

DAFOE DIGEST



NO. 5 B & G SCHOOL - DAFOE

'XMAS



1942

A Word From the Editor

We present for your approval, the first issue of **DAPUS DIGEST**. Before you start to read it, may we take time to explain to you something of the policy of this issue.

It is intended that this shall be a monthly publication, and in this, our first issue, we have made an attempt to give you a general introduction to our station. You will find herein a report from almost every section on the Station. We have made an attempt to make these reports general so they will act as an introduction. Naturally this procedure could not be continued in future issues, so it is our intention that, from now on, the news will be more current and personal.

We would like to thank our Commanding Officer, Wing Commander P. W. Lewis-Holmes for his gracious patronage; LAC Morrison for his fine work in designing our front cover and each and every one of those who have contributed to this issue.

In closing, might we take this opportunity to wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and may the new year bring Victory and Peace, so that we all may soon be home with our loved ones.

THE DAFOE DIGEST

Published by the kind permission, of our Commanding Officer,
Wing Commander P. W. Lewis-Haines

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Commanding Officer's Message



Wing Commander P. W. Lowe-Holmes

I hope this magazine will be read in many homes and in different parts of the world. Its production is a triumph and a good indication of industry and ingenuity on the part of the editorial staff.

If this magazine gets the support it merits, regular monthly issues are contemplated.

A Happy Christmas and Prosperous New Year to all at Dafos.

P. W. Lowe-Holmes
W/CDR

Headquarters' High-Pressure

by Foreign (Eastern Canadian) Correspondent

"Exaggeration of the Service" (and in particular this publication) seems to demand that Station Headquarters (Administrative, of course) be subjected to the doubtful advantages of being verbally pictured. Notwithstanding the opinions of some of the inhabitants (readers) of that lofty seat of decision, however, it is felt that the communication of any such dallish inclinations would be sheer nonsense. However, to the informal glorification of Building No. 2, No. 2-B, & G's, as well as for the consumption of the more hardy of our readers (if any), we cheerfully tender this boring epistle.

Headquarters is, in its better moments looked upon by the remainder of the Station as the "no plus ultra" in information bureau. Regardless of the remote high by which any problem is related to administrative matters, it seems inevitable that the matter finally devolves into the warehouse, or onto the desk of one of the officers or lower constabulary in H.Q.

In particular however, this thesis will deal with what the Orderly Room, Records Branch and Central Registry, in particular are responsible (and under advisement) for. It is not to be interpreted as meaning that we actually do these things. And so in reverse order.....

Central Registry—The Nervous Centre of the Station

This doubtfully reasonable laudible of an officer's desk in any good civilian firm is our mailing department. Through its devious channels pass the frenzied outpourings (reduced, of course to mere words) of staff officers and A.C.'s alike. Everything from the cringing official "envelopes, manila, D.H.S.E., R.C.A.F.," to those smacking "billets d'amour" penned by the more sentimental of our personnel, are accorded the best of receptions by our clerks. In addition

they are more or less employed otherwise in everything from juggling the stamp account to the satisfaction of our Accounts Section, to the handling (and mishandling) of those peculiar collections of typescript, manuscript and just plain script which fall within the categorization of the Station filing system. Repeatedly, our staff can locate, within a matter of mere days usually, everything from the last Inspector-General's Report to the application that A.C.2 Jerk J. made for a sleeping-out pass that week's ground (N.H.!) might be well to mention that, to obviate anyone interpreting this to mean that we are in possession of a select bunch of "meanies" making decisions, A.C.2 Jerk J. was refused such pass on the technical grounds that he was not, as yet, possessed of the necessary adjunct, to wit, a wife and/or family). The staff of this most prominent section of our fine organization comprised, at the moment, Miss M. E. (Billie) Howard of Lunenburg, Sask. (to whom congratulations are in order on her numerous marriages); L.A.W., E. J. N. (Dandy) White of Saskatoon and A.W.2 J. G. P. (Julia) Mallett of Regina and New Brunswick.

And so we leave C.R., with its warring palm trees and the myriad masses of mail and messages, and continue our H.Q. traveltogue in the direction of—

Records Branch—the Custode of Dafos

Our "F.B.I." as personified by the Records Branch, is responsible for and does (to some small extent at least) maintain a complete (much to some people's disgust and regret) record of all and any personnel on the Station. So complete are these records that our E. L. McBeth, at the recent series of Officers' and N.C.O.'s Administrative lectures, was prompted to remark that "I sometimes marvel at the way some

(Continued on Page 14)

Accounts Section

by Sgt. O'Leary



Two years ago great minds (if there were any) gathered together on a wind-swept, desolate, alkali part of the earth which has all been spoken of as "Gods Country" (Bless the Indians!) It is said that they had a great war to guide them, but alas, these wise men for they must have been wise men, were also good men and it is said of the good that none-things no harm must come (such as being posted to Dufor).

These wise men had-CENSORED-and thus was formed what was destined to become one of the most sought out, most popular two have fourteen W.D.'s and Miss Evelyn White) sections on this Station, namely the Accounts Section. Perhaps some of you have never heard of us, if not, you are invited to attend our little family get-togethers—we usually have (at least) two a month. All that is required from you is your number, rank and name, and here, to help us, is a plug - NUMBER - RANK - NAME.

Enough of this, let's face facts and write something. We could tell you all about our W.D.'s but you would not be interested "What's that; Ha! Ha! Yes, we guess you could tell us about them PERIOD. Anyway we will glad-

ly give you their number if it is requested.

Of late the Accounts Section had been denuded of males. There are only six left and God knows they are not the best examples of the "Atlas type". The current boys are Squadron Leader Doughton, late of C.N.S. Rivers; Flying Officer Medlam (who luckily escaped with his life from a harrowing experience and whose heart now "pains" when stepping to and from taxi cabs); Flight Sergeant Hamilton (claims he is from Canada—wherever that is); Sgt. Pattison, a drip of Scotch, ponder that drip, we mean drop; Sgt. Joseph Bruno, Falls, Louisiana, Christian, Free Irish; and last and least, Sgt. O'Leary, French Sinn Féiner.

We are just recovering from the loss of a very wonderful personality, namely, Flight Lieutenant Jim (to his friends) Morton. He was a real good egg and you know how short we are of those these days. With Flight Lieutenant Morton we also lost Pilot Officer Newman, R.A.F. who came all the way from England to see Dufor. He has now returned to his native haunts (I hope not).

SEE YOU PAY DAY

Station Hospital



The Station Hospital grows and expands in importance under the able guidance of S/L E. N. Lawson (the well known hunter), P/Lt. W. J. Boyd (standing tall), and P/Lt. A. Peterson (also known as the station Vet). We see everybody come and go — shades of incantations and blood groupings.

Admissions are duly recorded by P/S G. A. Clackson, and then received in the ward by our ever smiling Nursing Sisters, Ruby McMorley and Violet Taylor. It's amazing how we ever manage to get anyone out of the hospital. Since the last issue of this magazine the Hospital along with all other sections, has been improved by the arrival of the W.D.'s. Were they received with open arms? Incidentally they still are by many.

The Hospital is proud of its record and has established quite a reputation among other Air Force Hospitals. In the past month, we have been "At Home" to thirty five M.D.'s from other stations. Their greatest source of wonderment is "How and where does Dafoe get all the equipment?" Fellow M.D.'s at other stations, that's a deep dark secret. Personally the writer thinks the explanation lies in the fact that when S/L Lawson begins talking and explaining why he needs something, the easy way out is to give

it to him. You've heard the saying about "talking the hair off a brass monkey" but maybe that's getting personal.

Here in the hospital we find the real inside life of a person; more heart moving love scenes, usually during visiting hours, and the usually obstinate scenes in the early morning hours, during which many a true confession is told, would it published in book form, trap a fortune.

The important folk in the hospital, however, are the patients and they're the best in the world. We can't avoid mention of LAC's Ben Ward and Mike Brown, now of International reputation. They have given us all a lesson on "How to take it", during the past four months. However they'll soon be up and around. LAC Harris was also part of the inventory for five months, and tho' he has now left the service, we still think of him as one of us. Good luck, Gordon! We hope you like that old job again.

What about the Staff, you ask? Now you should all know them well, but for those unfortunate healthies who are unknown, here's the roster—

S/L Lawson—"Carly" to his intimates, and the best scrounger in the service. Must be related to Frank Beck. If it's not fastened down, he'll bring it back. Mayor of Boom Town for 12 months.

P/Lt. Boyd—What a "cutter upper" is Willie James! He's always ready to operate but don't mention "open house" to him. Fond of ice cream — known in the mess as "Three leavy Willie".

P/Lt. Paterson—The red haired California Southerner who can cure anything from the left front tushion of a canine to the exhilarations of a century. Good old "Pat" leads his steady wit and genial personality to all station social do's.

N/S McFarley—"Our Baby" the brightest jewel in our mess. Never knows when to stop working and represents the acme of her profession.

N/S Taylor—Hi, Y! Who are you so damn good looking! When you arrived, the ladies were at ease on the ground, but "Frankly" they hadn't a chance.

F/S Glacken—He maintains the orderly room in peace and quietness, so what do you think? We'll never know why it is called the "orderly room".

Sgt. Cullen—Is your depression you will find him there to fill your wants in the way of pills and potions. Specially fond of curatins.

Sgt. Mason—To whom we bid welcome, is a little too good looking to have control of the M.O.'s.

Cpl. Henderson—Will see through you so don't try pulling the wool over his eyes.

Cpl. Henley—The best 'all round' cook we know. There's only one answer to the question, "where try the best meals served on the station".

Cpl. Puddle—Who said those night slippers of yours were "Soreless"?

LAC Marshall—"What attraction does the linen cupboard hold, March?" As a suggestion an armchair might be an asset.

Cpl. Cook—A fly in Regina was bad enough, but now what about T.C.A. or Vancouver, you can't take a bus back this time.

LAC Kells—Music may soothe the savage beast, but not the patients at C.A.M.

ACF Beattie—Welcome, hope you'll like us as well as Yorkies.

AWI Farmer—If she doesn't want to walk someone will always 'Whisper'.

LAW Simpson—With all these late passes, could it be that our school captain is tutoring a certain S.P. (that does not mean Sergeant Pilot).

LAW Farrell—Good at her trade, but rumors say that she would be a much better electricity conductor. (Re Featherburgh Hotel).

LAW Schwaggen—The Monk Soudor — where'd you get that hair-do Kay?

LAW Sinclair—"The Belle of Foam Lake"—with Winnie on duty there is never a dull moment.

LAW Winnik—"An non-operation patient" but a good hospital assistant.

LAW Soudor—Since her drill test she's even changing beds by numbers.

AWI McDonald—Code and cipher will be a cinch after trying to follow our treatment book.

AWI Cassidy—Rather funny a red head looks up with the fire department.

AWI Morgan—Yes she really is alive, just drop in to a W.O.'s dance for verification.

AWI Calver—When the cat's away the mice will play—or do their dance—what about it Kat?

LAW Gacher—Our little man hater, but why those tests after your 48's.

LAC Stewart—Methodical "Gaw" but really a whiz with the women.

The Wireless Operator Air Gunners

Ever since the first Course of W.O.A.G.'s arrived at this station early in 1941 there have always been a number of these students in and around G.I.S.

The eager attitude of the average W.A.G. is easily explained. After long months of guard duty or its equivalent and still longer months of training at a Wireless school these aviators come



to No. 5 for the last lap — at the end of which come the wings and heels to indicate that the trainee is ready for advanced or operational training. This enviable reward is handed out by the Commanding Officer at the end of the course.

What about a glimpse at an average day of an average WAI during his stay at No. 21 First of all there is the little fuss of getting up, dressing up and being up. After breakfast we SHOWER and our hero on morning G.I.S. parade where after a spot of P.T. his Course Leader will suggest that lectures are in order. During the next two hours Willie Wag may be in his own classroom hearing the inside story on torrets or Brownings or pyrotechnics or angles of deflection or points of harassment or something. Only with the super-super students are all of these topics dealt with at the same time. It is now the third hour of the unimpressive day of our WAI and very likely he is in the dark—physically of course — studying the bumps and the bumps of various aircraft so that he will not shoot down more than his quota of allied planes. Enemy has it that torreters in recognition are frowned upon in operations so Willie is wide awake in the dark. To finish off the morning in a profitable way the student will likely do some Morse — just to keep up his mental speed against the day when the examination comes along.

In the afternoon of our average day

Mr. Wag is slated to fly and so reports on 1000 hours to the Course Flight. He does flying clothes from boots to helmet, draws a post-charts and harness signs for a few hundred rounds of ammunition and awaits orders from 'Pat' Despatcher. Presently Willie is airborne along with a Kinglake, a job, other classmates, a torret and plenty of ammunition. During the next few hours our trainee is shooting the dragas full of holes (the hopes) while learning some of the tricks in landing, handling and clearing Brownings in wet zero weather while travelling at a high rate of speed in a forest that is not witnessed. Ask Willie, he knows. Well after delimiting and having a smoke the young hopeful may go up for another exercise to finish off the afternoon. After all, his stay is short and most evenings are spent with the one hundred and nineteen pieces of the Brownings. And so to bed.

Of course our typical day couldn't include everything. During his Course the trainee is destined to spend many hours manipulating the different types of torrets — the types he will use overseas. Will mention he will find his way to the ranges a few times during his stay at No. 5. At these points our pride and joy will learn the fine art of gun cleaning as well as being many hundreds of rounds from torrets. Seriously, Willie is convinced that in operations it is the unreliability of his guns that counts most. He should know more about his guns than any other person in the squadron.

And so the Wireless Operator Air Gunners are trained for a highly specialized job in which there is practically no room for errors. G.I.S. handles all of this training except the air exercises and puts forth every effort to give the trainee what he will need most in operations. Good luck to you, Willie Wag, and to all your brothers in aircraft.

□ □ □

M.O.—The best thing you can do is give up smoking, drinking and women.

ACC PATIENT—What's the next best thing?

Small Canteen



The Small Canteen offers you a comfortable homelike atmosphere in which you may work or play. It is conveniently located and well furnished with writing desks, armchairs, piano, radio, rugs and numerous reading lamps as well as an open fire place which makes it a popular place in the evenings.

It is the headquarters of the YMCA which organization contributes greatly to the welfare of the men by placing writing material and library facilities at their disposal.

The Small Canteen also harbors the officers of the Chaplain; the "Y" Supervisor and the Educational Officers. These people are always ready and eager to help you. Get to know these fellows as it will help to make your stay at Dafeo more pleasant. Let us briefly introduce them to you. First we have Father Daughly, a jovial good natured fellow who is a tonic for depressed spirits. He has a way of making one see the bright side of the

picture, and remark has it that he is an expert on matters pertaining to the fuel supply. Then we have Padre Martins, a serious but kind and friendly fellow. He has been an ACE and through his wealth of experience in the service can offer words of advice to you who are new. He is the steady influence in the Small Canteen. Next we have F/O Brown, the educational officer. Bill is a great fellow; an affluant athlete and a great teacher. He is always ready to chat with you and to discuss your problems of retraining and further education. Education is important. Get to know F/O Brown. We know that Bill has only one vice and that against justice for he once took spuds from F/O Carr's potato patch and loaded them into the "stern" car. Since the day that the educational officer took over his duties here, the work has expanded greatly and today we find two educational officers. The new arrival, Pilot Officer Jones is a great asset to this work. We all think

that he is a great lad. He is really fitting in well and Bill Brown says that he is OK. Assisting also in some of the clerical work is our little WD; LNW Pope. Whome, apart from her work with the library, helps the educational officers; the police and even Tom. Gen. Father Daughy got a surprise the day Whome arrived. He had not met her at the time, but Tom told him that Pope had arrived. He replied "Tom Rome?"

Now we come to Tom McDonald, the "Y" supervisor. Tom is a happy fellow and his good humour is contagious. Many of the boys say that he is always ready to laugh at their troubles, and strange to say, Tom has the cure for many of them. Tom tries to stay well within the law, but once

he went a-swooning and got caught. (S/L Lammox can explain.) His happy disposition stands him well in his present occupation and we do not hesitate to say that Tom is one of the best supervisors that can be found anywhere. (Of course they are few and far.)

Now follows you will see why we suggest that you get acquainted with the Small Cannon and its personnel. Make it your headquarters for letter writing, study and reading and also for meeting your friends in the evening.

Meety Xmas from the Small Cannon and come to our Xmas party. We almost forget to say we have one of the best cure takers on the whole camp, Good old Alex.

FIRE HALL.

What goes on behind the scenes in a fire fighter's life is very seldom known to the public. Here is a general idea of what a fire fighter has to do and what is reported of him at Dufou.

First, they have some 50 odd buildings and 600 pieces of fire equipment to inspect and maintain daily.

Second, they have to drill the fire platoon daily in ladder and hose drill and instruct them in the use of all fire equipment.

Third, they have to instruct all service and civilian personnel on the station in the use of all fire equipment.

Fourth, they have to have their own drills three times a week and fire lectures a week on fire prevention and fire fighting.

Fifth, they have the job of training the crash crew in the use of the equipment on the crash trailers and what to do when a crash occurs.

Sixth, they have to see that all fire orders are followed to and the over-riding job of teaching fire prevention.

Then to top it all off they have the job of protecting our neighboring city

known as Bowen Town and see that the women's families are not burned out of house and home. A fire fighter has to be on duty 24 hours a day, whether he plays cards or fights fires. Fire-eats for no man.

We also have the job of making the ice for the winter sports so that the lads who have their days work finished can enjoy themselves while the lads whom they have so often criticized for being lazy are on duty waiting for the ever lurking enemy FIRE.

So wouldn't some of you lads like to be a fire fighter so that you can get up out of your nice warm beds and help as snug beds of frozen lads around.

Granted it has never happened here but it CAN happen, so all we have to do is keep up our vigilance in fire prevention and don't take any chances with fire.

Thanks, lads and girls, for your co-operation, and help in keeping down the fire loss at this station. As you all know, we can protect ourselves from an enemy we can see, but we cannot from one we can't see and never know when and where he is going to strike next.

F/S J. Wicks, Fire Chief

The Dental Clinic



The Dental Clinic at No. 5 B. & O. School, is staffed by two operators, Captain Naprons, Officer in Charge, Captain Shapers, two N.C.O. chair assistants, and an orderly.

The main objective of the clinic is to have every man, who is posted overseas, 100 per cent dentally fit. It is of prime importance that Air Crew arrive overseas with no dental troubles.

Emergency work is given prompt attention and we want the personnel on the station to feel free to come to the

Clinic at any time for dental treatment.

The Clinic appreciates the whole-hearted co-operation received, and while it is the last place anyone usually wants to visit, the personnel on the whole, have been excellent patients.

We are proud of our equipment and supplies, and we are glad to render dental service to the R.C.A.F.

We take this opportunity of impressing on the personnel the importance of reporting to the Clinic at the first sign of sore or bleeding gums.

THE ARMAMENT SECTION

Greetings from the Armament Section! Here is a hard working group of streamers who are making an indispensable contribution to the whole training programme of the station. They are few in number but are doing a big job. Consider the guns, ammunition, bombs, pyrotechnics and other highly specialized forms of armament equipment required at a school of this nature, and you will appreciate something of the task that is theirs.

Located in Guntery Hangar, you will find the section a most interesting and friendly one to visit. Flight Sergeant Cook is in charge, and is ably assisted by a very fine staff of Armourers (Blanks) and Armourers (Guns). Cpl. Ritchie supervises all machine

gun repairs and the cleaning of guns and equipment. An expert with factory experience, LAC Stewart looks after the power-operated turrets that are mounted in the gunnery slips. Cpl. Hume on the bombing line supervises the testing and inspection of the practice bombs before having them attached to the carriers.

Much could be said in regard to the work of our section; still more about the men who perform its varied tasks, but this will be enough to show something of its interest and importance on the station. To the Commanding Officer and all personnel of No. 5 Bombing and Gunnery School we of the armament section extend heartiest wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Handing Over Ceremony



On Saturday, August the First, 1942 an event of importance in the history of No. 3 Bombing and Gunnery School took place. On the Parade Square in the presence of all station personnel, Group Captain, R. A. DeHaye, D.F.C., the Commanding Officer from the inception of the station, handed over to Wing Commander F. W. Lazenby-Jones, the new Commanding Officer, the responsibility of command.



Headquarters High-Pressure (Cont'd)

people contact themselves, knowing full well that their every action, you might say, good or bad, is kept track of.

Paramount among such responsibilities are the handlings of leaves, promotions, reassignments, reclassifications, the maintenance of documents, etc. In my handling of such distasteful tasks as transcribing conduct sheet entries and making "logging" entries for our wayward ones.

In general Records Branch can be excoriated with the blame for anything from not getting a leave pass signed to being late in the delivery of clearance certificates when, and if, some fortunate member of our happy family obtains his parole.

To make this brief story even better, Records' motto is deemed to BE the BIL: "If it was done, and you did it, we know it; if it wasn't done, we did it!"

Noted among the unfortunate presently pressed into this portion of petrified paria are: Cpl. P. E. (Ed) or Pudge) Winant of Kingston, N.S.; A/W M. F. (Mung) Sage of Sadsbury and Chilhowick, D.C.; A.W.2 W. M. (Dredgy—no relation to Patsy Pats) Halden of Montreal, Que. and our recent addition Miss U. E. (Uhh) Denton of Vincent and Humbolt.

But time is short — and this column should be shorter (regrets, gentle reader) so we dust our parkas, eskimo suits and hand-knived mukluks and in a respectful slow march bid a fond farewell to "Records" (Phone 4 r 7), leaving the land of the Midnight Oil behind as we journey far and across the Trans-Headquarters highway to our curio.

The Obedity Room

(Any similarity between this and the normal interpretation of "obedity" is partly—we mean it—co-incidental).

"Never in the history of human endeavor have so many been indoctrinated so much by so few". (Except, perhaps, in the g-I-Vision Third Reich).

Anyhow, this might well be a direct quotation from, say, Maintenance or Training Wing or, for that matter any section of the Station when Headquarters O.R. "goes off the deep end" as when as they speak.

Actually, we are a very nice bunch of people, broadly considered.

Unfortunately, however, a sad fate inevitably befalls Orderly Rooms as a whole and in particular, Headquarters'. We are the Charles McCordys on the loose of the power that be. In matters nought what normal reactions are, but H.Q.O.R. has a positively amazing faculty for getting insulated with the blame for any apparently "radical" idea that first sees the light of day in, or around, Station Headquarters.

As a note of explanation to those unfortunate who have, from time to time, found it necessary to make personal appearances in what is usually a fruitless endeavour to straighten out some "bitch" point, we would offer these few "how-mo's". In other words, it is well-nigh impossible for Headquarters Obedity Rooms to predict D.A.P.S. on matters of postings, promotions, reassignments, etc.; therefore, it will be appreciated that we cannot possibly KNOW:

IF your application for compassionate (paramount) posting to _____ (CENSORED) has been approved.

IF we are going to get special leave to celebrate the advent of the fifteen year locusts.

IF there is any truth in the rumour that we are, commencing the New Year, to get a forty-eight and a seventy-two each week, with Saturdays and Sundays off.

IF, when the weather gets colder, as it does in this province, in January and February, we are going to be issued with electrically heated blankets made into parkas for the convenience of runners, etc. (For this one we would refer you to the Equipment Section).

IF, it is true that the government is paying a bounty on all members of the Service who want to get married (with or without permission).

However, if you want to know anything about anything, everything, or nothing, ask the Headquarters Orderly Room - you will always get an answer correct or incorrect, vital or trivial, but we will never give an answer that can be quoted as an authority.

Nevertheless, (and vide pars so-and-so above) we are, as noted, a "by-and-large" nice bunch of idiots. Noted among this collection are the following: W.O.D. R. B. (R.B.) Eaton of Winnipeg and the Coast; Sgt. R. M. (Oliver) Morgan of Ottawa, Canada; L.A.C. L. A. (Horne) Wood of Rigger, Sask. (Vancouver); L.A.W. E. P. (Dreadford) Edie of Edmonton; A.W.I. M. (Green-eyes) Carls of Wapella, Sask.; A.M.Z. A. J. (Jean) Hamilton of South Devon, N.B.; and Miss H. P. (Helen) Paterson of Watson, Sask. (rather naïve).

Let that, in itself, suffice to introduce you briefly to the H.Q.D.R. - and since we will not want to linger any longer than necessary - we will, hurriedly, bid the joint a fond farewell.

And now, last but not least, to our outside offices - and our best(!) publicans.....

The Runners!

Anyone who is anyone around Dulon, and who has their eyes open cannot but have noted our "appear-ances". At present (and this is subject to change without notice - courtesy of the Priorities Board) we have, numbered among these, L.A.W. V. (Vera) Farrow of Toronto, Ont.; A.W.I. A. E. (Bey you!) Knight of Swift Current, Sask.; and A.W.I. D. R. (Newfie) Young of- well, you guess! Although we could go into the minutiae of detail concerning the varied and diverse duties of our "runners" (or walkers, as it seems) suffice it to say that their major accomplishments to date has been "Newfie's" incomparable knack for winning when it comes to flipping quarters with the personnel she meets (and she meets almost everyone) along the way. For this, we refer you to Flying Officer Dickerson, late of Maintenance, who, we understand, was a "plunger" and who has since re-

turned to a quiet haven (Needle-less) on the West Coast to drown his sorrows.

Nevertheless, at long last, we will allow you, gentle reader to turn the page unobscured, and depart, with the literally winged feet of Mercury from this apparently incurable bunch of maniacs who we beautifully consider as a "staff". So, with just a parting shot in the direction of our beloved and inhumanly lucky alumni, we bid our adieu and bid farewell gracefully in the imaginary wings.

Noted, among these back, among us, were the following who have since departed upon their ways to, we hope, bigger and better things (what am I saying!):

Cpl. Hutton, A. G. of Tasterack, Ont. - recently (the last we heard) to an ocean residence.

L.A.C. R. F. Watson of Winnipeg - headed for a "Volcan-izing".

L.A.C. R. Wragg of Ottawa, Ont. - continues please forward all bills to Bushbank.

L.A.C. V. A. Redberg of Edmonton, Alta. - now helping the C.O. run the "X" (mysterious, isn't it) Depot at Kamloops.

L.A.C. N. E. Reed of Toronto, Ont. - departed, the lucky still, to Toronto.

A.W.I. B. E. Martin (Sprinter) - headed for 5 "M" Depot, Toronto and the W.D. Admin. Centre.

A.W.I. F. H. Thomson (Short Department) - for 7 "M" Depot and subsequent posting to Washington (in the interests of Pan-American unity, of course), and

Miss E. E. (Edie) Hughes - who also crossed the border recently to re-establishing it with S. Sgt. Ples K. T. (Darty) Dabody of the U.S. Army Air Corps (recently Sgt. Pilot of Dulon) at Columbia, S.C. Lotsa luck, "Pussy" and congratulations.

ISNT THAT ENOUGH
MR. EDITOR? FINIS.

Air Bomber

The Aircrew is a team — a fighting group of specialists — each highly skilled in his particular job — and an important member of that team is the Air Bomber.



Sometimes we here at Dalce become wrapped up in our own particular work and do not realize that the sole purpose of this station is to turn out students who will be capable of doing their job in a bomber team overseas.

In order that we may better know our trainees' problems, and by so doing further the value of our work here, let us follow the progress of an Air Bomber through his course at this school.

Arriving here after many weary weeks of study at Depots and I.T.S., our Air Bomber starts in at G.I.S. in the most important phase of his work, the study of the theory of bombing and the manipulation of the bombight. Solid words of study—theory—problems—more theory—back to school, not interesting to most, but every Air Bomber knows that only those who have a thorough knowledge of this theory will be able to drop their bombs on their target every time.

Then to test out their new found knowledge on the bombing teacher, that marvel of wheels, gears, lights and wires that allows a student to do everything on the ground that he can do on a bombing flight except get air sick. He learns to navigate, find winds and eventually to drop bombs with deadly accuracy — all on the ground. How? After hours, daytime and night-

time our student will be found practicing on the Bombing Teacher — for he must pass all tests here before he is ever allowed to go into the air.

Then the great day arrives, he is declared ready by G.I.S., and he climbs into one of our bombers for his first practice bombing run. His school work does not end here however, many hours are spent in G.I.S. with competent instructors analyzing the errors he has made in the air — learning about new equipment he will eventually use overseas — bombing devices — fuses — detonators — bomb carriers — gyro-technics and explosives. And so on through the more advanced phases of his air work, the different types of bombing, flying this morning, school this afternoon, flying tonight, school to-morrow, all he passes into the final stages of his training—gunnery.

Now more intensive ground training in G.I.S. Browning guns—the why's and the wherefores of all its parts—their faults and their remedies—the care and its use. Then many hours of turret work—of firing machine guns on the ranges—in the daytime and at night—and finally the student is ready for air exercises in gunnery.

And so into a turret in one of our gunnery aircraft goes our air bomber—and makes after a few tries that he will doesn't know all there is to know about turrets, machine guns, and stoppages, and so through the various phases of his gunnery training from one kind of attack to another till he becomes a dead-eye Dick when looking at a drogue and makes the required percentage of hits to pass his gunnery course.

Meanwhile any spare time our Air Bomber might have had is used up studying aircraft recognition or practicing landing and taxiing with the Aids Lamp—all preparing for the great day of final examinations in bombing, gunnery, signals, aircraft recognition, turret, etc. Many have fallen by the wayside at this point, but the high standard of training that No. 5 has established throughout Canada must be maintained.

At last graduation day arrives, and we no longer have a student, but a highly skilled bombardier and air gunner ready to take his place, after further training elsewhere, as a member of a bomber crew overseas.

And as we see him receiving his graduation certificate from our Commanding Officer, we, who remain here as trainees, cannot help but feel proud that we have all played some small part in making him better able to fight our battles for us overseas.

STATION WORKSHOPS

"We need everything
but the break of dawn"

Somewhere on this station there is an unimpressive but important building upon whose staff (indoor) hangs the welfare of this training center. It is in this building that all broken parts are brought for repair. Here parts are fitted carefully together and through the working efforts of those who toil within, are once more able to be used where they are most needed.

Let us enter the building and find out for ourselves how this important unit functions. In the southeast corner of the building there is an invaluable piece of machinery where the carpenters prepare the fundamental materials for splanoids and king cut-beds. The general shape of plywood to be used in the repair of aircraft is also cut here. The machine is known as the circular saw. Nearby is another conspicuous machine known as the jig saw. It is indispensable because of its ability to turn out fine pieces of material with very intricate patterns. This instrument was designed and constructed at this station under the supervision of G. W. Smith who is to be recommended for his successful completion of the machine. Near the jig saw is a small but efficient machine, the steel lathe where all the metal turning is done.

Across from this is the steel metal shop which is always busy modifying couplings, buffer plates and other such necessary parts. Also many items of various design are modified here and used in the aircraft for the benefit of the pilot.

In the back of the shop we find the

spark plug department. This is a complete unit within itself and is separated from the rest of the shop by a small barricade. The duties of this section are to clean, repair and maintain a continuous supply of spark plugs for all aircraft.

Another self-sufficient unit found near here is the welding shop, where there are two working outfits in continuous use. They do the work for the entire station.

Last, but not least, there is the fabric department. Like the spark plug department, it is entirely self-sufficient. It is shut off from the noise and bustle of the building and performs its duties under expert leadership of the members of the Women's Division.

And so from this center of activity comes a hearty approval of this station magazine and wish for its success in months to come.

RIFLE CLUB

No. 5 R. & G. Miniature Rifle Club is affiliated with the "Dominion Marksmen" who supply the targets, a series of proficiency pins and an "Expert Shield".

The club was formed early this summer and the response has been very good. There are now over 100 members, including a number of W.D.'s.

Firing on our 20 yard range in Deane hangar takes place on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. Two "Spoon Shoots" are held each month, at which the members compete for sterling spoons with crests and engraving.

To date several of our members have acquired "Dominion Marksmen" proficiency pins, and two, Sgt. Lamb and LAC Chipman, have qualified for the Expert Shield which requires a score of at least 2800 out of 3000, and must be held from prone, sitting and standing positions.

Inter-Station competition via the postal method has been tried, the team from No. 4 S.F.T.S. proving a little too strong for our team who are now busy practicing and looking for a few more crack shots to help out in the next competition.

A Message from the Padres

H/F/L W. H. Dunphy

H/F/L E. H. Morrison

"LOVE ONE ANOTHER"

With the advent of the anniversary of one of God's greatest acts in the economy of Salvation, it behoves us, His followers, to turn our hearts and our minds to a greater than ever intimation of love, one for another.

The old philosophy "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" has been found wanting and has been supplanted with love for one another, in the coming of the new Dispensation. We, therefore, creatures of God, objects of His love, must be amiable to those who are worthy of His perfect love.

The errors of that first Christmas chant proclaiming the coming of the New-Born King "Peace on earth to men of good will" must resound down the sides of time and find a responsive note in our souls.

Our recent victories have come as "glad tidings of great joy" to the hearts of all sympathizers of the allied cause. With them must come the thought of the end of this conflict, Peace. And if we are to have a genuine peace we must have love; a great love; love of our enemies as well as love of friends. We, in the magnanimity of our heart, can justify this love by forgiving them, "for they know not what they do."

Thus entering upon this festive season of the year with love in our hearts, we will partake of that peace, — that old and genuine peace to men of good will.

Station Chaplain

Station Drum and Trumpet Band



Under the capable leadership of Drum Major J. S. Young, the station Drum and Trumpet Band, starting from scratch last July, has since developed to the point where it is decidedly a credit to our station. It is composed of 28 people, 14 of them drummers and the rest musicians. These people were

all (with the exception of the Drum Major) novices at the time of the organization of the band, and their present standard of excellence is the result of long hours of diligent practice. To the members of the band we say "Hats Off".

Works and Building Section



The boys of the Works and Building Section are a group of highly specialized workmen under the general and able supervision of Flight Lieutenant Rogers, Engineer in Charge.

This section is usually the "happy hunting grounds" for the scavengers of scrap lumber, paint, putty, nails, electrical equipment and the occasional borrowing of a plumber's wrench. (When the Electricians return them).

The Tractor Operators under the capable direction of Corporal Black are a very efficient staff. It is the duty of their section to maintain the airport roads, runways and dispose of snow, which would endanger the take-off and landing of aircraft. These men also operate the crane used for handling aircraft damaged during forced landings. Corporal Black's men amuse him by whistling while they work. Flight Sergeant Bishop says that they just whistle.

The Carpenters Section is supervised by Flight Sergeant Bishop and Sergeant Lamaker. Under the watchful eyes of these N.C.O.'s the buildings are kept in a perfect state of repair for Officers, M.C.O.'s, W.D.'s and Nurses (mostly Officers, N.C.O.'s and W.D.'s).

Paint is used extensively in this type of work and to the painters goes

the credit for the clean, well decorated buildings.

Perhaps the station plumbing can be compared with the finest, and the honors go to the Works and Building Plumbers for the care and maintenance of this intricate system. The plumbing department is supervised by Flight Sergeant McKenzie, who cuts inconspicuously in plumbing down to a minimum, when by accident he brings his wrench on the job.

Two other very important divisions located in this Section are the Electricians and Fitters. These are in charge of Corporal Colley and Flight Sergeant Mathias, ably assisted by Corporal Smith, Corporal McElfleen and Corporal Lanning, who operate the heating plants and boilers on the station.

Our office staff ranks with the most efficient. The office boy is very intellectual and the stenographer is "His, Honour, same class".

But perhaps if it wasn't for the assistance given by our Works Foreman, Flight Sergeant Cambridge (have you seen the plumbers, carpenters, electricians, painters?), our branch would not operate so smoothly.

If you should doubt our efficiency, just phone us. "Service with a smile" (maybe).

The Gremlins at Dafeo

By A. D.

Lately a great deal of attention has been paid to the little-known Gremlins, and, as information on this subject is so scarce, this article is dedicated to the types of gremlins peculiar to Dafeo.

In order to gain information, a typical Dafeo gremlin was interviewed. He turned out to be somewhat older than the other gremlins, and had a very serious (you might even say poker-faced) expression. This was a short commissioned gremlin, and he was sitting on the engine of an aircraft. He carried a spanner in one hand and some chewing gum in the other and was frantically applying both to the engine before him. His customary sangfroid had been destroyed by the obvious importance of the job before him, and upon our approach his usually expressionless face took on a searching look. Upon trying to approach him I was rebuffed and informed that he was much too busy trying to get ourselves one aircraft serviceable for the morning's flying. He finally broke down and wept like a gremlin (Dafeo gremlin) "I became so discouraged", he cried, "for you reporters continue to print articles on all the bad gremlins and there are so many of us who are the good type". "Take myself for instance," he continued, "it's my lifetime job just repairing these so-called engines so that as my destructive relatives make them unserviceable."

"You know there are a great many more types of gremlins than this world dreams of, and so far only our flying unit has received any attention. Possibly you remember 'Black Friday' as we called it last summer. Well, ever since then our flying personnel won't even talk to the rest of us, and they continue to flout their big heads at every opportunity".

By this time the gremlin grined grins had warmed to his subject and, seeing me by the ear, exclaimed: "I want you to meet the ace of the flight that was on duty on 'Black Friday'". He led me into the cockpit

of a nearby aircraft, where a dark handsome gremlin was intently studying the instrument panel. On being introduced he flashed a dazzling smile and exclaimed, "Buena noche senor"—meaning that he had spent some time in a land where the Spanish tongue is spoken. With a gleam in his eye he confided, "I was on duty on Black Friday, and was posted to an aircraft with a pilot making his first solo circuit. When we came in to land he put down his undercarriage, and when we were about one hundred feet off the ground, I found the indicator to show the wheels were up. He became flustered and raised his undercarriage up over mine, so we made a belly landing and washed out an aircraft." He shuddered savagely and shook out his chest displaying the wings and decorations he had won that awful day. He told us some more of his experiences, and soon became absorbed in thought-planning various methods of looking plans.

So we passed on through the various hangars and shortly came upon a tall, handsome gremlin officer drilling the gremlins duty flight. My guide who had now become "Gas", began a very enthusiastic description of this officer. "You know", he remarked, "we find that since our work parallels that of the airforce so closely, it is most satisfactory to arrange our ranks like theirs. For instance, I see a Flight Lieutenant, that officer is a Flying Officer and the man he is drilling away from AC1s to Warrant Officers."

"Gas" voice took on a puzzled tone, and he observed, "That Officer is a man of the wide open square, you can see that just looking at him, and yet the niggremlins don't seem to appreciate his dull periods whatever".

"To be frank", Gas continued, "there is a great similarity between the Air Force and our Organization, for with us it is also the niggremlins who know nothing but the everything; the Sgt. who do nothing but know everything and the officers who know nothing and do nothing."

As we rounded the corner of the next hangar a strange sight met our eyes—two men dressed with a most distinguished looking gremlin carrying a box in a hand, strolling majestically over a hangar in pursuit of an arrow.

Gas chuckled quietly to himself and remarked that Captal was taking his exercise early today.

So we left the hangars and proceeded to walk around the rest of the camp and very soon we met a rather singular gremlin who wore his collar backwards. We stopped and chatted for a short while and I couldn't but notice how plump and well-fed this dumpy gremlin appeared.

We continued on our tour and in approaching the next building Gas' features lighted up and he remarked: "This is our hospital unit, and although there are wonderful opportunities here for both the bad and good types there is no doubt that the good types are definitely in the majority. They have done very well, and have made quite a name for themselves here at Dufor. In fact I think they are all good types in here with the possible

exception of that curly one down there, about whom we sometimes have our doubts".

Proceeding to the last building in the camp, Gas resumed his worried look. "See here", he stated, "if I don't get back to my hangar these bad types will have all my aircraft unserviceable—so we will look in this building and then I must leave you".

"This is the guard house", he continued, "where the gremlins who are framed (Gas spoke out of the side of his mouth) are kept for varied amounts of time."

We inspected the guard house and found only one prisoner—not a gremlin as you may think—but a human. His beard touched the floor; his hair—green hang loosely upon him; he was chained hand and foot to the wall and presented a deplorable appearance.

"This prisoner", Gas explained in hushed tones, "has been here a long time—years before I came to Dufor. His is a sad case, for it seems he wrote an article for the Dufor Digest concerning the various types of gremlins at Dufor—way back in 1942.

THE CONTROL TOWER

Unfortunately, to many, particularly new comers, the chief duties of those in the Control Tower are misunderstood, being considered more or less as spots for indications of flying regulations.

While it is true that we must endeavor to see that flying regulations are enforced, in so doing we are working in the interests of all flying personnel. Their safety is our first objective and at the same time to control traffic in such a manner as to eliminate confusion as far as possible.

It is only through 100 per cent co-operation of all those engaged in flying activities that our objective can be accomplished, and to those who fail to co-operate—you are not only making our task more difficult but causing confusion among your fellow aircrews and possibly endangering the lives of many.

In our everyday activities some of us forget the importance of the mission we are on, "The winning of the war". Every act that hinders or makes more difficult our successful operation is helping our common enemy and any damage to aircraft, other property or injuries to personnel through gross negligence is nothing short of sabotage.

Those in charge of the Control Tower will always welcome constructive criticism from any member of the R.C.A.F. regardless of rank, and, should you at any time feel that we are not working in the best interests of the majority, do not complain to your pals, but draw it to our attention, an misunderstanding only breeds discontent and unrest, resulting in curtailment of our war effort.

Little drops of water and little grains of sand, make the Mighty ocean and form the Mighty land.

A Note from the W.D.'s

You know us. We're the W.D.'s. Just about six months ago fifty of us marched on to the station and you guessed and said "What did we do to deserve this," or "Duke was bad enough before, but now.....". There have been more and more of us coming since then and now there are..... And you aren't really sorry we came at all. Or are you?

We're the people who own the Barrack Block at the far end of the Station. You don't see very much of that Barracks except at night when you take us home from the movie..... and then there's apt to be a peaky corporal noising around with a flash-light. There's no justice at all, is there!

We manage to have a lot of fun in those Barracks, Oh course we're a bit crowded now. That gives us a few inconveniences to grumble about..... but then we have to have something to grumble about. We have to hurry home after supper to get at the showers first cause the hot water always runs out about 7 o'clock. And they won't let some of us take on the

lights when we get up at first cause there are some dinks around that don't go to work till eight.....and they seem to like sleeping. But you get used to sweeping your back in the dark. And you get used to a Barrack Block where "If you want privacy, shut your eyes".

There's always something crazy going on in those W.D. Barracks. Just now it's quite likely to have a Union Board connected with it. That thing predicts anything from the results of the Trade Test Board to the winner of the next Kentucky Derby. The corporals are unreasonable about that too. They insist on our putting it away at lights out time. As if we're sleepy!

And we're those crazy people who took a dog on side parick. But the S.I.S. put the pointer out on his paw and now he baddies around on three feet. When he's better we're going to make him an official resident and guardian of the Barrack Block.

We gripe about being outboard at this last outpost just like you do. "Why did they ever send us here," we say. But every time one of us is posted we go tramping up to Headquarters Hill.



Duke Precision Squad on Review in Winnipeg

and tell A/Section Officer Darts 'We don't want to go. Can't you send someone else?' Critical, isn't it!

But you do see quite a bit of our Canteen. It's not a bad place. You come down any evening to play ping pong or Chinese checkers and drink coffee with us. And how do you come down on Wednesday nights. We like that cause we can dance till midnight. We all agree the music could be better (except when the orchestra obliges), and the refreshments could be improved on (if we have any at all). But you can't gripe too much cause its free—except when we take up a collection to buy wax for the Barrack room floor. And you wouldn't begrudge

us a couple of cans of wax, would you?

So now we've been here for six months, and you're quite used to us. You're used to finding a couple of us in every section of the Station from the guardhouse to workshops and the Control Tower. You've got over the shock of finding people who like drill enough to form a Precision Squad and take it to Winnipeg. You aren't really surprised any more when we confess that we like to shine our buttons.

You agree now that we can be of some use in the Air Force, that, surprisingly enough, we can accomplish a lot of work. And you're sort of glad we came to Dufur. Aren't you?

Introduction to the Parachute Section



If you walk north on 'East Rd' until you come to 'F' hangar you will find our well-equipped parachute section. You can't miss the place because right out in front, where all can see, there is coal, coal and more coal. To the left of the door there is a small sign reading, rather humorously, 'KEEP OFF THE GRASS', I say humorously because there really isn't any grass there.

As you open the door you are apt to think that you are walking into a showroom instead of a place of work; everything is so neat and orderly. The first thing that strikes the eye is the

row of parachutes hanging from the ceiling. They are periodically hung out this way to air.

Running parallel with the windows is a long table, the top of which is highly varnished to prevent the snagging of the silk canopy while the chute is being packed.

Now for some pertinent information on the personnel who operate this essential section, IAC Davidson is the 'bible' what runs the place'. If you can't find it in the section he is almost sure to be in the target room, busily patching up dogears on the sewing machine. Then there are AWI McLeod, AWI Arvinger, LAW Nelson (a budding wireless operator) and last but not least AWI McNail. Pam is now resting up in the station hospital, having injured her ankle recently. Don't take my word for it but I heard that the accident occurred while Pam was trying to beat the rest of the section to get packed.

If anyone doubts the efficiency of the packing done in this section I would advise them to communicate with WCO Haggart who is the only airman on this station who has tried 'tipping the silk'. He swears by 'us'.

THE DAFOR DIGEST
MAY 1952



AUSSIE
ANTICS



WED. EVENING
ROOM STAFF



AFTER THE BALL



PRINCESS ALICE VISITS DAFNE



STATION DANCE



IT COMES OUT
HERE



SPORTS



DAY



SPRING UP FOR
WED. NIGHT HOP



Equipment Section

Equipment is the Life-Line of the Service



Everything from an aircraft (complete as per inventory column list) to a new battery for a wireless passes through the different sections of stores on your station. Few people realize the enormous amount of articles and materials covered by that one word 'equipment', without which the R.C.A.F. simply could not be. Quite a procedure is required to take care of an article and its covering voucher from the time it is received in I. & R. Section until it is issued to the section or person demanding. This procedure is completely outlined in C.A.F. 10, R.C.A.F. Vocabulary of Equipment, in sixteen parts. This publication is the book and bible of every equipment assistant.

There are fifteen equipment assistants on No. 3 B. & G. School including the N.C.O.'s, Sgt. Stevenson, Cpl. Anderson and Cpl. MacMillan. All personnel work separately in their own sections yet working together as a unit to make equipment one of the smoothest running sections on the station. All this complicated procedure goes on under the able direction of P/L. Jamison who has taken over the responsibility since the recent posting of F/Lt. Winter to Saskatoon. F. L. Jamison is ably assisted by P/O Logan who is well known to everyone, and to me and all he is tops in the lingo of the Air Force.

All equipment upon arrival is taken to the I. & R.—Issue and Receipt Section. There all the necessary unpacking, checking and voucher action is

taken by Cpl. "Ed" MacMillan and LAC Chandler. The words "necessary voucher action" covers a lot of work, voucher numbers are allotted from the different voucher registers and to the uninitiated the language spoken here is like Greek. From the I. & R. the different types of equipment are taken to the different sections to be taken on charge, lined and issued when needed.

In clothing stores, considered by many THE section of equipment the many different articles "aimed for the use of", are taken on charge by LAC Young or LAC Edwards. Soon after a new shipment of clothing has arrived a crowd can be seen both within the section, overflowing through the door and out on Base Road as the personnel of the stores replenish their depleted wardrobes; depleted through "hair wear and tear" of course. Clothing parade is the most popular parade on the station and if one wishes to remain a smart looking aviator or airwoman it is one parade that should never be missed.

Airmen made their debut in the equipment section on this station at the end of June and since then have won the confidence and praise of the men with whom they are working. Six girls arrived on the station at the time but now, owing to AW Baggaley winning his stripes as an Admin. Corporal and the marriage of Sgt. Lehman to LAC Bill Christie in September there are now four of the original six augmented by the latest arrival AW1 Ruth Fern.

Each may be found in Publications, dozens of books and not a good story in the lot. Here are found all the important manuals, reference and hand books which are so necessary to the many different subjects which must be known to "keep them flying". Here also is kept all the stationery, pencils, paper, ink and erasers. Ruth knows where they are to be found and loans them to the demanding party with a cheery smile.

Another section under the supervision of a W.D. is Technical Stores. Here LAW VI Houck takes care of the cleaning records, cleaners, cups, saucers and cutlery, the hundred and one things that make life worth living on a station.

Gasoline and oil for the aircraft and M.T. vehicles are issued by LAC Dewey Haas and LAC Ted Loya. These two can usually be found somewhere on the station chasing an elusive gallon of gasoline or quart of oil. They are never seen without their inevitable note book or paper and are busily figuring volume and temperature.

The nucleus of the equipment section is the Orderly Room which is always a hive of industry. LAW Harris can always be found with her oil head buried in some ponderous tome which contains 'tally-cards', on which is recorded all the stock held on charge on the station. Here too LAW 'Bunch' Budge takes care of the immovable registers and books in which are kept the records of the movements of all the covering sections. If not in the orderly room 'Bunch' is searching for some voucher which seems to have taken a wrong turn somewhere on its long journey.

It is in Technical Stores, better known as Tool Stores, where we find all the aeroplane parts, from the largest component down to the smallest nut. These parts, known as major equipment are taken care of by Spl. 'Andy' Anderson and LAW 'Tootsie' Knorr in 'Tool' to everyone. These two make sure that each plane has a motor, the proper number of props and all the other parts necessary to keep a plane in a serviceable condition and in the air. Here also are "U" class stores which are "concerned in

use" in the many building and repairing projects that go on about the station. These are under the charge of LAC MacNab. The fine instruments found in the different aircraft are also kept here under the strict supervision of Sgt. Dick Strassman and LAC Harry Shaw. Tools also come under these two men.

LAC John Brooks is another member of our happy family and is in GIS Stores, while LAC Dickel is in Maintenance Stores. These two recently changed sections as happens occasionally to give each one a working knowledge of the different sections.

Also part of the equipment section although not equipment assistants are AWI Margie Robb and AWI Pam Griffin, our clerks and hard working typists. Margie handles the typewriter in the I. & R. Section and Pam in the Orderly Room. LAC Patsin who is also in the I. & R. Section is also an essential part of our set-up.

There have been several recent postings from the station. Our congratulations go to Archie Morrison, now P/O Morrison, upon receiving his well deserved commission and his posting to parts unknown. Three of our boys also received overseas postings lately, these are LAC Tammy, LAC Goodwin and LAC Harriot, we miss the boys on our daily rounds and wish them the best of luck and God speed on their new ventures. We lost our Flight Sergeant to Trenton during the month of November. It was a sudden move and everyone missed 'Buddy' Munro from clothing stores. It will be a loss on clothing parade not to see his smiling face behind the counter when one is having difficulty with a

(Concluded on Page 28)





The "Y" representative has one function on the station — To be of service to you. His office is situated in the small corner. For the information of those who do not already know

1. We have a reading room which is one of the nicest in the K.C.A.P.
 2. We have a library of over 2000 fiction books. LAW (Winnic) Page is in charge.
 3. Magazines are distributed through the "Y" office.
 4. Stamps may be purchased here. (Winnic again).
 5. Cables and wires sent anywhere. (once more its Winnic).
 6. Writing paper and envelopes are supplied free.
 7. Dressing rooms are available. (Not Winnic).
 8. Small games of all kinds.
 9. Home entertainment in Substation on 4th is arranged.
 10. Ping pong balls are supplied.
 11. Bus and train information is available.
 12. All of the material for wrapping and sending parcels is available. (Winnic again).
- The "Y" representative is secretary of the sports and entertainment committee, and would be happy to talk to you if you are interested in any particular phase of either of these.

The "Y" movies are shown every Friday night in the Rec. Hall. They are free of charge and everyone is welcome. This show is always billed for 8 o'clock, but we are sometimes a little late in arriving, due to the fact that the movie is first shown in the hospital, and sometimes takes longer than is anticipated. This might be a good time to comment you hats and lunies for the good spirit you have shown in cheerfully accepting the delays so caused in the past.

We would also like to take this opportunity to wish you each and everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

DAFOE Y.W.C.A. HOSTESS HOUSE

The Hostess House operated by the Y.W.C.A. and under the supervision of Miss A. Black, can truly be described as a friendly place to meet. Situated at the entrance to the Station, its facilities are available at any time between 10:30 hours and 22:00 hours every day of the week.

Here you may meet your wife or visit with your friends; you may spend an enjoyable evening in pleasant surroundings, or a quiet afternoon writing letters home; you are invited to enjoy games, sing songs or have a friendly chat over a good cup of tea or coffee served with some delicious cake or confection.

Information may be obtained in regard to a good place to spend your next 48. Or if you wish to have your family near by, information may also be given regarding accommodation in Boston Town or one of the neighboring towns.

The Hostess House was officially opened January 21st, 1942, by Miss Black, assisted by Mrs. N. Muir. Its attractive furnishings were chosen by the Saskatoon Y.W.C.A. Committee, under the leadership of Miss Kenneth Smith as convener.

The present hostesses, Miss A. Black and Mrs. A. MacKillop welcome you to the Hostess House as a "Home Away From Home".

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF LADIES AUXILIARY

Since January 1942

1. Sent 112 packages of 25 cigarettes each.
2. Donated \$91.70 to Red Cross.
3. Auxiliary members collected the sum of \$66.20 from residents of Boston Town for the Red Cross during their last drive.
4. Donated novelties to Dufor Carnival which netted \$11.80. Proceeds going to Red Cross.
5. Made up and sent the following articles to the Red Cross Society: 15 pairs of socks, 2 pairs of mitts, 14 pairs of gloves, 7 sweaters and 10 complete layette sets. In addition a number of socks and sweaters which are now being laid up to be turned in by the end of December.



It now behooves us to answer the ever recurring question, "What are you, the Army doing at Dufor?" The book says we are responsible for the receipt, custody, issue and accounting for food supplies—in short we are the boys that dish out the rations. We also have the social obligation of being "At Home" to the Station Board at 10 o'clock every morning. This is a friendly little gathering of Officers who discuss everything from the weather to the latest news on the milk situation. The big problem under discussion at present is, "Why are the hens laying only one egg in the mornings", we hope to have the answer soon. The word station is an all embracing term which includes some sixty different

commodities. We must ensure that all these commodities are correct as to weight, quality and condition. Included on this list are chickens, turkey, apples, oranges, grapefruit juice and what's more important a very generous ration of tea, coffee and sugar. This indeed is a far cry from the "beans and bullets" served our fathers in the last war. We belong to that portion of the army called the Royal Canadian Army Service Corps whose motto is "Serving Without Toll".

We, the RCASC would like to take this opportunity of wishing the rest of the station a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and we hope you like the turkey.

ENTERTAINMENT

The work of the entertainment committee has been carried out during the past year under the direction of three different chairmen. P/O Carr was the first and was succeeded by P/L Langdale who in turn was succeeded by our present congenial little President P/L Patterson. "Doc" takes a real interest in it, as he does in everything he sets his hand to, and under his guidance the entertainment committee is functioning smoothly and well.

During the past year the entertainment committee has arranged some 10 soldiers' dances and one station dance. These are very popular and the entertainment committee is due for a lot of credit for arranging them in the face of all the difficulties that naturally

present themselves on an isolated station. Also directly under the supervision of this committee are the following—

Weekly informal dances in the W/O's recreation hall.

Weekly social hour in the Small Cafeteria.

Concert parties (these are brought to the station as often as possible).

Amateur hours.

Dramatics.

Graduation parties in the Small Cafeteria.

V.M.C.A. movies in the hospital and the Rec. Hall on Friday nights.

These are the regular features of the station entertainment, but the committee is interested in any form of entertainment that is available for the station personnel.

Sport HEADLINES

By P/O A. H. Edwards

Dafur has advanced rapidly in the realm of sport during the last six months. Against all the worst fears over-sized into the papers, could do, the P.T. Department (with the help of the Duty Wanchy) have finally put into shape one baseball diamond, two softball diamonds, a running track and a soccer field. At the time of going to press our ever dear Drill Hall is having its face lifted. There are many rumors going around that when it is finished a veritable sports palace will be opened to the personnel with great pomp and ceremony. A swimming tank filled with nice clear filtered Dafur water will be the feature attraction. Showers and lockers for Seaman and W.D.'s are to be attached. Recreation and lounge rooms will be available in side houses. In offices, there to welcome you, will be the Padre, the Educational Officer, the Auxiliary Officer and last but not least the P.T. and Drill Officer (U. he said that!).

A sports room well stocked with all the necessary equipment for all types of games to be played on the main floor will be available. This calls for a plug—Can you resist those beautiful W.D.'s and the money loans they hold at monthly gay parties?—A baby game has it that a bowling alley will be there also. Gophers are being introduced! Could it be true? Only time will tell. Now to cover the main sports.

Soccer

Under the capable leadership of Lt. Col. Magson, Course 40 Mr. Bombard came out on top of the season soccer league. In the play-offs, Sgt. Andrews led his Sgt. Platoon to noble defeat by extending Course 60 to their utmost.

During the season the Officers, captained by the C.O. gave the Sgt. Platoon quite a few hard battles. Padre Donnelly played exceptionally well as goalie for he didn't need to use his hands.

Softball

The softball league got off to a poor start twice, for when the bats weren't being scolding mosquitoes they were trying to keep the rain drops off. During lapses in the attacking weather, the officers team picked by P/O Pegler managed to emerge victorious from many a hard fought game with the Sgts. The captain of the Sergeants knew no bounds, when after being beaten by the Officers 18-7 in the last game of the season, they had to play hosts in the victorious team at their mess. A good time was had by all and may this rivalry continue next year. So say we all.

Baseball

Due to the difficulties of transportation, the baseball team could not play many outside games, but under the guidance of Lt. Col. Mitchell and P/O Carr, a good team was built up and several games were played on the station against visiting teams and in some of the towns in the surrounding district.

Cricket

The Sgt. Platoon under the capable leadership of Sgt. Pilot Wheeler played hosts to a visiting team from Copeland. A bumping pitch didn't prevent the Sgts. from coming out on top. This game started quite late in the season but next year it is hoped, that since

equipment is now available, it will get away to an early start.

Volleyball

The volleyball court behind the Small Cafeteria came in for a great deal of use, especially by the Turfmen. The court back of the W.D. Cafeteria was used extensively by the W.D.'s and Airmen but it is a question whether volleyball was the chief attraction as far as the Airmen were concerned.

Station Sports Day

The day was sunny and so was the disposition of most of those on the station, for it was July 14th and they had an afternoon off. An extensive afternoon and evening entertainment had been planned and thanks to the efficient and enthusiastic work of the Sports Day Committee led by P/L Padwick, it proved to be a tremendous success. Maybe because the W.D.'s being stationed here gave the lads a chance to show off their athletic prowess.

The monster parade organized by P/L Langdale, started off the day. Maintenance carried off the first prize of \$65 cash with their clever imitation of a Fairy Band, or was it a King-kawk!

The 33 track and field events under P/O Edwards and his P.T.I. staff, Sgt. Mann and Cpl. Taylor got away to a good start with the running of the sprint events. The Station was divided up into units namely: Observers and Gunners, Bombing, Gunners and Dogue, G.I.S., Headquarters and Maintenance. The Observers and Gunners proved themselves worthy of aircrew by flying away with the Station Trophy with a total of 38 points.

The picnic lunch after the events was a novel idea and well received by the personnel, judging by the rapid disappearance of the huge piles of sandwiches and cakes prepared by P/O Hawtrey and his staff.

The concert in the Recreation Hall

received quite a hand, particularly the Hula Hula Dance by a group of station officers. It was whispered that an urgent invitation was extended to them by Earl Carroll to become members of his Follies.

All in all it was a great day. Dufor can really do things and I don't mean perhaps.

Badminton

Although the Sports Committee has provided adequate equipment for this popular sport, the tearing up of the drill hall floor has developed our Badminton courts. Two courts are being marked in the Rec. Hall, and it is hoped that under the leadership of P/O Eason and Sgt. Morgan, a somewhat extended tournament will be held in the near future. Worthwhile prizes are to be given and it is hoped that a good many will enter.

Boxing and Wrestling

Under the leadership of Sgt. Stralhaar the new P.T.I. it is hoped that quite a few matches will be staged for your entertainment in the near future. Adequate equipment is available and Sgt. Stralhaar is anxious to meet those who are interested in this form of athletics.

Hockey

With the first-rate ice surface which is now available a station hockey team and eight teams are in the process of organization. If you are interested contact P/O Edwards. More about this game in another edition.

Skating Rink

A skating rink for your pleasure has been prepared on the side of the hockey rink. A limited supply of men's and women's skates are available. Another lady gopher was overheard to say that skating parties with real music were being contemplated. Should this be a sufficient hint for you to have your skates sent to you from home. Perhaps the jolly old gardeners, Santa Claus, could help here!

Gunnery Flight

GUNNERY FLIGHT is sometimes called the "making pot" of No. 5 B. & G. School; what with the varied nationalities (New Zealanders, Englishmen, Canadians and Americans) and the odd accents, one might imagine himself in New York City. However, the absence of bright lights, and the scarcity of beautiful girls dispels the illusion from one's mind.

The close cooperation that exists among these "fighters for freedom" is an example to all the Allied Nations.

The pilots of Gunnery Flight have indeed been honored in that they are entrusted with flying the mighty Bolingbroke. Now, this "honour" is considered very good time in a pilot's log book.

If one were to walk into the pilot's mess of Gunnery Flight he would be amazed at the enthusiasm shown by the boys in their endeavor to get in flying hours. If it were not for the spirit of good friendship that is so apparent in this flight, there would be many an argument over who was to take up the next aircraft. However, all the boys are working together with only one thought in mind, "get the messengers done".

To give credit where credit is due, we must not overlook the all important ground crew who are doing an excellent job in keeping things humming around the flight. Their ardent interest in their work is surpassed only by their desire to do a better job.

Not must we forget the eager students for whom Gunnery Flight is really run. They are keen to finish the course and confidently execute their duties in the air and on the ground. We have great respect and admiration for our air gunners, for these are the ones who are to shoot our enemies out of the sky.

Our boys are firm believers in the old adage: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy". Between flights you will see them relaxing at ping pong tables, and on any weekend day they may be

found on the rink engaged in a fast game of hockey. It is a sight for sore eyes to behold the first attempts of the boys from "down under" in the gentle game of ice hockey. If it were not for the stout hockey stick which is used more as a support than as a weapon, there would be many a ground loop on the ice.

The interest the boys have in their "home" is best illustrated by their work in redecorating the pilot's mess. Every man is poking in with brush and paint to make his room the cleanest and brightest on the station.

Our M.C.O. in charge of the orderly mess is one of those men you just can't do without; he is an ever present source of information and advice for all our troubles. And how would we log our correct flying time if it were not for the two very obliging W.D. timekeepers.

Last but not least, we must mention our Flight Commander, Pilot Officer Dugan and his assistant P/O Lunn, who have taken over the job of running the flight, and we are doing well, thank you. The threat of "severe disciplinary action" hangs over the best in all the mess and consequently we have a smooth working organization.

All in all, Gunnery Flight is acquiring the reputation of being the best flight on the station due to the equal devotion of all the men. Such devotion to duty is truly a criterion by which all working units of the station should abide, and by doing that we shall all be working for Victory.

SELF CONTROL

He determined to pass by his favorite tavern on his way home. As he approached it, he became somewhat shaky, but after plucking up courage, he passed on. Then after going about fifty yards, he turned and said to himself: "Well done, Fat, my boy. Come back and I'll treat ya."

Bombing Flight

This flight should be known as the 'International Squadron' for who shall say that thirty-two pilots are not enough to be called a squadron, besides those thirty-two come from all corners of the globe—Americans, Canadians, Englishmen, Frenchmen and New Zealanders. Notice how diplomatic one must be in dealing with such temperamental nations as these, even to the point of referring to them alphabetically so there will be no argument as to who ranks first.

Our ground crew, a most important part of our flight also obtain various nationalities, in fact there are a few of them I am told who do a very good Red Indian dance when their "spirits" are right.

Talking of dancing we are fortunate in having in our midst a famous English tap dancer and composer, one Dyer Mathews by name, who was persuaded to give a charity performance for the privileged (!) people of Watton.

The female element is provided by two very popular first lieutenants, LAW's Millers and Puckard, who are chaperoned by Corporal McDonald, a rather nervous job as these Daker "wolves" are very persistent.

Just in case you don't know if we would inform you that "Bombing Flight" is the hardest working flight on the station, but none. Night flying quite often goes on till daybreak, Day or night there is hardly an hour that a "Mighty Anson" is not tearing the sky apart with the roar of its powerful twin engines. Let it be known to all that the pilots of our flight are not "fair weather pilots". While others stop flying "when the birds are on the ground" the Ansons boys keep flying until the birds can't keep their feet.

Congratulations to W/O "Pat" Heaven on his recent promotion, to P/O Tomlinson and P/O Witney on obtaining commissions. We miss W/O "Biff" Haggart, S/F "Duncan" McMartin and S/F "Howard" Spleen

who have recently been posted. W/O Haggart and S/F McMartin were both members of the world famous Caterpillar Club.

This would not be a complete flight description without mentioning Bob West our O.C. of Englishmen.

BIBB GOVE, MASTER SWITCH OFF.

o o o

Drogue Flight

Drogue Flight means Lyander (Lizies), Targets, Liane Niles, all the boys of the flight who "keep 'em flying"—plus LAW Patrick Maxwell.

Credit for the fact that we constantly fly the cleanest aircraft on the station, also for the excellent serviceability, goes to our ground crew.

The purpose of Drogue Flight is to supply Gunnery Flight with aerial targets. These targets are towed on a cable behind the aircraft. We don't expect the student gunners to make her enough to riddle our Lizies, but when gunnery pilots come down with stories of students who wanted to know "Do we fly at that striped aircraft ahead of us?"—Well we wonder.

It seems lately that we have supplied another target. We believe that at the end of the month the hangar inspection committee go into a huddle and decide something like this—"Gunnery Flight has done a good job this month considering their handicaps and target problems; Bombing Flight has completed an exceptional number of exercises with the number of aircraft they have. What about Drogue Flight? How many exercises have they done? The answer is "None". We don't do exercises. So another direct hit is scored with a beautifully curved double-bell which serves Drogue Flight office for another month.

All kidding aside, the members of Drogue Flight would like to take this opportunity to wish to all the rest of the personnel on the station a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Wireless Section

We extend the Season's Greetings to Wing Commander Lewis-Holmes, his staff of officers and to the personnel of every section on the station and hope that all the good results of the past will be even better in the future.

Although not taking an active part in the bombing and gunnery exercises we consider that we are just as important in the successes up to date, as any other branch, in as much as the team work between members of the crews of the aircraft would not be possible if it were not that the communications between them were in perfect order. As many have already found, when the intercom or radio "go on the blink", the feelings of futility and blasphemy push their ugly heads to the fore, and it is natural that anyone in such a condition is not "in the groove".

The members of this section, working in three shifts, remedy faults, overhaul and install equipment in aircraft which are newly arrived. It is no

simple occupation, as a full knowledge of the principles governing the transmission of sounds over wires, or across the space, is essential, otherwise a hopeless tangle will result, with the ensuing loss of an aircraft until remedied.

In fact there is an officer of repute who considers that he can call "Turn-tick 4" from his aircraft when miles away from the ground without using the orthodox transmitter-receiver used by other pilots. (We will mention no names). We also have an aircraft which insists on getting its intercom wiring changed from the time it leaves the ground until it lands. (This is undoubtedly due to Grandma).

We would welcome any wireless fan to drop in and see just what sort of a place we have.

Just a word to users of our transmitters in the aircraft, PLEASE—if you MUST control yourself of your security—turn your transmitter off.

Instrument Section

The Instrument Section was born many months ago at No. 3 D. & C. School, Dufor. As pioneer of this Section at this airport, it is presumed that in any headaches pertaining to instrument work, go ask Corporal Shumeling. So when this bit of a Joe job came along, ye old N.C.O. was sought and work with it, only it is not instrument work. It is as a reporter that I was roped in.

This is the best Instrument Section built in any school in the air training scheme. We can do any instrument job on any type of aircraft presented to us. We have maintained an assortment of fifty different types of

instruments. From Link, Trainer, Bombights, camera units down to the cheapest \$1.50 variety of a re-insurance men—and we haven't been stamped yet.

Many of my old instrument gang have been posted, a few to the two coasts and some overseas. To the boys overseas, LAC Wishing and LAC Kamage, we hope that they will do as good a job there as they were trained to do here. Good luck boys.

As N.C.O. in charge, I would like to say Good Luck, Merry Christmas and Happy New Year from the Instrument Section.

Trophy Winners to Date

 LAC HARRIS, E.	 LAC BRUCE, A.	 LAC BRIDGEMAN, J.	 LAC BROWN, W.	 LAC BRUCE, E.M.	
 LAC BUCHHEIM, W.					
 LAC BUCHHEIM, W.	<p>AIR FIRING AND BOMBING TROPHY Presented to the Air Officer of Air Squadron who makes the highest average score in his gunnery exercises and the lowest average error in his bombing exercises while at this school.</p>		<p>AIR FIRING TROPHY This trophy is presented to the member of an Air Squadron Course who makes the highest average score in his gunnery exercises while at this school.</p>		
 LAC MOORE, E.M.	<p>THREE trophies, donated by the British Institute Committee were first presented on May 1935, first to the course graduating on that date at the suggestion of W. C. Lewis-Holmes. They have been composed for by every course graduating since that date, resulting in the students and pilots taking a far keener interest in their air exercises. This keenness has been mainly responsible for Dufur obtaining the highest results in air exercises for any B and C School in Canada.</p>				 LAC BUCHHEIM, E.M.
 LAC BUCHHEIM, W.	 LAC BUCHHEIM, W.	 LAC BUCHHEIM, W.	 LAC BUCHHEIM, W.	 LAC BUCHHEIM, W.	
 LAC BUCHHEIM, W.	 LAC BUCHHEIM, W.	 LAC BUCHHEIM, W.	 LAC BUCHHEIM, W.	 LAC BUCHHEIM, W.	
 LAC BUCHHEIM, W.	 LAC BUCHHEIM, W.	 LAC BUCHHEIM, W.	 LAC BUCHHEIM, W.	 LAC BUCHHEIM, W.	

Beneath the

Arctic are once again at No. 5—so now let this bunch tell you a little about their impressions and a little about themselves. It has not taken us long to find out why letters from Australians who had come to Canada before us have been written in such glowing terms. Everywhere we have been, invitations for more numerous than we could accept have been offered us, and hospitality far greater than we dared hope for was extended to us.

We have made many friends, so that now we have addresses here a lot larger than those with which we left Australia, and, before our feet home could come we were receiving letters from our new friends here.

Coming from a land where most parts rarely have a winter temperature below 45 above, naturally we are going to feel the cold of your winter. Even now when we remark on the cold we merely get in reply a laughing "won't till it gets 60 below"—well, we're waiting, we have to. We'd like to take you to Australia, and turn the heat on a little. But then, just as you take us skating to warm us up (all but our ears and noses), we could take you surfing to cool you down. Surfing is to Australia what skating is to Canada.

Canada has shown us some wonderful scenery—the rugged grandeur of the Rockies, clothed in stately pines, snow-capped; hills on the West Coast where maple, gold and red in the fall, mingled with the pines; the sweeping prairie, and something which less of us had seen before, the calm beauty of a snow-covered landscape. These things we will never forget.

But how different is all this from Australian scenery. Down there are vast unsharpened plains, dotted with grass

and small gum trees. And mountains which seldom if ever see snow; blue low-lying mountains, covered with gums where deep gorges conceal sparkling mountain streams. These flow into coastal rivers which pass through green and fertile land into the ocean. The same ocean sweeps in long cooling breakers onto sandy yellow beaches—Yes, I think you'd like Australia.

Two important things to conclude—we like Canadian girls very much, but we don't like Canadian beer. Well, what can you expect when Confucius says: "Australians here is pouring brew; Made from hops of kangaroo".

o o o

AUSTRALIANESE

For many years a distinctive form of English has been in use in Australia. Our aim is unique, but it is so much a part of our everyday speech that we have compiled this short list of the words in common use amongst us.

- bagman—holer, who carries his kit in a bundle.
- bantastander—Queenslander.
- badger—scourger.
- by cripes—by golly.
- beers—super.
- billabong—crescent shaped lake.
- boong—Australian aboriginal.
- oliver—girl.
- shewing the rag—lengthy discussion.
- rodler—close friend.
- corn stalk—New South Welshman.
- cow cooly—dairy farmer.
- crow—harmful female.
- crow water—West Australian.
- Digger—Australian soldier.

SOUTHERN CROSS

UNFOLDING LIFE

drango—R.A.A.F. rockie.
 fastidious—quar old chap.
 giggle house—deserted shack used
 by bobcats.
 gin—black woman.
 gitter, gottle—stone.
 gromakin—R.A.A.F. aviatka.
 hair com—sundance.
 hooey, hooey—goodbye.
 having a hoo—trying something
 new.
 headed the saw pravo—led up the
 garden path.
 hump the blazy—on the track.
 jankack—sheep.
 jackson—station (ranch) hand
 like a gin at a christening—out-
 ward.
 mudge—rumour.
 on the blue—out of luck.
 on the walky—see humping the
 blazy.
 plurry—native swear word.
 scrub—a bush country.
 T, washan.
 Sweet Fanny Adams—nothing, not
 worth.
 shika, sart—see 'blazy'
 stave the crow, stave the lizard,
 wiffen the bats—wouldn't it!
 strike me handsome, smooth—blow
 me down.
 stashed, knacked up—rehabilitated.
 treamer—see 'hooey'.
 tucker—food.

o o o

An Aussie Airman was sent to Can-
 ada. The cold was so great that soon
 he froze and died. The body was taken
 to the crematorium and placed in the
 incinerator. Two hours later the atten-
 dant opened the door and was horri-
 fied to see the Aussie still there and
 shouting at them: "Blaw that dam
 door, that is the first time I've been
 warm since we arrived".

A scorching sun basked down its
 smouldering heat.
 Across the plain.
 A hot, perspiring jackaroo exclaimed,
 To curb the mangrel at the trader's
 feet,
 "You black bitch, come behind!"

The gates of peace clang shut. We
 seal behind
 Escorting drives.
 Our jackaroo is on the Air Reserve;
 A budding pilot, dreaming wings of
 gold;
 He buys and Air-Rex looks.

"Hoop! Rise and shine!" All out, you
 drango coats!
 "Toll off by flights!"
 "No Mudding, dreck!" "Get in the
 humping queue!"
 "C.H. for me, I'll bet my ruddy boots."
 Why, you! It's L.T.S.

The postings come; a fortnight's Pe-
 En, leave;
 And South is paid.
 A scowry; Prices - Backies - Har-
 ring Pot -
 A pop-talk - launch - and then M.O.'s
 parade.

In short—an S.A.P.

A third ball peers through the Arctic
 gloom
 Of Dingo snow;
 And South exclaims, as Time impels
 him on

To his remote, cool, "White Christ-
 mas" dawn,
 "You white bitch, come behind!"

o o o

Teacher: Willie, this is the fifth
 time I have had to punish you this
 week. Why have you to say?
 Willie: I'm glad it's Friday.

Airmen's Mess



Princess Alice Inspects The Mess

For years the master minds of the world have been chasing that will-the-wisp—perpetual motion, in all the corners of the earth but Dabco. The writer believes we have it right in our own Airmen's Mess.

Every hour of the day this amazing movement goes on in the preparation of well balanced menus served on time to the multitude of ravenous mouths that file through its many portals. We can well be proud of our menu and the efficiency of its entire staff under the able direction of A/S.C.O H. M. Smith and F/Sgt. Mallinson. Not only do they fill the bill during regular hours but those unavoidable, though schedule-upsetting, early and late lunches are also taken in their stride. All this says nothing of course, about the generous manner with which they tackle the refreshment problems of our

various teas, dinners and social events on top of their busy daily routine.

Still, the old familiar insists on remarking, "Never have so many stood in line so long for so little". 'Twas always thus.

We are happy to give space to the recent wedding of one of our staff, AWI Skidmore (nee Shure) which was solemnized in the Y.W.C.A. Hostess House in November. We heartily wish "Skid" an entire road through life.

Recent postings have deprived us of two well known faces; AWI's Tomlinson and Jones, who are now at Melbourn and Vancouver respectively. Here's the success in their new environment.

In conclusion may we express our sincere wish that "Dabco Digest" will continue to great things.



From the Education Office

When Socrates, the famous Greek philosopher was condemned to die for "poisoning" the minds of Greek youth, a little group of his most intimate friends gathered around him as he prepared to drink the fatal hemlock. They asked him to leave with them a final message of guidance and comfort. His message was, "I would have you look to yourselves". This message we would pass on to all personnel who seek to better their education by the correspondence method of study, for it is essentially an individual method and demands from the student much personal responsibility and self-direction. They set for themselves a worthy goal and are prepared through self-discipline to achieve that end.

Unfortunately we have become the victims of a traditional misconception as to the real meaning of education. We speak of it as something that can be "imparted", something that can be "taught" by one to another; but in the last analysis all learning is individual. No one can "give" you an education, you become educated through your own efforts, mental and physical. The best of teaching only seems to facilitate the learning process. However, the correspondence method offers no shortcuts to education and it is not a substitute, it is the real thing. Although making rather heavy demands upon the student, it pays off handsomely. It cultivates in its students the highest and best of human qualities—determination, independence, resourcefulness and will power. It demands a high, but not disproportionate price, and it never defaults in its payments.

Now to get down to cases. Provided by the Canadian Legion War Services, there is available to all personnel a complete and varied list of subjects that may be had free of charge. Two numerous catalogues here, they include: Introductory Courses which are on the level of the upper Elementary School, Grades VI, VII and VIII; Secondary Courses which are set out as Academic, Commercial and Technical. In addition, by our Canadian Universities there are offered to service

personnel remarkably rich curricula which include all the regular university classes. Other institutions from which correspondence courses may be had are: The Certified Public Accountants Association of Ontario, The International Accountants' and Executives Corporation of Canada, and The Nova Scotia Agriculture College.

For information, advice and assistance concerning correspondence courses, remainder classes, study groups, commuting to trades or to airport, library facilities and related affairs, come to the Education Office in the Small Cantina.

To all and sundry we sincerely wish the Compliments of the Season and Health and Success in the future.

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BARRACK STORES

The Barrack Stores, a complement of the equipment section, plays an important part in the daily life of any station. At this station, this department of supplies is under the direction and supervision of Barrack Officer James Lee, a Captain in the last war. It is true that the unit does not fight the war technically but it contributes and plays an important part in supplying many essentials to those who do. From the barrack stores are issued sleeping comforts, cooking and dining utilities, furnishings for officers, equipment for lecture rooms, provisions for quarter and work rooms. The responsibility for the care of the station laundry falls to this section.

o o o

EQUIPMENT SECTION

(Continued from Page 27)

pair of shoes or tank that does not seem to fit properly. In this connection we take this opportunity to welcome our new W/S.

These then are the members of the equipment section on No. 3 R. & S. School and one and all join in wishing the other personnel of the station and all others who have been kind enough to read this far, A Very Happy and Prosperous New Year.

M. T. Section

Greetings-folks! from the good old M.T. Section - the backbone of No. 5 B. & G. No doubt there are some people who are even going to have the nerve to question that statement and might even suggest that if such is the case, three year old No. 5 has a pretty weak back. But let us assure you, such is not the case. Where else can you find a crew on duty 24 hours a day, ready and willing (if not always able) to co-operate with any section on the station? And tell us if you can how any section can work any length of time without direct aid from M.T.? No folks, we feel pretty important around here and are adding to our guns so don't try and talk us out of it.

It's really an education in itself to look into the daily routine of the section. Calls for M.T. vehicles can originate at many points on the station. A half hour over our dispatcher's shoulder will substantiate this point. The chief difficulty that normally presents itself to a dispatcher, is to find the required vehicles on the establishment to perform the needed transport duties.

Besides our daily duty runs such as mail, freight, rations, garbage, etc., a sample of what can be expected of M.T. if the powers that be decide to send up our plane for one landing exercise, might be interesting to note. An M.T. vehicle pulls the plane out of the hangar, our gas tender has to see that it is full of gas. Before it takes off our crash tender and ambulance must be available for any emergency. Before it gets to its target the M.T. must have crews at the different ranges. Considering everything goes O.K. the loader can now carry out his exercises but think what we can go through if something goes wrong and the plane crashes! From then on from the C.O. down through the C.C. Flying, the O.C. Training, technical officers, medical officers and maintenance crews expect the M.T. to pull trucks out of hats.

Also to be considered among our numerous complaints is the situation of the station and the beautiful cow paths leading to it from all directions. Located as we are, equidistant from the metropolises of Dabo and Watson, the nearest rail system to the station, M.T. vehicles seldom if ever, leave the rail's gates for less than a thirty mile return trip. Does this add up to an enormous mileage? Our records answer this to the tune of an aggregate monthly mileage of approximately 25,000 miles. Heh-heh, that's a "heap of distance" and you can easily imagine the amount of maintenance work and records necessary to keep things running over these roads.

So much for our work. Our strength at present is just two-thirds of our establishment. However, that is quite an improvement in the past six weeks and we have hopes of being even better in the near future. We have had the honor, this past month, of welcoming four more of the big six to our section, making a total of eight and boy, they really are pitching in and doing a fine job. Some of the boys have been here so long they are trying to sell shares on the place. For instance folks meet Cpl. Bob Harbo. He was the first stream on this station and is now making arrangements for his third Christmas in Dabo.

Congratulations are in order for "Bob" though, and also to Cpl. George Hannak. They both appeared the first of this month wearing the two bar chevrons.

I suppose we better draw this to a close before we take up the whole magazine, but before we go let us congratulate the people who put forth the effort to make this magazine possible and may it go on record that the M.T. Section is behind any move to improve old No. 5 B. & G. The next time though, you feel like casting M.T. just come 'em and remember we have our worries too.

Maintenance



Maintenance Entry "Anabrook"—First Prize in Sports Day Parade

Aircraft maintenance is very important at any time, but during the winter months at a school like No. 3 B. & C. almost a twenty-four hour per day is imperative. The maintenance is organized on a flight system with the various flights doing their own daily inspections and minor running repairs within the facilities at their command, while 'A' Hangar under Flight Sergeant Laker's direction takes care of major repairs, engine changes, etc., and 'B' Hangar accommodates two shifts—one day and one night—the day shift on minor repairs, of which there is a never-ending stream, and the night shift concentrates mainly on periodic inspections, acceptance checks, etc.

P/L Laidlaw is the Maintenance O.C. with P/O Klassen, P/O Low and P/O Topham as engineering officers. Sergeant Majors Armstrong and Yellowless are the WOs and are the direct superiors of the whole maintenance system. They have a vast amount of work and discipline to account for. No wonder a Sergeant Major is supposed to be everything from a mother to words unpronounceable.

Winter brings on a never-ending battle to the maintenance ground crew. Engines won't start, hydraulic systems fail and you can't handle a wrench with mist on, but the flying programs must go on. All in all the ground crew does more maintenance and flights have the coldest jobs on the Station.

Most of the riggers and fitters spend many months at the Technical School in St. Thomas, Ont. and average with a 'C' group. Then about several months experience. If they show ability and willingness are rewarded with a higher grouping. Not all are born mechanics, however, but the ones make up for the lesser group and it is really astonishing how fast right from farms and with comparatively little training in a few war years are able to step in and keep holes, baffles, etc., in top top shape. The N.C.O.s have to be mechanics, draughts, physiologists, etc., as well as knowing air force administration, and the whole plan and smooth running success really depends on an efficient N.C.O.

A shortage of spare parts, tools, etc., is always a bog bear of maintenance, but there is usually an answer so that serviceability can be kept up.

Team work is of as much a requisite on the ground as in the air and it combines the effort of all the fitters, riggers, instrument makers, electricians, workshops, etc., to keep up an operating serviceability standard.

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Habby: "What are we having for dinner tonight, dear?"

Wife: "Sponge cake. I opened the eggs from Mrs. Brown, the flour from Mrs. Smith and the milk from Mrs. Jones."

Photographic Section

As this is our first attempt at so-called journalism, perhaps an introduction to the personnel of the section and a brief (I do mean brief) outline of our duties and activities would serve best as a beginning.

First, and always foremost, may we present P/L. P. R. Rader, O.C. of the section, and for the benefit of those who have not yet made his acquaintance, he can best be described as a splendid officer, and, in the vernacular of the R.C.A.F., "a right guy". In order of rank, we next have Sherry (you ain't kiddin') Sgt. Bob Arsenault, who, it is said, has a "cold front" toward photo assignments. LAC. Peter, G. K.—Ted to almost everyone comes next. He's the chap you see dusting dishes and you transporting a formidable looking instrument called a Camera Ground View. (It looks like a modified piano accordion-an adju. the camera we mean.) A recent addition to our staff is Miss "Pat" Holden, one of the W.D. personnel, a graduate from the latest course at Kuchinik and rather keen about the whole thing. Last, but certainly not least, we have LAW Backhouse, M. (Marie, for short), formerly of the Officer's Mess staff, where, we are told she is really missed.

Now arises the question of where the photo section fits into the program of our school. Upholding our section, of course, and contrary to common belief, a wide variety of work keeps us definitely on our toes. In keeping with all intent and purposes, Camera Ops courses receive our first consideration, and it is our responsibility to supply, process and deliver the completed exercise films to O.I.S., where they are projected for the benefit of the trainees. To fill in any spare moments that we might have, we putter about with class pictures, attention record and progress shots, equipment modifications, copy jobs, identification photos, social events, visiting celebrities, publicity photos and what have you, not to mention the odd aerial job thrown in. And so you have it.

As this is the season of the year when greetings and good wishes are in evidence, may we take the opportunity of extending to W/C Lower-Haines, Commanding Officer, Officers, N.C.O.s, Airmen and Airwomen of No. 3, our Heartiest Season's Greetings and Best Wishes during the coming year.

O. R. Timekeeper

There are probably more interesting jobs than keeping time, accounts and checking log books, but we time clerks have our interesting moments too, especially at the end of the month when it comes time to check the Pilot's log books. Strange how two people can take figures from the same log sheets and have such entirely different totals, but it happens at Dafoe. Go to Serg-

ant Cook or Sergeant McKeade, D. S., the purveyors. Their books have a greater habit of being a few hours out, and of course the poor time clerk gets the blame. With much figuring and a few headaches, we get them all straightened out some way and believe me, we don't have any dull moments, and certainly no lull ones.

Post Office M.P.O. 1206



"Any mail for me?"

On June 8, 1942, M.P.O. 1206, opened for business on this Station, under the direction and supervision of the Canadian Postal Corps, later to be assisted by the R.C.A.F. W.D. personnel of the station.

Equipped with all the facilities of a city post office, this department renders all the services offered by the Postal Service Department, including Savings Bank Division. It actually

opens with business from the opening hour 8:30 hours until closing hour (19:00 hours).

The personnel of the Station Post Office consists of Sgt. Craig, Cpl. Hance and Pte McCormick of the Canadian Postal Corps and Edith Rowanoff, Margaret Jeminin, Vivian Dow, Carol Pinner, Della Haines and Cecile McGregor of the Women's Division.

RULES FOR ROOM TOWN RENTERS

1. Do not pay more rental than the law permits. If you do, severe penalties will be imposed on you as well as on the landlord. In case of doubt verify your rental by consulting the Station Adjutant.

2. When you vacate your accommodation hand your Maximum Rental Decision form to the Incoming tenant or leave it with the Station Adjutant for subsequent delivery to the new tenant.

3. If you rent by the month the landlord can require you to give him a month's notice when you vacate. To avoid any trouble have a definite agreement with your landlord that you may vacate on a day's notice, a week's notice or such other notice as will be mutually satisfactory.

4. Your landlord cannot require you to vacate on less than three months notice unless you have not paid your rent, are damaging the property or are otherwise misbehaving.

5. To be legal the landlord's notice

to vacate must meet four requirements:

- (1) It must be in writing.
- (2) It must give at least three month's notice.
- (3) It must specify the reason for which it is given.
- (4) The specified reason must be one of the reasons mentioned in the Rental Regulations. (See Section 16 (B) of Order No. 108). Your Station Adjutant has several copies.

6. Under no circumstances whatsoever can a landlord increase his rental without approval of a Rentals Committee. Such approval when given, is always evidenced by a Maximum Rental Decision form.

7. If you are renting a furnished accommodation the landlord cannot remove the furniture or any part of it while you remain in occupation. If you vacate and the furniture is then removed the landlord cannot rent the accommodation unfurnished without first applying to a Rentals Committee for the fixation of a new maximum rental.

The Security Guard

The Security Guard and the Service Police wish to extend their Christmas Greetings to the Commanding Officer and all personnel on the Station. We wish to send an extra hearty wish to all those well meaning Airmen we have had the pleasure to entertain during the past year. By the way, some of our guests failed to sign the recommendations and suggestions register.

We have been unfortunate in losing the services of Flying Officer Gilbert, whom we congratulate on his promotion to Flight Lieutenant. Others we should like to see still in our midst are P/O Millbank, Sgt. Williamson and Trenchman and Cpl. McCharg.

We would be very interested if the Equipment Section would advise us as to the future tenure of Sgt. Williamson's summer leave.

Newcomers to the Unit are Flying Officer Holland the D.A.F.M. and Sgt. Hicks, Sergeant Sergeant and Cpl. Pikes. Congratulations to Sgt. Hicks. We hear a member of the M.T. Section is preparing him a model for that sport, followed up by a brilliant rugby tackle one night in Wyward. We would advise the M.T. Section to accelerate faster.

We hear with regret that LAW Wiggins is shortly to leave us. The Service Police wish her luck in her future duties. We understand she is to be a cook in the hospital. May she turn out the patients in record time.

It is advised by hotel manager, Sgt. Hicks that accommodation is strictly limited over the New Year, as we know from past experience, the Xmas guests have so enjoyed themselves, they have exceeded their stay. So do now and book your reservations immediately.

We would like to advertise our resort: The Hotel is adequately equipped with hot and cold water, rooms heated with HARD SIDE UP

BOARD BEDS and the doors fitted with special locks and a novelty in the form of a window. This enables you to see your opposite number, NO boys, we do not receive the Women's Division. Before the birds have thought of stinging you are up gaining that glowing appetite. Well it is said the Service always puts weight on a man, boy in sure does, for instance you start off before breakfast weighing 140 lbs. and by the time you are ready for your morning sport, you will find yourself 200 lbs. Congratulations to the Messing Committee, it must be a new brand of calories. This sport consists of strapping on your harness and walking down to the Sergeant Major and asking him how it is played. Well, he hands you a nicely polished piece of wood with a tube down the center and the game starts and ends in one hour dead, if you aren't dead you should be.

The afternoon is spent in precisely the same way as the morning. With a bit of pushing and shoving, we feel sure you will be an expert by the time your system is up. If you walk around and wonder why everyone is staring at you once you have left us, remember you have a very straight back and have been drunk, do-afraid and do-anything else.

We wish to congratulate Sgt. Green, Cpl's Moore and Ball on their promotions. We wish to extend our apologies to all flying personnel if we have caused any difficulties by the search-lights. We are not allowed to keep them on permanently as we just have a peep, and sometimes it is interesting. The Security Guard are looking forward to the hockey season and as we have a very hot team all fixed up, we should like to have a few practice games before we enter the final. Would any other Sections who are interested give Local 21 a ring any time of the day or night and we will fix up a game.

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF EVENTS, YEAR 1942

February 26—Airmen's dance held in Recreation Hall. Decided success under guidance of P/O J. A. Carr.

March 2—W/C Lowe-Holmes arrived from No. 38 B. & G. School, R.A.F., Petron, Ont., assuming duties of Chief Instructor of this unit.

March 10—Airmen's dance held in Recreation Hall — largest attendance yet, ranging from 450 to 475. Another decided success.

March 21—Second serious aircraft accident on this station. Sgt. Pilot, Haggart, pilot of one plane entered the banks of the "Caterpillar" by parachuting to safety. LAC Harris, C.G., another student, was seriously injured in the crash and admitted to Station Hospital. He has since recovered.

March 25—A three-act play, "Three Corns Charlie" was staged at the Recreation Hall under the direction of P/L W. H. Dunphy.

May 1—Airmen's dance held in the Recreation Hall—still another success to be chalked up to the credit of the Entertainment Committee.

May 21—Mess dinner held in Officers' Mess in honour of American Officers being transferred to the U.S. Armed Forces.

May 23—Wedding of P/O C. W. Barrett, U.S.A., and Miss Mavis F. Freeman of Springwater, Sask., held in the Officers' Mess.

May 26—Anniversary of the opening of the Station — peculiar circumstance: American Officers departed for joint Canadian-American Board for their re-entry into U.S. Armed Forces.

May 29—Another success yet—Airmen's dance in Recreation Hall.

June 1—Arrival of Women's Division—46 American arrived as vanguard of W.D. personnel soon to replace Airmen in certain trades.

June 5—M.F.O. 1206 opened banking facilities for the Station.

June 23—Inspector General, A. C. Gaffney arrived for his annual inspection.

June 26—Another Airmen's dance and another success.

July 5—The 83 Air Cadets from Saskatoon who had been stationed here since July 1st, departed today after completing their summer training.

July 14—Monster parade and sports day celebration. All the fun of the country fair plus.

July 23—Third serious crash since station opened. Sgt. Pilot J. E. Parker, LAC H. Downer and A/C R. A. Ward were dangerously injured, and LAC R. C. Parker was slightly injured. Downer and Ward are now well on the way to recovery.

August 1—Group Captain R. A. Delkays, D.F.C., handed over command of the station today to his successor Wing Commander P. W. Lowe-Holmes.

August 18—Flight of 40 Airmen and 16 more high land journeyed to Humboldt today to participate in a Decoration Day ceremony.

August 21—Another Airmen's dance in the Recreation Hall — well set.

October 4—First special week-end train for personnel on 48-hour passes operated this week end to Saskatoon.

October 3—Capt. Frank Armitage, Y.M.C.A. gave his impressions of Shakespearean roles in the Recreation Hall.

October 11—Harry S. Hay's concert party from Saskatoon presented a variety entertainment in the Recreation Hall.

October 26—W.D. precision squad returned from Winnipeg. This squad left on the 21st and paraded several times in Winnipeg in connection with the third Victory Loan Campaign.

October 26—First Station dance held in Devil Hall — attendance approximately 1200 — successful event considering difficulties in arranging transportation for civilian personnel.

November 9—The "Liberty Bellies Revue", a travelling concert party organized by Lester Diox, Toronto, visited the Station and presented their show in the Recreation Hall this evening. It was an outstanding success — remember!

BUST BOARD INCIDENT or It Can Happen Here

By F. N. Cunningham

"Hey, you!"

"Huh—.....what, me?"

"Yeah, you. Are you in the Air Force?"

"Am I in the.....say, are you kidding Corp?"

"No. And take your hands out of your pockets."

"Sure, but....."

"Where's your hat?"

"Well, you see, I was just going across to....."

"Where's your hat?"

"I left it in the....."

"What's the idea wearing a sweater and no tank?"

"I'm going across to....."

"And you've got no shirt on."

"So. You see....."

"Take your hands out of your pockets! What are you doing with Flight Coghlan's pants on?"

"These aren't Flight Coghlan's pants Corporal. I had my pants in the



"And what's that lump under your sweater? Hah! Buttons?"

"Yes, but I was going across to....."

"And why are you wearing slip-pers?"

"I just do....."

"Don't flinch. Stand still. And didn't I tell you to keep your hands out of your pockets?"

"Well, my hands are cold."

"Then why don't you wear your hat, gloves and coat? Hah! You're a disgrace to the Service. And if I see....."

P.S.—The poor guy was just trying to carry out orders. He'd gone to the Drill Hall for P. T. and the P.T.I. gave him a bunch of empty pop bottles to

take over to the canteen. And through no fault of his own he had been given the wrong pants at the canteen slip cleaners.

MORALE.—Leave this P.T. business strictly alone.

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THE ADJUTANT

By A. E. Maskell

Who every morning beats the lark,
Who works each day till after dark,
None recognition or remark!—

THE ADJUTANT.

Who puts things right with G.H.Q.,
When "Fishes" and "Flows" explain"
come through.

Who knows a blooming thing or two?—
THE ADJUTANT.

Who's always wanted on the 'phone,
Who has no time to call his own,
Who's overworked long without a
throat!—

THE ADJUTANT.

To whom are applications sent
From "Voices our most obedient,"
"May I go 'ome, I miss this treat!"—
THE ADJUTANT.

Who always tries to be polite,
Who's always wrong and never right,
Who never pleases all ranks, quite!—
THE ADJUTANT.

o o o

GUNNERS

If I must be a gunner,
Then please Lord grant me grace,
That I may leave this station,
With a smile upon my face.

I may have wished to be a Pilot,
And you, along with me,
But if we all were Pilots,
Where would the Air Force be?

It takes GUTS to be a gunner,
To sit out in the red,
Where the Messerschmitts are coming,
And the dogs begin to wail.
The Pilot's just a show-off,
It's his job to fly the plane,
But it's we, who do the fighting,
Though we may not get the fame.
But we're here to win a war,
And need this job is done,
Let's forget our personal feelings,
And get behind the gun.

If we must all be gunners,
Then let us make this bet,
We'll be the best damn gunners
That have left this station yet!



'AUSSIE DOINGS

STATION COMMITTEES

STATION INSTITUTE COMMITTEE

President: Flight Lieutenant H. G. McBeth
Secretary: Pilot Officer J. A. Rolfe
Members: Flight Lieutenant E. W. Rogerson
Flying Officer A. H. Edwards
A S O M. Y. Darte
WO2 Armstrong, G. G.
R103609 LAC Johnston, R. B.
R89862 LAC Swick, G. E.
W302889 Cpl. Kimpton, M. E.

OFFICER'S MESS COMMITTEE

President: Squad. Leader W. T. F. Tourgis
Secretary: Flight Lieutenant J. M. Cruse
House Member: Flying Officer P. A. Logan
Messing Officer: ASO H. M. Smith
Bar Officer: Flight Lieutenant J. M. Cruse

SERGEANT'S MESS COMMITTEE

Honorary President: Flight Lieutenant R. Laidlaw
President: Flight Sergeant Driscoll, H. J.
Chairman: WO2 Tracy F. P. D.
Secretary-Treasurer: Flight Sergeant Barrett, E. P.

AIRMEN'S MESS COMMITTEE

Chairman: Pilot Officer J. A. Rolfe
Women's Division: Corporal Walker, E. K. M.
Ground Instructional School: Corp. Dodd, E. R. F.
Training Wing: Corporal LeFebvre, L. H.
Headquarters Squadron: Corporal Anderson, J. S.

ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE

President: Flight Lieutenant A. Paterson
Secretary: Mr. T. G. MacDonald (Y.M.C.A. Rep.)
Members: Hon. Flight Lieutenant W. H. Dunphy
Hon. Flight Lieutenant E. N. Morrison
Corporal Taylor, J. A.

SPORTS COMMITTEE

President: Flying Officer W. E. Brown
Vice-President: Flying Officer A. H. Edwards
Secretary-Treasurer: Mr. T. G. MacDonald,
(Y.M.C.A. Representative)
Members: Squadron Leader F. C. Scibbard
A S O M. Y. Darte
Flying Officer J. A. Carr
Hon. Flight Lieutenant W. H. Dunphy
Hon. Flight Lieutenant E. N. Morrison
WO2 R. B. Eaton

STATION LIBRARY COMMITTEE

President: Hon. Flight Lieutenant E. N. Morrison
Secretary: Flying Officer W. E. Brown
Members: Sergeant White, W. H.
LAC Hoare H.
Tom MacDonald (Y.M.C.A.)

FIRE COMMITTEE

President: Flight Lieutenant E. W. Rogerson
Members: Flight Sergeant Wiebe J.

AIRMEN'S WELFARE COMMITTEE

President: Hon. Flight Lieutenant E. N. Morrison
Members: Hon. Flight Lieutenant W. H. Dunphy
WO2 Tracy, F. P. D.
WO2 Eaton, R. B.

MINIATURE RIFLE CLUB

Honorary President: Wing Commander P. W.
Lowe-Holmes
President: F/S Cooke
Secretary: WO2 Burnham W. E.
Treasurer: Sergeant Talbot J. L.