

Announcement

DAFOE DIGEST



NO. 5 B & G SCHOOL - DAFOE

February 1943



Commanding Officer's Message



Reports continue to arrive from many parts of the world praising the editorial staff on the first issue of the "Dafoe Digest". That, and the splendid response of all personnel which enabled the magazine to more than cover its cost has encouraged us to go to print on the second issue. If the sales of this magazine go as anticipated, it is proposed to have monthly issues. It is most satisfactory to know that whilst many station magazines have ceased to exist, Dafoe carries on. Well done everybody, keep it up.

P. J. Lawrence Holmes
wjcd

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

Well, gentle readers, (if any), here it is the second issue of DAFOE DIGEST. We said in the last issue that we hoped to make it a monthly publication, and then started right out by missing the month of January. Anyway, we were very pleased with the reception you gave our first issue, and once more we say that we intend to make this a monthly affair. The response from the various sections was a little better this time than it was for the first issue; and, if this response continues to grow with each issue (as we have no doubt it will), then this editor's job will be a cinch for someone who wants it, I've got a headache.

This is a new venture, and the policies will have to keep in a perpetual state of change until it gradually develops into the kind of magazine that this station needs and wants. Our general policy at present is to have a monthly write-up of news from the different sections on the station and each month to feature one section. Accordingly, we dedicate this issue to G.I.S. Naturally, on a training school, the Ground Instruction School is a very important institution. 'Nuff said—no use for me to try to tell you about G.I.S. Further on in this book you will find a comprehensive report written by someone who knows something about it. Let me take this opportunity to thank those who contributed to this issue and once more solicit the cooperation of every member of the station personnel to make this magazine what it should be, and can be. In this connection we most certainly should mention P/O Foulkes, Sgt. Arnott, LAC Pickard and the girls—all from Photographic section and thank them for the wonderful cooperation and the excellent results that we have received from them.

THE DAFOE DIGEST

Published by the Kind Permission of our Commanding Officer,
Wing Commander P. W. Lowe-Holmes

Managing Editor — TOM MacDONALD, (Y.M.C.A.)

Associate Editors

F/L E. N. MORRISON

F/L J. M. CRUSE

F/O H. WAUGH

F/O E. E. McCALLUM

F/S JARVIS

Contest Editor

F/S CUNNINGHAM

Photographers

P/O FOULKES

SGT. ARNOTT

Circulation Manager

F/L W. H. DUNPHY

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Ground Instruction School



The prime objective of any Bombing and Gunnery School is to turn out efficient well trained Air Bombers and Air Gunners. The measure of success obtained in this undertaking depends largely upon the quality of instruction given in the Ground Instructional School for it is here that the trainee receives his initial training in all aspects of bombing and gunnery. Therefore in relation to the station, we may well then visualize the G.I.S. as the hub of a giant wagon wheel.

At No. 5 we are fortunate in having as Officer Commanding G.I.S., S/L.W. F. Tourgis, who with his vast wealth of service experience has for the past eighteen months expertly directed all phases of administration, discipline and instruction.

Ablly assisting Squadron Leader Tourgis are Flight Lieutenant Cruse and Flying Officer Waugh, officers in charge of Air Bomber and Air Gunner Courses respectively. On their shoulders rest the weighty responsibility for the direct supervision of all instruction. Examining graduating students and the disposal of a multitude of minor matters which occur with monotonous regularity.

The high grade of efficiency and the harmonious feeling which permeates the school can be largely attributed to the untiring efforts of these three men.

Acting in a liaison capacity between Course Officers and Instructors in all matters of training and directly in



charge of all discipline in the school is Technical Warrant Officer, WO1 Burnham. This task while not an easy one is executed with a smooth regularity which has won the respect of the entire staff.

Completing the organization and of no less importance are the Instructors, ranging in rank from LAC to Pilot Officer. While the duties of the Instructor are many and varied, their lectures covering a wide range of subjects, it may all be summed up in a few words. The successful Instructor must be able to seek out sources of knowledge, interpret that knowledge and in turn impart what he has interpreted to the student in a manner which can be readily absorbed and easily applied in practical use. In numerous cases the deciding factor between the pass or failure of a student depends solely on the capabilities of the Instructor.

With particular stress laid on certain parts of the syllabus, it has necessitated the establishing of specialists along these important lines, such as Turrets, A-C Recognition, Bombing Teacher and Wireless.

In the bombing teacher under Pilot Officer Lough and his staff the student receives a training in wind finding and bombing under conditions practically identical to those experienced in the air. Under the guidance of P/O O'Callaghan and Sgt. Mitchell in the turret building, a thorough knowledge of the operation is obtained and a complete turret drill carried out before taking to the air.

An account of the School and its purpose would not be complete without mentioning two integral parts of the organization, the Orderly room presided over by Miss Skochalas whose assistance to all is invaluable and the draughting room handled by the accomplished LAW Rogan.

G. I. S. PROMOTIONS

Congratulations are in order this month for WO2 Oliver, Driscoll and Barrett on their recent promotions from Flight Sergeants. On the same honor list are Sgt. Douglas and Cpl. Naylor who advanced to Flight Sergeant and Sergeant respectively.



WAS IT A MASQUERADE?

the exception of P/O (Hecat) Davidsons dancing (a combination of Harlem and the Bronx) the evening ran very smoothly.

A delightful supper dreamed up by F/S Kendzior was served in a rather unique fashion in the Instructors room (see picture) and it is regretted that Flight Kendzior was called away before being able to partake of these tasty morsels.

One of the highlights of the evening was a presentation to Miss Skochalas made by Flight Lieutenant Cruse on behalf of the entire G.I.S. Staff in appreciation of her splendid work during the past year.

Incidentally we are still very much interested in tracking down the party who necessitated the additional assessment of fifty cents, we didn't mind paying the four bits but are curious to know just how this rather unusual incident occurred. If he happens to be a resident of Boomtown he might wish to make a deal with us for the old one.

G. I. S. PARTY

In keeping with a tradition established in the first year of the station operation, the annual G.I.S. Xmas party was held on December 16th.

Deviating slightly from custom the party this year was staged in the school itself, and the decorating committee under the direction of F/S Burgess excelled itself in providing the appropriate seasonal setting.

The Station Orchestra led by P/O Arkkieson a member of the School Staff, furnished the necessary music in their own inimitable fashion and with



THE HAPPY GANG



SUPPERTIME

Station Hospital

Once again the portals of the Station Hospital are thrown open to our fellow airmen and airwomen so that they may become acquainted with the news and happenings that have accumulated since our last issue of "Dafoe Digest". At this time a word or two of praise is due to the editorial staff and all those responsible for this magazine, it really is tops. Well on with the news.

Since we last went to press there has been many changes in the staff, starting with S/L Lawson, who was posted to Souris, Man., F/L Boyd, who is now in Dauphin, Man., Sgt. Cullen, our pharmacist who now is stationed at Peers, Alta., LAW Farmer-Wheeler (as predicted in our last issue) now at Rivers, Man., and IAC George Kells and Don Stewart, who have now departed for the fighting front across the ocean, to them we wish to extend our wishes for Good Luck and "Bon Voyage".

To replace the above deficiencies in our staff, we welcome first of all S/L Running, who already has found out what a Saskatchewan winter means, and next in order comes F/L Elias (also commonly called "Long John") who is well worthy of the position he holds. In our dispensary, we now find Cpl. Bert Johnston, who hails from that spot called "Gander", and as yet has not become recivilized, but give him time, and Dafoe will do the rest.

"Frankly" speaking, we are exceptionally happy to welcome back to Dafoe, a certain O.C. of the flights, because here at the hospital we have noticed a remarkable change come over N/S Taylor, who has spent a very lonesome past 14 days, or has she?

Our recent addition to the hospital assistants are two girls that arrived from St. Thomas, AW1 Helen Fehrenbach, and AW2 Clare Di'Nardi. The latter has already taken an interest in the appearance and deportment of the Sgt. Pilot's on this station—for refer-

ences, just ask a few of the boys that she shaved in the Bessborough. (As a coincidence they reported for emergency first aid treatment on return to the Station).

Yes, as a few of you have found out, we still have that jovial "Scotsman" with us, none other than Fl/Lt. Pater-son, who along with his everyday duties, handles the entertainment of the station quite well. A word of thanks and appreciation should go to him for his worthy efforts.

In the near future we will be saying "adios" to Mike Bowen and Ronnie Ward, who are now well enough to be transferred to Winnipeg for further treatment, they have really put up a great fight and won, so here is wishing them both the best of luck for the future, with hopes of seeing them both back here in harness again.

The old belief that there is always somebody to take your place has sure proved itself. For verification, just ask Cpl. Dorothy Sneddon.

While on this trend of thought it just came to mind that we have a new Clerk General in the Orderly Room, AW1 Ivy Gould, who by the way has proven herself to such an extent, that Tom MacDonald of the Y.M.C.A. is going to hand over the quiz contest to her. She sure has some dandy questions, you know the \$64 type.

The rest of the staff, with the exception of LAW Anne Wegren, who successfully remustered to a hospital cook, and is really doing a good job, are the same as they were. Much could be said, but space does not permit too long an oration.

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Ain't it the Truth

1st Airman: I'm told there's a S/L Running on the station now.

2nd Airman: I don't believe it. I've never seen a S/L even walking fast.

A Day With The Duty Pilot

or GA-GA IN THE GLASS-HOUSE—from the picture of the same name.



THE GLASS HOUSE STAFF

Before delving into the trials and tribulations of "My Day" by that eminent author Ignatz Temple, we should pen a few pertinent and impertinent remarks about the inmates (?) of the Dafœ Glass House. (RAF personnel—please do not confuse with the Dartmoor Glass House). And so we come to—

P/O T. S. (Play Ball) Hughes—our more or less permanent Duty Pilot and the "Boss"—of whom, it is said, his Utopia is a land of complete and unceasing co-operation.

Sgt. R. J. (Ignatz) Temple—the celebrated concert pianist—opined "power-mad" and "flare-happy" but we think that "Mabel" it's only love.

Cpl. W. J. (Screech-King) Holmes—our only Flying Control bloke on the Station to date—aspiring to bigger and better things with our new Aerodrome Control car—subject of many arguments to date; is he, or isn't he married?

With these brief but bitter biographies under our respective belts—we now turn to page one (1) of Ignatz Temple's thesis on "Aerodrome Control—Its Whys, Wherefores and Myriad Headaches".

Contrary to local beliefs to the contrary, the Duty Pilot's prime duty daily is to wake up. After rising, with its attendant discomforts, he breakfasts (?), we hope heartily, and awaits the arrival of his "staff car" (which might, and probably does, turn out to be the garbage truck). His daily tour of the aerodrome is then performed to ensure

that (a) the aerodrome is still there (b) that cigarette butts, matches, chewing gum, etc., are not haphazardly lying around the runways waiting to trap the unwary pilot. Ed. note: Sightseers interested in broadening their—intellect, and interested in taking a tear on this dawn-patrol Blue Plate Special are urged to contact the Duty Pilot well in advance. Single fares as low as 40c are prevailing—if accompanied by a W.D., \$1.60 (amusement tax included).

Hie-ing himself then to the aforementioned glass-house, his day begins in earnest. "Cloudy Joe" at No. 4 S.F.T.S., Saskatoon's Meteorological Section is then contacted for a weather report and any local gossip. Upon being informed that the ceiling has been raised and painted a beguiling shade of azure (CAVU to you), our Duty Pilot considers "wash-in". Ah—but first—after affirming the presence and doubtful serviceability of the "blood wagon" and "junk-truck" (ambulance and crash tender to the uninitiated)—one of Bombing's "Stupid Pilot's Friends" (again, to the novice, an Anson) is despatched, complete with radio commentator, in the direction of up. This, to locate said ceiling if any; upon doing of which, the D.P. is regaled with a dulcet-toned account of local gossip as seen from the air (e.g. Mrs. Schmaltz in Wynyard is expecting cold weather—she's airing her woolies, etc.).

(Concluded on Page 13)

Recent Trophy Winners



LAC PIERCY S.E. - 67-AB



**AIR FIRING AND BOMBING
TROPHY**

Presented to the Air Observer or Air Bomber who makes the highest average score in his gunnery exercises and the lowest average error in his bombing exercises while at this school.



AIR FIRING TROPHY

This trophy is presented to the member of an Air Gunners Course who makes the highest average score in his gunnery exercises while at this school.



LAC MARSHALL J.W. - 43B-WAG



LAC WHALE H.G.W. - 45-WAG

THESE trophies, donated by the Station Institution Committee were first presented on May 25th, 1942 to the Courses graduating on that date at the suggestion of W C Lowe-Holmes. They have been competed 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 Dafoe attaining the highest results in air exercises for any B. & G. School in Canada.



LAC JAMES F.W. - 65-AB



LAC WATSON A.K. - 68-AB



LAC MAZE - 42B-WAG



LAC KANI A.M. - 44-WAG



LAC WILMOT J.K. - 66-AB



LAC INNES G.J. - 46-WAG

A THOUGHT FOR INSTRUCTORS

The men who fight at the front today
Were enrolled in a class only yesterday
And now in the air they engage the foe
Or service the planes on the ground
crew below.

Yes, instructors you well may be proud
Of the Fortresses flying through that
cloud
For wherever a plane zooms up in the
blue
It may be manned by men trained by
you.

So, whenever you itch to get in the
fight
Remember that fighting with all your
might
You'd be but one in the battle, friend,
Whereas in instructing there'll be no
end.

To the men you can train and put in
the sky
There'll be hundreds, yes, thousands
as time goes by
And through each man you'll be fighting,
yourself
With your strength multiplied, you're
not on the shelf.

Why, the men who instruct are as necessary
As the men who attach the advisory
For without instruction all planes are
as naught
An Army's no better than the way its
been taught.

So, whenever you stand to instruct
some men
Give them all you've got and think of
when
Those same men will bomb Berlin and
Rome
And wipe out Tokyo on the journey
home.

Guard Gossip

Sentinel Louy's brother "Luney" (he got that way moon gazing) phoned in from the sentry box on "A" Hangar a while back to demand: "Who do these dames think they are, pulling their blinds down just when a fellow has his eye peeled for an unusual incident?"

Luney is quite a guy. The other morning he came reeling in from guard duty beating his breast and mumbling about aircrew being a cinch after riding out a high wind in "one of them elevated hells."

A few days ago we received word from Sgt. Gunners Morton, Sweeney and Sweeney, former Dafoe guards, from somewhere in England. They say the grog over there is about the same as the beer here—a fellow can stomach it to be sociable. Off hand we can't think of three more sociable fellows.

They tell us that Cpl. (now Sgt. Gunner) Bell, another 'used to be with us' is over there now too. He was doing quite well in the shoe business here until the S.A.O. persuaded him that there was no percentage in it.

The ranks of the star gazers has been depleted by yet another loss in the person of LAC Smith, J. K. (a very erudite gentleman, equally at home in an igloo, a grass shack or a ditch—one of those things that run along either side of the roads down near Wynyard) who has left us for W. and B's, as a journeyman wood butcher. He dropped in to do a spot of moaning the other day and told us he froze his nose (?) three times in five minutes while journeying from one job to another. It was quite a change to see him with a white nose.

Sgt. "Bashful" Dan Green got the shock of his life a few nights ago. He was making a routine station patrol and happened, just happened mind you, to be passing the W.D's. quarters when he was startled to see figures doubling up from one to two before his very eyes and scattering like frightened rabbits from the glare of his headlights.

He learned later that approximately

50 per cent of the scatterers were aircrew trainees practising night tactics; and if there's one thing those aircrew lads don't like it's getting caught in a searchlight beam. And very commendable too, we say.

Incidentally, rumor hath it the Sarg. gained three pounds this month.

We started counting noses the other day and found that over 25 per cent of the guard personnel were taking self betterment courses of one kind or another. Luney says we have the highest level of illiteracy of any section on the station.

They say the world is getting smaller every day. If Sgt. Lavack can succeed in squeezing Dauphin in beside Boomtown someplace most of his troubles will be over. Or maybe his troubles (and if there are any, we certainly hope they'll all be little ones) will just be starting.

It's happy we are to have Cpl. "Ironman" Kalb back in the fold after his stay in the hospital. Apparently he missed us too because he pined away 7 pounds while staying in that there place. And casting no reflection on our S.S.Q. we think maybe he was lucky to get out when he did because we hear that he loads his pockets down with good heavy rocks before venturing out in a high wind.

WELCOME to our new D.A.P.M., F/O J. K. Thompson. May your days here be happy ones Sir; because if you're not happy, then we won't be happy.

AND IN PARTING we wish F/O Holland the best of luck wherever he may go. "May you find no ice on the road of life Sir!"

DISTINGUISHED DAFOE FIRST: A "Two Year Club" open to all personnel who have served two years or more on this station. Let's hope we can keep it exclusive, eh Bob?

Luney just came off duty, and when we asked him about the local blackout he said he didn't really mind as he'd decided to sit facing the other way tonight anyhow.



Student

COURSE 69 A.B.

Four score and twenty years ago a new class came to (censored) but not very near. This hodge podge of airforce personnel hailing from all parts of the globe, bears the rather insignificant title of Course 69, but there all insignificance ends. As the casual observer or student airbomber sees it, there is a predominance of good spirits in the course—particularly when the wet canteen is open. Naturally this does not apply to tea-totallers like Hodges, Jamieson, Carruthers and others too numerous to mention. Some frequent the W.D. canteen—notable exceptions being Longridge Crawford, MacDonald and Cluff. The English element at first favored the W.D. Canteen as the centre of their night life, but now that a dart board has been installed in the small canteen, the W.D's. have been relegated to second place (apologies to the W.D.s). We wonder if some of the members of the class know that they don't have to buy milk and pie for breakfast, you can get bacon and egg (s) at the mess hall if you can throw off the embracing arms of morpheus.

COURSE 70 A.B.

Too much has happened to us at Dafoe to make successful any attempt to record our experiences. Therefore we shall relate but one of the many incidents that will make our stay here a pleasant memory.

On Sunday last K and L Flights staged one of the finest exhibitions of hockey of the season on the station rink. K Flight was able to dress a full team of twelve players, but L Flight could muster only eight men due to sickness and injuries. However, the extra manpower could not daunt the spirits of L Flight. WO2 Oliver's prize collection of puck chasers were held to a 2-2 draw. The passing plays of Mc-

Naughton, Lynch and Paul were a treat to the spectators, among whom were several of the station officials. The checking of MacLennan and Louth had the opposing forwards tied up at all times. Moran and Losier of L, as utility men, showed ability to play any position, and were "robbed" of several scoring opportunities. Norman of K Flight played spectacularly in goal for his team and prevented them from going down to overwhelming defeat.

COURSE 71 A.B.

On a cold, dull day in early January a thoroughly disillusioned group of young airmen arrived at Dafoe. It was, we believe, the first complete course of washed-out pilots and navigators on this station. Course 71 had all been posted from Trenton, and each and every man had voluntarily chosen the Bomb Aimer's job as his new trade.

We came here, every one of us, in a state of complete mental depression. We had failed at one course or another, and we didn't expect too much of this one.

But it wasn't long before we all began to respond to the friendly atmosphere of the place, and the willingness of all personnel, including the W.D.s, to whom we are all grateful, to make our stay here as pleasant as possible. The helpful co-operation of our instructors, and the fact that we all found the course more than interesting, have made us forget our recent disappointments. One thing we are now sure of—when we leave here we'll be Bomb Aimers, and good ones too, ready for any assignment, anywhere, any time.

COURSE 72 A.B.

Fifty-five below, tons of snow, and what a welcome. Fourteen freezing miles in an open truck after crossing 3000 miles of ocean and 2000 miles of snow and Christmas trees, all to finish up at glorious Dafoe, in the land of sunshine and gentle breezes.

Dafoe, we like you—but we'll still

Sidelights



be glad when we have to go. We like especially the readiness of the postal authorities to dish out mail

Of course we do object to being buried under an avalanche of P.T. after six months rest. We are under the muscle-wracking, if somewhat able, tuition of a bloke who "knows the score" and takes every opportunity of instilling that "score" into us.

The grub holds for us fascinating charms and we gaze with awe upon the ice cream and the - er - chocolate cake.

Finally, we like the W.D.s, to leave the best to the end. We may call them WAAF's and other insulting names but we, starved for the company of the once gentler sex, appreciate their courage, their gaiety, and their friendliness in the wilderness. Are you in tears? We are eggbound, snowbound, workbound, Course 72.

COURSE 73 A.B.

Having just arrived here, we are as yet unknown to most of you. Our first impressions are similar to everyone else's, but being more recent, are a little clearer in our minds. How many of you remember stepping off the train at Dafoe? Do you recall peering expectantly out of the car window to get a view of the town which was to be your off-time home for the next few weeks? Can you ever forget the dismal feeling when the co-called town hove into view? However, as so often happens, the first impressions were entirely misleading, and now we are glad to be here and to enter heartily into the spirit of the station, that spirit of comradeship, and co-operation fostered by the isolation.

Our class as a whole is Canadian. Besides representing every province in the Dominion, envoys are present from Great Britain and New Zealand. Our humble newness is the only thing against us so far. Already several features are placed to our credit. For one thing, we can boast of the largest number of Senior N.C.O.'s of any course ever to go through Dafoe.

COURSE 47 W.A.G.

Any attempt to outline, in this minimum of journalistic space, the history of the present 47th W.A.G. entry would be as futile as trying to put a cyclone into a coca-cola bottle.

Comprising the 47th are young air-men whose adventures this far in the service have taken them across the oceans and into almost every part of this Dominion, serving in many capacities—but always serving well. These radio men and gunners boast even of having a washed-out cook among them, and a score of former observers and pilots, who are no longer "square pegs".

In retrospect these lads who will go now, as their predecessors, to every place where democracy is being defended, look back to months of guard duty in Kingston, Prince Rupert, and Camp Borden; to Montreal where they took their first lectures on molecules and theory of radio. Also, they have more recent memories of those long, tedious weeks at Guelph Wireless School, where they assisted in winning for that Ontario school the Commonwealth award for proficiency in radio training.

Momentous enough was the expedition to this prairie oasis. Those who are in the west for the first time came prepared for Indians and dog teams and mounties. Instead they found themselves, as Canadians and Americans, in the minority on the station with Englishmen, New Zealanders and "Aussies".

There were capable and willing instructors to teach the best way to "get out of a Bolie" (so it says here), and how to please the whimsical Gremlins. Now, taught, they discover that Dafoe B & G, of which the 47th had formed such odorous opinions, isn't too bad.

Equipment Section



A HIVE OF INDUSTRY

Hello folks! Here we are again, the Equipment Gang. What's new? Well there's always something new here you may be sure. It may be a new Anson mouse trap, or even a new case of mumps or a new equipment assistant which is more interesting (male or female) but to get on with the news just read this:

Girls!!! Have you seen our new officers? No—well, where have you been? Now take Flight Lieutenant Jamison, no—leave him alone, he's spoken for, tall, blond, blue eyed—well we can dream can't we? If you like 'em a little shorter we have Flying Officer Smith (taking Flying Officer Logan's place), reddish hair and the most infectious smile in camp. Sorry, we have no 'gen' on his 'availability'. Oh, no, then why is he looking for a house in "Boombtown"? We have all met WO2 Pelton in the section, and also found him to be "on the beam". A jolly good sport all around.

Our good friend LAC Ray Edwards, in Clothing Stores surely misses his side-kick LAC Stan Young, but is now ably supported by Eleanor Harris. No longer buried in a heavy book of tally cards, Eleanor's red head really lights up Clothing Parades. Say, Eleanor what was that certain something that kept you down East so long? Behind the filing cabinet in Clothing Stores you will find a new comer, Mary Murray, our clerk who is kept busy an-

swering the telephone and making up "Deficiency Lists", which are replacing the "Record of Kit".

Stan Young may now be located at No. 3 Wireless School, Winnipeg, where he was posted on remustering to aircrew. We all join in wishing Stan the best of luck and happy landings. Edwards had some interesting news from LAC Bob Herriott formerly of Dafoe, informing us of the safe arrival overseas of LAC Goodwin and Tanney and himself (Bob) and Bob's meeting with P/O Morrison (Corporal).

We still find "Smiling" AW1 Ruth Parr in Publications. We admire your nerve Ruth, it takes real courage to come back to the snow bound prairies after fourteen days leave at Victoria.

"Tosle" now Corporal Toseland is in charge of Barrack Stores. She can be found in or behind a large carton at almost any time as this section is being moved up to the Supply Depot, to be under the supervision of Mr. Lee the Barrack Officer, so that he may keep a closer check on his inventories.

There have been many changes in Tech, Stores and the I. & R. since the New Year. No need to say how much we miss Cpl. McMillan, no more do we see his smiling face and hear his cheerful good morning to every one. LAC George McNab has taken over in his place with much needed help from LAW Buck formerly of McLeod. By the way Buck, what are you knitting

and pink too? We still have LAC Potvin and Robinson with us. LAC Boyle being posted overseas. Potvin was posted in the same draft, but I guess he couldn't fool the M.O. about his age as he does the rest of us.

LAC Brooks is back with us from G.I.S. and he goes singing about his work. I wonder if it is because he is glad to be back with us or because his wife is now residing in "Boom Town".

LAW Butch Bailey is working with Corporal Anderson (did I say working) in Major Equipment. We have two more new W.D.s AWL Kollman and AW1 Buffam. Buffam has been very busy pouring over tally cards while LAW Houck is on leave. Kollman has become LAC Shaw's able assistant in the small tools section, well, not just small tools, but electrical, armament, photographic, and wireless equipments. Sgt. Stephenson is still in charge of the Instruments, but I wonder what happened on that forty-eight in Saskatoon, was it just a sore throat that kept him away?

Two of our men we seldom see are LAC Huart and LAC Ted Love, who look after the gas compound and the M.T. gas. Last but not least we had the misfortune to lose our most efficient clerk stenographer LAW Pam Griffin, who was posted to Vancouver. In her place we have that red-head all the boys have been asking about, Eleanor Lemerick. Another of our clerks AW1 Robb, has been posted overseas and her place is being filled by AW1 Dalzell. Also in the front office is LAC Chantler taking care of the LPO's and here we would like to thank both he and his wife for their hospitality on the occasion of the farewell get together for Corporal McMillan and LAC Young.

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A DAY WITH THE DUTY PILOT (Continued from Page 7)

All things being found free, and more or less equal, the "wash-in" signal (red or green flag as required) in

company with three (two or one—depending upon which runway is currently in use) tin cans (courtesy of the Can-teen) are strung up atop the cupola, or "glass-house". This, to enlighten the ignorant to the extent that flying is now the order of the day.

After advising (nay—TELLING) Bombing, Gunnery and Drogue to "get cracking", the D.P. settles back to the mundane affairs of "another day". Throughout the waking hours, the locale of our story is the scene of terrific and profane activity and comments. People relieve people at odd and eccentric hours—since to linger too long in the glass-house is to court disaster and perhaps even social suicide. 'Tis said that the raucous din din of Gerrick One (our end of the two-way radio), and the screaming flash of the varied Verey flares rapidly induces a sad malady known as a "D.P. Hang-over". This lingering scourge, in its advanced stages, affects the mind, mentality and morals of the otherwise normal person in devious and insidious ways—witness our "Little Caesar" Sgt. Temple, whom the Hospital consider a "horrible example".

After playing "aerial traffic cop" for the "wash-in" period (a time determined only by the weather man and or the Operations Office) the friendly checkered flag is run up (serving the same purpose as a five o'clock whistle—you can quit now) and the red or green flag, still complete with tin can or cans, is dragged down and tucked away.

Then commences the nerve-wracking period of waiting for the return of any errant bird-men who may have strayed a little further than Big Quill (for among other things, the Duty Pilot must go gray until all the Bolys, Lizzies and Ansons are safely bedded down); after which our hero falls wearily down the tortuous three flights of stairs and is tenderly carted away in the general direction of his quarters or the hospital (injuries, as yet, unknown).

A Brave Deed In The North West Frontier Province

By "Odefa"

For many years the tribes bordering the North West Frontier Province have been a problem to the Government of India. It was no surprise therefore, when early in April, 1930, a series of incidents occurred amongst several tribes which necessitated the Government Political Agents calling a jirgah. Now a jirgah is our equivalent of police court and often meant that the tribe or tribes would be subjected to fines and the production of hostages depending on the gravity of their offence. This meeting failed to produce the desired and usual effect so the mullahs (or headmen) were warned that it might be necessary to resort to air bombing unless a settlement was effected by a specified date. No answer having been received, the tribesmen were given the customary 48 hours notice that their villages would be bombed and this transpired after several extra days grace had been allowed. It is as well to mention here that air bombing by the R.A.F. was only intended to interrupt the normal life of the tribes by keeping them out of their homes, casualties seldom occurred because the people moved out with their cattle when the warning notice was received.

In a few weeks several tribes were implicated and bombing became more general. As my squadron was the first to be ordered into action I had a busy time because in addition to being unit Armament Officer I did the two conventional raids each day, one in the early hours of dawn and the other in the cool of evening.

On the day which will live in my memory and which forms the background of this story, I was Orderly Officer, the duties of whom included the inspection of barrack blocks. In the last of these an airgunner in my flight named Wiltshire was Hut Orderly and in the course of conversa-

tion he bemoaned the fact that he had not yet been on an operational flight. I promised to arrange that he would get one that day, little realizing that a great deed of bravery would end his life before a beautiful Indian sunset had heralded the approach of night.

In the early afternoon the C.O. took off to bomb a special objective with myself as bombaimer and some two hours later we returned with our mission accomplished. The aircraft was refuelled and then took off again with Flying Officer Stroud as pilot and LAC Wiltshire as bombaimer.

A few hours later those who had completed their flying for the day observed an aircraft approaching the reserve landing ground which lay just north of the main aerodrome. It was low down and appeared to be in difficulties but eventually did a heavy wheel landing with its tail high in the air. This would have probably been alright, however, had there not been a large ant hill in its path. With a crash which could be heard for miles in the still quiet air of evening, the aircraft somersaulted on to its back and then disappeared momentarily in a cloud of sand.

A strange and terrible sight met those who hurried to the scene, the dead pilot hung half in and half out of the front cockpit held in by the safety belt, with a gaping hole in his neck from which the blood had ceased to trickle. The fuselage as far as the tail was spattered with streaks of red, while pinned under the tail lay the unconscious airgunner, his back broken.

LAC Wiltshire died some hours later never having recovered consciousness so the true facts will never be known but sufficient evidence was forthcoming to arrive at the probable series of events.

It was proved that the ill fated aircraft had been flying low in the foothills just south of the Khyber Pass when it was seen to climb sharply and suddenly. At that time it is almost certain the pilot had been hit in the neck by a tribesman's bullet, a chance in a million, the bullet first entering the fuselage low down near the front cockpit and then being deflected upwards and inwards. As the bullet made a large hole on entry and severed the main neck artery, it was the medical opinion that the pilot would lose consciousness in little more than two minutes. During that time he may have warned the passenger about what had happened but in all probability the latter knew because he would be standing up in the rear cockpit (both cockpits being open) only two feet from the pilot's head.

The thoughts which must have raced through Wiltshire's brain as he fitted the spare stick will never be known but he decided to stay in the aircraft and with only "stick" and throttle control he flew the aircraft 45 miles back

to its base without, so far as is known, ever having received a flying lesson in his life. His effort in getting the aircraft on to the ground must be regarded as absolutely amazing because he could not adjust the aircraft trimming control which was in the front cockpit and the dead pilot's body slumped across the "stick" must have added to his difficulties.

The story was blazoned in the press both in India and England and questions were raised in the House of Commons about the desirability of an award of the Distinguished Flying Medal for bravery. It was found that there was no provision in the original charter for a posthumous award of the D.F.M. and so a simple headstone in the English cemetery at RISALPUR bears tribute to the memory of Corporal Wiltshire, so promoted on the day of his death. Though his mortal remains have long since mouldered into the dust of a land 6000 miles from his birthplace, the memory of his brave deed will persist in the minds of all those who knew him.

LEROY CADETS

In an isolated village twelve miles west of the airport there thrives a small but efficient cadet corps—95 Leroy Squadron Air Cadets of Canada. Although the village of Leroy can boast of but one hundred souls, the cadets number thirty enthusiastic members, ranging in age from thirteen to eighteen years. Training is carried on under the handicap of location, but here are some of their accomplishments to date:

A unit parade every Tuesday evening,

An orderly room and a G.I.S. built by themselves in an old room over the local garage, equipped with desks, blackboards, charts, projection screen, aircraft models, etc.

A complete set of uniforms and rifles.

A surprising efficiency in drill and a fine start in their subjects of instruction.

A weeks familiarization visit to No. 11 S.F.T.S., Yorkton, Sask.

Several instructional visits to No. 5 B & G School, Dafoe.

Some members live in or near the village, but others must travel distances up to 12 miles to attend parades—on foot, by bicycle, horseback, and sleigh.

Under the supervision of F/O E. E. McCallum of Dafoe, weekly trips are made to Leroy by officer and N.C.O. instructors to supplement the instruction given them by their own officers.

Much credit is due to local business men who have unselfishly donated much of their time to the organization and conduct of the cadet work. Worthy of special mention are the following:

P/O O. B. Oistad, Commanding Officer

WO1 J. G. Bethune, Wireless Instructor.

WO2 E. L. Bernard, P.T. & D.



THEY BUILT A NEW PUB CORNZAPOPPIN

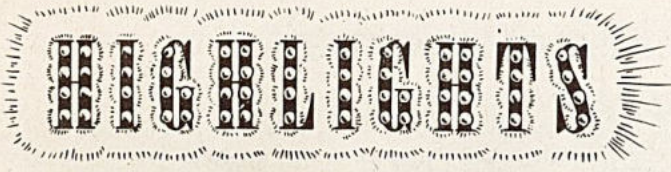
The night of December 17th, saw the highlight of the year 1942, so far as entertainment was concerned, with the production of "Cornzapoppin" in the Recreation Hall.

Under the guiding hand and genius of Ken Meyer (68AB), this was definitely the year's best crop. Ken, formerly of the "Hellzapoppin" cast, told us at our first get together that this show could be rehearsed and produced in two weeks. We didn't believe him but in a few minutes he showed us how he intended to do it, and everybody was sold. About three days before the appointed date, Ken put a scare into everybody, including at least one of our M.O.'s, by threatening to go back to his childish ways and be laid up with mumps. Happily it was a false alarm—apparently the swelling on his face was an offshoot from his overcrowded brain, (if any).

The Recreation Hall was packed, and in the two hours and twenty minutes, which was needed to go through the show there wasn't a dull moment—from the first flash of a girl flying for her life across the stage to the finale—"Thanks for the Memory" with W/C Lowe-Holmes in the center of the stage, dragged there (with very little persuasion) by some of the girls in the cast. It would be foolish to mention any names in the show, as those who saw it, have no doubt their own names for many of those taking part. Many were the problems



THE DAFOE BARES



IS IT HEALTHY?

human by forgetting his lines on one occasion. He proved once again as was proved in the early days, how much Dafoe owes to the boys from U.S.A. Now that he is no longer with us, having left to complete his course as an Air Bomber, we can speak freely without fear of giving him "a red face". Ken was the life of the show and his enthusiasm kept us all up to the mark. Good luck, fellow! When you get over Germany, drop some of the eggs that we laid that night.

Before dropping the final curtain, tribute must be paid to the Station Orchestra, under the leadership of "Arky", they did a fine job and contributed greatly to the success of Dafoe's first big theatrical show.

"Cornzapoppin" is now in the past, but to everybody who took part, we can truthfully say "Thanks for the Memory".



GRAND FINALE

Head Quarters

SABOTAGE SUSPECTED

AT NO. 5 B. & G.

Officially Unconfirmed Eut Reliable Source Reports Sixth Column Activity at Western School.

F-L-A-S-H!! by D.U.P. (Dafoe Uncensored Press).

Staff Officers at this Western Flying School today were puzzled. From an unknown source, varied and conflicting reports reached official ears to the effect that the morale quotient at No. 5 Boys and Girls School, RCAF, was dropping rapidly.

Although no details could be released, the Commanding Officer opined that the latest outrage was obviously instigated by the Gremlins, although he was at a loss to explain how these obnoxious creatures have forsaken their first love, flying, for "red tape".

However, your roving reporter, on delving further and unofficially into the subject found that a misguided creature known as the Headquarters Moron was rampant within the otherwise sacred confines of the Administration Building. We now bring you an uncensored spot reproduction of the propaganda being maliciously spread throughout the Station's Nerve Center:

HEADQUARTERS MORON SEZ: ..

—It isn't true that Sgt. O'Leary is posted. Personnel who have contravened the tenets of K.R. (Air) and backed such news with their hard-earned simoleons are urged to recover same—if necessary, out of said Sgt's hide.

—That he is "not a little put out" at not being included in the roll-call of Headquarters' Blue Room's exclusive Breakfast Club. He is at a complete loss in understanding how any aggregation can be so close-minded that the membership is restricted to three. Anyway, with coffee being rationed we must share—or children suffer.

—That he really isn't as hare-brained as that Jr. Admin. Officer P.O. is making him out to be. The Moron flatly denies that all the stories that our

Mr. Rolfe attributes to him are his "bon mots". He is of the opinion that the whole set-up is merely machinery for the manufacture of "smirches" to be later appended to his family escutcheon.

—That, as far as he's concerned that emoting of Miss Darte's on exiting from the C.O.'s office t'other day (you know—that licking-feathers-off-the-chops look) goes down in history as the best acting of February, 1943.

—That said Miss Darte shouldn't, however, look so grim as she stalks down the hall in H.Q. Bldg. Yes, even if she has got her cap and gloves with her.

—That Flt. Sgt. Pattison isn't really a Wolf. The trouble is that his girl friends don't understand him as opposed to his wife, who does. And anyhow, he hasn't got enough hair to be a wolf.

—That Air Bombers (on Course 68 in particular) are the lowest form of humanity—even below Sergeants. And that he's tired of having people contradict him. (AW's Cornwall, Courtney and Sager, please note.)

—And finally, HEADQUARTERS MORON SEZ that he kinda likes the Admin. Bldg., and that if the place doesn't smarten up he'll probably come back and haunt it.

SO—BEWARE!!!

o o o

WE WONDER

- where Bible gets all her tall stories "and they are true too!?"
- why we can't get permanent membership in the Major's "breakfast club"?
- why Sager has that far away look—could it be that she can see Rivers on a clear day?
- what is the attraction for Sgt. Morgan in the W.D.'s office???
- who is our favourite light duster-offer on a clean-up night?
- who escaped with all the lunch on clean-up night—could it have been the wolves from the Account Section?

Photographic Section



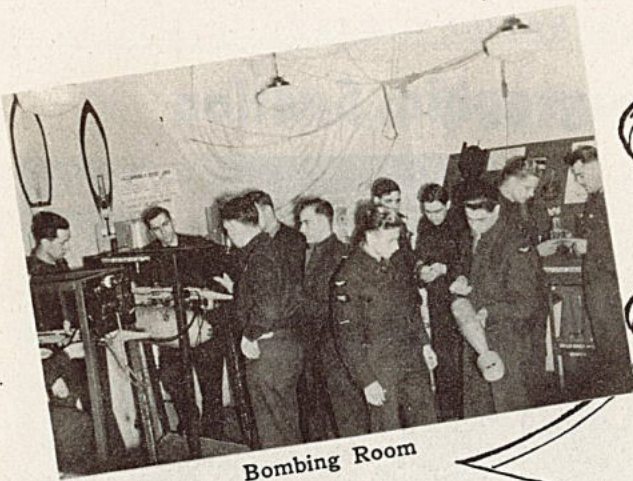
As another issue of the DAFOE DIGEST goes to press, the photographic section again takes the opportunity to greet the personnel of our station. Yes, the proverbial Ground Hog, we come out once more to cast our shadow on the snows; and with the coming of spring, perhaps our activities will become more apparent.

With the ever changing scenes here in our little world apart, it is but right that its repercussions be felt in our section; and, for the information of the station at large P/O Foulkes may be introduced as our new O.C., pending the handing over by Fl. Lt. Rader. It is not without regret that this change had to take place, but we welcome P/O Foulkes as our new O.C. Not only is he a very enthusiastic photographer, but during our brief acquaintance, he has entirely won us over as a "right good fellow" and officer. As was stated earlier, the outside activities of the Photo Section have been curtailed, but during the past few weeks Sgt. Arnott has been seen quite frequently in a few of the station shops, industriously scrounging and working on a mysterious contraption. Upon enquiring you may be in-

formed that it is an incorporation of ideas on "Flash Equipment".

It is of deep concern to his associates as to the attractions Humbolt, Lanigan, etc., hold for Ted Pickard. Our efforts to delve into these mysteries has availed us nothing (so far). We regret to announce that the popular visitor to the Hostess House, Pat Holden, is for the time being, detained in the Station Hospital. Reports state that she is chaffing at the bit, but never mind, Pat, the R.A.F. are still keeping 'em flying; mumps aren't so bad, and twenty one days isn't such a long time. Oblivious to all around her (almost) our Marie Boriskewich has been having her worries during the past weeks. With dogged determination and a "do or die" attitude, the Photographic Equipment Manual and a number of precis have been taking a thorough beating (darn these trade tests anyway). But we are all with you Marie, and hope in the near future to hear you say "It was a hard fight, folks, but I won".

So, lads and lassies, you have it; with "more power" to our DAFOE DIGEST and "all the best" to you—it's so long for now.



Bombing Room

G.I.S.



A Group of



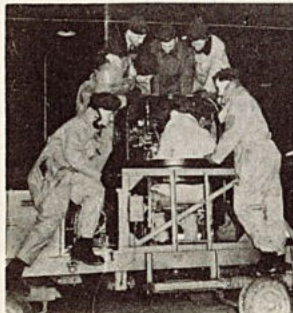
Aldis Lamp



F/L J. M. Cruse



S/L W.



Turret Manipulation



Aircraft Recognition



Drafting Room



Bombing

S. ing



Instructors



Wireless Instruction



Classroom Instruction



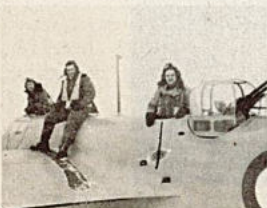
F. Tourgis



F/O H. Waugh



Teacher



Exercises Completed



Office Personnel



Turret Manipulation

Bombing Flight

Our flight may still be known as the "International Squadron" although evacuated by some of its mixed personnel, particularly the "Limeys", namely Sgts. Dyre-Mathews, Hoskison, Scoltock, Young and Woodthorpe. Other postings are P/O Witney, one of the veterans of Dafoe who was posted overseas and Cpl. Carter, another veteran who left for Coal Harbour, B.C. after 20 months in the "heart of the golden west".

P/O Lambourne will undoubtedly welcome the warm weather when it arrives, after his unpleasant experience of literally being "frozen stiff".

WO2 Heaven has recently returned from a vacation at Portage la Prairie where he was instructing pilots in bombing procedure. His only comment on returning was to the effect that "It was a pity to send a married man on a trip like that".

P/O Philbrook finally took the plunge in January and "got spliced" bringing his lady fair back to Boom Town where he could keep a paternal eye on her.

Since our last article we have acquired two new time keepers. We wonder why the N.C.O. Pilots spend so much time in the time keepers office scrounging schedules but we think LAW's Rossetti and Davelaar can cope with anything which may arise.

Tom MacDonald (YMCA representative if you do not know) has sent in

a special order to the sports goods suppliers requesting that they send us some cast iron ping pong balls for exclusive use of vicious bombing pilots.

Just recently a new station record of exercises completed for day and night bombing was established through the co-operation of everyone concerned.

Our popular O/C F/L Rader is rather bewildered these days. He is not quite sure whether he is O/C Bombing Flight or O/C Flying Squadron being shuttlecocked back and forth so many times from one office to another.

Our thanks are extended to the ground crew under the efficient leadership of Sgt. Hunter for their uncomplaining and untiring efforts in keeping the A/C up to scratch even when working under the extreme weather conditions that have been experienced lately. We therefore take pride in saying that we have the best ground crew on the station barring none.

In closing we extend a hearty welcome to all our new members and we hope the weather will break soon and let us get on with the job in hand of furthering the war effort.

P.S.—She may know her business over at the Mess Hall very well, but the lady who gave her nail file to a pilot to scrape the ice off his wings doesn't know much about aircraft icing conditions.



Armament Section

In the primary issue of this paper we were made acquainted with the Armament Section in general, since then postings have been devastating our section. The remainder still carry on under the supervision of a new director, Flight Lieutenant Irving. F/L Irving is an armourer of the old school and knows all the answers. Overseas training has also enlarged his vocabulary, consequently he speaks with authority.

We also have had some additions to our establishment, F/S Thornton and Sgt. Salamon, both instructors from G.I.S. F/S Thornton is a veteran at Dafoe, having been here since the beginning of time for this station.

Promotions seemed to be the order of the day recently and Cpl. Hamm and Cpl. Wright joined the ranks of the elite in the Sergeant's mess. LAC Bedard and LAC Roy both are now addressed as Corporal.

We are quite proud of our section as we have set a new bombing and gunnery record. It seemed to be evident until quite recently that Bolingbroke were inferior to Battles but I



think that question was settled when we fired a record breaker in one days flying.

Our Section in general is operating with the enthusiasm that is heritage of all Armourers.

Our two W.D.s, LAW Kohnke and LAW Knight share the opinion that the Armament Section is the best Section on the Station.

Our congratulations to Wing Commander Stibbard on his recent promotion.

The Armament Section is beginning to glow in anticipation of the I.G.s visit to our Unit.

INSTRUMENT SECTION

By "Pat" Curran

Once again we greet you from the "gopher corner" or "A" hangar. As much as we get around, I understand that some of the boys are strange to most of our readers, especially the W.D.'s, so briefly I'll introduce them.

Whether willingly or not they came here, our lads hail from Montreal in the East to Vancouver in the West. Sgt. Nory Shmerling, the old standby of the section and who needs no introduction, has the western city as his start. Trail sent us Eric Turner, honour student of the recent pre-aircrew night course. Edmonton gave us Cpl. Paul Sheremeta, "the old master" of the night shift. Saskatchewan was generous with her loyal sons, and twelve of them came to Dafoe, namely, Seymour, Hennigan, Peaker and Jacek from Saskatoon; Duke and Segal from Regina, and Norum, Ireland, Stephenson, Kindrachuk, and Long from other

points. Five of the lads hail from Winnipeg, Skolney, Berman, Bell, Foscett and Rosen. Shooting east to Toronto we come to Ernie Reed, who needs little introduction having been here some twenty months. (Confidentially he hopes to move soon.) The little lad known to everyone as Garr, and Sammy Harrison are the other Torontonians. Montreal is the home sweet home of yours truly.

The section has been bolstered somewhat since last issue with nine new men reporting here. No doubt we can really use them after losing two good men like Cpls. Russ Ducklow and Walter Gale now overseas.

A few of our lads will soon be leaving us to seek "adventure in the skies". To them and to our lads overseas we wish the best of luck.

Till next issue then we'll say "So long" while under F/O W. S. Klassen and our N.C.O.s we continue to "keep 'em flying".

The Airmen's Mess

Because Sgt. Parker did such a good job of building up the Mess Hall in the last issue, we've decided to take matters into our own hands this time, and give you the real low-down.

First however, we have had several departures from our ranks, from "Sally" to Cpl. Thompson. Rossetti (as the aircrew boys probably know) has been posted to Bombing Flight, and, "Freddie" has gone all the way to Souris, Man., where from last reports, he is doing very well, although still missing the old gang.

Hall, Parrish, 'Davy' Davelaar, and Knight have all been posted to various sections on the station, and we wish them as much success in their new jobs, as they had in the old.

As a swell compensation however, we have accepted as one of us—in other words they can now tack the distinguished title of "Messy Poisonality" on the end of their names; Cpl. Brock, who has ably taken over the place of Cpl. Scotch—pardon me, I mean Wry—who has decided to become a Ranger; McIlveen and Hanson, more commonly known as Mad and Glad; Skinny Skinner and Hardy, and last but definitely not least, Bill Weeks has returned to the fold from No. 3 Radio Detachment.

We should like to take time at this point to congratulate Sgt. Olsen, who recently received his 'Temporary'-Happy Day. We would also like to hail Ivan (Sklavinsky Sklavar) Knowles in the next issue, as our new corpse, if only somebody could get the dope out for his drill test.

By the way, we missed Lt. Cummings popping in and out every now and again for a cup of coffee, and upon making inquiries, we discovered that he has remustered to Sgt. Corporal and the staff of the Supply Depot—in other words he has lately taken over the entire duties of that department. Ah me.

Our friend Neal is in the hospital, recuperating from a severe burn she received the other night, when lifting some eggs out of the steamer. And

speaking of eggs, we would like to catch the so and so, who passed around the rumour that we use powdered eggs. If he could only see us cracking those shells, cracking.....stop me, I've cracked.

As to a mess, ours has begun to poach on the territory of some of the other departments. On one side, there is now a classroom conducted by G.I.S. and on the other, we hold regular Tuesday night Bingos, with Tom MacDonald sonorously droning out the numbers, and from time to time stopping to ask, "Who would like to win three dollars and forty cents?" (If he ate in our Mess, I think we would be tempted to give him macaroni for every meal on Wednesdays.)

By the way, how do you like our new blinds? Quite the thing, huh?

And as we come to the newsy notes—

We have two new boys in the mess now, who render the weirdest melodies in so-called harmony, so if an attendant from Weyburn pops in one of these days, you'll know what has happened.

Forbes is another who has joined the married ranks. Her name (after the war) will be, Mrs. De Grace. Good luck kid.

If you notice that we have toned down our language in here lately, it is because a budding Sky-pilot has joined our forces. Bayley plans to resume his studies as a missionary after the war is over, and if the natives like him as well as we do, he'll be okay.

We would like to thank young Fred Smith for the swell job he does, of not only doing more than his share of the work, but keeping things on an even tenor throughout the whole mess.

A.S.O. Smith, fondly known as "Mommie" has returned from her furlough, and we certainly missed her while she was gone.

Squadron Leader Minnings, our civilian fireman, has been ill a couple of times this winter, but the rest of the time he has kept us so warm, that we

(Concluded on Page 38)

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE ?



"POSTING THE GUARD"

\$10.00 cash will be given to winner of this contest

NOTE: In order to give the rest of us a chance the S.S.M. will be marked down three points.

HINT: Have you looked in C.A.P. 90?

RULES OF CONTEST

1. List as many errors as you can find in the above picture.
2. Fill in the accompanying coupon and attach it to your list.
3. Answers must be submitted to office of Tom McDonald in "Y" Canteen by March 12th, 1943.
4. In the event of ties a public draw will be made soon after the closing date of contest.

..... Cut out here

NO.

RANK

NAME

.....

Fire Hall



**A HANDSOME GANG OF
SMOKE EATERS**

In our last issue we gave you a general idea of what our contribution to the war effort was. In this issue we will tell you something of the lads in our department.

We have a number of Dafoe's old timers in our midst. Included in this list would be LAC Goodwin (Junior),

Junior is about to join the ranks of the benedicts; Sgt. White (the pyrene king); LAC Williams; LAC Keasey, our scrub woman and expert train catcher; LAC O'Connor, don't rush gals, the line forms on the right; LAC Thompson (also known as Rip Van Winkle, can't understand why); Flight Sergeant Wiebe (if you want to know his nick name, please don't ask the boys too early in the morning).

Added to this list of old timers are the newer members of our gang—Cpl. Raby, from Calgary; Cpl. Davidson, recently of the Toronto Fire Department; LAC Hoskins (a Nova Scotian) and LAC Miller (how did the drill test go?)

Once more, as in the last issue, we would like to thank the personnel of this station for the splendid co-operation received by this department in the everlasting job of keeping down fire hazards on the station.

A Message from the Padres

H/F/L E. N. MORRISON

H/F/L W. H. DUNPHY

To the personnel at No. 5 Bombing and Gunnery School: the padres' page provides the opportunity of greeting you in friendly spirit and of extending our best good wishes to each and every individual here. Our sincere desire is that you may always be able to think of your Chaplains above all as your friends. While on a Station of this size it is hard to become personally acquainted with everyone, we are most anxious to be of service to each in any way we can.

It is a matter of pride that Dafoe is widely noted as a friendly Station. Friendship is one of the finest things in life. And it cannot be limited by ration cards. Your friendliness will do much to lighten and brighten the tasks of your fellows; it will more than make up for our comparative isolation, and in its warmth our frigid winter climates may be forgotten.

As these lines are written, the sun is gliding down as though to make a landing just beyond the tarmac. Long gray shadows are reaching across the frosty drifted snow. Through the window one may see the "Bols" rolling up to the apron, huddled together, waiting to crowd into the warmth of the hangar. Near by three airmen hurry along the path to their hut, preces under arm, hands thrust into pockets, and ears protected by turned-up collars. Two others appear warmly dressed in flying suits.

And now, above the flat horizon the setting sun spreads out its robes in brilliant folds of gold and crimson. For a few moments on the edge of the evening the cold prairie landscape becomes a thing of splendour and of rare beauty and warmth.

In one of his poems Browning writes of the imprisoned splendour that is in every man. Friendship touching human life releases and reveals that splendour in its finest colours.

Droque Flight

From our cosmopolitan staff in Droque flight we greet you— Yes, we boast New Zealanders, Welshmen, Scotchmen, Englishmen, Irishmen, Americans, Poles and Canadians. Notwithstanding this array of nations, we operate with sublime accord—that is, everyone does as he is told with cheerfulness and self sacrifice.

We in Droque flight would like to take this opportunity to congratulate our Chief Instructor on his recent promotion, and also extend our best wishes to our new O/C of flying.

We are slightly curious as to what the attraction to our pilots can be in our orderly room (Sgt. Wilyman, perchance, or maybe its LAW Hall—what say you, WO2 McKay?)

Now is the time to pick up, paint up and primp up, and under the careful supervision of Sgts. Wilyman and Turner, our flight is undergoing vast changes. While on the subject of Sgt. Turner, we wonder if he has a twin brother or if he really does get in two places at once.

o o o

DROGUIES

We are the boys of Droque operation,
A flock of queer jokers they say.
Enviied by all on the station,
Because we are drawing Crew pay.

This a is section we're proud of,
That has put many others to shame.
Even though you don't know us,
We bring many lads feelings of fame.

Our jobs a tedious one you know,
Sitting in a Lizzie with a bag in tow.
Many of us go up quite often,
And none of us yet have been posted
in coffins.

We're not a bunch subject to brag,
But rather feel that we know our bags.
There are many things more that we
lads do,
Besides being a member of flying crew.

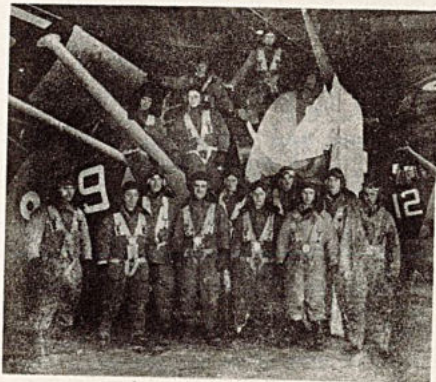
Now comes "Our Pilots", 16 in all. We will not enlarge, be it sufficient to say there is a prize of \$10.00 for anyone who can find nine of them at once.

Next comes the maintenance crew— 28 in number. "The unsung heroes", whose duties range from planting grass to raising the station ensign.

Then we have the Droque operators—of these we have 16—bag chasers, bullet catchers, or what have you, under the able supervision of Cpl. Hagley, whose cap, winter, Yukon, would do credit to the most exalted Grenadier Guard.

Lastly, we might mention our parachute section, where we have a couple of corporals and four Powers models (identity unknown). This is a very modest section, and the only way it gets into the limelight is through a chute failure, so it is just as well if it remains in the dark.

Now you have it. In future think of Droque flight as a well oiled unit of 68 officers, N.C.O.s, airmen and airwomen, all doing our parts to keep the Lizzies flying.



Through it all we hope we are doing
our best,
Now it's up to the Gunners to do the
rest.
If the others of the Station do as well,
We'll surely drive Hitler 'completely
to h.....

Sport HEADLINES



Badminton

During the past winter months badminton has been one of our chief sports, although due to lack of space the game has not been played as much as it was in the fall. We feel though that if we had more space (which we will), badminton would be the top ranking all year sport.

Last December W.O.2 Eaton organized a badminton tournament for the station personnel, but due to a large number of postings the draw had to have an overhaul job done to it and again at long last it is away in flying colors.

In the next issue we hope to be able to give a detailed report on the outcome of this tournament.

Hockey

The question arises when we speak of hockey, "Who will win the league?" Well it's not for any of us to try and foretell its future, but Bombing Flight top B Section and Headquarters top A Section. There is, however, very little difference in how any one of them stand and one could easily be misled by just taking hearsay, so I would advise you to come out and see for yourself. The league will be played off as soon as the weather will permit us to go out without freezing, so have your team ready to go out at any time of the week.

The station team has had a few difficulties in arranging for games. The old question of transportation once again. However, they have played some games and have made a very creditable showing.

A group of fellows recently were posted from our station who have plenty of thanks coming to them for the swell job they did in helping in

keeping our rink fit for skating and hockey. Thanks a lot fellows and the best of luck to you all at I.T.S. We really are sorry that weather did not permit you to have one of your hockey games on your rink.

Skating

Thoughtful F/O Edwards had a small skating rink built at the end of the hockey rink, which has done a very large number of couples and beginners a great deal of service.

Volleyball

Volleyball was mentioned once or twice to those interested in sports. So, they immediately got into action and now we have volleyball courts up in F Hangar.

So any time you fellows or girls have any spare time you can just high yourself up to F Hangar and get yourself a little much needed exercise.

Boxing and Wrestling

With space for sports on the station as limited as it is, the P.T.I. Staff have been very interested in the promotion of wrestling and boxing. There is a complete set of equipment in sport stores for wrestling and boxing, and there is a class every evening in the Rec. Hall. We have been running into a number of difficulties, and finally got our first card off on February 11. It was a short card, but a good one, and the spectators were very pleased. It is hoped that we will have another card in the near future, and we are pleased to be able to announce that our old stand-by F/S Wiebe has promised to wrestle on the next card. We can always depend on a good show when the Flight takes part. Incidentally we might warn his opponent to be careful and not get his neck too close to the ropes.

TO MELFORT AND STAR CITY WITH THE HOCKEY TEAM

On January 27, 1943 the Station Hockey Team met at the Rec. Hall at 1500 hrs to be transported to Watson to catch the train for Melfort. After waiting at Watson till 18:30 hrs, low and behold a headlight appeared on the horizon indicating that some sort of train was coming up the track. The Watson station waiting room became a bedlam, "Where's my kit bag," "Where's the goal pads," "Where's the door," "Where's the train," a few of the exclamations heard.

After a two and a half hour ride we arrived in Melfort at approximately 2035 hrs, to find that we had to hustle right over to the Melfort Arena, so we all shouldered our kit bags etc. and set off (by foot) for the rink. On entering the Arena we noticed a sign (No skating due to fuel shortage), we later found out that the Board of Trade had reopened the Arena for our game only.

At last the game started with the playing of "Canada" and both teams lined up on their respective blue lines. I might mention here that none of us had ever skated on a nicer sheet of ice and the Melfort Arena itself is definitely a fine asset to the town.

The game was one of the fastest we have ever played this year, and the Star of the game was LAC Young S, who scored 3 goals. Of course we could understand that, as Stan was making his last trip with us, being posted to Winnipeg a few days previous. We certainly are losing one of our star players, but we all wish him the best of luck at his new station.

WO2 Driscoll, our goal keeper, played one of his best games, and you'd never think there was a rubber shortage by the way it was thrown at him. I'd like to mention here that the whole team would like to meet the young lady who was throwing snow-balls at the Dafoe team all thru the game. But all in all, I believe that the majority of the crowd cheered for the Air Force, and of course Mrs. Jocelyn was very prominent around the Air Force player's bench, and we do like the way she wrote up the game in the Melfort

Journal. Juveniles, wow! The game ended with the score reading Air Force 6, Melfort 3, a good game and well played Air Force!

Now comes the time that "some" of the boys were waiting for, and in the dressing room the general topic was "Blondes". After the game the whole team gathered at the "Coffee Shop" for lunch. Most of the boys made out very well not mentioning any names, and so far into the night.

The busiest man the next morning was our trainer, Sgt. Steinhaur, as he gave a welcome rub-down to each one of the team, thanks "Steinie". We loafed around the hotel all that day, I say we, but when I come to think of it, several players were absent most of the day, at five o'clock we were guests at a banquet sponsored by the Melfort Board of Trade, with speeches etc. Each player and member of the board had to introduce himself, and state his home town.

But time was getting short, as we had to leave for Star City at 1815 hrs, and here's thanks to the Melfort Board of Trade for making our stay in Melfort a pleasant one.

So we entrained for Star City, but the Station Hockey Team seemed to have augmented its number, due to several of the "fair sex" being hockey minded. We arrived in Star City about 7 p.m. and went straight to the hotel and managed to find enough beds for the team. We were on the ice again at 8 p.m.

This game started fast and furious, and we noticed several Melfort players in the line-up, also some from Tisdale, they were out to beat us, having 15 men on their line-up to our 12. The first period ended with the score reading 1-1. In the second period, WO2 Oliver rammed home a quick pass-out from Young to make the score read 2-1 for R.C.A.F.

After the game, we were guests for lunch, and after that we were invited to a dance, but most of the players were too tired, and went to bed shortly after the game. We were up again at 5:20 a.m. to catch the train at 6:15 for Melfort, where we had breakfast before entraining for home. "A swell trip".

GUNNERY FLIGHT

With the spirit of keen competition existing as it is now between the three Flights, it is a case of the Devil take the hindmost and quite a few good men are being trampled underfoot in the ruthless and gruelling struggle for possession of the coveted pennant awarded for the most efficient and cleanest Flight.

However once AGAIN Gunnery Flight has been successful in wresting the laurel wreath or in this case the pennant from it's bitter, envious, but weaker rivals. Old Dame Rumour has it, if Gunnery wins once again it will be included in their next inventory and become a permanent fixture.

Unfortunately word has passed along the grapevine that the other Flight Commanders, despondent in defeat, have been seen lately with their heads together contemplating nefarious plots and rather than cause violent strife or blood shed (there is no telling to what extremes these other Flight Commanders will go) Gunnery has nobly consented to pass it on to the second best after the next contest.

Your correspondent just hates to brag and is really a modest chap, but the month of February also saw the same Flight break the station record for the number of rounds of ammunition fired in a single day and came

within a few rounds of setting the record for a Bombing and Gunnery School. Considering the battle with the elements and carrying Droque on our backs, we think we did a very commendable job. Under favourable weather conditions we should even surpass our own dreams.

"Ironsides" Dagnon O/C of Gunnery has taken on dictatorial powers of late and has his pilots working like "galley" slaves in an effort to keep the Flight in tip top condition. On "wash-out" days the pilots can be seen administering first aid to their aircraft with soap and water. A glimpse in the Pilots room would reveal five or six acting, unpaid, washerwomen formerly pilots "making" with the mop and brush. F/O Dagnon, epitome of muscular development himself has plans for physical culture in the Flight that will make the Greek Adonises look like fugitives from the "Old Men's Home".

A word in passing—Congrats to the following: WO1 McKay, WO2 McCann, F/S Colvin. The promotions were well earned and especially to Ralph McKay, who was rather afraid the Air Force had bequeathed him his Sergeants stripes.

Also a kind word for F/S Rennie and his diligent staff, who has really done a very nice job since the last edition of the Digest.

No births to report so we'll say 30.

DITS AND DOTS FROM THE WIRELESS SECTION

Congratulations to F/S Cullen, Sgt. Martin and Cpl. Richardson on their promotions. We are sorry to lose Kyle and Hembree (Tarmac), but are not sure that they felt the same, after their four months of patient (?) waiting. Recent additions to the section are AC Nutt and LAC Langstone. The former already has marital aspirations—those sparks are really sparking. The bride-to-be is way down east in Quebec. LAC Jackson recently left for parts unknown, much to the chagrin of Moose Jaw. The Saskatoon Special lost a regular supporter (if you know what we mean) when F/O McLean, former O/C Signals, was posted. It was either a farewell or a wedding

party. Wise guy, don't you think? We would also like to say a word of welcome to the new O/C Signals, P/O Lye.

Definition of love (by Akins)—"Its like honey running down your back, and you can't turn around to lick it".

Hewson, our Toronto boy, can't seem to get used to the ways of the west. Poor hitch-hiking, no street cars, Dafoe and mirages—but he loves it all.

Cpl. Kain is leaving Maintenance staff shortly to go to Training Section. Watch his hair turn gray. Grem-lins inhabit the code tables also.

P.S. Watch those special trains, Goodwin.

MAINTENANCE

The recent sub zero weather, with the subsequent curtailment of flying, might lead one to believe that the work of maintenance would be made very easy. Under some circumstances this might be the case, but certainly not lately at Dafoe. All hands have been busily employed for some time at the work of reviving our Battles and making them serviceable to ride the skyways over Dafoe and points East. With the passing of the Battles, it was found that, in order to make hangar space available for the incoming ships, the Battles had to be relegated to outdoor storage. Now, since the arrival of cold weather and the accompanying snow, the favorite indoor sport of the ground crew has been digging out the Battles in any spare time that is not consumed with flying exercises. The boys do find some spare time, however, and that they make good use of it is proven by the fact that our section hockey team has not lost a single game in the Station league to date. Not satisfied with confining its activities to the league, the team journeyed to Govan, Sask., on a recent 48 hour pass, and while they didn't win, they had a very good game, and returned with nothing but praise for the citizens and the sportsmanship of Govan. Those of the team who made the trip were: Cpl. Ashdown, Cpl. Corrothers, Cpl. Taylor, LACs McDonald, Gibson, Stowe, Capriotti, Goertzen, Lyons, Crossman, Curran and Johnston. Maintenance personnel are prominent in all forms of sport on the Station, as was quite plainly demonstrated by some of our boys on the boxing card in the Rec. Hall on February 11.

CALLING MAINTENANCE—

Fifteen Minutes on Maintenance Phone

Drogue Flight: Send the tractor up to move around some aircraft.

Control Tower: Will you give us the engine numbers, propeller numbers and R.C.A.F. numbers of all aircraft in Drogue as soon as possible?

H.Q. Orderly Room: Sixteen new A.E.M.s have just come on the station. They are reporting to Maintenance in

about fifteen minutes.

Long Distance: There's a big, yellow bomber in my pasture. Will the bombs go off?

Fire Dept.: Put LAC Jones on charge. He put out that fire before he called the Dept.

Accounts Section: Send ACI Smith over to the Accounts Section immediately. He just became a father.

Dental Clinic: Can we borrow that 5 h.p. drill from Workshops?

Sgt. Maj.'s Office: Send over a complete nominal roll of Maint. personnel.

W.D. O/C: What started AW1 Blank crying.

Works & Bldgs.: We understand Maintenance hasn't much work, will you lend us 5 men to do some painting.

Bombing: Why hasn't aircraft 34 any guts in the port engine?

Clothing Stores: Send over 10 men at a time for clothes this morning.

Station Adjutant: LAC Brown wired to have his harvest leave extended to Dec. 25. Do you suggest granting it?

Gunnery Flight: Aircraft 20 is down on its belly south of Dafoe. When are you going after it?

Guard House: You have six men A.W.L. Will we lock them up, or what will we do with them.

P.T. & D. Officer: Can you lend me 10 men to work on the sports field?

G.I.S.: Have you any good mechanics? Send one up to fix the Turret engine. We can't start it.

M.T.: Send over the tractors for gas.

Officer's Mess: When are you going to install that drain board in the bar?

Chief Instructor: When are you going to finish that full scale model of that Anson?

Barrack Officer: Will you send a man over with a drill to fix some beds.

Med. Officer: When are you going to build that slinging equipment? Oh, yes, we are out of oxygen too, send some up, will you?

Airmen's Mess: What kind of soup do you want made out of those spark plugs found in the mess this morning?

Equipment: When can you check those new aircraft? We want to get rid of them.

I. & R.: Send someone over to collect these new cowlings. They are in our road.

Calling Maint.: Sorry, line's busy.

Hobby Lobby

Popular rumors running throughout B. & G.'s Schools are to the effect that Armament personnel are so devoted to their work that extramural activities are inconceivable. This theory has now been definitely exploded, and recent observations show that many pursue very interesting hobbies. It is the intention of the editors to interview one or two of these people every month.

The first of these eccentric enthusiasts we talked to was F/S Hadley, who devotes his entire spare time to the inventing and making of gadgets designed to give greater comfort to the home—a field providing great scope while living in Boomtown. F/S Hadley, a shy and modest type, was at first reluctant to discuss his masterful achievements, but was finally persuaded to tell us how he planned and constructed his own refrigeration system. Here is the story in Mr. Hadley's own words.

"First explore every possibility of obtaining electricity if this can be achieved, buy a Frigidaire and forget about the Dumb Waiter. Failing this look into the ice situation and secure an ice box. If this plan is not feasible sell yourself on the idea that a Dumb Waiter is more practical in every way (this is important) and start to work.

Ascertain if possible which is the North side of the house. An Air Bomber tactfully invited for dinner some night can be of great assistance here.

If you want a good party have the whole class over. The right spot found, start to dig, if a neighbour happens along and becomes interested in your work—hand him the shovel and go into the house for dinner; when you return the hole should be well on its way towards completion.

If by some happy coincidence you should strike water at six or seven feet, postpone the waiter temporarily and concentrate on a well—good water is much more valuable than refrigeration anyway.

Having completed your excavation, construct a box to fit the hole. The ideal box will be waterproof but should also allow for plenty of circulation which of course is impossible. As a result your food will either spoil or dissolve, but this gives you a splendid alternative.

The box finished, rig up a pulley system using several hundred pounds of rocks as ballast and if any difficulty is experienced call in WO2 Barrett who specializes in this line.

When the Dumb Waiter is completed and doesn't quite come up to your hopes and expectations, don't be too disappointed because we understand that butter and cream are going to be very hard to get this summer so you won't have much use for it anyway.

Don't miss next month's issue when we will interview F/L Cruise on "Hobbyhorses".

G.I.S. HOCKEY TEAM

Always prominent in Station sports, this seasons aggregation of G.I.S. puckchasers is no exception to the rule.

Although the extreme cold experienced this year has greatly handicapped the activities of the Station Hockey League, G.I.S. has played one game with many more promised for the near future.

In its initial contest a hard fought game, G.I.S. topped the Officers by a 3-1 score. F/O Moffat and F/L Long took starring honors for the Officers while WO2 Oliver, Sgt. Naylor and LAC Young turned in stellar performances for the school.

It is hoped that before the next publication we will be able to report on many more of these interesting games.

On The Offbeat

(A masterpiece on music by "Tone-Deaf Tootsie with the Tin Ear")



IN THE GROOVE

W-a-a-a-ay back, when Dafoe was only a pup, a few of the more high-brow of our little family decided (who said "drastically"?) that the birth of a "jive-gang" was, indeed, mandatory. So, to keep themselves from going completely koo-koo in the Western Wilds, our brave little gang of pioneers sat themselves down (after gathering together a kazoo, zither, jew's harp and one basin, wash, tin, used) and began to "beat the boogie".

Without following them through the trials and tribulations attendant on such a radical move (with its inevitable aftermaths) suffice it to say that they still are (beating the boogie, of course) but in a more dignified and sedate manner. The kazoo, zither, jew's harp and basin, wash, tin, used—ALAS—have given way to the more acceptable and infinitely more commonplace piano (1), saxes (of which we have two-alto), clarinet (of which we have one—"doubled" in by one of our more accomplished members); guitar (one-occasionally); trumpets (one, two or three—dependent on the international situation); and drums (of which we have a major collection).

Presently holding down this imposing array of music-making paraphernalia are: P/O G. K. W. Arkieson (the leader of the band—a la Alexander—and part-time—WITH A WOW!—ianist); LAC J. S. Black, piano; Sgts. riesen, P. and Hersey, J. F. A., saxophones and clarinets; P/O W. R. Oatway, AC2 M. Segal and F/S R. G. McLeish, trumpets; and replacing F/S L. J. (Slim) Coghlan, tympanist extraordinaire (drummer to you) we

have LAC Thomber.

This—and this alone—comprises the Station Orchestra.

P/O Arkieson, under whose guiding hand all things musical (and we hear some others) come to pass, has whipped our little group into fine fettle, as will be evidenced from their enviable personal appearances before such discriminating audiences as the Officers' Mess and Sergeants' Mess—to say nothing, positively, of that night, THAT night, when the whole Station disported themselves with reckless abandon (?) to the sighing strains of those sugared saxes at the Station Dance. Remember?? And, Beware the Ides of October!

They practice faithfully and regularly to give the Dafoe "first nighters" the utmost in enjoyable music, at times, when the depended-upon source of supply fails, some of its members get their individual heads together collectively and dope out their own orchestrations—witness, "White Christmas"—and its early advent in Dafoe. (NO!! MR. CENSOR—I WAS NOT SPEAKING OF THE WEATHER). Then, when the "big" (and there are many of these) night comes the pound and pound, blow and blow, beat and beat—all so that the "common herd" can make the most of their "masterful music for torrid terpischory".

Yes, people—there you have it! Although they have been hard-hit by postings, etc. and stuff, they have not faltered. Even when THOSE saxes (and, oh, BR-U-THER, what saxes) were temporarily crippled by the posting of AC "Bob" Gardner, they were not beaten. Back they came for more and now they're building for a bigger and better band.

Congratulations men—and lets hear more from the Station Orchestra in the future. Thanks a million for those good times past—and all hail those better times to come.

VIVE LA "JOHNSON RAG"

P.S.—As we go to press we have it on the best authority that the Station Orchestra has just purchased a new number!—Ed.

Link Trainer

Situated snugly in the north-west corner of "C" Hangar, there is a room that very few on the station have ever entered. In that room a pilots head becomes a little more than something to throw a helmet on. There lies the reason F/S Colvin is wasting away to a shadow and F/S Mitchell is resorting to the last desperate measure of patent hair restorers. If you haven't guessed, it is the Link Trainer.

Responsible for it's daily administration is F/O Carr and his three cohorts P/O Cherye, Sergeant Pilot Crook, and Sergeant Pilot Clewley. It is their duty to see that the pilots receive enough Link time each month to forestall the possibility of the said pilots spinning into "terra firma" or otherwise endangering their lives during inclement weather.

The general consensus of opinion seems to be that the pilots would



F/O CARR HARD AT IT
(Serious isn't he?)

rather give up their best girl or a 48 rather than miss a Link period. Unfortunately this is not the case and the day is still to come when the "S.R.O." sign is hung outside the door. Convicts walking the last mile show more enthusiasm than the pilots appearing for a Link Schedule.

To you future pilots remember the Link Trainer plays a vital role in your Service Training and an even greater part when your training days

are just a memory. It is safe to say that Instrument Flying is the most important single exercise in which a modern pilot must be proficient in order to adequately carry out his duties. A student who has passed out as a qualified pilot who is not perfectly safe and reasonably accurate as an instrument pilot is a menace both to himself and his crew. On Operations absolute blacked out conditions and continuous cloud flying prevail and if a pilot can really fly by instruments his only natural hazard is Icing. AND where does a pilot become this proficient??? In the Link Trainer.

As P/O Ansonbuster or Sergeant Bolybreaker will tell you the Link does not simulate an aircraft, but what it does do is train a pilot to concentrate and believe his instruments. It's not done with mirrors or black magic, so the next time you are up with "XX Sergeant, I fly by the seat of my pants Blenheimbender" and he takes you through a cloud formation and you come out hanging in your straps or in a screaming spiral dive, it's a cinch he was among those missing during Link periods.

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ELECTRICAL SECTION

From a small beginning of some five men, the electrical section on this Station now boasts a personnel of 25. And if we have 25 men, that is no indication of the number of different jobs that fill our days. The work of the electrical section in connection with the maintenance of aircraft has always been important, and grows more and more important all the time. Four of our men were posted overseas lately, and we all want to wish the best of luck to Cpl. Al Myers, LAC's Bolton and McDonald and AC1 David.

In closing we take this opportunity to thank the Station personnel for the co-operation given us, and once more to say—PLEASE TURN OFF YOUR MASTER SWITCH WHEN LEAVING AN AIRCRAFT.

I Wake Up Screaming

LAC Dope was on dental parade for 1400 hours that afternoon; nevertheless he appeared surprisingly cheerful. There was too much work to do around Work Shops that afternoon anyways, and what could be a better excuse?

On entering the Dental Clinic, Dope's eyes rested momentarily on the pick-ax suspended in the hall and wondered whether it was some piece of dental equipment on display. When he decided that it was not, Mac, the good-natured and ever-smiling orderly came out of the orderly-room to greet him. Also, the D.O.s (Dental Officers) were in extremely good humor that day and all was so completely reassuring that it was ridiculous to think of dentistry in terms of pain and other such nonsense.

This was Dope's third visit to the Dental Clinic. The purpose of the previous two appointments was only to accustom him to the dental chair and surroundings, and no attempt was made at dental work. These D.O.s at Dafoe certainly are kind and considerate enough.

However, at this appointment, the drilling was actually begun and Dope was pleasantly surprised to find that there was only a ticklish sensation caused on the tooth by the buzzing drill. Why, it was so pleasant that he became angry with himself for believing all those tall stories about

dentists.

When the tooth was finally filled the dental assistant entered with a tray of coffee and cake which all settled down to enjoy along with funny anecdotes and cigarettes. It made for such a cheerful atmosphere.....

Dope started when he felt someone tapping him on the shoulder. He rubbed his eyes; there was Mac towering over him in the Dental Clinic waiting-room, and he growled, "O.K. Dope, your next."

Let's meet the staff at the Dental Clinic.

Capt. Shapira—Has been sent to Dafoe on the "Five Year Plan"; known as "Cap Shap"; his favourite expression is "Come back to-morrow".

Capt. Strokon—A recent addition to our Clinic and is well-known for his painless method of repairing broken-down molars.

Corporal Faust — (not connected with but attached to the Army); is very indispensable for checking in new courses on the station for clinical records as well as her own.

Corporal Allen—Is one reason why so many W.D.s are anxious to get on dental parade.

Private McMillan — Known as "Mac" is interested in a someone called "Butch"; also has numerous M.P. acquaintances in Saskatoon.

SPECIAL TRAINS

The special trains that have been running from Dafoe to carry 48ers have been a decided success from all angles. These trains, running on alternate week-ends to Regina and Saskatoon, have afforded the opportunity to get away for a 48 without spending practically all of it in travelling. The only complaint that anyone ever makes against this best of all stations. These trains, by making it possible to get away once in a while, have remedied that condition to a great extent. At

the time of going to press we are experiencing some difficulty in connection with these trains which we hope will soon be ironed out. In this connection, a lot of thanks is due to the staff over at H.Q. Orderly Room for the time and effort that they expend to ensure that there are enough tickets sold, to make the running of these trains feasible. In future, if you intend to take advantage of the special train, go over to H.Q. Orderly Room and let them know in plenty of time; it will greatly facilitate matters if you will go to this trouble.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST or THE W.D.s AT PLAY ETC.

Seems as though our friend Old Jack Frost has been 'agin' the W.D.s, especially as far as outdoor sports are concerned, e.g. hockey and skating. The gals have been clamoring for another game, but then everytime a practice is called off; same applies to games. In spite of this though, a few of the braver still manage to sneak in a few hours skating weekly, what's the matter boys, can't you take it.

Badminton and ping pong tournaments are in the offing, results will be published in the next issue.

We are sorry to say that there wasn't enough room to accomodate everyone on a recent Sleigh Ride, held on February 6th. The gals had a wonderful time, and ended it all with a delicious lunch. Many thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Minnings, employees of the School here, who were responsible for it all. Those who didn't go last time, have their chance February 13th, so come on kids, let down your hair.

Some of you will be delighted to know that P.T. has been cancelled until further notice, but like all good things, there's a catch in it—we have drill instead, ha ha. Wish you all could have seen the costumes the airworms appeared in at P.T. t'other nite. Tosey the Cosey Corporal was arrayed in a monkey suit (coveralls, khaki to you), knee high, her underpinnings covered with issue hose, no less. Our little friend Robb, dressed much the same, proceeded to clean up the Rec. Hall floor in her enthusiasm, never mind kid, we understand, and here's wishing you lots of luck in your much-envied posting. Bon voyage too, to Plaxton who is also going to represent our country on t'other side.

They say that miracles can't happen, well one did believe it or not (Mr. Ripley take note), Hanson and McIlveen turned out for P.T., yes, you heard me. Nice going pals.

May we take a little space to thank Khonke, our dependable, she always turns up at the time she's most needed, you guessed it, she supplied the music at P.T. classes. Oh yes, we can't forget Sally; like everything she does, her whole heart and soul was put into

the games, same applies to her drumming in the band.

P.S.—Have been asked why the N.C.O.s don't appear for P.T. Do you know? Note: Physical recreation is as important to your well-being as food and rest. How do you expect to do your jobs properly if you are not physically fit? "Oh we get enough exercise at work" is the cry. Well this is different. You owe it to yourself—keep fit.

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HEADQUARTERS' HIT PARADE

Eddie Winnott—"Mr. Five by Five".

Eileen Bible—"There Are Such Things".

Jean Hamilton—"The Girl With The Dreamy Eyes".

Lorne Wood—"When the Lights Go On Again All Over the World".

Betty Cornwall—"As Long As You're Not in Love With Anyone Else Why Don't You Fall in Love With Me".

Tommy MacGregor—"Humpty Dumpty Heart".

Helen Putnam—"Beautiful Dreamer"

Merle Carlisle—"Who Wouldn't Love You".

Marg. Sager—"You're Like a Tonic To Me".

Evelyn Courtney—"Men With Wings".

"Major" Eaton—"Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen".

Kenny Morgan—"Say, Sarge, I Want to See Marg".

Aulah Beaton—"You Leave Me Breathless"

Flo Howsam—"Why Don't We Do This More Often"

May Livesley—"Hello Central, Give Me Heaven"

Gertie McMunn—"I Get the Neck of The Chicken"

Grace Neald—"Ninety-Nine Out of One Hundred Want to be Loved"

Verne Farrow—"When Irish Eyes Are Smiling, All the World, is Bright and Gay"

Irene Hawthorne—"I Don't Want to Walk Without You, Baby"

Frances Beckett—"Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid"

Millie Osborne—"Captain of the Clouds".

Control Tower Orderly Room Here

Sincere congratulations to Wing Commander Stibbard on his recent promotion, and a very hearty welcome to the Tower to Flight Lieutenant Rader who is presently acting O/C Flight Squadron.

Well you can't keep 'em flying without the Control Tower Orderly Room in full swing. And that's just what you will find when you come to the door and request information. Our obliging and cheerful Flight Sergeant "Bud" Bemister always "aims to please". Flight is one of our newcomers to Dafoe. We hope you like it Bud!



ORDERLY ROOM STAFF

AC1 "Rennie" Rowsell, our feet of mercury (lead), tramps the streets of the Station from Training Wing to Headquarters and vice versa. Watch out for street cars Rennie!

And don't let us forget (as if we could) Corporal "Phyllis" Noakes, another Victorian, who along with Marion Lempriere takes care of the stenographic work in the Orderly Room.

And last, but not least, is our general Flying Officer McCallum, under whose direct supervision the Orderly Room is run.

"So praise the Lord,
And pass the ammunition,
Praise the staff,
But do not censor this edition."

Speaking of newcomers makes us think of little Corporal "Ed" Winott, who has only been on the station for 17 months. "Ed" came down from Headquarters to Training Wing on temporary duty three weeks ago. 'Tis a long 48 Ed!

Next our bright eye turns to LAW "Marion" Lempriere, a Reginaite who has recently been climitized to the good city of Victoria. While on the subject, we might take this opportunity and do little advertising—"Follow the birds to Victoria for relaxation, sunshine, flowers and good food!"

Speaking of sunshine brings us back to our three Clerk Generals, AW1 Bakken, Gibb and Heuman. They look after your flying time and all the general office work.

PARACHUTE SECTION

Since our last entry in the DAFOE DIGEST we have had a few changes in our section. We have increased it by a new Corporal—Cpl. McNeil, who came from Saskatoon. We hope that he will like working with us and that we will not bother him too much. We wish to congratulate our officer, F/O Philbrook, who has just taken the fatal step. Best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Philbrook. We also want to congratu-

late the new Corporal - Davidner.

The girls in the section are still the same. Three AWIs have been made into LAWs. We are anxiously awaiting the return of Pam McLeod, who has been on sick leave from her accident up here in the section. The girls we speak of in the section, of course, are LAWs Nikorak, McNutt, Armitage and Dopko. The section is running along as smoothly as the silk of our chutes, so, till next edition, Parachute Section is signing off.

Plotting Office and Range



HOW DID I MAKE OUT?

"Any readings from No. 3 target?" queried Flight Sergeant Ray Emmonds over the Plotting Office telephone to which Corporal Ted Lewis replied, "Yes and they are all mixed up again; here are the readings of twenty four bombs for a start! Its becoming hazy over here and the bombs are hard to plot. My goodness, there are some ropey bomb aimers in action, the last two missed No. 3 Q.S. by inches!"

"Dobbyn you are rumbled." A chorus echoes from the inmates of the Plotting Office. LAWs Rest and Edwards busy themselves in collecting the spoils—a mere nickel—and cheap at the price for such a shocking T.32. "When will these bomb aimers learn some sense", roared Sgt. Viens.

Seriously now, without these important sections, no Bombing and Gunnery School could carry on. The Plotting Office and Operations Room in the Control Tower are the centre from which all ranges and range personnel are controlled. As its name implies,

the former is the office where all bombs are plotted, analysed, and assessed. The students call on completion of every exercise and are given their scores. Under the able guidance of Corporal Biron and the Class Instructors, they conduct a detailed analysis of their bombing.

Corporal Thacker is the main-stay in the Operations Room and often works far into the night so that G.I.S. might have end-of-course results with the minimum of delay.

The Ranges all come under the watchful eye of Corporal Stroh from No. 2 Control Tower, and, as can be imagined, with day and night bombing, the Quadrant Shelters are seldom vacated. The names of Beck or Tough, Griggs or Seitz are often mentioned. These are just a few of the Range personnel who are often forgotten, work long hours and think nothing of walking through the snow to the Quadrants if the M.T. cannot drive them through.

Airmen's Mess (Cont'd from Page 24)

are seriously thinking of promoting him to Wing Commander.

Well, I guess you have heard enough from us for this time, so until the next issue—oh by the way, how do you like the new style hat worn by our Mary? We are thinking of introducing it in next year's fashion show, under the title "The Napoleonic Hot-shot". Maybe we had better scam.

Right about now, we would like to add a little postscript to a news item of the last issue, in which some low-brow moron stated that, "Goofy-Newfy" was a whiz at flipping coins. We have discovered much to our delight, that she is also a whiz at flipping the pottery. The day after she returned from her furlough, she marched in with an apron on, and has done acrobatics with the dishes ever since. Score: G.N.: 0; Breakages: Period.

Airmen's Canteen



women we must mention LAWs Bauer, Carlton, Egerdee, Hoffman, McNichol and Materns. Indirectly attached to this staff are the boys in the Officers' Mess, LAC Ronson, LAC O'Brien and AC1 Whitley who cater to the whims of thirsty P/Os.

Our stocks are drawn from Central Warehouse which is under the careful management of Cpl. Hamel and LAC Ruppel.

"We are fresh out" seems to be our slogan these days, but we are on a quota system, and, in spite of your ribbing, we know you understand. A brief sketch of the personnel in our corner of the Station would be as follows—F/O Rolfe and A.S.O. Cassiday, both from Winnipeg, are the officers in charge. Although recent comers, they are efficient and popular. Sgt. Godfrey is the old reliable who really keeps things running smoothly, ably assisted by Cpl. Brunskill. Not to forget the indispensable air-

Motor Transport Section

Sub zero weather—M.T. vehicles operating under conditions which solidified the lightest grades of motor oil (with all of the ensuing difficulties) is just one more to add to the list of things that give a headache to F/S McLeish and his cohorts over at M.T. Section.

Most of the old gang are still on hand, and seven new faces have been added to the Section. These new-comers are transferred here under instruction, and are being broken in by driving some of the numerous schedules over Saskatchewan roads and snow drifts. What a breaking in! One of our W.D. drivers, AW1 Plaxton, has been posted overseas, and we all extend our best regards and best wishes to her in her new adventure.



M.T. NIGHT HAWKS

STATION COMMITTEES

STATION INSTITUTE COMMITTEE

President: Flight Lieutenant H. G. McBeth
Secretary: Pilot Officer J. A. Rolfe
Members: Flight Lieutenant E. W. Rogerson
P/O Davison
A S O M. Y. Darte
R103609 LAC Johnston, R. B.
R89862 LAC Swick, G. E.
W302689 Cpl. Kimpton, M. E.

OFFICER'S MESS COMMITTEE

President: Squad. Leader W. T. F. Tourgis
Secretary: Flight Lieutenant J. M. Cruse
House Member: F/L Dunphy
Messing Officer: ASO H. M. Smith
Bar Officer: F/O Carr

SERGEANT'S MESS COMMITTEE

Honorary President: Flight Lieutenant R. Laidlaw
President: WO1 Bunham
Chairman: WO2 Eaton
Secretary-Treasurer: Flight Sergeant Hamilton

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.
Sgt. Morgan
Cpl. Hederson

SPORTS COMMITTEE

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Vice-President: P/O Davison
Secretary-Treasurer: Mr. T. G. MacDonald,
(Y.M.C.A. Representative)
Members: Squadron Leader F. C. Stibbard
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
Sgt. Steinhaur
Cpl. Mitchel
LAC Johnston

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/L Cruse
Secretary: WO2 Burnham W. E.
Treasurer: F/Sergeant Talbot J. L.