

77/652

Skyline

BRANTFORD



REG JONES
R.C.A.F. '44

SPRING EDITION

MARCH 1944

OUR C.O.'S MESSAGE



ONCE AGAIN a "Skyline" has been produced, this time in streamlined form. I wish to express appreciation and congratulations to the Editorial Staff and to contributors. It is a good paper, full of interesting items and articles. I hope all personnel will enjoy it as much as I have.

The Editor has been after me for several days to write a Commanding Officer's message. Believe me this is no easy task. Neither exhortation nor criticism seem justified at the present time. Rather, I think, would some prognostication for the future be better.

No doubt you have all listened to the radios, read newspapers and magazines, whose present theme is Rehabilitation. There is no denying their motives are good and earnest, and it does behoove us all to think with clarity along such lines.

Nevertheless, we are still engaged in a vicious war of ideologies and creeds, democracy against barbarism, free thought against suppression. So, with all our yearnings for the pipe of peace and the armchair of security, our one main thought must be on winning the war.

By all means let our idle moments revolve around post war plans, but let us make sure this time we have worked well and arduously to deserve peace. So be resolved this New Year to do our utmost at whatever task we may be called upon to do and finish with the true athlete's burst of power and stamina on the home stretch. The enemy cannot withstand another year against the free and co-operative effort of us all.

H. G. RICHARDS, *Group Captain,*
Commanding Officer.



C. O. Has Brilliant Career

IT was the good fortune of No. 5 S.F.T.S. to receive Group Captain H. G. Richards as its Commanding Officer last August. G/C Richards has had a wealth of experience and a number of positions in the R.A.F. and the R.C.A.F. by which the big Brantford Station should benefit.

G/C Richards was born in Scotland, and moved to England at a very tender age. The family residence was

in Portsmouth, which enabled his father, an officer in the Royal Navy, to see the most of his family in the normal pursuit of his duties.

Ever since he was very young, G/C Richards wanted to fly, so it was no surprise to his parents when he expressed that desire in the neighborhood of his 17th birthday. Soon after he joined the R.A.F., and was sent to the R.A.F. College at Cranwell,

Lincolnshire. In 1928 he graduated, a full fledged pilot eager for active service and a tour of duty.

He received it when he was posted to No. 13 Army Co-operation Squadron and sent to India. Most of his time there was spent in waging war from the air on recalcitrant tribes on the North West Frontier. Five years passed in this manner, and our C.O. absorbed many experiences which benefited him in later life.

On his return to England, the Group Captain was posted to No. 502 Squadron, R.A.F., in Northern Ireland. His duties there consisted of being an instructor in advanced navigation and as station adjutant.

Three years later, in 1935, he was posted to the land of his birth, at No. 8 S.F.T.S., Scotland. His work as an advanced training instructor was so well done that one year later he was made Chief Ground Instructor at the R.A.F. Station, Leuchers, Scotland.

It was in this station that a medical board decided that his eyes were not all they were supposed to be, so in Group Captain Richards' own words "I was washed out."

VOLUNTEERED EARLY IN 1939

The Group Captain then came to the United States, where in 1935 he met Mrs. Richards who comes from Kentucky, one of the garden states of that country. Since then have been blessed with two children, Jane and John.

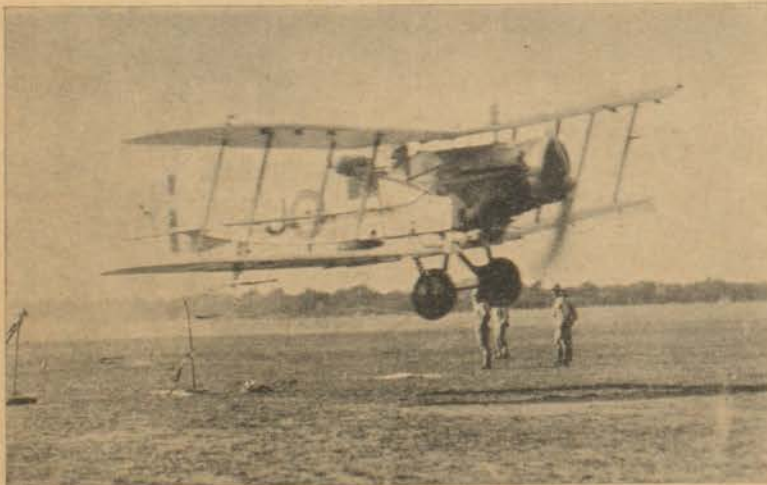
Showing the spirit which we see every day on this station, Group Captain Richards was determined to remain in flying. Early in 1939 he came to Canada to volunteer his services, and was one of the first on the administrative list. He received a permanent commission and was attached to the Personnel Staff, A.F.H.Q., Ottawa. The remainder of the year 1939 was spent in the helping with the rapid expansion, and during this time the Group Captain was associated with Air Vice Marshals A. T. Cowley and J. A. Sully.

In 1940-41, he was appointed Personnel Assistant to Air Marshal L. S. Breadner, C.B., D.S.C., and later became Senior Personnel Staff Officer at No. 1 Training Command, Toronto.

FIT FOR FLYING

Ever since the old days of the R. A.F., Group Captain Richards wanted to fly. He was constantly seeing doctors and having treatments in an all out effort to get into the air again. His tenacity and persistence soon proved successful when ophthalmic experts finally pronounced his eyes fit for flying.

Following a refresher course at Rockcliffe, the Group Captain stated that he was more than ready to take a crack at the enemy if Dame Fortune smiled his way. Since then, Dame Fortune has smiled our way, and G/C Richards was posted to No. 5 S.F.T.S. We hope he stays.



Group Captain Richards shown here flying a Bristol near Delhi, India, in 1930. He is engaged in picking up a message which is on a light cable between two sticks.

Low Level Pilot Overseas 2 Years

Veteran of 26 Raids Added to No. 5 S.F.T.S. Staff

England, Malta, Egypt, Scene of Operations

By F/O "DOC" BAKER

EVERY pilot and student in Training Command, at one time or another, gets a yen for low level flying outside the prescribed low flying area. Those of us who flew Mk. IV. L Blenheims in 141 and '42 on "Ops" out of England, Malta, and Egypt, really got our fill of it. Fully seventy-five per cent of all our trips were low-level attacks in daylight on enemy shipping and land targets.

When I say "low-level", I'm not fooling. Seventy-five feet above the water brought black looks from our Winco and a loud roar of "What the hell are you trying for—an altitude record? I want to see everybody's slipstream leaving a wake behind the formation!" Which all added up to a maximum of twenty-five feet.

FORMATION FLIGHTS

All our work was done in vics of three or five. Anything over that number made the vic formation too unwieldy close to the deck and put too big a strain on the formation leader. In attacks on ships, we would break up in pairs or singly, with one aircraft circling to finish off a victim who was groggy but not killed. Bob Kidby, an R.A.F. sergeant was the "Joe" who usually got that job on our squadron. His aim was uncanny. Before he was finally killed while fighting off eight Maachi 202's, he had scored eighteen direct hits out of twenty-four attacks on ships of all types. This was almost an amazing feat, considering most of us never got more than twenty-five to thirty per cent.

A DAY'S "OPS"

Perhaps the best way to give you a glimpse of what our work was like, is to let you read a page from my diary covering one day's "ops" out of Malta.

Date, Oct. —, 1941; Place, Malta; Time, 1700 hrs.

Jackie (my gunner), Dave (my observer), and I are celebrating tonight our first ops trip with 107 Sqdn. So before we go out, and while it is still fresh in my memory, I'm going to write this:—

We were called at 0430 hrs. for breakfast, etc., and at 0530 we were up to the crew room for briefing. Per usual, breakfast was cold oatmeal and very fat and under-cooked tinned bacon, plus a couple of slices of bread and some jam that was plum according to the label on the tin. However, we all ate a lot and very quickly.

We knew of our target in advance, having heard from Bluey McDonald and Taffy Jones of the Maryland squadron, who had been out on a recon the previous night. They had spotted three large troop transports heading for Tripoli. They were escorted by a couple of destroyers and three or four "flak" ships.

"STOP ROMMEL"

The briefing was short and to the point. We all knew beforehand our responsibilities—"Stop Rommel at all costs". Five of us, led by the Winco were to head for Tripoli harbour and to intercept and attack before it reached the safety of the Spanish Mole, which guarded the main port. If we couldn't do that, as a second-

ary target, we were to "attack any motor transport on the highway between Tripoli and Zuara on the Tunisian border." Three other Blenheims of our squadron were to make a diversion attack on Zuara harbour and railway station. We were to fly next to the Winco in number two position, and Bill Shaver of Cornwall, Ont., was flying in number four, next to us. (Bill was killed later that month while attacking a motor convoy on the Tripoli-Benghazi highway near Homs.)

We took off just after dawn at 0645 hrs. Our estimated time of arrival was 0858 hrs. The take-off itself was uneventful. Everyone got away without mishap and joined formation at 1000 feet. As we formed our vic of five, we could see the other three aircraft heading out on the deck for Zuara. Their slipstreams were leaving long trails of wind-whipped water behind.

Five minutes later we circled the drome and headed down and out to sea on a course of 179°. We spread out to three wing spans, flying low down. Twice I saw the Winco's plane dip, as he adjusted his compass, and I would have sworn that he would have hit the deck. His tail wheel did slap the waves once.

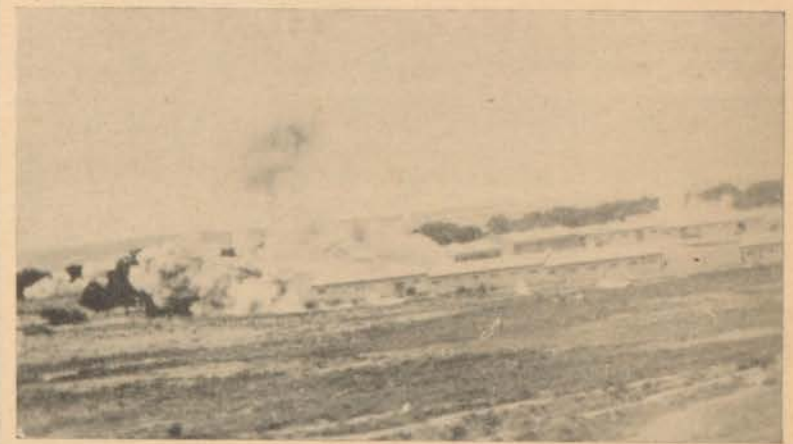
CLOSE IN ON TARGET

At 0745 we closed formation on signal from No. 1. The sky was broken strato cumulus 1500 ft. above us, but dangerous to the Winco. The visibility was decreasing rapidly as we drew near the coast. Obviously a dust storm somewhere ahead in the desert. It dropped to less than a mile later on.

At 0800 hrs. we still hadn't found any convoy and we were only eight minutes from Tripoli, plenty close enough for fighter patrols. Less than a minute later (0800^{1/2} to be exact) Jackie shouted "Tally-Ho . . . Bandit . . . CR42 . . . eight o'clock . . . diving from cloud . . ." and then I realised that the splashes in the water just ahead were not from the guns of some silly so-and-so in the formation just testing, but from the Eye-tie, shooting at us. All the time Jackie kept up a running commentary, forgetting to switch over to the gunnery control in the Winco's plane.

ATTACKED BY FIGHTERS

The Winco started weaving, with



BOMBS RIGHT IN JERRY'S LAP. A Raid on a German Supply Depot.

all of us hugging close. The CR42 dived in close behind and broke away at about three hundred yards. Jackie's guns were chattering all the time in short, sharp bursts. It was the first time we'd been attacked by fighters, and we were so darned excited we forgot to be afraid. A second CR42 came in, diving for No. 5, whose guns were obviously jammed. The gunner had let his guns rest straight up in the air while he worked furiously on them. All the other planes were firing. Either the Eye-tie forgot to pull out of his dive soon enough or he was hit. Anyway, he munched into the drink on his pull out and blew up. I saw practically none of this as I was busy following the leader, but Jack and Dave kept me informed.

At 0804 hrs. we returned to our heading for Tripoli, all opposition gone for the moment.

SIGHT CONVOY

At 0805 hrs. the harbour and Spanish Mole came into view, and through the haze we saw the convoy riding at anchor inside. I think every gun in Tripoli opened up on us then. Shells were exploding in the water all around us. The Winco veered off to the right and down the coast. Target No. 1 was washed out.

Target No. 2—motor transport—was our next objective. No. 5 had apparently been hit, because he was obviously having trouble keeping up,

so everyone throttled back to let him hold position. For five minutes we flew up the coast in very thick haze. Visibility at times wasn't over 500 yards, which meant spotting targets was pretty difficult.

At 0812 hrs., we spotted a ship which we presumed was riding at anchor about 100 yards from the shore. It was a 3000 ton merchantman. The combination of spray and sand on my Perspex, along with the haze, made it very difficult to see directly ahead. Over the intercom. I heard Winco order me to attack. I circled and climbed a little, and came in at full throttle, weaving and then diving straight for the deck in front of the bridge, firing all three front guns. I dropped the first bomb and pulled up slightly to avoid the mast and skidded the aircraft off the opposite way.

DECOY FOR "FLAK"

Jack's vision was obscured for a moment and he didn't see the bomb burst. As we went over, both Dave and I realised the ship was a derelict, one of many, beached on the North African shore. As we circled again someone on board started firing at us. The ship was a derelict O.K., but used as a decoy vessel and "flak" ship. The first bomb had missed, and as we were too close to turn away we attacked again, and this time planted

(Continued on page 6)



Hollywood Glamour Star Thrilled-Acclaimed "Tops" by Airmen of No. 5

Linda Darnell Charmed with Tribute

February 4th, 1944.

To the Men of The Royal Canadian Air Force, No. 5, S.F.T.S., Brantford, Ontario, Canada. Gentlemen:

It gave me a wonderful lift just now to receive the wire saying you had chosen me the most popular actress at your station.

I was proud of it, in fact, I promptly and shamelessly showed it to every one on the "Sweet and Low-Down" set—King of Swing Benny Goodman, Lynn Bari, Jack Oakie, Jimmy Card-

well, Allyn Joclyn—and I'm writing immediately to tell you how delighted I am with your charming tribute.

Please know how very much I appreciate the honor you've done me. I think you know how warmly all of us, not only in Hollywood, but throughout the United States, feel about our friends in the Royal Canadian Air Force.

As for myself, there'll always be a special glow in my heart for the R. C.A.F. men of No. 5, S.F.T.S.

Cordially and gratefully,
LINDA DARNELL.

Skylines

R.C.A.F. STATION BRANTFORD, ONTARIO

Published Quarterly

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Guest Editorial ^{By} W. R. Plewman

(Ed. Note—Mr. Plewman, well known military commentator
on the staff of the *Toronto Daily Star*, has a son (Dick Plew-
man), a pilot instructor, who graduated from No. 5 S.F.T.S.,
Brantford.)

GERMAN AIR POWER has been declining for more than a year. Its strength has been greatly overrated ever since the days of Munich when Britain was told that Germany had 10,000 bombers with engines running, waiting to take off and reduce London to ruins. The Luftwaffe's maximum first line strength never exceeded 6,500 planes. Most of these were fighters and Stuka dive bombers, and not high level bombers carrying heavy bomb loads. At the beginning of the war the Luftwaffe was largely an army co-operation air force. It was not suitable for strictly defensive purposes nor for offensive work against great industrial centres. It failed dismally against the technically superior R.A.F., which was a superb defensive weapon.

German plane losses over Britain and Russia and the decline of German plane production caused by British and American bombing, have stripped the Luftwaffe of most of its reserve strength. Today the German air force is a waning power on every front. Its supply of gasoline and oil is precarious. It is suffering from a shortage of flying instructors because it used them to pilot transport planes in Russia and Africa, only to have them shot down by the hundreds. Complete air mastery is not easily obtained, but Allied air commanders are confident that they will knock the Luftwaffe out of the air some time in the year 1944.

The writer always has rated air power very high. But the Germans won desert victories when they were much inferior in the air, and the Russians have smashed many mighty German armies without having, until recently, very marked superiority in the air. When the Germans had much greater power in the air than Russia and much greater fire power on the land, they failed to overwhelm the Russian armies.

Massed heavy artillery still is more effective than aerial bombing for the reduction of fortified lines. If the Allies count upon the bombing of invasion coasts to annihilate the German garrison and obliterate all hidden guns and machine gun nests, they will be disappointed. Various means must be found for dealing with German underground defences that escape the bombing and that are all set to decimate or wipe out Allied landing parties.

Given time, the Allies could force Germany to her knees by means of bombing alone. But Allied friends in Nazi-controlled Europe have suffered too severely to leave them longer in Nazi hands than can be avoided. Every month's delay in overpowering Germany gives the Nazis that much more opportunity to devise some magic weapon that might give them another chance for victory. It would be unwise to scoff at the possibility that atomic bombs or liquid air bombs, or some potent ray or poisonous gas might be effective in enemy hands. Nor can we be absolutely sure, if we dilly dally, that rifts will not develop within the ranks of the United Nations. If all the Allied Nations strike hard this year, not sticking over the cost, the enemy will succumb.

VICTORY TO BRITAIN, THE UNITED STATES
AND THE ALLIED NATIONS.



Padre's Corner

By F/L LAWRENCE, F. A.

THE greatest danger to the average airman or airwoman, speaking of our spiritual welfare, comes from the fact that in the service we are morally "on our own." Within the limits of R.C.A.F. discipline we are free to be what we like. There are two ways open to us all. We can either lose our heads and go wild or become more mature and self-reliant. Another danger comes from the fact that we can't choose our company as we did in civilian life. If a person were sensuous, boisterous or disliked by us, in civil life, we could choose other company. But in the Airforce we are compelled to live, at and associate with our barrack companions. Here also are two courses open to us. We can influence them for good or they can corrupt us. The general atmosphere of war can also either make us hard and tough or the ideals for which we fight can make us reverent, patient and fired with zeal to achieve better things for the enslaved millions of Europe and Asia.

What will determine which class we follow? What will determine whether we let ourselves go or come out of this as mature men and women? The only keeping power which will not fail or falter is the power of God manifest in Christ Jesus. The one who commits his or her soul to the Saviour and Redeemer of mankind has this promise, "I give unto them eternal life and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand; my Father which gave them unto me is greater than all."

Ear to the Ground

To the Editor:

I take the liberty at this time to protest about the outrageous prices that the taxi companies of Brantford are charging. When the station first opened in 1940, these outfits charged 75c per trip and still made a fair profit. Now they charge \$1.25 and think they are doing you a favor by coming out here. Certainly the increase in the cost of living, depreciation of equipment, etc., does not warrant such a boost in price. E.B.

To the Editor:

As you undoubtedly know, C.O.'s parade usually comes every Friday. On this parade one must look his best and have a haircut that conforms to regulations. Most of the men are very busy throughout the week, and in quite a few cases wait until Wednesday or Thursday to get their haircuts. Last Thursday I took time off to go to the station barber shop and found that there were two civilians ahead of me. A few of the boys in my section could not get haircuts be-

cause the list was filled, and these same men were checked for haircuts the next day. I firmly believe that the civilians should wait until Friday afternoon or Saturday to get haircuts, so as to allow us men in the service to perform all of our required duties and still be able to be taken care of by the barber before parade. A.L.T.—Cpl.

To the Editor:

There have been several instances in the past where airmen with large families have needed more than Government assistance to make ends meet. A friend of mine working as a rigger on this station has a wife and five children. His wife and three of the children took sick. Doctor and hospital bills mounted up, which he could not meet on his pay and family allowances. May he hold another job while in the airforce, or may he get an extended leave in which to work and pay on the debts? Are there any other possible ways of helping this man? M.M.C.—Fitter.

Quarterly Book Review

By PADRE M. GAVARD

"A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN", by Betty Smitih

The story of Francie Nolan and the world of Williamsburg, Brooklyn, that changed her. From the moment she entered the world Francie needed to know toughness, for life in Williamsburg was lived without kid gloves. You faced up to it or you went down—and Katie Nolan's children were not the kind to go down. It was no matter if the neighbours scorned the Nolans because of Johnny's liking for the bottle, and Aunt Sissy had a habit of marrying many times without the formality of divorce. Aunt Sissy was bad, but she was good too. Whatever might be said of life in the Nolan family, no one could complain that it lacked drama. Betty Smith caught this sense of exciting life in a novel of childhood incredibly rich in the elements of universal experience.

NEW BOOKS IN THE AIRMEN'S LIBRARY

FICTION	
"The Incorruptible"	Marjorie Caryn
"Dark Treasure"	William MacMillan
"Excuse My Dust"	Bellamy Partridge
"Chicken Every Sunday"	Rosemary Taylor
"The Fallen Sparrow"	Dorothy B. Hughes
"Triple Threat"	Agatha Christie
"The Stars are Dark"	Peter Cheyney
"The Blackbird"	Dorothy B. Hughes
"The Ringed Horizon"	Edmund Gilligen
"Frenchman's Creek"	Daphne du Maurier
"Penhallow"	Georgette Heyer
"Parts Unknown"	Francis B. Keyes
"Dry Guillotine"	Belbenoit
"The Tragedy of Z"	Ellery Queen
"China Sky"	Pearl Buck
"Sarrell Island"	R. Arnold
"Trent's Last Case"	Bentley
NON-FICTION	
"Burma Surgeon"	Gordon Seagrove
"Siberia"	Henry Spencer
"The Raft"	W. Turnbull

No. 5 White Flashers

"HIT THE SILK"



L.A.C.'s Heenan and Jewell being shown the Jump Chutes by Sgt. Davis. L.A.W.'s Fleming and Blackburn are the interested spectators.

CATERPILLAR CLUB WELCOMES NEW MEMBERS

Officers and Airmen Forced to Jump Near Cayuga

MUCH excitement was caused at No. 5 S.F.T.S. on the night of Jan. 18th, when one of its aircraft, long overdue, crashed. Control tower personnel were relieved when a telephone call came from F/O Leonard Stott who said, "My crew and I bailed out; all are safe."

F/O Stott, as captain of the aircraft, with L.A.C. Patrick Heenan and L.A.C. Joseph Jewell as navigator, took off on a routine navigation flight. According to a statement made by F/O Stott, the trip was quite rugged. "We were successful in reaching Orillia, the first turning point," he said, "and then set course for Port Albert. After a few minutes we ran into a heavy smoke haze that cut our forward visibility to one mile. Before long it became zero and contact with the ground was made by looking directly below the aircraft. At the end of our E.T.A. we arrived at a small town and tried to locate the airport at Port Albert. After a short while we gave up hope of reaching Port Albert and set course for base.

We flew for 45 minutes without seeing a speck of light on the ground and came to a small town which could not be recognized. Passing over the town towards the south I had L.A.C. Jewell fire two cartridges from the Very Pistol to see if we had reached Lake Erie. It was impossible for us to determine the results, so we flew due east in hopes of seeing an airport beacon or other definite pinpoints. However, all that we saw was a pitch-black night without a light visible.

I finally decided to climb to 8000 feet, hoping to see some lights below. This was to no avail, and as the gas was getting low, I decided to go down

and try to land the aircraft with the aid of a parachute flare. At 1000 feet, not knowing whether we were over land or water, I released the flare and began to follow it down. Visual contact with the ground was not made until the flare had passed through the smoke haze and struck the ice below.

ABANDON AIRCRAFT

We came in for a crash landing, but when within 50 feet of the flare, it burned itself out. Again we were in pitch blackness. It was then that all hope of landing the aircraft was obliterated from my mind. With a total of 8 gallons of fuel in the outer tanks and 10 gallons in the inners, we began to climb. L.A.C. Heenan flew the aircraft while I operated the gas cocks. At 3500 feet I gave the order to prepare to abandon aircraft, and at 4000 feet the actual order was given. Both L.A.C.'s Heenan and Jewell left the aircraft through the navigator's window, and as L.A.C. Jewell was partially out, both engines cut. I then carried out the necessary abandoning precautions and left the aircraft at 3000 feet."

LAND SAFELY

F/O Stott hadn't much trouble landing but suffered a few minor injuries caused by dragging. The other two occupants landed safely. They all gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Everett of Cayuga, who gave every possible assistance.

When questioned about their sensations before and during the jumps, all three expressed a keen desire to do it again but under different circumstances. Credit for the good show and expert handling of the situation should go to F/O Stott, who acted in a cool, confident manner at all times.

Hostess House Offers Many Services

GREETINGS to the "Skyline" from the two hostesses in charge of the Y.W.C.A. Hostess House at No. 5 S.F.T.S. We are glad to see our station newspaper re-appearing once more

For the benefit of newcomers to the station, who are often in doubt as to the use of the Hostess House, we would like to take this opportunity to tell them a few of the services offered to them.

Visiting relatives and friends will find a comfortable place in which to meet their men and women in the service. A list of rooms and apartments is available for the airmen and their families who wish to live in this locality; also a list of rooms for temporary accommodation.

In case of emergency, or illness, among the service personnel, a relative may stay at the Hostess House for 48 hours. Airwomen who care to, may spend a "48" here, or rest during the day when off duty.

MENDING DONE BY SERVICE CLUB

Birthday parties or showers may be held here, also weddings and christenings.

A club for the wives of servicemen is held each Wednesday, and all wives of station personnel are welcome. Mending is done at these meetings for the airmen. So, boys, leave your mending at the Rec. hall on Tuesdays.

Last, but not least, the House is open each evening till 10 o'clock to both airmen and airwomen, and we hope you will find here a real home away from home.



New Intelligence Library Open to All

The Intelligence Library is now set up in a new and larger room, and although the smart furniture which is to be installed has not arrived, the room at the present time is comfortably furnished with upholstered settees, chairs, etc., and will easily accommodate eighteen to twenty.

This Library offers an excellent opportunity to relax during the day or evening, and to have available the latest "Gen" on operational subjects, such as Navigation, Evasive Tactics, New Aircraft Types, Rocket and Jet Propelled Aircraft and Projectiles, etc., etc., to name but a few of the interesting subject matters available. Also in the event your flight files on training bulletins, Tee emms, etc., is not complete, here is the chance to find those particular articles for which you have been looking. If you are interested in highlights of the war from day to day, in brief, watch the Intelligence Digest board daily; or if interested in the war in pictures, follow such publications as Impact, Evidence in Camera, etc., which offer some outstanding photography.

The Library is open each day during ground school hours, and each evening from 1900 hrs. to 2130 hrs., under the direction of the G.I.S. duty N.C.O., so come in any time you are free. It may interest you to know that the present use of the library is such that the need of increased capacity is already being felt, that we are contemplating moving to larger quarters; so don't let the other fellows be ahead of you in operational knowledge; in other words, visit the Intelligence Library regularly.

D.R.O. Entries Smooth Out Domestic Relations

A MESS . . OFFICERS . . FOR THE USE OF

By S/L TEKE TISDALE

The spirit is the thing that counts, not the skill displayed on the field of sport nor the magnificence of the trophy for which the blood is spilled.

Authority:

- (a) No. 5 Senior Officers 13, No. 16 Senior Officers 1.
- (b) Liquor Control Board brand B414.

Any officer who requires a late pass from his wife to stay on the station for an evening, may have his wife put on the D.R.O. circulation list and an entry promulgated in D.R.O.'s to prove to said spouse that he is required on the station for duty purposes.

Authority:

- (a) A.F.P. 2 (obsolete).
- (b) Adjutant's pay for such services is two drinks, F.R. & I. Art. 888.

The Midget has knocked many of the officers into a financial decline, including the Pres.

Authority:

- (a) Bridge book for November.
- (b) Bridge book for December.
- (c) Bridge book for January.

The Scots have a word for it—Drambuie.

Authority:

- (a) The C. O.
- (b) In view of the (a) no second authority is needed.



The New Year's Eve dansante (rattle to you) hit a new high in mess entertainment. Bouquets to the Entertainment Committee, particularly for the novel decorations, and to Sgt. Fry and his staff.

Authority:

- (a) All participants.
- (b) Bromo-seltzer sales on New Year's Day.

PAGING FIBBER MAGEE

Cogent canards, caustic comments and comic cartoons concerning countless colossal corned coarse carousels and celibates' contemptible conscienceless carnal capers and caddish capricious conduct with comely complacent corrupt carnivals and ceremonies.

Authority:

- (a) Cerebral capacity of the captioned correspondent.
- (b) The Editor.

Station Jive-Men Solid Senders

All Sections Represented in Band

By P/O R. BRISCOE

At present the station orchestra is in the middle of a fairly busy season. Besides playing dances for the airmen, the Sergeants' Mess and the Officers' Mess, they have been supplying the musical accompaniment for the station theatrical production, the "Skyliners". During February they travelled with the show to several of the other stations in the Command, so there was no let-up at all.

Many of the sections on the station are represented in the orchestra. This would be a good place to say thanks to all the different sections that are so co-operative in letting the boys off for special practices that are so essential at times. It is, of course, an entirely voluntary organization, so the good-will of the various boys' bosses is indispensable. Except in one or two isolated cases the co-operation has been very good indeed, and the lads would like to express their appreciation.

"GEN" ON THE JIVE MEN

Now let's look through this motley crew to see who does what. First we have our star 88-man, Navigation's P/O MURRAY MILLS. Murray is one of the old-timers in the band, and one of the very capable ones at that. Our Ace of the Bass is Sgt. BROCKY BROCKBANK, who carries on for Maintenance at No. 5 Hangar. LAC. BRUCE POLLETT presides as chief tub-thumper when he isn't slaving for the boys in the "Y" office. The guitar man is Headquarter's own Sgt. BARNEY WART. Barney was one of the founders of the orchestra, and has worked tirelessly ever since to keep it going. That is the rhythm section which provides the base for all music.

The sax section comes next, and what a bunch they are. LAC. EARL SHANTZ is the solo tenor, ably assisted by LAC. BILL PHILLIPS on the other end of the line. Our alto mainstay is LAC. ART DOLBY. These three work for Maintenance No. 6 Hangar. P/O GEORGE FARRELL gives very welcome assistance on alto too. P/O RICK BRISCOE finishes the sax section, and, brother, that tune is not Dixie.

DO GOOD WORK

LAC. EVANS, of Course 91, is the leader of the brass section. LAC. LIKELY, of Course 99, is a newcomer who seems to show good promise. We found it necessary, however, on one or two occasions to import that terrific tooter of torrid tunes, LAC. JOE CARUSO, of the Manning Depot. As a matter of fact, Joe saved the bacon on more than one occasion.

When we need a special arrangement we turn to LAC. DOUG. HICKS or tenor-man LAC. SHANTZ. They have really turned out some wonderful stuff.

These are the lads who make the orchestra tick. We hope the station personnel get as much fun out of listening as we do out of playing.



High Power Jump Tunes Knock Cats for Loop

Ex-Leaders Form Hot Band in Jap Prison Camp ---So Sorry Please

By SGT. "BARNEY"

WHAT IS JIVE?

Jive, in my opinion, can not be pinned down to one distinct styling as most people are led to assume, but tends to deal with a variety of different stylings, such as jazz, swing, etc. Of course, this is a subject that is very difficult to give a very definite answer to, as there are so many pros and cons to deal with.

Some people contend that the only music worthy of being called jazz is of the Dixieland-Chicago type, while others hold strictly for the high-powered jump tunes of the Goodman, Basie, Barnett type.

I think that jazz can best be described as that music which allows the soloist the opportunity to play his own variations on the theme at hand against a solid rhythmic background.

There is not a great difference between jazz and swing, but there is a difference. In jazz, the background is jammed or improvised, while in swing the background is arranged. The basic requirements, however, are present in both styles. That is, improvised solos against rhythm. That is Jive.

DISCHORDS

Paul Whiteman will introduce Gracie Allen's new Knuckle-Knock tune. She wrote Concerto for Index Finger.

Since brunette Helen Forest went blonde, she will make three gees instead of the three hundred she used to snag.

Jan Garber outfit goes swing. You want to dig his new work sometime.

Krupa will stay with B.G. for a while yet.

B.G. was crowned King of Swing recently in a Down Beat Poll, with the "Dook" in close behind.

Spike Jones was crowned King of Corn in the same poll, with Lombardo up for a close second.

50,000 copies of "Over There" were sold last year.

Well known tub-man is AWOL from a Service Band. He just took his drum and beat it.

New chirper for the James outfit—Helen Ward replacing Helen Forrest.

Shep Fields must be a pretty timid fellow—no brass.

Frank Sinatra is expected to make *Mr. Cinderella* for Warner Bros. Studio, and is also considering *The Voice* for a remake of Al Jolson's *The Jazz Singer*.

YANKS JIVE IN JAP PRISON

The majority of the American hep-cats who were in Shanghai at the time of the Jap sneak attack on Pearl Harbour, are now in the Jap prison camp at Shanghai, where they have formed what is described as the hottest dance band Shanghai has ever known. The band includes five men who are orchestra leaders of fame and one former assistant conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. The latter is Henry Francis Parks of Chicago. The current leader of the combo is Tommy Missman, former leader of the crack dance band at Jimmy James' New Winter Garden, Shanghai.

Other leaders in the band are Henry B. Nathan, who for many years was leader of the Cathay Hotel Ballroom band, Shanghai. Henry plays sax, clarinet and violin. Another leader is Jimmy Staley, of California, who played in the smart Little Club, Shanghai. Others are Cliff Flook, ex-leader; "Sonny" Lewis, ex-Hawaiian musician leader, and other popular artists.

The Nips are having the pants Jived off them in this prison camp lately.

AC2: I feel like telling that sergeant where to get off again.

Cpl.: What do mean, "again?"

AC2: I felt like it yesterday, too.

LOW LEVEL PILOT

(Continued from page 3)

our egg squarely on the wheel-house part of the bridge, where the "ack-ack" was coming from. The "ack-ack" stopped, and there was quite a pile of rusty metal.

By this time the rest of the squadron had made a wide turn and, in the haze, had lost us. Needless to say, we couldn't find them either, and at 0830 hrs., after ten minutes or more of cruising around trying to find them, we set our course for base.

UNEVENTFUL RETURN

The trip back was uneventful except for a lot of singing and joking from three very elated airmen. At 0940 we could see Malta on the horizon, its permanent cumulus cloud sitting above it like a silent sentinel—the only cloud in the sky. We landed safely just three hours and twenty minutes after taking off, and taxied to the dispersal area.

Results of the mission . . . two bombs dropped, with one direct hit . . . two holes under my seat from flak . . . one enemy fighter down . . . lots of excitement, and nobody in our kite hurt.

The rest of our squadron came home thirty-five minutes later, but two of our aircraft were missing. Of the three who attacked Zuara, one had hit the mast of a destroyer and crashed in the harbour after getting two direct hits on a tanker and setting it on fire. The other two were pretty badly shot up by naval "flak" in the harbour.

ATTACK ITALIAN DROME

The four aircraft in our formation stirred up a hornet's nest when they flew over a fighter drome and shot up the control tower and several parked Macchi 200's and CR42's. They were attacked immediately after by two Me 109's, which did no damage and were shortly lost in the haze. Six CR42's picked them up five minutes later and attacked them continuously for twenty-five minutes. Two of these were shot down. No. 5 was badly shot up again and finally force landed in the drink. They all got out in their dinghy. The other aircraft circled and dropped extra rations, etc. Patrols are still with them. They should be picked up if the wind keeps down. (These chaps were never picked up. The dinghy was lost during the following night when a storm sprang up, and never seen again.)

After seeing the Intelligence Officer we went to lunch. Been swimming in the bay and playing pool all afternoon. And now for our party.

And so ends one day's diary.

That, I hope, gives you some idea of our work. Of course, it varied from day to day, but to you who are on your way over for perhaps the same kind of work on bigger and better ships, "Good luck and good hunting."

Do you want "THE SKYLINE" To Continue?

The money obtained for the publishing of this magazine is derived from your canteen profits, otherwise known as the Station Institute Fund. Shortly a questionnaire will be distributed on which you will be requested to give us your opinion regarding the continuance of the "SKYLINE".

Let's keep it going and vote "YES." (The officers and sergeants, as units, also voluntarily contributed to the cost of publication.)

Mediterranean Pursuit Climaxed by W.D.'s Enlistment in R.C.A.F.

Colonel's Daughter Braves Wolf Pack and Luftwaffe To Do Bit for Country



For how many paces should the salute be held when meeting and passing, i.e. proceeding in the opposite direction to an officer?

Answer. The salute is to commence three paces before reaching the officer and is completed on the sixth pace, commencing and completing it as the left foot comes to the ground.

What is the proper way for an airman to address or deliver a message to an officer?

Answer. The airman is to halt two paces in front of the officer, salute, deliver the message, salute again, turn about and march off.

How do you pay compliments when carrying a rifle?

Answer. Officer below the rank of S/L will be given the butt salute; officer of the rank of S/L or above will be given a present arms.

Do airmen salute officers in civilian clothes?

Answer. Yes, at all times if he recognizes him as an officer.

Should airmen salute officers in other services?

Answer. Yes.

Do all members of a group of airmen salute when meeting an officer?

Answer. Yes, all airmen in a group, unless being marched in an organized party, are to salute when passing an officer.

How do airmen pay compliments when not wearing head-dress?

Answer. If standing still, an airman is to stand at attention and turn his head and eyes in the direction of the passing officer; if on the move, he is to turn his head and eyes smartly to the direction of the officer, bring his arms smartly to his sides and hold them steady for the required number of paces.

AIRMEN'S CANTEN TOPS ALL

LOCAL MEMBERS C.M.A. AT OPENING

By P/O BEHARRIELL

An important event in the life of No. 5 S.F.T.S. took place on Monday, February 7th, when the Commanding Officer officially opened the newly decorated and furnished Airmen's Canteen. Present at the ceremony was a group of Brantford men representing the Brantford Branch of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, who supplied the furnishings required in the renovation. Group Captain Richards expressed the station's thanks to Mr. K. C. Berney, chairman of the Brantford and Hamilton District of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, Mr. W. M. Messecar, Mr. H. F. Croft and Mr. Dan Robertson of the Brantford Branch, C. M. A.

JOB DONE IN ONE MONTH

The whole job has been done in one month, and work on the W. D. Canteen is nearing completion.

"All of us on this station, then, owe a deep debt of gratitude to the members of the Brantford Branch of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association for their great kindness in suppling us with the necessary furnishings and materials to complete the job. On behalf of the station personnel, I should like to convey thanks to these local business men and to the firms which they represent."

In a brief address Group Captain Richards expressed the sentiments of the station:

Also receiving an expression of thanks from the C. O. for their work on the improvements, were S/L N. M. Fraser, Senior Administrative Officer, and S/L G. H. McGee, Chief Ground Instructor and President of the Canteen Committee.

Special mention was given to F/O A. J. Smith of the R.A.A.F., who designed the alterations and planned the decorations.



L.A.W. Diana Beddow shown here working with Cpl. Beryl Kirkman at the switchboard. (See story below.)

L.A.W. Diana Beddow, one of our efficient switchboard operators, has spent most of her twenty years travelling and having exciting experiences.

Diana, the daughter of Colonel Arnold Beddow, now stationed in India with the British Army, was born in the town of Hyeres, Southern France. When she was eight months old, her mother took her to join her father who at that time was a Major in the Surma Valley Light Horse Cavalry, Bombay, India.

After spending her early childhood there and learning many quaint customs, she journeyed to England to start her education. This was done by attending the Holy Child Convent at St. Leonard's on Sea, near Suffex. This sheltered and secluded life was indeed a direct and extreme contrast of what was to come. Colonel Beddow retired from the Royal British Army in 1937, and once more the happy family was together in England.

ONCE MORE TO INDIA

After finishing her courses at the convent, Diana's family wanted her to go to France to complete her education. However, at that time Britain declared war on Germany and her father was recalled to the service. The university in France was forgotten, and once more the family made the long and dangerous trip to India.

"ATTACKED BY ENEMY"

Their ship was one in a convoy of thirty escorted by British destroyers and aircraft. When several days out, they were pursued by German submarines and were later attacked by the German Luftwaffe. The submarines were kept at bay by our destroyers, but Stuka Dive Bombers sunk

three ships before they were driven away by our escorting aircraft.

Arriving in India, the Colonel immediately sought out his regiment and found a home for his family. After seeing that India might easily become the center of aggressive activity, Diana's father placed her on a boat for Montreal.

JAPS BOMB SOORABYA

This trip was by no means uneventful. It took the ship two months of zig-zag courses to reach its destination. Most of the way they were chased by German Wolf Pack Submarines, but because of the great speed of their ship, were easily able to outdistance the pursuers.

When news of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour was radioed to the ship, the captain immediately put in to port at Soorabya, Dutch East Indies. While there, Diana witnessed a terrific bombing raid by the Japs on the city, which was reduced to a shambles. Once more she miraculously came through unscathed.

Arriving in Canada in December, 1940, Diana demonstrated the results of the military atmosphere in her early youth by joining the Women's Division four weeks later. L.A.W. Beddow became a member of our Headquarters Staff in April, 1942, where she has been a welcome addition ever since.

On the eve of the Dempsey-Tunney fight they sent Mike Trent, an old-timer, who was in Dempsey's stable, over to scout the Tunney training camp and bring back information of value to Dempsey on Tunney's style and hitting power. Mike came back with face all beaming. "It's a setup," says he; "I seen him readin' a book."



AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW CANTEN

(Left to Right)—Mr. Dan Robertson, Mr. H. F. Croft, Group Captain H. G. Richards, Mr. K. C. Berney, S/L N. M. Fraser, Mr. W. M. Messecar.

"A" FLIGHT

Have you just started "Service Flying"? If so, let me give a rough idea of what you can expect.

You start out some bright, sunny morning by attending ground school to get all the "gen" from the C. O. and the usual speech from the M. O., with which you are all familiar. One month later you begin to realize that all is not "peaches and cream", and you may have to do a little work after all if you want to get through. This despairing feeling builds up and up throughout the course until, finally, about one week before the exams, you find yourself completely buffaloed and spend hours each night with your nose in a book, a carton of cigarettes and a case of cokes by your side.

Finally the big day arrives and you end up behind a stack of exam papers wishing that Sgt. Hedley had carried out his threat and transmogrified you during a link trainer session—ah me! Elementary was never like this.

Once over with and passed, the exams become only an unpleasant memory, and you look ahead to a more pleasant future. You thought you would fly all day, every day, for the last few weeks, but forgot to consider the other three dozen students. Now you spend the greater part of your time sitting on a bench smoking, reading, chewing the rag, or writing articles for the station magazine.

Somehow, some day, we'll get through our course here and move on, but we'll never forget No. 5, and it will never forget Course 93. If you don't believe me, look up our records in flying and ground school.

If you can't go active, go aircrew.

"B" FLIGHT

Little did the instructors, who were gathered in No. 4 Hangar a few months ago, suspect that the newborn Course 93 would be other than the same run-of-the-mill group that arrives on the station at regular monthly intervals. A Course, as such, seldom gains wide-spread notoriety and fame by its accomplishments and deeds. Course 93 did.

The beginning of training was much the same as with the ordinary group of students, with drawings of circuit procedure to study and checks to memorize. Then one by one the lads started going solo, and it began to appear that this was no mere collection of youth. With the advent of night flying it was very much a certainty. Many an experienced head wagged from side to side in wonder at the boys' ability to accomplish so much with such repeated frequency.

In a spirit of fair play, the ones who seemed the most proficient were given a short rest period, with nothing much to do and absolutely nowhere to go, while the brethren carried on in classic style.

Time invariably dims the glamour of the most colourful of eras, and it seems that No. 5 has doomed 93 as just another Course. The lads have been conspicuously inactive on the tarmac of late, and not even the most critical of observers could tell that these were the same fellows who were making such a name for themselves a very short while ago.

So let it be.

Tarmac Topics

"D" FLIGHT

To F/O Studd of "D" Flight goes the prize saying of the week. During a basketball game the other night, the padre took a shot and missed badly, so he immediately showed his disgust with "oh, nerfs". Studd, quick as a flash, exclaimed, "Padre, watch your language." To which the good padre retorted, "Yes, I must be more careful before I go all to pot."

Incidentally, "D" Flight is well represented on the station basketball team, with three members on its strength (?). F/O Brimes, F/O Studd and LAC. Siborne.

Since the introduction of a table tennis outfit, scrounged for the flight room by some ingenious soul, the air at times has been hot and heavy, having an odour akin to that of a gym. By a process of elimination LAC. Bill Silcox has emerged as leading contender as to who is the best player. Silcox, incidentally, is only in "D" Flight temporarily, doing joe jobs till Course 101 begin, so maybe he gets more time to practice.

LAC. Oatman isn't exactly of Scotch descent, but the other night he decided to walk half a dozen blocks in the driving rain and save a nickel bus fare and then had to turn around and pay out a dollar the next day to have his uniform and greatcoat cleaned and pressed, the result of getting soaked in this unusual Eastern weather.

"F" FLIGHT

The Western Provinces have been well represented in "F" Flight in regard to sports, as they have produced LAC's Johnny McCreedy, Al "Trapper" Halderson and Don. Thomson. McCreedy is well known among hockey fans, having played for Toronto Maple Leafs during their 1941-42 season. "Trapper" Halderson, although not as well known a player as McCreedy, had his career in hockey not been curtailed by his duties for his country, would undoubtedly have reached the higher bracket. Don. Thomson, also a western product, played mighty good hockey with our No. 5 team. Being a versatile lad, he also chalked up a very good mark in ground school.

LAC's Norm. Beatty and Bill Curtis, who by the way are both from Ontario, paired to turn in a swell performance in the station badminton tournament. Beatty and Curtis, after defeating many opposing doubles, finally came up victorious as the Novice Champs. They also proved to be outstanding in floor hockey along with their team mates, LAC. Jack "Pop" Christie (who by the way tied with John McCreedy for top honors in ground school), LAC's George Mills, Stew. Wilson, "Joe" Gordon and Mel Gummer.

In closing we wish to thank our Instructors for their patience and guidance in pulling us through

"G" FLIGHT

The lads in "G" Flight are gradually being forced into the veteran class by the arrival of a new Junior Flight and by the passing (?) of the mid-term exams. (Grrr. Where did the Aircraft-Rec. Sgt. get those long range shots of the Hs 129?)

Night flying has proved interesting and the numerous mechanical failures of the Mighty Anson have seasoned the nocturnal pilots of "G" Flight. LAC. Douglas contends that anyone can fly a ship that behaves properly, but life only gets interesting when the gyros go on the blink or when the undercarriage refuses to lower.

Two of our distinguished airmen were really tuckered out after flying the other night. They set a precedent for "G" Flight by taxiing back to the barracks instead of to the hangar after their final landing.

We were distressed to learn the other day that our Flying Officer Trainee prefers Hagersville Airport to dear old Brantford as a place to land.

"H" FLIGHT

When it was formed I don't know, but whenever it was I guess it was tacked on the end as an afterthought. They went through the scale and got as far as "G", then some bright spark said, "We've got to have somewhere to dump the Scots and their allies the English—let's make an "H", we can spare a couple of MK. III's."

And here it is, smart and very, very clean, in fact we have at least one wash-out every week. Maybe they're jealous because all the W.D.'s fell for that "Furriner" wardrobe, or perhaps they thought we were all too good at aircraft recognition.

But there are one or two cadets left in the Flight. There are LAC. Berk and LAC. Rainer with their basketball, LAC. Baird with his floor hockey, and LAC. Loving with his volleyball or whatever it's called—but never a game of soccer, and we do want to teach the Scotsmen how to play.

Still we like it when there is no painting, no mopping, no Joe jobs to do—in fact we live for our 48's.

"NAV." FLIGHT

Dere mom—

Sins i rote yer last ive becum involved in a teribul predictamunt. theyve put me down in navigashun fite to be in charj ov hanger cleenlyness and to get rite down to bisness i think wun ov these instructors here is a sabotajer! in the 1st plase they cal him frits and he has a mustash just like hitler and the other day i hurd him say sumthing to cpl mert in wun ov those forin languages and then he gave a teribul laf just like boris karlof. o ho i thinks i ad better get sum advise on this, so i looks around for the instructor they calls chicken becuz he givs lots of advise to his air cadets. but hes over in the tower agin tryin to get posted to fairy command so i ast sgt brockbank but al he sez is my hands ar tyd. sgt haldane is always sayin money counts so i figgered he mite be in cahoots with frits so i tried cpl megibbin but he wuidnt tok to me becuz i didnt call him sir. i saw p o paterson there but i dont lyk to ast him anything becuz he always mayks me bow down and say ala evry tym

(Continued on page 9)

Maintenance

January 15th, 1944 A.D. marked the third anniversary at No. 5 for Flt. Sgt. Stan. Edgely, Sgt. "Pop" Alexander, and Cpl. "Hank" Flanagan, who arrived here with twenty other hopefuls and have since gone into the "unknown".

In recognition of their remarkable ability to beat drafts to such attractive spots as Gander and Labrador, a special medal was struck in their honor.

This exclusive medal is known officially as the "Burford Cross", is very handsomely wrought of an extremely rare metal known as dural. The medals are all hand made and engraved by the local artisans at Workshops. The decorated men's names and record of service are engraved on the backs in the same delicate manner as their repaired boots are numbered. The front of the medals are engraved in "Canadianeze", with the following words, "Per Ardua ad Asbesos", which, translated by the Censor, means "To with you, Jake, I'm fireproof."

The attached service ribbons were supplied by Sgt. A. Davis of the parachute section, through the courtesy of the "Zilch Tent & Awning Co."

CRESENT MAIN TOOL FOR JACOBS

This is the start of a new day in the engine shop in No. 7 hangar. The

time is seven-thirty (engine shop time), and already the place is a beehive of activity. F/S Serabian is just about to shout out the old familiar "Blow the Whistle", which same sound is the GO signal. Sgt. Trousdell is seen emerging from the office with the blanks, and he immediately is surrounded by a mass of humanity, all hungrily crying out, "When do I get that seventy-two," "How about my forty-eight," which as everyone knows is a hard question to answer. And so with a pounding of feet and a shuffling of coveralls, work gets underway and pretty soon everything has settled down, "including the men", to a quiet hum, broken intermitently by the sound of a mournful voice crying out, "Who's got my cutters?" "Where's my crescent?" For you all know that with a pair of cutters and a crescent wrench you can work wonders on the mighty "Jacobs".

When the day draws to a close, Flight Serabian tells the men that they can have the rest of the day off, and being that they worked so hard, they don't have to come in until seven-forty a.m. And so with a wave to Art Cline, who holds the fort at night, we walk up to the mess hall with galloping strides, and the curtain descends on the engine shop, the key to the heart of maintenance.

Workshops Smoke Puffs from the Fire Hall

By LAC's McLEOD and AHOLA

The "Heart of Maintenance" is at last in its new location. We thought they were going to fly the building down, as they had a landing strip made of extra cement blocks.

Ft/Sgt. Kerr is gradually getting his color back since his "problem". LAC. Lee, was posted to the Winnipeg Repair Depot recently. To top off his hectic career, LAC. Lee "middle-aided" with Miss Pearl Taylor of Brantford on the night of his departure, taking his bride to the frontier with him.

At long last, after many weeks of faithful service in the R.C.A.F., LAC Koley is now eating with the Corporals.

The "No Admittance" sign on the front door is for your own protection. LAC's Whiteside and Farrell are up to their usual "Rube Goldberg" antics, and your life is endangered by articles suspended from the rafters and snapping garbage cans.

Will sign off now with that famous Irishman's greeting, "Howareyoufixedforhearts".

"W & B"

Works & Buildings

Our Sergeant in the office has been sporting a black eye of late. He says it was caused from a hockey stick. Pretty good alibi, Sarg!

The recent bride, Mrs. L. Brook (nee Leila Chalk), has returned once more and were we glad to see her! So said Riley. Her husband returned on his first 72-hour pass from Baggotville, Que., last week. Pretty good going, eh?

It has been suggested to a certain young man around Works and Bricks that he shave off his mustache or put mascara on it, so it can be seen. (Attention, Johnston.)

The O.C. has really got an eye for the fairer sex. He could see a good looking girl 400 yards away through a brick wall. If he keeps on, there are going to be a number of disappointed gals, when they find out he hands the same line to one and all.

Our popular Major has been going to the hospital for his meals. Apparently his stomach is out of order. It may be that he is sick or it might be an added attraction there.

Mr. Webb, the rotund little painter, says he is going to reduce. We suggest one of those new-fangled undergarments. Who knows, it might help.

You should hear the battle Flight Austin puts up when he has to go on C.O.'s parade! How he does love a parade. You would almost think he had flat feet or something.

Much sympathy has been extended to LAC. MacLaren, who has had the hiccoughs quite frequently these last few days. Could be that the climate doesn't agree with him, seeing as he is from Jamaica.

Rookie: Do you serve women at this bar?

Bartender: Naw. You gotta bring your own.

Smoke Puffs from the Fire Hall

By CPL. LYONS
POISON-ALITIES

F/Sgt. McKENZIE, our Chief, hails from Peterborough. He has grown up with the station, and what he doesn't know about the job has not as yet been put in print. His ambition is to take a crack at a Jap as an Air Gunner. Best of luck, Smoky.

SGT. SELLERS, the Assistant Chief, is from Toronto. He has been with us since June, '43, coming to us from St. Thomas. A keen sport in almost every field, he likes it here.

CPL. BURNIE, our new "father", as can be seen from his walk, is from Winnipeg. He claims he is going to stay down East after the final Victory Loan. In spite of all the kidding, he has settled down to be quite a home man.

YOURS TRULY, the little ball of chatter from Meaford, is also a family man. Santa arrived just before Christmas with a little girl to keep my wife company when I'm on all-night duty. By the way, have you seen that Christmas tree I'm driving?

LAC. WALLER, the big man in our Department. He's the S.P. who saw the light and remustered to F.F.

LAC. McKEAN, the bow-legged soccer player who gets around on his thumb.

LAC. SMITH, the guy who went West, liked what he saw and brought it home for keeps.

LAC. HUGHES, that good-looking curly top who can be seen walking behind a plough somewhere near Woodstock on all his 48's.

AC1. WILSON, the Port Colborne Kid, who still has that sailor habit of a gal in every port.

LAC. NEAR is the only guy we've ever seen who doesn't mind being Joe.

LAC. COOK, the ex-fireman who took a holiday and joined up to fight fires.

AC2. HENEY, the fireman on the railway who used to build 'em and now fights 'em.

LAC. LANGFORD, our card sharp, who just cleared himself of deserter charge from the U.S. Army. He was up here all the time.

AC1. ROBERTS, another pre-war fireman who has just joined us. Hope you like it here, Ken.

"NAV." FLIGHT

(Continued from page 8)

i tok to him, wel i was gettin purty desprit now so i ast coke fase smith wair the flute commander was but he was out huntin in his big rubber boots agin so coke fase says hows about majer andrea—hes got the biggest car on the stashun. but i didnt get eny help frum him—al he sez is yer buttins is durty and dont bother me i dont hav to think fer 3 weeks cuz iv got a note frum the m o. so you see mom i cant get very far in this flite with guys lyk that. i even tried to fone the c o but every tym you pick up the fone sumbody hollers gale here so i soon giv that up. if sumthin aint dun soon that frits will have groundloopd al the ansons on the stashun. thats the way he wurks. i hav to get bak to wurk now becuz p o houlgrave told me hed put me on charj if i didnt hav the hole hanger swept out in 5 minuts. so long fer now—
joe.

Skyliner Show Wows R.C.A.F. Audiences

Revue Termed "Best in East" by Fellow Stations
Local Personell "Give All"



By SGT. "BARNEY"

Skyliner's Mk3! Yes, this is the third season that the Skyliners have been in operation. Albeit the cast has changed considerably since the first show got under way, your reporter thinks that the present group of talent is the best yet. Last year, as this year, the show was under the capable direction and "Em Seeing" of F/O Neville Gilmour—in fact cast were all for calling it Gilmour's Follies. But this idea was vetoed and the show is still operating under the name of "Skyliners".

OPENING HIT TO HEP CATS

A marked contrast to last year's straight variety show, this year's show is more or less a musicale. The first half of the show is devoted entirely to the orchestra, and for the Cats of the various stations this show has toured, it is really out of this world owing to the Basic jump tunes that are featured.

The show opens up with the ork. playing The King behind closed curtains. This is immediately followed by Blue Skies, during which the various actors are introduced by Nev. Gilmour. The orchestra is then featured playing Count Basie's Jumpin' at the Wood-Side, a number which has the jive devotees rockin' in the aisles. F/O Rudy Hanson is then featured on Lazy Bones, backed up by LAC. George Curry doing a dance routine to Rose Room. The Sheik of Araby, with the entire cast of first half making a bang up novelty out of it, gets a big hand. F/O Rudy Hanson's tak'e-off of Frank Sinatra is really good and gets a laff. LAC. Joe Caruso, an import from Toronto M. D., does an out of this world trumpet solo on "Stardust", backed by the combo.

TOP TRUMPET IMPORT

Joe rates tops as a trumpet man. An original tune, I'm Lost Without You, written by L.A.C. Doug. Hicks, is featured by the orchestra. The first half winds up with the orchestra playing Swinging the Blues, followed by the theme melody, "We'll Meet Again". This half is dressed up as

a Radio Show and is really put over as such by F/O Gilmour, who signs off with the various station's call letters.

GRAND CAST IN REVUE

The second half, Gay Nineties Revue, has a snappy opening (a little corn-fed, though), which gets this part of the show moving at a fast pace. A nice dance routine is worked out by L.A.W. Barbara Fleming and L.A.C. George Curry to the tune of Darktown Strutters Ball. This is followed by the Skyline Starlets beating out a snappy routine to the 920 Special, with the male chorus following immediately with When You Wore a Tulip. The Starlets are made up of the following persons: L.A.W's Lois Blankstein, Beth Moyer, Mary Moore, Barbara Jackson, Gladys Gardener and Laurie Lohman.

At intervals the show is rudely interrupted by a villain, chasing a heroine about the hall trying to finish her off before the hero can catch up with him. The hero generally can't be found, but he eventually catches up with the villain and bumps him off. The cured ham actors in this little melodramer are Shirley Smith, heroine; Doug. Hicks, hero; and F/O Don. Burke, "Dirty Dick" the villain.

L.A.W. Freddy Sorenson, the show's chirper, does a couple of numbers in the show which make nice listening. Her first number is in the first half, where she sings "You Call it Madness", and does a bang up job on it. She also sings a duet with Rudy Hanson to "Harvest Moon".

Ukrainian dancers, LAC's Smykaluk and Boyko, do some fancy footwork in well worked out routine done in colorful native costumes. This is well received by th audience, and come out for an extra bow every time.

A schoolroom scene takes in all of the cast, with F/O Gale playing the role of Stinky the class black sheep. F/O Gilmour again makes an appearance as the schoolmam. Rudy Hanson does some Bonnie Baker stuff in

(Continued on page 14)

Hit and Run Trial Due March 15

Attorney-General's Department Eager to Secure Justice

By F/O S. PRUDHOLME

It was with keen interest that the personnel of the station followed the investigations of the Service Police into the death by accident of LAW. Brownlee and injury to AW1 Hutchings on October 10th, 1943, and with no less interest are they concerned with the progress of the case since the apprehension of the two men accused of the responsibility for the accident.

Robert Evans and George Winn were taken into custody on October 23rd, 1943, and turned over to the Provincial Police and were lodged in the County Jail.

TO BE TRIED AT SPRING ASSIZES

Action was taken on a charge of manslaughter against Robert Evans on November 8th, 1943, and evidence found sufficient to commit him on a charge of manslaughter at the forthcoming Spring Assizes. Similar action was taken against George Winn November 15th, 1943, and he was committed on a similar charge to be tried by a higher court at the Spring Assizes.

HIGH BAIL SET

Bail had been set at \$5000.00 cash or \$10000.00 property for Robert Evans, and \$2500.00 cash or \$5000.00 property for George Winn, but this latter was increased to the same amount placed for Evans on November 8th, when it was found that Winn would also face a charge of manslaughter. Bail has not been raised and the two accused are still lodged in the County Jail in Brantford.

MUCH INTEREST IN OUTCOME

We have been advised that both men will appear before the forthcoming Assizes on March 20th, 1944, though it was felt at the time of their arrest and at their preliminary hearing, evidence was sufficient to secure a conviction. Nothing has been left undone to submit this evidence in such form that conviction would be absolutely certain.

Particular interest has been shown in this case by Air Force Headquarters and by the Attorney-General's Department of the Ontario Government, and it is felt certain that the outcome of the case will see justice done to those responsible for this un-called for and untimely death of one of our comrades.

Rutherford Turns Poetic

My hair is pinned up tightly,
And I have to curl it nightly,
My uniform hasn't any frills,
The M.O. gives me nasty pills,
My collars are so starched they hurt,
I go on charge if I am curt,
My G.I. stockings are grey cotton,
We are the few who are forgotten.
We line up when the lads get Wings,
But we shall never have those things.
The Airmen go to bomb Berlin,
Will be givne a present arms.
So here I sit—poor little me—
It's the sad lament of the W.D.



W. D. NEWS and VIEWS

It's not such a grim war after all. With Friday night dances, lots of good sports, a grand Hostess House and a really super Hostess, a good Library, and a lovely new Canteen—who wouldn't want to be a W.D. at Brantford?

Speaking of a new Canteen, we feel that we really have something to brag about. We want to extend our appreciation to the Commanding Officer and the Station Institute Committee for being so very kind to us. And, incidentally, no small part of the credit goes to Flying Officer A. J. Smith, who is responsible for so many of the improvements in the Canteen. Thank you, Sir, we like your ideas.

Best regards to Velda Hatto, who is sporting a new diamond. The lucky one is Flt/Sgt. George Martin, who is taking aircrew training at Pendleton.

AIRWOMEN SAY "I DO"

Two of our number who have recently gone to the Altar are AW1 Doris Putnam, the quiet little lady from Non Public Accounts, who is now Mrs. Thurston; and LAW L. Medaugh who said "I do" to Cpl. McMichael of the Service Police no less. Lots of happiness to you both.

Male Call by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"

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Airwomen Mark Second Anniversary at No. 5 Boys Don White Coats to Serve

It was the Airwomen's Day on the station when a dinner and dance was held in their honour on January 11th to celebrate the arrival of W.D. personnel here two years ago.

Red, white and blue candles amid gay decorations centred by a large birthday cake greeted the Airwomen at their dinner in the Airmen's Mess. This time things were somewhat re-

versed, and it was the Airmen who donned the white coats to serve the hundred and forty girls who sat down at the cheery tables. Places at the head table were occupied by Airwomen who had been here for the full two years. Flight Officer Walsh presided and the guest of honour was Mrs. P. H. Lyon, formerly K. R. Pease, who came to Brantford as junior officer with the first group of W.D.'s.

C. O. GIVES SUMMARY

Following the dinner, a dance was held in the Canteen where the Airwomen met their friends and tripped the light fantastic to the music of the station orchestra. The Commanding Officer spoke very kindly of the fine job that Airwomen are doing on the station.

The evening was a most successful one. Cpl. Myrtle McGrath and her committee, who did such a good job on arrangements, deserve a great deal of credit. We want to thank Section Officer Hunt for giving us such a grand dinner; and, of course, the party just wouldn't have been what it was without Flying Officer Gilmour who was our genial Master of Ceremonies.



R.A.F. & R.C.A.F. Benevolent Fund Ready to Help . . . says Popular Squadron Leader

There are many benefits on this station which personnel, both in the R.A.F. and the R.C.A.F., can take advantage of if the necessary circumstances exist.

Two of the most outstanding services are the R.A.F. and the R.C.A.F. Benevolent Funds. These funds were originally organized with the intention of assisting destitute or unfortunate personnel whose immediate families were in need of help.

FUND COMMEMORATED FLYERS

The R.C.A.F. Benevolent Fund was inaugurated in 1934 to commemorate the work of Canadians in the flying services. After three years of experimentation, it was created as a Trust Fund and three officers appointed as Trustees.

R.A.F. FUND SIMILAR

The R.A.F. Benevolent Fund is very similar, except that it is in charge of Air Vice-Marshal L. D. D. McKean, C.B., O.B.E. This Fund is open only to R.A.F. members serving in Canada.

Grants or loans up to \$150.00 can be made, but only to airmen and airwomen with direct dependents (parents, brothers, sisters, are not considered direct dependents unless the airman or airwoman is their sole support).

EVERY POSSIBLE ASSISTANCE GIVEN

In an interview with S/L N. M. Fraser, our Senior Administrative Officer, the squadron leader said: "If you have run into a bit of tough luck, airmen or airwomen, we have the organization to help you. Make your request either to the Padres or in writing to your immediate section head. If, on investigation, we find that you definitely need help, we will give you every possible assistance. In other words, we don't want any airmen or airwomen on this station in real deep trouble to fight his own battle."

Photo Section Flashes

By SGT. McLAUCHLEN

Photo section has quite a time with its W.D.'s. Seems Sgt. McLauchlen calls them his harem, and from the looks of things it can be understood. He says they are the cause of his falling hair.

Take for instance LAW. Rita Barry, who is always saying things like "sharp as a tack" or "right off the top shelf". LAW. Beth Moyer still says the darndest prayer every night (Oh Lord, send me a man, any man). Often wonder where LAW. Scotty Hubert received that title, for she certainly isn't Scottish. That tall drink of water, LAW. Jimmy Thurston, seems to have made No. 5 her permanent home; also LAW. Vicky Cosford, that fiddler from the West.



Upper Left—S/L T. Wilson.
Upper Right—F/L L. Armstrong.
Centre—W/D N. Drynan.
Lower Left—F/L J. Young.
Lower Right—F/L G. Edwards.

YOUTH AND EXPERIENCE RUN TOWER

Our Chief Instructor, Wing Commander Drynan, has had wide experience in flying both in this hemisphere and in the British Isles. He has visited practically every aerodrome in Canada as well as air bases in the Aleutians, Yukon Territories, Labrador, and Newfoundland. He has flown all types of aircraft in common use in Canada, so far without mishap.

RAPID PROMOTION

Early in 1940 the C.I. was sent to A.F.H.O., and appointed to a post in Organization and Training Distorate. There he specialized in working out the lay-out plans for the C.T.E. aerodromes. In August he returned to Trenton and took a short refresher course in instructing, remaining there to instruct, pending the opening of the E.F.T.S. at Mount Hope. He was posted as Chief Supervisory Officer of this school, with the exalted rank of Flying Officer, being promoted to Flight Lieutenant before the school officially opened. Six months to get Mount Hope running smoothly and handed over to the R.A.F., and then on to a job of reorganization as C.S. O. of the E.F.T.S. at London. Three months at London, and the Wing Commander opened the first double E.F.T.S. at Oshawa. On arrival at Oshawa he found a promotion awaiting him, and became a Squadron Leader.

After a long uphill fight to ease his way out of A.F.H.Q., the Wing Commander was posted to Trenton for the senior instructors course, and finally to No. 5 as Chief Instructor. In addition to attacking all problems of training vigorously, the Wing Commander has become a prominent figure in the sports life of the station, acting as goalkeeper for our famous

team of Flite Loots and above.

SQUADRON AEROBATIC CHAMPION IN 1930

The genial chief driver of No. 1 Squadron, S/L "Tony" Wilson, joined the R.A.F. in the summer of 1928 as a provisional Pilot Officer. In November of that year he soloed an Avro 504M at FTS, and after completing his year's course was posted to a fighter squadron. Although he won't admit it, he proved to be an outstanding aerobatic pilot, and won the aerobatic championship of his squadron in 1930. He left the R.A.F. in 1931.

At the outbreak of hostilities he made his services available to the R.C.A.F. immediately, and reported to Camp Borden in October, 1939. He was commissioned a Flying Officer in the R.C.A.F., and took an Instructor's course at Borden, following the F.I.S. down to Trenton to complete his course. He spent some time instructing there, and then returned to Borden, remaining there until the spring of 1941 when a spell of illness grounded him for a year and a half.

On again being declared fit, he returned to Uplands, and after serving there for some months was posted to the Senior Instructors' course at Central Flying School. Upon successful completion of this course, he was posted to Brantford, and has been O.C. No. 1 Squadron at this unit since June of last year.

In addition to being one of the two largest men on the station, and Honorary President of the Sergeants' Mess, he is well-known and well-liked by all ranks on the station.

FROM RANKS TO SQUADRON COMMANDER

F/L Armstrong, the Officer commanding No. 2 Squadron, is the only graduate of No. 5 S.F.T.S. on the

supervisory staff. He came through Brantford during the summer of 1941 on Course 29, and after graduation on August 9th, was posted to Trenton for the Instructors' course. There he and F/L "Jack" Young shared the same instructor, and had many interesting experiences splitting time together. After receiving his instructor's category, he was posted to No. 5 and has served ever since as an instructor, flight commander, and now as Squadron commander.

NEW ADDITION TO OFFICERS' HOCKEY TEAM

Another of the young men of the Tower is F/L "Gordie" Edwards, our new examining officer from Hagersville, who brings with him a variety of experience at Central Flying School, No. 9 S.F.T.S., Centralia, and No. 16 S.F.T.S., Hagersville. He graduated on October 23, 1941, and after distinguishing himself at Central Flying School was held off course as a flying instructor at Trenton. He remained there for over a year and a half, spending October of last year at Centralia, gaining S.F.T.S. experience. In October he was sent to Hagersville as an examining officer and in the latter part of January of this year came to Brantford. Since his arrival he has proved a valuable addition to the Senior Officers' hockey team.

VISITING FLIGHT MEMBER HERE

F/L John H. Young, a graduate of the J.A.T.P. grist mill, received his wings at No. 10 S.F.T.S. in August, 1941. He was posted to C.F.S., Trenton, for an Instructor's Course and proved himself of such remarkable aptitude that he was retained there on the staff. He spent the next two years there, alternately serving as an instructor and touring as a member of the Visiting Flight, and in October of last year was posted to Brantford with the understanding that when his tour of duty here is completed, he will be posted overseas.

Station Team Studded With Stars

"TOP" TEAMS BOW BEFORE SUPERB FORWARD LINE

Bombers Blast All Comers for Majority of Wins



THE CHAMPS

(Front Row) Capt. Ray, P/O McDuffy, LAC. Thomson, P/O Henderson,
(Back Row) F/O Reynolds, P/O Franklin, Sgt. McCaig, P/O Wilson,
LAC. Halderson, LAC. McCreeedy, P/O McAtee, P/O Patterson.

HOCKEY has had a banner year so far at No. 5. This year we excelled ourselves by not only winning our first game at the Arctic Arena, but six others as well. For the greater part of the year we had five outstanding players, four former N.H.L. stars and a member from the Senior O.H.A. group. With these men as a nucleus, and other talented players on the station, No. 5 Bombers Hockey Team was formed. F/L Art Reynolds, President of the Sports Committee, was appointed manager, assisted by Mr. Robinson and Mr. Somers of the Y.M.C.A. LAC. McCreeedy took over the coaching duties, ably assisted by P/O "Pat" Paterson.

EXHIBITION GAMES PLEASE FANS

As the league schedule did not open till January, a series of exhibition games were played with many prominent hockey clubs. The Brantford Industrial League put up their best team, namely, Cockshutt Plow Club, but they were defeated 15-5. Then, to get back at the Bombers, the Industrial group formed an all-star team from their league, and after a stiff battle the Bombers downed them 6-4. Twice the Toronto Hurricanes, last year's Senior O.H.A. Champions, defeated us by the same margin in fast wide open hockey by scores of 13-10 and 14-11. These games were a boost to our club and proved class entertainment for the fans. Twice we took on promising junior clubs, namely, Brantford Lions and Galt Juniors, who were well seasoned, and defeated them by the same score, 10-7. Then in a three-game benefit series with the Simcoe Army, who had such noted stars as Apps, Drillon, Taylor and Goldup, we defeated them on each occasion by scores of 13-10, 18-7, and 23-18. In the last game it is believed a record was set for goals scored in one game. Our first line was really knocking it off that night

and each player scored five goals, with numerous assists being credited to them.

BRANTFORD IN PLAYOFFS

In the league the Bombers topped all by winning four of the five games played, and are now matched with Hagersville in the playoffs. We took Dunnville 18- and 10-6; Jarvis, 9-4, and second game the visitors defaulted; Hagersville 8-7 and 4-6. The first Hagersville game was packed with spirit, and Sgt. Doug. "Crash" McCaig got the split decision for us. LAC. Johnny McCreeedy did an exceptionally fine job of handling the talent at hand. He has brought the team to a point where its attack is almost invincible. McCreeedy played for the Kirkland Lake "Blue Devils," the famous Allen Cup Champs, Trail Smoke-Eaters, the Allen Cup Champs who toured Europe, and later starred with the Toronto Maple Leafs, breaking in the year they won the Stanley Cup.

TEAM BOASTS STARS

Captain Ernest Ray, our hockey playing dentist, formerly played with the University of Toronto teams. He started later in the season, and has turned in many fine games on the defence.

LAC. Ted Grasser, a Kitchener lad, has played good, rugged hockey in the left wing spot. Ted played with the Lions Juniors last year.

LAC. Don McLeod, a splendid rightwinger, unfortunately was injured against Simcoe. Through this injury he was lost to us for the remainder of the season. Mac played for Washington in the American League.

LAC. Doug. McCaig started in Brantford and played for the Juniors here, later playing for Detroit in the Michigan-Ontario loop. He went to the Red Wings via Indianapolis Capitals. Doug. is a big, fast and very colorful player.

LAC. Murray Henderson is from

Toronto, where he played for the Young Rangers Junior team and with Marlboro Seniors. Murray was a tower of strength on defense all year and is a player who will go far in the Hockey world.

LAC. Wally Wilson, our fast, rangy centre man. Wally is an exceptional puck carrier and one who knows how and when to set up scoring plays. His hockey career started with the famous Oshawa Generals and continued with the Hershey Bears.

LAC. Norm. McAtee also was a member of the Memorial Cup Champs the Generals. Norm. was also a centre player, but he took on the left wing

job for our club. Fast and shifty, with a terrific shot, McAtee was always a scoring threat.

LAC. Al. Halderson, a Winnipeg Junior player, has done some fine work at centre.

P/O "Brick" Franklin, truly the Red Horner of the Team. "Brick" played his defense position with the greatest of weight, and was Hagersville's downfall in the first game.

Our utility man, LAC. Don Thurston, is also a Winnipeg product. Don played Junior there for Wolsey Fliers. He has played almost every place on the team for us this year, and has done well in each position.

A-TISKET .. A-TASKET .. A BASKET ...!

"Big Red Team" Sinks Many in Loop Race

The "Big Red Team" representing No. 5 this season has a favorable record at the present reading. Four convincing wins against two heart-breaking losses—that's the present score. The team is now tied for second place in the group, had "Lady Luck" smiled on the lads, they might easily lead the loop by a wide margin. A one point loss to Hagersville and a decision dropped by two points to Jarvis prevents the score reading six wins and no defeats instead of the present "four to two" score.

PADRE HEADS TEAM

The team boasts more than a few luminaries of the basketball world. Headed by F/Lt. Lawrence, the team is as colorful as any seen in these parts for quite a time.

At center is Ab. Nesker, a product of Toronto playgrounds and one of the headiest players on the floor. On either side of LAC. Nesker we have the duet from the west, LAC. "Si" Siborne and F/O "Blondy" Brimms. This twosome played together on the west coast, and with Nesker form a

sparkling forward line. Backing up this trio are two guards who, in addition to supplying plenty of laughs, also play very basketball. F/O "Pudgy" Studd is a steady player, while F/O Ken. Bundy is no stranger to fans, having represented Ontario teams in Dominion final games.

WEALTH OF MATERIAL

Sideline support for this fine quintet is supplied by LAC. "Tanker" Birks, a flashing forward, the hard-working F/S "Poppo", a newly acquired United States star, Sarge Sellers, the old fire-eater himself, LAC. Grandma Boyland, who really tries, and the little Rebel, LAC. Sgambati.

GUNNING FOR GROUP TITLE

The lads have an important contest on tap with Jarvis, and if returned a winner can create a triple tie for the top spot. On past performances the team should take this game, and with any luck at all, go on to annex the group title. This team merits station fan support as any does. Make it a point to see them in their next outing—they are crowd pleasers.



Grunt and Groan Artists Invade Drill Hall

Top Notch Performers Wrestle for Free Jack Kinney Promotes Fine Bouts



THUD — Johnny Gyroffy being given a flying mare by Joe Maich.

On the night of February 21, Promoter Jack Kinney presented his second big wrestling carnival in the Drill Hall. A large crowd of blood-thirsty fans were on hand to cheer the boys on. Included among the many notables and guests present was Lt.-Col. Cory, the C. O. at No. 20 C. A.B.T.C. No one was disappointed in the lively brand of wrestling displayed, for the performers were all well known artists here and across the line, all of whom donated their services free.

In the opener, between Buck White and Everett Lottridge, two promising young lads, Lottridge was awarded the decision after winning the first fall with a flying mare followed by a body press. The other preliminary saw Pete Maich matched against Jimmy Lickers. Lickers drew the abuse of the crowd because of his borderline tactics, and was eventually disqualified. The caustic comments of some of the boys at the ringside drew his ire and he took time out several times to reply in no uncertain terms. The fans went for this in a big way. The semi-final was the match the

crowd was waiting for, as it matched our own F/O Larry Love and Al. (Bunny) Dunlop. Larry weighed in at 232 while Dunlop was a mere 244. Playing his role of bad man to the hilt, Dunlop gave Larry a series of kicks and clouts that had the crowd screaming for blood. The bout ended in a draw after half an hour with no fall awarded.

MAIN BOUT GOES LIMIT

In the final, "Canada's Outstanding Junior Heavyweight" Joe Maich was matched with Johnny Gyroffy, "the Flying Tornado from Boston". After 32 minutes, Maich won the first fall with a series of drop kicks together with an arm scissors. Gyroffy rallied and won the next fall in 18 minutes with a side chancery and body press. The bout was declared a draw at the expiration of the hour time limit.

Great credit is due Promoter Jack Kinney, Referee Dave Minto, and Sports Committeeman Larry Love for the way these bouts were staged, and for booking such clever, well-known wrestlers. If you want a solid evening's entertainment, don't miss the next show when it rolls around.

Swim Splashes

By F/O A. M. McCARTNEY

Swimming in the middle of winter seems a little ridiculous. However, there has been and still is a swimming team on the station who compete once a month with teams from Jarvis, Mount Hope, Dunnville, Hagersville and H.M.C.S. Star, at the Municipal Pool in Hamilton. Competition at these meets has been very good, too good in fact for our small team. The team, ably supported by the W.D.'s, has had minor successes, but always lack of numbers has prevented our winning the meet.

In the last month we have been fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Flt/Sgt. Gazelle. The Flight is a swimmer of considerable experience, and we hope to have the top swimming team in these parts in the future. We have the Y.M.C.A. pool once a week for practice, and would like all swimmers to take advantage of the opportunity to come and practice. Let's get in there splashing, swimmers!

Badminton

An airmen's badminton club has been formed on the station this winter. It has been formed on the station this popularity. Three tournaments have been held so far, will be continued weekly throughout the season. In the all-station tournament, Cpl. Hunter of the Accts. Section, demonstrated his superior ability very decisively. The runner-up was F/O D. R. Smith. The other two tournaments, both doubles and open to non-commissioned ranks only, were won by Cpl. Hunter and LAC. McLeod, F/Sgt. Carne and ACI Marceau of the drill hall. The latter were given a very close contest by LAC's Barkley and Dorand of Maintenance.

The first of a series of inter-station meet was held at Mount Hope Jan. 4. Brantford was represented by Cpl. Hunter (singles), and F/O Smith teamed with F/S Lynch (doubles). W.D.'s were Sgt. Rutherford and Cpl. McGrath. Mount Hope won the meet but was followed very closely by Brantford, and we hope to place first at the next tournament.

Sports Roundup

By F/O DON. BROWN

This has been a great season for sports at No. 5. In every sport our teams are either in first or second place. Our terrific hockey team has built a reputation that is causing a few sleepless nights amongst our opponents. The basketball team, also, embodies several players who have had real experience in the big time. The swimming team is getting stronger every practice, and we have reason to believe that they will show the other three teams some class in the next meet. Badminton presents two fine players in Cpl. Hunter and F/O Smith. At the last meet at Mt. Hope the team was edged out of first place by their hosts, but they promise that it won't happen again.

REDMAN JOINS BOMBERS

F/L Art. Reynolds played hockey and football for Glebe Collegiate. He has done a wonderful job in handling the team, and much of the success we have had is due in no small measure to his strenuous efforts on our behalf.

F/O "Pat" Paterson assisted in the coaching, doing a superb job. A fine booster and handler of players, he has added much weight to the club.

With Course 89 graduating, we lost a great deal of our power. However, Coach Johnny McCreedy has been working like a demon modelling a new group together. Our new talent consists of AC2 Jack Redman, formerly of Atlantic City Sea Hawks, and this year's Toronto Tip Tops. A strong defenseman who packs plenty of speed and power.

Course 101 brought us LAC's Silcox and Outragh, both former Guelph Juniors, also McKenzie and Kane. Our goaltending duties were taken over by LAC. Alcott, who played with Georgetown Intermediates.

So far the season has been very successful, and the hockey team, through careful management, has more than paid it's way.



TRIPLE TRIUMPH FOR ARMY RUNNER

Sgt. Gerard Cote, Canadian Army, sensational distance runner, who flashed home in brilliant style in the Yonkers-New York 26-mile marathon, leading a field of noted runners. A triple triumph for Cote, the win gave him his second National A.A.U. title in three years; in addition it marked the second time he has won both the Boston and New York marathons in the same year, a feat unequalled in the sports world. This shot shows him on the home stretch, being attended by Paul de Bruyn, veteran marathoner. Cote's time for the run was 2:38:35, well behind the record, but well ahead of second place Fred McGone, last year's winner, who finished in second place. Cote may be seen again in the marathons of 1944. (Canadian Army Photo)

Veteran of 35 Raids Now Member of Course 95

Credited with Several Probables. Anxious to Return Overseas



Flying Officer Arthur Sauer, a Wireless Air Gunner, now a member of Course 95, has had a wide variety of experience both at home and abroad in the R.C.A.F.

At the beginning of hostilities in 1939 Art was anxious to get into the fracas. Finding that to be a pilot, one

had to wait for several months, he immediately enlisted as a Wireless Air Gunner. This course offered him a wealth of knowledge and practical experience which he never regretted having.

After spending four months as a Security Guardsman at the Toronto Equipment Depot, he was ordered to report to No. 1 Wireless School at Montreal. There he underwent an intensive six months course, followed by two months at No. 1 B. and G., Jarvis. Receiving his Wings in June, 1940, he was given ten days embarkation leave before reporting to Halifax.

33 SUCCESSFUL BOMBING MISSIONS

At O.T.U. in England he met the remainder of his crew, and, following three months of operational training, they were posted as a unit to No. 15 Stirling Bomber Squadron. This period in Bombing Command lasted five months, and during that time this remarkable crew completed 33 successful bombing missions.

These missions included trips to Milan, Turin, Genoa, Marseilles, Essen, Cologne and Hamburg.

When asked about some of his

more exciting experiences, Art said, "I think that the 'Happy Valley' (Ruhr Valley) targets were the hottest. Those industrial areas were really well defended by anti-aircraft fire, searchlights and fighters. The most exciting trip was one to Marseilles. Over the target both port engines went u.s. We had to return 800 miles to base on the two starboard engines, hampered by fighters and ground defense all the way. I have been lucky enough to get a few bursts at several aircraft, but because of the darkness we were unable to observe the results, therefore could only claim them as probables."

REMUSTERED TO PILOT

After the conclusion of F/O Sauer's tour, he was posted to another O.T.U. as a seasoned instructor. It was there that he put through a remuster for his first love, namely, a pilot's course. It took several months for the remuster to come through, and he was then posted back to Canada for training.

Art concludes his course here April 15th and, as in the case of all true Canadians, he is anxious to get back overseas for another crack at the "Hun".

Government to Provide "Vets" Farms and Houses

Large Proportion of Cost Assumed by Dominion

Here are the facts:

ELIGIBILITY

To qualify for such a grant you must (1) Have twelve months full time service, or (2) Have served in a theater of war; or (3) Be receiving a disability pension.

What you can get:

FARMING

You may choose your own farm. Provided you have satisfactory experience, you may receive a maximum of \$4800 to buy the land and buildings; but as proof of good faith you must put up 10% of the cost of land thirds only of this loan is to be repaid buildings at the time you apply. This at 3 1/2% interest, over a period of 25 years. Annual instalments are not to exceed \$195.00 a year, or about \$16.00 per month—the equivalent of a very low rental for a house.

In addition you may receive a maximum outright grant of \$1,200 for stock and farm equipment, which is not to be repaid.

If you lack practical experience, you may qualify through apprenticeship to a successful farmer.

BUYING A HOME

If you wish to buy a home with small acreage on the outskirts of the city where you have permanent employment, or to establish yourself in commercial fishing, you may do so on exactly the same terms as those for buying a farm.

IF YOU ALREADY OWN A FARM

You may want to pay off a mort-

gage, make improvements, or buy more stock and equipment. Under the same terms as given above, you may get a loan up to \$3,200, but not exceeding 60% of the value of the land. If you want money for livestock and equipment only, the loan must not exceed \$2,500 or 50% of the value of the land. These loans are to be covered by a first mortgage as security, and repaid over a period of 25 years at 3 1/2% interest.

You may get full details from your Unit Educational Officer. On discharge, go to the Employment Office in your district, the Welfare Officer in the Unemployment Insurance office of your district, or the Citizens' Committee of your district.

REMEMBER

If you want to take advantage of the plan to buy a farm or a small holding remember these things:

1. You must be prepared to hold the land and fulfill the contract for at least ten years. Otherwise the full cost must be repaid.

2. You must make a down-payment of 10% of the value of the land and buildings at the time you apply. This means saving now.

3. To buy a farm you must have had satisfactory practical experience in operating a Canadian farm, or be prepared to qualify by working a short time with a successful farmer.

4. To buy a home and a small tract of land you must have permanent employment nearby.

Skyliner "Wows"

(Continued from page 9)

this scene which goes over very well.

The schoolroom scene is followed by a guitar duet by F/O N. Polichek and yours truly, Sgt. "Barney" Wart.

SHOW TOPS ALL

Pistol Packin' Mamma is the wind up scene of the show which features Marg. Blackburn in the title role. The Grand Finale, You've Been Darn Swell, is a straight steal from Blackouts of '43, but is put to good use by the Skyliners.

All in all, this year's show tops 'em all, and I think that every section on this station who has had anything to do with properties, personnel, etc., should be heartily thanked for the way in which they have co-operated toward making this one of the outstanding shows of the season.

Many thanks are extended to AC1 Reg. Jones, who was entirely responsible for scenery, of which he made a professional job. Reg. also handles stage lights. Cpl. Goulden, costumes; Millie Jeffries, make-up; Sgt. Jackson, electrician. Sgt. Haldane and Cpl. DeMarchi alternate on the P.A. system. Special mention should be given to LAC's Jacobs and Martinook for the wonderful job these boys have done in handling curtains and setting up scenery. They work hard long before and long after the shows are under way.

SCREETCH Vs. COKE

By S/L D. McDONALD

Some time ago, in the solitude of Mr. Pontiff's glen, a discussion group was held by members of the station hospital staff. This first meeting was so highly successful that a second meeting was held in Paris to deal with some unfinished business. One of the most contentious subjects had to do with the relative merits of an amber fluid manufactured in London and a purplish product of unknown origin called "screetch". Unfortunately Sgt. West was unable to be present and put forth his argument in favor of the latter beverage. LAW, Elfreda Blaske claimed a victory for coca cola, pointing out that several members had signed pledges after the last meeting. Because of the absence meeting, and the balance of the meet-Cpl. Franklin prepared a feast which ing was given over to recreation. of a few of the key debaters, the subject was postponed until the next more than satisfied our most ardent gastric athletes. The repast was followed by a music appreciation hour and solos were rendered by many. The evening ended with group singing, each group trying to outsing the others. A return engagement is to be arranged for the near future.

Roving Reporter

Question: Do you think that women should continue to work in the factories after the War?

CPL.

T. GREENWOOD, "E" Flight — No, I don't think so. There must be jobs made for the men, and naturally the women's place is the home with the exception of the young couples just starting up.



LAC. JACK CHRISTIE, Maintenance —

No, I don't, because I am a married man, and think women should go back to the home to look after their husbands, and help to bring up their families in the proper way. Some cases will return from overseas under great mental



strain, and they will need the surroundings of a good home to bring them back to a normal way of life.

LAW. MARGARET ROSS, Station Library —

I think some of the women should, those who have to support themselves. But, I think the married women should go home and stay there.



LAW. IRENE MILLER, Hospital —

I think single girls should work in the factories if they want to, but not married women, unless it is absolutely necessary. If they have families, I certainly think they should remain in the home unless they are the sole support of the family.





To
 The men of the
 R. C. A. B. #5 - S.F.T.S.
 My heartiest wishes
 for the best of luck,
 and loads of my love to
 all of my guys.
 Fondly yours,
 Linda
 Darnell

STEER CLEAR

A noise was heard above the curses,
The kind of noise affecting purses;
A cheer went up from one—A dummy,
Sure! That's it—the game "Knock Rummy"
The game goes on, and one quite dumb,
Throws out a card, and it's a plum;
Another noise, and it's a rap,
The out-card thrown by "that poor sap."
Lips drawn tight, the strain immense,
With nerves and feelings set quite tense;
A sound is heard from "Teak the Twerp",
He's only fooling—another "burp."
The time approaches nigh one-thirty,
With "Don, the Doc" still playing dirty;
The scores are showing quite a trend,
And Tom Harris again on the winning end.
The game called "Knock" is one of the best
And, if never tried, is worth a test;
But heed the word of we who speak,
Steer clear of "Tom", and "Don" and
"Teak".
—Bl "That Poor Sap."

BAND PLAYS ON

The men who make up our Station Band are very hard workers indeed. All members are tradesmen and practice 1½ hours twice a week on their own time. (More next issue.)
The men play the following instruments—*1st Trumpet*: F/S Livingston, LAC's Durand, Buckindal, Gulingham; *2nd Trumpet*: LAC's Barkey, McLaren, McLeod, ACI Thornton; *Baritone Horn*: LAC. Shuker, ACI Graham; *Trombone*: LAC's Warren, Brown; *Alto Horn*: LAC. Knarr; *Saxophone*: Cpl. Hibbard, LAC's Shantz, Birkett, Hicks; *Clarinets*: LAC's Dolby, Martinook, Griffith, Legg, Schwenker; *Snare Drum*: Cpl. Patterson, LAC. Pollitt; *Cymbals*: LAC. Anderson, ACI Cole; *Base Drum*: Cpl. Roison; *Bass Horns*: LAC's VanReith, Raymer; *Drum Major*: LAC. Howlett. N.C.O. i/c, F/S Delaney, and Officer i/c, P/O Briscoe.

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To
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Stamp Here

Dispensers of Fun and Frolic



Mr. Keith Robinson shown with his assistant, Mr. Frank Somers, former Toronto sportsman. These men arrange the entertainment schedule for the whole station.



Coming Attractions

- March 3 "PRINCESS O'ROURKE"
Olivia DeHaviland
- March 5 "TRUE TO THE ARMY"
Judy Canova, Allan Jones
- March 6 "SQUADRON LEADER 'X'"
Eric Portman
- March 10 "CRAZY HOUSE"
Olsen and Johnson
- March 12 "WAKE ISLAND"
Brian Donlevy, Robert Preston
- March 13 "CAPTAIN CAUTION"
Victor Mature
- March 17 "SAHARA"
Humphrey Bogart
- March 20 "THE SKY'S THE LIMIT"
Fred Astaire
- March 24 "KEEPER OF THE FLAME"
Spencer Tracy
- March 27 "LADY FROM CHUNGKING"
Anna May Wong
- March 31 "ANDY HARDY'S DOUBLE LIFE"
Mickey Rooney
- April 3 "MY FAVOURITE SPY"
Kay Kyser, Ellan Drew
- April 10 "DATE WITH THE FALCON"
George Sanders, Wendy Barrie

SHOWS

- March 7th
- March 21st LONDON LITTLE THEATRE
- March 28th WHIZZ BANG REVUE
- March 30
- April 4th TWEEDSMUIR REVUE

Grad Here Receives "Gong" and Commission Overseas

According to a letter received by Mrs. George Cockshutt of Brantford, another of our illustrious alumni has won the coveted D.F.C.
Malcolm Benitz arrived in Canada in June, 1940, along with fifteen other British-Argentines. These men all had dual citizenship and travelled from Buenos Aires to Ottawa at their own expense.
After doing security guard at Rockcliffe, I.T.S. at No. 1, Toronto, Elementary at Windsor, and his Service Flying Training here, Malcolm Benitz received his Wings April 19, 1941.
He went overseas two weeks later as a sergeant and won his commission after concluding a few operational trips from Malta. On one of his trips to Genoa, the aircraft was badly shot-up and he brought the crew and plane safely back to base at great danger to himself. "The trip," according to the citation, "took great courage, daring and skill." For this he won the D.F.C.

SHOT DOWN IN ITALY

P/O Benitz did not receive his decoration immediately, however, as on another trip to Italy, his aircraft was shot down. This happened during the never to be forgotten blitz of Malta in 1942.
Captured and put in an Italian Prison Camp, Malcolm remained there for ten months until the fall of Italy. Returned to England with hundreds of other prisoners of war, he was finally awarded the delayed D.F.C. and his F/O.
Brantford is indeed proud of F/O Malcolm Benitz, and hopes to see many other names of our "old boys" added to the list of D.F.C. winners in the future.



Soldier: I'm not feeling myself tonight. Girl: You're telling me!
* * * * *
If some women's hindsight was as good as their foresight they wouldn't think of wearing slacks.
* * * * *
When we were youngsters, we had to hide behind the barn to read the kind of blood and shudder stuff that our children now get on the radio every day.
* * * * *

A gentleman from Oklahoma was riding an airplane for the first time at Phoenix, Arizona, the plane made a beautiful landing, and immediately a little red wagon rushed up to refuel it. Next stop was Fort Worth, and again a little red wagon rushed up. Same thing in Nashville. Up dashes the red gasoline wagon, and the plane is off again. Another passenger turned to the gentleman from Oklahoma and observed, "These planes certainly make wonderful time." The Oklahoman drawled, "That little red wagon ain't doing bad either."