

THE SKY-LINE

Nº 5 S.F.T.S.



J. Patrick O'Lee RCAF

2nd Anniversary Number 25 CENTS

A Foreword



By Air-Vice Marshall G. O. Johnson, M.C.
Air Officer Commanding, No. 1 Training Command

The second anniversary of Number Five Service Flying Training School is a noteworthy occasion.

For two years now your station has been engaged in turning out skilled pilots who have taken their places in the fighting forces of the United Nations in the four corners of this earth. Some of them are engaged, possibly this very day, in transporting huge loads of explosives to targets in Germany, others are carrying out their mission high over Africa where Canadian airmen have already earned the plaudits of the world for the role they have played in warfare over the desert; some are taking part in the gallant defense of the island of Malta; you will find them on the far-flung frontiers of this continent and on patrol over the seven seas.

Wherever they are, the hearts of all of us are with them.

In honoring those who have gone forward into combat, it is fitting that adequate acknowledgment should be made to those who remain behind to carry on the important work which must be done here. You who are engaged in training, form the foundation of our answer to the tyrants of Berlin and Tokyo. Although your duties are frequently arduous and invariably unspectacular it should be a source of constant satisfaction to you to realize that it is through the splendid training received at stations such as yours that our airmen have succeeded in attaining the superiority which I am convinced will be the determining factor in this war.

To Wing Commander Holms, your commanding officer, and to your officers, N. C. O.'s, airmen and airwomen, I extend the warmest of congratulations on this occasion.

A Message from
Our Commanding Officer



Wing Commander C. J. H. Holms

On this, the second anniversary of our Station, I wish to extend to all ranks hearty congratulations, and through this medium to thank them for the loyalty, co-operation and energy consistently shown, without which No. 5 S.F.T.S. could not have attained the high standard it holds today.

While we are naturally and justifiably proud of our Station, we should not rest on our laurels but must push forward to even greater efforts, and always remember that we are but a part of a huge machine which is steadily gaining in efficiency and strength, and which can be seriously damaged through the breaking down of one part.

Our Empire and our country are involved in possibly the most frightful war in the history of mankind and it is only by strict attention to duty and unflinching courage that we will win this war. I know that all of you wish to be more in the thick of active operations against the enemy, but please remember that we, who are employed on

this immense training scheme, are doing a necessary and vital work and Canada is counting on us to do our job conscientiously and cheerfully, and is relying upon our patriotism never to let up or weaken till the job is complete. It is true that we are not in the forefront as far as glamour and the possibility of winning decorations are concerned, but I feel confident that we shall all have our turns for actual combat before the war is over.

So, in the meantime, continue to do the job here and get satisfaction from knowing you are putting your best into your share of the common effort, and by so doing, strengthen your character so that when the time comes for even greater effort, as it will, you will all be able to win honour for Canada, and many of you, personal glory.

I am satisfied that all of you, as true Canadians, can take it, and that while you are at this unit you will see to it that No. 5 S.F.T.S. continues to improve steadily.

Former Commanding Officers



Group Capt. B. F. Johnson
(Now Overseas)



Wing Commander R. H. Waterhouse, A.F.C., R.A.F.
(Now Overseas)

WHY WE FIGHT

By Flt. Lt. E. S. Lautenslager, Protestant Chaplain

What man conceives himself to be determines his ethic and his civilization. The United Nations are the inheritors of the Greco-Hebrew conception of man as infinitely valuable and equally valuable. That is to say, men are sons of God and brethren of each other. The Christians believe this to be true because it was revealed in Christ: the non-Christians believe it because it is a thesis which has better results than any other.

"Nazism" on the other hand regards man as a being of small and unequal value. Man is regarded as the cleverest of the animals. He is to be bred, conditioned and used in the sovereign interest of a mystical superman called the race personified by the Fuhrer. He is to be bred like a beast so as to produce the characteristics required. He is to be mentally moulded by psychological and educational weapons into the desired form. These educational weapons are not subject to "Truth" but only to the end desired. He is to be used to advance the power and glory of the Race and Fuhrer without any regard to his individual fate. He is in no sense a end — only a means to an end, and he is in no sense of equal value beside his brother. There is no brotherhood and no equality in Nazism. There is only authority and obedience. The Chosen Race is by nature in authority over other races — and the Chosen Person is authority over other persons.

The heart of Nazism and the heart of "our way of life" are poles apart. There could be no wider issue. This is a war of idea and of spirit. There is war in Heaven!

Never think that the outcome does not really matter. Be not tempted by the facts that our practices and our social order have been most desperately out of line with our four-square foundations. How good a life the small measure of Christianity, which we have accepted, has produced, becomes luminous against the beastliness of Nazi action and Nazi society. We are far behind the place where we could be, but we are infinitely ahead of the New Order in Europe. The New Order has tortured and murdered the Jew. It has bludgeoned the Church. It has gagged the press and the University. It has shot hostages. It has forced its victims to work and fight for the tyrants which enslaved them. It has killed the infirm and feeble. It has seized the children of the non-conforming, and innoculating them with the Nazi virus, has made them the enemies of their own parents. Democracy, true, has permitted terrible things — but it has not done them. Nazism is positive evil — democracy has been indifferent to evil. Today democracy is again roused to fight for its ideals. And aroused, we will strike against evil at home as well as abroad. And we shall win on both fronts. In this generation opportunity is presented to us as men and nations to advance far towards the ultimate goal which is indicated by our ideal of man a son of God and the brother of his fellow.

Whether we win on the foreign front, on the home front — on both fronts, depends upon us. God wills it we are the only uncertain quantity.

The Sky-Line

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Probabilities - - - We're not quite sure yet, but are hoping for the best. The "Met" Section has not made up its mind, as you all can plainly see.

EDITORIAL

This is your Sky-Line, only all decked out in its best Sunday-go-meetin' clothes. The reason for all the finery is No. 5's second birthday. Two years ago November 11 the gears were meshed, and started moving the tiny cog which has now become a big wheel in the machine which eventually will blast Hitler-Hirohito-Duce, Ltd., off the map.

As all new machinery must, No. 5 started off slowly, gradually getting run in to faster tempo which has now been reached. Brantford graduates and alumni are in the air and on the ground on all fronts. Many are the tales of gallantry concerning lads who won their wings here, and more than 100 of our finest are listed on our Roll of Honour.

Since November 11, 1940, hundreds of lads have passed through this school to the battle fronts of the world. It has been an international legion — from Australia, from England, from the Phillipines, from South Africa, from the Argen-

tine, from Mexico, from the U.S.A., from France. A legion from all parts of the world, yet united with a single aim — to wipe out the enemy, and win peace again.

That should be the aim of every one of us, no matter what our job. We are all in the front line. How we perform our own little duty, no matter how obscure it may seem, may decide a battle. November 11 could not be bettered as a date for the birthday of a school such as ours. On it we commemorate the dead of another war, whose silent plea through the years has been "keep the faith."

How better can we keep the faith than by ensuring we put our every effort into our job, to see that our school runs at its maximum efficiency, and produces the most of the finest fighting men in the world to help us all "keep the faith."

November 11 marks the birth of a weapon with which we can ensure that those whom we commemorate on that date did not give their lives in vain. Keep it sharp.

MORALE

I speak as a U.T. pilot
Who gave up my comforts to fight
For a cause I strongly believed in,
Of which I too often lose sight.
The thought of a comfortable living,
A home, and money — a wife—
Seem to make this life all the tougher,
One of sacrifice, struggle and strife.
These thoughts, I know, are weakening
And quickly I recall the sight
Of bleeding, war-torn Europe,
The boys who've gone down in the fight
For freedom, equality, justice—
Those things that give comfort to life.
This outlook, if shared by many,
May divide our immediate task.
What we need is more inspiration—
Let's bring the war closer and fast!

By LAC. Stapleton, W. J.,
"E" Flight

OUR FRONT COVER

Our striking front cover is by Aircraftman Second Class Patrick O. Lee, commercial artist widely-known throughout Canada and Great Britain. "O'Lee," as he is known in the world of art, gladly donated his time and ability to do our cover. His home, Toronto, O'Lee, is now at Manning Pool as an aircrew recruit. Latest word is that he may be posted to Ottawa, as artist with the new R.C.A.F. paper.

The Path of Progress

By "Barney" Wart and "Al" Mercer

The cloud-filled sky gave birth to a cold, biting wind that whined flatly across the vastness of the landing fields and hammered savagely on the walls of the empty hangars. A chilling rain slanted down out of the north-west and danced noisily on the newly tarred hangar roofs, flowed into the eavestroughing and gurgled down the drain pipes to form dirty pools of water on the rain drenched ground. Rivers of yellow, turbid water filled the drainage ditches and tumbled in sluggish confusion into the mud-choked culverts and drains. Each barrack-block, each building, each construction hut, seemed to float as if an island in a sea of churned up mud and mire, and the few roadways that constituted the only avenues of transportation in the camp were themselves well-deep in a greasy mixture of mud and rain. Save for the rain-sodden construction crews that laboured despondently at the few remaining job whose completion would see fulfilment of their contract, the station was devoid of inhabitants, empty, dreary, almost desolate.

Such was No. 5 Service Flying Training School the day of October 5, 1940, when Sgt. A. A. Goss arrived from the Manning Depot with his detachment of seventeen guards, to assume the responsibilities of Commanding Officer. To Sgt. Goss was assigned the task of effecting military law and discipline and making the necessary preparations for the pending official opening ceremonies of the newest station in the Empire's great Commonwealth Air Training Plan.

Because the station was not at this time fully completed, Sgt. Goss and his men had to make out for a while without many of the privileges and comforts available to the station personnel to-day. In lieu of station messing facilities, tasteful meals, which are still highly praised by sergeant, were prepared by employees of the construction company. There were no canteens, no movies and no sporting equipment, which limited the station recreational activities to cards, checkers, chess and leapfrog. However, the boys were not long in making friends in Brantford and were accorded many invitations to attend social functions and evenings by the pretty girls of the city, and for a while there followed a grand succession of dances and gay parties. The citizenry of Brantford in general took a parental interest in the lads, and were extremely generous in their invitations to the boys to have them visit them in their homes for supper, or merely just to chat.

The station's first officers assumed command October 13, 1940. They were Wing Commander Waterhouse, Flight Lieutenant C. A. Mills and Flying Officer F. T. Donegani, all of whom reported from No. 1 Training Command. To Wing Commander Waterhouse's famed dog, "Pluto," went the distinction of becoming the station's first father, while a mongrel named "Maisie," was the station's first maternity case. Poor Maisie was killed only recently when caught beneath the wheels of an M.T. truck.

November 11, 1940, No. 5 S.F.T.S. was officially opened by Air Commodore George Brookes and command handed over to Group Captain B. F. Johnson, the station's first commanding officer. Civilians were invited to attend the opening ceremonies and to indulge in a brief inspection of the station afterwards, and while a goodly number of visitors was expected, the volume of civilian traffic that clamored for admittance surpassed all advance anticipation. Automobiles in an unbroken column lined the highway to Brantford in one direction, and to Burford in another. Among the visitors, whose inquisitiveness was only superceded by their interests, was one kindly old lady, who wanted to know if the hangars were where they hung the aircraft at night.

The first Anson to land in the station was old venerable, No. 6050, which unfortunately reached the end of its service days here after a forced landing at St. George, December 16, 1940. The aircraft was dismantled and sent to No. 6 A.R.D., where necessary repairs were effected, and when



The student
who landed with his wheels up!

last heard of No. 6050 was still playing its part in the war training scheme, carrying student pilots aloft at Hagersville, Ontario.

"Sid" McLennan was installed as the first Y.M.C.A. officer, in charge of recreation programs and many a pleasant evening was arranged for, and successfully carried out under his able guidance. The moonlight cruise from Hamilton, July 31, 1941, is still remembered as one of the best party evenings to have been enjoyed by the station personnel. Lorrie Summers took Sid's place, and he in turn was succeeded by Harold Goodman, who was replaced by the current "Y" officer, popular Bob MacArthur.

The first Padre to be entrusted with the religious guidance of the station's personnel was Flt. Lt. Bruce Millar, who enjoyed a great deal

of popularity and merited all the respect he was accorded during his term of service here.

The late Squadron Leader C. D. B. Green, D.F.C., Flight Lieutenant Carnegie and Flight Lieutenant H. J. Reilly, who came on strength October 14, 1940, were another trio of popular officers.

The revelation that the personnel of the station was to be augmented by a number of attractive young ladies of the C.W.A.A.F., recently renamed R.C.A.F. (W.D.), caused quite a furore for a few days following the announcement. Fatigue squads worked overtime to give the station an extra smart appearance, personnel took to bathing every day and the cleaners and pressers enjoyed a landslide business. While some of the lads expressed doubt as to the feasibility of having women on the station, and setting them to tasks ordinarily performed by themselves, the majority of the station looked upon the scheme with kindly eyes, and chafed impatiently for the vanguard to arrive. And arrive they did, on January 10, 1942. During their first few days on the station they were regarded pretty much as a novelty, and the airmen's lounge bore more traffic than you will ordinarily find in the wet canteen on a Saturday night, as amorous airmen vied with each other for the attentions of the gals in blue. Since then, however, the W.D.'s have come to be regarded as part and parcel of the station, and save for a few instances, the relations between the airmen and airwomen are strictly platonic, and for the most part all business.

Perhaps one of the most memorable events to have transpired in the station's history was the poll conducted in June of 1942, among the airmen to determine the movie actress "most desired as a companion on a cross-country hop." When results were tabulated and made known, curvaceous Hollywoodite, Gene Tierney reigned supreme as the airmen's choice. When notified of her appointment, Miss Tierney replied with the gracious rejoinder that there was no one she would rather accompany on a cross-country flight than a lad garbed in the blue of the R.C.A.F. In addition, Miss Tierney forwarded an eye-filling photograph of herself, which was subsequently awarded to a lucky airman who held a winning raffle ticket.

Notable, too, in the station's history, was the amateur contest, staged under the direction of Ken Soble. Sergeant "Barney" Wart was on the stage so often people began to think he was a permanent fixture. But just to prove that perseverance pays, "Barney" was successful in attaining sixth prize. He still asserts the results would have showed him up in the number one slot had the judges not been prejudiced.

But since that November day that saw the opening of No. 5 S.F.T.S., our personnel has been increased, buildings added, new hangars erected, and additional taxi strips and runways constructed, all to further the efficiency of operation, and the pilot output of the station. It has also been seen fit to make a few changes in the location of several of the station buildings since November 11, 1940. The airmen's mess used to be where the airmen's lounge now stands. The link trainer building formerly occupied the present site of the

women's canteen, and the officers have had their quarters moved from what is now the sergeants quarters to the new building facing the ensign standard.

To-day, No. 5 S.F.T.S. is considered to be one of the best, if not the best Service Flying Station in the empire. Through its barracks, recreation centres, mess halls and lecture rooms have passed hundred upon hundred student flyers, who, upon receiving their wings after successful completion of their courses here, have gone on to conquer new fields, and to attain unmeasured honour and glory in their determined and unceasing efforts to assure their peoples that the democratic way of life we enjoy will prevail in the better world of to-morrow.

We're proud to be able to salute No. 5 Service Flying Training School, Brantford.

You don't often find people like Pilot Officer Johnny Banks, D.F.M., around. Goned for his gallantry as an air gunner, Johnny thought he'd like a change, so now he's learning to be a pilot. He's already done his 30 operational flights, but he's itching to get back at it again, only at the controls this time.



P/O Banks, D.F.M.

He got his ribbon on an extra-cirricular operational flight, so to speak. He had completed his regulation 30 flights and was all set for a spot of rest, when volunteers were sought for a flight over France. Johnny volunteered. A very modest person, he won't say a word about how he got his "gong," but the citation mentions he shot down an enemy machine, and by a quick bit of thinking and acting saved his aircraft and the rest of the crew from destruction.

In 15 months of operational flying, Banks "visited" such scenic spots as Hamburg, Cologne, Bremen, Anheim and Hanover. To his regret, he never made Berlin, but figures he might get there yet. He did, however, make two trips to Italy, once to Turin, once to Genoa. He described them as "a piece of cake - - very quiet, very scenic. The Alps are beautiful."

He joined the Air Force Sept. 1939. In all his operational flights, his machine got back safely, and he never got a scratch.

"In appreciation for the care and good times extended to N.C.O.'s and airmen on security guard when they first arrived here before the arrival of our own M.O., I would like to extend our sincere thanks and good wishes to Dr. D. A. Morrison, of Brantford. He was our chief killer of aches and pains and did a wonderful job of keeping the boys in good spirits."—Sgt. A. A. Goss.

Ode to a Blue Heron

OR

PEEKING THRU' THE KNOTHOLE OF FATHER'S WOODEN LEG

A Short, Short Story Complete on this page
Reading time: Eight minutes

By Sgt. Wally Kinnear

It seems that six good men and true, being fed up with the cares and worries of the R.C.A.F., did leave civilization far behind and trek to the far backwoods, where, after many days of wandering they came to a woodsman's hut, whereat with loud screeching of pedestrians the pilot of the expedition, one Stonewall Jackson, executed a neat double dip and a gimlet twist off a steep curb, parked the coupe and with utter disregard for the beauty and the stillness of the night, proceeded to unload his five passengers—Flight Lieut. Alex Mair, instigator of the trip, F.O. Weir, Flt. Sgt. Weare, Flt. Lt. Bob Wilkins and Sgt. Bailey.

Being in a jolly mood and just happening to be in the close vicinity of Bailey's homestead, nothing would do but they all go in for a drink, so just in case Mrs. B. was unprepared, they unloaded provisions for same and in no time at all copious quantities of joviality came staggering out of the night. It must have been grand roughing it in the country. Old mother Nature! and all that junk. But finally, to bed; (try removing your flying suit — ere, hunting clothes with the shotgun shells in the pockets next time. The bed wasn't that rough.) Bright and early next morning, at the crack of dawn, six ghost-like figures crept stealthily down to the marshes and proceeded to hunt the wild fowl.

Hunt is the word for it. Weir got an issue haircut and a singe from being in the same boat as Jackson, who learned to handle a shooting iron in the manner of Dry Gulch Gus, from the hip, no less. Eight hours later, still putting up a terrific barrage, the score was two aged ducks and one probable. Mair clipped the tail assembly off a lone scout on a reconnaissance flight and was so disgusted that when the hero of the play, the blue heron, flapped lazily by at an indicated airspeed of 18 knots, he ferociously blasted at it from close range. The heron blasted right back at him and with a hearty bronx cheer left the pride of "E" flight defeated in the slough of despond (about six miles due west of Stirling). So endeth the expedition!

Back at the Bailey's, Stonewall nonchalantly pressed his pants on the kitchen floor and with no regard for life and limb, and by the judicious application of a shoehorn packed the six musty sneers into the coupe and took off from thence in haste, just about three jumps ahead of the local constabulary who had been called by neighbours to quell the riot. They tell me that old folks and small children are once again timidly appearing on the streets of Stirling.

R.C.A.F. (WD) History

By Sgt. Morch

Last January 10, just under 10 months ago, the first squadron of airwomen invaded No. 5



S/O Clark

Actually this squadron was the original second to graduate from No. 6 'M' Depot, the first having gone to Uplands. Being the second squadron, they were part of a very new service, of which the public and the R.C.A.F. had a hazy conception. Consequently, there was a slight feeling of misapprehension along with the usual anticipation amongst them.

That day was bitterly cold . . . which anyone in No. 2 squadron will recall with groans of anguish. Before they were allowed to rest after their trip from Toronto and all other trials entailed with posting of a squadron, the girls had to march through Brantford . . . another ordeal many of them won't forget. Exhausted and quite frozen, they were marched to their barracks, which, having come fresh from the Depot, were rather a blow. Nevertheless, all this was taken in good spirit, and soon the airwomen oriented themselves to their new surroundings. It could have been worse, but fortunately their senior officer, S.O. Peiler, and Sgt. Crocker had arrived a week previous to make necessary preparations.

Since then vast improvements have been made, the major one being acquisition of an airwomen's canteen. We shall refrain from listing any future hopes or projects. During the weeks that followed a basketball team was formed, the first in Canada, as far as the W.D.'s are concerned. Many will remember their coach, Hal Goodman's solemn warning to the boys to watch out for that team. Later a baseball team made its appearance, which did itself proud in the inter-station league, coming out in second place.

Many of the airwomen will stand out in the C.W.A.A.F. annals here. Cpl. Davies, posted some time ago, who was first in the station amateur show, sang on Ken Soble's Hour and later at Little Norway. The intellectual team of Blakney, now at Gander, St. Martin, gone to Montreal. Pooley, last heard of at Fingal, and Cpl. Allen, still with us, winning her hooks on this station, who won the Canadian Legion Quiz contest of Brantford; L.A.W. Beesley, our women's athletic champion.

During the Summer months we have had weiner roasts (?), participated in the area swimming meet and No. 5's first field day.

That about completes a very rough sketch of the C.W.A.A.F.'s here the past several months, with the exception of the change of staff, S.O. Clark now being our senior officer. Lastly, the fact that there are forty odd original veterans left of No. 2 squad., partly due to postings in and out, of a hetrogenous but very wonderful squadron.

For Gallantry



Squadron Leader Christie

The Distinguished Service Order:

Squadron Leader Ralph M. Christie (C 1278), former O.C. and Examining Officer No. 2 Squadron

The Distinguished Flying Cross:

Pilot Officer F. M. Benitz, 10-4-41, Course 19

Pilot Officer F. A. Kay, 20-4-42, Course 17

W.O. H. V. Peterson, D.F.C. and Bar, Course 15

Pilot Officer J. B. Higham, 6-8-42, Course 31

Pilot Officer Don J. Curtin, Course 39

Pilot Officer Lloyd Fisher Austin, 16-6-42, Course 25

Pilot Officer Stanley Cybulski, 16-6-42, Course 29

W.O. Jesse Edwin Cox, 6-11-42, Course 25

The Distinguished Flying Medal:

Flight Sergeant Lorne C. Bray (now missing), Course 19

Flight Sergeant P. McIlquham, 14-7-42,

Flight Sergeant Hubert F. Watlington, 17-9-42, Course 19

Sergeant H. S. McNiel, Course 12, mentioned in King's New Year's Honour List, and also in Dispatches.

Flying Officer L. Cowperthwaite, Course 12, the King has approved of a mention in Dispatches for the Birthday Honours Lists.

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BRANTFORD, ONTARIO

Manufacturers of Electrical Refrigeration

“The Great Svengali”

We've just finished talking to a hypnotist, and we don't feel any dopier than usual, though we have a sneaky suspicion our hypnotist was doing an undercover job on us, so to speak, during the interview. However, just to make sure we weren't talked into standing on our head while shaving, we occasionally took a quick peek out the window every time we thought those steely, magnetic eyes you read hypnotists have were getting the range.



“Svengali” Waxler

Our illusions re hypnotists were quickly shattered by this specimen. A hypnotist, to us, always had to be a cross between the Shadow, Simon Legree and a full-grown cobra. This lad look-actually normal, that is as normal as an air-crew student can look. His name, incidentally, is G. W. Waxler, known to his pals and subdued W.D.'s as Svengali. His fame became far and wide after he told a girl to shut up and go to sleep, and she did.

But he insists it's simple stuff. Anyone can do it, after one lesson. Waxler, as we said before, does not look like a hypnotist. He says you don't have to look like one. Your eyes don't have to be piercing, steely, eagle-like or like those of Dracula; they can be bloodshot even and it will work. All you need are a pleasant voice, a certain amount of ability to analyze personalities, and the ability to express logic, and the world is yours. Frankly, the qualifications seem to be much like those required of the average Fuller Brush man.

Waxler is from Tulsa, Oklahoma. The fact it is oil country might explain a lot of things. He attended the University of Illinois, and while petroleum geology was the main course he also dabbled in “abnormal psychology,” which included what made morons, idiots and imbeciles tick, if any. For the benefit of the uninitiated, morons are the lesser breed; you may class them as the wacky type. Idiots are one higher; they are very sick. Imbeciles are really gone. All this Svengali learned in time that you and I would use to see Clark Gable and Lana Turner, or play pool.

But this “quiet interesting study,” included a study of hypnosis. Hypnosis, if you are still reading this, is a psychological phenomena. If you want to become the life of the party as a hypnotist, there are three ways of doing it: (1) by concentration or reasoning; (2) fascination (like a snake does a rabbit), or, (3) suggestion. Svengali reports, for the edification of those interested for fair means or foul, suggestion is the easiest way, but any two will do the trick. He personally favors fascination and suggestion, but won't hesitate to whip in all three systems if he seems to be losing his grip. He rarely fails.

“There's nothing mystic about it,” says the maestro. “People are hypnotized by fascination every day. I watched a professor do it in class, came out and did it myself. You could hypnotize someone after watching me. It's no trick. You can make people do almost anything you want, except anything that is against their moral standards. Some hypnotize easier than others, too.”

At last reports Svengali was figuring out some system where he could hypnotize O.C. G.I.S. into giving him 100 per cent., the examining officer into giving him an above-average rating, and the guards into believing he was Air Marshal Bishop every time he whipped in under the fence at about 4 a.m. Anyone anxious to talk their mother-in-law into diving into Niagara Falls can also receive helpful, personal advice from Svengali for a slight sum.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

to the

**Commanding Officer, Officers
and Men**

of No. 5 S.F.T.S., R.C.A.F.

On their 2nd Year of Great Work

From

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Motor Transport Section

By LAC. Lampkin

Even as sometimes the thoughts, the plans, the actions, and sometimes the very lives of people living in areas of drought, great dust storms, floods, earthquakes and famine, are respectfully dominated by these things, just so were the pioneers of the Motor Transport Section of No. 5 S.F.T.S. beset by the horrors of — mud! Yes, mud; messy, sticky, clinging, sinister mud!

True, that such has been the experience of other sections, but no one could possibly have felt more distressed than a certain Corporal Herbert (now training as aircrew), who arrived here in October, 1940, to take charge of this new section. He stepped inside the gate and there it was — a new International Panel, looking rather sad and forlorn, sitting in the mud. And there it was, too, the Motor Transport Section: a single, solitary Panel, with the sky for the roof of its garage and a muddy lot for the floor!



How that gallant little vehicle worked! Not merely from dawn to sunset, but 24 hours a day. Sgt. Theriault, the Service Police, and Sgt. Goss, of the Security Guard, were drafted as drivers, pending arrival of Motor Transport men. Sgt. Goss has of late been driving the self-same panel each night on his tour of duty.

About the first of November, Sgt. Schingh, now of course W.O. 1 in charge of the Section, arrived at No. 5. Facing him was the task of organizing the Motor Transport, with its limited equipment, lack of housing and shortage of manpower. (There were four men, to be exact.)

The buildings at this time were occupied completely and very firmly by the building contractors. It seems these gentlemen simply could not move out, and so finally Major Schingh said since he couldn't have all the Motor Transport Section **for** the Motor Transport Section, couldn't he **please** have just one single little corner somewhere, anywhere, but somewhere, **please**? He could! At last some semblance of an office, a spot to call the Motor Transport Section.

And so, with a mighty sigh and the realization it was gosh d - - cold in here, he sat down for a minute to contemplate the last few weeks. Just a short time ago had seen him working at a cushy job, comfortably installed in a nice cosy

recruiting centre, where are extolled the glories of the Royal Canadian Air Force to unsuspecting youths. (Coincidentally one of these was none other than a big, husky lad known today as Cpl. Martin and more popularly as "Cy".) And now here he was in this barren little room, surrounded by mud and a stack of problems, the most urgent of which was to get some heat into the room, but quick, and before they all were frozen stiff. So off he went on a scrounging expedition. Presently he returned, proudly threw open the doors of the panel, and then stood back while everyone gave out with "oh's" and "ah's" in admiration of an old, dilapidated kitchen stove. Hurrah! Heat!

And, now that brains were thawed out, thoughts could be concentrated on the work that lay ahead. Equipment was beginning to arrive and pile up at the freight sheds in Brantford. The Major looked hopefully into the eyes of each of the men there — Cpl. Cooling, LAC's Albert, Parker and McNair. They looked confidently back at him, and then he knew it could be done.

So followed day after day of hard, unceasing labour — 14, 15, 16 hours a day they worked. There were some days when there was no rest or sleep at all, even in the night. No one dared dream of a week-end pass. Besides the long hours, there were other difficulties, which to us softies of the present days would probably seem like unsurmountable barriers and impossible tasks. Bring in 500 beds! Two freight carloads of furniture! 20,000 feet of lumber! Pick up a crash! (No. 6 R.D. wasn't bothering those days.) Sometimes even the Major had to sit long tedious hours in the crash tender, the most dreaded weekly detail of any M. T. driver.

Finally the situation got so out of hand the Major appealed to the late Sq. Ldr. Green, who immediately wired Ottawa. Ten men soon arrived, one being the aforementioned Cpl. Martin, and the only one left here of that 10. Of the original four of the Section, Cpl. Cooling and LAC. Albert are still here.

By Dec. 1, 1940, the contractors had vacated the Section buildings and now it was possible to actually begin getting it into shape. The compound had been paved and it was no longer necessary to sometimes tow the vehicles through the mud when they required gassing.

An attempt was made to run the Section with 14 men. It did run, but it meant long and hard hours of work for every man. Passes were "few and far between". Help was given on one occasion by no less a personage than the present C.I., Sq. Ldr. Goodwin.

December, 1940, came tumbling down a very heavy snowfall, so suddenly and so thickly that it was almost a plop, plop! — just like that! There was the snow, but where were the plows? Super-urgent demands were sent in for snow removal equipment, anything, anything at all that would help uncover No. 5. Before long a monstrous

card snow blower was roaring its belligerent way around the hangars. Now and then through the swirling clouds of snow, could be seen a smiling face. On this face you might discern a look which you have seen on that of a boy when he first runs his brand new electric train. It was S.L. Goodwin, at the wheel of the mighty Sicard. Major Schingh affirms he made a d - - - good job of it, too.

By the Spring of 1941, the Section had become fairly well organized and equipped. Fortunately for the hard-working 14, a few more men had arrived. When the Canadian National Exhibition opened, it was necessary to send the majority at



Manning Pool out to various stations. Out of this great exodus many arrived at No. 5, and ten happened to be Transport men. By Winter, 1941, the Section had 55 men. From one extreme to the other! Now the problem was to find enough work for this seeming multitude. This problem was solved when several were posted overseas.

During the last two years, many men have come and gone and it would be impossible to mention them all. Harry Kaguk and Harold

Damgard are back again, but this time with a white flash in their caps.

Great and startling news arrived in the Fall of 1941. We were going to have women! Women! What was to be done with them was the question on everyone's lips. Then, in January of this year they came trooping in, six poor, timid souls, not quite knowing what to expect or how they were to be treated, and we, in our turn, not knowing what to expect of them, but quite definitely aware of how we were expected to treat them, and that to be with the utmost respect customarily accorded unknown members of their sex. And surely enough, they commanded that respect and have retained it ever since. And now that they are here established among us and making themselves surprisingly useful, we really could not imagine the Section without them. By the way, have you noticed how quickly the W.D.'s caught on to the wiles of airmen? We mean in matters of finance, passes, shameless deception of N.C.O.'s and an occasional bit of lead swinging.

At first there was some difficulty regarding a lounge and "powder room" for our W.D.'s. We'll never forget one of them, with a very grateful look in her eyes, rushing towards a door marked "Women." She took one brief look and turned away, completely abashed, and looking utterly crushed in spirit. The room contained nothing more helpful than a few garden tools, mops, brooms and two pails of sand. We are happy to report that this room now contains the things one would naturally expect to find behind a door so designated.

And so that is the story of the Motor Transport Section of No. 5. We would not wish to give the impression we think our Section is of prime importance, but rather as part of a unit working as a team, with the sole end in view of turning out pilots as quickly and efficiently as possible. Notwithstanding, we feel a great deal of credit is due W.O.1 Schingh for his job of organization and administration of the Section. And to the old faithfuls who worked like fiends for those first few months, we say: "Good show, Chum!"

* * * * *

Attention Please: The need for blood donors is urgent. Transfusions of the serum have saved and will save countless lives. You can help by donating your blood. It's painless and there are no ill-effects. Make arrangements with the station hospital today. Remember: "Nothing else matters now but victory."—From Hospital notes.

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Josie's Corner

By L.A.C. LaVerine Ridley

Dayton, Ohio.—Hello, folks, here I am again. Guess there's some people you just can't get rid of no matter how far away you send them. Joe said people would be glad when I was going then I wouldn't be writing anymore, but I fooled them. Then as soon as he heard I was going to write this he said he was coming down here. He'll be mobbed when he gets here. I never thought I'd be glad to see airmen in the dear old familiar blue but just plant me on the deserts of ole No. 5 and you soon shall see. I can imagine how the Admin. Cpls. like life in a W.D. Manning Depot. At least there's only eleven girls here and three men officers. Joe says he pities the men. (He just got here and he acts like that already.) There's one W.D. officer here and you should have seen Joe go for her. She took him out to dinner, that's why mostly but then everyone here likes her so Joe just fell into the swing of things. People here call us W.A.A.C.'s and Joe laughed so loud. Joe says we really could make ourselves heroes or something 'cause people ask us if we fly planes and lots of people just say, without asking us even, that we ferry the planes across the border. One of the newspapers came around and took our pictures and then we were all interviewed. Joe says he bet I told them everything but I didn't see 'cause I'm modest. Since we had our pictures in the paper people always want to take us out to dinner. Once some girls were asked out and they said there was almost two meals in one. Joe says it serves them right for always wanting to get in on a free meal. At this point I think I would give anything to stand in line for a dish of good old stew. Anyway the people down here must like us because when we walk down the street they all smile at us. Joe says they're just too polite to laugh. Boy, these people sure do things up right when they do them. Joe thinks it would be nice to be down here and not to have roll call at nights. Anyway it is nice especially when there's something on like Hallowe'en and then's when they do it up good. They start off by having a dance (the dances here are nearly all half round and half square) and by the time you're finished you're really nearly finished. Then at 12 o'clock you go roller skating. One night of that is enough for me. They even had me learning to jitter-bug and me that doesn't like that. I guess those 10:30 nights didn't do me any good. That's what I get for not going under the fence more often, I guess. One good thing here is the boys never make you walk home, they've all got cars and plenty of gas (darn it.) Joe says after all that I should have been tired enough to go straight home. Well, I was, and anyway I like going straight home. I guess nothing bothers the people down here 'cause fire trucks go down the street ten at a time, ambulances dash around and bump into each other and then the black Maria flies with cops shooting off big machine guns and people just go on shopping or reading magazines. I guess they must be used

to it now. We had an awful time to hold Joe back but as soon as he heard the guns he ran and hid. It sure is nice to look out at little cars and littler people from the fifth floor window. If you go to the fourteenth floor you can see over the tops of some of the other buildings and sometimes you can see the sky. I just like going up to the tenth floor 'cause that's where the R.A.F. are. It's not really the R.A.F. I like, just one who says: "Aye, lass." He and I speak the same language. Joe says he didn't think there was another one anywhere. He's just jealous 'cause he thought I'd be pining away down here while he had lots of fun up there. Joe says he thinks I've said enough but I've got to make the best of this. You see, I really miss everything up there, drill, yes, even that, movies, dances in our canteen and everything. I guess I was there too long and really got to like it all. Anyway, maybe I'll get to like this Foreign Country. There's just one place I'd rather be and that's where they call the people "Blue Noses." Of course I'd settle for Scotland before any other place 'cause I'd get rid of Joe — his feet couldn't stand the climate there. Joe let me write the poem again. I didn't know what to write about so he just said to write about being away from Canada, so here goes—

A Wanderer Speaks

Oh, I have sailed the ocean and distant lands I've viewed,
And I have flown the trackless sky in Ansons wild
and rude,
And I have been to many a land and many a people
seen,
But Heaven rests in Canada upon her hills of green.

Oh, I have climbed the mountains, of the high-
lands, heather strewn,
And my heart beats with the kilties as I heard
their marching tune,
And "America the Beautiful" makes me thrust my
shoulders back,
But "O Canada" has something that others always
lack.

Oh, I have longed to travel and to far off lands
to fly,
But I will never falter when bidding them goodbye,
And even when Heaven beckons me I'll put up one
last plea,
"Please let me stay in Canada, beneath a Maple
Tree.

The end. —Joe and Josie

* * * * *

"The morale of "H" flight has been lowered considerably since the pictures of the beautiful maidens around the wall have been taken down. Never mind, we have our final exams in three weeks so we might be able to get some studying down now."—From "H" Flight Harmony.



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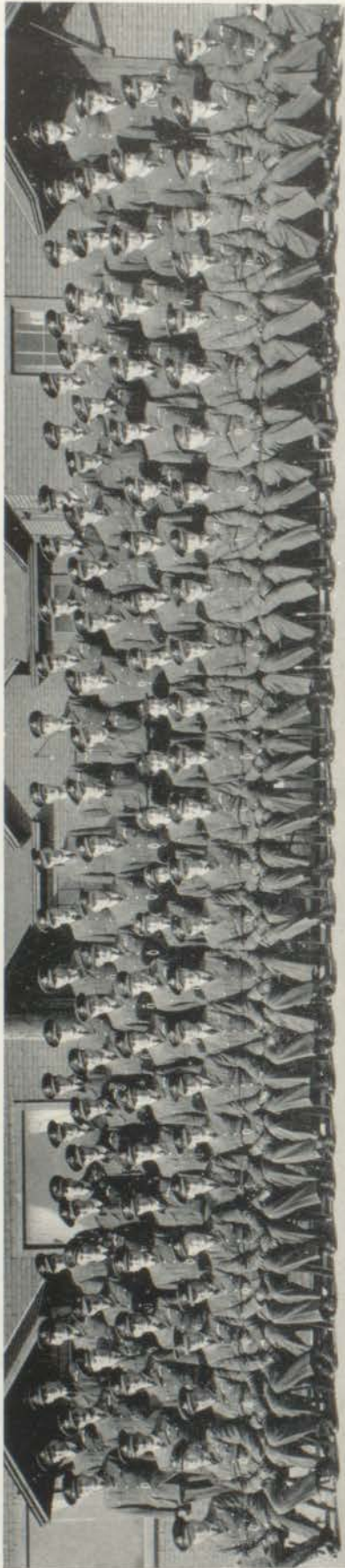
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Who Keep 'Em Flying



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- 2. And Its N. C. O's.**
- 3. Maintenance**
- 4. More Maintenance**
- 5. Night Maintenance**

Around



"A" Flight

O.C.
F/O W. Culcheth
D.O.C.
F/O M. Hetherington



"B" Flight

O.C.
F/O John Veit
D.O.C.
F/O J. Whittaker



"C" Flight

O.C.
F/O J. D. Paterson
D.O.C.
F/O H. R. Dow



"D" Flight

O.C.
F/O G. Wanless
D.O.C.
F/O W. C. Allen

the Flights

"E" Flight

O.C.
F/O J. S. McKeown
D.O.C.
F/O L. I. Armstrong



"F" Flight

O.C.
F/O W. H. Lind
D.O.C.
F/O T. R. Lee



"G" Flight

O.C.
F/L H. M. Hallatt
D.O.C.
F/O W. Morton



"H" Flight

O.C.
F/O G. Laird
D.O.C.
F/O Blake Fyfe



Flashes from the Switchboard

Lights flash! Wires hum! And the race is on. Scene: Switchboard. Time: about 0830 hrs. every day. Contestants: All the flights versus Maintenance. It never fails, they all get the same idea at approximately the same time. After several fruitless attempts each, the wires really burn — and we mean BURN. Blinkety ----- blank! And who gets their ears blistered? The Operator!

* * * * *

Perhaps this is a good opportunity to apologize to the party in "G" flight who was addressed as "Brother" when he called the wrong number for Tech. Stores the other day. That was a civilian habit which unconsciously slipped out.

* * * * *

"R.C.A.F."
"Operator, I'd like to speak to your Pilot."
"What is the name, please?"
"Oh! Do you have more than one?"
"Yes, we do, madam. It would be necessary to have the name."
"Well, I'm sorry I don't know, but it's the one with the gold teeth."

* * * * *

"Switchboard."
"Give me Smokey Joe, please."
After due consideration, we find they want the FIRE CHIEF.

* * * * *

"R.C.A.F." (After midnight.)
"R.C.A.F.? This is Texas calling Johnny Jones at No. 5 S.F.T.S."
"Well, do you know his rank?" (Long pause, and indistinct confabulation at the other end.)
"I'm sorry, Operator, we don't know, but he's at No. 5 S.F.T.S."
"Yes, I know; do you know where he works?"
"What was that, Operator?"
"Where he works?" (slightly louder)
"I'm sorry, Operator, I don't hear you . . ."
Operator at top of her voice: "WHERE HE WORKS?"
"Oh, where he works." (more indistinct confabulations)
"No, I'm sorry, all we know is that he is at No. 5 S.F.T.S."
"Is he Aircrew?"
"I don't know."
"Well, is he Ground Crew?"
"I don't know."
"I'm afraid I can't locate him on that amount of information."
"Well, Operator, couldn't you go out and look for him?"

Operator fast losing her self-control: "No, I can't do that. Is it an urgent call, a matter of life and death?"

Well, not exactly; but his married sister from Arkansas is here and would like to say 'hello' to him."

"Switchboard."
"The Station Gestapo, please."
"Thank you, I'll call 23, the Guard House, for you."

A bit later: "Have they answered?"
"No, Operator."
"Oh, I guess that Cpl. Blakeman's putting the finishing touches to one of his hearts, but I'll try them again."

* * * * *

"Switchboard."
"Hello, Sweetheart, this is Works and Bldgs. Will you call me at seven to-morrow morning for sure, please?"
"Sure, I'll call you at seven."
The next morning at 7:15: "Switchboard."
Very sarcastic voice: "Hello, Sweetheart, thanks for calling me in time."
"Oh! I'm so sorry, but I was typing and was so busy, etc., etc."

* * * * *

"Switchboard."
"Hello, Operator. This is the Fire Hall. Listen, when you call us just ring it short, eh? A long ring scares us all." (Sissies, eh?)

* * * * *

"R.C.A.F."
"Hello, Operator. I am joining the W.D. and passed my Medical a month ago and this morning I got another notice from Toronto to go and have another. What shall I do?"
(As far as we are concerned, madam, you can go take a powder!)

* * * * *

"Switchboard."
"Give me 34 ring 2, please."
"Thank you."
Two minutes later: "Did they answer?"
"Yes, but I want 34 r 2, not ring 1."
"Sorry, one moment, please."
Operator: "Hello, is this the Airmen's Mess?"
"No, this is the Sgts. Mess."
"Well, I want 34 r 2, please."
"But the phone rang here, Operator."
Yes, sir, but I am calling ring 2 and yours is ring 1."
"Oh." (in a very lifeless voice.)
Operator rings again.
Different voice: "Sgt. Mess."
Operator explains once more, and tries again. Still a different voice: "Sgt. Mess."
Operator, in very weary voice: "I am calling Airmen's Mess, etc., etc., - -" and so on into the night!!!

* * * * *

"Switchboard."
"Give me the Sgt. Mess, please."
"Thank you, sir."
Later: "Have they answered yet?"
"No, Operator."
"I'll ring them again; but there is a new groom there by the name of LAC. Lane, who has just returned to work, so please excuse the delay."

"Switchboard."
"Eight ring one."
"The line is busy."

* * * * *

"Switchboard."
"This is the Tower. Please give me the flights in succession."

"Very good, sir. Here is "A" flight.

Later: "B and C flights are busy but I can ring D for you."

Another pause: "E, F, G and H are all busy now, I guess I had better call you back, sir."

(Did he want them in succession or on the installment plan???)

* * * * *

"Switchboard."
"Eight ring two, please."
"Sorry it is still busy."

* * * * *

"Switchboard."
"Oh, Operator, give me . . . ah, let me see; oh I think it is 27 . . . no that isn't it . . . oh, never mind, I have forgotten what it was."

(All this, with a dozen other calls waiting to be answered and one impatient person flashing the hook up and down for service!!)

* * * * *

"Sorry, eight ring two is still busy."

* * * * *

"R.C.A.F."
"Hello, will you give me Albert?"
"Albert Who?"

"I don't know; he flies out there and I don't know his last name."

"I am sorry, madam, but you will have to give us more information than that, you see there might be several Alberts out here."

* * * * *

"Switchboard."
"Eight ring one."
"Sorry, the line is still busy."

* * * * *

"Switchboard."
"Operator, this is F.O. -----, if you get a long distance phone call for me tell them I am off the station and you cannot get in touch with me."

"Very good, sir."

* * * * *

"Yes, you guessed it, it is busy!"

* * * * *

"R.C.A.F."
"Hamilton is calling LAC. Whitfield of the Security Guard."

"Thank you, one moment, please."

(Operator calls and is informed that Whitfield paid the telephone company enough money last month and does not want the call.)

So: "I am sorry, Hamilton, but LAC. Whitfield is working and cannot come to the phone."

Or: "He is up town and cannot be located."

* * * * *

"Yes, it is too!!" (Maintenance, you know.)

"R.C.A.F."

"Operator, someone out there called me about an invoice. Do you know who it was?"

"One moment, please, and I will connect you with Equipment; they will know."

* * * * *

"Switchboard."

"Will you give me eight ring one?"

"I am so - - -, oh, just a moment please, they have just hung up and I can ring now."

* * * * *

"Switchboard."

"B flight, please."

"Did you say D for dawn?"

"No, B for beer."

* * * * *

"Switchboard."

"Oh, Switchboard, this is the Control Tower. Would you tell Squadron Leader Hamber his dog is in the Tower, if he's looking for him."

* * * * *

Then there was the operator who was thinking of her new shoes, and how to keep them that way, and plugged into a number and said: "Shoe-trees!" It's quite a racket, and gets us all in the end!

* * * * *

Then there's the urgent call from a woman to Sergeant So-and-so, to say his wife's dying. After much fussed running around, we find that he is not even married.

The Brantford girls must be getting desperate.

* * * * *

You know it's getting to a fine stage when the married women in Brantford start calling (around 7 o'clock in the morning) for the correct time. After all, I guess they can't be having their airmen late for work.

* * * * *

What certain Squadron Leader got quite a kick out of one of the Switchboard Operators when he called "D" flight and was told that the line was engaged!!

* * * * *

THE TELEPHONE GIRL

The Telephone Girl sits in her chair
And listens to voices from everywhere.
She knows all our troubles, she knows all our joys,
She knows every girl who is chasing the boys.
She knows all our worries, she knows all our strife,
She knows every man who is mean to his wife.
She knows who is happy and who has the blues,
And who has a habit of hitting the booze.

If the Telephone Girl were to tell all she knew
She could have this whole station in a h--- of
a stew.

She could start a small win! that would soon
blow a gale.

She could make a few people start tearing their
hair;

And create several ghosts from out of nowhere.
In fact there's a secret 'neath each saucy curl
Of that quiet, demure looking Telephone Girl.



1



2



5



6



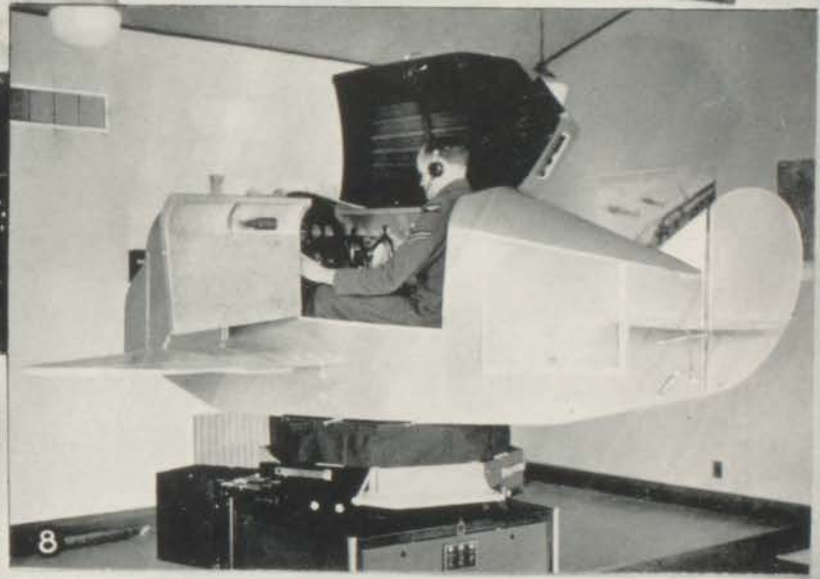
9



10

1. F/L Earl Lautenslager.
 2. Airdrome Control.
 3. Our Pugilistic Front.
 4. "Osborne."
 5. A Happy Group.
 6. F/L H. W. Hawkins, Adjutant.

7. F/L
 8. "Dat"
 9. The
 10. F/S
 11. In t
 12. On t



7. F/L H. E. Fleming, Administrative Officer.
 8. "Dat Link Bird."
 9. The C/O's Trophy.
 10. F/S A. D. Denny and "Crab."
 11. In the 'Chute Section.
 12. On the Apron.

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Stomachs



Mail



Music



Health



Molars



Lives

Education



So This Is Service!

By LAC. C. H. Finnell
Former A.P. writer

So this is Service?

It has Ansons — "Just as simple as a Tiger Moth," quotes not mine. Also present are hangars, mess hall, barracks, parade ground, drill hall, sergeants and corporals. Ah, yes, and before going further it should be mentioned that there are also instructors.

This is a brief endeavor to explain the difference between "Service" and "Elementary." Well, in the first place there are Ansons and Tiger Moths (also Fleets, but I'm a Moth man myself). Then there are Service instructors and Elementary instructors.

An Anson is a large mass of aircraft which hides the fact that it will fly in a maze of complex pumps, handles, instruments, controls, etc.

To the uninitiated it is wieldy, cumbersome and confusing. It has two motors, whereas a normal aircraft can fly perfectly well with one.

An Anson can be taxied, taken off and landed (it says in the handbook). The landing gear moves up and down — an operation allegedly carried out at the proper time. It also has flaps, but they are a story in themselves. Boost is another of its piquant characteristics. Cylinders have temperatures and fuel has pressure. Now the difference between this and an Elementary craft is that none of this applies to the baby buggies. It is as though one tripped politely from a kiddie car to a souped-up version of Buck Roger's latest runabout.

About instructors: At Elementary the student has the slight advantage. He sits in the rear. When the boss-man howled for his blood he could look bored, stick out his tongue, make faces and do all sorts of things to show that such treatment irked him not at all. No one was the wiser. Here all is different. The instructor can pierce the student with a steely eye and at the same time give vent to his sincere feelings. The poor student is trapped.

Elementary instructors are civilians. A person living in that state of affairs may be talked to. There might be a common bond — birds or flowers or girls. He has a happy outlook, for the elementary man knows that in eight weeks the student will pass out of his life never to ground-loop his plane again.

Service instructors also have an outlook.

Flying an Anson is quite a thing. Sepulchral tones from dark corners inform you that a solo has been accomplished in three hours, two hours, one hour. One voice whispered that a new student merely looked at one of the gargantuas and it took off by itself. Of course the most sophisticated will look upon this as mere propaganda until, when deep in the night he has thumped his pillow into a more sleepable mass, he wonders if all is true and he alone is the sphere of corruption in the apple barrel.

Another phase of Service Flying Training is ground school. There is a lot that could be said

about G.I.S. In fact a lot is said about it. Ground School is very good for the prospective flier, though. It teaches him a lot and makes him work; gives him confidence and makes him work; invigorates his mind and makes him work. When you are flying into the blue in an Anson, that's good. But when you are sailing into the blue in ground school, that is not good.

Confusing, isn't it?

Link Trainer

By Flt. Lt. F. F. "Pop" Edmondson
O.C. Link

This interesting piece of equipment, now a part of flying programs at all R.C.A.F., R.A.F. and American flying schools has contributed in no small way to the job of finally driving the enemies of democracy from the skies.

No. 5 S.F.T.S. has eight Links, an air-conditioned building to house them and an excellent Instructional and Maintenance staff; but this happy state of affairs was not a one-day undertaking.

The first two Links were installed in No. 3 Hangar Dec. 12, 1940, by the writer, who also



undertook to instruct the Principles of Instrument flying on two Links at once. He was somewhat busier than the proverbial one-armed paperhanger. However, this condition was soon cleared with the arrival of instructors from No. 1 I.T.S. and the removal of the Links to what is now the W.D. Canteen; two additional Links were installed and a real "Link" school started to take shape. Then it was decided by Command to increase Link Time on S.F.T.S.'s from 10 hours to 15 hours per man and it was decided to operate the Link on a two-shift basis. The Instructional staff numbered two officers and three LAC's with previous flying or instructional experience. The courses were not as large as those now and it was a comparatively simple job to keep things running smoothly. This happy state lasted for not more than six or seven weeks, when it was decided to increase the number of pupils per course and hours per man to twenty. More instructors arrived from I.T.S. and order was brought out of chaos again. Finally it was necessary to move to a new building design-

ed for Link Trainer and increase the number of Links from four to eight.

Four courses, with an average of 60 pupils each, now have 25 hours of Link per pupil.

No. 5 S.F.T.S. has for some time enjoyed the enviable reputation for getting things done and the quality of its finished product; furthermore many of the ideas now used on other schools originated right here on old No. 5. That cute little bulb you see on the top of all new type trainers and the levers and gadgets that go to make up the Link undercarriage device were invented here, also the system teaching S.B.A. to classroom groups by means of blackboard instruction combined with amplified signals from the Trainer desk. (Other stations please copy).

Many instructors who made their debut into the service as Link experts had their first go at instructional duties on this school and the writer knows at least four who are O.C.'s of Link at different S.F.T.S.'s across this fair Dominion. It has always been felt Brantford was picked for a proving ground and the postings to and from this Unit in the past will bear this statement out.

The Link set up now consists of three officers and 10 N.C.O.'s on the instructional staff and two N.C.O.'s and six airmen on the maintenance and office staff. The O.C., F.L. F. F. Edmondson and

the D.O.C., F.O. T. N. Enright, are the oldest members of the staff and have been with the Link set-up since it was a pup.

Since the Link was first put into operation, over 25,000 hours of Link has been given student pilots here. Many of these chaps have already made history and we know the Link played no small part in the results obtained by these heroes of the skies on the many battle fronts of our Empire.



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HOW TO LOSE SUPERIORS AND ALIENATE INFERIORS

By Sgt. Morch

This has been compiled with the idea of assisting those green in the knowledge of Air Force etiquette, and who naturally desire to forge ahead in the service.

The Office

On entering the office of a superior, always have your hands in your pockets . . . ignore the arts of saluting and clicking of heels. The former wastes too much energy, the latter too much leather, which must be conserved for the final drive. (Quote: "Nothing matters now but victory.")

Having now entered the inner sanctum, nonchalantly light up a cigarette. Don't offer them around . . . wait until you're asked. If you are a non-smoker, use a large wad of chewing gum or tobacco, and chew with gusto. At such time relaxation is necessary, so with this in mind grab two of the largest chairs, place opposite each other and recline upon them with ease.

Whenever a discussion arises, simply yawn and say: "Reahly." This unique phrase is considered by those in the know as truly "Diplomatique."

If you are fortunate enough to be permanently chained to one of these inner sanctums, here are a few suggestions:

All triplicate copies of memos, etc., should be immediately thrown out upon receiving . . . don't look at them. Frankly they're tiresome. Lastly so as not to get bored with the scenery, and to bring your initiative to your superior's attention, tear down all rosters, charts, rules and D.R.O.'s at least once a week, and burn them in the middle of the office floor.

On Using Messes

Ignore the schedules laid down by the mess for meal times. These were obviously drawn up by some depraved vegetarian. When sitting at the table be sure to shout loudly for service. This not only embarrasses your fellow mess members, but asserts your authority. Strong language is impressive at all times. Use your elbow and feet to good advantage.

Treat lounge regulations the same as those of the mess . . . ignore them. The approved etiquette, such as laid down by K.R. (air) is quote: ". . . make a direct line toward the bar, and bang on it loudly. Demand a drink they never stock. Be sure you get it. Charge the drink, never pay for it . . . filthy lucre is frowned upon by your seniors."

As for the radio. Soft music is annoying, whereas a blaring news broadcast is far more educational. Probably you will receive numerous dirty looks, quite characteristic of the poor type.

Finally tell the President of the Mess at least once a month what **you** personally think of him. Let them know that you have a mind of your own.

Barrack Approach

Barracks were created by some promoter of mass production, who had some scrap metal and wood left around. You will probably find your barrack mates quite objectionable, but here are some hints to put you in a better light in their eyes.

In the morning, jump out of bed five minutes before reveille, turn on all the lights, and run up and down the aisle waking the individuals. Methods here vary. However, the main object is to arouse them from their lethargic slumber.

Dash brightly into the washroom. If some slow shift workers are using all the basins, push the smallest one aside. Remember the old Air Force slogan: "The survival of the fittest." Coming in at night after lights out, remember drop a suitcase or two. Undisturbed sleep isn't recommended by the M.O. Light up a cigarette. You might start a fire, which would be appreciated by the frozen occupants, and also the Fire Department, which has nothing to do but polish the engine.

The Flying Problem

Obtaining flips by non-flying personnel is ticklish business. You may encounter some resistance here, but don't worry . . . the instructors are only shy of their flying ability. Just keep pestering them, hang around the flights until they finally give in. Actually such persistence is admired, and you will not go unnoticed.

May we add in conclusion one word of advice, never ask, just do, then you too may receive your promotion in the next ten years or more.

COMMANDOS IN BLUE

Our paths do not to glory lead,
Our praises are unsung;
We seek no honour in our work,
We ask for thanks from none.

Each one has a job to do,
Each one a separate task,
We all will do our share to win
And fight until the last.

We do not roam the azure blue,
To seek our bitter foe,
But we must wait until he strikes
And then return the blow.

"They shall never pass," our watchword is
And we mean it everyone.
Though we should fight from morn till night
And die beside our gun.

We'll guard our land from coast to coast,
And our aerdromes overseas,
And when this war is o'er and won,
We'll live in perfect PEACE.

LAC. Luscombe, W. L.,
Security Guard



1. Fire Department.
2. Soccer Team.
3. F/O C. R. B. Smith, Adjutant, Training Wing.
4. F/O J. L. Rogers, Adjutant, Maintenance.
5. Training Wing Staff.
6. Officers Mess Staff.
7. Equipment—S/L R. L. Wilkin, O/C.
8. Works and Bricks—F/L D. Murphy, O/C.
9. Canteens' Staff.

With the Gestapo

By Al. Mercer and "Barney" Wart

Prior to its official opening in the rainy season of 1940, No. 5 Service Flying Training School was policed and guarded by civilians who maintained a vigilant watch over such station properties and boundaries as existed at that time. Besides having to keep a look-out for saboteurs, the guards had to contend with the odd Indian who wandered down out of the country north of Brantford in the belief that No. 5 S.F.T.S. was a new hunting ground instituted by a benevolent government to provide active recreation to a "war-weary" people. But apart from the Indians, no one bothered much about the station, excepting maybe a few travelling salesmen, and after the postman was shot one foggy morning, the station was visited about as much as a village in the African Congo.

For a time everyone was happy. But when it really began to rain in earnest, and the station took on a physical appearance of a Venetian-like city, the "civvies" decided they had had enough. As their spokesman put it, "the thigh's the limit," so when the water got that high they simply rolled up their trousers and waded out.

Now in Government circles, a station left unguarded is about as safe as Gene Tierney (the sta-

tion's sweetheart) in the Sgt.'s mess, so they decided to do something about it, but quickly. The authorities hit upon the scheme of having a detachment of potential "Aircrew" assume the late responsibilities of the civilian guard.



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CONGRATULATIONS

To all those of No. 5 Service Flying Training School, past and present, who have done and are doing such an outstanding job in Canada's "fight for freedom," our heartiest congratulations and may we wish them, one and all, God Speed and Happy Landings.

Best Wishes To No. 5

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ONTARIO

To be explicit, it was October 5, 1940, that Sgt. Goss and his 17 charges sailed up the highway and thru' the big gate to take over the guardianship of No. 5. After their first look at the water covered fields, they were all for turning about and putting back to Manning Depot, swearing they must have made a mistake. They had been assigned to a bomber station, and this looked like a seaplane base. However, they were finally convinced it was not Pennsacola, and persuaded to at least unpack.

And unpack they did. Not only their duffle bags, but also half the equipment that comprises the station furnishings today. According to Sgt. Goss's version, they had to help with the construction of No. 5 Hangar. But the finishing touch was when they were required to uncrate and erect a number of beds to assure themselves of a place to sleep, their first night on the station. That was nothing but sheer mockery, for everyone knows the only sleep a Security Guard gets is a few **fitful snatches** in signals class at G.I.S. In his off duty hours, he's either doing fatigues, shining brass, polishing shoes, drilling, attending special parades, doing gymnastics, or engaged in doing more fatigues. In fact, the members of the Security Guard at Brantford are also known as "The Little Mothers." Their work is never done!

But their's was not to question why, so they uncrated the beds, and carted them over to Barrack Block 15A, whose halls are now filled with odours of powder, perfume and other associate cosmetics and the high pitched laughter of the Women's Division. They made the beds and hustled over to the mess hall for their first meal. They were chagrined to see no signs of supper being prepared, but, undaunted, the guardroom gang scurried over to the mess of a local contractor, where a meal fit for a king was prepared for them.

That same fateful day, the station held "open house" for a group of women, and the newly-arrived guards had their hands full playing host to the overflow crowd that poured in like a group of hungry relatives to a Christmas dinner. We wager there were more phone numbers traded that afternoon than you will find in the Brantford directory. Many a lucky (and good-looking) airman was invited to Brantford homes for luncheons and "what have you," solely on the strength of friendships formed that November afternoon.

A lad whose memory lingers in the guard room was big Jim Rooney, whose trumpet playing was the hottest thing since the Summer of '34. A recent overseas dispatch, recently listed Jim as "missing" following an operational flight. We'd like to bet that no matter where he is, he made more girl friends in his first five minutes there than you have fingers and toes.

Surplanting the potential P-or-O's were a group of air gunners (45 to be exact) who were herded, sniffing and sneezing onto the station

sometime in December, 1940. Legend had already firmly planted the belief in airmen's minds that an air-gunner was a chap with a one-way ticket to Glory (or the other place . . . depending on the manner in which he had conducted himself in earlier years), and the authorities argued such a chap wouldn't give a hoot whether he received his halo right here on his native sod. So the air-gunners came to Brantford and began their period of "living death."

Strange as it might seem, there were no aircraft on the station when the boys first arrived. So, for the first few weeks, the bulk of their work was comprised mostly of Service Police duties. But with the arrival of aircraft they were relieved of this task, and men whose actions occasionally show hints of Gestapo technique, imported in their place. Some of the Gestapo gang are still with us and only recently have been persuaded to throw away their whips and blackjacks.

In those early days, a squad used to pace a beat in front of the main gate, while another squad patrolled the "Frid" gate down where the railroad tracks now transgress on station property. It is recorded in station legend, that on cold nights, beautiful gals, attracted by the glare of the smudge pots the boys kept burning to thaw out hands frozen around the rifle stocks, used to drive up to the "Frid gate" in shiny new cars, and try to entice the lads to indulge in osculatory interchanges in the comfort of said automobiles. But having a thorough training in what is expected of a Security Guard, and bearing in mind the punishment they would receive if caught away from their post, the lads wouldn't even listen to the gals. (You believe that and you will believe anything.)

October 22, 1940, featured the arrival from Ottawa's Rockcliffe Air Station of Sgt. A. J. Wart and Cpl. J. U. V. Currier. Cpl. Currier is now at St. Thomas, but Sgt. Wart is still with us and manages every two weeks to contribute a breezy column on Guardroom affairs to The Sky-Line, under the pseudonym "Barney".

November saw the names on the N.C.O.'s roster swelled to seven. The new arrivals were Cpls. Ware, Danjo, Cote and Sgt. Coombes. Sgt. Coombes is the only one left of that group of N.C.O.'s, the others having long since departed to different stations.

At the impressive opening ceremony, the Guards not only comprised the guard of honour, but acted as traffic officers and guides, and it was largely thru' their efforts that the afternoon went off as smoothly as it did, with no untoward incidents being reported.

First Officer of the Guard was F.O. Bixell, whose stay at No. 5 S.F.T.S. was only a short one. He was succeeded by F.O. Blackie, now Flight Lieut., posted only last January to St. Thomas. F.O. Buchanan assumed charge then, but he in turn was posted to No. 6 R.D., at Trenton, which brings us down to the present O.C., F.O. Atchery, who arrived from Trenton May 1, 1942.

F.O. Atcherley has an enviable record, both military and police. Born in Corwen, Wales, Sept. 21, 1887, he came to Canada in 1906. He shortly joined the Royal North West Mounted Police and saw service in Western Canada and the North West Territories, including such Mounted Police stations as Regina, Fort Saskatchewan and the Lesser Slave Lake. He spent five years in the Mounties, from 1907 to 1912.

In the Great War he started out with the Fort Garry Horse as a trooper and went to France and Belgium. He took part in what was probably the last cavalry charge with lances . . . the famous "charge of the Fort Garry Horse at Delville Wood," July 16, 1916. He ended up by winning his commission in the field and the Distinguished Conduct Medal. Since the last war, he has been with the Ontario Provincial Police in the Niagara district, and the Air Force since the 10th of August, 1940. (Thanks to Contact, Trenton.)

And that's a brief recount of the history of the Security Guard at No. 5, S.F.T.S. In summing things up, we cannot help but feel that it is a far cry indeed from those first days in the station's history, when the Security Guard used to brave sub-zero temperatures to patrol a beat on foot, to this day when the boys maintain their vigil from vantage points in heated towers, high atop hangar roofs. Now they are able to direct powerful search lamps to almost any corner of the hangar area, and an inter-tower telephone communication system, with a direct line to the guardroom, enables them to check immediately on the authority of any individuals to be within the station boundaries. A truck stands ready all thru' the night to take two armed N.C.O.'s to any part of the station on a moment's notice to investigate and bring under control any incident that may arise.

* * * * *

Closely associated with the Guards are the Service Police, whose main duty is to look after the general behaviour of the service personnel. Chief Gestapo agent, Sgt. Frank Theriault, was the first service policeman on the station, arriving here October 12, 1940.

Town patrols those days consisted of taking in a movie or dance, in or about the vicinity of Brantford, and owing to the fact there were so few airmen around, Service Policemen reaped a harvest in phone numbers and names of the curvacious beauties in town. For some time the Service Police acted as a date bureau for the wolves on the camp, but this was short-lived when a few of the lads got taken for a ride by some of the local yokels.

Inspiring now, is the sight of two S.P.'s, tramping along the streets of Brantford, looking into every nook and cranny for some misbehaving airman.

Flt. Sgt. Kinsella, former chief, now stationed in Halifax, came here toward the end of October, 1940, and helped to make the S.P.'s the swell organization it is today.

Likeable Johnny Hearn arrived here Oct. 29, 1940, or thereabouts, and is still with the present staff of Service Police.

For sometime after the Gestapo took over the guardhouse and barrier from the Guard, personnel signed a book upon leaving and returning to the station. Many a time the lads used to try and put one over on the S.P.'s by having someone returning earlier, sign their name in early, and then come in over the fence. Quite often, however, upon returning to their bed, they were very surprised to see one of the S.P.'s sleeping peacefully, just waiting for the airman to return.

The S.P. roster of N.C.O.'s includes: "Gilly" Gilleland, a lover of all children; Johnny Tovell, Gestapo efficiency expert; big, gruff, Sgt. Therien, always beefing about something or other; "Peanuts," everyone knows him; Cpl. Leonard, who keeps the Air Force poor supplying him with materials for his jewelry, and Cpl. Nigh, quiet and reserved.



F/L W. L. Gavard
R. C. Chaplain

ON LEAVE UNDER BOMBARDMENT

I walked
And as I walked the street
I heard
The drums of hatred beat
Above.
I ran
A crash, a thunderous roar
I dived
And pressed close to the floor.
It shook.
I prayed
A hurried rush of words
And cursed
The Fascist carrion birds
That fly.
I rose
The thought was clear in mind
I knew
No peace the world could find
While devils of this Fascist kind
Still live.

—"F"

"Our present O.C., Flying Officer John McKeown, is quite famous, too. He was the pilot that landed an Anson pic-a-back out west as a student. He was the one on the bottom."—From "E" Flight Errors, by Cpl. Long.

* * * * *

"Bill 'Svengali' Waxler really hypnotized himself the other day when his head came in contact with the wing of a plane he had just parked."—More "E" Flight dope by LAC. R. V. Long.

R.C.A.F. AND W.D.

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* * * * *

A Kiss: Sabotage before invasion.

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it's the

CAPITOL THEATRE

Dalhousie Street
BRANTFORD

You Are Our Older Brothers

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS
Famed American Novelist

(Miss St. Johns, who kindly wrote this specially for The Sky-Line, has a son training here — Cpl. W. I. St. Johns, "F" Flight.)

Walking along the corridor known as Peacock Alley, in the St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco, the other day I almost bumped into three tall lads in Air Force blue. Because my son wears that British uniform I have a warm spot in my heart for it and always take a good look, hoping that it might be some of the men I know. And so I spotted instantly the dark gun metal buttons and recognized that these were brothers from Australia.

As we passed I said as off-handedly as I knew how: "I know why you wear those buttons, my lads."

They came to a halt, and when they saw I was a harmless and motherly looking soul they whipped off their caps and grinned.

"Nevertheless," I said, "I'll buy you a cup of tea or a highball if I may."

Now as my invitation was accepted, who should appear from the other direction but two young men of the Royal Canadian Air Force, who being asked to join us were glad so to do and we repaired to the gilt and glittering lounge where gather the fighting men of all Allied Nations who sail in through the Golden Gate — and out of it.

The reason I bring this up here is that the Canadians and I were both touched and delighted by the way the Aussies accepted us as sort of one family, and were determined in the politest way in the world to explain that over in Australia **their** folks were being just as nice to **our** boys, as we were being to them. In fact they wouldn't, they insisted, be a bit surprised if right that minute somewhere Down Under their mothers were serving tea or buying a highball for American and Canadian airmen — allowing for the difference in time, of course. And I'm quite sure they were, too.

The point is that we in the United States have been privileged to entertain more R.C.A.F. men than Canadians have Americans, because we were later getting into this show and so more of you have had time to come to us.

In the past months, I've been travelling on business all over the United States. Almost everywhere, I've seen R.C.A.F. uniforms. And it is putting it mildly to say that as ambassadors of unity and close understanding they do about as fine a job as any of the actual diplomatic corps. A member of the Flying Tigers, Colonel Harvey Greenlaw, who was apparently sort of godfather to all the A.V.G. boys, told me that in China the great feeling for America was based as much upon the personality and exploits of those few flyers as upon anything that our country has done since time began. In a way, I think that's true of the R.C.A.F. The lads come down to have a good

time, to see the United States while they're on leave, and they aren't thinking much about such weighty matters, but it's true just the same.

Lieutenant Commander Devine, in charge of the Naval Shore Patrol for the Twelfth Naval District, which includes San Francisco, took me out one night to show me how the job was done. I was in San Francisco gathering material for a new novel and he thought I ought to see something of the night life. One thing I saw was that the once famous Barbary Coast, under the new title of the International Settlement, was as colorful and riotously gay as it has been pictured in its glory. But they do have a few policewomen, whom you'd never recognize in their very smart clothes, simply to see that the law about selling liquor to minors isn't infringed. One of them turned out to be an old friend of my reporter days on the San Francisco Examiner. While we talked her watchful eyes were on the door, and over someone's shoulder she saw a very young looking boyish face. She got to her feet but just then the others moved and she saw a young R.C.A.F. pilot. At once she sat down. I said: "Sure he's of age?" and she said: "Oh, yes. I never have to worry about those boys. They know how to behave themselves wherever they are. And if they have a drink, they drink like gentlemen and they do have such nice manners. Sometimes I wish our boys were as disciplined."

And believe me, there is no colder eye than that of a well trained policewoman.

While I was in Hollywood, I had been lunching at Romanoff's one day with my favorite actress, Ida Lupino, and just as we were breaking up we ran into Reggie Gardner. You may remember Reggie from "Captains in the Clouds" or maybe you've heard him doing imitations of trains and wallpaper (Copy desk: It **is** wallpaper) on Bing Crosby's program. He invited us to call upon him at tea time, saying that he had the only apartment in all Beverly Hills upon a Mews, and so we accepted both for Reggie's sake and because we wanted to see a Mews. It was a Mews, too. And Reggie entertained us by playing some of the recordings he makes himself. Part of them — probably half — were made by Reggie and members of the Royal Canadian Air Force. When the boys come to Hollywood many of them look Reggie up — he loves it — and usually he makes a recording with them.

One of them which could be entitled "Don't anybody come and **tell** me," is by way of being a classic. It was just ad lib stuff, as they say in the profession, between Reggie himself and a young Flying Officer who shall be nameless for the moment. And it concerns a young lady the Flying Officer met who wished to learn to play the piano. Ida and I laughed until we cried. And then we begged Reggie to do something about selling it to Victor or Decca or somebody because

all the world should hear it and many of the others, which are all witty and friendly and the sort of stuff you just never get. He promised that he'd think about it and I hope he will, because you can pay offices of this kind of information and bureaus of this kind of propoganda for centuries and never get anything as funny and as true and as sure to make Allies understand each other better and better.

In Washington one very hot afternoon as I came along Connecticut Avenue, near the Mayflower, I saw quite a crowd craning their necks at something passing and I joined them, because I knew that it takes a great deal to make people in Washington so much as glance sideways, since they are by now very well accustomed to almost every kind of sight, good and bad, that has ever been seen. Strolling along quite casually were five R. A. F. pilots and they wore shorts. They had on their caps and from the waist up they were quite properly military, but still they did wear shorts. And such a thing had not been seen in our Capital since the days during the last war when the Ladies from Hell, those wild and intrepid Scottish soldiers, came visiting.

Next to me in the crowd was an elderly lady suffering, as who wasn't, from Washington Summer weather, and as she mopped her brow she stared at the R.A.F. and remarked: "Now that's what I call good common sense. Well, I guess they learned the hard way and I guess at that maybe they know a lot of things we could learn and it wouldn't hurt us any."

Not very long ago I was lucky enough to have some R.C.A.F. boys as my house guests on the little farm we have out in New Jersey. My youngest son, Dicky, was on his way back to New York Military Academy and we all drove up together and on our way back as we were passing the United States Military Academy at West Point they said they'd love to go in. Now in company with several rather distinguished and well known citizens I had tried that myself only a few weeks before and been politely but oh so firmly refused. But I said one thing you never got shot for in this country was trying, so up we went, and when he saw the R.C.A.F. uniforms the guard phoned somebody who phoned a colonel or whatever and the first thing you knew there we were, driving through West Point.

If we had had it all made to order it couldn't have been better for we drove along the parade ground just as the Corps was in full parade, and we watched them until the flag was lowered at sunset. It was very beautiful and the Canadians, who do not go in at all for flag waving, were deeply touched. And one of them made a very profound remark. He said: "They drill the same way we do. Like they liked it, not like machines."

I was seriously warned by the young gentleman of the R.C.A.F. who gave me this assignment that I was not to do any flag waving myself. We civilians, poor things, some times feel that we must, I suppose, to keep up our own sense of usefulness — you can feel pretty doggone useless as a civilian these days. So I hope you will take this in the spirit in which it is intended. I was talking not long ago with a very famous doctor, who complained that there wasn't much the matter with most of his patients except war confusion.

So I said: "Well, don't send them to sanitariums in pink bed jackets with feathers. Just have them invite half a dozen members of the R.C.A.F. down for their next leave. Because if there is anything calculated to cure any state of nerves it is having those lads around. They've been in it longer than we have and they are the most serene and the gayest you meet anywhere." And I meant just that.

You mean a great deal to us in the United States. You're sort of our older brothers in this show. You reassure us about it all and when it's over and the new and active and vital friendship between the United States and Canada will be mostly your work — and somebody **please** bring me back a Gremlin.

Hospital assistant, foot specialist, removes corns, callouses, nails, both feet, free of charge.

* * * * *

"This ode about my sheep
Would never be complete
Without some parting talk
About the mother of our flock.

"I speak of our Miss George
Who's worked with us so hard
We all wish her the best
In all her Da Dit tests."



R.C.A.S.C. Supply Depot Attached to No. 5 S.F.T.S.
Lt. F. R. Armstrong, I.C.

Best of Luck to No. 5

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A Short, Short Story on the Life of an Airdrome Traffic Control Officer

By P.O. Wm. Schon

Here I was sittin' in the Mess, not sayin' nuthin' to nobody, jest drinkin' my - - - (deleted by censor) glass of beer when all of a sudden I feels a breeze at my bendin' elbow. I looks up an' sees a chummy sort of a bloke standin' by my side an' he's grinnin' frum ear to ear. Me, not bein' used to chummy guys on account of I works in the Control Tower an' of course no one loves Control Officers — I gets a chill runnin' down my spine.

I couldn't think of no one that I owes any dough to so I sez to myself sez I: "He can't be no collector 'cause I don't owe no one no dough." Still an' all I thinks, there can't be no one so chummy an' bright unless he wuz collectin' fer someone.

I knows I'm in danger but I hoists my beer casual-like an' berleeve you me my mind's workin' overtime wonderin' what this gent who has what I oncet hears an edjicated LAC. in "C" flight call "an air of savoir faire", wants with Joe McGurk.

He puts a hand gentle like on my shoulder an' now I knows what these here "Commandos" feels like the night they storms "Dieppe."

Goose flesh rizzes up in me and perse - - perse - - sweat pours out on my dome like the time when my wife makes me go out an' find a job.

As them guys what writes books sez: "Dim shadders appears before my eyes." The guy jest stans there sayin' nuthin' ter nobody, jest stans there lookin' down at me, an' me not sayin' nuthin' to nobody.

I knows I'm inna jam, me whole life flashes before me, like the time I'm in danger before me Mother-in-Law sez she's comin' ter stay with me an' "Toots" (that's my wife).

In great pain I looks up at the guy whose big hairy paw pushes me deeper and deeper into my chair. My bendin' elbow hurts somethin' awful but still he don't say nuthin'.

He looks at me an' I looks at him. We both don't say nuthin'. There ain't nobody sayin' nuthin' in the Mess. You could hear a pin drop only there ain't nobody got a pin ter drop.

Gents whats never been known ter not say nuthin' in the Mess jest stans there like they is frozen. I never seen so many drinks not bein' put down the hatch in all me life. The air is charged with the stuff them literary gents talks an' writes about. It's like the time "Toots" took me to a show. I know the great moment has come.

The chummy look an' the smiles disappears suddenly an' he looks at me like Boris Karloff. I sees his big eyes lookin' right through me, jest like "Toots" when she says "gimme" after I been to play the ponies.

He looks at me an sez: "You will write a column for 'The Sky-Line'."

I tries ter raise me bendin' elbow, but as I can't feel it nohow I looks helplessly to my beer, I can't see no foam on it. I knows from this that I'm passed out.

Moral: There ain't nobody so sad as a Control Officer.

Y. M. C. A. War Service

The Y.M.C.A., in keeping with its interest in and desire to serve young men, has a special War Services Committee, which supervises its work among soldiers, sailors and airmen. At No. 5 S. F. T. S., as at numerous camps and stations in Canada and abroad, there is stationed a Y.M.C.A. supervisor, who works under the supervision of the War Services Committee.

Since it's inception No. 5 S.F.T.S. has had four supervisors. Sid McLennan started the work, and upon his posting was followed by L. M. Sommer. Mr. Sommer's services were required on the East coast, and H. J. Goodman was named his succes-



sor. March this year Mr. Goodman was appointed senior supervisor of stations in the Trenton area, and Bob MacArthur, supervisor of sports at Trenton, was posted here.

The Y.M.C.A. supervisor is a member of the Sports, Entertainment and Station Newspaper Committees, and as such is actively engaged in developing the programs under supervision of these committees.

Moving pictures are shown Monday and Friday nights, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., and at no cost to the station or to its personnel. During the past year 38,476 have been entertained by these movies. Thanks are due Sgt. Mc-Lauchlan and Cpl. Whitehead and the men under their charge at Photographic Section, their voluntary job operating the projector at all shows.

Equipment for small games, such as table tennis, darts, checkers, cards, chess, etc., is available at the Y.M.C.A. office in the Recreation Hall, and 17,121 airwomen and airmen have made use of this equipment during the past 12 months.

A telegraph service is available at the "Y" office, whereby anyone can forward telegrams di-

rect from the station. During the past year 754 messages have been dispatched, thus saving our personnel the time and expense of going to Brantford.

As proof our airmen and airwomen do write letters, we can state 78,550 double sheets of Y.M.C.A. letter paper have been used the past year, along with a comparable number of envelopes, as well as several hundred post cards. This writing material is supplied free, and is available at several points on the station, including the Y.M.C.A. office.

With the kind co-operation of the Brantford Citizens' Committee, and individual citizens, we are able to arrange parties for groups of airmen and airwomen, dinners in homes in town to offer a bit of change from our mess hall routine. Wednesday night dancing at the Maple Leaf Club, Brantford, and in the good old days were able to arrange motor trips on a Sunday.

The Y.W.C.A., at the Hostess House on the station grounds and under the capable supervision of Mrs. Strowger, works right along with the Y.M.C.A., and any mending or darning to be done, if left (clean) at the Y.M.C.A. office by 1000 hours any Tuesday, can be picked up after 1700 hours Wednesday. Wives of airmen work along with Mrs. Strowger on this very essential service.

The Y.M.C.A. supervisor is here to do anything he can for its personnel, whether in the line of sport, entertainment, small games, sending telegrams, taking in mending, or arranging that party. Please do not hesitate to make use of whatever he has at his disposal.

An Important Section

Where does everyone go when they want something done? Parachute Section!

What does the newly promoted LAC., Cpl., Sgt., etc., first think of? Parachute Section!

When tennis or volleyball nets, etc., give out Ft. Lt. Penhall thinks of the Parachute Section!

When lawns are being trimmed all over the station, who does the C.O. think of? Para. Sec.!

When tarpaulins and seat covers rip at the M.T. Section, Maj. Shingh thinks of the Para. Sec.

When ailerons and nacelles need covering, where do they go? Parachute Section!

When some poor patient in the hospital complains of a torn sheet, pillow slip, etc., the M.O. thinks of the Parachute Section!

When a certain L.A.W. in the M.T. Sec. has nothing else to do she thinks of the Para. Sec.

When the Sgt.'s Mess need new curtains, who do they think of? Parachute Section!

When some poor student is told to "Bail out, now," who does he think of?

And some unhappy AC. 2 lifts a 'chute by the shiny handle, who does he think of?

When someone is missing on Maintenance Parade, who does Major Holloway think of? Parachute Section!

There's been students from every class and several on the station now who think of the Parachute Section. When there are flags and wind socks to be repaired even the Tower thinks of us.

—The Parachute Section

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We congratulate the personnel of No. 5 S.F.T.S. on their fine record of achievement, and are proud that our equipment on Unit Heaters, Ventilators, Stokers, Link Trainers, etc., are playing an important part in the successful operation of your station.

We are approximately 100% war production; special electrical equipment being made for the Air Force, Army and Navy.

Fledglings of the Albatross

By F.O. J. L. Rogers



Brantford on the March

Long before the war, it was generally recognized that our part in the struggle ahead was unique in that Canada was capable of producing airmen and aircrews of a quality which our enemies have never been able to equal. From these thoughts abroad and here was born the great program known as the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan whose duty it is to guarantee the Motherland and the Empire a steady flow of the finest aircrews it is possible to produce.

This great plan, enormous in its conception, gigantic in its results, is now an accomplished fact. The aerodromes are built; the schools are operating, the training is in full progress. It now remains for us to keep a steady flow of potential aircrew into these schools. And where, on all the earth, can there be found youth better equipped by nature and heredity to pursue the science of aeronautics, than in our own Canada? Canada, who gave us Bishop, Colishaw, Barker, McLeod and countless other heroes of the last Great War and the hundreds of superb Canadian youths who have already won more than 200 decorations for bravery in the present struggle.



Woodstock Swings Out

The Department of National Defence for Air became interested in a Youth Movement designed to give basic training in aeronautics to 'teen-aged boys and Nov. 9, 1940, an Order-in-Council was passed, formally granting permission for formation of the Air Cadet League of Canada, as a civilian organization empowered to help found and administer Air Cadet Units. The League followed the scheme of the Air Defence Cadet Corps of the United Kingdom, organized in 1938 by the Air League of the British Empire.

Thanks to the untiring efforts of public spirited citizens, Service Clubs and Boards of Education, the Air Cadet League of Canada now has 187 squadrons, comprising more than 23,000 air-minded boys. In No. 1 Training Command there are 56 squadrons, with over 3,300 cadets. These Air Cadet Squadrons are all affiliated with R.C.A.F. Units, whose duty it is to supply liaison officers to supervise administration and training of their respective squadrons.

There are three squadrons of Air Cadets affiliated with this station. How many personnel



Paris Gets Its Colors

know that the R.C.A.F. supply Cadets with uniforms at cost, with all kinds of training equipment from rifles to navigation instruments, on indefinite loan, through its Equipment Depots and publications through the Forms and Publications store? How many personnel know that the Air Cadet Syllabus comprises 288 hours of instruction almost identical with I.T.S. training and that this station is responsible for the training of its own fledglings to a point that when it is complete the Cadets will require a quick rounding off on navigation and they will be ready for E.F.T.S.?

Starting immediately, classes of instruction will be inaugurated here to qualify Air Cadet officers and civilian instructors to instruct Air Cadets in I.T.S. subjects. Volunteers, in all specialist subjects, are urgently required. Please hand your names to the writer or the Station Ad-

jutant and let us all get behind this most necessary work and make our three Air Cadet Squadrons: No. 8 Woodstock "Optimist" Squadron, No. 104 Brantford "Optimist" Squadron and No. 122 Paris Squadron the best trained squadrons in the Air Cadet League of Canada. Remember they are **our** fledgelings, **our** responsibility.

Follow thumb-nail sketches of the formation and growth of our three affiliated Air Cadet Squadrons:

No. 8 Woodstock "Optimist" Squadron

Is the oldest squadron in No. 1 Training Command; sponsored and financed by the Woodstock Optimist Club, with Morris Dawes as chairman and N. Sheldon Eaton as secretary; first parade July 25, 1941; Parade nights, Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2000 hrs. to 2200 hrs.; place, Woodstock Rubber Works. Officers: A.C.F.L. W. J. Sprague, Adj. A.C.F.O. A. N. Chapman, Flt. Cmdr. A.C.F.O. R. J. Adair, Sqdn. Sgt. Major A.C.W.O.1 M. P. Smith; No. 5 S.F.T.S. Liaison Officer, Flt. Lieut. H. W. Hawkins.

No. 104 Brantford "Optimist" Squadron

Sponsored and financed by Brantford Optimist Club; with Charlie Wilson as chairman and Howard Gray as secretary. First parade, April 24, 1942; Parade nights, Wednesdays and Fridays, 1900 hrs. to 2100 hrs.; place, Old Orange Hall in West Brantford. Officers: C.O. A.C.F.L. C. G. Blundell, Adj.; Flt. Cmdr. A.C.P.O. Nels. Campbell, Equipment Officer, A.C.P.O.; Disciplinarian, A.C. P.O. W. Broadley; No. 5 S.F.T.S. Liaison Officer, F.O. J. L. Rogers.

No. 122 Paris Squadron

Sponsored by a body of public-spirited citizens with Geo. McCallum as chairman, H. W. Richards, secretary, and Messrs. Earle Taylor, C. Wheeler and H. Quinlan, members. The Cadets of this

squadron have shown a splendid esprit de corps in helping their committee by raising \$390 salvaging rubber and cutting lawns. First parade, March 6, 1942; parade nights, Tuesdays and Fridays, 1915 hrs. to 2115 hrs.; place, Paris High School. Officers: C.O. A.C.F.L. P. T. Bernhardt; Adj. A.C. F.O. H. W. Richards, Flt. Cmdr. A.C.P.O. D. L. Brontmier; No. 5 S.F.T.S. Liaison Officer, Flt. Lt. H. E. Smith.

Shouts from the House of Pain

By Flt. Lt. John Belton

"Ambulance wanted on No. 1 runway. Ambulance wanted on No. 1 runway. Aircraft cannot get wheels down."

This clarion call, reverberating through the cool green halls of the Station Hospital, is immediately answered. The efficient organization begins to roll. Flight Lieut. Johnston and Sgt. Jordan spring to action. With bag in hand, and high hopes in their hearts, they mount the ambulance and speed off.

"Sgt." Willis stops arguing with Sgt. Peterson long enough to throw some instruments into the sterilizer and some remarks at Wiz. "If you had been in India, my boy, the way I was for nine years, you would be daffy too."

"What is all this racket?" says Flt. Lt. Belton as he brushes the cobwebs away from his door. "How do you expect F.O. Russell and myself to sleep with all this noise?"

"We must have quiet," adds F.O. Russell. "I haven't felt myself for two weeks. That last admission three weeks ago exhausted me."

Down the hall the Nursing Sisters return to watering the ferns. "I wish Florence Nightingale could see me now," says N.S. Matheson.

"Ah," sighs N.S. Allemang, "I wish that pair of silver wings could see me to-night."

Surrounded by the product of the pulp forests, Sgt. Briard, in the Orderly Room, ponders yet another form. "Maudit! A.F.R.O. No. 364, dated 20-10-42, says all airmen must take a bath once a month. What shall I do? I think I go to Detroit my next fourty-eight. She is such a nice girl."

"You know where I come from we do things differently," adds LAC. Weaver. "I come from Port Colborne and we have the best hockey teams. I remember the year we almost won the Allen Cup."

"Keep still, Weaver!" says Corporal Smith, as she applies a poultice to his black eye. "That story about getting this while attempting to save a maiden's honour didn't impress the C.O."

"I believe it," interrupts AW1 McMurtchie. "I like romantic men, especially when walking to the Outside Inn."

With a roar, the ambulance grinds to a stop outside the hospital. Flt. Lt. Johnston enters with a depressed mien. "Any luck?" asks F.O. Russell hopefully.

"No," replies Flt. Lt. Johnston, wistfully. "But perhaps some day, some day - - -"

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Photo Finishing Department

Jive Jargon

A little **Jive jargon** for the benefit of **Wheat benders** who contemplate becoming an **Alligator**:

Jam Session: An informal meeting of musicians playing for their own amusement, without leadership or score.

Jive: Another term for swing or hot jazz.

Killer Diller: The ultimate in swing selection.

Screwball: Crazy, extremely unbridled swing.

Whacky: Same as screwball, only noisier, more discordant.

Barrelhouse: Every man for himself, playing without regard for what the others are playing, good swingmen generally frown upon it.

Alligator: A non-playing swing devotee, a listener.

In the groove, feeling his stuff, going to town, out of the world, getting off on it: When carried away or inspired by the music, jaker playing in exalted spirit and to perfection.

Cats, brass blasters, jive artists, silver suckers, spooks, jogs, pops: The musicians of a swing band.

Frisking their whiskers, licking their chops: Getting warmed up to swing.

Paperman, long-haired boy, sailorman: A term of contempt for a musician who plays only written music, as written.

Long Underwear Gang: A term of contempt for a sweet band.

Commerical Schmaltz: A term of contempt for compromise swing.

Corny, Umchu, icky, on the cob, strict union: A term of contempt for the "razz-mah-jazz" style of the 20's.

Mugging light: Soft, staccato swinging.

Mugging heavy: As above with heavier beat.

Kicking Out: Very free, enthusiastic improvisation.

Ticks, riffs, get offs: Original interpolated phrasings.

Ride: Easy going rythm.

Break: Dropping the rythm for a few beats.

Gang: A medley of tunes.

Woodshed: To experiment in private with a new tune.

Sender, rideman, hot star: Creator of a swing style.

Wheat bender: A term of contempt for a person who doesn't like swing.

Grunt Iron: Tuba.

Gob stick, agony pipe, licorice stick: Clarionet.

Dog house: Bass viol.

Plumbing, piston: Trumpet.

Swing: Complete and inspired freedom of rythmic interpretation (Gene Krupa). Collective improvisation, rythmically integrated (down beat).

Congratulations to No. 5 S. F. T. S.
on Your Second Anniversary

and

Best Wishes for Your Continued Success



The Brantford Cordage Company, Limited

“Our Sergeant-Major”

By Sgt. Wart and Al. Mercer

Contrary to popular belief, Sergeant Majors do not eat their young. Instead, they coddle the cantankerous little devils thru' babyhood, and while nurturing them carefully through their period of adolescence, painstakingly impart to them all the nasty mannerisms that make the



proverbial sergeant major one of the most hated individuals on any military station. And Sergeant Major Dickson's pappy was no exception. He didn't overlook a thing. He even taught his son jujitsu. We hate him to pieces!

But, despite the fact that Sgt. Maj. Dickson was expelled from kindergarten for secreting thumb tacks and old razor blades in the other children's plasticine, we of the Security Guard think he's a swell fellow! Why, only the other night he gave us his last two dollars. Of course, he didn't know the dice were loaded . . . And what a sense of humor he has! It dates back to the time he was a Boy Scout — that was before he was sixteen; after sixteen he became a “girl scout” . . . but didn't we all? — and used to swipe his crippled grandmother's cane just so he could boast to the other fellows, while he helped her across the street, that he was “her only visible means of support.” But one day the dear old lady reprimanded him for filching the coins from the Church poor box and he clubbed her to death with her very own cane, thusly proving to the world that he was mean enough to be a sergeant major. And a sergeant major he became.

And while you and I think he's just another “blank cartridge,” to most of the gals he encounters he presents himself as a big shot. And you must admit, begrudgingly, he almost looks the part. Tall, dark, handsome in an ugly sort of way, he walks with a spring in his step that makes one think of a person treading barefoot over a thistle patch. He is continually shrugging his shoulders in the same annoyed manner as the man who wore his coonskin coat inside out. You'll notice, too, if he stops long enough with you, that he is constantly balancing himself on the balls of his feet. This is not, as some people prefer to believe, indicative of an early vaudeville career that kept him busy dodging missiles hurled with murderous intent from an irate audience, but rather a habit he acquired while a member of parade-inspection parties. Before he took that Charles Atlas course in body-building, he used to stand only five feet tall in his stocking feet, and consequently, as he came to each airman he would of necessity have to stand on tiptoe to ascertain whether said airman had properly shone his brass. Since that time, however, Sgt. Maj. Dickson has

learned to wear shoes and added at least another foot and a half to his height, and while this obviates his old procedure on parade, the habit is still with him. Before we know the score, however, we always believed he was looking for an odd cigarette which we might have tucked behind our ear

Characteristic of all sergeant majors, Sgt. Maj. Dickson has a voice that is about as soothing to the ear as a dynamite blast, and he seems always to have on the tip of his tongue a sarcastic remark that leaves the miserable offender against which it is directed, feeling about as large as a thin dime. This is exemplified by an experience we shared with the Sgt. Major the other evening in Brantford. He offered to treat us to a cuppa' coffee in one of the local grills, and we placed our order with the waitress, but the minutes dragged by without any sign of the coffee. After five minutes or so of silence, Sgt. Maj. Dickson called the waitress to our table, and in a silken voice that dripped milk and honey, enquired sweetly enough: “Are you the young lady who took our order?” “Yes,” she replied. “Well, I'll be damned,” exploded the Sgt. Major. “You don't look a day older!” (P.S.: This subtle hint did the trick. We got our coffee.)

As “Station Sgt. Major,” he is naturally in charge of all station parades, including those parades that are held off the station boundaries. And in this respect, it has been said by some people, more narrow-minded than others, that Sgt. Maj. Dickson's first act upon arising at eleven every morning is to hustle over to the “met” office and pick up the weather reports. If the weather is to be fair and fine, then Sgt. Major Dickson stomps back to his office in a great rage indeed, putting the first fifteen men he meets on charge, just to relieve his feelings. But, on the other hand, if the weather report says that rain, snow, sleet, hail, fog, high winds, sub-zero temperatures, or any other discomforting climatic disturbances are in the offing, Sgt. Maj. Dickson charges back to his office in high glee, and promptly arranges for a full-dress parade, with Number One uniforms all newly cleaned and neatly pressed, or else!!! And woe betide the unfortunate wretch who appears late for a parade. All other crimes the Sgt. Major can tolerate, save this. If there is anything he enjoys more than tossing for cokes in the drill hall with his double-sided coin, we believe it is marching laggardly airmen to the office of the C.O. for that quiet talk that usually precedes a few days of fatigue duty and confinement to barracks.

As you might judge from his appearance, Sgt. Maj. Dickson is quite a handy guy to have around at a party. He can not only quote word for word some of the best stories from the “Bedside Companion,” and open the bottles of beer with his up-

turned nose, but he does card tricks as well. I've seen a few of these myself. During last night's poker game he held more than one interesting hand. (Mrs. Dickson . . . please note.) On one occasion he held six aces, and on another was caught dealing from the bottom of the deck. He is also quite proficient with a billiard cue, as he will demonstrate in the Sgts.' Mess almost any evening at all to anyone with a spare half dollar. He plays "pea-pool" with skill that is uncanny, and faintly reminiscent of the form displayed by billiard champion, Willy Hoppe. It is also rumoured the Service Police in Brantford received a call one evening from the local pool hall that a "sharpie" was lifting all the local yokels' mazuma



"Sgt. March SENT ME OVER TO PICK UP THE PROP WASH"

with his wizardry with the cue and ivories. The S.P.'s rolled the Maria up to the door, and hustled the "Sarge" off the premises before they realized who their charge really was. But Sgt. Major Dickson's ever present good humour allowed him to treat the matter as if it were a big joke, and naught was ever said about the matter again.

But seriously, fellows, whatever we've said about Sgt. Major Dickson in jest in the previous paragraphs, we want to go on record here as saying that he really **is** a grand guy, and one of the mainstays of the station.

From the time he rises in the morning until he retires in the evening, he is plagued with a thousand and one different questions on a thousand and one different subjects by seemingly a thousand and one different individuals. His office is his only retreat, but even here he cannot find refuge. His phone is ringing incessantly and airmen, N.C.O.'s . . . yes, even officers, line up outside in front of his office wicket to demand information on some controversial point, or to seek assistance in some form or another. He cannot step outside the door but what he is accosted by other information-hungry individuals, who have even been known to follow him into the mess in their efforts to elicit the information they desire.

It is little wonder then that Sgt. Major Dickson knows his C.A.P. 90 inside out. He has to live by it; he almost has to adopt it as his Bible. I dare say he's read it cover to cover more often than there are copies of "Gone With The Wind."

One of the few members of the Air Force personnel in Canada having a knowledge of judo, he not only instructs a class in this subject a number of times a week, but also finds time to indulge in other forms of station athletics.

On his shoulders falls the burden of supervising all of the station parades, inclusive of funeral processions and other ceremonial functions staged from time to time by the station personnel. This in itself is a major undertaking, and one which Sgt. Major Dixon handles with a maximum of efficiency.

But thru' this, Sgt. Major Dickson still retains his grand sense of humour, and his ability to enjoy a joke even at his own expense, is almost as much station legend as is his favourite quotation: "My mother told me I'd have a lot of troubles . . . but she didn't say I'd have 'em all at once!"

We give you one of the station's most admired personalities, Station Sergeant Major Dickson.

And if in the first few paragraphs, there is any point on which we have neglected to insult him, then we are truly sorry. We'll try to cover them when we're released from the digger!



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The Mexican Kid

Fellows, shake hands with a man who couldn't speak English when he enlisted in the R.C.A.F. a year ago, and hasn't taken a 48 since he's been in the service.

He's Ramon Riveroll, 27, the Republic of Mexico's first contribution to the R.C.A.F.



Senor Riveroll

Ramon, who is Pancho to the lads, has three big ambitions: get his wings, get his wife and four children (he said four) to Canada, and get a crack at Herr Hitler, whose every speech has a very odorous connection with Mexico's favorite sport - - bull fighting.

Senor Ramon motored all the way to Montreal from Mexico City and threw at recruiting officers assortments of Spanish, French and the sign language until they let him in. They whistled him off to Lachine Manning Depot, where he drilled with the precision squad all day, and studied English all night so he could find out what he had done the day before.

Now his English is not too bad, though some of the jokes have to be explained to him with signs. However, he still has a wee bit of difficulty, and they'll probably make him an instruc-

tor because students never seem to understand English anyway. However, hour after hour, he studies his precis and his English, and thanks the Lord he doesn't know all the cuss words his instructor is whipping across at him.

Ramon's family didn't know he was in the Air Force, or even had intentions, until he wired them he was now Aircraftman Second Class Riveroll, with MEXICO proudly written across his shoulders. He just left home one day, with word he was going to the U.S. on business. His business took him to Canada, and he's been here ever since.

The Royal Canadian Air Force, he says, is very famous in Mexico. And he wants his children to be reared as English children. His little brother is going to join the R.C.A.F., too, he says, as soon as he reaches 18. Pancho, incidentally, was a topographical engineer, and at the age of 18 headed a Mexican department. He also travelled a bit around Europe.

Now he's determined to get his wings.

"I dream flying all the time," Ramon is quoted.

He's working very hard, but not half as hard as the ground school authorities who are still rounding up interpreters to find out just what company that was Senor Ramon was working for. The name is in the \$100 brackets, and takes a line and more of closely-written foolscap.

Our Honor Roll of Products on Active Service include:

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Sports

By LAC. Jack Burch

We are all proud of our sports history here at No. 5 S.F.T.S., and it is a pleasure for me, with the aid of old issues of "Sky-Line," to set forth in writing a bit of that history.

Our station sports are divided into two categories, and to present the story in a proper manner, it is necessary that we understand those categories.

We have our station or representative teams. These teams compete against other air stations in this Central Area in organized leagues, and against district civilian teams in exhibition games. We have been very successful with our teams in softball, basketball, hockey, cricket, soccer, badminton, boxing, swimming and six-man football.

Our station softball teams, both men and women, were not successful in bringing home any trophies, but we look with great pleasure to the job which our women's team in particular did. We recall the stellar work of LAW. Beasley, LAW. Comba and LAW. Nepitt, since posted, and of LAW. Studer, who is and we hope will be with us for some time.

The No. 5 S.F.T.S. men's basketball team got right down to the play-offs in last season's schedule, but were forced to bow to Aylmer. Our women's team, the first organized among airwomen in Canada, found it rather difficult to find opposition from the other district Air Stations, but had a number of enjoyable games with civilian teams in the district.



We can all recall with considerable pride the fine showing made by our cricket team, in winning The South-Western Ontario Championship. Sparked by our popular past Commanding Officer, Wing Commander R. H. Waterhouse, A.F.C., our present O.C. No. 1 Squadron, S.L. E. C. Hamber, and that arch enemy of the top-knot, Bill Broadley, station barber, the Australian airmen on the station during the season presented a front pretty hard to knock down. The team in the final game against T. T. S., St. Thomas, was just two runs away from winning the Seagram Trophy.

Flt. Lt. Penhall and Sgt. McCusker are deserving of much credit for excellent management

of our soccer team. We can always bank on this team to be in there fighting, and are hoping for the day when we can muster just that added bit of power needed to overcome the R. A. F. lads from Mt. Hope, who edged us out by a close margin in each of the last two series. LAC. Art. Barkey, team captain, assures us that day is not far distant.

We have three airmen who have shown real interest and spirit in the ring. We were particularly successful in the inter-station card at the R.A.F. station at Mt. Hope, last Spring. Under the tutelage of LAC. Buck Butler, our boxers, Cpl. Stan May, LAC. Sandy Best and LAC. George Simpson, outpointed their opposing boxers and brought back to No. 5 the district championship. Sandy Best has been posted, but we still have the nucleus of a first class fighting team.

This Fall we had our first taste of competitive swimming. Our mixed team placed a close third in a Central Air meet in Hamilton during September, and in October our men's relay team journeyed to the same town and lost by inches to the Navy in a special services relay race. Sgt. Morch and LAW. MacLean held up the honors of the Women's Division, and LAC's Wolcott, Merhige, Powers, Stewart, Hill, Oliver and AC. 1 Ahola did a fine job of work on behalf of the men.

Friday, Sept. 11, our first track and field meet was held on the station. Our Commanding Officer, Wing Commander C. J. H. Holms, donated a silver trophy, to be competed for on an inter-squadron competition basis, and to be the property of the winning squadron until another team can wrest it away in a future meet. No. 1 Squadron is the first to have it's name on the trophy. Mrs. C. J. H. Holms, wife of the Commanding Officer, presented the prizes. The fact we had 320 entries for the 17 events gives us a good idea of the magnitude of the undertaking.

We have presented above only the story relating to inter-station sports. The team competitive spirit is very strong here, and we at present have leagues operating on an inter-squadron basis, in basketball, volleyball, bordenball and floor hockey. Badminton will soon make its appearance on the Winter front and will be followed closely by hockey. The Drill Hall is a place of activity on just about every night of the week, when the inter-squadron various games are played.

A lot has happened in the sports line in the past, and we are gradually becoming equipped to do a much greater job in the future. Our five new tennis courts have already been in for a lot of play, and will be a point of interest next season. Our swimming pool is completed, unfortunately too late for use this year, but something which we all can look forward to with pleasure for the coming Summer. Our sports field, which will embrace a quarter-mile cinder track, a soccer pitch, rugby field, provision for field events and ball diamonds, is becoming a reality, and by next Spring should be ready for a lot of use.

"Two Years"

By H. E. F.

Two years is a long time, but to us it seems like yesterday when we gathered from all parts of Canada to begin the "Battle of Burford." We were a meek bunch of AC. 2's from Manning Pool, and the Trade Schools. A Junior N.C.O. was an exalted rank, to be a sergeant was a dream realized, any higher than a sergeant was "Holier than thou." Times have greatly changed since then, many of our original AC.'s are Sergeants, Flight Sergeants, Warrant Officers and even commissioned, while a few are still doing their bit as LAC.'s. How well we remember that first day at No. 5, being met by a one-man reception committee, **Cpl. Joe Rearden** (now Flight Sgt. at Maintenance) and paraded to the **Administration Building** and interviewed by **Flight Sergeant Noble** who is still with us, as a W.O. 1, who in turn assigned us to No. 2 Squadron, and sent us to the Control Tower. Arriving at the Control Tower, we were interviewed by **Squadron Leader O'Farrell** (now Wing Commander at Command H.Q.), **Squadron Leader Waterhouse** (now W. Com., later our C.O., now overseas), and **Flight Lieut. Ray Goodwin**, one of the few old timers still with us, now a Squadron Leader and Chief Instructor, and among other officers of the 1940 class still with us we find **Flight Lieut. Stevens**, O.C. Nav. Flight, **Flight Lt. H. E. Smith**, O.C. "G" Flight, **Flight Lieut. (Pop) Edmondson**, O.C. Link Trainer Section, **Squadron Leader Hamber**, O.C. No. 1 Squadron, **Squadron Leader Vickery**, our smiling paymaster, **Flight Lieut. Penhall**, our P.T. Maestro, **Flying Officer Pelton**, **Flying Officer Veit**, flying instructors and graduates of Course 12, **Pilot Officer Bender**, flying instructor and graduate of Course 15, **Pilot Officer Lockhart** and **Pilot Officer Fyfe**, flying instructors. Of the other old timers still with us, I offer you **W.O. 1 Lyle**, of Maintenance, **W.O. 2 Holloway**, who greets all his friends with 'Hello Joe . . . **Flight Bud Graves**, Western Canada's gift to No. 5, is that good looking chap with the dimples and cute moustachio . . . **Ft. Sgt. Kerr**, **Ft. Sgt. Martin**, **Ft. Sgt. Edgley** and **Ft. Sgt. Joe Rearden**, all of Maintenance Staff . . . **Sgt. Cliff Dupuis**, Windsor's contribution to No. 5 . . . **Sgts. Lindsay, Bunton, Lind and Ratcliffe (C. J.)** . . . **Sgt. Jack Wales**, who has a cheerful word for all . . . **Sgt. Davis**, of Parachute Section, who will sew on your stripes when you get 'em . . . **Sgt. Jack Young**, now you know that New Brunswick is famous for more than it's fish and potatoes . . . **Sgt. Bennie Wright**, straight from my little home in the West, Calgary, to be correct . . . **Sgts. Bailly, Bradley, Mosher and Kinnear** . . . **Sgt. Jimmy Munro**, with the Observer's Wing he won in 1917 and at it again in this big show . . . and **Sgt. Cowell**, of Maintenance, a Cheetah Diagnostician . . . Of the Corporals still here, we have smiling **Jimmy Ratcliffe**, you can find him either digging into a "Jacobs" or on the soccer field . . . **Stan May**, with a beauty of a left cross and a

right hook, a fine lad to know . . . **Tommy Cowell**, of G.I.S. staff, if you wish to be enlightened on the technical points of aero engines, see Tommy . . . **Johnny Gates**, The Sky-Line and soccer his favourite pastime . . . **Scotty Patterson**, of Workshops, can still roll a "Feevie" . . . **Don** (Papa Dionne) **Campbell**, Kitchener's contribution to Equipment, he is a "Regular" . . . **"Tex" Tennant**, just a good lad to know . . . **J. J. (Montana) Currie** always with a cheerful "Howdy" for everybody, and not an enemy in the world . . . **Cpl. Heslop**, an inventive genius, creator of the "Bonophone" . . . **LAC. Herb. Ingram**, our advertising manager, always after new business . . . **LAC. Robson**, 'Robby' is very fond of car parking . . . **LAC. Truesdale**, "How about a 48;" **Art Cunnyworth**, of Link and **LAC. Ben Marcovitch**, of Link Trainer, waiting for "the day" to be remustered . . . **LAC. Grayson**, waiting for the day when he can join his brother Harry overseas . . . **LAC. Mason**, of "G" Flight, attending classes with the object to remuster to aircrew, good luck, old boy, hope you make it . . . **Cpl. Hibbett**, whose favourite pastime is building toy planes . . . **Cpl. Chambers**, good old K.C., who will do anything for his men, at any time . . . **Cpl. Hillard**, with a cheerful "good-morning" . . . **LAC. Jimmy Wax**, one of the very first here and still going strong . . . and this is your Sky-Line correspondent, just plain "Sandy" MacFitterman, signing off, and if I missed out on any of the old-timers, let me say that it is plain unintentional—two years is a long time, my memory does not function as good as before . . .



Roll of Honor

Rank	No.	Course	Name	Remarks	Rank	No.	Course	Name	Remarks
F.O.			ANDREWS, M. J.	Killed in Flying Accident, 23-3-41	W.O.2	R78493	22	DAVIES, W. B.	Missing after Air Operations, 16-6-42
Sgt.	R 58698	12	AVERY, H. F.	Killed in Action, 8-5-42	Sgt.	R 71909	25	DANSON, H. E.	Killed in Action, 13-10-41
Sgt.	R 54089	15	ALMQUIST, D. H.	Missing after Air Operations, 15-12-41	Sgt.	R 60552	27	DUTTON, J. M.	Missing after Air Operations, 6-6-42
Sgt.	R 83108	29	ANDERSON, R. F.	Killed in Action, 2-6-42	Sgt.	R 83139	29	DIKEMAN, W. R.	Killed in Flying Accident, 4-2-42
P.O.		57	BARRETT, J. H.	Missing on Active Service	Sgt.	R 84371	37	EDWARDS, R. T.	Killed in Air Operations, 2-4-42
Sgt.	R 100209	41	BONTER, K. C.	Prisoner of War	Sgt.	R 106526	41	ELWELL, O. M.	Killed in Action, 17-5-42
Sgt.	R 67510	12	BOROSKI, F.	Reported missing, 6-2-41	P.O.		17	FOLEY, J. D. A.	Missing after Air Operations, 6-4-42
Sgt.	R 67510	12	BOROSH, F.	Reported missing, 6-2-41	Sgt.	R 78125	22	FLEMING, R. S.	Missing after Air Operations, killed
Sgt.	R 74011	17	BERGSTEIN, C. A.	Killed in Flying Accident, 25-10-41	Sgt.	R 77140		FOSTER, G. R.	Missing after Air Operations, Prisoner of war
Sgt.	R 78203	19	BRAY, L. C., D.F.M.	Missing after Air Operation, 25-4-42	P.O.		31	FELT, D. C.	Missing after Air Operations, 25-7-42
Sgt.	R 73753	19	BREDIN, S. C.	Missing after Air Operation, 29-8-42	P.O.		43	FRIGERIO, F. C.	Killed in Flying Accident, 8-5-42
Sgt.	R 77043	22	BARR, C. R.	Missing after Air Operations, 16-6-42	LAC.	R118365	51	FARIS, G. D.	Killed in Flying Accident, 8-5-42
Sgt.	R 67791	22	BISSETT, J.	Missing after Air Operations, 26-2-42	Sgt.	R 65223	17	GATES, G. W.	Died of injuries during Air Operations, 12-9-42
Sgt.	R 78172	22	BATCHEN, A. G.	Killed in Action, 12-9-42	W.O.2	R74127	17	GERARDELL, E. D.	Missing after Air Operations, 18-4-42
F.L.	C 1446		BOOTH, ARTHUR R.	Missing after Flying Operations, 23-10-42	Sgt.	R 78304	19	GEDDES, A. G.	Killed in Action, 28-8-41
P.O.	R 65777	12	COWPERTHWAIT, L.	Missing after Air Operations, 12-2-42	Sgt.	R 59267	12	HARCUS, S.	Missing after Air Operations, 17-8-41
Sgt.		12	COVER, J.	Killed in Action, 29-6-41	Sgt.	R 74248	19	HALL, C. R.	Killed in Air Operations, 22-10-41
Sgt.	R 69860	22	CLARKE, H. B.	Missing after Air Operations, 8-9-41	P.O.	J11303		HEATH, JAMES A.	Killed in Flying Accident, 16-9-42
Sgt.	R 73253	22	CARR, K. C.	Killed 7-11-41	P.O.		19	HUGHES, R. P.	Killed in Action, 15-4-42
Sgt.	R 71425	25	CLARKE, H. W.	Missing after Air Operations, 21-2-42	P.O.		27	HALEY, J. F.	Killed in Action, 21-7-42
Sgt.	R 80234	29	COOPER, H. T. M.	Missing, 2-4-42; for official purposes presumed dead, 3-4-42	Sgt.	R 76578	27	INNES, S. L.	Killed in Action, 21-7-42
Sgt.	R 66356	29	COPEMAN, H. J.	Prisoner of War	Sgt.	R 100416	39	IRWIN, S. G. K.	Killed during Air Operations, 3-8-42
Sgt.	R 104890	43	COLEMAN, E. A.	Killed in Flying Accident, 8-5-42	LAC.	9B 1391771		JOHNSON, DANIEL J.	Killed in Flying Accident, 16-9-42
P.O.		12	DOCKING, R. O.	Killed in Action, 19-1-42	Sgt.	R 56091	12	JOHNSTON, M. J.	Died of injuries, 21-7-41
P.O.		15	DAN, R. E.	Killed in Air Operations, 22-1-42	Sgt.	R 73092	17	JAMES, F. T.	Killed in Action, 5-11-41
Sgt.	R 67572	15	DUNLOP, J. L. S.	Killed in Air Operations, 11-10-41	P.O.		19	JOYCE, D. D. R.	Missing after Air Operations, 2-6-42
Sgt.	R 73262	22	DOW, J. R.	Missing after Air Operations, 16-6-42	Sgt.	R 56146	12	KEATING, J. C.	Died 8-10-41

Roll of Honor

Rank	No.	Course	Name	Remarks	Rank	No.	Course	Name	Remarks
P.O.		15	KELLY, D. P.	Killed during Air Operations, 7-9-41	Sgt.	R 78242	25	RODDY, F. D.	Missing after Air Operations, 8-5-42
P.O.		19	KING, D. S.	Missing after Air Operations, 30-12-41	Sgt.	R 67847	25	RAMEY, W. T.	Killed in Air Operations, 23-4-42
Sgt.	R 71689	19	KNIGHT, A. J.	Missing (reported), 30-11-41	Sgt.	R 93360	39	ROGOW, S.	Killed in Flying Accident, 25-4-42
Sgt.	R 71720	19	KIRK, T. L.	Killed in Flying Accident, 26-6-41	Sgt.	R 61631	22	SCOTT, W. J.	Missing after Air Operations
Sgt.	R 56344	25	KIBBIE, D. K.	Killed in Flying Accident, 30-9-41	P.O.		12	SNYDER, P. E.	Missing 12-6-41, Died 12-6-42
Sgt.	R 61124	22	L'HIRONDELLE, D. E.	Missing after Air Operations, 2-6-4	Sgt.	R 59586	15	STRATTON, R. G.	Killed in Flying Accident, 5-7-41
Sgt.	R 67511	29	LEOPOLD, H. A.	Killed in Air Operations, 15-11-41	Sgt.	R 54097	15	SWITZER, D. A.	Missing after Air Operations, 19-8-41
LAC.	R 69634	12	MacLENNAN, M.	Killed in Action, 11-6-41	P.O.		19	SANDYS, J. F. K.	Missing after Air Operations, 12-3-42
P.O.		15	McCULLOCK, J. R.	Killed in Action, 8-2-42	Sgt.	R 71779	19	SHAPERO, S.	missing after Air Operations, 17-8-41, now Prisoner of war
Sgt.	R 78250	19	McMILLAN, R. H.	23-11-41 Missing after Air Operations (Dead)	Sgt.	R 64898	22	SMITH, A. G.	Missing after Air Operations, 17-12-41
Sgt.	R 78225	25	McSPARRAN, D. H.	20-4-42 Missing after Air Operations (Safe)	P.O.		22	STOKER, T. T. R.	Killed in Action, 20-3-42
Sgt.	R 85669	31	McCLENNAN, B. A.	Killed in Action, 28-5-42	Sgt.	R 78122	25	SELLERS, W. P.	Missing after Air Operations, presumed dead, 7-11-41
P.O.		12	MILLS, F. H.	Reported Prisoner of war	P.O.		27	SHAEFFER, K. G.	Missing after Flying Accident, 29-12-41
Sgt.	R 54288	17	MOTHER, D. S.	Killed in Action, 10-10-41	Sgt.	R 80520	27	SHANNON, C. M.	Killed in Action, 8-5-42
P.O.		25	MILLICHAMP, H. R.	Missing after Air Operations, 26-4-42	Sgt.	R 78674	31	SMITH, J. A.	Missing after Air Operations, 24-4-42
Sgt.	R 68719	25	MENSHEK, F. J.	Killed in Action, 8-3-42	Sgt.	R 73224	31	SMITH, F. M.	Killed in Action, 30-7-42
Sgt.	R 76682	29	MARTIN, C. T.	Killed in Action, 5-1-42	P.O.		35	SCEALES, J. B.	Killed in Action, 8-4-42
P.O.		31	MOORE, J. R.	Died of injuries after Air Operations, 6-4-42	P.O.	R 80787	31	TAYLOR, K. H.	Missing after Air Operations, 2-6-42
Sgt.	R 90304	39	MOFFETT, S. B.	Killed in Action, 8-4-42	Sgt.	R 1450879	45	THEWLES, H. A.	Killed in Action Overseas
Sgt.	R 71577	22	NEWLOVE, D.	Missing after Air Operations, 20-4-42	Sgt.	R 67875	29	TURNER, S. A.	Missing after Air Operations
P.O.		29	NEWMAN, D. A.	Missing after Air Operations, 11-7-42	Sgt.	64757	17	WIGGINGS, F. R.	Missing after Air Operations 14-12-41 (Dead)
Sgt.	R 69544	12	PATON, J. S.	24-7-41 Missing after Air Operations (Safe)	Sgt.	R10158-A	17	WRIGHT, R.	Killed in Flying Accident, 12-9-41
Sgt.	R 54104	15	POWELL, C. J.	Missing after Air Operations, 25-8-41	Sgt.	R 54207	19	WOLF, H. I.	Killed after Air Operations, 1-1-42
F.L.		19	PRYOR, G. C.	Missing after Air Operations, 8-11-41	Sgt.	R 74287	19	WYLLIE,	Missing after Air Operations, 8-5-42
LAC.	R 121318	51	PLANCHE, J. P.	Killed in Flying Accident, 8-5-42	LAC.	R 119434	51	WOLCH, T. B.	Killed in Flying Accident, 22-6-42
Sgt.	R 74225	25	ROBERTS, L. J. O.	Missing after Air Operations, 6-5-42					



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