of vitamin capsules on hand for anyone interested in building up their health and avoiding colds. More than 85 people are taking them already so call in sometime and we'll talk it over.

A Happy and Healthy New Year to all of you.

M. Delamater.

116 Air Bombers

For our initial appearance in the "Drift Recorder", 116 A.B.'s are probably appearing much, much too bold — especially in a school which has devoted itself almost, if not wholly to Navigators. (Editor's Note: They're Kidding!)

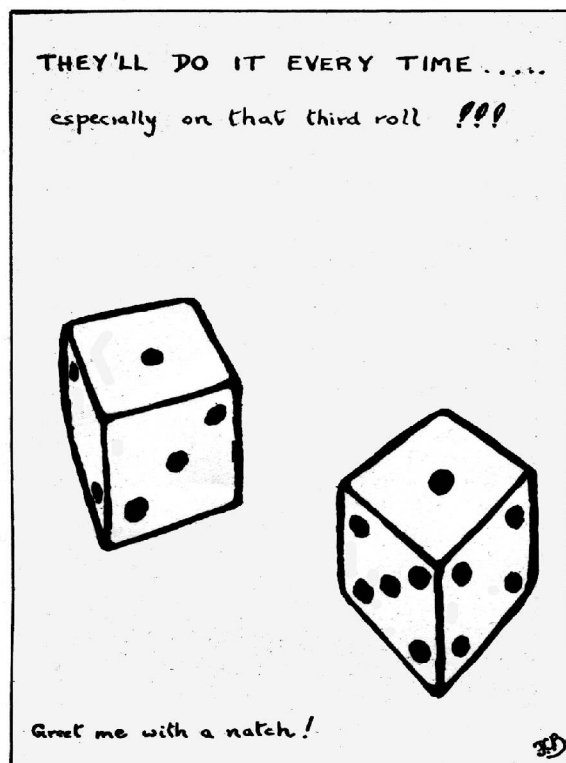
However, under the able tutorage of FL. Allen and company, 116 A.B.'s are going to show that this particular school and perhaps schools of this nature, all over the country have literally been wasting their time in preparation of their aircrew material.

116 A.B.'s are here as I have said, to show the Air Ministry that Navigators are now a very unnecessary part of every aircraft. (Editor's Note: Cute little illegitimi, ain't they?).

Our Course, a small one, is comprised of 22 bright specimens of the cream of Canadian young manhood — and one New Zealander. (See poem at end).

We have all been together for some time and have garnered an esprit-de-corps, which is very hard to beat.

All of us were, at the first of our aircrew training, potential pilots — however the surplus of that particular trade necessitated our remustering to a different branch;



being an intelligent lot, we naturally chose the 'most essential' part of aircrew (Editor's note: And this stuff came in late, too!)

Although we have been on course 2½ short weeks, nevertheless, there have been many incidents which have provoked humor and 'shook' our Senior Instructor 'rigid.' Among them was our N.Z. representative who stated in very assertive tones:

"If we drifted 8° in 5 min. we would naturally drift 16° in 10 min."

Such things as these are going to make 116 INFAMOUS at No. 5 A.O.S.

In conclusion, we aren't ones to brag, ahem! ahem! but we think we have a hockey and also a basketball team which can beat any team of Navigators on the station. (Oh Brother!)

We hope that these, shall we say, slighting remarks and challenges are taken good naturedly.

Until the next time we are 116A.B.



The Foreigner

*Daniel in the lion's den
A situation grim;
But I've come to the conclusion,
I'm just such one as him.*

*Silently I sit all day
In pensive lonely mood;
For every time I try to speak
I'm never understood.*

*This cream of Canadian manhood
Amongst them I have come;
Cream comes on the top of milk,
In the same way so does scum.*

*I look out of my window
And wonder why the hell,
When the Indians claimed back their land,
Why the Canadians didn't sell.*

*I feel the sleet and see the snow
The cold gets to my bone;
And I think of fair New Zealand,
The land that stands alone.*

*Where all day long the sun shines
A land of gayest hue;
And the people there speak English—
As all right-minded people do.*

*But in thinking all things over
I know why I'm in this zone;
God sent me here undoubtedly
To raise the class's tone.*

Class 107B



"Perhaps it will be pleasant to recall even these hardships someday."

With these words Aeneas spurred on his weary followers in their long voyage from the destroyed City of Troy. Was this the phrase with which 107B were encouraged during their soul-destroying twenty weeks? We leave that to your imagination.

Be that as it may, the worst is over and we are now awaiting our fate with equanimity — our ranks somewhat depleted by attacks of air-sickness, rheumatic fever and that mysterious affliction known as inaptitude.

No longer (do I hear a sigh?) must we endure the flood, toil and sweat and tears of S.D.R.T. or its even more evil offspring C.N.T.

No longer will we hear the puzzled tones of McCarthy questioning the value of "Navigational Aids".

For the last time we have suffered Mochulski's "Bray", Paterson's "Chicks", Silver's "Sneezing Sickness" and Mr. Greenwood's "Mornings After" and perhaps even the disgusted voices of the English (sorry, British, for the benefit of our Welsh and Scottish brethren) trying to cut down mental D.R. to a cinch will be just a memory. "Shilo" has also appeared on hastily produced MTB's for the last time (mentioning no names, McCarthy) and who knows, maybe Roberts, Richards and Wright may yet establish a precedent by turning up in time for their Wings Parade.

And now a word for our instructors — the gallant few who have led us, drove us and scraped us through our course here; Mr. McFadden, strict as a lion in the classroom and the nicest man ever met, outside. Mr. Perry, now languishing under B.C. skies at an O.T.U.

Page Twenty-Two

(this can and may happen to even us) and last but not least, Mr. Kooyman, the man who under our uplifting influence rose from P.O. to F.O. We owe all of these an immense debt of gratitude and we ask them to accept our sincerest good wishes for the future.

Finally we would like to let the courses following know how we managed to complete the course here and maybe it might be good advice.

*Down the street of a thousands sextants,
By the side of the C.N.T.
Stood a much bewildered "Navie",
By the name of "Shoot-and-see".*

*As he wandered past the ground school
With his mind in dizzy whirl
Thinking thoughts, and not of astro
But of spooning with his girl.*

*Two more weeks before the finals
So I guess I've lots of time,
In which to log 300 star shots
Fly and bind — oh, what a crime!*

*There's one way to pass these finals
Into "best blue" — wash and shave,
Into town and "gen" on plotting
In the Mall — or in the Cave!*



Air Commodore D. F. Johnson presenting Sgt. W. A. Routledge, winner of the Bud Starratt Memorial Trophy, with a Longines wrist watch.

"114D To D-o-u"

"1-1-4-D-DUCK to Y-O-U
1-1-4-D-DUCK to Y-O-U
0800 hrs. 6, Nov. 1944.
pos'n No. 5 A.O.S. Winnipeg.

And 24 men of the 114D 'Duck Squadron' dropped in at No. 5 A.O.S. to spearhead the final Navigation course of operations.



The ceiling was zero and 24 Ducks pushed through the thickening fog and drizzle to the Briefing rooms.

While waiting for the Met. Briefing, — we don't blame him for never showing up! — an alert was sounded, — "L-S-F-S-G" — "L-S-F-S-G" which is translated — "Let's scram! — FS. Geddes!" and a few 'Ducks' met once again this faintly familiar character.

The Instrument Officer or Molar Mechanic gave each a practical exhibition of how to give your 'clippers' a "D.I." ("Digging-In") that really got to the root of things!

Briefing from the M.O. — Maintenance Officer caught us on the rebound from the M.M. with orders to strip to the waist for his usual "D.I." (Doubtful Interview). He's still searching for the 'unknown quantity' — like this: "Read the lower line with left eye! — now with right eye! — now over here! — say A-H-!, — raise your arms above your head! — turn around! — (And here's where you expect to be punctured with a T.A.B.T. gun, but he only says "Next" so you scram even if you do think he's missed a thing or two.)

Nav. Officer Jacobsen then took over supported by his 'C.I.O.' — 'Curriculum Intimating Officer' — and

really gave us the 'low-down' from 'Higher Ups' — such things as: route to be covered, logs, (to heat Ansons with ? ? ?), star shooting (No, not with a Browning either! — forget that A. G. stuff!), the observation of 'Heavenly Bodies' — (Hmmm we're going to like this already!)

Mr. Zubick, O.C. ("Officer Crewing") informed us that "We want to help you men to be better Officers than we've had up to now" and immediately a 'full house' of full-feathered minds 'moulting' from ten months 'Useless Ditties' are buzzing with an "answer" to that one!

Our crew Captain — FO. Smart introduced us to the G.I.S.S. — Gov't Institute of Social Security, — and has done a most commendable job of making us feel 'at home'. Any of the "Ducks" will readily elaborate on that. He has implicit confidence in us and is always 'giving' us things — mystery plots etc.!

Airborne; BASE (06,11N 1944W) SC. GRADUATION (30, 03N1945W); Distance, 20 naughty weeks; M.T.B.'s ("Mental Torture, Bud") at 7th and 14th weeks — Meanwhile — drifts and As/Co bearings every Friday a.m., Fixes — usually righted by FO. Smart, D.R.'s and AC's and T.M.G.'s, PL's and G.P.'s etc., etc.

"So you wanted to be a Pilot eh? !!" 'Nough said! You'll be an "N(E)" Navigator, "E" for "Efficiency" — or maybe "Extinct."

Seriously though, — Best of Luck — fellows! Ours is the last course, the largest and greatest, and one to be remembered!



SWO: "Why were you too late for parade?"

Victim: "They called the roll before I got there."

Class 110B

The question is should "Jack's Juke Jivin' Jointers" avail themselves of the opportunity of placing an indomitable courageous course in the local rag. Well, it's free anyway.

Pilot: "Do you know where we are?"
Aussie Nav.: "My b oath!"



Perhaps you have heard we are mostly "mates", "sports", or "digs", so maybe you can visualize us at work, especially in a controlled plot in which the use of a number of dramatic exclamations are employed. Still we carry on gallantly, and despite our worthy instructors' efforts the time standardized for D.R. is a constant period of 24 minutes.

With the 14th week exams looming up in the near future, we sincerely hope that the proverbial axe has not as yet been despatched to the local blacksmiths for resharpening, as it is unanimously agreed upon that a certain heavenly body (and I don't mean Mae West) placés No. 5 either at Churchill or Los Angeles.

So much for this introduction, and now to engage your attention by bringing forth the celebrities, genii, etc. which naturally every course possesses. If you read last month's digest, you will remember the Society of Worthless Watches for Winnipeg Women, the president of which has since discovered that his secretary was seen outside Harry's Hock Shop displaying a fur coat of the finest quality. Our "esteemed" ball pitcher, light in humour, if not in weight, still maintains that there is a 'Miss Adams' to the course, whilst our automatic pilot insists on a null for the S.B.A. during manoeuvres.

But looking clockwise we see "Parabola" Flynn, who is injured if he takes less than 15 W.P.M. whilst identifying A/C on the epidiascope. Then there is Herr Ford who has tried in vain to convince Alley Oop that an ideal snowball fired at a stationary target will build

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up maximum deflection on F/O. Allan's car. The latest fashion in nightgowns is displayed by "dome refraction when necessary" in the form of a fur lined money belt—for further particulars apply to above mentioned between 2300-0755 hours daily.

The lanky lean jalopy, an infrequent visitor to Oliver Twist has since discovered why "Hot Dog" and "Hell's Gate" obtain identical results in recent sight tests, whilst Satinburg surrounded by a fog (of Volume E) and Shicklegruber (not the canine in the comics) prepare their flight plans for the future flip over Shilo. Dun also done it again by emitting sonorous retorts next to Mac who has recently enlisted in the Cossack Cavalry.

Our smooth faced boy has acquired a new partner in lieu of "over the fence Bill" since transferred to Course 112 (R.I.P.) in the name of a Scots Hunter of Big Game who we are pleased to have with us. The Gangster is out on a big hold-up evening—down on Portage, so we will leave our friend Jim of the Pilsener Battalion to carry on by endeavouring to practice the dip dance in the St. James or Mall. Sweet's darling Val is finally satisfied. Because of his influential personality, he has obtained a de-luxe computer, manufactured by the girl in the train at MacLeod. But a warning to "W.D." Samtingler who is afraid of the big metropolis, because of a certain female who has ideas on marriage—DANGER!

In conclusion we wish to express our sincere thanks to our amiable instructors, F/L. Weaver, F/O. "Scotty" Allan, F/O. Rothwell (a reciter of a certain religious phrase) and F/O. McDonald, for their unceasing efforts to impart their knowledge to our wooden craniums. So with our infamous motto "Tirez le digit" and so onward to Boissevain, via Ninette, we will take our departure. Canada is a good place—without the snow, folks!



"A ROOM WITH A VIEW? — A VIEW TO WHAT?"

Girls' Council 1944-45

The genuine enthusiasm being shown by the Girls' Council this Fall is, to say the least, something the station can be proud of. The various committees are off to an excellent start on their individual projects and it seems that a winter of interesting and instructive activity lies ahead.

The Council has done a splendid job in assisting with the recent Dances held in the Drill Hall. They have co-operated with the Station Entertainment Committee in decorating the Hall and packing lunches, and the girls who have volunteered to help in this line are to be thanked.

The Project Committee has not been idle. Already glove-making classes are under way and the assortment of leathers, gay and sombre, indicate individual taste to be running rampant. Instructing this group is Miss Margaret Cooper, an employee of T.C.A., who has willingly offered her time and experience to assist others in becoming acquainted with the art of glove-making. Everyone interested is welcome.

A sewing class is in the throes of organization at this point, and it has been arranged, that, under the tuition and supervision of Mrs. Maire, dressmaking, designing, alterations, etc., classes will be held every Tuesday from 1:30 p.m. to 3:30 p.m. commencing Decem-

ber 5th, 1944, and every Thursday from 5:30 p.m. to 8:30 p.m., commencing December 7th, 1944, both classes to continue in the New Year. These classes are not necessarily for beginners, but can be very useful to anyone who may want to become proficient at any of the elusive details that can stop an average dressmaker, i.e., various types of button holes and closings, pockets, hemlines, pattern-fitting and pleating, etc. So don't be shy about learning. There is a small fee of .50c per month for this group. Come to the class that fits in with your shift work, and learn to make your own clothes. We'll see you all next Tuesday or Thursday.

The Girls' Council also assists at the reception given at the Officers' Mess, for visiting Concert Parties. Members of the Council look after the refreshments and cleaning up the dishes, etc. (What no dishpan hands?)

And by the way, before closing, don't forget that Blood Donors are still urgently needed. Have your Haemoglobin analyzed by Miss Delamater. She is sitting waiting for you, and you, and you to come and do your bit to save a life, which was offered for YOUR protection.

Back up your representative on the Girls' Council, and give your wholehearted support to the groups organized for your benefit.



Left to Right: Dorine Brown, Rae Rutledge, Jean Senyk, Alice Martel, Kay McCall, Begga Peters, Maureen Duke, Edith McGregor, Maud Lowry, Irene Bolton.



This will be our last contribution to these columns, for we hope to graduate long before the Drift Recorder is published again.

The main difficulty in saying good-bye to No. 5 A.O.S. lies in having to restrict all we would like to say in the space granted us by the Editor.

This Navigators' Course is a fairly consistent grind for most of us (excepting a few gen men who romp through everything with great nonchalance) but in spite of spending most of our waking hours in Room 15 we have managed to squeeze in a little fun, and, looking back, can say we have enjoyed our stay in Winnipeg and in time to come will remember the past few months with a great deal of pleasure.

A word of praise here for the Station organizations and administration. There is no doubt that we have been trained under ideal conditions and the admirable way in which No. 5 A.O.S. is administered reflects great credit on all concerned. Many of the pinpricks, which on most stations waste time and cause needless annoyance to the already hard working trainee are eliminated here and this gives us maximum freedom to get on with the job. We will remember the comfort and cleanliness of our barracks, the splendid appointments of the Intelligence Library, the beautiful lounge and the Canteens where ravenous airmen can satisfy gargantuan appetites at any odd hour of the day or night.

A special tribute is due to Pop Ratson for maintaining what must be the best airmen's mess in Canada and the cheerful word he always has for the boys from "down under". We'll miss your Sunday dinners, Pop.

To FO. Ramsay whom we would like to take home with us, we owe thanks for his untiring efforts on our behalf, his kindly interest in each member of the flight and the witty verses with which he has occasionally brightened grim moments.

To FO. Cragg we are indebted for the perseverance with which he has instructed us in the mysteries of Magnetism and Compasses — no easy task — and to FO. Gads for the humour with which he enlivened the rather perplexing subject of DF.

The class artist Murray Haywood has distinguished himself by producing the amusing Christmas version of

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our arms and motto and the Editor has promised to include the breathlessly awaited "Fill in the Face" contest thus assuring the success of this issue.

For the benefit of those courses remaining we have decided to leave the following invaluable assets behind:

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| 1. Boissevain | 5. The Wet Canteen |
| 2. The S.D.R.T. | 6. Our girl friends |
| 3. FS. Geddes | 7. The C.N.T. |
| 4. Toast | 8. The weather |

And now to 5 A.O.S. and all the friends we made here we say cheerio and Happy Landings!



Meet the Photo Section

No, folks, those are not gremlins on the opposite page, or are they? At the top of the picture we see Cpl. L. Teece busily polishing. Sgt. Ian McLeod can be seen inserting the bulb. Incidentally, he's the one responsible for the clever lay-outs throughout this and previous "Drift Recorders". Perched on the view finder we have LAW Dora Cook, of No. 2 Air Command's Photo Section, while climbing up the rope is FS. A. R. Jefferies, also of No. 2. LAC. I. Brownstein is pulling the slide and at the right we have LAC. Bill Anderson adjusting the lens. FS. "Jake" Jacobson is busy focusing. The smile disappears automatically when that "Drift Recorder" Man approaches the Photo Section. The cute little fellow cocking the shutter is No. 5's own "Karsh", LAC. Norm Krass, portrait photographer par excellence!

These are the people who patiently (well, sometimes patiently) take the pictures for your magazine and without whose help, there would be no "Drift Recorder."





Yes, hang up your stockings fellers, (but not the hair you've just taken off!) for once again it's Christmas, and everyone is preparing for the happiest of all festive seasons. Sad to tell our preparations will consist of the usual flight plans, and to celebrate we can sizzle over our sextant shots and patiently await the New Year's leave. We drew the jackpot!

Experts now shooting electric lights and flying to the stage of becoming airsick in the S.D.R.T. and C.N.T., we have decided, even against the protests of our two solitary remaining Canadians, that in Winnipeg "night" is when the sun is obscured by the horizon and "day" is when it is obscured by obstinately persistent cloud formations.

Emerging from the confusion, chaos and consternation of the 14th week exams we regret several casualties, reducing our numbers to 20, which, though drastically decreased, comes within the editor's powers to estimate class averages! Taking a brief and wistful glance at the frivolities of the outside world from which we find ourselves social outcasts, we prepare for the last "grim" struggle with the finals.

Much to our regret we have lost both our instructors, FO. "Scotty" Milne and PO. Jones, more affectionately (and frequently) known as "Jonesy". We all extend our best wishes for their civilian ventures and express our appreciation of their patience and perseverance to progressively penetrate so many mute and mediocre mentalities. To replace them we welcome the expertly, expletive explanations for further exertion from FL. Barker and FO. "Don't forget your copy of the Drift Recorder" Brown. What an editor, what an instructor, what a man!

In this edition we must make our premature farewells to No. 5 A.O.S., and, in spite of local climatic conditions, admit that our time in Winnipeg has been really "swell". Nevertheless we are all looking forward to when there are no more daze (sorry — days) to go and — need I say it! — that final leave.

We thank all our numerous and varied instructors for their co-operation, tuition and encouragement, "Pop" Ratson for his pure, palatable and plentiful provender and, (for amazing demonstrations of the volume, vitality and verbosity of the human (?) vocal

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chords), FS. Geddes. And to Winnipeg — thanks for the wonderful hospitality we will always remember.

"Merry Christmas" everyone and may the New Year bring Peace and Happy Reunions. "So long," folks.



M.T. Section

Despite the fact that your correspondent has been absent for our last two editions, I will endeavor to yield what transpired in this department since my return. First of all, it is only fitting that I thank our editor-in-chief for his swell job as a pinch-hitter. I would advocate, that he also include the position of publicity manager in his services to our magazine, then he would not be so lonesome, as he claims he is under the "Beacon" heading on the editorial page. We are arranging a donation, on his behalf, in order to obtain a pair of garters for that "lady" with the drooping stockings whose picture was snapped at the pump while attending the officers' Hallowe'en party. Nuff said, eh Fred?

Several newcomers are in our camp, we take this opportunity of welcoming them to our department.

Recently, the boys' and girls' ball teams held a dance at Duke's, one of our better roadhouses. Apparently everyone who was present spent an enjoyable evening. To quote some of the boys, the evening was a "knockout". What d'ya say, Hilt? Incidentally, we are sorry to relate, that our "ambassadors of Good-will", Hilt & Jack have been split up. Hilt has been transferred to A crew.

Now that the holiday season is fast approaching us, we presume that the respective departments are looking forward to their little get-together for Christmas Eve, including ourselves. What d'ya say, Mr. Seed? Remember how peaceful an eve we had last year? Ahem! Our Alice Martell worked hard with her troupe on an act for the Christmas Concert. This was a whiz!

In closing for this year, may we take this opportunity to wish all our other departments a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



Back Row, left to right: A. Downey, P. Hussey, H. Conquergood, H. Bateman. Front: A. Savoie, Miss M. G. Williams, Mrs. V. A. Morrisette, C. Riggall.

Class 112B

Until now we have been unknown to the pages of this worthy and sometimes only too accurate record of what's doing and who is doing it at No. 5. Humbly begging forgiveness for our laxness, we will now enlighten all of you, dear readers, as to who we are.

We are above the usual run of classes that start course with the impression of emerging as navigators. In this group of Canadians are two Aussies. There you have the reason for our shining superiority or, at least one of them. An ardent exponent of the art of rugby-basketball and door crashing would have us believe so. However, being like you and playing the tactful host, we just smile.

The guiding force at our helm is FL. Mitchell. A censored edition of his favourite expression is "Grind 'em down", and we suspect that it will get results, hoping for the best, of course. FO. Richardson is there doing his share towards guiding us through our valley of shadow. We are wondering if he is still entrusted with procuring the Sunday roast. To complete this group of experts at the game of knowing where you

are, when you're there and where you will be, when you get there, are FO's Cotton and McNeill.

Our class is not without its various geniuses. One has a flare for devising new and more bewildering Foo-Foo birds. These amazing creatures are enabled to pull a sly disappearing trick on their enemies. It even has us stumped. There are other members of this class (one in particular) who could compete with Rip Van Winkle any old time. Lately, there is the expert at duck ranching. It seems that with a slogan such as "Ducks Unlimited" things are bound to be more than a little quacky around that ranch.

With the exception of a few, we were potential pilots at one time. Some clung to it for a long time, eventually ending up here doing their five months with the rest of us. Our stay could be made quite enjoyable if it weren't for navigation. Pop's meals do a lot toward alleviating our suffering. Some find consolation in the frequent company of the beautiful scenery hereabouts.

Having survived the seventh week we are about to D.R. ahead into the uncertain future and hope we'll be here for the New Year's issue.

The M.C. Section



Front row, left to right: G. Allison, H. Seed, M. Pastuzenko, A. Martel, W. Raymond. Back row: left to right: G. Thompson, L. G. Bailey, C. Carlson, E. Mayer, E. Strachan, Duniec (centre), W. Pierce, A. Williams, C. Patterson, H. Kidd. Missing: Midge Chorneyko, K. Buckingham, Ruth Johnson.

S.D.R.T. & C.N.T. Staff

Synthetics

"Navigator to Pilot — —"
"Hullo Control, take off clearance — —"
"Hullo Dog, take off — —"
"Hullo Charlie, drift is set. Out."

No navigator would mistake these for anything else—he has become so tired of hearing them. No doubt he would like to forget—forget that he has ever had to do so much work in so short a time, and then after doing so much navigation, to still be at the same place, and on "terra firma".



FO. H. Beckwith, D.F.M., FL. A. P. Wedding,
FO. M. F. Campbell

However, we hope that the Synthetic D.R. Trainer has helped the hundreds of trainees who have toiled within its dim shadows to a better understanding of the job they are called upon to prepare for.

During the 13 months of its operation, trainees have travelled synthetically more than 400 times round the world, right at this school, without even leaving the ground. All this despite periodical shortages of operators, leaks in the roof, synthetic storms etc., etc., and mere breakdowns of intercoms. It sounds quite an impressive total—more than 10,000,000 miles—perhaps it repays in some measure the operators and maintenance crew, who have rather a thankless job, in that they have provided the background for the operation of these synthetic flights.

F/L. A. P. Wedding, who took over the section from F/L. G. F. McAulay several months ago, is still wondering why the Indians didn't pay somebody to take the country from them, instead of fighting for it. He has been with the section since before exercises were started—and hopes to get back to New Zealand again while the architectural profession is still alive.

F/O. Harry Beckwith, D.F.M., the section's operational "type", has his hands full keeping up with the latest syllabi, with a watchful eye to see that class instructors don't put anything across. He has had experience over Europe, and at O.T.U. in the United Kingdom, and is right at home in Winnipeg.

LAC. Hillhouse is the "office manager", maintenance chief (W.M.) and emergency operator all rolled into one. He has been with the section since its inception,

and gets his inclination for office work from his previous job in a bank.

LAC. Lindskog is maintenance man (W.M.) and movie operator. He has other interests—have you noticed the canteen girls wearing small hand made plastic brooches? He is the proud father of a 1½ months old daughter.

LAC. Frith is also on the maintenance cum operator staff with an occasional diversion to Victory Loan drives. He is a W.M. and has spent some time at an S.F.T.S.

LAC. Furman, of fairly recent arrival, is an Instrument Mechanic, and has been on operational stations on the West Coast, and also at an S.F.T.S. Both he and Nichols are full time operators in the S.D.R.T.

LAC. Nichols, who arrived with Furman, has spent some considerable time on operational stations on the West Coast. He is also an Instrument Mechanic, and hails from the U.S.A.

LAC. Waller (W.M.) has just joined the staff of operators from the repat. depot at Rockcliffe.



The C.N.T. and the 9 Reasons why They Work

Perhaps the strangest and most marvellous piece of mechanical ingenuity on the station is a CNT. When we examine the conglomerate cast of characters that operate and maintain this contrivance, we realize that they are fitting — both, together. All the operators are Repats, that is; they have been abroad with the R.C.A.F. and in view of this experience, were considered able to stand the rigors of the Celestial Navigation Trainer. The rigors mentioned are those of fiercely, flashing lights; dead dark (those personnel afraid of this commodity would not do, you see); the Navigator's Potential and the fearsome buzzing, moaning, grunting and clanking of the control desk.

The unhonored, but oft cursed heroes lie below (and the students would be happier if they actually did "lie below"):

1. Flying Officer Campbell, who is known to his friends as "Bing" (he only sings in the showers), is the officer-in (or on) - charge of CNT. A quiet and gentle character, he can be seen in an impassioned mood just after having lost the toss for the tea. He has the sad face of a man who has seen the worst or perhaps it is just his moustache. Bing originated in Prince Edward Island and is proud of his travelling time. It is his firm belief that he has the "scrounging-est moaning-est" section on the whole station.

2. WO1 Yaworski known as "Looie" to his fellow operators, is a Sphinx-like type who decamped from the wilds of Saskatchewan. He is our newest member having moved up from London to be nearer the "Flatlands". He is somewhat of a legendary figure in the Mess, especially on the fifteenth and on the thirtieth days of the month. "Looie" has recently entered the honored ranks of the Sergeant Majors (Class 1) but despite this, will not trade his motorcycle in on a Cadillac.

3. WO2 Barnes initialled rather unfortunately as W. C. receives these letters for his very own. Our family man, noted for his wife and daughter — recent (I mean the daughter), he labored for some time under the name of “Diaper Hound”. Despite any rumors that he may give you to the contrary, the CNT’s are not for sale. Not only capable at the controls of the trainer, he also manipulates, with some charm, the bow of a violin and can slap a bass meanly.

4. WO2 Millette will perhaps mean little to you; but Andre! Need I say more? His features are many; his pipe, his moustache and above all; his somewhat oblique use of the English language. I suppose I might say that he is as much a part of the station as the plumbing. His voice, the one that sends Navigators screaming off to Kassel, also soothes you on dance nights. From many sources we hear that he is not REALLY a wolf: it is just the way he says “Hellooooo-woo-wooo”.

5. FS. Rix known as D.A. is strictly a rural type and enjoys “stomping” at the Fort Rouge Legion Hall. Strangely enough though, he also has an ear for Tschaikovski. Girls say he is cute and the chaps kid him for the way he says “Gosh, Fellas”. He has just recently bought a pipe and wonders if he will need a permit from the Fire Marshall. He has a soft spot in his heart for plants in pots.

6. WO2 Murray is ignobly called George, Flak-Happy, the Farmer and many other things would have

to become typographical errors to be printable. He is rather a stringy type who labors under the compliment of looking like RAF. He has been accused of driving the SWO towards drink but denies this fervently. A lover of the finer things, he had to take to Beethoven after the Crystal Palais was placed out-of-bounds.

7. Sgt. Distan; Our NCO. in charge of maintaining the Trainers in good working order. An unassuming chap, he becomes a figure of exceeding skill and resourcefulness when a major calamity descends upon our “Frankenstein”. An ardent booster from all things British Columbian though he is, he will still concede that Winnipeg is in the West.

8. Cpl. Cross: Our able electrician, happiest with his six feet of man tucked into a cubic yard of space under the control desk, tearing wildly at great masses of wiring. In his spare time he worries about his receding hair line (a lovely head of scalp) his Subsistence Allowance (he impresses us with the importance of subsisting) and the affairs of Flin Flon. Our only athlete of note, his giant figure graced the outfield of our baseball team this summer.

9. Cpl. Robinson. He is the man who will get a squeak out of a radio if there is a squeak in said radio. A tall Torontonian, who will not utter an evil word against the West (he is the only Torontonian who won't), he intends to go home after the War to repair radios other than those belonging to the R.C.A.F. and to the dependants thereof.



Back Row, left to right: Cpl. Robinson, WO2 Murray, FS. Rix, WO2 Millette, WO2 Barnes, Cpl. Cross. Centre, left to right: WO1 Yawovski, FO. Beckwith, D.F.M., FL. Wedding, FO. Campbell, Sgt. Distan. Front row, LAC'S: Nichols, Lindskog, Furman, Hillhouse, Frith. Absent: LAC. Waller.

Class 113Y

The graphic description of 113 A.B.'s trek from Dafoe to Winnipeg was reported in our last despatch. That the change of air has been beneficial to us all (and to Dafoe) is generally agreed. In addition the superiority of the beer over the neighbouring provinces seems to have been proved after exhaustive (and exhausting) tests. And that's "No kidding", as Tom will tell you.

WINNIPEG

It's not just because we spent twelve or twenty weeks at desolate Dafoe that we have such a great affection for Winnipeg—although that's a good enough motive for any man! The joy of seeing civilians—more especially the vast surplus of the female gender—was too much for us. This may excuse our not ineffectual attempt at painting the town red. In this respect we thank the Winnipeegers for their extreme forbearance, and their unsurpassed cordiality has made our trip to Canada more than worthwhile.

C'EST LA GUERRE!

BEFORE—As the soft night breeze fanned his flushed cheeks Alphonse pressed his lips to Sylvia's. In silence they gazed at the intoxicating moon, which bobbed between the clouds.

AND AFTER—As a wicked, wintry wind whipped his roughened cheeks LAC. Alphonse pressed his eyebrow against his sextant. In a disgruntled undertone he cursed the stupid mood, which played hide and seek with an aggravated bubble.

BLOOD, SWEAT, TOIL AND TEARS

The human frame, it has been proved once again, is capable of withstanding the roughest mishandling. However, fortunately for us F/O's. Lehto and Potten have been slow to anger in their thankless task of teaching us chappies navigation. They have accomplished what must have seemed (on their preview of 113Y) the impossible.

We were sorry to lose F/O. Potten on his departure from the service and wonder what civy street is really like.

We are deeply grateful to them both and wish them a very merry Christmas and future good luck.

Some 113Y Personalities

Ginger Walsh—Our answer to "V.2".

"Tubby" Taylor—The Deacon??!!

"Tom"—the Case for abstinence.

Lord Spaven—A night after dark.

"Einstein" Marcham—has worked out a fool-proof method to gyp juke boxes by calculus and the theory of relativity.

Val—Hitler's secret (?) weapon.

A. J. Taylor—What a navigator!

Troopship Toze and Scoop Snell.

Page Thirty-Two

Tolboom—Der Fuehrer!

Looker—Bevin's right hand man.

Woody—Drains bust-er . . . we mean brains trust.

Lepage—"I no speaka da English".

Mr. (and Mrs!) Williams.

Ryde—our young blood.

Peters, Mackley and still waters.

P.S. We've just remembered—as if we could forget—those two Scotsmen Campbell and Robinson and—"WHERE IS SCRIVENS?"



Second Epistle from 112A in the Land of the Heathen

As is the case with all courses at this stage we mourn the loss of 5 of our stalwarts who will now have to dream of a White Christmas, having been returned empty after our 7th week. Among them was our Devonshire dumpling to whom many a duty watch are indebted — he being T.O.S. one evening was told to lower the flag and being the keen type, lowered the whole system of flags, ropes, blacks, tackle etc., leaving the O.O. rampant and unamused. It took several days to replace the apparatus and we must here discount the rumour that after dark FS. Geddes shinned up the pole with rope in teeth to remedy the absence.

As partial replacements of our 5, we have been donated 2 "jokers" from the underworld (is that the right word?) who in times of doubt act as interpreters for us.

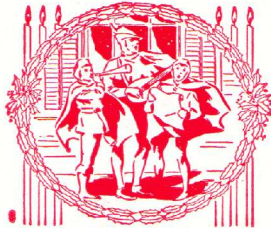
Since last month we have learnt many interesting things covering the New Zealand Empire, the paralyzing attitude of the moon, determination of sex error and pinpointing Shilo by night. During drill we learned to stand at ease and right turn, our instructors being officers who could quote the drill book but only sotto voce — this being verb sap was carried out instantly so all went well and a good time was had by all — except the instructors.

At rifle drill too we learnt more Canadian drill — doing the present by numbers one hep two hep three hep — and without numbers, hep — hep — hep — hooray — not that we could see why a hooray was called for but who are we to question a sergeant? And R.C.A.F. drill is so different from R.A.F.

We begin at last to derive some pleasure from sports here, particularly the 5 types of rugby — English rugby, Canadian rugby, basketball rugby, Chesterfield rugby and tea break. We look forward to playing the Aussie classes at basket rugby as we understand they have all the same rules as we have (both of them). So Aussies we will sing Happy Jacks signature tune "A little Co-operation from you and hope WE get some."

PADRE'S PAGE

Padre's Wishes



Ages have passed since the first Christmas, but across the far spaces of the years God's Christmas light comes again into every trusting soul. It comes into the machine-gun nests and trenches of our marching army; into the fighters and bombers of our Air Force; into the ships and submarines of our Navy; into the hospitals where men languish in pain; into the homes bereaved of their loved ones. The light of Christmas comes to mankind with the same hallowed radiance as it has come to mankind for ages past.

To the soldier somewhere alone on the battlefield, God whispers the Christmas promise: "Fear not—unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior." and "Lo I am with you alway." To those whose homes have been destroyed and saddened, Christmas brings the vision of a new home where there is no war. It brings grace for every sin, love for every hatred, peace for all strife, life for every death, heaven for every soul.

God takes us again by the hand this Christmas and shows us the sure way, the way through Him who said: "I am the way, the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." More than anything else we need the assurance that God is for us. Our life will be bright with Christmas joy if Christ is the centre of it. Our home will be glad with peace if Christ is its jewel and crown. Enjoy Christmas in the sanctuary of God where He speaks to men the only message which can gladden the heart in these days of sore distress. Enjoy it in your homes amid the family circle as you raise your voices with the angelic hosts to sing: "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." Let God have His way with us this Christmas. It leads to the glory of the stars and into the presence of the heavenly choirs.

May all of us find new joy in the Christmas message this year as it approaches with brighter prospects for our Nation, for our world and for our firesides. Merry Christmas to all!

FL. Phil JANZ,
Protestant Padre.

I appreciate deeply the privilege of expressing my season's greetings through the columns of the Drift Recorder. The Padre's good will in fact extends far beyond the limits of the group directly confided to his care and demands some means such as this to manifest itself, in a more or less person-to-person way.

To all the personnel of No. 5, then, warmest wishes from the R.C. Padre for a truly joyful Christmas and for profound happiness throughout the New Year.

However, before defining the meaning of that Christmas Joy and that profound happiness, I wish to discharge a very pleasant duty, one of gratitude. During the past year I have incurred an ever-increasing debt for favors granted by my superior officers, in particular Wing Commander G. F. Jacobsen, D.F.C. Whenever approached in connection with the spiritual, and even material interests of the men, they have been unfailingly generous, and co-operative. I am happy to be able now to publicly express appreciation for this solid and tactful support.

The same spirit has characterized my relations with the true gentleman with whom I share the title of "Padre". He has been most helpful in many a task, amiable, tolerant, ever eager to lend a hand whenever the spiritual care of any No. 5 personnel was concerned. I cannot help but think that this example has played a large part in the maintaining of No. 5 comradeship on such a high plane, irrespective of creed.

These manifestations of what is, at the bottom, Christian Charity, are not only titles to gratitude but, multiplied here and over the face of the earth, pledges that true Joy and profound Happiness can be found in spite of the enormous obstacles which seem to obstruct the path thereto.

The outlook is dark indeed. And yet present joy and hope of future happiness are possible, for the arm of God is not shortened and the Son of God, given to the world on the first Christmas, can still inflame men's hearts with the fire glowing in his Own, the inextinguishable fire of charity—charity, love towards God, the Eternal Father and Creator of all men: charity, love, tolerance, goodwill towards all men made to his likeness and image, can triumph.

Enlightened and warmed by this love of a common Father, we can rejoice and be glad, then look forward confidently to the coming day when that light and warmth shall have dissolved all obstacles and brought peace on earth to all men of goodwill.

FL. Leo LAFRENIERE,
R.C. Padre

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CALENDAR

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