



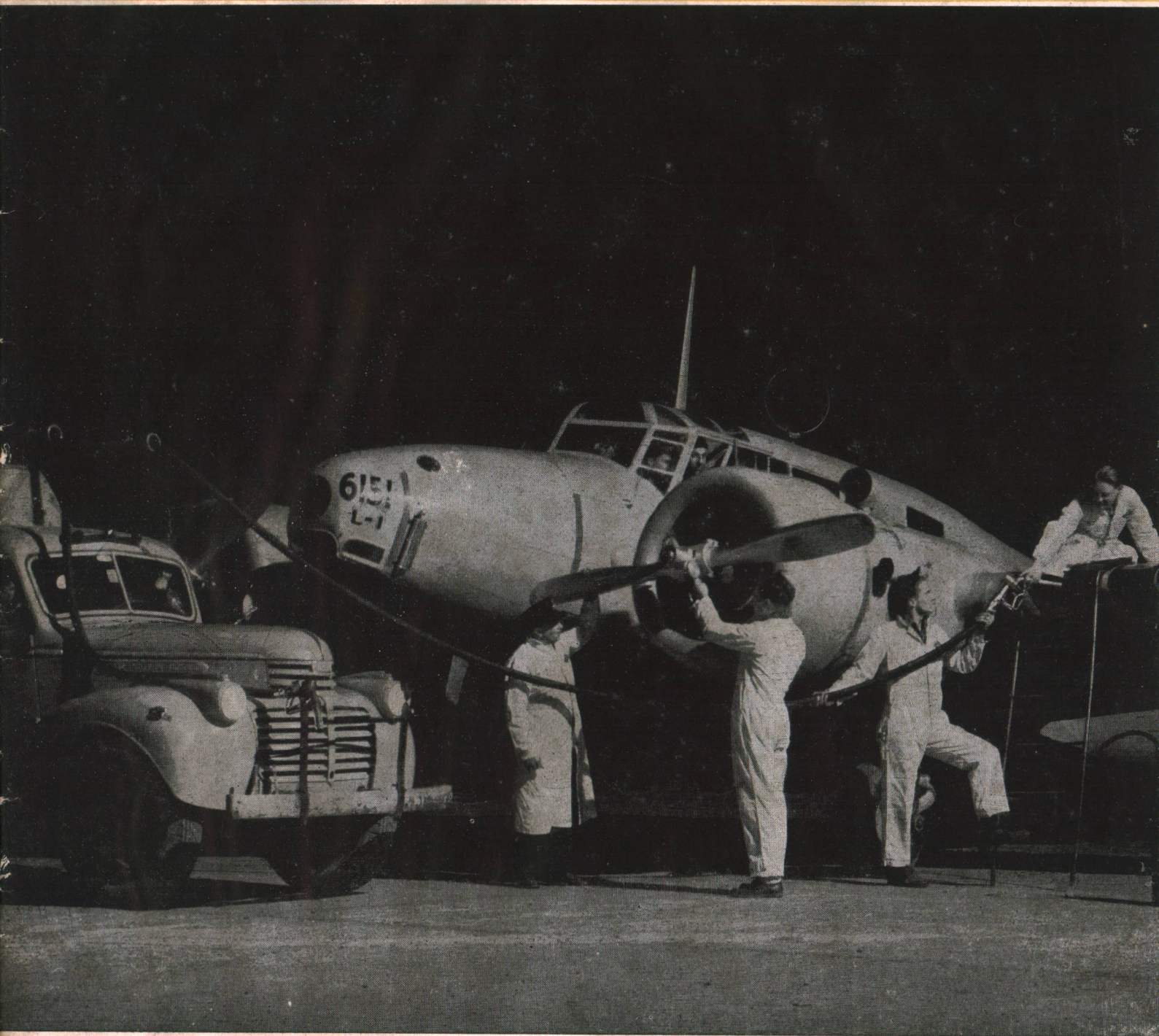
LONDON

AIR OBSERVER

VOLUME 1, No 6

FUELING FOR NIGHT FLIGHT — Photo by Ron Nelson

MAY, 1944



DEE-ARR
R.C.A.F. Section
starts on Page 13

Don't slow up--with Victory in sight
Buy Bonds--Donate Blood

LONDON AIR OBSERVER

Published Monthly in the Interests of the Personnel of No. 4
Air Observer School, Leavens Bros. (Training) Limited.

Editor-in-Chief: CHARLIE CARRUTHERS

Photographer: CLIFF HUNT



Her Monument

A back-country woman was hoeing out in front of her little weather-beaten house. A neighbor stopped and said: "Effie May, it ain't fitten for you to be out here today when the whole town knows you just had a letter from the Government saying that your boy, Jim, is laying dead in one of those furrin lands. It just ain't fitten."



Effie May looked at her neighbor with bleak, level eyes. "Friend," she said, "I know you mean well, but you just don't understand. This is Jim's land, and it rejoiced his heart to see green things growing, because it meant that his Maw and the young 'uns would be eating. This is his hoe, and when I'm hoeing I can almost feel his big, strong hands under mine and hear his voice saying: 'That's

good, Maw, that's good.' I can't afford any stone monument for Jim. Working, not weeping, is the only headstone I can give him. So, if you don't mind, neighbor, I'll do my grieving in my own way."

* * *

ARE YOU A TAKER OR A GIVER?

Looking back over the years, we have arrived at the conclusion that Nature has had a prior hand in shaping the bent of the human spirit and has given us unselfish or selfish dispositions.

Broadly speaking, the race of men may be conveniently divided into two classes: the takers and givers. The successful exponents of the go-getters have been led along their path by business and economic expansion. The go-givers, actuated by philosophy and religion, exemplify love of the good of others to solidify their group, while certain men, like predatory animals, take everything they can get their minds or hands on. Others give themselves and their resources to their families, their community, their friends and their country. Their preoccupation in life is an endeavor to make other people happy. They are the image of unselfishness.

Hard-boiled egoists are the takers who know what they want and make a determined effort to get it. The rights of others are given little consideration in their plan of life. Discounting pity, they step on weakness to climb to power. To know them is to admire their enemies.

Perhaps only a very few of our acquaintances are dyed-in-the-wool egoists or altruists, but give or take is the dominant strain of mankind.

Whether you prefer to be a go-getter or go-giver is a question of mental values. The givers may never acquire riches and high position and the glory that goes with them, but they have love and contentment of spirit as a close and inspiring companion through life.

* * *

Promise Yourself —

To talk health, happiness and prosperity to every person you meet.

To make all your friends feel that there is something in them.

To look at the funny side of everything and make your optimism come true.

To be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are about your own.

To forget the mistakes of the past and press on to the greater achievements of the future.

To wear a cheerful countenance at all times and give every living creature you meet a smile.

To live in the faith that the whole world is on your side so long as you are true to the best that is in you.



Department news in THE OBSERVER, we are happy to report, is progressively increasing. It is gratifying to your Editor to note the growing interest and the spirit of competition that has developed in the many departments for space in your magazine. You will be interested in knowing that your efforts are receiving widespread publicity and recognition. Hundreds of copies of THE OBSERVER are sent from coast to coast and nice compliments are being received in return. Let us try to make THE OBSERVER the most interesting of Station publications. Deluge us with items that will make attractive reading for others. We read the other day of an old guy who said he had lived 100 years by ducking hard work. We don't want to live that long so smother us with copy. Remember, it's your magazine and we only work for you. Published on the 15th, the **deadline for copy is the first day of each month.**

She was a freshman from Western U.

"Oh, dear," she sighed, "I simply can't adjust my curriculum."

"It doesn't show any," he reassured her, blushing. And then they both talked rapidly about the decorations.

Don't mistake arrogance for wisdom; many people have thought they were wise when they were only windy.

The short skirt will soon disappear entirely, says fashion designer. Well, it just goes to show.



Meet Some of the Charming Young Ladies in Main Office

LEFT TO RIGHT: Barbara Hutchings, Alberta Hahn, Jean Kipp, Helen Brady, Daisy Smith.



Gertrude Nichol



Doris Buchanan



Lila Axford

ENGAGED

Some fellas have all the luck, don't they! At least we think WAG Johnny Love is lucky. The pretty young lady, Miss Gladys Burrows of Stores Office Staff, recently received a lovely sparkler from Johnny.

CONGRATULATIONS

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid announce the arrival of a daughter, Lois Margaret, on April 29. Mr. Reid is employed in Cleaning Department.

WANTED: CAGE FOR BABY

Pilot Gordon Elves hands us this one on babies not wanted in homes, from the Calgary Herald, Gordon's home town:

WANTED—By quiet couple and "monster" in the form of our five-months-old baby, 2 to 3-roomed furnished house, suite, barn or cage, or whatever is supposed to serve as shelter, when such a terrible creature as a child has to be considered. Box 511, Herald.

18 GREAT GRANDCHILDREN

Mrs. Alice Gramlich, widow of Henry J. Gramlich and mother of Fred, Station Transit Officer, died suddenly in her 76th year on April 4. She was born in Exeter and had resided in London for 57 years. Burial was made in Woodland Cemetery. Mrs. Gramlich is survived by five sons, 29 grandchildren and 18 great grandchildren.

HOW TO SUCCEED—Start from the bottom—and **wake** up!

Machine Shop Services Thousands of Parts

W. McLellan and Competent Staff Busy Keeping Cylinders, Brake Shoes and Scores of Plane Parts Conditioned

By O. LOCKARD

Our Department Machine Shop in No. 5 Hangar is one of the most important on the Station. We service approximately 1,500 aircraft cylinders, 3,000 valves, 6,000 valve springs, 1,500 pistons and pins, 6,000 piston rings, 1,000 brake shoes, along with many other jobs too numerous to mention.

The personnel of this department consists of W. McLellan, our genial and efficient foreman from the Great West.

Wilbert Coulter, our specialist in tool making, fresh eggs not graded, and what have you got to swap? (it's the gypsy in him).

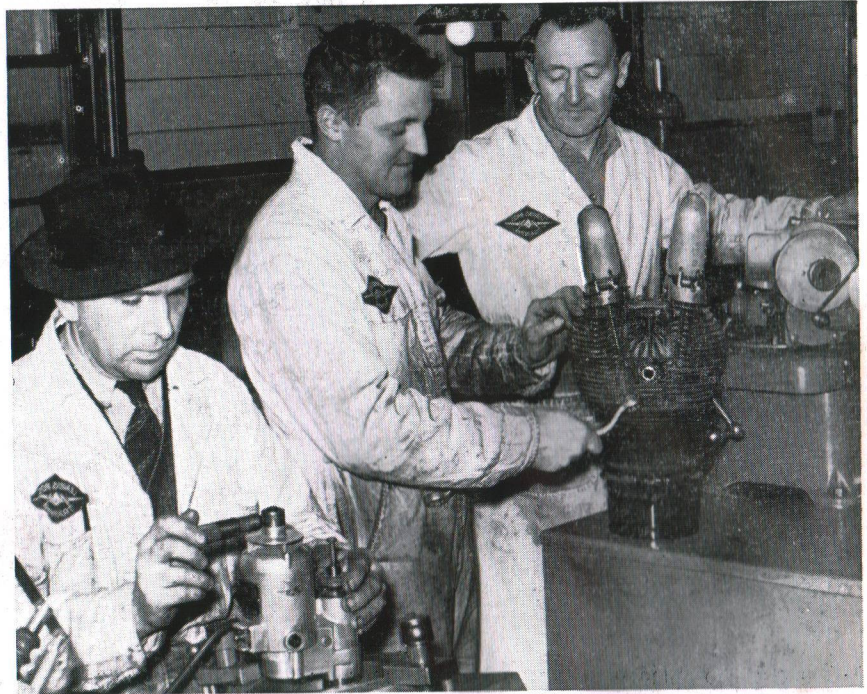
Cecil Prince, our dependable lathe hand, who walks the straight and narrow duckboard.

Reg Todd, our other lathe hand, Mayor of Ingersoll and frequent visitor to Woodstock.

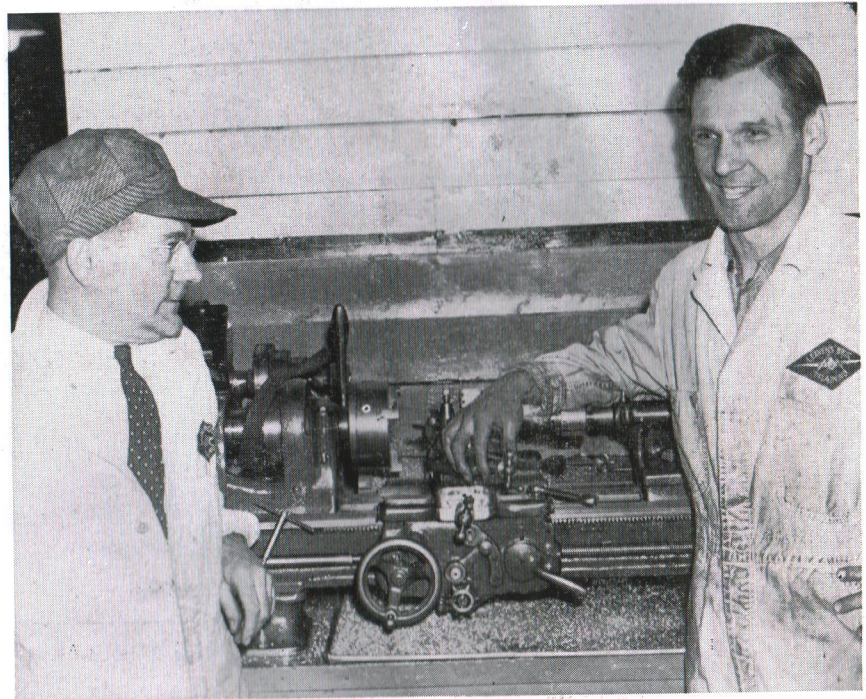
Bill Longhurst, our handy man who is at present on loan to Airframe and probably will be missing a tongue one of these days, and last but not least, Orv. Lockard, our cylinder machinist, who has worked on more seats than a dog has hair, and has smoked more El Ropo cigars than George Burns.

AIR OBSERVER FOR ARMED FORCE MEN

Bert Wolfrey, formerly of No. 4 Station, now in the armed forces, in conversation with Winson G. Morton of No. 5 Hangar, expressed the thought that copies of THE AIR OBSERVER sent to former personnel now in uniform would be greatly appreciated. He pointed out that receiving mail was the brightest spot in the day of a serviceman. The suggestion is thoughtful and timely and will be carried out with your assistance. As there is no record of where former employees are stationed we will have to depend on everyone who knows where they are to furnish the addresses. It is against postal regulations for individuals to mail magazines overseas, but they can be placed in packages of food, etc. If you know of any former employee of No. 4 on active service in Canada, will you let the Editor have his address and we will see he gets THE OBSERVER monthly.



TOP: Orville Lockard, Wilbert Coulter, W. McLellan.
BOTTOM: Reg. Todd, Cecil Prince.



DEATH OF MRS. MARY DEACON

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Mary Ellen Deacon, mother of Tom Deacon of the Canteen, on April 7. Mrs. Deacon, who was in her 78th year, was buried in St. James Cemetery, Clandeboye, on Monday, April 10. To the many friends who sent flowers and otherwise expressed their sympathy, Tom desires to express his sincere thanks.

Off the Record: If you want to find out whether or not a photo flash bulb will light up from a dry cell, take the bulb in your right hand, touch it to your flashlight dry cell, which you hold in your left hand (be sure you have a good connection), the results are: exploded bulb, burnt hands. Ask the Editor for more details.

Some of the Guards who Protect No. 4 Station



Top (left to right): T. Bow, R. W. Beatty, C. Parsons, John Potter, A. Taylor. Bottom: W. Carter, A. J. Densham, Teddy Akiens, S. Applegate.

Police Work Is Done By Veterans

Among those who play an important part in the operation of No. 4 are the Guards, 28 in number, whose duty it is to protect Crown property spread over the hundreds of acres of Station land. Practically every member of this organization has had considerable experience, having served either in the Imperial or Canadian Army. Most of them did duty as sentries or guards under enemy fire and carry scars or disabilities as a result of their war service. Some have been sworn in as provincial constables with provincial authority. At all times the Guards keep a watchful eye for sabotage, fire hazards, conduct of personnel, such as smoking in unauthorized places and carrying out of rules and regulations of Air Training Schools. Not the least of their duties is to see that no unauthorized person is admitted to the grounds. Strict check-up to verify that every employee is in possession of and displays his or her official badge of identification before entering the personnel carrying their position easily appreciated by the Guards



Front Row: Wm. Lewis, M. Bowers, C. Manser, J. Murray, H. Gillson. Back: Charles Keen, A. Davies.

and eliminates delays. Frank Hewitt was first person to have charge of Guards and he was followed shortly after by T. B. Seldon, now on active service. Ralph Leonard, in England with the Fire Fighters, succeeded Mr. Seldon, and Teddy Akiens replaced him.

Some guards have been with the Station since its inception, Teddy recalls. "W. L. (Bill) Lewis joined me as guard in the spring of 1940, under the Department of National Defence, and when Leavens Bros. took over operations in November 1940 we continued as their employees. If I may be permitted, I would like to express my thanks to all personnel for their co-operation and consideration."

SUPERVISION COUNTS

In a memorandum issued by the Industrial Accident Prevention Associations, R. B. Morley, general manager, comments on safety education in industry.

Mr. Morley says: "A great deal has been said about the importance of 'safety education'. After studying the situation, I have come to the conclusion that many people mistake 'education' for supervision." He points out: "Good supervision involves much educational work, but no amount of education can ever fully take the place of supervision in industrial accident prevention."

Help To Make Station Dances Success



Front Row: May Beadle, Don Marlett (Y.M.C.A. Director), Helen Henshaw. Back Row: LAC Burley, Rita Poechman, Kay Delves, Blanche Johnston, Dorothy Kellard and P/O. Smyth. These are some of the Station personnel who help to make the Station dances so popular under the convenorship of Don Marlett.

One Night Out in Forty-Two

This is 100 Navs' Promissory Note for a Kick in the Shins If You Mention the Word "Quarantine" in Their Presence

By STEVE MITCHELL

We're new here (Course 100 Navs). The Sprogs (newcomers) of No. 4 A.O.S. The latest bunch to circulate duff gen from H.P. (no need to expatiate on these initials; they are synonymous in their very usage).

You'll get to know us. We'll rub shoulders with you at the canteen counter, tread on your toes in the dining hall and more than likely do the same at dances—if you happen to be about when we're trying to get a working knowledge of the local style of terpsichore.

Then, eventually, we'll get around to talking. But here let me issue a warning.

DON'T begin: "You're the chaps who were in quarantine."

We know that—but wish to forget it. Furthermore, you'll have uttered that word to which we are allergic and which, from now onwards, is non-existent in our vocabulary.

But let me explain.

Manchester and its night-life and night-spots were just memories. Our attention was centred on the novelty of life on board and the future days at sea. Then they came. First Measles, followed by Scarlet Fever.

Only a few fell foul of these scourges but with their falling began a series of daily medical inspections. We reached the other side and entrained for Moncton. Again they struck and others made inglorious exits via stretcher.

At Moncton it re-started. Daily medical inspections with compensation in a phrase which became all too familiar: "Only a day or two now."

The days passed. The first week came and went; then the second, third—the sixth. We were down to zero. But still our clamour for freedom was met by the "only another day—" patter.

Close association with forty-eight faces, their owners' stock phrases and idiosyncracies and one's ever-monotonous environment passed from the amusing through the boring to the annoying stage.

Then it came. Out of the blue when it was least expected. We were

to receive one night out of camp and then we were Crumlin bound.

We were out. Walking down a street; gazing into shop windows; jumping out of the way of more cars than we'd seen back home in a month. "Damn that driver; why doesn't he drive on the right side of the street!"

So that's a woman. Mmhh!! They haven't changed; they look the same. No, on second thought, after six weeks—they look even better.

Every hour was precious—and they'd pass much quicker than they did when we were in qua-er—pardon me—confinement.

Scarlet Fever took its third bow and it had to choose one of our company for its victim. No need to ask. It was back to the old routine of inspections and the insipid promise of "just for a few days". Back to rules and regulations and the old faces huddled together again.

One night! One night out in six weeks!

I ask you: Do you wonder that we are—to put it mildly—annoyed a lot? And more—

Victory Loan Campaign Nears Completion

Hope to Obtain \$100,000.00 in Sixth Victory Loan; Quota of \$80,000.00 Exceeded

By GRANT MAGINNIS

At the time this edition of THE AIR OBSERVER goes to press the Sixth Victory Loan Campaign is nearing completion in the true tradition of our School. As in all previous loans, the quota of \$80,000.00 has been reached and we are well on the way to reaching our goal of \$100,000.00. The loan officially opened at the School on Wednesday, April 19th. Two mass meetings were held and the guest speaker at both meetings was Col. G. Williamson. Col. Williamson explained to us the difficulties under which our soldiers, airmen and sailors are successfully coming to grips with the enemy. A \$10.00 War Savings Certificate was awarded at each meeting to the holder of the lucky ticket. At the one o'clock meeting the Certificate was won by Frank Brighton of the Maintenance Hangar staff. At night, Norman Bannerman of Flight Hangar No. 4 was the lucky winner.

The loan opened Thursday morning, April 20th, and the first Department to reach its objective was the Cafeteria, canvassed by Charles Shea. The first bond application signed after the loan officially opened was purchased by Mrs. Ellen Mitchell of the Cafeteria staff. The quota of \$80,000.00 was reached by Saturday morning, April 27th.

It appears that all Departments will surpass their individual objectives before the loan closes. A special word of thanks to the Kitchen, Cafeteria and Janitor staffs for the exceptional effort they have shown in purchasing bonds.

We regret that one of our canvassers, Assistant Chief of Police Ted Akiens, was unable to participate in this loan and our thanks to Chief Gavin Monohan for taking over this portion of our campaign.

The Victory Loan Campaign will remain open until May 13th. Any employees wishing to increase their subscriptions, or those who have not already subscribed, may do so by contacting their canvasser before this date. At the close of the campaign, the following will be the list of those who have subscribed:

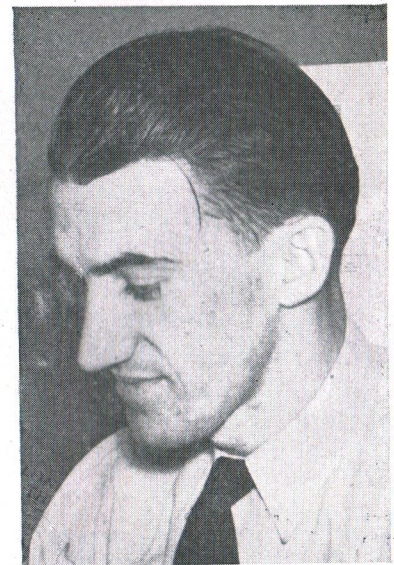


Above you see Charlie Shea, manager of the Cafeteria, selling the first Victory Bond on the Station to Ellen Mitchell. Super-salesman "Chuck" sold out 100 per cent. three hours after he received his kit.

Welcome to No. 4

We welcome Conrad A. Sellers, Harold M. Barr, Gordon B. Hardy, Roy Teichmann, Douglas J. Craig and Edward W. McGrath as **Pilots**; William Legg, Helen Mercer, Bernice E. Morris, David J. Galloway, Lena Joyce, Gordon G. Erskine, Nancy A. Ferris, Betty Jean Musson, Sadie Hillman, Verlie Bow, Arthur Cathro, Helen McNorgan, Alberta Evans, Gertrude Holtzhauer, Annie Shepherd and Wilma R. Mossip to the **Catering Staff**; Charles Whillans, Alfred J. Mizzen, Lloyd H. Grover and Henry G. Ashley in **Instruments**; Pearl Kanjuk, Robertson McEwen, Herbert L. Stuart, James T. Cornford, Thomas J. Wilson, Ernest Johnson and Harry Standing as **Cleaners**; Sydney Box, Vivian Gantas, John K. Clark, Mary M. Whalen, Wilbur Perrin, Betty J. Guy, Allen E. Gough, Harold C. Smith, Thomas Amos, Henry G. Reader, William D. Malone, Allan Murray to **Maintenance**; Doris McFarlane as **Flight Clerk**; Helen Brady in **Main Office**; James M. Perry to **Motor Transport**; Clarence Fuller

STORES MANAGER



Bob Dickson, as Chief of the Stores Department, has charge of everything from clothing to airplane parts.

We had a long, interesting story on the Stores Department for May issue. It was cut it down or hold it over. It was so good we decided to hold it over for June.

to **Stores**: Peter Ellison as **Control Tender Operator**; Edward Baxter, William J. Mossip, William H. Ward with **Grounds Department**.

Personnel of Two Crews at No. 4 Hangar



Front Row (left to right): K. Sullivan, M. Komisaurk, J. J. Collins (Engineer), G. Lamond, G. McLellan, R. Amorosi. Back Row: R. Blackman, J. Karp, C. Ryan, G. McCracken, D. Glenn, A. Beecroft, E. Broughton, A. Thompson, P. Srigley, D. Bowes.



Front Row: Left to right: V. Luther, Bob Sutherland, Don Kerr (Crew Chief), Bill McKough, Charlotte Honsberger. Second Row: Harold Smith, P. Sprigley, Charlie Lucas, Joe Wellbourne, Reg. Page, Betty Shamley, W. Burton. Back Row: Carl Edmonds, Jake Millette, Ivan Roberts, F. Males, J. Shepherd.

VICTIM OF GASOLINE EXPLOSION RECOVERS

Jack Collins, civilian flight helper, who was severely burned about the face and arms as the result of an unusual accident, has completely recovered and is back on the job. Jack was saved from more serious injury or possible death by the quick action of LAC D. B. Hopkins, who forced Collins to the floor

and rolled on him until the flames were extinguished. Hopkins escaped injury in his heroic act by the fact he was wearing heavy flying clothes. The accident happened when Collins returned to the hangar after refueling a plane. During this operation gasoline splashed on his clothes. When he later went to light a cigaret, gas from the evaporating gasoline exploded. Three Aircraft Mechanics, Len Alton, E. Thursby

and Oliver Evans, valiantly assisted Hopkins in smothering the flames.

*"Kitty" has a little swing,
It isn't hard to find,
For everywhere that "Kitty" goes
The swing is right behind.*

—M. E. G.

□

Some people are so mean they wouldn't tell a beggar the way to the poor house.

Welfare Officers Elected at No. 5 Hangar



BACK ROW (left to right): Jack Gregory, Ernie Smith, Dan Scott, Winson Morton. FRONT ROW: Roy Wilson, Orval Lockard, May Beadle.

Bring Fruit and Flowers to Sick

By MAY BEADLE

The Welfare Association of No. 5 Hangar was formed about one month ago at the suggestion of our genial boss, Mel Carter.

The first meeting was held on April 11th and the following election of officers took place:

Chairman—O. Lockard.

Secy.-Treas.—May Beadle.

The purpose of the Welfare Committee is to have a member of the Committee visit any employee who has the misfortune of being absent due to sickness, accidents or other mishap.

It has been decided that an employee must be absent at least 7 days before being visited by a member of the Welfare Committee. For the first visit, fruit, flowers and cigarettes, etc., to the value of \$1.50 will be given and any further visits will amount to \$1.00.

A collection of 10 cents is taken every pay day in order to build the treasury and provide a little cheer for any of our fellow workers who are on the sick list.

Winning Teams in Maintenance at No. 5 Hangar



TOP (left to right): F. Brighton, W. Galbraith, A. Harrison, H. Elson. LOWER (left to right): A. Prodger, T. Dickinson, F. Sherring, O. Fanson.



Part of Large Staff of Pilots Who Fly the Scores of Planes at No. 4 Air Observer School



PILOT PATTER

By RON KEITH

Shades of our old friend Clare "Bushface" Sweetman are darkening the countenances of several pilots lately. (Bushface, by the way, was last reported checking out to fly as captain on the Northwest Staging Route of the R.C.A.F.) It started when Don Egner and Iliffe Johnson made a wager to grow competitive mustaches, with a bottle of Scotch (medicinal) to the winner.

Iliffe is now with Ferry Command and believed to be heading for Cairo in company with Frank Armitage. His facial foliage may provide camouflage in case of encounters with hostile natives (feminine, of course), but is more likely to serve as refuge for gremlins and gad-flies.

Don claims his is starting to curl at the ends, which may result from use of the Sweetman System. It will be remembered that Clare devised an ingenious de-icing system for winter flying. He simply strained alcohol through the mustache regularly and abundantly.

* * *

Other contenders in the mustache marathon include Stan Grabb (who has trouble keeping his on course), Tom Broad, and Garth Medcof. Garth's can be seen only under C.A. V.U. conditions.

For certain reasons it would be unwise for us to tell about Jim Fowler getting lost in a fog and arriving in Galt instead of Paris, while driving from Toronto to London. So we won't mention it.

* * *

They say George Walker keeps getting tangled up in his combinations. It seems the Assistant Operations Manager has his locker secured with one of those combination locks issued by Stores. Nobody can sneak in and get anything out of the locker. Unfortunately, this includes George, for he keeps forgetting the combination. He has the problem solved now, however . . . simply phones Alec Johns in Stores. Alec looks up the combination and phones George then, presto, the locker is opened!

* * *

Why cushions? At least four pilots are sufficiently dissatisfied with the Anson upholstery to carry their own cushions: Lloyd Sloan, Jim Gresham, Frank Collins, John Gordon. Frankie and Johnnie pack the seat pads because they like to reach the rudder pedals sometimes. With cushions, they can almost see over the instrument panel, too. As to L. S. and J. G., however, the only reason we can guess is that they simply can't take the pound, pound of those landings.

Congratulations! Jim Hinde, married April 14 in Toronto; Tom McGee, married April 16; Harold Webb, father of a son, "Michael"; Bill Young, father of a baby daughter; Jim Valleau, for landing in a field in a fog at night with both engines dead; Bert Dungan, promoted to duty pilot; Reg. Spence, appointed instructor.

SGT. GEO. STEWART KILLED

Sgt. George A. Stewart, who was stationed here from September 1943 until January of this year, was one of six airmen who lost their lives when an R.C.A.F. bomber crashed near Debert, N.S., on April 15. Sgt. Stewart enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in 1942, graduating as a Wireless Air Gunner at Calgary and coming from there to No. 2. He was transferred to Debert on January 27. As a boy he attended Aberdeen Public School and Sir Adam Beck Collegiate and was employed by the Dominion Bank previous to enlisting. His mother, Mrs. A. Stewart of Nilestown; three sisters, Mrs. C. A. Rumball, Edith Stewart, both of London, and Mrs. James Stratton, Nilestown, and a brother, David, Detroit.

Her husband certainly has her trained. She has to go home right after work.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Geo. Irvin from the Electrical Department.

Bob Daniels from Electrical Department.

Cal Sherrer and Joe Welsh from Instruments.

Bert Woolfrey and Chancey Smith from Maintenance.

Earl Phillips Goes to Barker Field

Earl Phillips, who has flown at No. 4 A.O.S. for the past two years and has done an excellent job, has been transferred to Leavens Bros. Air Services, Toronto, to take over the position of Chief Flying Instructor. Earl has excellent experience and background for this work as he has been engaged in aviation for the past ten years as engineer, pilot and instructor. He was a member of the R.C.A.F. for some two years as Flying Instructor at the E.F.T.S. at Windsor Mills, P.Q., and at No. 3 E.F.T.S. here at London. Earl says that he will be very glad to see any of the pilots of No. 4 A.O.S. at Barker Field, Toronto, at any time.

To know Earl is to have one of the finest for a friend. While we are sorry to have him leave us, we know that everyone who came in contact with him will feel a personal gratification in his advancement and will cheer for his success.

It is nice to know that while he leaves the Station he continues with Leavens Bros. The editor feels a personal loss, at least temporarily, in Earl's transfer. In addition to being a first-class pilot, we discovered he had a brilliant talent for humorous writing as his article "Night Flight" in last month's AIR OBSERVER proves. We hope when he gets settled in his new position we will hear more from him. Good luck, Earl, and we are sure the boys from No. 4 will drop in to see you when possible.

TRICK IN MATHEMATICS

Try this one to find out your age and the money in your pocket. Pilot Gordon Elves says it works:

Multiply your age by 2 and add 5 to result.

Multiply by 50.

Add the change in your pocket if less than a dollar.

Subtract the number of days in the ordinary year (365).

Add 115 for good measure.

The two left-hand figures will show your age.

The two right-hand figures the change in your pocket.

Speeches are like steer horns — a point here, a point there and a lot of bull in between.

SPEAK GOOD WORD FOR STATION JANITORS

Ye Editor has received the following little note, which speaks for itself: "We see by recent editions of THE OBSERVER several departments patting themselves on the back, but don't forget that they have nothing on good old Frank Ambrose's gang. Take George Waters and Joe Dundas always doing their work with a cheery smile and always on the job when called, which is eight hours a day. Then the fellows that let the light into your rooms, the window cleaners under Herb. Clements; they are at the beck and call of everyone. Then we cannot leave out the one and only Frank Ambrose, who is right there whenever you call him on the phone. He is a good sport who is willing and ready at all times to do his part for the good of the Station."

"All the nice girls love a sailor." Could that be the reason for Joe Welch and Cal Sherrer leaving the Instrument Shop to join the Navy? Shop Personnel extended best wishes to both Cal and Joe and presented them both with a farewell gift on their departure to take up their new duties. * * *

It is rumored that Omar Killborne of the Instrument Shop has taken up dancing lessons. Music is graciously supplied by Jack Mills.

Barber Shop Busy Spot in Canteen Building

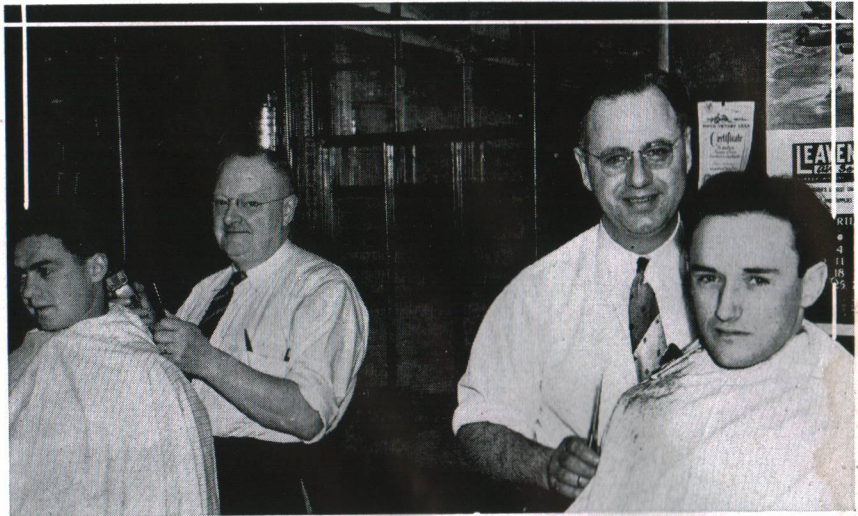
"Old Bert" Williams and Stan Denshaw Have Clipped or Shaved Thousands to Establish Record

Thirty-four years improving the facial appearance of probably more members of the male sex than any other person in Western Ontario is an accomplishment to be proud of. It should be—probably is—a record unequalled in the tonsorial art. Bert Williams, or "Old Bert" as he is affectionately called by his many friends, in charge of Leavens Bros. barber shop on No. 4, is the man who has done so much to glorify the males and give them the skin you love to touch. Bert can claim the record by the fact that there are thousands of airmen who have occupied chairs in his barber shop in the Canteen building. Just how many Bert does not know. The part that Bert regrets is that no sooner does he get well acquainted with the young chaps and a friendship develops they graduate and are on their way overseas. But along comes new faces and the process of beautifying and making friends is repeated.

Bert came to London in 1910 and, with the exception of time out to help slap the Kaiser down in World War one as a member of the 33rd Battalion, he has been a London resident. Coming to No. 4 Station in 1940, he has been here continuously since. Stan Denshaw is Bert's able assistant and a general favorite with the boys. Until recently it was a two-chair shop; now a third chair has been added to meet the growing demands of increased business.

FALL FROM BUGGY FATAL TO INFANT

The sympathy of No. 4 Station is extended to F/O. and Mrs. Neil Erskine in the loss of their only child, six-months-old Jane Cleland, who was fatally injured April 13, when a gust of wind swept her buggy from the porch of her home. Jane was thrown from the buggy to the ground and died almost instantly from a broken neck. F/O. Erskine, a popular instructor at No. 4, served overseas for nearly two years. The funeral was held at Listowel with burial in Elma Centre Cemetery.



On the left we have Bert Williams and to the right Stan Denshaw with two unidentified customers in the chairs of the Station Barber Shop.

Pilots Spend A Day Getting Acquainted With Anson

Jim Hardy and Staff Receive New Planes Which Are Much Easier to Fly Than Old Type

By RON KEITH

At long last, the first of the "Fives" are in the hands of Jim Hardy and staff. As this is written, the initial pilot check-outs are under way. The plan of conversion calls for every pilot in turn being assigned to No. 1 Hangar for a full day of familiarization in the Five. The procedure then requires completion of a mimeographed quiz on such data as starting procedure, fuel, oil and hydraulic pressures, etc. Finally, the C.I. signs a form certifying the pilot as qualified to captain the aircraft.

The Anson V is easier to fly than its ancestors, in the sense that less hard labour is required. The wheels and flaps flick up and down without effort. You don't have to sprain your neck to read the compass (direct reading). There is no teeth-chattering vibration.

But there are a few more gadgets in the cockpit. Which means closer attention to cockpit checks and emergency procedures. The Hoover prop has to be stopped and started in fine pitch, just opposite to the specified treatment for the two-position blades on the Four. Oil temperature has to be 40 for the run-up. In the air, you set the boost for

climb or cruise, then regulate revs with the pitch controls.

Designers of the Five thought of just about everything. Flares can be released only by pressing the button on the pilot's panel, regardless of selector switch positions. Bombs will not release while bomb doors are closed. Inter-com at each crew position should cut down movement in aircraft. First and second navigator desks are each supplied with a panel of instruments: air-speed, compass and altimeter. The astro dome is handy to the first navigator's desk. Chutes are stowed at the door, which drops away for escape. The pilot's seat is adjustable.

But there is still no aileron trim. And the bomb doors still have to be cranked open.

Wheel landings are advised because the tail-wheel apparently tends to stimulate a ground loop. The brakes are very sensitive, with dire results for anyone inclined to tramp on them.

When an engine cuts out, or is cut, your attention goes first to the flight panel for direction and air-speed, secondly to the power levers (30 inches boost, 2,000 revs, mixture full rich). After these vital movements have been completed there is time to adjust rudder trim, switch vacuum selector to live engine and check for the cause of failure.

DEE-ARR



One of the recent semi-monthly Station dances in the Drill Hall!

Airmen's and Dependents' Problems To Be Concern of New Committee

Establishment of Welfare Committee At All R.C.A.F. Units Follows Line of Local Plan; F/O. Garbutt to Head Ours

By JOHN V. GREENBLATT

It appears in the books very simply and drably as A.F.R.O. 886, dated 21st April, 1944, and a lot of us may not take the trouble to find out who's responsible for this forward-looking, progressive piece of Air Force legislation or what's more important, bother to read it. We should, for its of paramount importance to every one in the R.C.A.F., officer or airman, from the C.O. to lowest AC 2.

The fact is, a Welfare Committee is to be established at each R.C.A.F. unit, along the lines initiated by our C.O., Wing Commander Kingsland, which will provide sympathetic, efficient and accurate information and advice to personnel who are worried over personal or domestic problems.

The Welfare Committee, which is chaired by F/O. T. R. Garbutt and includes both padres, F/Lts. Flynn and Beattie, F/O. Gelber and Don Marlett, will not only handle all cases on this Station as required by the order, but deal as fully as possible with all cases submitted to them by the London Air Force Auxiliary. The Auxiliary has been organized to cope with the problems of families of all R.C.A.F. personnel in the vicinity of London. F/O. Garbutt will act as liaison officer between the Committee and the

Auxiliary. It is hoped that this local extension of the responsibilities of the Committee will spread to other units and auxiliaries.

The duties of this Committee, which appeared more fully in D.R.O.'s of April 26, are to expedite handling of requests made by personnel for assistance from the Dependents Board of Trustees and from the Benevolent Fund.

It will also act upon the recommendation of the C.O. on requests

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FLASH!

As we go to press (May 3) slightly over \$50,000 worth of bonds or 83% of our quota (\$60,000) have already been purchased by the R.C.A.F. personnel on this Station in the first nine days of the 6th Victory Loan Campaign. This represents 410 subscribers with 272 airmen yet to be heard from.

Prisoner of British Now R.A.F. Bomber Pays Way In, Too

By RON WILLIAMS

If you're curious about the short, wiry, dark-skinned LAC seen around the Station the last six weeks with a shoulder badge which says "Mauritius", here's the low-down.

He's Joseph Precieux, 21, born on the Isle of France, brought up on Mauritius, a British island near Madagascar, and a young Frenchman who loves liberty enough to pay \$500 out of his own funds to go to England and join the R.A.F. He graduated with Course 98 Bombers and is now a step nearer his ambition—to transfer to a Free French squadron.

He has the unique distinction of aligning himself with a nation which held him prisoner of war for seven days. "It happened when France fell," Precieux says. "The British didn't know whether we were Vichy or Free French so they interned us—technically, that is. They couldn't intern the whole population—about 500,000.

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Ron Williams, 98 Navs, was a member of the Toronto Star editorial staff for five years before joining the Air Force.

Things We Never Knew 'Til Now

Q. Has Canada any concrete plans for the re-establishment in civil life of personnel in the Armed Forces

A. Canada not only has concrete plans but it also has legislation and orders-in-council in effect and operating. Under the orders-in-council and legislation, up until the end of 1943, approximately 6,500 veterans of this war had received cash benefits and grants in addition to mustering-out pay and allowances to assist in their re-establishment. More than 6,000 veterans of this war are in receipt of pensions. Hundreds are receiving vocational training and a number are completing education at Canadian universities. Those in need of medical and dental treatment are receiving that care.

Q. In its broad features, what does Canada's rehabilitation policy do?

A. It provides assistance to those ex-service personnel who are prepared to help themselves. It provides, where practicable, for return with seniority, to former civil employment to bona fide employees who wish to return to their former positions. It provides the facilities and finances for acquiring necessary trade skills. It enables those who interrupted their education to enlist to continue that education through grants and payment of fees. It provides financial benefits during the period ex-service personnel, fit and available for work, and for whom no suitable work is available, are seeking employment. It gives financial assistance while they are awaiting returns to those who embark on private enterprise. For those temporarily incapacitated but whose health is not so badly impaired as to necessitate hospitalization, there is financial assistance while rebuilding health. The pensions plan for those disabled as a result of service is fully

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Above scene is of Mother's Corner in the Airmen's Lounge Wednesdays and Fridays from 1200 to 1300 hours and the Thursday night before a Wings Parade, where mending and darning is done and the repartee flies faster than Mustangs. A large box, not visible in the picture, has been placed in the foyer where clothes may be deposited. These articles should have a slip of paper pinned to them with the airman's name and number. They can be picked up from the same receptacle next day good as new. No charge. Reading from left to right, the mending mannequins and their overseer are Alberta Hahn, Gertrude Nichol, F/O. Jord "Grandma" Allen (who, by the way, is doing a bang-up job as President of the Airmen's Committee), Daisy May Smith, Babs Hutchings and Doris Dilling.

INSTRUCTORS REJOICE AS 92 NAVS. LEAVE

By GILBERT MORTON

Quiet finally spread over the barracks as 92A Navs at last settled down (?) to dream of wings, and fixes without cocked hats. Mr. **Cherry** and Mr. **Chaput** tossed restlessly in their respective beds as they quietly went crazy at the prospect of another day with Curse (sorry, we mean course) 92A.

Thoughts went back to January 2, when a collection of would-be navigators arrived from I.T.S. (some of us via E.F.T.S.), and then to that day when the same bunch of would-be navigators get winged.

Gelly reluctantly draws the last puff from his quarter inch of cigarette and utters his favourite expression (deleted by Editor) as it burns his fingers. Overhead **Campbell** dreams of getting his picture in Strength and Health Magazine alongside Charles Atlas. The Crash Kids, **Abraham** and **Adshead**, wonder if Tech. Stores will get nasty about the two Ansons which were lost

(Continued on Page 16)

By HAL BURLEY

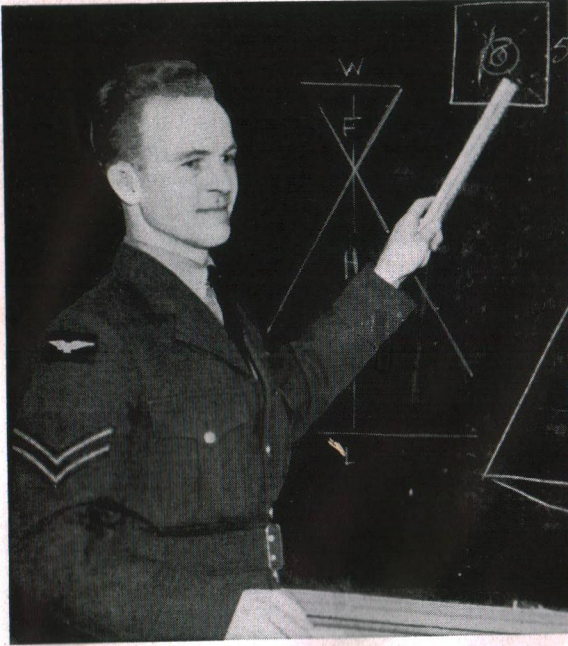
It looked mighty grim for Crumlin at the first of the year; a bunch of might-have-been pilots were thrown together with a number of I.T.S. shoe polishers, had 92B Nav. tacked on to them, and thus became the course to start the year for No. 4 A.O.S.

As those of us who are left look forward to graduation on May 19th, we find, too, that there are many happy occasions to look back upon. There was the time that "Firrst Navigator **Mutch** — "Scotty" to the boys, stayed just a little too long in the canteen, and tried to demonstrate the effects on the early retirees. Then there was the time that **McRae** had his own ideas about what the round white box was for. But this story has to pass the editor's desk. We'll never forget Sgt. **Woodward** for having the courage to state his ideas of how instruction should be meted out. "Red" **Watters**, if not for his laugh, at least for the hue of his hair.

PHOTOG SPEAKS!

"There are four kinds of pictures," Cpl. Len Dawson says, "excellent, good, fair and Air Force." The Corporal, of course, is kidding.

He isn't, however, as one of the young men responsible in seeing that the navigators turned out on this Station know the score when it comes to taking reconnaissance pictures. In the Service about two and a half years, he has spent more than 18 months on operational photography. Now, as a pedagogue, he gives a class in this valuable art to some 10 courses.



NEVER KNEW TILL NOW

(Continued from Page 14)

operative while free treatment facilities are available for those whom departmental doctors find require treatment and hospitalization.

Q. What is the period during which grants and benefits are operative?

A. **In the main, these apply for a maximum of twelve months or the period of service, whichever is less.**

Q. What is the scale of grants and benefits?

A. **Single men receive \$10.20 weekly and married men, with their wives, \$14.40 weekly. In addition, there are allowances for children and other dependents on approximately the same scale as paid by the Dependents' Allowance Board.**

Q. What about ex-service personnel who wish to establish themselves on the farm?

A. **The Veterans' Land Act, passed in 1941, takes care of this. Complete details of this Act will be given in a later issue, but in general it gives the veteran, as a grant from the Government, a substantial equity in his farm from the outset, conditional on his fulfilling his obligations for ten years. * * ***

(The next instalment of this feature will deal with procedure on discharge.)

Padre Welcomes Erks in Trouble

By J. BURKE MARTIN

There's one officer on this Station who doesn't care if your marks aren't so shining, or if your chances of getting that flat-top are less than nil. He's the new Station Protestant padre, F/Lt. P. R. Beattie, who's interested in Joe Erk only as a human being with some highly personal problems.

Not that the padre is indifferent to your academic work here; it's just not his business. The R.C.A.F. provides an ample staff to see to it that you're housed, fed, paid and instructed. But the padre is the one man who's interested in the airman as an individual.

F/Lt. Beattie, a husky fellow with a broad grin and a man's handshake, made the right kind of an impression right off the bat when he came to No. 4. He didn't preach a sermon. Or so it seemed. He just talked some good common sense, briefly and to the point, and more than one airman went away from the padre's first church parade thinking that here was a man a fellow could spill his troubles to.

And that's exactly what the padre wants you to do. Financial difficulties, domestic upsets, homesickness, spiritual conflicts—all these and a hundred other inner ailments are the things he can help you cure. He doesn't offer a panacea. Every airman's troubles are somehow unique. But a half-hour's chat with him—not as LAC to officer, but as man to man—might be just enough to drive those blues away.



No one could have a much better background for his present work than F/Lt. Beattie. For several years he was national secretary of the Student Christian Movement in Canada, a job which necessitated his visiting every university and college in Canada two or three times a year. He represented the Dominion at a world-wide S.C.M. conference in

Europe before the war, and in 1939 was chosen by the Church of England in Canada to be its delegate at the International Missionary Council session in Madras, India.

Native of Barrie, Ont., F/Lt. Beattie was educated at the University of Toronto and its affiliated Wycliffe College. Ordained in 1936, he was active in the S.C.M. until 1940, when he was made rector of the Church of the Epiphany in Sudbury. He was commissioned to his honorary rank only last November, and No. 4 is his first Station. His office, if anyone doesn't know, is in the Airmen's Lounge, and its door and his heart are always wide open.

J. Burke Martin, 99 Bombers, was with the London Free Press as a reporter for five years. Burke was also Associate Editor of The Fingal Observer while on course there.

92 Navs. Prepare To Leave

(Continued from Page 14)

while under their direction. **Ferman** is asleep (as usual) and the look on his face indicates only one dream—Mary. Over in the corner the “Buckshee Twins”, **Garneau** and **Morton**, mutter quietly as they cook up some more devilment for the next day, while **Falls** tries to cut short the conference. This wakes up **Du Feu** and **Fedoruk**, who promptly embark on one of their usual arguments about who did what wrong on which trip.

Foster, one of the few corporals who went overseas, is still trying to explain why he was 15 minutes late over the target on the last “Scramble”. Upstairs **Burnett** tells **Lussier** how lucky he is to train in “Canada” instead of Quebec. **Handly** combs his moustache and listens in.

Over in the Sergeants’ Quarters Sgt. **Cunningham** ponders over what \$2.25 per day will add to his little bit from the Government.

R. G. **Cunningham** vainly tries to sleep as **Dooner** fans the breeze with his latest flying exploit. In the Officers’ Quarters, F/O. **Balender** is still wondering whether to set A.M.T. on his watch or G.M.T. on the Astrograph.

Bradbury is going over the entries for the King’s Plate as **Dunning** comes in from Duty Watch Parade.

To set aside all fooling, with graduation drawing close, we appreciate the efforts made by all our instructors to turn a pack of potential G.D.’s into a crew of potential navigators.

NEW WELFARE COMMITTEE

(Continued from Page 13)

for compassionate postings or discharges; provide information in connection with rehabilitation and to direct personnel requiring legal advice.

The A.F.R.O. also states that the Committee is to be approachable as individuals and specialists in their respective fields, giving advice to airmen on their personal, social and financial problems.

A bulletin containing additional information is to be published shortly, with supplements appearing from time to time.

The four horsemen, **Plumb**, **Mutch**, **Urquhart** and **Kellaway**, crammed all their fun into one glorious evening in London, and the story still makes good listening.

Ross and **Fuke** have been together through a number of courses, and it looks as if they are finally starting to agree. **Ritchie** and the writer are agreeable, too, but the instructors think we go a little too far when the sextant shots come out exactly the same. Brother **Hawkins**, our ministerial aspirant, has carried quite a load in friend **Lister**, but he couldn’t be much help when it came to the Harvard Step Test.

McLeod and **Seacombe** haven’t been together long, but they’re in there fighting, and look like the dark horse team of the flight. Mighty atom **Shanks** has finally given up his fisticuff flare and settled down, and as the love-bug has hit **Shepherd**, the odds are changing rapidly on the student-most-likely-to-top-the-class.

Although we started as a problem class, we expect to be well remembered by our instructor, for on this day of writing, F/O. **Post** begins changing the end of his signature from F/O. to F/Lt. Could it have been us?

PRISONER OF BRITISH

(Continued from Page 13)

Precieux has very definite ideas about the Vichy Government, Marshal Petain and DeGaulle and about why the French people appeared to be slow coming to side of the latter. “Our people didn’t know DeGaulle. They did know Petain and admired him, for his war record and for coming forward—an old man of 84—when France was in desperate need. Now our people know what DeGaulle stands for and they are coming to his side,” he says.

A student in a Mauritius college affiliated with the University of Paris, Precieux, his brother, a navigator trainee at Mount Hope, and a group of fellow students, sailed for Britain when Madagascar was being invaded. Another brother, a military dentist, recently escaped from a prisoner of war camp in France and is now in the U. S.

POSTAL-PACKIN’ PAPPY



The Jim Campbells, who were sealed last month. When asked where and under what conditions he met his wife, the popular postal clerk said he couldn’t remember. That’s how stricken he was!

Sunday Concerts Giving Airmen Gen on Symphony

By FLT/LT. W. F. HAEHNEL

Not many years ago symphony audiences were small and confined to a few “long-haired” types and the socially conscious. Such affairs were generally considered stuffy and no self-respecting member of the younger generation would be found dead at one. Things are much different now.

Since symphony orchestras were forced by economic pressure to reduce their prices the number of young people in the audiences has increased enormously. This trend has increased since the start of the war. Many people leading busy lives find this an enjoyable and instructive form of relaxation.

For the past several months a small but interested and ever-increasing group of trainees has been assembling at 1800 hours on Sunday for the “Music Appreciation Hour”. At present the meeting place is the Recreation Hall, where the facilities for listening to music are very good.

The excellent record collection of the London Public Library is at our disposal and practically any standard work can be obtained. Proceedings are very informal and almost entirely of listening records with occasionally

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A Visit to the Station Movies

By JOHN V. GREENBLATT

The movies on this Station, which are shown in the Recreation Hall, are the only movies extant where the sound track synchronizes with the film so well that you can hear dogs talk and human beings bark. Only recently, as a matter of fact, I overheard one dog say to another, "what this Station does to a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer epic shouldn't happen to a human."

Now I'm a fairly typical airman who wears a blue botany all-wool suit, looks like Clark Gable, sings like Bing Crosby and dances like Fred Astaire, so I don't expect too much from the 16 millimeter camera.

I realize, also, that by the time the pictures get to the armed forces they've been run off in every two-bit house from Memphis to Medicine Hat. But when the News comes on the screen and the narrator announces Churchill in Casablanca I don't expect Humphrey Bogart to turn up.

Believe me, I'm not complaining because our sound system is so bad that it makes the actor's diction sound like he's chewing sand paper, or because the picture looks like it was filmed by a passport photographer. As a matter of fact, the film as it is shown on our screen is so cloudy and spotty that even your wife appears more desirable than Hedy Lamarr.

Perhaps I can better describe one of the Station movies by summing it up as a recipe: Take 4 parts of a London (Eng.) blackout, 2 parts of a Major Bowes amateur radio hour as heard over a crystal set, 1 chorus of Mairzy Doats and 2 parts of odour of manure. Shake well, and serve in small doses. Taken in large quantities, it's poisonous.

From this recipe you may have received the impression that the dialogue sounds like a recording of the Lachine Rapids. We are not that

SUNDAY CONCERTS

(Continued from Page 16)

words of explanation of the music to be played. The type of music on the program varies from light opera and musical comedy excerpts to the great symphonies and concerts; with most of the emphasis on the latter. Each program is varied to suit a variety of tastes and many of the numbers are chosen from requests.

W. F. Haehnel, prior to his appointment as a lecturer in Music at the U. of Toronto Con-



fortunate. Most times the film continues along its own merry way without the sound track, and, as one former Berlin correspondent put it, it becomes so quiet that it reminds you of the opposition benches in the Reichstag.

From Herb Gildea, who was working in the motion picture business before joining the Air Force, I understand that our movie house is getting the reputation of being one of the greatest pantomime theatres in the country.

Now, the operators of our movie machine on this Station, I am told, are two parolees from the Brantford Reform School. I hate to mention their names but perhaps if I do we might get to see a picture in which Reel No. 8 won't be shown before No. 3.

However, you can make book that Sam Goldwyn will be up here before long to see how our movie operators, Tubby "Tear-'em-down" Brophy and Lorne "Louse-it-up" Brennan, "improve" on Hollywood's million-dollar colossals. Both boys have wide experience, the former, racking pool balls. The latter is an unfrocked usher of a Famous Players theatre. (We're still friends, aren't we, fellas!)

The boys, however, have a reasonable explanation for the mix-up in the reels. They say, "Anybody can figure out a 'Whodunnit' if we run the reels in sequence. This way it's more interesting." Don't get me wrong; I love it here!

No. 4 A.O.S. Sets Example In V.D. Control

This school and the citizens of London can be proud of the low venereal disease rate among the service personnel at No. 4 A.O.S.

The February issue of *Maclean's Magazine* published the following facts about V.D. in Canada:

"The monthly incidence rates of V.D. in Canada as of October 1942 were:

"Air Force: 2.1 new cases per 1,000 per month.

"Army: 4.0 new cases per 1,000 per month.

"Navy: 5.29 new cases per 1,000 per month.

"No reliable figures exist on the incidence of V.D. among the civilian population, but there is good reason to suppose it may be greater than in the armed forces."

The rates during the past year have shown a decrease of approximately 25% of the above figures.

At No. 4 A.O.S. the V.D. rate of the past six-month period has been .5 new cases per 1,000 per month. We can take a bow for that.

EDITORIAL

The fight will not be over until V.D. is stamped out entirely. In the meantime, this school's success in V.D. control sets a mark for other military and civilian control bodies to aim at. It stands as a challenge to our own future efforts.

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE!

A Squadron Leader recently recommended for commission one of his corporals who, after passing before a battery of interviewers and psychologists, was returned to his unit as being unfit to hold a commission.

The Squadron Leader, piqued at the decision, wrangled an interview for himself before the board and appeared wearing a corporal's stripes.

Today the result of his interview reached him. Not only was he described as being unfit to hold a commission but the statement recommended that he be deprived of his corporal's stripes.

Sobel's Slam-Bang Mit-Mat Show 3-Hour Thrill for 2,500 Fans

By JOHN V. GREENBLATT

Converging on No. 4 A.O.S. by Rolls Royce, Anson and bus, a crowd of 2,500 passed through four doors of the Station Drill Hall last month to witness eight bouts of slam-bang boxing and wrestling, produced and promoted by Sgt. Eddie Sobel under the supervision of Chief Supervisory Officer Wing Commander Kingsland.

With all the colour and eclat of a Madison Square Garden fight fiesta, a near capacity audience, including high ranking officers of the Air Force, Army and Navy, saw game Jimmy Lowe, of Course 93 Navs, the newly crowned No. 1 T.C. Lightweight Champion, upset by one of the most superb boxers to grace the No. 4 ring, Sgt. Jerry Blanchard of Trenton.

Around the ringside were seen Air Commodore G. N. Irwin, Air Officer in charge of Administration, No. 1 T.C.; Group Captain E. G. Fullerton, C.O., No. 9 S.F.T.S.; Lt.-Col. Carmichael, Command Provost; Wing Commanders Mason, Ingram, Langford and Desbarats, and Clare Leavens, General Manager of Leavens Bros. (Training) Ltd. Also present were Mesdames O. W. Crawford, M. Carr-Harris, A. L. Pidgeon and G. A. P. Bricken-den, who comprise the executive body of the London Air Force Auxiliary.

Few, if any, who attended Crumlin's flag-raiser of the 1944 boxing and wrestling season will deny that the mantle of the late Tex Rickard does not fit Sgt. Sobel. And becomingly, too.

In the main bout Jerry Blanchard, former Bantamweight Champion of Canada, showed all the class of a title holder. A finished and cultured boxer, Jerry used the dynamite he holds in both hands plus the brain in his head—and he required all of it—to lay Jimmy low. Lowe had very little chance to use his famous sledge-hammer right on Blanchard, who kept him tied up.

The semi-final produced plenty of fireworks, too, when Cpl. Corky Corchis of Camp Ipperwash and F/Sgt. Hub Smith of Trenton slugged it out toe to toe for three rounds with the decision going to the soldier, who held a 19-lb. advantage.

The third bout saw No. 4's Benny Perlman push LAC Nourry of Fingal all over the ring. Benny, a weaving and bobbing boxer, was thrown

off his fight by Nourry, who kept back peddling, refusing to mix. Perlman used his head, however, by backing Nourry up to the ropes, where he pummeled him at will, winning easily by taking all three rounds.

Just prior to intermission, W/C. Kingsland announced that the secondary purpose of the boxing and wrestling show was to draw together dependents of the R.C.A.F. residing in London. He also pointed out that the Government, R.C.A.F. and certain organizations had made laws, regulations and provisions for the benefit of the dependents which were constantly growing and changing.

"The London Air Force Auxiliary," said W/C. Kingsland, "has undertaken to act as counsellor in directing dependents to the particular agency for the particular need.

"Dependents residing in the London district of R.C.A.F. personnel serving anywhere in Canada or overseas, may benefit directly through focusing their problems through the Auxiliary. No 4 A.O.S. has appointed a liaison officer to advise the London Air Force Auxiliary of new or amended R.C.A.F. provisions for dependents."

Three wrestling bouts completed the evening's entertainment, with honours going to Sgt. Sobel, who tangled with Joe Kavorie. Outweighed by 60 lbs., the sergeant, nevertheless, put on the best show of the evening from point of view of wrestling technique and excitement. He won on a foul.

In the other wrestling matches, Bunny Dunlop won over Johnny Gyroffy and Abe Zvonkin, former Hamilton Tiger football star, struggled 30 minutes with Powerhouse Ernie Powers to a draw.

The Ozzie Sumner Cup, given for the best performance of the evening, was presented to Jerry Blanchard. The Orth Cup, awarded to the gamest loser, went to his worthy opponent, Jimmy Lowe.

Ringside Ramblings

No little credit for the success of the boxing and wrestling show is due F/O. H. J. Heldman, WO.2 Fred Horton and F/Sgts. Len Cotton, Don Lindsay and Bert Tournev, who, with Eddie Sobel, worked like Trojans to produce a show of big-time magnificence.

* * *

Anyone who thinks that the STEAK has gone into obscurity should have been in the Sergeants' Mess after the fight. The late supper which the kitchen got up for the officials, boxers, wrestlers, managers and their retinue, brought back memories of that period, commonly known as the era of wonderful nonsense; when the word "ration" wasn't even listed in the dictionary.

* * *

Seen exchanging witticisms in the rear of the Drill Hall at intermission were Sgt. Don Baker, Cpl. Addy and LAC Al McCorquodale. When a couple of felines from town came through the door, Baker was heard to remark: "That faded blonde who just came in looks like a retired gun moll I used to know in Chicoutimi."

* * *

One of the girls who came in late caught Cpl. Wheeler off guard with, "Would you find me a chair, Corporal, darling."

Dad Jap Prisoner Son Joins R.A.F.

By STEVE MITCHELL

When LAC Anthony Fenton gets his "N" badge he won't be the first navigator in the family. His father, now a prisoner of the Japs, held a similar position in the Royal Navy Fleet Air Arm during the last war. His mother is also a Jap prisoner.

They have been in Japanese hands since 1941, when the Japs invaded British North Borneo, where Mr. Fenton was postmaster-general and supervisor of the Telegraphic Service.

On hearing of his parents' capture, Tony left Cambridge University, where he had studied for two years for service with the R.A.F. He last heard from his folks in 1940, when they visited him in England. From various sources, however, Tony has heard that they are as well as can be expected.

DEE-ARR**Officers' Advisory
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**Showers, Dressing Rooms
New Drill Hall Features**

Focal point of Crumlin's varied sports activities, the big Drill Hall, began undergoing a \$3,500 renovation last month from Station Welfare funds, which will transform it into a gymnasium second to none in the R.C.A.F.

Carpenters under the guidance of Architect Charles Bridgman started about mid-April to add permanent rooms to the north end of the hall which will considerably enhance its value to airmen and to visiting athletes. Twelve hundred square feet, the enclosed areas will house sports stores, equipment storage, the sports and P.T. office. Men's and ladies' washrooms and dressing rooms are provided, with five showers in all.

Novel feature will be the erection of a permanent boxing ring, which won't have to be knocked down and set up time and again. The ring will stand along the north wall, between the two new enclosures, available for mittmen at all times. On the night of big bouts it will be rolled out to the centre of the hall—two minutes' work for the Joe-boys instead of the former two hours!

**Urquhart and Burnett
To Graduate**

They come and go but we doubt if ever two more competent and responsible artists as George Urquhart and Ed Burnett will ever find their way to this school. With the graduation (May 19) of these two men, DEE-ARR suffers a great loss; we feel compensated by the fact, however, that so will Hitler.—Editor.

**CNT Unlikely to Replace Chesterfield
As Navs Favorite Indoor Sport**

By BILL KINMOND

If, one of these days, an airman brushes by murmuring something about "the thin red line" don't conclude he's gone Kipling. Most likely he's gone celestial.

The thin red line is just one of those things that happen to navigators in embryo and from now on its strictly a case of the students of Crumlin having had it.

Those two silos standing so aloof on the road that leads to the Drill Hall, and you know what else, are now operating 16 hours a day solely for the pleasure of navigators.

Take it from one who went through it—but not too successfully—the celestial trainer is a pleasure because no matter how lost you may be you simply open a door and,

the customary movement of the hands.

For the potential navigator the celestial is the acid test. Because you've simply got to know your stuff. You can't peek through a window, say "There's Stratford" and go to work from there. There'll be no delicious odors from the celestial when the going gets tough. For it's one place where cooking can't be done.

No doubt some enterprising navigator is going to try it, for with any new gadget somebody has to get his feet wet. But beware of the pitfalls.

All the exercises in the celestial are operational, over Europe, and they are strictly an astro and D/F. affair. You climb aboard with a sextant, navigation instruments, probably accompanied by a pilot and a wag, and from then on keep a firm hold on your rabbit's foot.

Anything that can happen in the air can happen in the celestial and, believe it or not, if you're subject to air sickness in the air, be prepared and take along a sick container because you might shoot a bird in the silo.

Brain of the celestial is the crab. This is the gadget that translates into a thin red line everything that happens in the trainer. Don't come down when the red line runs ten miles from the destination and start squawking that the crab is wrong. Because it's never wrong (so I'm told).

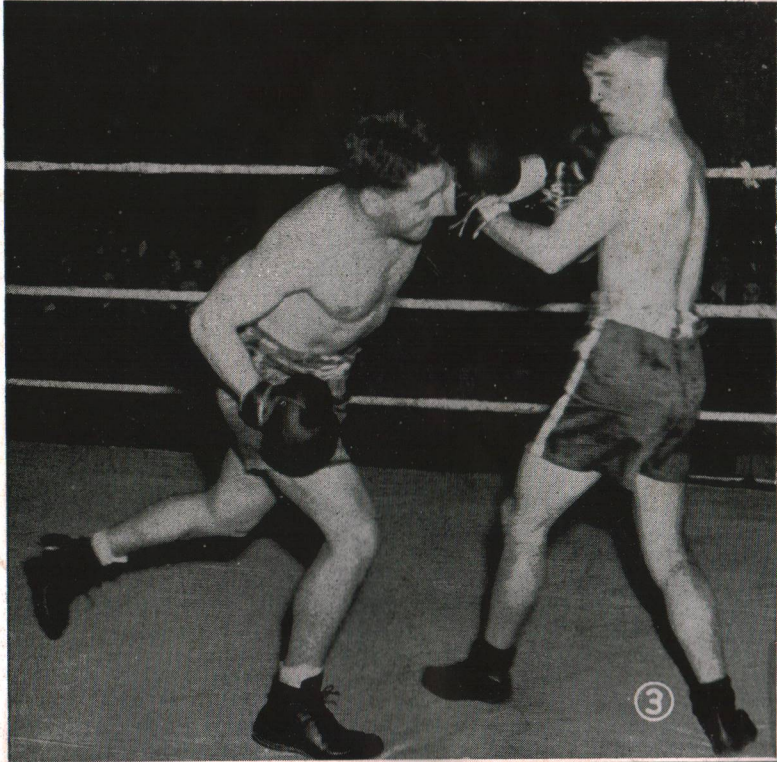
The crab is sort of an aeronautical mix-master. Into it goes the air speed, wind, alterations of course, whether dictated by the navigator or wandering by the pilot. When properly mixed the whole is spewed out in the form of a red line that tells the operator exactly where you have been and what you've been doing. And it also tells him what you haven't been doing, so you're licked from the start if you're looking forward to three hours of easy going.



wham, there you are—at Crumlin and only 40 feet in the air.

Highly touted for years by our cousins south of the border, the celestial Link trainer is the last word in dead reckoning indoor stationary navigation. For the student it is the ultimate in astro and D/F. navigation and, brother, you have to be good if that thin red line is going to go to your destination.

In construction it's much like the Link trainer that throws so many potential pilots at I.T.S. It is placed on top of a framework that stands 40 feet high and is reached by a spiral stairway—you know the kind that can't be described without



Picture highlights of Crumlin's flag-raiser of the 1944 boxing and wrestling season, held in the Station Drill Hall, April 18:

(1) Abe Zvonkin giving the business to Powerhouse Ernie Powers.

(2) Clare Leavens of the Brothers Leavens, Air Commodore Irwin, our C.O., W/C. Kingsland and a small section of the 2,500 enjoying the show.

(3) Eddie Sobel (left) doubled in brass that night, promoting, wrestling, and here is shown in the boxing opener coasting to win easily over Sgt. Bill Prendergast, whom he outweighed by 20 lbs.

(4) Jimmy Lowe (right) exchanging blows with Jerry Blanchard in the feature bout of the evening, which Jimmy lost after putting up a game fight.

(5) The spoils: W/C. Kingsland presenting Bunny Dunlop with a prize as WO.2 Fred Horton, the most photographed back on the Station, makes the announcement. In the rear are some of the contestants. Reading in the usual manner from the left, Benny Pearlman, Jerry Blanchard, Corky Corchis, Jack Nourry and Joe Kayorie.