



LONDON

AIR OBSERVER

VOLUME 1, No. 3

Booking Record of Flights

FEBRUARY, 1944





The Air Observer Office is located in the Employment building. Drop in for a chat. We are anxious to meet you.



On the front cover we present Joe French (centre), chief timekeeper for flights, and his staff, Evelyn Teather and Keith McDonald. The young lady with head through the wicket is Ann Armstrong of the Engineer Department, in charge of flight, who happened along. We thought it would be unfair just to show part of Ann, so above you have her, as she looked from the rear.

Photos by Ron Nelson

Men are peculiar. A fellow who hadn't kissed his wife in five years shot a fellow who did.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,

A line of cars winds slowly o'er the lea.

A pedestrian plods his absent-minded way—

And leaves the world quite unexpectedly.

LONDON AIR OBSERVER

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Editor: Charlie Carruthers

February, 1944

Courtesy Wins

The only lubricant that can keep the wheels of human contact in perpetual running order is Courtesy. Machinery wears itself into smooth-running efficiency by proper lubrication. A man fits himself into methods of smooth-running efficiency by the application of Courtesy.

Hand-shaking, back-slapping and jovial superficial display in public contacts is not the stock in trade of Courtesy. It is founded on unassuming, quiet behaviour and a sincere consideration for the feelings of others. It is the indefinable something in the make-up of a man that inspires confidence.

Religion, race, creed or color does not influence its practice and as a result it grows on a person as he moves upwards in his sphere of life to success.

A noted scientist once declared that the men who operate filling stations have done more to teach people courtesy and good manners than all the college professors. Gas station employees realize that their business is a highly competitive one and lack of courtesy would cut down revenue. But competition is not restricted to the commercial field. Discourtesy tends to lessen general confidence in all professions and becomes the gauge by which it is judged.

What a man does or says is not proof of what he is. It is the manner in which he does or says it that is the sign post to his character and capabilities.

February 1944

By RALPH JONES

I came across the name, an hour ago.

*Of Silas Drew, just half-way down the list
Of "Soldiers Killed in Action." Well, I know
That he'll be missed.*

*He was so commonplace and prone to thrive
On little-village life. It doesn't seem
He could be dead that way. He used to drive
Peck's order team.*

And even now his eyes look into mine—

*The order book poised deftly on his palm—
"Well, what's today? Our grapes are extra fine
I thank you, ma'am."*

*The little church will miss his freckled face
Beside the shrill soprano's; and the queer
Abrupt explosions of his cautious bass
Still haunt my ear.*

*And now he's dead, in Italy, like some old knight
Who fought with paynims in the long-ago
For his fair lady; and it seemeth right
To have it so.*

*Ah, dear Democracy, how many brave
And strong and gay, who left a shining name
In storied verse, have gone into the grave
For your true fame!*

*And yet to me there lies some special gleam
Of finer grace in this: that Silas Drew
Should clamber down from his old order team
To die for you.*

Planes in Air Get Direction From Station

**Radio Plays an Important Part in
Supplying Information to Air
Crews—Staff of 40 Under
Chief Jack Madill Does
Perfect Job.**

By JACK MADILL

THE primary purpose of the Radio Department is, of course, communication from the ground to aircraft in flight; this seemingly simple object requires about 40 of a staff at present, consisting of 17 girl operators, four chief operators, two direction finding operators and a maintenance staff of 16 technicians.

The radio and associated equipment in the aircraft is operated by an R.C.A.F. Wireless Air Gunner; he takes loop bearings and operates the intercom equipment, transmits position reports and other information to the operators at the ground station. Each of these girls may be in communication with from eight to 13 aircraft, handling 50 to 100 messages of varying length during a three-hour flight. They were given a preliminary training course of three months duration at Toronto and further instruction since their return to attain an average code speed of around 20 words per minute. Considerable ability is necessary to properly handle this volume of traffic, since interference has greatly increased due to expanded use of radio in wartime.

A male chief operator is in charge of each operating shift to co-ordinate activities, supply any help or information required and insure that the organization runs smoothly.



SOME OF THE GIRLS IN RADIO DEPARTMENT: Mrs. Mary Law, Miss Jessie McKenzie, Mrs. Marion Nicoll, Miss Gertrude Mills, Miss Mae Poyner, Miss Velma Graham, Miss Ruth Gardner. **At the set:** Miss Marguerite Trousdell.

The D/F (direction finding) station has proven a very valuable piece of equipment on many occasions. When a pilot or navigator wishes to know his direction from base, he may request the WAG to obtain a bearing. The WAG calls the D/F station and transmits for about one minute, while the ground D/F operator, by careful operation of the D/F apparatus, takes his bearing. He passes this information back to the aircraft where it may be used to check course or position, or, in case of bad weather, may be used to return direct to the airport. Using cross bearings from our own and associated D/F stations an aircraft's approximate position may also be found without further calculation.

The radio maintenance department is responsible for the installation and servicing of all radio equipment concerned with flying. Each of our 80 aircraft contains (1) transmitter, (2) receiver, (3) loop direction finding system, (4) intercom-

munication between crew members, (5) associated wiring. The ground station consists of communications receivers, remote control units and seven remotely controlled 300-watt transmitters and power supplies. Along with the D/F equipment and sundry non-radio items continually requiring attention, this demands a tremendous amount of work and experience, and a lot of credit is due to these sometimes forgotten men.

For take-off he switches control to the pilot, who gets his taxiing and take-off instructions by radio-telephone from the Department of Transport traffic control operator.

The WAG then switches to base frequency and gives take-off time and position reports as supplied by the first navigator at intervals. In the event of any trouble he notifies base immediately; if information is required, this is supplied by the duty pilot and forwarded by the ground operators. Flight recalls, coded weather information, etc., are also sent to the aircraft when required.

The navigator will likely ask for a couple of loop D/F bearings to check his calculations, plus an occasional bearing from the ground D/F station, particularly in bad weather.

The WAG will operate the intercommunication equipment between crew members; this is essential between pilot and bomb aimer when on bombing runs. When bombs are dropped the WAG reports by radio to the bombing range observer his aircraft number, time bombs are dropped, etc., so that confusion may not arise between scores.



Some of the boys who keep radios working: Left to right: Alvin Miller, Wilfred Tanner, Jack Madill (chief of staff), Howard Fallis, Don Haskett, Elmer Downs, Alex Robinson.

Personal and Social---Mostly Personal

Hero Honored



LAC Kenneth G. Spooner of No. 4 Air Observer School, who gave his life to save three of his Air Crew comrades in a routine training flight, was awarded the George Cross, an honor that ranks second only to the Victoria Cross.

Glad to Know

That Jas. Hardy is the proud pappy of a baby girl.

That Frank Williams' mother is on the road to recovery after her serious illness.

That Les Love was around to visit old friends a short time ago.

That Ken Stephenson appreciates any efforts spent on his behalf.

That Alice Bayne gets along so well with the armament instruments and all the other sections.

That the "Medland 6" motor car is made by the Packard Motor Company.

ATTENTION, CAR OWNERS

It is essential that all Wartime Industrial Transit passenger cards be filled in correctly and handed in to Plant Transit Officer when turning in old books and receiving new ones at the first of each month.

It is also necessary to report any change of address or changing of cars. This should be done as soon as any change is made so the insurance company and the oil controller can be notified.

Congratulations

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald A. Keith on the birth of a lovely daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Phillips, the gift of a charming Miss Phillips.

Both happy daddies are operation pilots.

Lots of Fun at Skating Party

Recently Joe Weekes and Bill Towle arranged a skating party held at Pond Mills for the Main Office Staff and Stores. Bill Towle, Frank Blake, Les Reichardt, Dave Forrester and Mrs. J. Dodsworth assisted in transportation.

Those noticed at this jolly affair were Alberta Hahn, Margaret Warner, Gladys Burrows, Gertrude Nichol, Daisy Smith and Corp. Charlie Graham, Barbara Hutchings, Jeanie Kipp, Barbara MacGeorge, and Bill Towle brought along his charming wife.

Even though it was the coldest night this winter, everyone had a glorious time. Mr. Forrester and Mr. Gordon gathered wood and made a bonfire, which was appreciated by all. About 9:30 the moon appeared to make a most perfect skating night.

There were all types of skating from the real high-class waltzing put on by Gladys Burrows and Les Reichardt, to the stand-up, sit-down and flat-on-your-back type, for which Mrs. Dodsworth took the prize. Crack-the-whip was also indulged in, and there were plenty of bruises to be shown after that, including one by Mr. Forrester (which we only heard about). But did we have fun! I'll say we did, and I'll bet the community around Pond Mills could vouch for that as there was just one long round of laughter.

From Pond Mills we drove to Hook's Coffee Shoppe, and enjoyed dancing while we waited to be served hot refreshments.

A grand time was had by all. We would like to go again and would like to see more take advantage of it. So get out your skates, even if it is five to eight years since you had them on—that's really where the fun comes in.

Customer: "It's tough to pay fifty cents a pound for meat."

Butcher: "Yes, but it's tougher when you pay twenty-five."

Write Today

By the way, when was the last time you wrote to that relative or friend of yours overseas?

Coffee, Please



Turn about is not only fair play but a mighty thoughtful gesture. Here we have the Boss in the person of Clare Leavens, General Manager, as a waiter at a dinner tendered the Staff who served 700 persons so efficiently at the recent No. 4 Station Civilian Banquet.

Engagements

Oliver Evans of No. 3 Hangar has slipped a ring on Mildred Owning's finger. Mildred now remembers this is Leap Year, or did she know it all the time!

Answers Wanted

Since Hap Vance has resigned at No. 1 Hangar should Frank Henshaw have to sympathize with a Melancholy Baby?

Why does a Mechanic on Charlie Miller's shift keep singing, "I'm always thinking of you, Margie"?

Why is a Mechanic at No. 5 Hangar so interested in the cowl washing profession?

Why does Oliver Evans become interested in L14's and flying times of A/C at certain periods of the day?

Does William Medland consider storekeeping for a future business?

Sergt. Martin Missing

Sergt. John R. Martin, R.C.A.F. bombardier, has been missing in action since December 20, his sister, Mrs. Ed. Adair Svidenham, city, has been informed. Sergt. Martin is a graduate of No. 4 A.O.S. and his parents reside at Arthur, where he attended school and was a valuable member of the high school hockey team.

44,464 Windows on Station to be Kept Clean



Back Row: C. Pearce, W. Taylor, E. Mordey, J. McGill, G. McGill, C. Merrow, H. Clements, W. Wood, W. Saunderson, E. Gale, J. Reid, A. King and W. Toshack. Front Row: P. Henderson, J. Mills, C. White, H. Grayson, W. McLaughlin, F. R. Ambrose (Chief), G. Waters, W. Smith, C. Wilson and J. Dews.

500,000 Square Feet of Floor To Be Massaged

ONCE upon a time a little boy got a contract to wash an elephant. The lad found out the hard way that he had some job on his hands. But he had nothing on Frank Ambrose and his staff of cleaners who keep No. 4 Station spick and span.

If you complain when friend wife asks you to rub the dust off a couple of windows give heed to what Frank's crew polishes. More than 44,000 windows have to be kept clean which means some expenditure of elbow power. Breaking these figures down we find there are 5,558 windows each with eight panes of

glass and, very roughly speaking, that means 44,464 for eight men to exercise on.

Floor space is approximately 500,000 square feet and it is up to a staff of 60 to individually care for more than 8,000 square feet as well as dust all furniture, etc.

Two men with hand carts are kept busy all day long gathering waste paper from all buildings.

When you consider the fact that over 90 per cent of the cleaners' personnel are inexperienced janitors and men over 50 years of age they do a mighty fine job on No. 4.

A SERVICE MAN'S DREAM

A tropical moon, a starry sky,
The rhythm of a pounding heart,
The swaying palms that softly sigh
Telling me we are not apart.
The rippling water against the sand,
The whispering grass so tall,
Makes me feel the touch of your hand—

We're not apart at all.
The moon reflecting your pretty smile,
The stars reflect in your eyes.
But then an old familiar sound,
One that we dread to hear,
The sound of war again shakes the ground—

Thank God you're safe, my dear.
—DEB. BUDD.

A crowd around Maintenance Stores we often see,

And hear that familiar cry: "Hi, Mabel, wait on me."

Norman Kraemer has joined the Instrument Department.

Birthdays

Happy birthday to Kay Delves, Bob Daniels and Eric Morris of the Electrical Department.

What more is there to be said about the Windsor youth whose love went cold when his gal friend threw his grandpa's watch out a window than that he should have kept a chain on it.

On Instrument Staff

The Instrument Shop is certainly doing its bit towards the successful operation of No. 4.

Omer Kilburn, who is a native of Smith's Falls, and more recently of St. Thomas, is in charge of watch repair. He is an amateur astronomer and interested in anything scientific.

Jack Mills and Parkyn Nay, two congenial Western gentlemen, came to us about a year ago. Between the two of them they manage to keep most of the aircraft and navigational equipment serviceable.

Jim Small is in charge of all service work. Jim came to us when the Observer school at Regina closed down. Under Jim we have Jim Ward, Bob McKittrick, Calvin Sherrer, Joe Welch, Ken Leyland, Charles Burgess, Keith Daniels, Eric Cox and George Burgess all doing their share in keeping the aircraft flying. Jean Lovie, the records clerk, is a London girl. In her spare evenings you might find her beating off a bit of jump and jive at the local dance hall.

In the past three years the shop has had four boys leave to go active with the Armed Forces—Pat Gallagher to R.C.A.F. Instrument Section, No. 17 Repair Depot, Ottawa, and just recently remustered to Air Crew; Jim Wright to R.C.A.F. Repair Depot, Ottawa; George Webber, Air Crew; Bud Richmond to Army Headquarters, Montreal.

"Happy Gang" at No. 2 Keep Planes Washed



THE HAPPY GANG—Left to right: Wm. Brownlee, Marie Snoes, Beatrice Bell, Wilma Middaugh, Jean Pierce, Dora Twiddy, Archie Pollard, Betty Satterley. Front Row: George Baniulis, Roy Wilson, foreman.

Keeping Planes Groomed Job For Stout Hearted

Here is a crew that deserves a lot of credit. Probably some of you have never heard of them or only recently learned of their existence. They are in No. 2 Hangar and are known as the Happy Gang.

Credit is due because it is not only one of the dirtiest jobs on the Station; it is the most thankless in that it takes only a few minutes' run-up of the motor to splatter the aircraft with oil and grease.

Under the very capable crew chiefting of Roy Wilson each day, six to eight aircraft going into Maintenance for checks are thoroughly washed and cleaned inside and out. This means assigning a separate crew for each part of the ship.

The cabins are swept and cleaned by Betty Grover. Engines have to be washed down spotlessly in varsol with a paint brush to reach all tiny corners and crevices. These are done by Marie Snoes and Bea Bell. Cowls are washed in a solution of oakite and varsol, then rinsed with a hose by Wilma Middaugh. The airframe is washed with soap and water, rinsed off with a hose. The crew for this consists of Dora Twiddy, Jean Hilton, Jean Pierce, Archie Pollard and George Banilus.

Every other week, in addition to their regular work, two or three ships are waxed and polished, then placed in No. 4 Hangar for display during Wings Parade.

They are doing a fine job under conditions many of us wouldn't care to work. Owing to each ship being rinsed with a hose the floor is almost continuously wet, which gives a cold, damp atmosphere, but does this dampen their spirits? No! Your reporter found them a very jovial crowd.

Possibly none of this crew has those hands you love to touch but their hearts are in their work, and more power to them for sticking at a tough job. Most of the crew have been here since the opening of the Station.

With an eye to the future, when victory is won, through everyone doing their part, no matter how small or great the task may seem, we say to the washing crew at No. 2 "Carry on".

Buck: I hear Robinson is back in the hospital.

Private: Yeah; he took a sudden turn for the nurse.

Canada to China An Overnight Journey

Ronald Keith of Operations told the students of Central Collegiate that the time is coming when the trip from here to Chungking, China, will be an overnight journey in a 12-engine "Stratoliner". Mr. Keith, who was editor of Canadian Aviation previous to coming to No. 4, is one of the best-informed writers on aviation in Canada. Speaking on "Post-War Aviation", Mr. Keith stated that the "Stratoliner" will resemble an ultra-modern office building, with plenty of sleeping accommodation and amusement space. He predicted the helicopter would play an important part in post-war travel and that Canada has an important part in the flying picture of the near future.

Personnel Record

For post-war purposes a personnel record will be made of the Leavens Bros. employees of No. 4 Station. The purpose of the record is to keep in touch for the mutual benefit of employee and employer. Forms are to be filled out giving address of employees, what work they are doing now, what they did previously and their experience in that line. Printed forms will be issued and all employees are asked to fill them in for future reference.

News, Views and Bits of Chatter



CANTEEN STAFF—Back Row, left to right: Tom Deacon, Mildred Neeb, Laurine Colbert, Mrs. Florence Good, Alf. Stilwell. Front Row, left to right: Mrs. Dorothy Stannard, Mrs. Doris Byron, Gladys King. Frank Blake, in charge of staff, was absent when photo was taken.

Letters to the Editor

Agrees With "Want a Ride"

Mr. Editor:

I quite agree with "Want a Ride" in January issue. Why should any person go to town alone in a five-passenger auto? I would say such people are selfish and downright mean. Take a worker who is tired and has to stand for half an hour waiting for a bus that is probably crowded when it comes along. How do they feel when a car shoots past them with one lone person in it? They hope the car will blow a tire or run out of gas and worse things than that.

NEED A RIDE.

To Ride or Not —

Being a car owner and having \$1,000 or better invested in same, I wish to ask a few questions.

Have you ever picked up a passenger or passengers, had them slam the doors, strike matches on the dash, put their dirty feet all over the upholstery, leave cigarette butts on the floor and also burn holes in the cushions with hot ashes, or get into your car with greasy overalls?

If passing up this class of person is called snooty, then I for one wish to be called

—SNOOTY.

Want a Ride?

We've been standing here for twenty minutes waiting for that darn bus just because the boss got a brain wave as we were ready to put on our hats and coats.

Here comes a car and the whole back seat is empty — there's only six of us, just enough to fill the space. He's pulling to a stop — goody! I think he's going to ask us if we want a lift. Would three of you like a ride?

We sure would, is the prompt reply as all six of us dive into the back seat.

Gosh, look at the mud on our feet. Oh well, it will fall off. Slam the door, Effie, says Jimmy, one of our gang, which I do and crack the door glass from top to bottom. Oh well, it's only cracked; it won't let much draft in.

Let's have a smoke, says Jim, which we all do. Such an outfit, no ash trays! We'll have to drop the ashes on the floor. We can grind them in the mud and they won't be noticed. Say, maybe we shouldn't have all sat on the right side. I believe we broke a spring. It likely would have broken, anyway. Here we are on Dundas Street. I wonder if he'd wait until we cash our cheques. Sure, he says, so we get in the end of the line at the Post Office

HERE'S A RECORD

On January 17th, of 52 aircraft on afternoon flight, 52 on first night flight and 26 on second night flight, not one report of an instrument bucking was made. Every one worked perfectly. This is the first time in the history of the School, according to Bob McCollum, chief of instruments, that this has happened.

Flt. Lt. Wills Missing

We regret to announce that one of the most popular instructors on the Station, Flt. Lt. Harold A. Wills, is missing after operations. Harold was one of nature's noblemen, with a cheery smile and a kindly word for everyone. He was tops as an instructor and we understand he was courting danger in acquiring specialized knowledge to impart to students when last heard of. He left here in October and was expected to return early this year. To Mrs. Wills, who resides at 966 Dame St., the knowledge that many friends on the Station are sincerely hoping that Frank will be located soon, may be of some comfort to her in her anxiety.

Killed in Action

P/O Jack Butcher, a graduate of No. 4 A.O.S., is reported killed in action. Jack, who came from Brantford, was prominent in sports prior to joining the R.C.A.F. His wife, the former Betty Jeffrey, now resides in Brantford. He was a fine young man and the sympathy of the Station is extended to his wife.

Thanks a Lot

We of the Electrical Department wish to voice our sincere thanks to all the other departments for their unlimited co-operation in the past, especially to the Flight Hangar, Maintenance and Radio crews.

Let us all pull together harder than ever until our job at this School is completed.

and rush back in only fifteen minutes, but were held up another ten because he was arguing with a cop about giving him a ticket for parking in a "no parking" zone.

Finally, we arrive at Dundas and Richmond resolved that tomorrow night we'll be in the same spot for another ride and maybe we can get a pound of peanuts in the shell to eat on the way home.

"BEWILDERED CAR OWNER."

Chips and Chatter Picked Up on Station

PILOT PATTER

By RON KEITH

Ever since he landed rather sensationally at Erie, Pa., one night last winter after flying a homing course in reverse, Tom "Reciprocal" Broad has been doing research on that sort of thing. His latest reverse-direction exploit was performed at ground level, in his car. While "low flying" along Oxford St. he tried swinging onto a reciprocal course via an outside loop. Tom claims that as he lay there under the seat cushions, his car spinning its wheel in the air, the engine was still running and the car radio blared a haunting refrain: "I Wish You Were Dead, You Rascal You." * * *

Stu Alexander has been holidaying in the Laurentians north of Montreal, claims it's a "skiing" expedition. Informed quarters advise that it should be pronounced "she-ing". * * *

It has been proposed that Tim Quinn harness a pair of homing pigeons to the pitot head of his Anson on night flights. With *three* sets of wings flapping, this combination ought to set some kind of speed record. Furthermore, when his navigators and his radio failed him, Tim could let his feathered friends take over. The suggestion was prompted by Pilot Quinn's most recent accomplishment. He let down through an overcast on E.T.A., expected to find London below. There was an airport, all right, but it proved to be Lansing, Michigan, a mere 200 miles or so southwest of here. * * *

Since the "Ladies'" and "Men's" rooms were interchanged in No. 3 hangar a number of the pilots have earned the Order of the Crimson Countenance. James "Oops!" Fowler was one of the first to discover the switch-over the hard way. Douglas "h.p." Skaife was right on his heels. "Pardon! My Error!" * * *

Frank Graham and Chuck Kenworthy visited the pilots' lounge recently on leave after completing the nine-week G.R. course on the east coast. Both agreed the course involves hard work. They had to learn ship recognition covering the navies of seven nations in addition to specialized navigation. Frank has been posted overseas, hoping to fly Libs on coastal patrol. Chuck goes to Debort, N.S.



Don Marlett recently came to the Station as Director of Y.M.C.A. activities. He is an energetic and likable chap and already is doing a splendid job.

Badminton Is Open For All Personnel

Badminton is really going places now at the Drill Hall, under the direction of a small committee composed of the following: Don Marlett, Y.M.C.A.; F/Lt. Gregory, Officers; Sgt. Cocks, Armament Section; W. Medland, Civilians; F/O. Heldman, Sports Officer. Two nights a week are now open:

Mondays, from 7 till 10 p.m., for men. Air Force or civilians.

Fridays, from 7 till 11 p.m., for any civilians, male or female, and for any Air Force personnel who wish to bring their wives or girlfriends.

All birds and rackets are supplied free of charge; in fact, there is no charge for anything.

So come on you badminton players and we will promise you lots of games and lots of competition and lots of fun!

HEARD AROUND OFFICERS' MESS

By GEORGE BAILEY

We were honored recently by a visit from Mrs. W. R. Kingsland, wife of our chief supervisory officer. It was the first time Mrs. Kingsland visited the Station as she has been seriously ill for some time. She is a charming and lovely lady. Her two daughters accompanied her. With such a family it was understandable why Mr. Kingsland looked so proud and happy.

P/O Don Hope has been ill with a cold and we are happy to see him around again. That five-day rest in our hospital and the excellent care given him by Drs. Hoffman, Kemp and Palmer has really worked wonders.

P/O Allan Hudson has been posted back to New Zealand. There is something about these lads from "Down Under" that makes one miss them when they go. We have yet to meet an "Aussie" or New Zealander who isn't a gentleman. Good luck and happy lands to P/O. Hudson.

On Sunday, January 22nd, LAC Lepsey gave an hour recital in the mess which was enjoyed by the officers and their wives. As a piano player LAC Lepsey is tops. And what makes it more amazing is that he plays entirely by ear. We shall miss him when he graduates.

Much of the "Have One On Me" business has been going on around the mess lately due to long-awaited promotions—so now P/O Bridgewater, Christopherson, Astles, King, Smees and Parsons can look back to the days when they were just P.O.S., as F/O Parsons would say "great".

We Apologize

In the January issue of the Air Observer in error we gave the Senior Civilian Mess the title of Airmen's Lounge and bestowed the title of Duty Pilot on our friend Garnet Hutchinson. Garnet is Test Pilot at No. 5 Hangar. We beg pardon.

Chief Investigator

Gavin Monahan, who recently retired from London Police Force after long service, has joined the personnel of No. 4 Station as Chief Investigator.

These Carpenters Build Anything You Want



Top Row: L. Heath, Harry Monteith, C. Nellis, J. Bourne, H. Cordell, T. Conley and J. Hall. Bottom Row: W. M. Smith, Frank Robinson, Alex Mitchell (Superintendent of Buildings and Maintenance), E. Kramer and W. Mitchell.

By **BERT LUMB**
Personnel Manager

YES, folks, we are definitely in business seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day, operating in your interests until final victory is ours.

Some of you, no doubt, believe that the not so impressive Employment Office building is just something in which are stored, in alphabetical order, the pertinent questions which we were so bold to ask the day you filled out your starting papers.

For those who believe it so, I would like to correct you. The Personnel Office operates in your interest and was formed to create a feeling of mutual understanding between the management and you, the employee. We are definitely interested in your individual problems and hope we merit your confidence. Drop in and have a chat with us any time. We cannot work miracles but we can clarify many misunderstandings.

All of us at some time or another have passed through its portals and have gone from here to play our part in the overall scheme of things and we sincerely hope that your association with this Company will be lasting, beneficial and friendly.

We have a United Nation of our own, right here at No. 4 A.O.S. We of the civilian personnel have pledged to do our part and carry our share of the burden that the R.C. A.F. may forge ahead in the training of Air Observers and Bombardiers under the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. Let us not fail in our daily task, to discharge it to



BERT LUMB

the best of our ability and to give our best at all times.

Millions of our boys on the fighting fronts are depending on us. We dare not fail them. Here at home we can supply the tools to get on with the job.

From time to time new faces join our family. Let's make it our responsibility to welcome them as valuable additions and make them feel at home that they may add their contribution to our alliance. A few words of friendly greeting is like a handshake of an old friend to a stranger coming to work for the first time. Can we depend on you to do your part? Thanks a lot.

A girl welder walked up to the cashier's window of a war-busy plant, laid down three \$50 bills and, a company executive reported, said: "Give me two extra \$100 war bonds. I was going to get a divorce, but when the lawyer told me it would cost \$150, I decided I hated Hitler worse than I do my old man."

ONLY A SUGGESTION

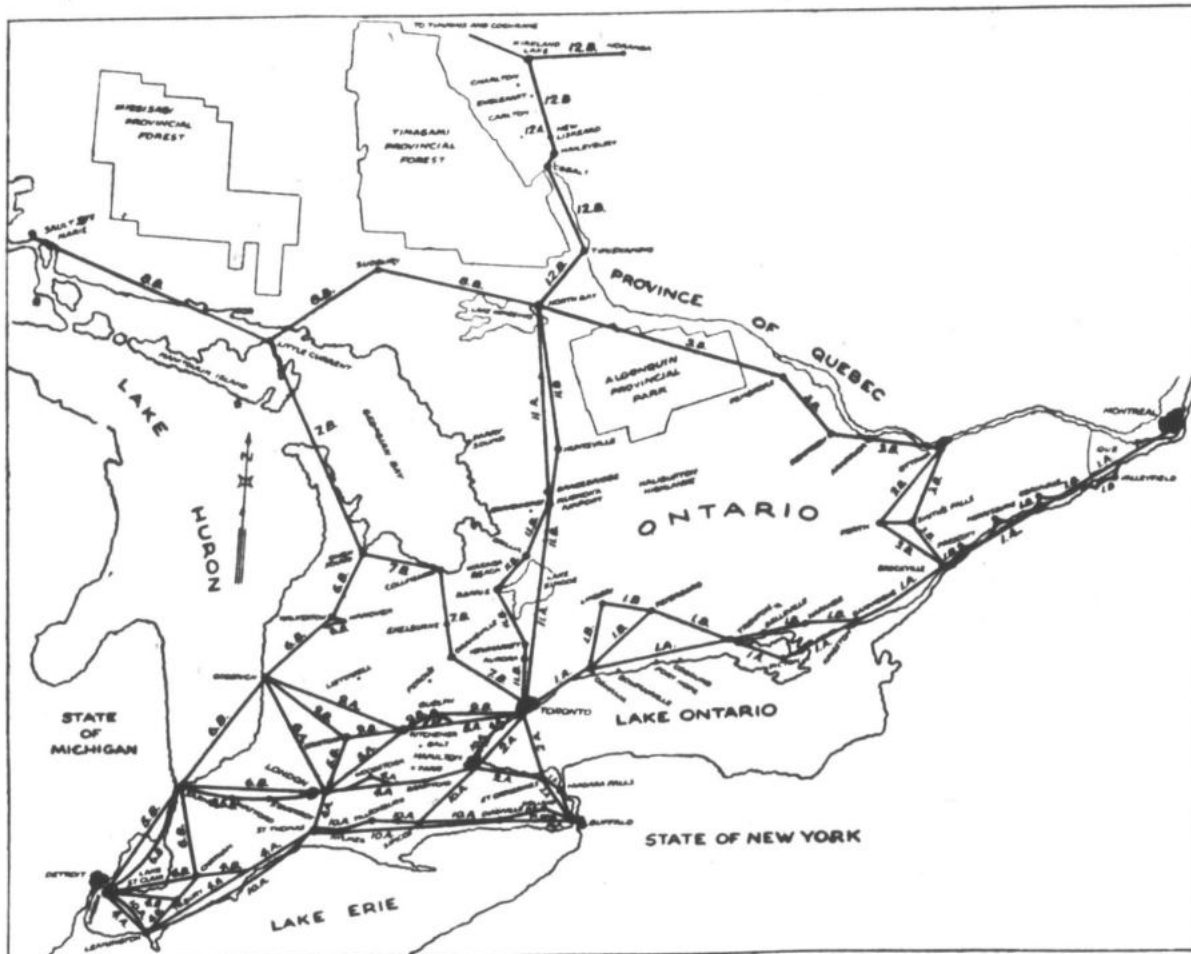
On account of the Station entrance gate being in the casualty list so often of late it is suggested that a rubber arm be installed or two-way hinges be used on the upright.

Congratulations are being extended to Harry Monteith of the Building Maintenance Staff. Harry, they say, will soon take a bride from the Kitchen Staff.

Welcome to No. 4

We welcome Gertrude Bradshaw, Mary Mihlik, Thomas McQuarters, Olive Scholz, Melville H. Scott, Gerald Horder, Freda Bradshaw, Carl Mayer and Marie Schreiber to the Kitchen Department; Elizabeth Satterley, Edward Knight, Walter Kwasek, Charlotte Honsberger, Jean Watson, Virginia Luther, Eula Shaw, William Brownlee and Norman Ball to Maintenance; Stephen J. Kisch, Gordon Baxter, Gordon M. Somes and John Beechey to the Grounds Department; Jean Koehler, Joseph A. McCurdy and Donald McEachern to Radio Staff; Robert Miller, Instruments; William Graper, Operations; James A. Stenning, Motor Transport; John P. Isherwood and Charles Keast, Cleaners; Lila Axford, Main Office.

Leavens Bros. Plan Airline Route of 25 Ontario and Quebec in Big Postwar Plan



Above map shows the 12 different air line routes making a system of 2,508 miles that Leavens Brothers Air Services Ltd. plan on operating in the near future. Many cities and towns of Western Ontario will be connected by the proposed routes. The company proposes to establish regularly scheduled air services carrying passengers, freight and mail over these routes with conventional twin-engine aircraft. Operations will begin as soon as permits are granted by Ottawa.

ACTIVE IN PLAN



Clayton D. Aik, who has been prominently associated with Leavens Bros. in the planning and organization of the proposed new Airlines. He was Staff Pilot here at No. 4 Air Observer School for two years, starting early in 1941. He holds a commercial pilot's license. Later on, Clayton became Flight Commander, and in May 1943 he was appointed to his present position as Assistant General Manager.

Twelve Lines Will Provide Service for Practically Every Main District in Ontario.

Twelve air lines connecting more than 50 communities and covering a route distance of more than 2,508 miles which would provide passenger, mail and freight service for practically every locality in Ontario and part of Quebec is proposed in an application to the Controller of Civil Aviation by Leavens Bros.

Operation of the routes on regular schedules would commence as soon as aircraft are available and the necessary permits issued by the Government.

Success is anticipated for the system planned because traffic originat-

ing in one division would flow smoothly into any other division. Schedules in each local division will be co-ordinated with those of Trans-Canada and other Air Lines and the schedules of each division will be co-ordinated with the time table of other local divisions, thereby providing continuous travel.

Twin-engined fixed wing aircraft of the popular type with a seating capacity of approximately eight passengers would be used.

The operating base is planned for Toronto where Leavens Bros. operate an airport at Barker Field. From here a service will be given to all points on the air routes and a feeder service for other air lines carried on.

With aviation advanced 15 years

as a result of the war, Leavens Bros. believe that the shorter the distance the greater the volume of traffic and the public is now ready to take advantage of the service planned.

Among many important and noteworthy results of the extensive air service would be:

Expanding and creating community interest.

Encourage and develop tourist traffic in time-saving and distance shortening.

Put many communities in a place on the post-war air map.

Fares would be lower than that of now-established air lines.

Development of cargo carrying and distribution by small planes for which a real need exists.

508 Miles to Serve 50 Communities in Passenger, Mail and Freight Service

Faith in the Future of Aviation in Canada Is Again Shown by Brothers Who Have Pioneered in Airways

The announcement by Clare R. Leavens of Leavens Bros. Limited of application for permission to establish Airlines covering nearly all of Ontario and part of Quebec is an important move in post-war planning and reflects their faith in the possibilities of future commercial aviation and the needs of a verile and growing Canada. It is a tremendous undertaking to link up scores of towns, cities and districts with Airlines but Leavens Bros., with the courage that has characterized their faith in the future of Air Transportation for sixteen years, have kept steadily on preparing for the future while their predictions as pioneers are being fulfilled.

Leavens Bros. Air Services Limited, among other companies, controls the London company known as Leavens Bros. (Training) Limited, which has operated No. 4 Air Observer School, a unit of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, at the London City Airport for the past three years.

The projected air line routes will connect more than 50 cities and towns which are now without scheduled air line services.

London will serve as the hub of air lines to St. Thomas, Goderich, Stratford, Woodstock, Brantford, Hamilton, Watford, Sarnia and many other connecting points in Western Ontario, Mr. Leavens said.

"We are ready to commence operations on these routes, on a regularly scheduled basis, as soon as aircraft are available and as soon as it is the policy of the Government to issue the necessary permits," he added. "We intend notifying the various town and city councils of further details of the plan as the post-war period approaches, or the restrictions on civil aviation are lifted." The system planned by Leavens Bros. will result in air services being provided to practically every main community in Ontario and part of Quebec. Regularly scheduled services will be operated on a frequent basis over a total route of



Clare R. Leavens (left), General Manager, and Walter T. Leavens, President of Leavens Bros. Air Services Limited, the Company which controls Leavens Bros. Limited, operators of No. 4 Air Observer School, who announce important post-war plans in the inauguration of a system of local and feeder Airlines in Ontario and Quebec.

2,508 miles, completely blanketing Southern Ontario and extending as far north as Cochrane and east to

Working on the accepted fact that the shorter the distance the greater the volume of traffic, Leavens Bros. feel that aviation, as a result of the war, has been advanced 15 years and that the public is now ready to avail itself of the type of services planned. They anticipate operating as the service expands, not only passenger and mail schedules, but cargo planes as well, on regularly scheduled flights, transporting only freight and mail.

Leavens Brothers said they hoped that all communities realized the necessity of having airport facilities. They do not feel that communities with a population of from 5,000 to 20,000 require large expensive airports. Two or three sod runways, level and well-drained and measuring approximately 3,000 feet in length, would be ideal. Low cost hangars and waiting rooms could be constructed on such fields.

The network as planned is hinged on Toronto as the operating base, using the Island Airport because of

its proximity to downtown Toronto. In addition to providing regular service for all the communities marked on the map, it will act as a "feeder" service for Trans-Canada and other air lines.

Schedules on each local division will be co-ordinated with those of Trans-Canada and other air lines and the schedules of each division will be co-ordinated with the schedules of the other local divisions, thereby permitting continuous travel between many of the communities. It is planned that the service on these divisions will be frequent and that the fare, to be charged per mile, will be lower than that charged by the regular air lines today.

The company plans on using twin-engine, fixed wing aircraft of the conventional type, with a seating capacity of approximately eight passengers. They believe that the invention and development of homing devices now in use will eliminate the necessity of the Government establishing additional expensive radio ranges between many of the points.

Goats and Fish Interest Fliers in Mackenzie Mountains of North

Jack Libby of No. 4 Hangar Concludes Story of Flying in the Far North

Leaving Arctic Red River we flew back to Fort Good Hope to sleep; in the morning we took off for Fort Wrigley. While in this country there was a terrible 'flu epidemic and the Indians were dying off like flies. This flight took us over Fort Norman and was a distance of over 300 miles. At Fort Wrigley we stayed at the Hudson's Bay trading post over night. In the morning we refueled and flew 150 miles northwest into the Mackenzie Mountains. We were circling to land on a lake in these mountains when we saw four mountain goats. We then set up camp and also set up the ship's fishing net, which was left over night, and in the morning we had caught a fine lot of mountain trout. These fish made a great breakfast. We were held at this lake for three days by weather, and on the fourth day we took off for Fort Simpson, stopping at Fort Wrigley to stay the night and refuel. In the morning we continued on to Fort Simpson, a total distance of 370 miles. At Simpson we stayed at an old Scotsman's by the name of Cree. Staying over night, we took off for Watson Lake in the Yukon, a distance of 375 miles. At Watson Lake we refueled and took off for Whitehorse, another 190 miles. We were held at Whitehorse for five days for a top overhaul. Whitehorse has a peacetime population of 400 to 500 people, but due to the American activity in the country such as the Alcan highway and the Canol pipe line project,

After spending two days on R. M. Lake we took off for Sheldon Lake on the Ross River 100 miles away. We sat down in Sheldon Lake where Dr. Donnelly made his observations. This kept us busy for two days due to bad weather as usual. This lake is on the route of the Canol oil line and is about nine square miles in area. We then took off on the third day for Itis Lake 50 miles up the Ross River. There are many moose in this country and we saw two within five minutes. We landed at Itis Lake and set up camp. We shot a couple of ducks and banged away at a moose, but the blasted gun was not powerful enough and the moose



The Author makes friends with little Eskimo boy.

got away. This a bad country for grizzly bears, but we were lucky and none came around to pay their respects. Dr. Donnelly made his observations again and the next morning we took off for June Lake, 50 miles up the Ross River. This is a very tiny lake set in the mountains and is just large enough to land and take off on. On landing we met an advance party for the Canol project so we had chow with them which consisted of goat's stew, moose steak, potatoes, canned fruit and coffee. We took our observations in the next two days; the weather being bad kept us on the ground.

We tied up at Cooking Lake, the sea base for Edmonton. Dr. Donnelly left us here. All in all it was a good trip and we all enjoyed it to the fullest extent. The last we saw of Dr. Donnelly he was walking away swearing to himself because the powers that be had assigned him to surveying the boundary in Northern Manitoba, and this meant he would have to walk.

In concluding, it is generally agreed that these bush pilots are the finest that can be found anywhere.

Nice People

That was mighty nice of Ernie Smith and the Mrs. to have two of the R.A.F. boys over for Christmas dinner. We hear everyone enjoyed themselves, especially Ernie. We should follow the Smith example on Sundays.

Fine Men Work In Stores Department

Now, I've told you the story of the feminine side,

But, what of the men, you ask. Well, friends, I'll do my best and confide This may prove quite a task.

We'll start with the King of our little realm,

He's handsome, clever and witty, He guides his ship and stands at the helm (Maybe I should stop or I'll be back in the city.)

But, nevertheless, he's quite a man. A man with an eye for beauty. It's none other than Mr. Dickson. Says he, "To admire beauty is duty."

From the far-off distance I hear a call For Mr. Reichardt, our Atlas; He hears it, too, stands straight and tall And makes a dash for the Army-hatless.

Les is really a man of might, With the courage that man can muster.

He's lots of fun and full of fight From his toes to his cookie-duster You've heard of Einstein and all the great men,

And Jeff Gordon answers that call, He worked by the sweat of his brow and pen;

For him, it's all or nothing at all Mr. Edwards is a happy fellow, Early to rise and early to bed, Crooning his love-songs, ever so mellow: Are you thinking of dear little Daisy, Ted?

Mr. Johns and Mr. Armstrong are my conception of brains, With happy smiles so gay,

Never even minding the strains Of counting their money on pay-day.

Then there are Bruce and Steve, Not forgetting Cliff or Pop Vining, So staunch and true I do believe, And for Pop my heart is pining

I mustn't forget Cooper and Hayr, To say nothing of dear sweet Glen The first two indeed are a good-working pair;

As for Glen, I think he's worth ten So that's the story of our little band They're smart and know the scores. There's no finer men in all the land Than the men who work in Stores

Co-Pilot Arrives

January closed with a notable event for Mr. and Mrs. George E. Walker. George is assistant operations manager and his charming wife presented him with a lusty son, their first child after ten years of marriage. George is the happiest man on the Station and is already planning far into the future for the little co-pilot, Ernest George Walker.

DEE-ARR



—Photo by C. Wiks.

Faithful Annie Mark IV Replacing Anson I's Here

**Twenty New Machines Now on
Hand, Another Ten Expected
— More Power, Warmer.**

By **FRANK E. CAVEN**

"Faithful Annie," as the Avro Anson is known to both the R.A.F. and the R.C.A.F., is stepping out at Number 4 A.O.S. in new garb and under a full head of steam. The full head of steam is the Wright R 975-11 engine with controllable pitch props, and the new Annie is the Mark IV.

These new aircraft will be supplanting the slightly haggard Mark I's that abound the tarmac at the present time and to date twenty have made their appearance. By the end of the month another eight to ten are to be delivered, according to reports from the Chief Engineer's office.

Rated at 450 horsepower, the Mark IV's engines pull the machine at an economy cruising speed of 125 m.p.h. Conventional take-off

and climb speed is rated at 95-100 m.p.h. as the most efficient. If necessary, take-off can be accomplished with single engine; level flight with one engine is at 90 m.p.h.

The genealogy of the Mark IV dates back to the "Flying Greenhouse". First to appear on the training scene was the Mark I. This is essentially the English version with modifications, powered with the Cheetah IV engine rated at 355 horsepower. Next in line came the Canadian Anson with Jacobs engines and retractable undercarriage. Then, the Mark III. This model was actually the Mark I, but with power plant by Jacobs. Next, the Mark IV. Others include the Mark V—a Canadian plastic job with Pratt and Whitney Wasp Jr. engines, and the Mark VI a specially designed aircraft for work at Bombing and Gunnery schools.

(Continued on page 15)

Stars Out Soon In New Celestial Trainer

Those two silos down by the new G.I.S. building are not to be used for storing grain. And don't let anybody tell you that's where you have to make a practice parachute jump. And further, if you haven't been invited to have a look-see, don't feel offended. You will! That curious structure houses the new Celestial Navigation Trainer and is a refined edition of the torture chamber (synthetic trainer to you).

About this new job. It has everything except washout flying and is comprised principally of a mockup aircraft, suspended in mid air. The operations of the various crew members are recorded on graphs and if they are not up to scratch—you guessed it—your instructor will pay off with the usual.

The trainer itself whizzes over miles of countryside with stars twinkling in the roof, or rather sky. This sky is an exact reproduction of the heavens, calculated on a predetermined scale. Need it be added that the stars are not for idle gazing but "making with the sextant".

New CI's Knowledge of Navigation Used by Dominion Early in War

S/L Pounder Studied Navigation Under Prof. Gillson at McGill Where He Received Ph.D.

By DONALD M. SHEERE

Canada owes much to a handful of experienced men who, at the beginning of the war, undertook to train Canadian Youth to fly and to navigate. Her entire future depended upon these men and there were far too few of them. Squadron Leader Elton Roy Pounder, who replaced Squadron Leader J. F. Heard, now T. Nav. at T.C.H.Q., as Chief Instructor at this Station on January 10, was one of these men.

Squadron Leader Pounder, who was graduated in Science at McGill University, where he also received his doctorate, had studied navigation under Professor A. H. S. Gillson (now Wing Commander, O.I.C., Navigation Visiting Flight). He offered his services in that capacity shortly after the outbreak of war.

The Chief Instructor is a tall, fair young man. His dignity is one of the first things that catches the eye and, fearing this austerity, I planned my interview for immediately after lunch when I expected he would prove easy prey. I thought, at this time of day, he would settle back comfortably in his chair and talk away. Informed of my pre-arranged plan, he chuckled pleasantly and requested to be represented as "hard at work", then immediately placed his hands behind his head, leaned back as far his swivel chair would go, and started talking.

At my suggestion that he might not find the Station all he had expected, Squadron Leader Pounder said: "On the contrary, I consider myself very fortunate to have succeeded Squadron Leader Heard who left such an efficiently organized and functioning Training Unit." He said he had no special policy concerning navigational training other than that laid down by Headquarters, which, he feels, covers completely all phases of the important task of producing Navigators and Air Bombers.

But Squadron Leader Pounder's existence by no means consists exclusively of Mercator Charts, computers and compasses. He's a lover of music and in his estimation



SQUADRON LEADER E. R. POUNDER

He was on tap when Canada needed him most.

Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" is second to none in opera, with Beethoven's Ninth topping the list of Symphonies. He strongly urges the return of the Music Appreciation Hour on the Station, but admits "it is something which cannot be crammed into people." Of the entertainment program on the Station, he said, "It seems quite complete," and he acknowledges recreation as a prime necessity in any form of intense training.

The same, he says, goes for sports and, like all good "Montrealers", he is a ski enthusiast. He's had a lot of fun at water polo, too, I think, for as he told me of his interest in this game (his hands still behind his head) he smiled reminiscently. The latest rules of the game, he assured me, barred any form of attack on another player, although I am quite certain from that smile that he was recalling times when he had availed

himself of the opportunity to duck an unsuspecting opponent with impunity.

At about this time the telephone rang. There was no snapping into action as I expected. The "C.I." adopted a steady tone, apparently grasped immediately the purport of the call and disposed of the business quietly and confidently. Returning to my questions there was no visible transformation of features and apparently no rearrangement of thoughts. He continued his conversation as though it had been uninterrupted.

Each piece of his existence fits perfectly together with no overlapping edges, and this is probably the reason Squadron Leader Pounder is Chief Instructor of a Training Unit at the age of 28, which position is second in responsibility only to that of the Chief Supervisory Officer.

A Visit to the M. O.

By JOHN V. GREENBLATT

This always happens to me. Every time I walk into a doctor's office my ailment disappears. I hem and haw around and retreat like a fool.

This morning I went to see the M.O. about the headaches I've been getting lately and as usual I was double-crossed. This time, however, I was ready for this phenomenon for I had something to fall back on. I showed him the cyst on my neck. A glint came into his eyes and he rubbed his hands in glee.

"Surgery at 9.30," he said.

"Why wait 'til 9.30?" I replied, cutting him down to size.

He laughed the kind of laugh peculiar to all mad doctors on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer payroll and murmured something about brewing some magic.

One look at him told me he loved human flesh not too well done. And if there's anything I hate it's being eaten medium rare.

At any rate, the time came and I stretched out on the operating table. The doctor hadn't as yet arrived but busy little monsters with two stripes on their sleeves ran around getting things in readiness.

Out of the corner of my eye I could see one of the mad disciples "sterilizing" the instruments with a cigar stuck in his face while another was pulling off dozens of squares of cotton from a large roll like they were prepared to slowly bleed me to death. A third was getting millions of deadly little gadgets from a glass cabinet and all in all the room was taking on the appearance of the elaborate laboratory used in the film "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde".

Finally the misshapen figure of the M.O. appeared in the doorway. He looked like a surgeon who had little, if anything, to do with ethics.

He came over to my side and picked up a scalpel. I was waiting for the plunge but instead he swallowed it without even taking a glass of iodine as a chaser.

"Contains four times the vitamins of a dozen Gillette blades," he said, picking his teeth with a hypo needle.

I looked around expecting to see Mandrake, Dick Tracy or Popeye with a can of spinach ready to save me in the nick of time, but they must have been busy elsewhere.

The last thing I remembered before the lights went out was an orchestra led by Adolph Hitler playing a haunting melody which seemed to say, "This is the end, Greenblatt. This is the end!"

When I woke up, the doctor, as humane a man as you ever want to meet, said, "Do you want to see it?"

"No," I told him, "all I want to know is whether its a boy!"

(The cyst is gone but the headache, as you can very well see, I've still got.)

On Aids to Navigation

When I survey the wondrous sight

Of landscape flashing by,
While on a navigation flight

Up in the clear bright sky,
The idle thought oft comes to mind,

I can't chase it away,
What the hell am I squinting
along this astro compass for.

I know where I am anyway!

—By ART ELLIOTT.

KORN'S A-POPPIN' A-COMIN'

In production is a revue entitled "Korn's a-Poppin'", consisting of all Station talent with gorgeous gals, and probably some of your pals. Music, comedy, pathos and, of course, Korn are all combined into one super presentation. Watch the bulletin board in the Rec. Hall for full particulars. Don Marlett, "Y" Supervisor, will be glad to see anyone interested in participating.

"WANTED"



We don't know her name or her phone number, but we know she lives in London. Pop. of London—89,764.

Faster "Annies"

(Continued from page 13)

Greatest boon to the Navigators and Bombers training in the Mark IV is the heating system. This is accomplished by an intensifier tube which runs through the exhaust manifold. An open port accommodates the entrance of fresh air, which is heated and blown into the cabin through suitable outlets. The old bugaboo of carbon monoxide that was present in the original Mark I's heating process, when fumes and heat—more of the former than the latter—came from the vicinity of the bomb bay, has been removed by utilizing iconel, or stainless steel tubing, where it is in contact with the hot exhaust gases.

Air Bombers on the Mark IV will still develop the odd bicep. The wheels do not retract with the pressure of a button. However, the aircraft's performance in the air, as well as the comfort on chilly days and nights, will, it is felt, offset this shortcoming.

Seventh Inning Stretch; 87 Navs in 17th Week

By HECTOR O. MEADUS

We have in eighty-seven B
A very varied company;
Such personalities so rare,
I am reporting on them here;
So bear with me a little while
And see if you don't also smile.
One day we gain the laurel wreath.
The next we plumb the depths beneath;
Instructors are quite at a loss
To figure us as gold or dross;
But definitely we can say
We never have an idle day.

Take Trevor L. R. Levy now,
A very clever bloke I trow,
Short cuts, he has a fine collection,
The best of which "Levy Correction".

Our "Crash Land" kids of course you know,
For Al. and Earl are famous now;
Their craft crashed on E.T.A.
At Jamestown in the U.S.A.

Whenever we are feeling down
George Paul dispels our every frown,
At Met. a wiz in every sense,
Reporting cloud eleven tenths.

His flying partner is O'Rourke,
He's tall and slim just like a stork,
Suggestions, most of his we ban,
But adopt we did the O'Rourke Plan.

And Pearson J. is also rare,
At P.Z.X. he has no peer,
And once, from 21, he ran
To 93 in his next exam.

Plonka keeps humming day and night,
Gives us the "gen" before each flight.
McCoppen keeps us on our toes
By "Falling in" under the Major's nose.

O'Kell, LaRush, MacDougall, King,
With sextants shoot most everything;
Whilst Fiegert, Murphy, Sergt. Hill
Are looking for Polaris still.

Neilson at maths is poor, I ken,
For five at New Year to him meant ten;
With Turpin and Meadus we finish our tour,
Of the smartest flight at Number Four.

If inclined to doubt me you may be,
Then please see F/L Dyer, D.
His standard's high and we work at night,
In order to get a forty-eight.

Thanks for the interest you've displayed,
In the few remarks that I have made;
So now I bid you a fond adieu,
For there's a nav schedule I have to do.

By JOHN S. CAULEY

We live next to the Station Sergeant Major! Now, you would expect us to be a quiet, subdued bunch of would-be Navigators, but I'm afraid the S.S.M. would disagree with that description of "A" Flight of Course 87. It is possibly indicative of the S.S.M.'s opinion of us that those "Quiet" signs were posted recently in the hall just outside our door.

If you would see us in our true character as the studious, hard-working group that we are, drop in during a Comprehensive Test and watch us at work. (That leaves you free to come at any time. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.)

Just inside the door, that tuft of curly black hair above the ubiquitous green eye-shade just visible above the book-rack is Schaeffer, our cosmopolite—also doubles in oboe. Just behind him, plowing placidly on through a sea of L.H.A.'s and S.R.'s, is Brophy, five by five.

Over there by the window, his unperturbed face just visible through a cloud of blue smoke, Frewin, our star basketballer, consigns the gallant crew of Lancaster No. 4805 to their perilous fate. That mad whirl of flying fingers and spinning computers is Cohen lashing madly into the problem of the moment. Fitzgerald bends low to his work, the sweat standing out in beads on his furrowed brow, while up at the front Sgt. Straw, the Class Senior, emits an excited little cry of "Got it—E.T.A. right on the nose."

Mr. Smees announces that the time is up and, as you dash for the door to avoid the thundering horde, a flash of blue whizzes by—that's Jacobs, our one R.A.F. type, handing in his paper. It has been rumored that Jake was the 110-yard dash champion of Drooling-On-The-Lapel, Upper Huddlestonhaugh, for three successive years—and we have reason to believe the rumor well-founded.

Evening finds the Lamplight League in full session. Bockner, 87-A's "most photographed profile", frantically searching for out-size graph paper to plot his Sirius shots; Dundas, Brown, Clitherow and De Lamothe at the board exploring the mysteries of the P-Z-X triangle, and Flower and Draycott deep in a discussion involving the vagaries of the Curve of Equal Bearing.

Aikenhead, looking very sporty in his favorite red plaid shirt, wanders back to borrow a Life-Saver, stops to help Crowe coax his intercept back onto the page, then becomes involved in the post-mortem on last night's hockey game being held by Boyle and Dundas. The dapper young man in the 5-A's is Gordon, just dashing off another star plot before the nightly excursion to Springbank Drive and the new wife.

And this, dear readers, is your introduction and farewell to 87-A. When you read this we will be within a few days of being consigned to greener pastures, where you can be First Navigator all the time. It is fitting that, as we march to Wings Parade and beyond, we carry with us, emblazoned in our hearts, that famous motto first uttered by Saggitarus The Swamie, "Man is not lost—yet."

Yokel Deeply Moved By Border Visit

By FRANK CAVEN

With courses pouring into No. 4 A.O.S. every two weeks, the first thing the boys look for is the first "48". And with this event a trip to America, "the home of the nickel cigar and the land of the 10-cent beer". In particular, the fair City of Detroit beckons with a bewitching gesture to all and sundry.

All of which gets us around to our story. One of the recent arrivals at Crumlin, a naive character with a distinctly provincial background, girded his loins for battle and was off to woo the fair damsel on the shores of the Detroit River.

Before his take-off he consulted one of his associates—a worldly wise citizen of Toronto—on how he might conduct himself in the metropolitan aurora of Detroit. Nothing loath, the Torontonian confided that to be considered urban, to have the sangfroid, the poise and the laissez-faire, all he would have to do, would be to order Pluto water with every meal. "That," he informed the tyro traveller, "will immediately stamp you as a man that is accustomed to life in the big city.

"Order it by the pint, nay, even the quart, at every possible occasion," he urged.

As Damon Runyon says, "it comes up Detroit," and our young hero is about to partake of his first meal—breakfast. The first quart of Pluto water made its appearance and disappearance. After a somewhat distressing morning, lunch arrived on the schedule, another bottle of the glorified H₂O on the table and, need it be added, several visits to the "Throne Room" in the U.S.O. and adjacent hotels.

The unfortunate visitor by now was describing Detroit in no uncertain terms. But, being a man of character and tenacity, set about having dinner and the inevitable Pluto. During the process of deciding what to order to tempt the jaded palate, the waitress offered several suggestions. Included was the query, "How about some sardines, sir?" Falling easy prey, the hapless young man acquiesced.

"Shall I serve them in the CAN, sir?" the fair damsel asked.

A bit bewildered with American ways, and after due cogitation on the subject that had had his undivided attention all day, he sighed, "I guess you might as well."



WO/1 GORDON A. MARTYN
6 ft. 4 in. and 240 lbs. with heart to match

By JOHN V. GREENBLATT

If you happen to be lolling around the G.I.S. Building and run into a guy who looks like a combination of William Howard Taft, Falstaff and Man Mountain Dean, pull over to the curb for that's the new Station Warrant Officer and he's a former Toronto cop.

WO/1 Gordon Alexander Martyn, 6 foot 4 inches and 240 lbs., was huddled over King's Rules and Regulations in his office when I broached him for an interview for DEE ARR. (I don't want you to think that your stay at this Station is foredoomed, fellas, but he can recite that book backwards.)

As I walked the length of his office from the doorway to his desk I made a hurried examination of his facial features, expecting to find there the monstrous reputation which preceded him, but it yielded nothing.

His unauthorized press agents must have been Nazi propagandists for never have I met such an alleged blackguard who was so affable, polite and eager to "play ball".

"Have you any special plans?" I

asked him.

"Nothing much," he replied in a disarming way he has which makes you want to ask him whom he likes in the third race at Empire, "except I would like to see greater participation in sports by trainees and staff."

At first glance the Major gives you the impression of being an "easy mark" because he's so human and because of the pot shots he takes at himself, but as you continue talking to him brilliant flashes of shrewdness come quite suddenly from his deceptive lackadaisical personality.

You know, however, when he tells you he's been Station Sergeant-Major at some pretty tough stations like Patricia Bay, Coal Harbour, Boudry Bay and some others that there's potential thunder behind that vanilla exterior.

He's a firm believer in the proverbial ounce of prevention being better than a pound of cure and conducts the discipline of the Station on that theory. He says he usually has very little trouble, and I believe him.

Postings Cripple Cage Squad in Midseason

By BOB FREWIN

Playing a twin-schedule in the City and Command Leagues with London Army, London Navy, Western University, Y.M.C.A., University Army Course and Kings, the A.O.S. Hoopsters have compiled a fair record against high class competition. In games played before Christmas, Crumlin remained in first place for the opening weeks of the campaign, slipping to a secure second behind Western University only in the closing games of 1943. Highlights of this portion of the schedule were a dazzling 37-24 victory over Western University, two very decisive triumphs over the Army, a close one over Navy and two decisions at the expense of Kings and Y.M.C.A.

The Western game will remain to those who witnessed the skirmish a chiller from whistle to whistle. Playing against a highly distinguished and formidable opponent, the A.O.S. quintet outshot and outsmarted the students all the way through the game. Led by P/O Mackelone, now overseas, F/S "Arch" McLeod, who has also since gone abroad, F/L Archie Green, LAC Jim Moran, F/L Fletcher and P/O King, the team humiliated the Metras charges completely.

Christmas and the holidays saw many changes in the team and old Saint Nick was not overly generous this year. The graduation of Mackelone left a hole not yet filled and the long lay-off due to leaves cooled a formerly "hot" team.

Since the resumption of play in the London League and the commencement of the Command fixtures, nary a victory has come this way.

In all five games the team played well and hard and only an absence of reserve strength prevented A.O.S. from bringing home the ration coupons.

The Navy likewise sunk the Airmen 40-20 on January 19. This time, however, the team ran into the Tars when all and sundry had their shooting eyes.

Much credit is due F/L Fletcher and F/O King who have been playing coaches of the team all year. These men worked hard both on and off the floor. With such players as Green, Lain, Zeychuck and Becker, among others, the slump is due to vanish.

Handicapped by Bad Start, Pucksters Rally in Stretch

By JOHN VAUGHN

Unfortunately the record compiled by our hockey team is not such that we can go rushing up and down the streets of London a-whoopin' and a-hollerin' and dancing on tables.

Take a look at the record:

We lost twice to St. Thomas T.T.S. 12-0 and 16-2 (this "unpatriotic" school, apparently, never heard of rationing); once to London Army Active (and once was enough) 12-0; and, in the last game before writing this piece, we dropped one to Aylmer S.F.T.S. 3-2 by a last-minute goal.

From this last score it can be seen things are beginning to look up for the team which had little, if any, practice before the first few games.



RAY MULLINS

The science of prognosticating the results of sporting events, at best, is a precarious pastime but we're willing to bet our last War Bond that we'll win the next game because in actuality we have a fine group of individual hockey players.

The team, which is being managed by F/O H. J. Heldman and coached by F/Sgt. Len Cotton, is fast rounding into shape.

We note that Bob Frewin, author of the above story, has modestly omitted mention of himself as a member of the basketball team. Frewin is a fast and foxy basketeer who more than once led the team as high scorer.—Editor.

Mullins Back in Form

LAC Ray Mullins, formerly of the Montreal Canadiens, who had been off skates for over a year up until the night of the first game with St. Thomas, is beginning to find his hockey legs, as is P/O Boyd, a former Senior O.H.A. star, and AC/1 Brown, who saw service a couple of years ago with the Chicago Black Hawks.

In the first games with St. Thomas and the Army our team showed individual sparkle in making single rushes. It was hardly expected for our boys to display team work not knowing each other's style of play. As a matter of fact, most of them were introduced to each other on the ice the night of the first game. By the time the Aylmer tilt rolled around, however, they acknowledged these introductions by displaying a passing combination, which if further developed, will make No. 4 A.O.S. a real scoring threat.

In the Aylmer game Mullins, Warcup and Hollowell, and Webb, Harland and Dundas came down the ice in waves that made the Aylmer goalie feel like Berlin being attacked by formations of Mosquitos.

It is interesting to note that the first three games were played without our regular goaltender. F/Sgt. Cotton, who is ordinarily a defence-man, did yeoman service in the cage, a foreign position, and the difference was noted in the Aylmer game with Metcalf, the regular tender, in the net.

With Mullins and Cotton at defence and Metcalf in goal, you can rest assured that there'll be no more scores against us which look like the annual report of the Federal Reserve.

TIP: If you want to see some spirited hockey take a 12-cent trip down to St. Thomas where all our games are played. We feel sure that the team now will give you something to root about.

DEE-ARR

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New Flying Suit
Foins Jack Frost

Navigators who used to freeze to death plotting charts with bare hands, and wireless ops who used to dah-dah-dit when they should have been dit-dit-dahing, will soon be provided with a new flying zoot-suit designed for warmth. It's a sort of asbestos suit of the air lanes.

A two-piece affair, the jacket and trousers are equipped with yards and yards of zippers. Actually, it is impossible to climb into the trousers in the accepted manner. Instead, they are wrapped on like a coat.

The new suit was tested for an hour and a half in a 50-mile wind which blasted snow clouds along the slopes at 18,000 feet and drove the mercury down to 10 below. The tester, after 90 minutes of this, reportedly brushed the back of his hand across his forehead and uttered a solitary sentence:

"Egad," he croaked, "it's warm in here."

Any Complaints?

Gourmets who don't fancy the fare at Number 4's dining salon are requested to register their complaints in writing; these are deposited in the box for that purpose in the mess hall. Last week, according to a report from the kitchen, someone with a slightly jaded palate filed a complaint by depositing a rather sad looking piece of beef liver in this receptacle.

Lowdown on Instruments

(Or "Don't go up today, Mother—the altimeter's high again!")

By PHILIP R. GOSLING

On the eve of graduation it has occurred to me that perhaps some of the practical knowledge I have acquired regarding navigational instruments might be of interest to succeeding trainees, so here it is.

The altimeter is so designed that at no time will it give the correct height without involved mathematical calculations (otherwise almost anyone could get into aircrew and you'd have the worst sort of people eating in the Mess). There are two types, (1) "Sensitive" and (2) "Brutal". The first is so called because its feelings are easily hurt and it will read high or low on the slightest provocation. The "Brutal" has a very coarse sense of humor and likes nothing better than waiting for a sharp, jagged mountain peak to come up, when by clever control of its diaphragm (all altimeters take singing lessons) it raises its needle and another born navigator bites the dust.

The main reason for having an altimeter is so that you can make that neat little box at the top of your log and show the Log Marking Flight that you were ready for a QFF any time—that is, if you could recognize a QFF when you saw one. The altimeter is connected to the pitot head. If the pitot head is bent, it's . . . eh . . . lemme see now . . . if the pitot head is bent . . . well, you all know what happens when a pitot head is bent, so we needn't go into that in this article.

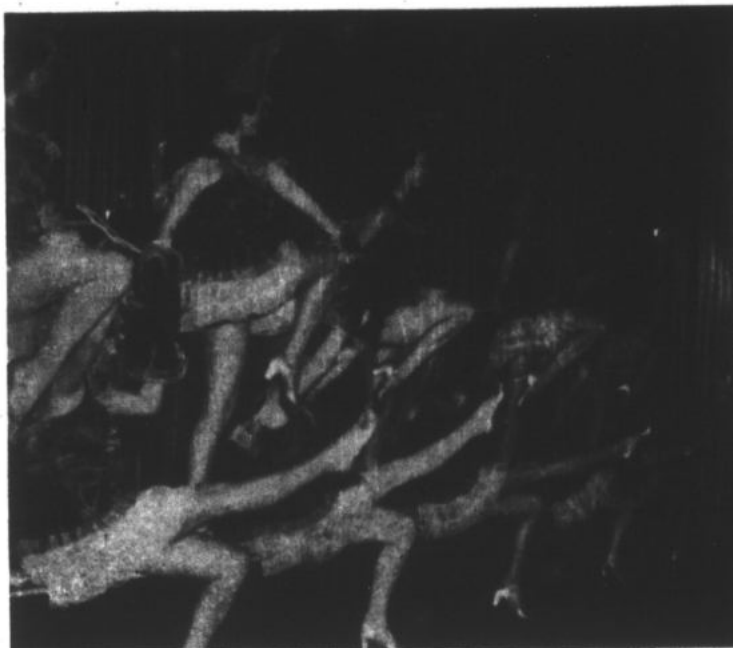
The Airspeed Indicator works on the same principle as the altimeter and is the little dial that tells you what your true airspeed isn't. You wait until the needle gets to the same speed you have in your log, then look away quickly before it goes any higher so that you won't have to change your whole ruddy airplot. After a bit of practice you get so that whenever you look at the ASI, it's reading just what you want it to be.

The Compass is a very useful instrument and you can fill up lots of space in your log checking it. It's all tied up in some way with magnetism and poles and after your first instruction in this truly delightful subject you wouldn't bet that the Polish Corridor hadn't some bearing on it, too. There are the red poles and blue poles and these are very helpful to hang on to when you are airsick. You, of course, hang on to a blue or a red pole according to whether you prefer being sick in the fore and aft axis or athwartships. At briefing time it is very necessary to find out in which direction your ship was pointing when constructed in order that you may quickly discover the correct pole when that certain feeling approaches.

Compasses have to be swung periodically so that those cards in front of your desk can be renewed when they get dirty. Swinging a compass is lots of fun and it's amazing how wrong the correction cards are—absolutely miles out on every heading, metaphorical miles, of course. If you were good at those "Take-away-the-number-you-first-thought-of" games when you were a kid you'll find compass swinging a cinch. Always remember to change the sign every now and then and you'll get quite a pretty graph. Some of them are better than French postcards.

Well, that's all there is to instruments. You can see there's nothing to them, so add here, subtract there, and let the millibars fall where they may.





—Photos by Roulston & Slater.

There were no Teheran conferences to boost our moral last month, but three shows did a lot to keep it high. ABOVE: Terpsichorean and pulchritudinous ensemble from the popular London Life revue. RIGHT: The Spotlight pointed with pride to No. 4 A.O.S. when Mart Kenny and his Coca-Cola gang broadcast from our Drill Hall and we return the compliment. BELOW: Girl and Boy scene from our own Air Force show, "All Clear".



—Photos by J. Meates.