



LONDON

AIR OBSERVER

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BACK FROM FLIGHT—Photo by Ron Nelson.

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LONDON AIR OBSERVER

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YOUR BOY IN THE WAR

By BOB HOPE

Well, folks, during the summer we popped in on your son over in Great Britain, Africa and Sicily, and Newfoundland and Iceland, and we had a great time with him, too. We ate Army chow with him, jumped into ditches with him when the Junkers came over. We saw the shadows of pain and tragedy on his face, and we've seen a belly laugh chase the shadows away. And he said to us, "When you get back home, tell the family I'm doin' fine." Doin' fine! That's the soldier's way of saying nothing about a nightmare week of sudden death and suffering that felt like seven days of steady rain. And "Doin' fine" is a sailor's way of saying nothing of the ocean burial of his buddy . . .

We spent three months with your son, and believe me, you come back and some things here don't seem real any more. Saturday night the towns are buzzing with big payrolls, and



some people wonder not how long the enemy will hold out, but how long this Country's meat supply can hold out. At swanky hotel tables they wonder if the end of the war isn't just around the corner, but in Sicily I've seen men who wonder if one day could ever end!

The white beaches on Sunday seem so far from those red beaches of Italy . . . and the black market gas station so far from a P-38 running out of gas over the Mediterranean . . . and the War Bond window at the local bank seems so far from those rows of little white crosses in North Africa. And maybe the cost of living is terrific, but Mister, we've still got plenty of work and self-denial and Bond-buying ahead of us before it equals the high cost of living on that beachhead on Salerno. We can do a lot to help bring our boys back. Let us do it! Because the sooner we bring them back, the more we'll bring back.

People Don't Change

THE average radio listener in wartime is the same home loving individual he was before the war. He is a tired worker who comes home, takes off his shoes and regularly clicks on the radio before he sits down in his easy chair.

His radio favorites are people who, over a long period of steady listening, have become part of his family—they are homey people like Fibber McGee and Molly. He likes to listen to their petty, humorous squabbles. It gives him a chance to laugh at the easily recognizable complications of life.

A program of family humor also helps him to forget the disquieting war news he read in his newspaper on the way home. As a Canadian he likes to laugh, finds that laughter serves in chaotic times to relieve his anxiety.

He also listens to Bob Hope, Jack Benny, and Fred Allen who seem like bright and cheerful guests. For variety's sake during the evening he often dials in a radio drama—possibly a digest of a movie.

He talks about his favorite programs with his wife, a radio fan herself, and, perhaps, more of a listener than he is. For she is one of the millions of daily listeners to the soap operas which command the largest feminine audience.

These serial stories always emphasize the serious problems of life, help listeners to forget themselves through troubles that overshadow their own. For the human tendency is to forget worries, find release in the

A lady in New York claims that she has taught a dog to think and converse with human beings. She claims that her dog can comprehend complicated ideas and answer difficult questions by tapping on the floor in a code which she has taught him. Many people laugh at the idea, but a few who have noted the intelligence one sometimes sees on the faces of these animals aren't so sure but what she is right.

Which reminds one of the story of the talking horse. A drunk stumbled up to a milkman's horse early one morning and said, "Could you tell me what time it is, buddy?" "You must be drunk," the horse said. "who ever heard of a horse that could talk?"

* * *

Are you sorry you married a beautiful woman?

We asked this question of ten men who had beautiful wives and, after promising never, never to reveal their names, we got this vote:

Yes—9. No—1

Almost all the gentlemen who were sorry they didn't hook-up with an ordinary looking girl had the same reason for regretting their action. Here is one:

"I'm sick of having men stare at my wife on the street. She's very conscious of her own beauty and every time she wants to get me jealous she just simply smiles at someone. She had a lot of other men nuts about her before she accepted my proposal and she always brings that up at the darndest times. Yes, I wish she'd lose her looks. (Put that axe down!)"

* * *

A colored man doing a hauling job was told that he couldn't get his money until he submitted a statement. After much meditation he evolved the following bill: "Three comes and three goes at four bits a went: \$3.00"

* * *

The lost motion of to-day consists largely in a married man signalling his wife to pull her skirt down.

Talented Artist on Kitchen Staff

Michael Porayko Has Been Using Pencils and Brushes Since He Was Eight Years Old; Drawing Crayon Portraits of Stage Beauties Made Him Nervous

Michael Porayko is an artist. Conditions being what they are, there is little demand for the product of his artistic hands. Artists must eat, although they are not very fussy about it. Money is a second consideration where the exercise of their talents is concerned. Michael works in the Kitchen of No. 4 and during his off duty hours devotes his time to sketching and painting. There are few, if any, monetary returns from his work but that matters little to him. It is a labor of love and his efforts bring him happiness and contentment. Michael was born in Calgary a trifle over thirty years ago of Polish-Ukrainian parents. Since he was eight years of age he has been using crayons, pencils and brushes. A three-and-a-half-year course in art via correspondence school, starting when he was 17, planted his feet firmly on the precarious path of the artist. He freelanced several years in Vancouver and the West and around 1930 when the depression caught up with him, he was painting murals, landscapes and seascapes in restaurants. He



Michael Porayko, who works on kitchen staff and spends his off duty time as an artist, is shown with a free hand drawing of General Manager Clare R. Leavens.

preferred portrait painting, but there was little to do in that line in the West, so, in 1933 he came east and established a reputation in Toronto when he made crayon portraits of six beautiful chorus girls from the Earl Carroll Vanities. They were so pretty they made him nervous, Michael admits. Times

being still tough and the beer parlors being opened, he gave his attention to mural painting in hotels and beer parlors. A couple of months ago Michael came to No. 4 Station where he is happy in his work, for it removes financial worries and gives him time to carry on with his art.

Disappointed When He Didn't Get Crash Landing on Ice

Air Vice-Marshal, A. T. N. Cowley might be introduced by the Chairman at any function at No. 4 Station as a man "well and favourably known." He could also add that the Vice-Marshal is also not only one of the most popular Officers to ever visit the Station but that popularity and respect extends throughout every nook and corner in Canada where flyers are spoken of. He is a flyers' flyer, having flown more than 150 types of planes in his time. Middle age (he flew in World War I) fails to check his enthusiasm and he is always in search of new experiences and thrills. He might be called without disrespect the "Cowboy of the Air." He tames balky planes so efficiently that his flying is seldom mentioned in newspapers. When landing wheels stick and fail to function pilots sweat and



AIR VICE-MARSHAL

become anxious. Not the Air Marshal. In fact he was disappointed the other day when the undercarriage finally came into landing position by use of the hand crank. Why? Well, he had never made a belly landing on ice and had a yen to do so. But the wheel fooled him when it behaved and he gently taxied the plane in without mishap at Trenton. He was rather disappointed that the hand crank had worked, he confessed afterward. "I'd kind of like to make a belly landing on ice—I've never tried that one." To-day he confesses he prefers Mosquitoes to fly. Well, a Mosquito came into No. 4 recently which had travelled 90 miles in 14 minutes against adverse wind. So there you have Vice-Marshal, A. T. N. Cowley.

Living on Station is Popular with Girls



Back Row (left to right): Gertrude Nichol, Virginia Luther, Barbara MacGeorge, Daisy Smith, Alice Purvis, Helen Kolbuc.
Front Row: Eula Shaw, Mrs. Jean Dodsworth, Charlotte Honsberger.

ALL COMFORTS OF HOME IN LOUNGE

Women's living quarters were recently opened on the Station under the supervision of Mrs. Jean Dodsworth with six young ladies from St. Catharines as the first guests to enjoy all the comforts of home. The girls are experienced Flight helpers and were met on arrival by Mrs. Dodsworth, who introduced them to those on the Station they would be working with. They are a happy little group and enjoy the lounge room with its comfortable chairs, radio and letter writing facilities, all of which takes the sharp edge off that lonesome feeling that is bound occasionally to hit a person away from home. The new quarters are strictly modern, with wash rooms, bath and showers. There is also a spacious laundry and drying room.

All girls living on the Station are welcome to social functions, dances, shows, etc., and encouraged to use the Drill Hall for badminton and basketball.

Reported Missing

Warrant Officer Neil G. Redman, R.C.A.F., who trained at No. 4 Station, is reported missing on Overseas Operations, since February 21, according to word received by his wife who lives at 26 May Street. Born in London 23 years ago, W/O Redman lived here until joining the Airforce as a wireless air gunner a year and a half ago. He never saw his baby son, Garry, born about six weeks ago, having been overseas for nearly eight months.

Nurse Miss M. Haynes looks after the health of the girls on the Station, whether they reside here or live at home.

Among the girls now residing on the Station are Eula Shaw, Charlotte Honsberger, Virginia Luther, Helen Kolbuc, Olga Gasky, Flight helpers. From the Main Office there are Lyla Axford, Gertrude Nicol, and from the radio section Jacqueline Secord and Mae Poyner.

Worry

You are either successful or you are not successful.
If you are successful, you have nothing to worry about;
If you are not successful you have two things to worry about:
You are either in good health or you are ill.
If you are in good health you have nothing to worry about.
If you are ill you have two things to worry about:
You are either going to get well or you are going to die.
If you are going to get well you have nothing to worry about.
If you are going to die you have two things to worry about:
You are either going to Heaven or to the other place.
If you are going to Heaven you have nothing to worry about.
If you are going to the other place you will be so busy shaking hands with old friends
That you will have no time to worry—

Near All Time Record With 6360 Hrs. Flying In 4 Weeks

Twenty-Six New Pilots Take Over No. 1 Hangar; Eighteen Come From West

By **RON KEITH**

With sufficient encouragement, FRED SMITH will tell you all about his exploits in under-water swimming. But a recent episode involving a well-known duty pilot puts even Submarine Smith in eclipse. It seems that this chap, whose initials are J. (as in Jack) L. (as in La-mont), went swimming nude in the Y. M. C. A. pool. Nobody had bothered to tell him it was ladies' day. Jack was cavorting like a dolphin when to his horror a bevy of females entered with appropriate shrieks. Before their startled eyes, a human torpedo set a new record for a length under water then disappeared as a pink-and-white blur in the direction of the dressing rooms.

* * *

The four-week period ending March 26 was nearly an ALL-TIME RECORD with 6,360 hours flown . . . nearly 2,000 hours up on the previous month . . . There are still rumors about Anson V's. The latest is that our aircraft will be stabilized temporarily at 40 IV's and 40 I's, then "at some future date" we'll start getting V's.

* * *

Now that the DUTY PILOTS have decided to earn an honest living by flying in addition to their other less apparent labors, some interesting anecdotes are coming to light. It was five ayem. George Walker, flying downwind from the range in proper circuit procedure, was incensed to find another aircraft racing him for the cross-wind leg. He was righteously indignant. He got the number. He checked on it after landing. He was mortified. Another duty pilot was the offender!

* * *

STAN GRABB is the father of James George Grabb, born March 23 . . . HUGH MELVILLE has emerged from the hospital after alterations to his profile . . . HUGH "BUCK" BUCHAN supported JOE SWISS at the latter's marriage in Erie, Pa., late in March. Subsequently both of these pilots received overseas postings and are now on leave.

AUTHOR



Ronald Keith, of Operations, is one of the best informed young men in aviation in Canada. At No. 3 Hangar, he sees all, hears all and gives Observer readers an intimate touch with that department.

NUMBER ONE HANGAR HAS BEEN INVADDED by some 26 new pilots. This means the instructors will be busy as beavers. The pilot instructor staff includes: Jim Hardy, chief instructor; F/O Archie Melachlan, R.C.A.F. supervisory officer; Ted Vassar; Don Nichols, who is going into the Air Force soon, and Don McLaren, who recently moved over from No. 4 Hangar.

The new pilots are mostly sergeants-on-leave fresh from service school. Eighteen come from the West (Yorkton, Calgary, Saskatoon and Souris); six are from Hagersville; W/O Gord. Dickson has been posted from Fingal where he was a staff pilot; Con Sellars, who used to fly at Barker, comes on transfer from No. 10 A.O.S., Chatham, N.B.

THE GROUND CREW in No. 1 Hangar deserve credit for keeping the instructional aircraft ticking. There are four mechanics under engineer Ed. Andrews' direction: Frank Williams, Harley Marshall, Ron Fitzgerald and Jack Holland.

How About Holding A Ping Pong Match?

The fire hall has been the scene of many a rousing game of ping-pong lately; that is, when ping-pong balls are available. Nearly every noon hour a deputation from Stores pays the fire hall a visit mainly to play ping-pong, though for at least one member of the staff the fire hall has other attractions. Bob Dickson prefers cribbage.

Fire Chief Eli Davis throws down the challenge to meet and beat all comers. In the main, he is successful, usually disposing of any opponents with tricky serves and fast returns.

Iles Reichardt and Geoff Gordon battle it out with keen rivalry. Iles at the moment seems to be developing into a threat for the Champ's crown. This is hotly disputed by the Chief, backed up by Geoff Gordon. They think his success just a temporary flash in the pan.

When he can spare the time, Freddy Wallingford disposes of all comers with ease.

Now that ping-pong sets and tables have been installed in the Flight hangars, we suggest that a tournament might be arranged. Ping-pong is a grand indoor sport.

Then there is BROTHER NELSON'S STORY about the bombardier for whom pin-pointing held no mysteries. It was simple! He identified London as Lucan, Central Aircraft as the arrow, and the runway intersection as the target.

* * *

Someone reports that CAM MILLER has quit smoking . . . his own. And while we're on the subject there are things we would like to know: (a) How did Cam get that scrub-brush hair-do? (b) What was he doing in the "ladies" room at the cafeteria?

* * *

THE REVENGE OF DOC BARRETT. Charles Barrett is the new Link instructor. They call him Doc because he used to be a druggist. But that's just part of the story. Doc was a student navigator here in July, '42. He was "scrubbed" for airsickness, took the Link course at Deseronto and came directly here. Now he is trying to invent an air sickness attachment to the Link for revenge on certain pilots with whom he has had the dubious pleasure of flying.

Flying In A Link Trainer Is Thrilling



Pilot Is Given Wind and Bumps

By BOB GOLE

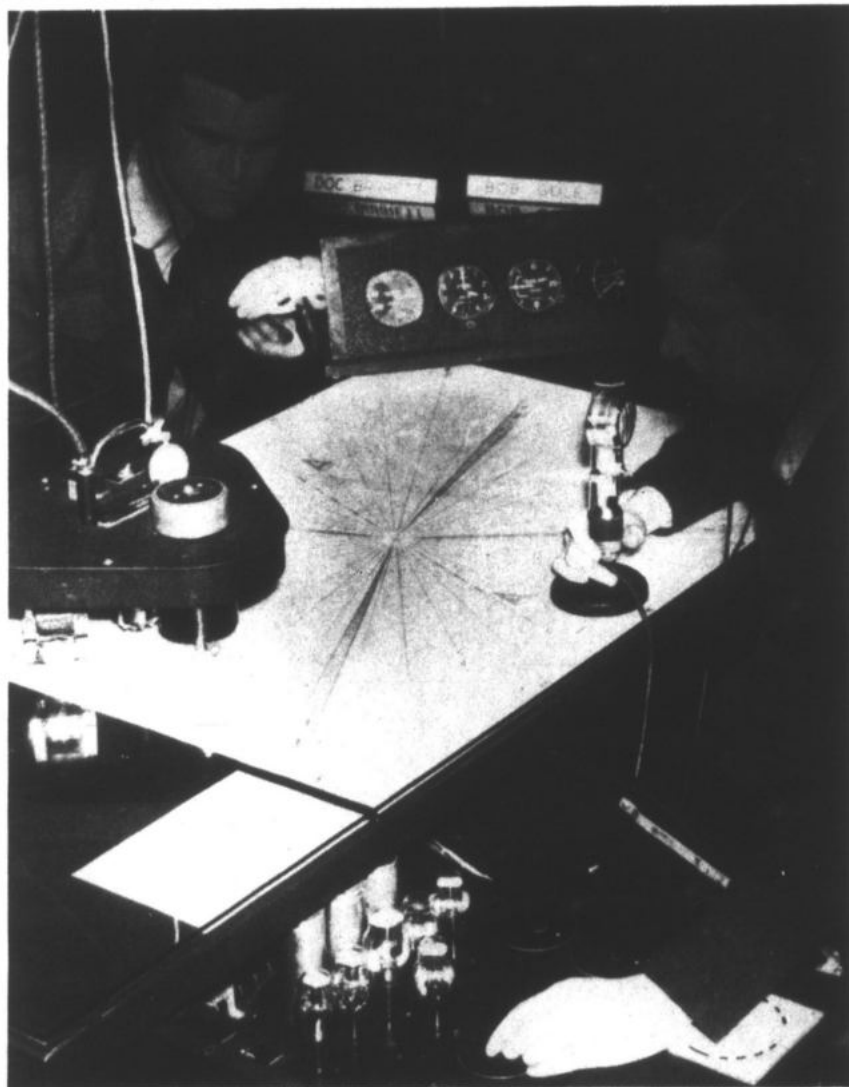
Instrument flying, or "blind" flying as it is more generally known, requires frequent practice, and in addition to regular instruction in the air, the pilots at an Air Observer School are required to supplement this with two hours' practice each month in a Link Trainer.

The Link Instrument Trainer, referred to by some pilots as a "Grem-lin box," is an ingenious imitation of an aircraft, fitted with the usual controls and flight instruments. It handles much like an actual aircraft and reproduces most of the sensations encountered in the real thing. The instruments respond exactly as they would in the air. A hood fits over the cockpit, making it necessary for the pilot to fly the trainer by reference to instruments entirely.

The instructor, seated at a desk, communicates with the pilot by means of a two-way telephone. The path the pilot makes over the ground is traced on a map on the desk by the "crab," a three-wheeled affair, connected electrically to the trainer. Duplicate instruments at the desk show the instructor at what air speed and altitude the pilot is flying.

A wind from any direction, up to 60 m.p.h. may be applied, and the pilot has to allow for drift, just as he would in an aircraft. A rough air device simulates bumpy conditions.

(Continued on page 7)



Top photo shows Link Trainer before hood is closed on Pilot Bob Everitt, as he starts on blind flight. Bottom shows Instructor Bob Gole and Doc Barrett tracing path of pilot and teaching him the fine points of using a radio beam as he flies over Western Ontario without leaving the room.

Sport Round-Up Shows Program

By SGT. EDDIE SOBEL

Back again after a two-months stay at Trenton, which, although a very pleasant one, made me appreciate Crumlin all the more. Don't get me wrong! Trenton has what it takes, but lacks the atmosphere and spirit of teamwork that has made this Station the up and coming sports centre that it is today.

Now for the Sports Highlights of the month:

HOCKEY

Congratulations to our hockey team for the splendid showing they made and I am looking forward to next year, when I hope to see No. 4 A.O.S. come out on top and bring home the championship to dear old Crumlin.

PLAY BALL

Some of the boys in the Drill Hall are getting ready for the old ball game again. Last season we had a very good league and those who were interested enough to play had a lot of fun. With the way the Sports activities have improved here in the last year, this coming season should prove to be our best yet.

The Sports staff has a six-team league organized with the following formed up on the Station, plus a Station all-star team: Officers, W.A.G.'s, Staff, Leavens Bros., Pilots and Leavens Bros. all-girl team.

Entries should be in by April 17 with the opening game to be played on Tuesday, April 25.

Until the ground is hard enough to use the outdoor diamond, the first few games of the league will be played in the Drill Hall under Indoor Softball rules. The following schedule was drawn up by the league supervisors:

Tuesday, April 25—

Staff vs. W.A.G.'s.

Wednesday, April 26—

Pilots vs. Leavens Bros.

Tuesday, May 2—

Officers vs. Leavens Girls.

Wednesday, May 3—

Leavens vs. Staff.

Tuesday, May 9—

Officers vs. Staff.

Wednesday, May 10—

Leavens Girls vs. Pilots.

Tuesday, May 16—

Pilots vs. Officers.

Wednesday, May 17—

W.A.G.'s vs. Girls.

EXPRESS SYMPATHY IN CONCRETE FORM

In last month's issue of the OBSERVER we told of the death of Wm. Bodwell, a highly thought of employee of the Station, a man who had more than his share of misfortune of recent years. As the result of an auto accident he was in hospital a year and a half and had been back on the Station about a year when stricken with a fatal illness. His fellow-workers expressed their sympathy to his widow in a most suitable manner by sending her a substantial sum of money and the following letter:

Dear Mrs. Bodwell:

On behalf of all the janitors and other employees of Leavens Bros. (Training) Ltd. I wish to extend to you our deep sorrow in the loss of your husband, Wm. Bodwell, for whom we all had the greatest regard. We are sending you a little contribution as a helping hand, which we all need in such circumstances as yours.

Yours sincerely,

F. R. AMBROSE

On behalf of: John Middleton, Dick Smith, Earl Mercer, J. Kisch, F. Mossip, J. Quarrie, S. E. Ronald, W. Smith, J. Dews, H. Clements, G. Waters, A. Graham, W. Sanderson, C. Wilson, T. Conley, J. Jones, A. King, W. Hodgins, J. Isherwood, E. Mordev, J. McGill, I. Read, F. Gale, W. Woods, J. Whitford, J. A. Dundas, F. Ambrose, E. Kramer, A. Mitchell, F. Robinson, W. J. Smith, J. Nash, H. Grayson, C. H. White, W. McLaughlin, J. M. Mills, W. Evans, G. McGill, W. Peirce, I. McGrath, W. Toshack, Canteen, S. Reddick, E. Nelles.

Mr. Ambrose has received the following letter of appreciation from Mrs. Bodwell: "Kindly convey my sincere thanks to all those who so graciously contributed to my gift, which was gratefully appreciated. I would also like to thank you for your kindness."

Engagements

Betty Rogan, No. 3 Flight Hangar, has a treasured valentine gift from Don Robertson—a lovely diamond engagement ring. We agree Robby has very good taste, both in rings and in women.

Gerald (Gus) Cusolito was passing out cigarettes and chocolates when Mrs. Cusolito presented him with a lovely son last month (John Michael). Gus is Senior Mechanic at No. 3 Hangar.

Reported Missing and Dead, Turns Up Alive

To have a chum return from the dead as a prisoner of war is something to cheer about. It has happened to R. A. Miller of No. 3 flight hangar. Bob, who came to the Station from Sudbury, had a pal in his home town named Frank Hubbs. Frank enlisted in the R.C.A.F. and became a flying officer. He delivered his share of bombs over enemy territory and on June 6 of last year was reported missing. Bob Miller had hopes his chum would turn up as a prisoner of war. After nearly seven months Frank was officially reported dead and Bob, together with Frank's parents, mourned his loss. But the other day a message came through the Red Cross which said, "I am a prisoner of war in Germany, I am not injured. In perfect health. Love to all, Frank." The letter was post-marked January 16.

Where Frank was during the seven-month interval remains a secret for the present but it is thought he must have been at large in enemy territory a considerable time, possibly being concealed or at least aided by friends of the Allies before being discovered.

(Continued from page 6)

The instructor can lose the pilot at any point on the map and have him find his position and return to base on a radio beam. To do this the pilot is given the proper radio range signals he would hear in the air. Or, the pilot may take loop bearings on a radio station and come home by an aural null procedure. Practically every condition encountered in an airplane being flown on instruments can be duplicated in the Link, except the actual take off and landing.

Instrument flying training in the Link does not entirely take the place of the real thing. However, it does save considerable time and expense, being independent of weather and using no gasoline. Also, when the pilot steps out of the Link, he sees a graphic record of his flight and any mistakes are readily apparent.

No. 4 A.O.S. has two Link trainers, operated by three instructors, Bob Gole, Grant Maginnis and Doc Barrett. Doc has replaced Jim Hill, who left recently to join the R.C.A.F. as aircrew. LAC. Lorne Brennan looks after the maintenance of the two trainers.

Night Flight Just Dream for Airmen

**Search As Far As Pottersburg
For Plane That Never Was
Lost, While Ground Crew
Waits At City Street
Corner**

By EARL PHILLIPS

Take off preparations for night exercises are the Airmen's delight. Say it quick brother and duck. They are thrilling and humorous.

In the vernacular of the theatre they will "roll you in the aisle" with hysterical laughs. To be posted for night exercises is the culmination of a dream, a wish for the better things of life. You meet the crew for briefing and get instructions to be carried out, if possible, during a navigation exercise. On dismissal with no casualties reported in the exit dash, you drag your feet to the locker room for flying clothing. If this is completed without having twenty-six pilots in thirteen suits, which often happens due to crowded locker room, you proceed to your aircraft, which is usually done in total darkness and often ends up in a fruitless search at Pottersburg. It is later located in the hangar. Finding the aircraft, you check your flares so you will have sufficient light to locate a full bin of sugar in which to deposit your McPherson missile. The Pilot then enters the craft by the safest means, the old system of using the door is out. Several injuries have resulted due to steps jumping out of your way. The method most used is to proceed to tail assembly, climb up on the turtle deck and crawl in the dingy, dingy ditching aircraft hole, lowering self quietly into the seat, immediately removing all cobwebs and gopher nests.

The top riding light is turned on to attract the attention of the ground crew who are waiting for the bus at the corner of Dundas and Richmond Streets. Now, while ground crew is on the way to the field you make a crew search. The second navigator (Pin Point Kid) is usually found behind the WAG, with a mouth full of lead pencils, a

HE DID IT



Earl Phillips of No. 4 Hangar, who tells you of the fun of night exercises. Earl has been in aviation for more than 12 years.

parachute in one hand and "have you removed the bubble" in the other. Wrong frequency (the WAG) has just arrived with four maintenance men to get the radio in order to contact the tower for taxi clearance, which usually ends up in hearing a Blimp being cleared from LaGuardia Field. The first navigator has been projecting pictures of Dantes inferno on his desk and is ready to go. The Bomber (dummy run) is closing the bomb doors, making sure that when the second navigator takes over they will be closed for bombing.

The ground crew has arrived and is ready to start the motors. This is generally successful and it shortens your take-off run considerably. The chocks are removed and you send a ferret down to remove rudder locks, ready to taxi down to the bay. This procedure must be carried out with extreme caution as the corner of No. 3 hangar has not been banked sufficiently to handle great speeds. However, if airborne at this point, we must stay below George Walker's window. If the aircraft has received no injury on its trip to the bay, a pre-take off check must be made. This check is very systematic and must start at the left hand side of the cabin with (1) cigarettes and matches still on the window sill, (2) all mechanics or jay walkers have been thrown clear,

AT THE CAFETERIA

There's Mrs. Parker and Mr. Shea
Who really make things swing and sway.

And back there, too, there's a
couple of Anns,

That are always willing to lend a
hand.

There's Martha the singer,
Who puts dishes through the
wringer,

And Edith, the sandwich maker,
Who can even please Sgt. Don
Baker.

But out on the counter
They're hand-picked dillies,
Everything down from Mitches to
Millies.

There's Edythe and Kay, and at
night there is Betty,

And back in the kitchen there also
is Etty—

But in spite of the names,

We really have fun,

Some just have toast

And some have a bun.

Come one and come all,

The food is delicious,

And don't forget, folks,

The wagon's for dishes.

—MITCH.

(3) no wing tips lost while taxiing, (4) oil pressure checked by squirt system, must clear trailing edge of wing, (5) temperature checked by the thermodunk system, thermometer placed in closest puddle, (6) sufficient gas for cigarette lighter, (7) all glass in instruments easily removed, the reason for this being, the met man says visibility 5 to 7 he means inches and not miles and you will probably have to fly by the braile system, (8) Tackometers need not be checked as the both hands were lost at Dunkirk, (9) the real horizon should be checked by the artificial one to see if it's OK, you know you must believe your instruments, (10) check directional giro just in case you get in a spiral you can cage it to stop turning, (11) The Reid and Seigrist bank and turn resembles a clock and the hands are reading a quarter after nine so call tower for take off (6119 at bay waiting for take off," the tower comes back and says "6555 clear to go," and this continues until your finger nails have become too short to chew and the tower says, "If you read, wiggle your ailerons," if sufficient strength is left to do this, he gives you a green light and you are now ready for a take off on a navigation exercise.

Speed Victory--That's Our Job--Buy Bonds

Mass Meeting to Open Sixth Victory Loan on April 19th; Grant Maginnis, General Chairman of Sales

The Sixth Victory Loan officially opens on April 24 but No. 4 Station will start its campaign on the 20th at a mass meeting of civilian employees with Grant Maginnis as General Chairman of Sales. Grant, who made such a splendid job of the last loan, says the quota sought this time will be somewhat higher, with the need for funds to finance the war greater than ever. In the last loan the average subscription per employee was \$118.25.

Prizes will be awarded canvassers making the best record and departments exceeding their quota. There has been an increase of about 100 employees on the Station during the past six months.

In the Fifth Loan, No. 4 was second highest of all Stations in Canada in the amount subscribed, going 35.3 per cent over quota with the commendable record of 95.8 per cent of all employees purchasing bonds.

Emblem for the Sixth Victory Loan will be the winged-V device of the fifth campaign with an added "I" and the slogan will be "Put Victory First."

The slogan "Put Victory First" is suggested by the emblem, which becomes the Roman numeral "VI" with the "I" added to the winged-V. Thus the emblem suggests that victory — the winged V — should be placed before "I" or personal consideration.

CONGRATULATIONS

To Mr. and Mrs. Ken Stephenson on the arrival of a baby daughter.

* * *

To Mr. and Mrs. Chancey (Bud) Smith the gift of a daughter, Ruth Ann.

* * *

A daughter, Susan Jo-anne, to Mr. and Mrs. Joe French.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sutherland, a daughter, Elaine Marie.



"KINDA GIVE THIS YOUR PERSONAL ATTENTION, WON'T YOU?"

Welcome to No. 4

We welcome Roy E. Facey, John Harkness, H. Bertrand Mossip, to the Grounds Department; Garfoyle Clipperton now with the carpenters; Anna Tate, Henry J. Davies, Edith Scott, Roy Scott, Howard Bowman, John Walker, Stanley C. Reynolds, Matthew Sandford, Trevor Burgess, Albert Thompson, Elizabeth Blackwell, to the Kitchen Department; Eldon Ernest, George A. Sutherland, Alfred G. Cummings, Jesse Harold, with Cleaners; John J. Tait, Arthur Muxworthy, Lorne G. Brock, Thomas H. McGill, Joseph E. Simpson, Albert Nichols, with the Fire Department; Anthony P. Lamont, Robert M. Annett, Wilbert G. Conlan, Gordon D. Taylor, Gordon A. Simpson, David L. Cooke, Conrad A. Sellers, as Pilots; Clarence Barter, Robert Kennedy, Ceylin P. Srigley, Edith M. Hargraves, Doreen Arbuckle, Margaret Komisaruk, Harold Totten, Charles L. Haddad, Frances E. Burrows, Maintenance Department; Edward J. Frederick, Amelia Doman, Leon G. Loupos, Canteen; Esther King, Officers' Mess; Charles E. Norton, John M. Dennett, Guards; Constance Champion, Russell H. Hierons, Hazel Mulholland, Radio Department; Myrtle Lynch, Anna Goodman, Pilots' Lounge; Marguerite Cumming, Parachute Department; Arthur N. Sheridan, Eric George Perkins, Frank R. J. Smith, Motor Transport; Maud Geddes, Cafeteria, and Chas. O. Barrett as a Link Instructor.

HEARD AROUND OFFICERS' MESS

By GEORGE BAILEY

P/O. Les Blaker has been posted overseas. In his own quiet way he was a lot of fun. He was a swell guy. Happy landings, Les!

P/O. Dick Shaw, the little man with the big hat, is going home to New Zealand—and is he ever looking forward to it! Reason? Well, a lovely wife and two swell kids.

The Officers took their Harvard Step Test and out of approximately one hundred men only two failed, which is a mighty good average. To those who have yet to see what it consists of, all I can say is that it is plenty grim and our men must be in good condition to stand it.

F/O. Jack Fearnle and F/O. Alex Knox have left the Mess on Embarkation Leave. Both of them have been posted overseas — and were they happy!

Evans—Dunning

Mildred Letta Dunning of Flight became the bride of Frederick O. Evans of Maintenance at a quiet wedding solemnized by Rev. Dr. R. T. Richards at Centennial United Church manse on March 18. The bride is the youngest daughter of Roy Dunning of St. Thomas and the late Mrs. Dunning. Mr. Evans is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Evans, this city. The bride wore a light blue wool suit, matching crepe hat and blue accessories. The attendants were Miss Edith Smith, Toronto, and LAC Adrian Smith of Camp Borden. A reception was held at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. A. E. Beecroft, South London. Over her wedding gown for going away, the bride wore a black coat trimmed with white fox.



BLOOD DONORS IN NO. 5 HANGAR—Top Row (left to right): Ed. Pickrem, Mel Carter, Frank Henshaw, E. W. Knight, Russ Gibson, Bert Twiddy, Cal Sherrer, Jim Ward. Bottom Row: W. Storey, Gordon Beam, Bert Harrison, Cecil Saunders, Jack Gregory, Omar Kilbourn, Bill Doherty.

Blood Donors Now Number 85

Don't forget to help the boys on the fighting front. One very important way that this can be done is by donating your blood to make plasma.

As an example of what can be done, look at the record of No. 4 A.O.S. Out of a possible 150 employees in the Maintenance hangar, there were 85 volunteers. The rest of the employees either have been turned down or advised by medical authorities that their health did not permit blood to be given.

On Thursday, March 16th, the first group of 16 employees gave their first blood donation, with no one complaining of any ill effects.

On Thursday, March 23rd, a second group of 18 employees gave their first donation.

Let's hope that this will be an example to the rest of the school to get in there and pitch.

It might also be mentioned that well over \$120 was donated to the Red Cross Drive from the Maintenance Hangar.

A smart man is one who hasn't let any woman pin anything on him since he was a baby.

To All Employees

Now when you pass the gate guard,

Be you Jimmie, Jack or Madge,

Display that little number

That's on your Company badge.

ENGINEER



Mel Carter, who came to No. 4 ten months ago from No. 3 A.O.S., Regina, has done an efficient job, first as Engineer of Flight and now Senior Engineer of Maintenance.

His leadership has been most commendable. Under his guidance considerable changes have taken place, such as systematic increase in wages up to certain scale, two weeks' holidays with pay, all day shift in Maintenance Hangar and a limited number of days sick leave with pay.

Station Orchestra Needs Musicians

If you play any musical instrument, join the Station Orchestra. If you are musically inclined and would like to learn some instrument you are welcome to hook up with this lively group and play your way into becoming a soloist. Gordon Sweetzer at No. 3 Hangar is the new Leader, succeeding Cpl. Graham who has been moved from the Station. He will be glad to talk over the prospects with you. If not convenient to contact Mr. Sweetzer, see Don Marlett, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor, and he will look after you. In addition to a good time you will be able to acquire a small remuneration from paying engagements. Practices are held Monday evenings at 6 o'clock in the Recreation Hall. Join up today.

VISITORS TO STATION

Mr. J. L. Apedaile, Financial Adviser of the Civilian Flying Schools, together with his assistant, Wing Commander Sharpe, visited our Station on Tuesday, March 28th. Mr. Apedaile and Wing Commander Sharpe carried out an inspection of the School and found everything in good order. Mr. Apedaile and Wing Commander Sharpe proceeded to their next stop at Windsor Flying Training School, Windsor, in a No. 4 A.O.S. Anson in charge of Pilot Jack Oltean.

New Wings for Old from No. 5 Carpenter Shop



CARPENTERS—Jim Thorburn, W. Storey, Ross Henderson, Frank Raben, S. J. Timbs, Chris Hjalmarson, Ernie Smith (Foreman).

Specialists in Woodworking

By S. J. TIMBS

As we all know, the carpenter shop contributes in no small measure to the general efficiency of maintenance hangar. This is due to the willingness of all employed to do their share of the job and to do it right.

Chief Surgeon (Crew Chief) Ernie Smith, specialist on broken ribs; also can do a good job on busted bellies.

Jim Thorburn, general all-round practitioner; comes from the Land O' Cakes and still has some dough left.

Chris Hjalmarson, from the wild and woolley West, where they mend them on the fly. Very good man, also shoe repairer (ladies only).

Frank Raven—this bird does not croak, and is a fair facsimile of a woodpecker.

Bill Storey, as his name implies, can tell a good yarn and is a handy man with the girls.

Bert Prince, our only member of royal blood, is expert at cleaning up glue pots, patches, the shop floor after drinking cocoa at rest periods. Can juggle three cups in one hand.

HUSTLER



GORDON WILLIAMS, Maintenance Clerk at No. 5 Hangar, is one of the busiest men on the Station. Just now in addition to his regular duties he is interested in making No. 5 the leading department in number of blood donors.

Happenings at No. 5 Hangar

We wish a speedy recovery to Margaret Amos in No. 4 Hangar who had the misfortune of being severely injured some time ago.

We are sorry to hear that Russ Gibson's wife had the misfortune to break her ankle.

Casualties seem to be the style in No. 5 Hangar. Bill Browning broke his ankle and Morris Schaefer crushed his foot under the hangar door.

We are pleased to see that Charles Powell, one of our top mechanics, is able to be back at work after a long and serious illness.

Sorry to lose Myrtle Phoenix, from the Airframe Crew. Her loss is the Instrument Dept's gain.

On the occasion of Marg. Doerkson's marriage to Mitch, she was presented with a tea set, a gift from the employees of No. 5 Hangar.

Parky Nev, who left this company some time ago, is now in training as a pilot in the R.C.A.F. at Winnipeg.

Two Winning Teams in Maintenance Production



TATTLE—TALES

We are glad to know that it was Walter Galbraith who tended bar in Len Martin's new chicken coop at the last Shin-Dig of some of the Maintenance employees.

I wonder why the rest of the Maintenance employees didn't rate a Valentine, signed A. PRODGER—FAIR, 2316-W. We wonder what you got that we haven't DO DO?

We hear that Frank Henshaw, Tom Bell and Bill Doherty had a big time at the Brass Rail in Detroit. Frank and Tom report that they had quite a time between brushing girls aside and trying to keep Doherty from falling off the hotel roof.

We hear that the Electrical Dept. really had a jamboree at the Rendez-Vous after the last Station Dance on March 16th. Is it true that an airman and armourer didn't

YEAR 'ROUND SERVICE

Air service from the mainland to Pelee Island will be continuous the year around, officials of Leavens Brothers Air Services, Ltd., who operate the air route, announce.

From now on, there will be two round trips per day to the island from Leamington, at 9 a.m. and at 5 p.m. The plane will return from Pelee Island a half hour later in each case. A four-place Fox Moth is used on the island air route. It is piloted by Harry Honey.



Top (left to right): James Forth, J. D. Hutchinson, J. Lee, C. Saunders, Pete Gledhill.
Bottom (left to right): E. McEllistrum, O. Rosser, J. J. Ward, Tom Twiddy.

HOLIDAY BONUS GIVEN VICTORS

By MEL CARTER

A word of praise to the Airframe and Engine Crews of No. 5 Hangar. Four weeks previous a system of crediting each crew for the number of periodic checks they completed was put into effect. The crews had the total requirement divided equally among them as their efforts were put forth so accordingly they were given credit in the form of points per check completed.

The fine co-operative spirit has proven very satisfactory. The work produced has been sufficient to warrant giving Saturday afternoons off as a bonus.

No better team work could be asked for, and the proof is recognized in the results obtained.

So, to the winning crews: "GOOD WORK, MEN," and to the others, which by the way are close seconds: "KEEP TRYING."

Fraleigh - Knox

The marriage of Isabel Knox, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Burt, Rogers Avenue, to Harry Fraleigh, of Maintenance Dept., son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fraleigh, of Barrie, took place in New St. James Church on Saturday, March 18. Frankish Styles presided at the organ and Miss Betty Pollock sang "O Promise Me."

The bride wore a blue sheer crepe dress and heart-shaped headdress with veil to match and carried red roses. The best man was James Fraleigh.

Awarded Certificates

Ed. Pickrem, Ernie Smith and Ross Henderson, of No. 5 Hangar, who in addition to carrying on their jobs proficiently have been taking a correspondence course of several varied technical subjects and have been awarded certificates of proficiency by the International Correspondence School.

DEF-ARR



Coach Trainees Here As Leaders Abroad

By HAL BURLEY

It all started when the Air Ministry, and R.C.A.F. Overseas Headquarters expressed concern over the lack of discipline and leadership qualities in many graduate aircrew. Part of the solution was found in the establishment of Aircrew Graduates Training Schools—a four-week course for all officers, commissioned and non-commissioned.

The number of LACs on this station now sporting corporal stripes on a white arm-band, indicating "Acting Corporal, Unpaid," is Crumlin's contribution to Aircrew Leadership Training. Contrary to popular opinion, it is not just to make the instructor's job easy when he is filling out Form R-211.

It seems that some newly-created NCO's and officers have arrived at their new postings with the idea that hooks or stripes mean only more money and more privileges. More important is INCREASED

(Continued on page 18)

First Show To Aid London Auxiliary

By JOHN V. GREENBLATT

With many of the same features which provided the background and colour of the championship fights of the Malted Milk era, No 4 A.O.S. will present, under the direction of Wing Commander W. R. Kingsland, its Fourth Boxing and Wrestling Show on April 18. This is the first sport spectacle to be held in behalf of the London Air Force Auxiliary.

The event, which will bring together through the Auxiliary, dependents of London airmen, will not only be a Boxing and Wrestling exhibition of special pretentiousness, but will also serve to acquaint families of servicemen in this area of the various functions of the London Air Force Auxiliary.

The Auxiliary, which is an association of dependents of R.C.A.F. officers and airmen serving throughout Canada and Overseas, has set up a committee to provide advice and information to dependents on

(Continued on page 14)

DON'T BE A SLIG

Don't be a Slig. Get this, soldier—every time that you are guilty of committing an act which offends our allies, you are working for the enemy. Each act of discourtesy or stupid criticism is an added shell for the guns of Axis propoganda. Don't be a Slig.

(Text of an official sign displayed on bulletin boards throughout North Africa and Italy. The word SLIG is made up of the first letters of sucker, loubrow, idiot and goodwill-buster.)



NURSING SISTER, P. O. M. H. VAIL

By P. O. JOHN S. CAULEY

If you have cast a quizzical glance these past two weeks at a P. O. with a white veil seen on the streets of the station, don't rush for the nearest "Bromo." Take another look at the epaulets and salute, brother. The charming young lady beneath those thin blue stripes is Nursing Sister M. H. Vail, latest addition to the hospital staff of No. 4 A.O.S. Nursing Sisters, unlike members of the Women's Division, belong to the regular R.C.A.F. staff and hold ranks identical with those held by the men in the service.

Nursing Sister Vail comes from Denfield, Ontario, and received her nurse's training at St. Joseph's Hospital in London. Graduating in 1938, she did private nursing until accepted by the Air Force a few months ago. Her first assignment was to T.T.S. at St. Thomas where, along with 10 other Nursing Sisters, she cared for future Aero Engine Mechanics when they became ill. We have heard that the morale of the patients has been boosted 50% since Miss Vail took over the job of administering to the sick pigeons here. Who could resist taking medicine when dished out by an engaging young P/O.

Having had her first flight with Wing Commander Ingram, of Aylmer, at the controls, Miss Vail is now an enthusiastic flyer. When she gets rid of her present cold, she hopes to get in some flying at this station. Imagine having a nice cool hand holding your head while you fill the sickness container!

Flash System In Aircraft Rec. Best Insurance

By F. SGT. M. H. DAWSON

"Forewarned is forearmed" is the motto of the Royal Observer Corps. This motto could be adopted by any part of our armed forces coming in contact with the enemy, but particularly so by aircrew. The ability to recognize aircraft instantly will certainly not help the Navigator set a true course, nor help the Air Bomber once the target is reached, but it may help the aircraft to return safely with its precious cargo of human lives.

In the early part of the war, aircraft recognition was not considered too important, possibly because of the effectiveness, or ineffectiveness, of our guns, and the calibre of our gunners. However, as our guns and gunners improved, too many fatal accidents occurred through faulty recognition. Aircraft recognition then evolved through the generality, family tree, and fewtug (that's correct, Mr. Editor) systems, to the "spot" or "flash" system in use today.

The object of Aircraft Recognition is to enable the student to recognize all aircraft instantly from any angle. The "flash" method of training forces the student to recognize aircraft by the general form or outline — at one-twenty-fifth, or one-fiftieth, of a second, one hasn't time to look for any particular feature.

New aircraft are being designed every day, and some of the latest types are the Armstrong-Whitworth Albemarle, Fairey Firefly, Hawker Tempest V, P. 61, or Black Widow, Junkers 188, ME 410 and 323. In the writer's opinion, it is unlikely that the rocket or jet-propulsion plane will appear on operational service, unless the war lasts a few years longer, or Herr Schickelgruber needs a new "secret weapon."

The advent of Nursing Sisters to this station is another indication of the continuing policy of the R.C.A.F. to provide the best possible medical care for its men.



Jimmy Lowe, 126-lb. Western Canadian champ.

Aid Auxiliary

(Continued from page 13)

casualty matters, dependents' allowances, pensions and rehabilitation.

Explaining the more detailed operations of the Auxiliary, W/C Kingsland in a statement to DEE-ARR said:

"The rights and privileges of dependents in relation to the large and growing rules, regulations and provisions, will focus through the Auxiliary which will have the guidance of a liaison officer at No. 4 A.O.S., who in turn has access to a District Legal Officer and may refer dependents to the Canadian Bar Association for free legal assistance."

Sgt. Eddie Sobel, who, with the aid of two of Canada's leading promoters, Frank Tunney and Sammy Sobel, is drawing up the program for this benefit boxing bonanza, gave this indication of what to expect. Said Sobel: "This fight card will make Mike Jacobs look like a piker."

Already, the popular, physical training instructor has secured several national wrestling names and has signed for the boxing portion of the program Jimmy Lowe, of 93 Nava, the 126-lb. Western Canadian Champion; Benny Perlman, well known Montreal battler; Sgt. Bill Prendergast, of New Zealand, and many others.

Wings Stare 90 Navs In The Face

By AL SAGE

A little more than a week to go. In a short time your "religious" efforts will be rewarded. Flat hats or hooks and, above all, that coveted "wing" will be presented to all 90A Navs.

What the future holds nobody knows, but wherever you are you will never forget the hundred and forty days (and nights) spent at 4 A.O.S.—For weeks to come, phrases and words such as "crack on a wind" or "WHAT!" will ring in our ears.

We will never forget Red Hilliard's Rumble and Credit system nor "Hav the Hoarder" who collected the shekles, "Duke" Ellingsen and "Moose" Moss, our chief contributors to the fund are probably still wondering what happened to all their pay.

"Sim" Sala Bim, our talented magician (and navigator), who snapped us out of those blue moments with some snappy sleight-of-hand, still has Hart, Fisher and Allen wondering how he does it. After eighteen weeks we are all "gennered" up on the Maritimes by our "Bluenose" friends, McAuley, Sheehy, Coffin and Cook. (Please note, lads, I said blue, not brown.) Jack Thorpe, Jerry Copeland and Bob Jarvi described Windsor so elaborately that we are almost convinced that Detroit is merely one of its suburbs. Benny, Mitch, Hossie, Murph, Jonesy, Thompson, Fergie and all the rest all made our class a family with a character instead of a flight with a number.

Yes, long after we have forgotten the annoyance of morning parades and those difficult moments when we had to explain away an ambiguous entry in our logs, the brighter moments in class and, of course, that graduation party, will remain.

By W. A. RUSSELL

The problem class of No. 4, 90B, we started off with twenty-six, added three by course transfer, lost four on the fifteenth week exam and two by course transfer, leaving twenty-three happy-go-lucky fellows who still wonder what it is really like to navigate an aircraft.

First, we have the three sergeants, all former Radio Mechanics: "everybody's friend" Pattie Doyle, "Plugger" Stan Jackson, with his slight weakness for the "bones," and John Kinley, a fine example of what the Maritimes produce. Everybody knows Archibald because he used to be a wireless operator; Bignell and his far-fetched theories, and "Tyrone Power" CAMPBELL. Then there is "Chelsey" CRERAR, who is ready at any time for a little "sport." In the corner we have the ever lovable pair "Delight of Stores," GOWE and FRANKLIN, with ten sextants already to their credit. And, of course, we have the "Hamilton Kids," JOWETT and NORTHCOTT, who receive books instead of letters every day.

MacMILLAN is still trying to grow a couple of hairs on his upper lip. LEPAGE is rumored to have sported a moustache at one time, but the boys got busy with the electric razor. Several others lost their prize possessions that night.

Next, we have RUSSELL, and TOWNSEND, the "Centralia Boys" — guaranteed to navigate back to anywhere but Crumlin; "Willie" TERVO, the camera fiend, and "Was there a fire under my bed?" VEAR. Three more — DOWDING from jolly old England, "Hard-working" STEADMAN, and an Aussie, SARGENT — what class would be complete without one?

With graduation not far off, we leave you with thanks to all our instructors, best of luck to the boys who lost out and with a prayer that we'll all be together again after the war... HAPPY NAVIGATING!



Hope Wolfe—that's her name—whether she is or not we don't know. Her appearance with Alf Tibbs' Originals, however, made a lot of lambydivys into a lot of wolfozyd-hopes.

Victim of Nazi Bombs Soon To Give 'Em Back

Diminutive, witty Edward Pritchard, whose tongue fires as many broadsides at the Air Force as George Bernard Shaw aims at capitalism, found life while training as a Bombardier rather dull.

In the Royal Merchant Navy as an Engineer Officer during the first hectic years of the war, Eddie was wounded, dive-bombed, torpedoed and spent several days in the open sea on a raft.

By way of recuperation, the plucky Welshman worked in a factory in England that manufactured explosives. There, again, he was bombed by the Luftwaffe until he decided to do a little bombing himself.

Joining the R.A.F. last October, Eddie graduated last week as a Bombardier. He's happy now that he's on his way back to England, for he was getting mighty tired dropping bombs on inanimated targets. He's happy now because his chance has come to repay an old debt.

Adjutant Posted to Fingal Aided Expansion Program Here



F/LT. Blue taking parade over from WO.2 F. Horton.

By DONALD M. SHEERE

The above shot was snapped as Flight Lieutenant John Blue, adjutant at No. 4 A.O.S. for the past two and a half years, took his last Wings Parade at this Station. He left us on April 9 to take over a similar position at No. 4 B. & G., Fingal, Ont.

F/L. Blue, in the past two years, has been at the right hand of the C.S.O. in directing the expansion of No. 4 A.O.S. to more than three times its original size. Under his critical eye this station has become an integral part of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, sending out Navigators and Air Bombers to fighting fronts all over the world.

Indicative of his keen interest in the school, and the theme which has occupied his attention for many months, is this remark: "Had this posting come two years ago when the expansion was under consideration, I should have been very disappointed, but now the job is about finished and I don't mind going so much."

F/L. Blue is no neophyte, nor has he always directed operations from behind an adjutant's desk. When he put up the Canadian Vol-

unteer Service Medal for this war, it took its place beside two from World War I — the Service Medal and the Victory Medal.

Born in Scotland in the town of Dunoon, Argyllshire, near Glasgow — hear him speak and you'll never doubt it — F/L. Blue came to Canada at the request of the Canadian Bank of Commerce in 1913 and has been with them ever since.

When an Archduke stopped a fatal bullet and World War I began, he enlisted with the 2nd Canadian Battalion at Saskatoon and met the Hun at closer range. He was wounded in the right arm during a raid and captured by the

A prisoner in Germany for nine months, his wound was a constant worry, for medical treatment was inadequate. Later he was grateful for this handicap for when he was repatriated to Switzerland he still possessed his right arm.

It is on the parade ground that F/L. Blue really shines, and the reason is obvious — he has been one of us. It is common knowledge that he cannot be bested in a question of drill, and his smart, clipped commands will be missed on the Thursday parades.

Addition To Hospital Means 20 More Beds

By FRANK E. CAVEN

In case you have been wondering if a new W.P.A. project is under way by the local Mayo clinic; it isn't. It is merely the medical department's slightly tardy pursuit — they have been waiting for the green light for considerable time now — of emulating the mushroom growth of No. 4. Result: the Station Hospital is now in the process of expansion.

The new wing to the Station Hospital will provide accommodation for twenty more beds with plenty of room "to swing a cat" between them. Plans reveal that the present ward at the south end will extend through the new portion, and with the inception of more and bigger windows provide a much brighter atmosphere for the patients. The rumour that W.D.'s and Nursing Sisters will be in attendance to further the effulgence has little foundation, the M.O. stated.

Salient reason for the overdue addition to hospital facilities is the fact that many patients had to be sent to Westminster and St. Thomas for treatments that could have been made, if sufficient space were available, right on the Station.

A general streamlining of the hospital's layout is in the offing upon completion of the new building. More office space will be made available and confusion will be at a minimum with the wards segregated in a more orderly (no pun intended) fashion.

The consumption of Vitamin A, B, C and D will, alphabetically speaking, be decidedly E-Z. Formerly meals were transported from the Airmen's Mess, arriving cold and unappetizing. Coupled with this flavourless offering was the attending fuss of trekking the food back and forth. With the new kitchen installed in the hospital, attractive, tasty food is served with little bother and lots of choice.

A Visit to the Orderly Room

By JOHN V. GREENBLATT

In more ways than one the Orderly Room resembles a Nazi concentration camp. Not because the staff works seven days a week or because F/Sgt. Irving uses a whip and cancels their privileges if they straighten up to light a cigarette, but mainly because it's harder getting in and out of that room than Germany's notorious Dachau.

Although the Orderly Room has three doors and one wicket, there's a sign on each of them -- not unlike a concentration camp -- which reads *Verboten*, or as we say in Canada, "Out of Bounds."

As a matter of fact, it's more difficult getting into the Orderly Room than Buckingham Palace.

Being the type of reporter, however, who might possibly dress up as a chambermaid in order to get first-hand information on what makes Y.W.C.A. girls so dull, I managed to get into the Orderly Room one morning before the staff arrived and secret myself on a shelf in one of the supply closets.

I waited there until I thought Flight Irving had given the staff so much work that nobody would see me come out of hiding. As a matter of fact I was in the centre of the Orderly Room for about 15 minutes before anyone noticed me. From where I was standing I could see the staff, with whom I'm fairly chummy on the outside, transformed into octopuses. The Flight, himself, was doing about a hundred different things at the same time and resembled a centipede.

A regular beehive, I'm given to understand this is placidness itself compared to what goes on the Friday of a graduation (every second week). I'm further told that there is more shrieking and bedlam on this day than at the first rehearsal of an Italian opera company.

As I was taking note of the scene, I was finally spotted by Sgt. Denny Martin, who is in charge of office supplies among other things. A swell guy on the outside, he looked at me now as if I was a discarded mistress returned to haunt him.

Martin flew into a paroxysm, "What the hell are you doing here?" he shouted. "Can't you read the sign on the door. This place is out of bounds." All of a sudden I felt more conspicuous than Cardinal Villeneuve in a nudist colony.

I whispered that I only wanted a few small thumb tacks.



He looked around to see whether there were any members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in the room disguised as typewriters. Satisfied that there weren't, he brought me a small box of thumb tacks imbedded in velvet and handed them to me as if they were the crown jewels.

As I reached for them I felt as if I was taking his last gas ration coupon. Before he let me get away, however, I made out three forms in duplicate for Command, two other forms in triplicate for Ottawa, gave him a bank reference and promised not to douse my cigarette butts in the ink-wells.

As I was leaving I passed Flight Irving's typewriter. I noticed that he was using the Sgt. Major's tongue in place of a ribbon.

I turned my collar up and continuing on my way like a common thief, I snuk for the door. My visibility being thus impaired I ran headlong into the Training Wing Adjutant, F/O Ted Garbutt. I excused myself quickly as I don't like to be seen in public with him. He's such a wonderful example of what the magazine advertisements term clean-cut immaculateness, that next to him I look like a one-man slum.

Finally I reached the door. I looked up and down the hallway as if I was leaving a "house" in the Montreal red light district. Satisfied that the coast was clear, I closed the door gently behind me.

I hope the C.S.O. never finds out I was in the Orderly Room because I don't want to go to Gander Bay. I like it here!

TARGET FOR PARLIAMENT

By WINSTON CHURCHILL

I regard it as a definite part of the duty and responsibility of this National Government to have its plans perfected in a vast and practical scheme to make sure that in the years following the war, food, work and homes are found for all.

No airy vision, no party doctrines, no party prejudices, no political appetites, no vested interests, must stand in the way of the simple duty of providing beforehand for food, work and homes. They must be prepared now, during the war.

These plans must be prepared, and they must come into action just like, when war broke out, general mobilization was declared. They must come into action as soon as war is won.

—(From a recent speech.)

S'LONG FOR A WHILE!

When the page proofs came back from the printer this month, this space was blank. We were thankful because it gives us an opportunity to say "S'long" to five men, who contributed a lot to Station life, and whose posting overseas came in after we had gone to press. They are: Don Sheere, Reg. Moffat, Charlie Wilks, George Baeker and Bill Kilsbreath.

Capsule Criticisms on Latest Library Additions

By JOHN V. GREENBLATT

"You're Sitting on My Eyelashes," is an album of cartoons by Whitney Darrow, Jr. His satire of the clumsy assinities of the upholstered uppercrust is the most uninhibited cartooning of our day.

"Snoot If You Must," by Lucius Beebe is a colourful — if slightly exaggerated-picture of the tumult which was New York prior to the outbreak of hostilities and since. A saloon reporter, Beebe, is probably the best authority on the capers of cafe society and pulls no punches in mentioning WHO passed out under WHAT table and in WHOSE apartment. Written in racy style in the snootiest Beebe manner.

"My Life in China: 1926-41," by Hallett Abend, Far East correspondent for the New York Times. Contains much interesting material omitted, because of censorship, from his despatches. Section dealing with the diplomatic machinations behind China's political disunity, however, is minimized and disappointingly unenlightening.

"Love at First Flight," by Charles Spalding and Otis Carney is the story of Lester Dowd, naval air cadet in pursuit of his wings, which makes for an hilarious book, especially for airmen.

"Twenty Best Film Plays," edited by John Gassner and Dudley Nichols. An intelligent anthology of 20 best film plays noted for their fast-moving quality, wit and beautiful prose and printed in the usual drama style. Included are: "It Happened One Night," "The Grapes of Wrath," "How Green Was My Valley," "Mrs. Miniver," "The Good Earth," "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," "My Man Godfrey," "Rebecca," "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," and 11 others.

Coach Trainees for Leadership Here

(Continued from page 13)

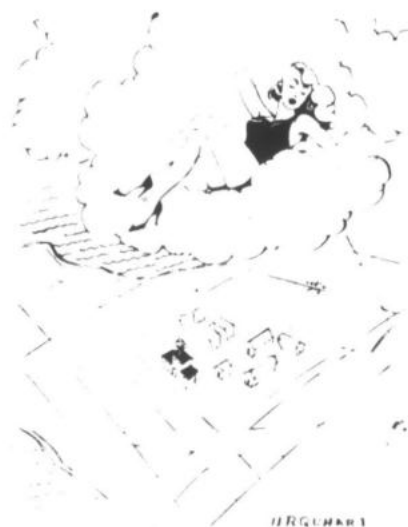
RESPONSIBILITY, because there will come a day when airmen of your present status will be looking to you for guidance and inspiration. While you are Acting Corporal, you are given an opportunity to get the feel of your forthcoming responsibility. To quote the C.S.O., W/C. Kingsland: "One-third of your total marks at this school is based upon character and leadership assessments, using as a measuring stick, Part I of Form R-211."

Every airman who has gone through a Manning Depot or I.T.S. knows the requirements of discipline and smartness, but getting acquainted with R-211 might be good advice. It paints a graphic picture of the club that hangs over thine head.

One feature of the week of servitude is the opportunity to dish out P.T. It is probably the result of many months of wishful thinking, but the enthusiasm shown for that part of the plan would lead one to believe that the class was made up entirely of P.T. instructors.

Somehow or other, Aircrew Leadership and Duty Fitness are always mentioned in the same breath. For the voice of authority, we turned to Eddie Sobel, who abolished the idea that the mention of the Harvard step test in DROs recently, was just a space filler. You can blame Lew Hayman all you want, but it will get you nowhere, for it has now become the pet of A.F.H.Q., and it seems they are serious about all aircrew passing the test. Quitting at four minutes is no good for it's a case of try again — and the practise is on your own time, but by command!

The step test is one phase of a very complete program of Duty Fitness that embraces toning up the stomach muscles, lengthening your staying power, and making for better co-ordination of mind and muscle. The going may be tough now, but the condition to be achieved by enthusiastic participation in the program will pay big dividends on long operational hours overseas.



"STUFF" OFF THE LAKES

Signal Section Boys Get New Quarters

By SGT. L. R. HAMILTON

Highlight in the Signal section this month is the creation of the new Flight Office and WAG room in No. 3 Hangar. The new quarters are convenient and furnished to provide a maximum of comfort and utility. The separation of the Flight Office, for one thing, is of no mean importance. No longer will the making up of flight details and the administration of the shifts be a headache.

The WAG room is a combination lounge and classroom. Boys waiting for briefings can rest on chesters and easy chairs. An adequate supply of tables and chairs are available for classes and lectures.

A "mockup" of the radio installation of the Anson, a morse outfit, and a projector and screen will be used for instruction on washout days.

We are grateful to Wing Commander Kingsland for his efforts in securing these rooms and furnishings. May we thank Leavens Brothers for their part.

Among newcomers is Jack Dobie, the new W.O.I. Jack has been posted here after a tour on coastal of over a thousand hours. Rumor has it he knows what a German sub looks like. Other new men are F/O. Savard, Sgts. R. H. Hall Foster, Stumpf, Tarr, Strange, Anderson, Sandercott and F. H. Smith, all from Ancienne Lorette, Que.

DEE-ARR

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"French-Canadian
Comes to Canada"

By DONALD M. SHEERE

Louis-Philippe Lussier, a young French-Canadian who had allowed his English to fall into disuse, arrived at Crumlin several months ago for Course 80. He struggled through seven weeks before reluctantly accepting defeat. He just couldn't order his meals in the mess and the poor lad was growing thinner every day so they sent him to school at Toronto to learn the English equivalent of "oeufs et jambon."

After struggling through the elements of our bewildering tongue, Phil was given first-class honors for his ability to sing the entire first verse of "Mairzy Doats" and was sent back to Crumlin. He arrived in time to get mixed up with 92A Navigators, and in the eleventh week exam he led that class.

"My highest hobby," he enunciates, "is classical music," and when he sounds off on Beethoven, Bach and Mozart, you know he's not kidding. Phil has one of the largest private libraries of classical recordings in Montreal (his home), consisting of more than 200 albums.

Phil thinks a lot of that School of English in Toronto. He says in one breath: "I'm positive that every French-Canadian having the chance of passing through the School of English won't have any difficulty to pass an aircrew trade especially getting some lessons from Flying Officer Curley and being acquainted with every officer of the school who try their best to help everybody and sundry."—see what I mean!

The Future of Navigation

By LIEUT. ELWOOD W. DOYLE

(Reprinted with the kind permission of IOG, organ of the United States A.A.F. Navigation School, Hondo Army Air Field, Hondo, Texas.)

THE opinion of many navigators that aerial navigation is a science developed only for present exigencies is unsound and not warranted by conditions and trends actually existing. Upon conclusion of the present conflict, peace time commerce will develop and expand to such a degree that its scope will encompass the far reaches of the world. This expansion, intense and thorough in its nature, must be based greatly upon the development of the aviation industry itself. Navigators and pilots will continue essential to the direct flight of aircraft, from one given point to another, and schedule will demand accurately-flown trips and punctual arrivals.

Navigation is not a science newly conceived and born full size. Like other sciences its development in the fundamental stages has been slow and methodical. Pilotage has been used by animals and men in every instance where directional movement is required. The other means of navigating — dead reckoning, radio and celestial — have been logical and progressive steps toward the full discovery of navigation as it is known today and will be known in the future. Landfalls sailed by the Tahitians centuries ago are considered primitive and based largely on trial and error, yet, it is conceivable that navigators of the immediate future will look back to methods now considered sound and adequate and find them just as primitive and undeveloped.

Conditions and emergencies resulting directly from the war have necessitated the rapid expansion of industry and science. While war considered by itself is generally costly and destructive, it must nevertheless be remembered that the scientific gains resulting from intense concentration are astonishing and, when employed in peace time, reach far beyond the widest scope of present imaginings.

The navigator of the present and certainly of the future must be a competent radio technician familiar with the principles of RADAR and other new methods of navigation. Radio will do much of his work for

Photographers Headed Overseas

Two photographers, whose talented camera work will be missed by DEE-ARR, are Jack Meakes and Johnny "Rusty" Roulston. Both boys, extremely popular with the Station personnel, have been posted to Rockcliffe to take courses in battle photography prior to going overseas.

him if he has the knowledge essential to the accurate control of its component parts. Pilotage, dead reckoning and celestial navigation will still be required, but they will assume the role of aids to the full employment of the possibilities of radio. Preliminary to the transportation of commodities and personnel, to all parts of the world, will occur the erection and maintenance of radio stations — both stationary and floating — beacons, landing fields, and all other equipment essential to the accommodation and disposition of air transportation.

The navigator must adapt and concentrate the knowledge acquired from his present experience and study to cope with these new developments. Trained personnel will also be needed to solve efficiently the many administrative problems which will of necessity attach to this tremendous expansion. The men who are equipped, both technically and administratively, to assume responsibility will be given responsibility, and there is no reason why each navigator can not avail himself of present opportunities for the thorough training which will merit his consideration for such a position.

No Longer An Open Secret

The NEW YORKER, America's leading humour magazine, has announced that it is ending its agreement permitting the READER'S DIGEST to reprint its material. The reason: The DIGEST is not what its name implies; many of the articles it reprints in digest form actually originate in the DIGEST office and are farmed out to other magazines. The NEW YORKER admittedly fears the consequences of this practice, pointing out "some publications are already as good as subsidized by the DIGEST."

The Winging of Sgt. McSnivney

(It could be you.)

"Sergeant McSnivney!" Gathering my knees about me, I step forward, left turn and march resolutely out the three and a half miles to where the C.O. stands. I halt approximately one-half inch from the C.O.'s chin, step down off his toes and look him straight in the eye. He returns my stare and mutters, "Well McSnivney! So here you are," and jabs at my chest with a five-inch pin. In the midst of a blood-curdling scream I awaken and remove the tie-pin from my pyjama pocket and mop up the little pool of blood produced where it entered my chest.

Five months! — One hundred and forty days of tough slugging! There were days when I thought it was all over but the axe; days when we were irritable after too much flying with too little sleep. Christmas Eve in the briefing room, and those days in January when flying was washed and we went behind in our time. There was the

canteen; singing in the showers until we were hoarse; post-mortems on the night's trip over coffee at 6.30, with the prospect of delicious sleep in the offing. That first exhilarating trip from Toronto to Lake Huron above a snow-white layer of strato-cumulus — five men in a yellow chariot between the frothy surf and the ice-blue dome of the sky, and the clear sharp nights when we froze our fingers taking star shots. But enough of this idle musing. This is the DAY, and it's time to get cracking.

MUSIC! CAMERA! ACTION!

Twenty to four in the Drill Hall, and three long rows of brand new sergeants face the music. The C.O. arrives, and a hush settles over the place. And then the names start. Loudly and deliberately each is called, and the empty space moves up the line from the right. Two more to go! Now — one pace forward, left turn, quick march — make it good! — swing those arms. Now halt and stand at attention.

There's Mother and the kid brother — wonder if they know how nervous I am. On the move again! Six paces forward and halt! This is absolutely the loneliest place in the world. The middle of the Drill Hall — a large audience in front and the gang behind hoping you won't make a slip. Well, this is what you have been waiting for, you dope, smile!

REASON ENUF!

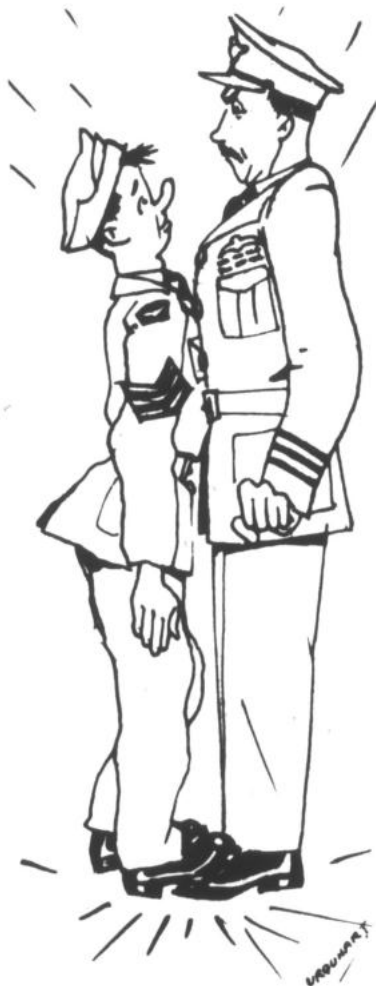
An air corps officer assigned to a desk job objected to fliers getting extra flying pay. "Why should you get more?" he barked at a Texas pilot. "We are all in this war together."

"I know," drawled the Texan, "but who ever heard of two desks crashing head-on?"

—WALTER WINCHELL.



P/O John (Sgt. McSnivney) Cauley, one of the founding fathers of DEE-ARR while on course here, who was graduated and commissioned last month. P/O Cauley is now at Rivers, Man., taking a Navigation Instructor's Course.



time when we set up shop, Astrograph and all, in three aircraft before taking off, and that rather memorable day when we flew late, went to bed at 7 A.M. and were up at 9 for Medical Exams.

But there were other times, too. The gang carrying on the evening argument over milk-shakes in the

The man ahead moves off and now I am really alone. "Sergeant McSnivney!" Let's get going. Come on feet, start moving — not too far, salute, one more pace and the C.O. is smiling and chatting as he pins the wings on my chest. Suddenly everything is all right again. A warm handshake, one pace back, salute and return to the ranks.

Back with the rest, I really start to enjoy this thing. It looks pretty good from here; the boys are putting on quite a show. And then I catch a glimpse of that shiny white thing on my chest. Musn't look down, but it keeps catching the corner of my eye.

The rest of the afternoon is a blur of rushing around. One last short bull session in the empty barracks, cake and coffee in the Recreation Hall, farewell to the gang and the instructors in the classroom, and then into town for dinner and home.

On the train I start to relax and realize how tired I really am. Just before dozing off to sleep, I notice the girl across the aisle staring very hard at my wing. "Navigator," I mutter, and in a few minutes, Christopher Columbus is shaking my hand and I'm telling him how he could have found India easily if he had a sextant — even a Link.

Great guy, Chris, but he sure is jealous of my Wing.