

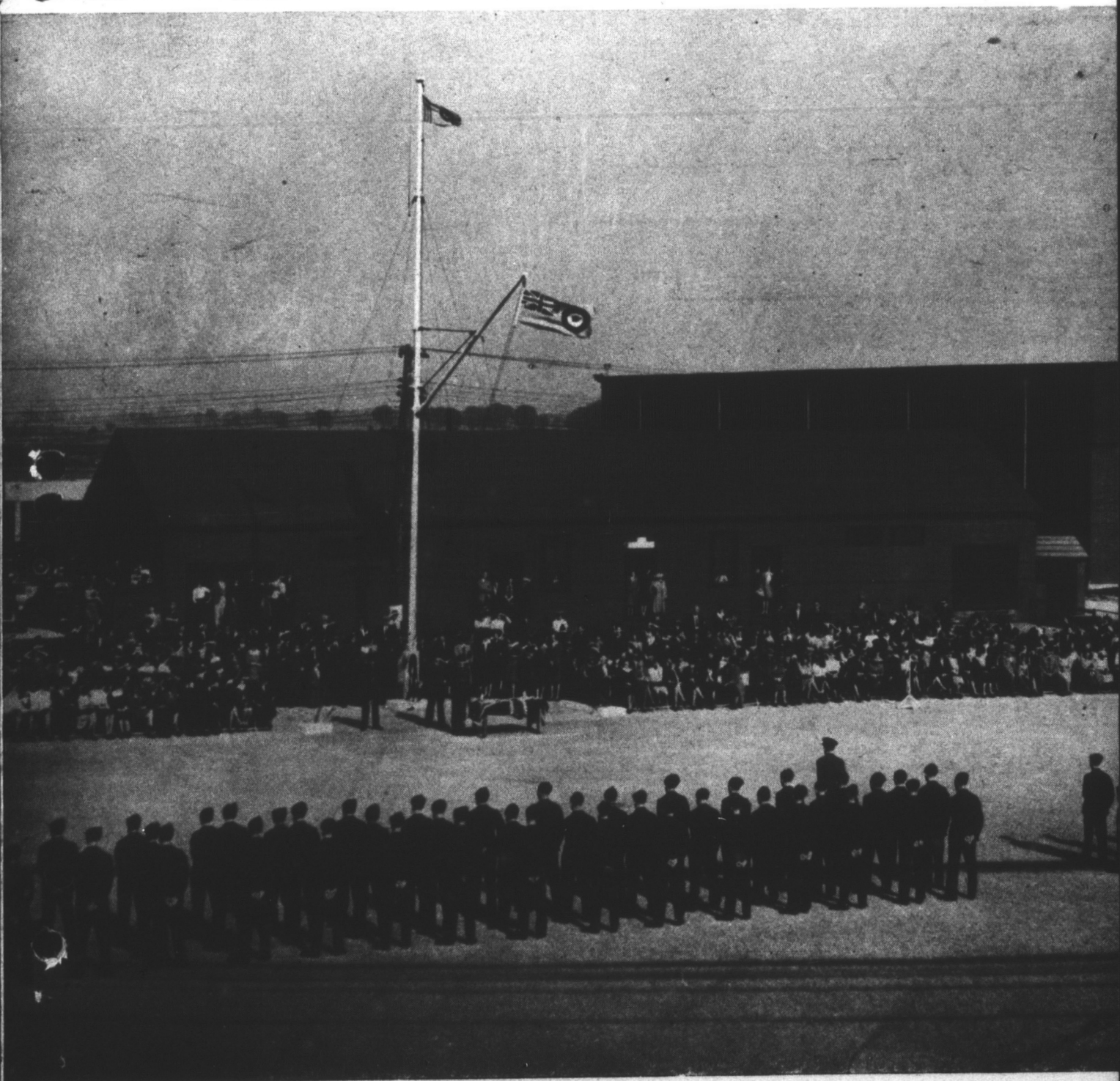


LONDON

AIR OBSERVER

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London Air Observer

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
In the Interests of the Personnel of No. 4
Air Observer School

Editor
CHARLIE CARRUTHERS

LONDON, ONTARIO, JANUARY, 1944

WHAT WE STAND FOR

Our objective is to give you the kind of Station Magazine you desire.

We want you to write of your ideas, your stories, answer your questions and keep you informed on matters that affect you—our own ideas don't matter.

So it is up to you to supply us with plenty of copy. We will do the rest. Snow us under with articles, letters and news of all sorts. The more copy you throw on our desk the better we will like it. Our policy? Well, we don't profess to have any, but only hope the AIR OBSERVER will be a stimulus in maintaining your interest in activities on the Station and realize your importance as one of the personnel of this little community. Come on with the copy, please.

WHY ARE YOU HAPPY?

If you are unhappy, generally you have a pretty clear idea why. But when you're happy, can you tell how you got that way?

Here's the answer of one of our men in uniform. And, incidentally, it's the thing which makes our fighting men the finest on earth. Here it is:

"Though things may not run smoothly and I suffer pains untold, if I could have the satisfaction of knowing that my confidence in something I feel to be worthy is supported by reasonable assurances that my hopes are not useless and my efforts vain or my time wasted—then, though I live or die, succeed or fail—

"I will be happy in the thought that I am contributing freely to something worth while."

Let Us Do Our Share to Bring Peace This Year

THE old year has passed and we are now in the new year. It is for Canada the fifth year of war and at present promises for us a brighter outlook than any of the past four. I am sure we all sincerely hope that it will be the last and victorious year of war.

Although we in Canada have suffered little from war it is being brought near to us through our own men and women of the Armed Services who are fighting, suffering and dying to save the freedom which we enjoy; a freedom which we have at times come very close to losing during the dark years which have passed.

To those of us who remain at home while relatives and friends fight in the far corners of the earth, there are duties and responsibilities to shoulder which, if we are honest with ourselves, we cannot lightly sidestep. Let us, therefore, throughout the year which stretches ahead of us each one do whole-heartedly and well their job. If we will all do this it will "Speed the Victory" more than most of us realize.

Ch Leavens

MANAGER.

WITH the coming of the New Year we made a mental resolution to quit scoffing at what might be lightly called incredible ideas. One of the top men in radio, David Sarnoff, predicts that the unexplored fields in the "space above the earth" will help provide the 10,000,000 jobs that will be needed on the North American Continent after the war. In these fields he classifies aviation, radio, electronics and television. That statement is a bit startling in itself, but how about his following prediction: "The day will come when every person will have his own little radio station tucked away in his pocket to communicate with his home and office. And it isn't so far-fetched to say that people may even be carrying television screens on their wrists as they now do watches."

Even those of us close to aviation and radio find it difficult to believe that the miracles we see performed every day can really be possible. What a swell time the witch killers would have had with the person who proposed the thought that voices originating thousands of miles away could be lifted out of the air.

It's a probability rather than a possibility that wrist-television sets will be perfected. Then look out, men, the wife will be able to check that peculiar look in hubby's eyes as he tells her he has to stay late at the office but is all set for a poker game.

It Pays to Smile

DID you ever stop to consider that—
The waiter who made a mistake in your order probably will lose his job if you complain to the manager.

The squalling baby next door doesn't really dislike you, but probably is taking the only available means of getting relief from the tummy ache. And his mother wants to stop the howling just as much as you do.

The telephone girl who gives you a wrong number and who barely escaped denunciation because you are too angry to talk, is a member of that vast army of unsung heroines who will risk their lives to save yours in time of disaster.

The too plump lady or man who takes 99 per cent of the trolley car seat can't help it and would gladly do most anything to chase away that excess avoirdupois.

If you haven't thought about these things, do it now, and remember that a smile takes far less energy than a frown, and, likewise, gets you far more service.

More Than 70,000 Meals Served In Month on Station

Chief Steward Frank McGrath and Staff of 123 Have the Tremendous Job Keeping 2,000 People Well Fed.

WHAT does it take in food, woman and manpower to supply the personnel of No. 4 Station, R.C.A.F., and Civilians with appetite-tempting foods for a month? Ask Frank McGrath, Chief Steward, the man responsible for the feeding of upwards of 2,000 people. Frank has the answer. It is astonishing and educational. It is astonishing because we who are on the receiving end are concerned only with the individual enjoyment of a dinner or lunch and rarely if ever think of mass production. Educational because it gives a rough idea of what it takes to feed an army.

In December 76,342 meals were prepared and served by Frank's staff of 123 distributed in the kitchen, cafeteria and officers' mess —kitchen 106 and cafeteria 17.

Ten tons of meats were required to meet the needs of the healthiest Station in the country. Beef was the leader with 13,113 lbs. consumed, bacon next with 2,492 lbs., while pork and ham ran a dead heat at 2,484 lbs. During the month 45,792 eggs were disposed of and more than a ton and a half of butter disappeared. Milk was a popular drink with 16 tons poured. These are only a few of the highlights of a tonnage



Just in case you don't recognize the handsome gentleman on the right hiding behind the foliage, it's Frank McGrath, Chief Steward of No. 4 Station. Frank is camera shy and it was necessary to journey to the wide open spaces, where he was on a hunting trip, to get this snap of him and his pal, Garnet Hutchinson, Duty Pilot.

necessary for a well-balanced meal that must have plenty of calories and proteins to make a healthful diet.

Frank McGrath has one of the biggest and most important jobs on the Station. To provide for 76,342 meals in a month and perfect an organization that is subject to constant change is a task that calls for a wizard in executive ability. Frank

has what it takes to organize and smiles as he oversees the work of his competent staff.

Take a look at what was served in December:

| | |
|------------------|-------------|
| Beef | 13,113 lbs. |
| Pork | 2,484 lbs. |
| Ham | 2,484 lbs. |
| Bacon | 2,492 lbs. |
| Eggs | 3,816 doz. |
| Butter | 3,205 lbs. |
| Cheese | 170 lbs. |
| Fresh Milk | 32,205 lbs. |
| Evaporated Milk | 3,348 lbs. |
| Bread | 11,300 lbs. |
| Flour | 2,642 lbs. |
| Baking Powder | 35 lbs. |
| Potatoes | 29,092 lbs. |
| Fresh Vegetables | 14,124 lbs. |

SCENE IN MAIN KITCHEN



Mrs. L. E. Cole, John Diosi, Ufem Honter, Mrs. E. Fitzgerald, Mrs. M. Harlow, Mrs. K. F. Ferguson, Mrs. H. Mayo.

THANKS!

We thank Wing Commander W. R. Kingsland, C.S.O., and his courteous staff for kindly co-operation in providing photographs for the AIR OBSERVER. Flt/Sgt. D. S. Sterling has been most helpful and obliging. Cliff Hunt, Comptroller of Catering Department Staff, is doing a grand job for the civilian department. Thanks again! The cover photo this month supplied by the R.C.A.F. is of a Wings Parade held on Open House Day.

Kittens Purr--Chaff--Chips and Chatter



VERA BYLES
Switchboard Operator

TO RIDE OR NOT TO RIDE

If you belong to Leavens Bros. (Training) Limited, or the Air Force, and if you own a car, this is addressed to you. Yes—you, brother.

It was noticed at the gate recently, and it was discovered to our horror, that occasionally a car drives into town with room to spare.

In other words, some guys are too snooty to pick up a fellow-worker, and leave him to the tender mercies of an already overburdened bus service. A guy leaves from the guard house in a taxi that was empty . . . repeat, EMPTY . . . while a group of airmen stood by wondering how in the heck they were going to get to town on a Sunday afternoon.

Now we ask you, is this cricket?

Life is tough enough without being snubbed by your fellow-workers or airmen who are lucky enough to own a car. So, how about it? Take a hint. Be a good guy and pick up a full load every time you leave the front gate.

One thing is sure. Your ears will stop burning from the kind remarks you know follow you when you whiz by. Yours,

WANT A RIDE

CONGRATULATIONS, FRANK!

Hats off to Frank McGrath for his handling of the Third Anniversary Station Banquet. The providing of such a delectable spread for seven hundred people, under conditions that would frighten the ordinary mortal, was a masterpiece of engineering.

BE CONSIDERATE OF THE TELEPHONE GIRLS

IF anybody asked you what time the 4 o'clock train left you'd think they were looney.

But, believe it or not, this question and others like it come every day to the Switchboard girls.

They are the golden-tongued, cheerful girls whose voices come to you 24 hours a day over the wires. And they know their jobs. Before coming to us all four of them were with big telephone exchanges, where they controlled the destinies of thousands of calls daily.

But one switchboard—or what one hears over it—is just like another to a telephone girl, and airmen don't differ in any way from civilians.

A typical question is the whereabouts of a mysterious P/O, F/O or what have you—an operator calls long distance from, say, Montreal. "Please connect me with P/O —," she says.



Mrs. Mildred Collins, switchboard operator, with her niece, Annie Parker.

"What section is he in?" "Oh, he works at No. 4 A.O.S."

"But, operator, what does he do on the Station?" Long pause . . . then, "I dunno."

And that happens frequently. So if you think anybody may call you on the Station, please be an answer to a telephone maiden's prayer and tell the caller where you can be located before the call is made.

Life is hard for a switchboard girl. Personal emotions, excitements, depressions, a bad liver or a hangover—not hers, but yours—play a big part. The telephone girl can generally tell the ups and downs in your life by the way you speak to her. In fact, she has a lot of fun doing it.

Treat your telephone like your girl friend; don't treat her rough and don't think she hasn't any feelings. Telephones are like their operators—human.



ALBERTA HAHN
Secretary to Treasurer David Forrester

CONGRATULATIONS!

Isobel Burns of the Accounting Department has that certain look in her eyes these days. The reason: A diamond ring from Capt. Pilot G. Ronald Nelson.

EASTER WEDDING

Mrs. Martha Thompson of the Kitchen Department will be married around Easter. The groom to be is Robert Reid of the City Works Department. Congratulations!

Births

Congratulations to G. E. Pickrem, Chief Electrician, and Mrs. Pickrem on the arrival of Margaret Penny on December 19th, their first.



Mrs. Dorothy Drake, switchboard operator, with her husband, who has just returned from overseas. He is connected with the Army Medical Corps.

George Cross Awarded LAC Spooner Who Gave Life to Save Comrades

STAFF OF OFFICERS' MESS



Back Row (left to right): Karl Broman (Chef, Officers' Mess); Lorraine Redding, Elmira Bottom, George Leach, Elsie Niven, George Bailey, Theresa Rivers, John Grotz.
Front Row: Reta Costello, Sarah Sotroff, Eileen Fitzgerald, Mrs. Nellie Versteeg.

HEARD AROUND OFFICERS' MESS

By GEORGE BAILEY

We regret the loss of Squadron Leader J. F. Heard, who was posted to Headquarters in Toronto. The Officers gave him a very nice send-off and presented him with an autographed copy of a picture of himself—"asleep at the Switch". The only time Sqd. Ldr. Heard was ever found in that state. "Eagle-Eyed" Heard we called him. We shall miss him around the mess because he was a "swell guy", and no better compliment could we pay him.

T/O. Bill Chisholm has been posted to temporary duty in Florida. What a break! Imagine, "Florida and Sunshine and Roses" and then shiver on the realization of Winter in London. Some fellows are just naturally lucky. Chisholm is a nice Lad, but his wife—oh boy!, is she a honey!

P/O. Les Blacker, the heart throb of quite a few of the local gals, is feeling low these days and so, gals, if he isn't his usual happy self, sympathize with him because he's got the miseries.

Death of Stewart McKenzie

One of the saddest tragedies of the Christmas season was the death of Stewart McKenzie, popular employee of No. 4 Station, who was almost instantly killed two days before Christmas while on his way to work. Mr. McKenzie was struck by a bus of the London Airport line on the Crumlin sideroad early in the morning. Funeral services were held on Christmas day with Rev. E. F. Armitage officiating and interment in Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

Surviving are his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McKenzie; a brother, Dennis McKenzie; and four sisters, Mrs. Finlay Knight, Mrs. Harry Hill, Mrs. Bert Keam and Miss Margaret McKenzie, all of this city, to whom the sympathy of the personnel of No. 4 Station is offered in their hour of sorrow.

Another party is being arranged for the R.C.A.F. officers and their wives and friends some time in the near future. If the New Year's Eve Party is to be excelled, the officers and the girls lucky enough to be invited can look forward to a swell evening.

Student Navigator Takes Over Controls When Pilot Faints, Giving Crew Time to Bail Out to Safety.

THE George Cross, a decoration ranking second only to the Victoria Cross, has been awarded LAC Kenneth G. Spooner of No. 4 Air Observer School, who gave his life to save three of his Air Crew comrades. LAC Spooner, who came here from Smith's Falls, and four other crew members were on a routine training flight in an Avro-Anson bomber last June when the pilot lost consciousness at the controls.

While crew members were trying to remove the pilot from his seat, he temporarily regained consciousness and froze on the controls, causing the plane to lose altitude rapidly.

LAC Spooner, who had never flown a plane, seized the controls and took charge. He managed to keep the bomber at a safe height and ordered the remainder of the crew to bail out. Three members bailed out as instructed and shortly after the aircraft crashed into Lake Erie, off Port Burwell, carrying the unconscious pilot and LAC Spooner to their deaths.

The citation for Spooner's award recommended by No. 4 A.O.S. Headquarters said: "He displayed great courage, resolution and unselfishness in face of harassing circumstances. The crash occurred approximately one hour after the pilot had lost control. This airman, with complete disregard for his personal safety and in conformity with the highest tradition of the Service, sacrificed his life in order to save the lives of his comrades."

We note the return of two of our friends in the persons of P/O. Bill Findlay and Andy Anderson. They are not here to stay—just visiting. Seems there is no place like No. 4 A.O.S.

P/O. C. D. Clausen leaves the Station shortly, travelling towards overseas. Another swell guy leaving. The boys in his class must feel the same way as we do in the Mess, because they presented him with a substantial cash present before he left, and that is a very fine gesture—especially when all the boys are badly bent after the holidays.

New Map Reading Device Designed by Head of Instrument Department

Bob McCollum and Staff Always on the Alert for Ideas; Build Machine to Simulate Flying in the Roughest of Weather.

IN the northeast corner of No. 5 hangar is located one of the show-places of No. 4 Air Observer School. It is claimed to be the best equipped with both equipment and staff of any of the schools in the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, and second to none to the ultra-streamlined shop of Trans-Canada Airlines. In this shop the precision instrument equipment of the school is kept serviceable. Sextants which the students use to take bearings with are set to read accurately to one-sixtieth (1/60) of a degree, gyros which guide our pilots and crews in bad weather are set to 1/10,000th clearances, altimeters which accurately tell the bombardier how high he is are calibrated to indicate within five feet, navigators' chronographs (watches) are kept regulated within a few seconds, and a host of other instruments that are too numerous to mention.

Recently your editor paid a visit to the instrument shop to see what contribution it was making towards the operation of the school. Bob McCollum, shop superintendent, was busy designing a new gadget to teach students map reading, which he claims will be revolutionary. Bob seems to be full of these ideas and a tour of his shop soon proved the claim. The main point of interest was the new flight simulator or



STAFF OF INSTRUMENT DEPARTMENT: Bottom Row (left to right)—Wm. Wright, Kenneth Leyland, Bob McCollum, Geo. Burgess, Jean Lovie, James Ward. Centre Row—Keith Daniel, Omar Kilburn, Joe Welsh, Calvin Sherrer, James Small, Eric Cox. Back Row—Jack Mills, Bob McKitterick.

scorsby designed by Bob and constructed by the shop personnel. It will simulate roll, pitch, yaw, bank and turn all on one cycle running at 15 cycles per minute. It can be set to give any degree of rough flying up to 25 degrees. The 15 degree setting is rougher than the roughest flying conditions yet encountered and when set at 25 degrees gives the instruments a real going over. This ingenious machine will accommodate either two gyro compasses (D.G.'s) or a complete aircraft flight panel.

Another point of interest is the tachometer calibrator that will give master readings to one R.P.M., a

very useful piece of equipment. Numerous manometers and test tubes are being constantly used to check navigational and aircraft equipment on their routine checks. Your editor was surprised and delighted when Bob said: "Besides some 80 aircraft with their quota of instruments we are doing a complete overhaul and in some cases making spare parts for some 555 wrist watches, 75 sextants, 80 astroglyphs, 600 computers, 120 drift recorders and 80 astro compasses. In all, including the aircraft equipment, we have about 4,000 pieces of equipment to maintain."

Wm. Wright is the guiding light in the Sperry Gyro section of the shop. Bill's home was originally in Toronto. He came to us from T.C.A., is married and a proud papa of a three-months-old baby boy.

Bob McCollum, instrument superintendent, hails from Toronto. He has worked for National Cash Register Co., Canadian Airways, Winnipeg, Lockheed at Burbank, Calif., installing gyro pilots, instructor at Galt Aircraft School, before coming to No. 4, and has had special courses at the Boeing and the Sperry Gyroscope Schools in California. Bob is well equipped with knowledge to superintend the operation of the Instrument Section No. 4.



SCENE IN INSTRUMENT DEPARTMENT

Meet Some of the Men on No. 4 Station



D. W. FORRESTER
Treasurer



J. T. CAIRNS
Supt. of Maintenance



GEO. E. WALKER
Asst. Operations Manager



D. M. EGNER
Asst. Operations Manager

Dance Orchestra

NEARLY six months ago a new baby was born on the Station—our very own dance orchestra. Our first two regular dances had been held with the use of a P.A. system turntable for music, but the need was felt for the personal touch.

The original group which got together were R.C.A.F. boys on course and their free time was limited and, although they turned out the sweetest music this side of heaven, they finally graduated and the crisis came—new talent or no orchestra.

It was at this point that the band became a truly Station orchestra as one or two of the civilian employees joined. More have come since but they still need your help. The Station Benefit Fund has purchased a number of instruments but players are always needed. Airmen must fly, study and eventually graduate. The nucleus of this band must be permanent and therefore be civilian. If you have experience see Cpl. Graham in the Meteorological Department or call the Y.M.C.A. office in the Recreation Hall and talk it over with the Supervisor.

Apart from the grand fun you have with this group there is also a small monetary remuneration for most appearances. There are plenty of good paying engagements outside waiting for acceptance. If you play, it is your duty and pleasure to back this Station project and get in there and blow. See you at practice Monday nights at 6 o'clock in the Recreation Hall.

No. 5 Hangar

It is rumoured around that a certain girl
Bought a canary at Christmas that
won't sing or twirl.
This, she claims, is her biggest
worry.
But cheer up, Do-do, maybe you are
in too big a hurry.

Marg! won't you tell us when you
and Mitch
Are going to make up your minds
to get "hitched"?

There's Myrtle, who at "Airframes"
is an "ex-pert",
But a certain male helper she thinks
is a "twirp".

Then there is Elsie Zavitz and Elsie
Mock,
Who can spread dope faster than
they can mend a sock.

A new girl joined the gang, her
name is Isabell;
She likes to listen to Do-do talk
about her cat named "Tinker
Bell".

To keep our aircraft painted that
nice yellow
We depend on two nice gals and
only one fellow.
The gals—Eileen and May—
Can slap it on by brush or spray.
These are the girls of No. 5;
They keep things humming and
alive.
Never mind what others say,
I think they all deserve a big
bouquet.

—HELEN.

TO THE ELECTRICAL DEPT.

Here's to June, the tiniest of our
gals,
Nicknamed "Sparky" by all her
pals.
Here's to Daisy with those flirty
eyes;
She knows how to use them on all
the guys.
Here's to Blanche, our "cut-up"
gal,
A very good worker and a darn good
pal.
Here's to Rita, who is never sad,
For she is in love with a Western
lad.
Here's to Kay, her love is recuper-
ating in Sicily,
After four years' active service in
Britain and Italy.
Then there's Gord, Jared, George,
Joe-Joe and Josh
And the three wolves: Eric, Jerry
and Bob—oh, my gosh!—
Who work (cause they have to)
every other week—nights—
Just to give the other guys a chance
to their "rights".
Men's shift boast of Clare, Harry,
Red, Ralph, Bill and Norm,
Their pranks and their tricks take
us all by storm.
Then there is Pic, the Chief and
proud daddy of Penny;
In our estimation, as a boss he is
better than many.
Put them all together and what have
you got?
The Electrical Department—a darn
good lot,
Always willing to do something
good and kind
To strengthen our faith in all man-
kind.

—HELEN.

News, Views and Bits of Everything



CAFETERIA EMPLOYEES: Top Row—Ellen Mitchel, Ann Clatworthy, Mary Brown, Edythe Erwin, Charles Shea, Kay Griffin, Annie Bagrie, Martha Barber. Bottom Row—Jean Lamond, Dorothy Austin, Josie Walters, Eva Parker, Betty Griffin, Etta Schronberg and Marie Pate.

Just Rambling Along with P.A.

Synthetic "rubber" may also be just a casual glance over the shoulder at one of those gals in long working pants.

Berlin admits a critical situation. It must be those slippery sidewalks.

If it is true that thousands of work hours were lost by gaping men when Dorothy Lamour toured war factories, same does not apply here. Dorothy didn't come this way.

Coming downtown on a bus proves something or other about 1,500 Chinese living to the square mile.

Among other items, it is reported that Von Papen, Nazi envoy to Turkey, got his "Von" as a big liquor salesman, which would just about rule out other than bootleggers in this country.

With Menemencioglu and Saragoglu handling the situation, Turkey's war policy may be expected to unfold syllable by syllable.

A U.S. padre takes touring troops into the Holy Land, guiding them to "fresh, cool" beer, which, of course, is but another phase of the age-old problem of desert irrigation.

German generals these days do not know just where—nor when—they stand.

Must Have More Donors of Blood

With the possibility of heavier war casualties in the near future the London quota of Red Cross blood donations has been raised to 15,000 donations a year, a twenty-five per cent increase over the actual total of donations last year.

Throughout Canada the quota will be stepped up on April 1 to 20,000 donations weekly, of which 11,500 are expected from Ontario.

If you are not already a blood donor, how about making a little sacrifice that may save the life of a friend or relative? Sign up at the Employment Office and transportation to and from the blood bank will be arranged.

WEDDINGS Harrison—Gramlich

A pretty wedding of the holiday season was that of Margaret Lenore Gramlich, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gramlich, Hyman Street, to Garnet E. Harrison, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Harrison, Sterling Street. Mr. Gramlich is the popular transit officer of No. 4 A.O.S. The bride was attended by her mother and the groom by his brother, G. Harrison. The bride was charming in shell pink with shoulderette of pink roses. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, after a honeymoon trip, took up residence in this city.

Visitors

We were glad to have so many of our former employees visit us recently: Mary Ritchie, W.D.G., stationed in Halifax; Eddie Benford, R.C.A.F.; Freddie Welsh, R.C.A.F.; "Pat" Gallagher, R.C.A.F.

Airmen's Lounge Membership Grows

Department heads, pilots and other senior civilians, many of whom spend over the prescribed eight hours daily on the Station, have for some time felt the need of a place where they could relax for an hour or so while off duty. The new Lounge fills that need. Under the management of a live committee, Chris Meheil, Bill Straughn and Howard Gresham, with John Lamont, Clare and Walt Leavens acting in an advisory capacity, the club has been tastefully yet inexpensively furnished to provide for the comforts of all members.

The Lounge proper is a lovely place. It's a club where air-minded gentlemen may gather to talk shop, play a hand of bridge, or maybe roll a bit of dice. Such games as chess or checkers are permitted only if the contestants play slowly and quietly. At one end of the Lounge there is what is known as a counter or bar. The bar, at this writing, sells only soft drinks, chocolate bars and peanuts, but there are hopes there will be a stick in the beverages soon.

LT. L. ROSS KILLED

Word has been received here of the death while on active service with the U.S. Army Air Force of Lt. Lloyd L. Ross, formerly a flier for Leavens Bros Ltd. at No. 4 A.O.S. Lt. Ross, whose widow resides in Detroit, was a fine chap, well liked by all on the Station who had the pleasure of knowing him. Our sincere sympathy is extended to Mrs. Ross.

Shows Student Airmen How Important Teamwork Is On Attack

Wing Commander W. R. Kingsland Points Out That No One Member of a Crew Is More Important Than Another.

IN the eyes of the romantic the glamor of the Pilot overshadows that of the Gunners, Bombers and Navigators. This is perhaps a natural attitude. Newspaper reports always mention the names of pilots and hit and miss on the names of other members of the crew. Sometimes you can almost imagine the pilot just took the rest of the crew along for the ride. As a result many bombers, gunners and navigators at one time or another waver mentally on requesting permission to remuster for a pilot's training.

Wing Commander W. R. Kingsland, O.C. of No. 4 Air Observer School, with a keen knowledge of psychology, recognized this flair for romanticism. He realized that Airmen other than pilots were playing just as important a part in smashing the Nazi. A veteran Royal Canadian flyer of the first world war, he decided to do something about it, to show that teamwork, not individual effort, wins the battle and the war, that one member of the crew is as important as the others. He wrote a short but direct to the point statement to set the students right in their minds as to their importance as crew members. Here it is and it needs no enlargement.

"There was a time when the public and the lads who wanted to fly desired only the Double-winged pilot's badge. Well, if we had only pilots we could fight a fair defensive war, and to the fighter pilots belongs the great glory of the Battles of Britain and of Malta, but we could not have smashed Hamburg, Kiel, or Wilhelmshaven, or the mighty industrial cities of the Ruhr or the Italian island of Pantelleria.

"All these are the battle honors of the bomber crews—the wireless air gunners, the air bombers, the navigators and the pilots—all working together as teams, each doing his equal, vital share in every bombing operation, or in laying mines or attacking U-boats.

"It was the bomber crews which paved the way for the victories at El Alamein, at Tunis and Bizerte and in Sicily. Navigators and air



Flight Sgt. Harold J. Webb receiving Royal Humane parchment from Wing Commander W. R. Kingsland for saving the life of six-year-old girl from drowning.

Flt. Sgt. Harold J. Webb Is Honored For Saving Little Girl From Drowning

For saving the life of a six-year-old girl from drowning, Flt/Sgt. Harold J. Webb of No. 4 A.O.S., on leave from the R.C.A.F. and employed by Leavens Bros. (Training) Limited, was presented with a parchment certificate from the Royal Canadian Humane Association on January 6. The rescue took place from the Grand River at Brantford last April 22.

Wing Commander W. R. Kingsland, C.S.O., presented the certificate to Flt/Sgt. Webb at a Station parade held in the big drill hall.

A well-known local athlete, Flt/Sgt. Webb was Kitchener-bound on

a leave from No. 5 S.F.T.S., Brantford, where he was a student bomber pilot, when he sighted Barbara Sears being carried down the current of the Grand River.

Dropping his kit bag and discarding his overcoat, tunic and cap, the airman dived into the icy waters. Reaching the girl, he swam with her in tow to the shore and handed her to the first "link" in a human chain that had been formed by persons near by. With the girl safe on shore, the helpers turned and started to walk away until their attention was drawn to the airman, who was still struggling to crawl up the slippery cement embankment.

bombers, many of them graduates of this school, took part in that smashing attack on enemy strong points.

"The attack, particularly the air attack, has been stepped up. The results are cumulative and powerful and our losses diminishing so that there is a feeling of victory in the air.

"Victory is in the air by attack, and that will be your job, the job of bomber crews. It is right that you and the public should shift your focus from the exploits of individual pilots to the air crew fighting in attack over Germany and Italy and in the Far East—fighting together as crews—for from here in it's teamwork that counts."

Drill Hall Centre of Sports Activity

By **SGT. EDDIE SOBEL**
Sports Editor

Basketball Team R.C.A.F. No. 4 Observer School

Once again we bring you the sports highlights of No. 4 A.O.S. With the opening of the hockey season, we find ourselves at St. Thomas Arena playing T. T. S. in what I would call a good, wide-open hockey game, in which we went down to defeat to the tune of 15-2, on January 6.

The game was good practice for No. 4 A.O.S. Having to put together a team in less than twelve hours' notice, I would say we did pretty well.

We have some fair hockey players with us and with the co-operation of the personnel of No. 4 A.O.S. we should go a long way. We hope that the next game will find the well-known Maple Leaf hockey star, Timmy Fowler, with us. Fowler is now working for Leavens Bros. and will do much to bring the team up to par.

BOXING AND WRESTLING

On December 14, 1943, the Sports Staff moved up another notch in the Sports World by having a cracker-jack boxing and wrestling show, having some of the world's best wrestlers with us in Whipper Billy Watson, John Katan, Earl McCready, Jack Reeder, and last but not least Juan Lopez, who is a comer when it comes to wrestling, as yours truly found out.

DUCK, FELLOW, HERE IT COMES!



Bob Daniels and Jerry Mitchell mix it up in an exciting boxing exhibition by civilian employees. That's Jerry Mitchell on the left about to swing.



BOTTOM ROW—LAC Moran, P/O. MacKenzie, F/Sgt. Irving, Sgt. Straugh, LAC Morton. **TOP ROW** (left to right)—LAC Frewin, LAC Aikenhead, F/L. Fletcher, P/O. King, P/O. Mackelone, LAC Lane.

FLASH

There are rumors that Sgt. Ross, our Dental Sgt. Pappy Papillon are trying to get on the next boxing and wrestling card. They tell me these boys are really mad at each other.

Look out Doug, Pappy is one tough hombre.

FEMALE RASSELLERS

We hear that the hangars are sporting a couple of girls who are

interested in wrestling. Look out, girls, or F/O. Heldmann will sign you up for his next show.

Join Up Brother

WITH the year-end holidays over, the Drill Hall will again be the most active spot on the Station for Civilian recreation. It is hoped by Les Reichardt, Chairman of Sports Committee, there will be a fifty per cent increase in the number taking part in the wide diversion of sports offered. There is badminton, basketball, travelling rings, weights, punching bags, softball, in fact, most anything you desire. Pilots and hangar personnel are on the committee which will swing into action shortly to increase the number of participants. It is expected shortly to have a bang-up softball team that will be able to take the measure of district teams. Hockey in addition to Drill Hall activities is commanding attention at the present time and boxing is in the offing. Despite the handicap of swing shifts it looks like a big year ahead for recreational sports.

Daytime hours are from 12 to 1 o'clock and all Friday evenings. Don't be bashful. You will be welcomed to this happy band. Join now and get in shape to lick the world and frighten doctors away.

Find Parts of Toboggan Belonging to Sir John Richardson in Arctic

Jack Libby of No. 4 Hangar Continues Story of Flying in the Far North; Grave of Explorer Who Perished in 1849 Is Visited.

(Continued from December Issue)

When night fell we helped Dr. Donnelly set up his instruments for shooting the stars. On completion of Dr. Donnelly's work we grabbed a few hours shut-eye and were up with the dawn. Then after a sowl-belly breakfast we took off and flew back to Coppermine, where we refueled from barrelled gas. Coppermine is populated by whites and Eskimos. The Anglican and Catholic missions are very much in evidence. There is a radio transmitting station under the department of Marine and Fisheries. The Mounted Police also have a post in this hamlet of 50 people. We bade these people good-bye and flew to the site of old Fort Confidence, on the northeast shore of Great Bear Lake.

On landing all that remained of this old fort were two stone chimneys, the rest of the site having been overgrown with willow and underbrush. We then had supper and got our camp into shape. The next morning while surveying with Dr. Donnelly I stumbled upon a grave surrounded with a palisade of stakes. This grave proved to be one of Sir John Richardson's men, who had explored this district in 1848-49. We know this as we found a plaque of wood. This inscribed the name and date of death, which occurred on May 26, 1849. This plaque is now in the National Museum at Ottawa. We found slats to the deceased's toboggan with the babeesh still intact. On digging up the remains all that was found was a small bone no larger than a finger bone. This bone is now in my chest at home.

On completing our work at old Fort Confidence we flew to Norman Wells via the east and south shore of Great Bear Lake. We flew over Fort Franklin at the headwaters of the Great Bear River which empties the lake of the same name into the Mackenzie River, thence into the Arctic Ocean. We followed the Bear River down to the Mackenzie River, at whose junction is the site of Fort



EDMONTON, START OF ALASKA HIGHWAY

Norman. Norman Wells is located 50 miles down the Mackenzie River. All around Norman Wells are countless oil wells.

We sat down at Norman Wells and had supper at the Imperial Oil Co. mess hall. This crude oil is going to be pumped to Whitehorse, a distance of 500 miles over very rough country. We took off from here and flew 190 miles to Fort Good Hope and were put up at the Hudson's Bay trading post.

We refueled and took off for Arctic Red River where it joins the Mackenzie River. This is a distance of 190 miles over broken country following the Mackenzie River. At Red River we gassed up and took off to find Summit Lake, 70 miles northwest in the Mackenzie Mountains. This lake proved too small to



SCENE ON ALCAN ROAD

Record Crossing

Britain's new 36-seat airliner flew back from Montreal to England in 10 hours 25 minutes, an average of 213 miles an hour. The journey completed the maiden round-trip to Canada for the craft. Known as the York, she is designed with the wings and power units of a Lancaster.

land on so we had to fly back to Arctic Red River. We could see Aklavik from the aircraft on our return trip. We had supper at a free trader's who had been in the country since the gold rush of '98. This old fellow married an Indian squaw, and there were three daughters by this union. He also had a garden which was amazing. It is surprising the gardens that can be grown at this latitude. Eskimos here are more or less prosperous. One chap had acquired \$35,000 in furs, last year, north of Aklavik.

(To be continued)

BOMBERS BATTER GERMAN CITIES

Must Keep Initiative, F.D.R. Says

RED ARMY SUFFERS SETBACK IN UKRAINE

Hit Berlin Third Time Within Week

Six Albertans With R.C.A.F. in Africa

Even Jeep Bogs Down on Bougainville

Tells Task for Forces of Decency in War and the Time to Follow It



Any Chemical Gas

RENEW AIR ATTACK ON GERMANY

Ask Greater Support For

15 JAP SHIPS ARE SUNK IN PACIFIC BATTLE

RECORD AIR OFFENSIVE OPENED

Fighting In

FATE OF GOMEL SEALED BY RUSS ARMIES

Up to 1,000 Planes Hit Hun Cities

Report on Mission to Moscow

ALLIED BLOWS AIMED AT TOKIO

Slight Gain Is Made By

RUSS 1ST ARMY PUSHES CLOSER TO POLAND

Footholds

11 JAP SHIPS SUNK AT RABAU

BOMBERS SMASH HARD AT SOFIA

ONE MILLION RUSSIANS SHATTER BOCHE LINE

Rail System In Balkans

BOMBERS HIT RHINELAND CITY

Russians Forced Back In Ukraine

COSSACKS MAUL FLEEING NAZIS

The War Today

Canadian Awarded D.S.O.

KEEP UP THE *Home*
They're FIGHTING FOR