



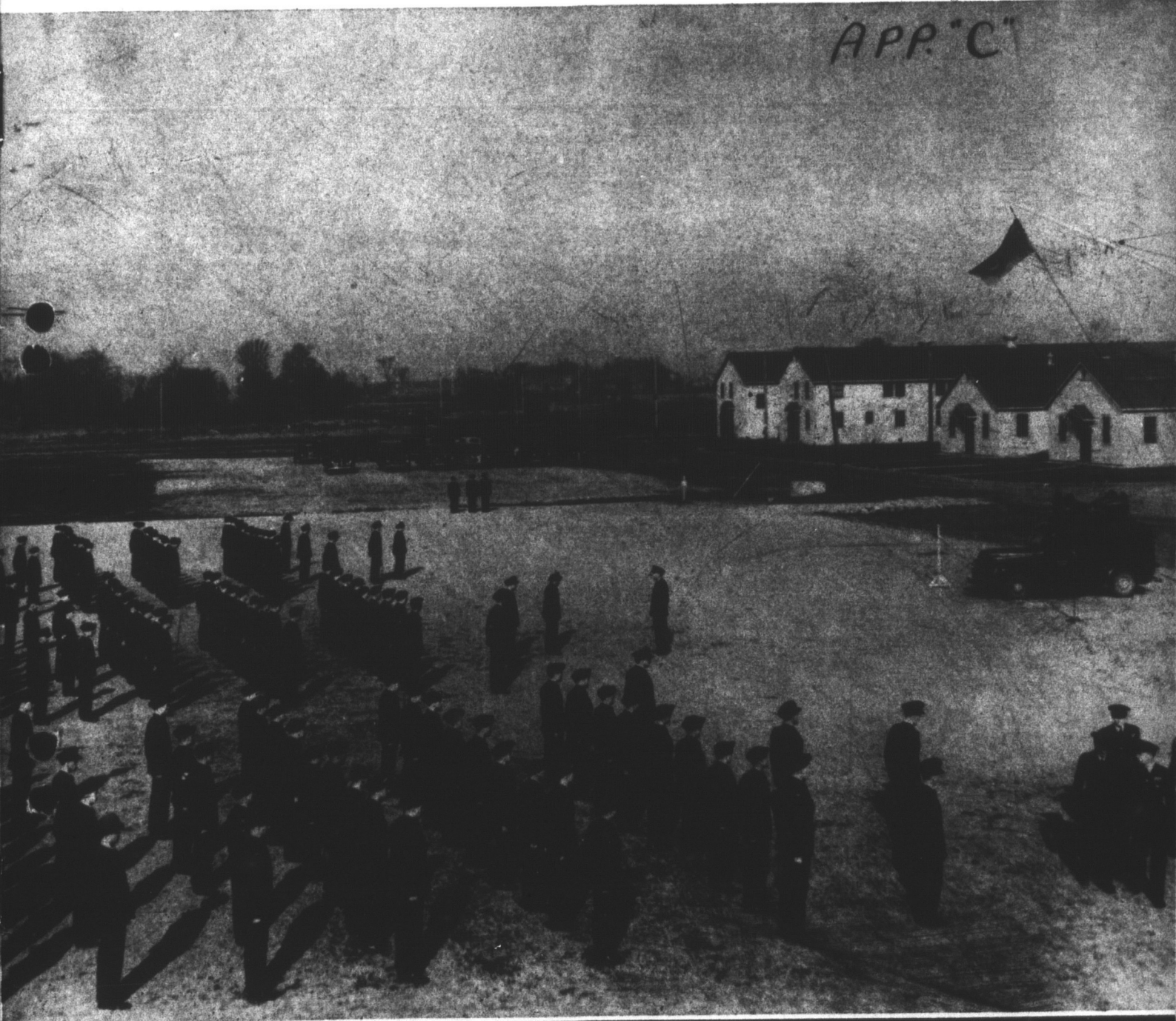
LONDON

AIR OBSERVER

VOLUME 1, No. 7

COMMANDING OFFICER'S PARADE—Photo R.C.A.F.

JUNE, 1944



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

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



ONE IDEA IS ENOUGH

For success one idea is enough, that is, if the idea is right and if it is right, stick to it like a burr to a dog's tail. Of course, there are men who have but one idea, and that one wrong.

Looking back over a full and active life the rise of a newspaper friend of mine stands out as an object lesson of the one idea and bulldog tenacity. His idea was right. He maintained that one thing only interests every human being and outweighs all others, and that is the human being himself.

He acquired, with little cash and plenty of mortgage, an ailing newspaper in a fair sized town. Then he put his belief into practice and made money out of it. Devoid of trimmings his motto was simply use your imagination. Picture yourself as the other fellow, delve into his mind and feelings, and if you do this successfully you attract his attention, interest and hold him. We lose our hold on a person and cannot follow him if we fail to see rightly where he is wandering.

The successful salesman sells his customers because in imagination he becomes the customer.

Parents and teachers fail with children when they cannot mentally become the little children.

Statesmen, writers, orators, lawyers and others fail to interest and convince because they are unable to forget themselves and inject their mind into their listeners.

My journalist friend pictured the mind and feelings of the other fellow so well that he soon had a saturation circulation for his newspaper and a bank account that was convincing proof his idea was right.



HAVE YOU THE JITTERS?

A prominent psychologist recently stated that the most successful people were those who were most highly strung. "The jitters," he said, "if they can be put to work, are a form of the most profound and productive nervous energy." He may be right at that, for Napoleon used to get so worked up he had fits, and Alexander the Great had a life-long case of the jitters that he finally cured by drinking himself to death. On a less pretentious scale, statistics show that nervous automobile drivers have fewer accidents than the more easy-going types.

WHY WE DO IT

Why does a gentleman always walk on the outside of the walk when with a lady. Here is the reason: Back in the Middle Ages there was no sanitation and most certainly no plumbing. The second floors of the houses were built out over the sidewalk so that the housewife could throw the refuse into the middle of the street. So the gallant of the day always took the outside of the walk in case of refuse dumping. He would get splashed instead of his lady fair. And we have been doing the same thing ever since.

An inspirational speaker urges youth, though sorely tried by the world chaos, to hold fast to its dream. She probably wouldn't let him go anyway.

An alligator starves because it doesn't know enough to back out of a hole. Don't be like that, Finland.

Whether in politics or business or society, the great leader is a man who so lives his life that others seek to emulate him.

What does a Berlin air warden do in his spare time?

Thousands Owe Lives To Blood Donations

Our men give all, family, friends, careers. They hold nothing back, but, stirred within by the urge of manhood and pride of race, they go forth bravely to face hardships, loneliness and danger, to risk life itself in a great cause. It is your cause for which they fight. But you are not asked to give your own life, but you can help to save one.

Those of us at home will not be less loyal, less generous than our fighting men. We can remind them daily of our gratitude and devotion by donating blood. Thousands of lives have been saved already by the use of dried blood serum administered at the scene of battle.

* * *

"Why should I marry?" said a confirmed old maid, "I don't need a husband. I have a dog, a parrot, and a cat." "But that has nothing to do with it." "Oh, yes, it has. The dog growls all day, the parrot swears all the time, and the cat spends every night out. That's enough for me."

* * *

"A poor memory means a poor mind," says a famous psychologist whose name we can't recall.

* * *

When you think Canada is pretty awful, try picking out the country you would rather be in.

* * *

Money is a great blessing. It's the only thing that reconciles the ladies to a man who has lost his hair and teeth.

* * *

You really need only one moral rule. If it doesn't hurt you or anybody else, it can't be wrong.

* * *

He: Do you shrink from kissing?
She: No, if I did I'd be nothing but skin and bones.

Over 110 Members Senior Civilian Lounge

More Civilians Should Take Advantage of Many Recreation Facilities — Pilots Are Now in the Majority.

The popularity of the Senior Civilian Lounge is shown in the rapidly increasing membership which now has 111 names on the rolls.

Recreation facilities include radio, piano, cards, an English billiard table, a ping-pong table, a small table for those who indulge in African marbles, and magazines, along with the appropriate furniture for resting and relaxation while reading. The bar is supplied with all confections and refreshments are available for those who wish to use their own personal permits in the Mess.

A large majority of the members are pilots, although approximately fifty other Senior Civilian personnel on the Station are eligible to belong. It is the desire and wish of both the Pilots and the Company for more of the Civilian personnel, other than Pilots, to be represented and those interested should take advantage of the facilities and reconsider becoming a member of the Lounge. It was equipped jointly by initial membership fee and Leavens Bros.

The official personnel and members of the Lounge wish to thank the following for their help and consideration towards a better Lounge:

Clayt Aiken has been overseer for the Company, purchasing furnishings and taking care of many miscellaneous items.

Mr. Gordon and Alex Johns of Stores have also taken care of purchasing and supplies.

Alex Mitchell for his carpentry work

Mel Carter and his Maintenance staff for maintenance work, electrical work and painting.

Earl Mercer for his care of the grounds and heating facilities

Percy Bennett for his M.T. section.

The acting officials wish to take this opportunity to thank all the members for any service and help they have given towards the Lounge.
W. H. STRAUGHN, Acting President.
J. HINDE, Acting Secretary.
G. POYNER, Acting Treasurer.

MORE BUS STOPS

Station busses now stop at any corner coming and going from the city. Stops at certain places only were made previous to the new order.



Upper photo shows scene in Senior Civilian Lounge, while in centre a group of members play cards with a few pals in background lending a helping hand. Lower (left to right): W. H. Straughn, Acting President; G. Poyner, Acting Treasurer, and J. Hinde, Acting Secretary.



TRIBUTE TO HELEN BOSS

Helen Boss of Garage Staff was recently paid a nice tribute of appreciation when the staffs of No. 1 Hangar and Fire Department presented her with appropriate and much appreciated gifts.

REPORTED PRISONER

W/O William Dennstedt, who remustered from Crewman and graduated as an Observer at No. 4 Station in December, 1942, is reported a prisoner after operations overseas with the R.C.A.F.



Quartet of Radio operators—Left to right: Gertrude Dowdell, Agnes Allison, Isobel Moore, Gertrude Mills.

FAREWELL PARTY FOR STORES BRIDES-ELECT

One of the most successful events of the current marriage season was a delightful party which the Stores Department staff held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Dickson on May 23rd. The affair was held to honor three brides-elect of Stores whose marriages take place very shortly. Two of the girls, Marion Nixon and Margaret Warner, will have tied the knot by the time this reaches print, but Kay McGeach is holding off till July.

During the evening a bingo game was played and enjoyed by everyone. Dot Hewer won the ladies' first prize by a wide margin and Clarence Fuller took the men's first, while several other girls and boys each won a consolation prize of Woods Liquid Shampoo. That probably accounts for the Stores blondes looking so blond these days, or has the quota of peroxide been increased?

After the bingo a tasty lunch was served and, although everyone seemed to eat a fair quantity, Bob Dickson claims they didn't consume enough as he has been living on sandwiches and cookies ever since. For her efforts in preparing the lunch Mrs. Dickson was presented with a beautiful bouquet of American Beauty and Talisman roses and

SURPRISE SHOWER

A surprise shower was given the three charming brides-elect of Stores, Miss M. Warner, Miss K. McGeach and Miss M. Nixon at the home of Miss Dorothea Rahn on May 18. Miss A. Williams and Miss M. Cowan assisted with lunch.

pink snapdragons. Her claim that these were the first flowers she had received without being sick was stoutly denied by Bob, who claims he gives her bouquets every summer—it's just that the neighbors' flowers aren't blooming yet.

Later in the evening each of the guests of honor was presented with a gift on behalf of the combined Stores and Purchasing staffs, the host acting as master of ceremonies. Kay McGeach received a pair of matched table lamps and a pair of pictures; Marg Warner a pair of "What-Nots" and Marion Nixon a dinner set and matching tea pot.

Although the party broke up formally at midnight, it continued very informally until the small wee hours with "Pop" Vining showing the boys (they were the only ones left) how to play penny-ante. Some of the boys had a pretty tough time getting up for work that morning but they all agreed later that the party was a great success.

Alec Johns and Staff Kept Busy at Stores

Alec Johns, the short, genial fellow in charge of the Stockroom at Main Stores, has a lot of responsibility in looking after the stock items of aircraft spares, cleaning materials, electrical goods, etc., and the exchange of unserviceable equipment returned by the various departments. In addition to this, Alec has charge of the laundering of all bedding and coveralls, not to mention the fact that he is "Joe" for Airmen's, Pilots' and WAG's lockers in the hangars. It is only because Alec is given such capable help by his two female assistants, Marg Warner and Kay McGeach, and his seven men that he is able to do the job right. Senior man among his Stockkeepers is Vern Armstrong, who does the Receiving and Shipping and, needless to say, Vern is a very busy man six days each week. The other men are Cliff Sanborn, Steve Heckendorf, Joe Cooper, Bert Scott, Clarence Fuller and last but not least, little "Glenn" Lowe, the Runner, all of them doing a fine job on the special sub-sections for which each is responsible.

Candid Shots of Station Personnel at Work and Play



Cliff Hunt snapped these pictures during a stroll around the Station. On the left top we have Beulah Hartford, of Kitchen, accompanied by Duty Pilot Stan Grabb's Great Dane. Right, top, Olga Gasky, Flight Hangar, and May Poyner, Radio, enjoying a sun bath. Lower left, Helen Boss, of Garage; centre, Mary Jean LaRoy and Vern Armstrong of Stores in an exciting game of softball, and on the right Pilot Walter Hollowell bringing in a run, while Margaret Cowan of Stores is set to put him out if the ball arrives in time. It didn't.

Welcome to No. 4

We welcome Pearl Connor, Elizabeth Evans, Merlin Day to the **Canteen**; Charles Barber, Sherman Smith, Frank Freeman, W. R. Duffin, Carl J. Brock, **Grounds Department**; Helen McComb, Norman McCallum, Myrtle Treneman, Rhoda Dufton, William Annetts, Thomas Dalton to the **Catering Staff**; Lawrence Gillick as **Electrician**; Clarence Greason, Catherine Bromby, Cicely Paterson, **Motor Transport**;

Ralph Beer, Ronald Vickers, William R. Currie, Basil Gooding, Allan R. Parker, Donald R. Bere, F. J. Cooper, Serguisz Junasz, Charles Hoskin, Vaughan Eberlee, Ronald Pincombe, Ronald Hodgkinson, Harley Kennedy, Basil Sandford, Arthur Cecil Dilling, Grant E. Emmons, Mitchell Newman, John M. Fleming, **Maintenance Department**; George Johnston, Edward T. Perkins, John W. Purdom, **Cleaning Department**; H. H. Luscombe, Ralph E. North, Anthony Shrive, Jack D'Arcy, Allan Honeywell, Craw-

ford Keith, Robert H. Lairdlaw, William A. Palmer, John Norman Rexe, Edward A. Foster, Donald C. Middleton, Arthur D. Swinson, Stanley G. Smith, John R. Moon, S. L. Spafford, John C. Kirkwood, Gordon H. Nanson, Stephen Koroby, Robert J. Thompson, as **Pilots**; Mary Jean LaRoy, Irene F. Rowley, **Stores**; Phyllis J. Neale, **Clerk Instruments**; Frederick Bridgeman, **Radio Department**; Daisy Leese, **Stewardess Pilots' Lounge**; Cecil Johnston, **Guard**; Orville, Mirehouse, **Instruments**.



Left to right: Mrs. Champion, radio operator; Virginia Luther, flight helper; Miss Mulholland, radio operator; Miss Haynes, nurse; Eula Shaw, flight helper.

Summer Madness --- or the Worm Talks Back to the Editor

By CHARLIE CARRUTHERS

When I go into my garden I do so with a great deal of reverence. I love nature, the smell of new mown lawn, the heady perfume of flowers and the tangy odor of new turned earth.

On Sunday morning, being care-free and having nothing to do—that is, practically nothing. Getting together a little snack called breakfast for the family and serving said snack with the deferential bedside manners of a successful physician, feeding the cat, washing the dishes, gathering up the Sunday papers (printed Wednesday, read Saturday night) now cluttering up the sitting room floor, and a few other odd chores, mostly odd, is really nothing and hardly worth mentioning.

The sun was high in the east when I took off from the house and landed in the garden with a shovel balanced on my left shoulder. A great day for fishing, I thought. I drove the blade into the luscious warm loam and by concentrated effort turned over a few pounds. Right on top of the pile appeared a large worm, handsome in his own right if you prefer beauty in that form. He or she looked up at me with twinkling blue eyes as I was about to sink the shovel into the ground again and laughed heartily. This was the first time I had ever heard a worm laugh. I have heard of the worm turning, but never laughing. I was surprised and a trifle peeved. People don't like to be laughed at, and especially by a worm. Particularly if it is a hearty



Cartoon—ED BOLES

guy. "What's so funny?" I demanded.

The worm stretched his long neck (I had decided it was a he by this time) and looked up at me. Then in a pleasing baritone voice said with a chuckle, "Brother."

"Brother!" I repeated, astonished. "The gaul of you calling me that."

The worm smiled and asked, "Did you get your chores all done, brother?"

"Shut up, useless," I sneered.

"There you go calling me useless. That's the trouble with you guys who think they know it all. I'll bet you're so ignorant all you think a worm is good for is fish bait."

"Nothing else I ever heard of," I retorted.

"Just as I thought," said the worm gleefully. "Educated guy. Know too much."

"What are you driving at, worm?" I demanded harshly.

"You are so dumb I'll have to put it in childlike language," says the worm. "The other day an engineer

guy was airing his learning to your neighbor over the back fence. He, like you, knew too much. He knew this and that couldn't be done. He declares that according to the best aerodynamics a bee hasn't enough wing spread to support its body. So it cannot possibly fly. But he forgot that the bee didn't have his knowledge, so the bee flies pretty good."

"Gosh," says I, "you got something there, worm." The worm gives me a dirty look. "Sure, chump," he says, "you ain't so hot. Ignorant, I calls you. You wouldn't know, but science don't overlook anything. Get this in your thick head. It is known that the poor little earth-worm you despise is the gardener's best friend. He oozes his way like an underground plow or drill eating dirt and dead leaves and anything along the way. He has a marvellous digestion because he dissolves all the vitamins and minerals and things and leaves behind a trail of fine, crumbly, rich humus and topsoil along his path. That is just what plants and bushes need to flourish on, stupid."

"You're a smart kid," says I grudgingly. "You really do pay for your keep."

"You said it, brother," snaps the worm. "You're such a lousy failure as a gardener because you know a worm is good only for fish bait, instead of letting him do his job."

That's all, boys and girls, so the next time my family calls me "Worm" I'm not going to get mad. They might be doing the lowly, humble little worm an injustice.

Employees Subscribe \$104,400 to Sixth Loan

Civilians Exceed Quota by \$24,400 with Cleaners Topping All Departments.

By GRANT MAGINNIS,
General Chairman

Thanks, Sales Staff

I am taking this opportunity of thanking each of you for the really swell job you did in the Sixth Victory Loan campaign. It was only through your continuous and untiring efforts that we exceeded our objective with such flying colors.

The most successful Victory Loan campaign in the history of our School has been completed. It is evident that the employees of Leavens Bros. (Training) Ltd. realize the importance of purchasing Victory Bonds to help bring this war to a rapid and victorious conclusion. The total sales of \$104,400 by far exceeds any of the previous loans and also increases the average employee to an all-time high of over \$122.00 per employee.

It is with the feeling of a job well done that we announce that all departments exceeded their individual objectives. Special mention and thanks to Cleaning staff, who, under the chairmanship of George Waters and Harry Whitcroft, doubled their quota to subscribe \$6,400. The second place honors go to the combined Fire Department and Motor Transport section who exceeded their objective by nearly 50 per cent and canvassed by Eli Davis and Perc. Bennett.

Flight Crews in Flight Hangars No. 3 and 4, under the leadership of Ed Bolton and Bas. Doman, achieved third place.

The campaign officially closed at the School on Saturday, May 13, but applications were still being turned in well into the following week. The prizes, to be awarded to the sales staff and the employees in the department exceeding their quota by the largest percentage, were drawn by our General Manager, Clare Leavens. The winners of the War Savings Certificates given to the sales staff were George Waters, Eli Davis and Ed Bolton. The names drawn from the winning department (Cleaning Dept.) were Agnes Roddick, John Nash and



Boys from the Main Office—Left to right: Wm. Toll, Accountant, and Joe Weekes, Paymaster.

Jennie Johnston. The following is amount subscribed by the various departments:

Kitchen, Cafeteria	\$ 9,050
Pilots	33,900
Stores and Grounds	5,900
Guards, Parachutes, Flight Clerks, etc.	3,500
Radio, Carpenters, Link Trainer, etc.	5,750
Maintenance Hangar	12,750
Flight Hangars	14,000
Cleaning Dept.	6,400
Fire Dept., Motor Transport	3,800

General Office, Canteen, etc.	3,350
Special Names	6,000
	\$104,400

The Stork Visits:

A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. R. Lundburg, on May 2, Valarie Jentina. Mr. Lundburg is employed on Maintenance.

A son, Brian Joseph Gill, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Kitchener T. Gill on May 22. Mr. Gill is in the flight department.

CAFETERIA



Mrs. V. Bow, who assists with the baking.

AT CAFETERIA



Mrs. Lena Joyce, one of the expert cooks at Cafeteria.

Stores Handle Millions of Dollars Stock

Manager Bob Dickson and Staff Kept Busy Supplying Hundreds of Articles Used in All Departments of the Station

A certain editor of a school magazine has been hounding one of his correspondents for months to get the inside dope on the Stores Department and at last, long last, it has finally come through. Actually the story should have appeared with the pictures of the "Men of Stores" in the March Edition, but it wasn't ready and since there was a possibility of those handsome men dying or being drafted before the story appeared, ye Editor wouldn't waste the photos and they were presented as an advance warning of what was to come.

The picture of Stores Manager R. B. (Bob) Dickson appearing in May edition is actually the second one taken for THE OBSERVER. Unfortunately, when Cliff Hunt took the first photo he had Bob against a blank wall, then when the camera clicked, Dickson had a blank expression on his face and Cliff never could find anything on that negative. Someone suggested using the picture off Bob's identification card which, strangely enough, is a very good likeness of the young man who started in the Stores Department on November 1st, 1940. However, no one would admit that it looks like the old man in charge of Stores now and we hear that Bob has difficulty identifying himself at the bank these days. When he produces this picture of the young fellow of 1940 the teller invariably says: "Mr. Dickson, tell your son to cash his own cheque."

Bob claims that it's the worry of looking after (or for) the several million dollars' worth of equipment on the Station that makes him old and thin. Off the record, we know that his biggest worry is trying to keep track of his Secretary, Marian Nixon, who is always in the wrong section of Stores when Bob wants her. They say he uses the buzzer so much everyone thinks his second initial "B" stands for "Buzz".

To most people at No. 4 A.O.S. the Stores Department is just the place to get something you want but haven't got or the place to get rid of something you've got but don't want. At least that's the way it

MARRIED



Margaret Ellen Warner, of Stores, who became the bride of P/O John Allen Douglas, of Toronto, on June 10.

A BRIDE



Marion Nixon, of Stores, who recently became the bride of Fred Wallingford, formerly of the Fire Department, now of Sarnia.

seems, to everyone in Stores but, nevertheless, the Stores Staff is one of the most efficient and happiest groups on the Station.

The combined Stores and Purchasing Department Staffs total 14 men and 13 girls and, although they don't comprise a very large group, they certainly make themselves seen and heard in any affair concerning Company Employees, be it sports, entertainment, a Bond rally or a Blood Donors' Clinic. This is largely due to the willingness of the staff to pitch in and help on any committee which may be formed. Needless to say, they do a wonderful job as witness the performances of Dot Rahn and Arleen Williams on the Entertainment Committee which fosters the Bi-weekly Thursday Dances among other affairs. The Boss himself often turns out to these dances with Mrs. Dickson, claiming that he's entitled to enjoy himself just the same as his employees. It is noted that he is also trying to make the Station Softball Team along with Les Reichardt and Clarence Fuller of his Staff and Geof Gordon of Purchasing. Bob feels that Department Heads should actively support all the various Station activities by encouraging their staffs to participate and also by taking part themselves whenever possible (that means whenever the employees will let the Boss in on

what's cookin'.)

The regular routine in Stores is, of course, the obtaining of materials and parts with which to maintain the Aircraft, Motor Vehicles, Buildings and Training Equipment in a serviceable condition. First, Stores must obtain the equipment itself from the R.C.A.F. and this means that demands must be submitted for everything from complete aircraft down to nuts and bolts to repair them, Radio Transmitters and Receivers and the 1,001 parts that go with them; Instructional Equipment (for the training of the Student Navigators) such as Sextants, Watches, Rulers, Dividers, etc., and Parachutes. In fact, about 75% of all the equipment on the Station has been handled at some time or other by Stores and the rest of it has been handled on paper.

The records maintained in Stores show at a glance exactly how many of any item you may choose which the School has on loan from the Air Force, be it a tractor or a needle to repair parachutes. They also show in which building or on what department's charge the items are held if they are not actually in the Main Stockroom. These records are contained on individual Cardex Cards, using a pair of cards for each different article, of which there are over 6,000. Multiply that figure by

(Continued on page 10)

Get Acquainted With Men on the Station

RADIO CONTROL



Kingsley N. Ireland of Radio Control Staff at No. 3 Hangar.

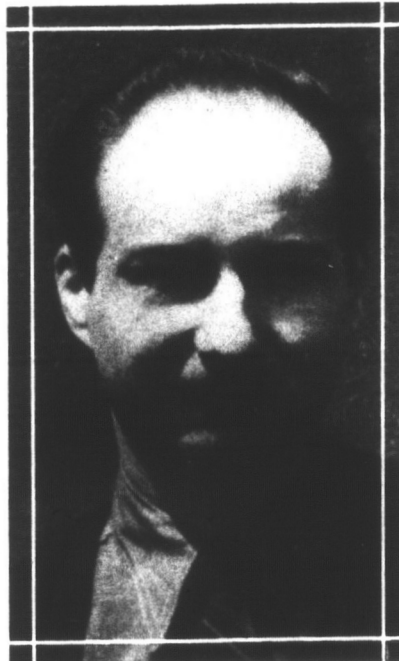
Girl (to newly-made corporal)—
"I'll always love ya. Even when ya
gets to be a sergeant I'll love ya!"

POLICE CHIEF



Gavin Monahan, for years a police officer and detective on City Police Force, now in charge of police on No. 4.

MUSICIAN



Stephen Heckendorf of Stores Dept. is a professional musician.

STATION MUSICIAN WITH DANCE BAND

Stephen Heckendorf, one of Stores energetic staff, has been a professional musician for 18 years. A specialist with the trombone, Steve has had his ups and downs during that time in the entertainment world of radio, dances, etc., across Canada. With war conditions and a less urgent demand for musicians he turned his attention to assisting in the war effort and came to No. 4 Station. Now he has been engaged for the summer season by the Alf Tibbs Orchestra, playing at Wonderland nightly, happy in his job here and back to his old love during spare time.

PRESUMED DEAD

Flying Officer John D. Hawkins, who trained at No. 4 Station and Fingal before going overseas in April, 1942, has been presumed dead for official purposes. F/O Hawkins was reported missing after operations last summer. He had been a navigator in the famous Pathfinder Squadron and was on second tour of operations. Well known throughout Western Ontario for interest in sports, he was born at Clinton.

ON CONTROL STAFF



Eric J. Hitzeroth of Radio Staff located at No. 3 Hangar.

First Soldier: "And what did the sergeant say when you called him a fool?"

Second Soldier: "Oh, nothing much. And I was going to have those teeth taken out anyway."

ALBERT "POP" VINING



Mr. Vining has an important job in charge of equipment in buildings.

Specialists in Welding and Metal Work



Left to right: B. Sandford, J. Boss, J. Mills, P. Genesi, L. Webb.

Welding Shop Keeps Airplanes In Shape

The Metal and Welding Shop in No. 5 Hangar is just one more very important department which is responsible for helping to keep the aircraft of No. 4 A.O.S. in the air.

What would happen if such things as cowlings, damaged nose sections, etc., could not be kept in first class repair at all times? So, under the lead hand of Jack Mills, along with Les Webb and C. Sandford, this job is done most efficiently. The Welding Dept. is taken care of by Jack Boss and Pete Genesi.

WELCOMED AS VISITOR

Everyone was glad to see Paul Kwasek back on the Station for a day recently renewing old acquaintances and looking over the enlarged school. Paul is now seeing active service with the Royal Canadian Navy, but was formerly a popular member of the Flight Hangar staff. Paul reports running into another old friend and ex-employee several times at Eastern ports and Newfoundland. Yes, folks, it's none other than Joe Yakowenko, who painted(?) Ansons here for a long time and left for the Navy just ahead of Paul in the spring of 1943. Incidentally, fellows, did you know Paul lost the R.C.N.V.R. crest off that beautiful ring presented to him when he left No. 4 A.O.S.? He feels pretty bad about it, too, but he's still wearing the ring.

WED AND TO BE WED

We are happy to announce that C. Haddad from No. 5 Hangar, one of our engine mechanics, has finally trod the matrimonial path. Also Ken Carswell, J. Gregory and Winston Morton intend to be married in the near future. Good luck, fellows; we wish you all the success in the world.

RECEIVE CERTIFICATES

Following is another group of employees of Leavens Bros. (Training) Ltd. who have received certificates of proficiency for having successfully passed all the examinations in their various courses taken through a special training plan with the Company and the International Correspondence Schools: Carl Edmonds, William Medland, Clarence Matthews, Gordon Phetteplace, William Galloway.

The successful completion of these courses has been the result of many hours of spare time study on the part of these men.

REPORTED MISSING

Sgt. Brian O'Leary, who graduated from No. 4 A.O.S. in May, 1943, is reported missing after air operations in France on May 8. Brian is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Grattan O'Leary of Ottawa. His father is associate editor of *The Ottawa Journal* and well known to Canadians for his magazine writing and radio broadcasts. Another brother, P/O Owen O'Leary, has been missing since August, 1943.

WINNING CREWS

No. 1 Airframe Crew were the winners for a second consecutive time at No. 5 Hangar. Personnel of this crew includes T. Dickinson (lead hand), F. Sherring and A. Prodger.

No. 3 Engine Crew were winners in this department. This crew includes L. Martin, W. Galbraith, F. Brighton and A. Harrison.

Stores Handle Millions

(Continued from page 8)

the quantity of each item (up to 1,000 on nuts and bolts, hundreds of parachutes and aircraft, thousands, yes thousands of chairs and tables, blankets and sheets, and what have you). You could go stark raving mad trying to find the grand total but if you want to really know it, go over any time and figure it out.

Ablly assisting the Chief Storekeeper are his three Senior Stockkeepers, Alec Johns, Bert Twiddy and Ted Edwards, and his Accountant, Les Reichardt. These are the men on whom Bob depends and they really do a marvellous job.

A man—who just celebrated his 98th birthday—was ordered to leave a home for the aged recently for "getting too chummy with the nurses."

Lady Pilot Gives Personnel of No. 3 A Thrill

OPERATIONS AND PILOT PATER

By G. M. S. HANSON

Operations regrets to announce the departure of a well-known pilot, Ron Keith, who has been reporter for THE OBSERVER in this department since it originated. Ron is a former editor of *Canadian Aviation*, and also past president of the Cheetah Club. Ron comes from Edmonton, Alberta, and, like many other young men, has enlisted in the Air Force, reporting at Manning Depot, Toronto, so may we all take pleasure in wishing him the best of luck.

* * *

Thrills and excitement thronged No. 3 Hangar when an American Cub visited this airport on May 10th, but greater was the thrill when a *Lady Pilot* stepped from the cockpit.

* * *

A hearty welcome goes out to "Herby" Luscombe, who has recently returned from No. 2 A.O.S., Edmonton, Alberta. Herby looks happier already—maybe a heart interest.

* * *

Several of our Senior Pilots have received postings and have bid farewell to No. 4. Such as: Bob Green, Bud Coleman, Bill Young, Bob Everitt, Dick Edgcombe and Doug Skaife. Then we have Jim Fowler and Hugh Melville, who have reported at Manning Depot, Toronto. "Good luck, fellows."

* * *

Congratulations go out to Floyd Crawford who was married May 10th, and also to Louis Quesseth on May 20th.

* * *

What do we hear about "Eric Ferris" saying good-night somewhere on Sherwood Avenue? Should keep an eye on the neighbors, Eric.

* * *

We must not forget to congratulate our friend *Bill Curley*, who became engaged to one of the pretty St. Joseph's nurses recently. Nice going, Bill.

* * *

Rumor says that "Jack Unger" has been seen lingering around the Radio Room lately. Could she be a *Blonde*, Jack?



Here we have Garnet Hutchinson, test pilot, showing Miss Dorothy Rohn of Stores the instrument panel on the new Anson V's.

KEEP THE WALKS CLEAR

Complaints are being heard about the parking of cars close to the walks in front of the Cafeteria, Employment Office and other buildings on the Station. This luxury parking forces pedestrians to descend into the roadside ditch or perch themselves precariously on the edge of the road in order to make a passage to the building. It is suggested that those who are guilty of this practice keep the walks clear. Sounds reasonable.

* * *

Seems that three of our Pilots—Jerry Doan, Jack Crewe and Bob Annett—have acquired the hobby of angling. On washout days we see them strolling off with all their tackle. Bob usually likes to carry the fish, but to date he hasn't had to work too hard; one day they had a record catch, though—they caught ONE.

* * *

This Station was honored on May 11th by two charming nursing sisters from St. Thomas—Nursing Sister Ray Davy and Nursing Sister Pat Carson. They also did a bit of aviating, the lucky pilots being Ron Nelson and Louis Quesseth.

* * *

Friends of Evelyn Teather are glad to know that she has recovered from the "measles" and is on the job again.

SECRETARY



Isobel Turnbull, secretary to the Personnel Director, Bert Lumb.

PRISONER OF WAR

F/O Hugh MacDonald, who received his wings here last June and went overseas a month later, is reported officially a prisoner in Germany. He was previously reported missing after his plane was shot down during a raid on German territory. Hugh, only 22 years of age, is a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. MacDonald of Brantford.

Ground Crew at No. 1 Hangar Doing Fine Job



Left to right: Ed. Andrews (Engineer), Frank Williams, Harley Marshall, Jack Holland, Ron Fitzgerald.

Engineer Ed. Andrews One of Oldest in Point of Service on Station

To the ground crew in No. 1 Hangar, bouquets for the efficient manner in which they are keeping the new Anson V's ticking. Four mechanics under Engineer Ed Andrews' supervision do the job. It is at this hangar that all pilots spend a specified period familiarizing themselves with the new ships before flying them.

Ed Andrews is one of the oldest in length of service on the Station, being with Leavens Bros. before the birth of No. 4. Ed, born at Brigden, is really a native Londoner by adoption with more than 15 years' experience as a mechanic, five years of which he was service manager in the automotive industry. When Ed says a plane is ready for the air, it is.

Frank Williams first saw the light of day at Kirkton. He has had a varied experience with many years as a mechanic. In his younger years he railroaded. He has been on the Station upwards of 10 months.

Harley Marshall comes from nearby Granton. In his youth he learned the butcher business but being mechanically inclined turned his attention to machinery. He has been here nearly two years.

Jack Holland is an expert on

MANAGER



Edward J. Frederick, in charge of the Canteen.

Diesel engines. Jack started out as a miller in his home town of Harris-mechanics and switched over.

ton but saw a better future in

Ron Fitzgerald, the youngest member of the crew, is a native Londoner. Ron is active physically, being a pretty fair wrestler. Formerly a machinist at Empire Brass Company, he came here nearly a year ago.

NEWS FROM NO. 1 HANGAR

Ronald Hodgkinson, who recently joined the staff of No. 1 Hangar, coming from Central Aircraft, is a fine musician. Ron plays the trumpet and piano expertly and would be a valuable addition to the Station orchestra.

Frank Williams, at No. 1, has a nice new Nash car, that is comparatively new, and is the envy of his fellow-workers.

There are now 61 Mark V planes on the Station and the old faithful Mark I ships are being distributed to other points. The new ships are parked on the grass to the southeast of No. 1 Hangar. The grass is long and wet feet are the rule for the boys handling them: They would be very grateful if the long grass was given a haircut.

SEE TRANSIT OFFICER

When in doubt about transportation by auto or bus consult Transit Officer Fred Gralich. In addition to issuing gasoline allotment permits for car drivers, Fred deals with matters of transport and keeps a close watch on maintenance of bus schedules that personnel may arrive and depart on time.

An idealist is a person who hopes people won't be as ornery as he knows they will.

DEE-ARR

Written and edited by R.C.A.F. personnel at No. 4 A.O.S., London, Ontario.

Dee-Arr is an extension of D.R., navigation term, meaning Dead Reckoning.

Stiffened Bomber Course Includes Navigation, Met. and Astro

ATTENTION FINGAL

By J. BURKE MARTIN

Featured in last month's *Fingal Observer* was a yarn by Sgt. Stan Mays, Fingal and Crumlin alumnus, headed, "You Think Fingal's Tough? Wait Till You Hit Crumlin." Mays, a former British journalist who was graduated here as an air bomber, drew an accurate picture of an air bomber's hectic six weeks before graduation, and pretty well summed up the course, its difficulties and its thrills. But little did he know just how tough the course was going to be almost before the ink on his words was dry.

According to F/L H. B. Turnbull, D.F.C., officer i/c air bombers at No. 4 A.O.S., the lads who will work for that coveted "B" wing from now on will have a syllabus as tough as any the R.C.A.F. has to offer. If Mays thought his six weeks was a grind, it's lucky he wasn't on course a couple of months later.

Gone, says Turnbull, are the days when the air bomber's course could

be considered a snap, a six-week romp after B. & G. It never was that, but he says, "From now on, air bombers are going to graduate as mild navigator-bombers, with everything that implies."

Here's the gen on the new course, which will be in full swing by the time this AIR OBSERVER is in your hands. Scrubbed are Recco and Photography, two gift subjects in

(Continued on page 17)

'Chute Head Jumper Vouches For Air Umbrellas Here

By BILL KINMOND

When a man makes a parachute jump from the level of Hogg's Hollow bridge (300 ft.), which is in Toronto for those who have just recently come to Canada, you know he has confidence in the parachute.

Here's hoping no one at Crumlin ever has to jump, but if the big moment comes, go ahead and jump with the utmost of confidence because the man who supervises the packing of chutes at Crumlin is the jumper, too, who could smell the green earth before he made his famous jump.

He's Vic Plowman, civilian in charge of the chute section. Charlie Carruthers isn't going to like us stealing his stuff, but when I arrived on this Station I was happy to find Vic responsible for the chutes.

After seeing him jump at the Toronto Flying Club, including the famous low level jump, I know that when he passes a chute it is as safe as any chute can be. Vic sort of says "nuts" to any suggestion his having made so many jumps should instill confidence in the chutes here, but you can bet your bottom dollar that a man who has been close to the other world as often as Vic isn't going to pass a chute without first satisfying himself it will blossom at the right moment.



S/L E. R. POUNDER

Chief Instructor at No. 4 A.O.S., who has been acting C.O. since W/C W. R. Kingsland was posted to No. 2 S.F.T.S., Uplands.

DEE-ARR

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87 Mk. V's Ready By End of Month

New Machines Better Equipped for Navigation Training — 2nd Nav. Has Seat.

By RON WILLIAMS

By the end of this month No. 4 A.O.S. should have its quota of 87 new Anson Mk. V's and all should be "on flight" shortly after. This is official from Jim Hardy, Leavens Bros. chief flying instructor.

Fifty-seven luxurious "Annies" have already been delivered and 20 are in service, Mr. Hardy says. At present the new aircraft are being "accepted" at the rate of one a day or as fast as the hard-pressed maintenance section can give them the once-over.

Hardy says one-third of the staff pilots have already been checked out on Mk. V's and the others will have been "wised" up on the re-designed machine with its streamlined fuselage, new Pratt & Whitney engines and cleaned-up cockpit arrangement by the time all the ships are accepted.

Eventually the Station will be using only Mk. V's. The Mk. I's that are still hanging together will be sent to B and G schools, the others to the happy hunting grounds. Nobody seems to know what's going to happen to the Mk. IV's.

The Mk. V. is a new machine from every angle, especially the second navigator's. At last he can quit roosting on the spar. He's got a place all of his own, back where the gun position used to be; far enough away from the 1st Nav. to avoid arguments over whether Woodstock is Ingersoll or Stratford.

An innovation is the remote compass. It's located aft to minimize component "P" and the allied soft iron effects in the fore and aft axis or maybe its component "Q" in the athwartships axis. Anyway, it works better back there.

(Continued on page 18)

NEW ADMINISTRATIVE LINE-UP

By RON WILLIAMS



S/L H. F. LEA
Senior Administrative Officer

The "O" wing worn by the new S.A.O., Sq. Ldr. H. F. Lea, makes him a pioneer navigator of multi-engine bombers. Before a good number of the navigator-trainees on this Station were born, he was telling the pilot of the world's first four-engine aircraft—the Handley-Page—what course to steer.

Navigation was very simple then, he recalls. "Just a case of map reading and pin-pointing. You'd recognize Liverpool or a mountain in Wales and you'd alter course accordingly," he says.

Transferred from the 13th R.A.F. Squadron to the Handley-Pages which were designed specifically to bomb Berlin but never got the chance. Before that he was a commissioned officer in the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment. His birthplace was Northampton.

After the last war he came to Canada, settling in Windsor. At the outbreak of this war he gave up his civilian job in the advertising business to accept a commission with the 1st Hussars, a London unit.

In May, 1940, he transferred to the R.C.A.F. After completing an administration course he was posted to Camp Borden, then to No. 1 Manning Depot and in September, 1940, to No. 4 T.C.H.Q. at Regina.

In April, 1942, he was sent to T.T.C., St. Thomas, as O.C. No. 2 Training Wing, then back to No. 1 "M" Depot as O.C., posting wing, and in May of this year to No. 4 A.O.S.



F/O T. R. GARBUTT
Station Adjutant

The new Station Adjutant is probably the Station's most eligible bachelor. At least, he isn't married, has an almost story-book background as an enterprising advertising man with Canada's greatest newspaper and advertising medium, *The Toronto Star* (advt.), and the appearance and manner of an able young executive.

That's F/O T. R. Garbutt, formerly training wing adjutant. Born in the West he, like most Westerners who want to make a place for themselves in the sun of Canadian business, naturally came East and landed a job with that aforementioned newspaper. That was in 1929—just after graduating from the University of Manitoba.

He advanced rapidly as *The Star* grew until he was handling the big amusement and radio display accounts.

Before receiving a commission in the R.C.A.F., he was in the Toronto Scottish reserve unit for two years. He took the admin course at Trenton.

F/O Garbutt is one of the easiest officers to approach you will ever meet. He is an excellent listener, even when the speaker is a lowly LAC. And he has the happy faculty of being able to dispose of problems as they come up. His desk never seems to be littered with unfinished business. If a problem comes up and can be settled right away, he picks up the 'phone and settles it. That's the new adjutant, F/O "Ted" Garbutt, "a swell guy."



F/O W. C. ROYNON
Training Wing Adjutant

New training wing adjutant is F/O W. C. Roynon, ex-A.C.2, whose memories of days of financial embarrassment peculiar to the ranks are still fresh. What else could explain the unhesitating way he dipped his hand in his jeans and came out with the buck and a half necessary to an unfortunate airman whose kit bags were being held until that amount was forthcoming.

It happened just before this brief interview started. The airman was unhappy. He needed a change of underwear but didn't have the \$1.50 charge for storage at the C.N.R. depot. He was new on the Station and too reserved to cadge off a fellow-airman. So he tells his story to F/O Roynon and clicks for the required amount.

That gives you some idea of the kind of officer the new training wing adjutant is. He came up through the ranks the hard way, enlisting at his home town of North Bay as a clerk. An ear ailment keeps him out of aircrew. He's travelled all over the north with a mobile R.C.A.F. recruiting centre, and has some pleasant and satisfying memories of those days. For instance, the time he enlisted a minor clerk, W. H. Swetman, now Wing Commander Swetman, D.S.O., D.F.C. and bar. Or the time he enlisted a kid named Bert Houle, now Squadron Leader Bert Houle, D.F.C., until recently C.O. of a famous R.C.A.F. fighter squadron in Italy.

You never can tell, he says.

London Bookies Lose Shirt As 94 Navs. 100-to-1 Shot Come Thru

By H. E. HARRISON

As graduation day draws near, Course 94A looks back with a sigh of relief upon its hard labours and "smartening up" under the excellent tuition of F/L Fletcher, F/O Marling and P/O Jessop.

Room 116 is a beehive of industry as I write this and the boys reluctantly(?) dispose of Mercators, Topographicals, Frying Pans and other impedimenta associated with the gentle art of navigation.

Bob, the new lover, and Stew, prepare for a combined "Scottish Feast", while Art is settling down to being navigated by his "missus". Brege, incidentally, is working on his theory of homing in on the astro compass (Montreal—we presume?).

A breeze wafts gently through the room; is Cookie dreaming again? D'Arcy Joe yells, "Hey, lad," as Phil requests a wind for Port Huron from either Cookie or Hoebe, our Met-man.

Dave rejoices in our new instructor from Regina, while Butch, condemning the East, dreams of the West.

Ted and Taff, mutually (or otherwise?) assisting each other, vie for the high average, whilst Big 'Arry (the keen type?) is a close runner-up.

Little 'Arry murmurs "Bazooka" and lapses into dreamland, whilst Herky's thoughts run along the same lines.

Sandy, our refugee from the Zombies, dreams of a flat 'at, while Doug thinks of that feast at Smallman & Ingram's in the early days and hopes.

So we pass on, leaving others behind to carry on the good work and uphold the navigator's motto—"Veni, Vidi, Vici — we came, we slaved, we made it!" Plus Course 94A's special motto—"Man is not lost as long as he can cook!"

By DENNIS WRIGHT

After a tremendous battle against very superior odds, 94B has finally come through to the bitter end with many achievements and pleasant memories.

We shall always remember Vokey with his assumed navigation and Met briefings while Williams, I ex-



MAN IS NOT LOST — SO LONG AS HE CAN COOK!

pect, will continue to show everyone where the horse bit him. The Brantford Kid will still be shopping when he gets overseas, we expect, but, above all, we mustn't forget Romeo Happy-Day Skelton who was recently renamed "Enoch" and his publicity man, Robertson. Practically everyone is noted for something peculiar, e.g., "Get-me-a-dreeft Lamontagne," Met-man Woodley, the health and beauty expert Voce, and our two cool tempered redheads, Riel and McLeish.

We would like to remind Woody that cats and liquor don't mix and Stan and Eric that they *can* be saved if they try hard enough. Finally we must mention our two foreigners, "Nick" the Detroit playboy, and the "Perth Kid" from where ??? — Scotland. Then we have the "gen" men—Bunny the mathematician and Meakins the astro-wizard.

Perhaps the most inconspicuous lads of the course were Mercier, Lerman and McKeen, but we won't forget them.

Now we would like to end with these famous last words of the second navigator, "I thought the bomb-doors were open."

Capsule Criticisms On Latest Library Additions

John Roy Carlson's "Under Cover" says WALTER WINCHELL

The most sizzling expose of the Nazi underworld in the U.S. Carlson risked his life for years joining subversive groups to get the goods on them. It all is drenched with new and exciting material which makes "Under Cover" a powerful weapon on the home front.

Arthur U. Pope's "Maxim Litvinoff" says JOSEPH E. DAVIES

The life of Maxim Litvinoff should be of the greatest interest and value to the public, not only because of the dramatic quality of his full life and his important career as a statesman, but also because it provides an account of the foreign policies of the Soviet Union in the last twenty years. I know of no one better qualified to undertake such a work than Arthur U. Pope, not only because of his familiarity with Litvinoff's career but because of his extensive travels in the Soviet Union and his first-hand acquaintance with Russian leaders and people.

Gregory Meikins' "The Baltic Riddle" says MAX WERNER

Mr. Meikins' book shows the position of the Baltic States in the European as well as in the world crisis, their relations to the policies of Germany, Russia and the Anglo-Saxon powers. The book is brilliantly written. Unquestionably it is the best book in this field and its complex problems. Nor can I conceive of a more timely book. The questions it discusses will be of crucial importance for the coming peace conference.

CURRENT AND CHOICE

"Creeps By Night", by Dashiell Hammett.
 "Promise Day", by Pearl Buck.
 "Good Night, Sweet Prince", by Gene Fowler.
 "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn", by Bettv Smith.
 "The Lost Week-End", by Charles Jackson.
 "A Guide for the Bedevilled", by Ben Hecht.

Padre's Success Due to Good Baseball Eye, Listening Ear and Smile

By RON WILLIAMS

That slim figure in the neatly pressed khaki shorts and shirt you may have seen playing left field for the officers' softball team isn't Joe DiMaggio. It's the R.C. padre, F/L. L. J. Flynn. His enthusiasm for softball is second only to his enthusiasm for his work—that of bringing spiritual comfort to his flock of 160 at No. 4 A.O.S.

Third only to his verve for his job is his liking for a good mystery story. His library card has more "Whodunit" entries than any other on the Station. Ask the librarian and also editor of this sheet.

That gives you some idea of the kind of priest Father Flynn is. You only have to talk to him for a few minutes to understand why a certain trainee recently called him the "most human priest I have ever met."

You can talk his ear off and he's always ready for more. The trainee who paid him the high compliment almost did talk his ear off—six solid hours, with the airman doing the talking and Father Flynn the listening.

He's the man with the widest, happiest smile on the Station. It just won't come off. No matter where you see him—even when he strikes out with the bases loaded and two out—he's always smiling.



In addition to ministering to the R.C.'s on the Station, he teaches a full university course at St. Peter's Seminary, London.

SOCIETY NOTES

By JIM CAMPBELL

Cpl. George Fackler was host to four members of the Bridge Club at No. 4 A.O.S. last month. The party took place in the Airmen's Lounge and was attended by Cpl. Smith of the S.P.'s, M. O. Wheeler and Bill Holland of the Orderly Room and LAC Slats Slater of the Photo Section. (Owing to that recent blessed event, Butch McGonigle had to stay home with the kids.)

The girls—we means the guests—were all attired in the latest fashion of the year. Smitty wore a beige blue suit adorned with two chevrons on each arm; his accessories consisting of the C.V.S.M. and Canada badges on each shoulder. "Slats" Slater was dressed modestly in a Royal Blue suit adorned with rusty gold buttons and rank badges of a Leading Aircraftman. Yours Truly shamelessly arrived in a last year's sports outfit consisting of tan trousers and powder-blue sports coat, also with rust buttons and a gay coloured C.V.S.M. Bill Holland, always so

beautifully groomed, ankled in wearing an aquamarine blue suit with matching accessories.

The knitting was put away about 10 o'clock and the game commenced. Smitty and Slater pitted against the formidable Wheeler-Holland combine. By midnight, greatly assisted by Wheeler consistently overbidding his hand, Smitty and Slats cross-trumped their way to the front and kept the lead for the rest of the evening. The game finally broke up when Holland trumped Wheeler's ace and lost a handful of hair in payment.

Cpl. Fackler served late supper prepared in the Airmen's Mess, daintily offered on a tray made of a Shredded Wheat box. The sandwiches were wrapped in White Swan paper to conserve the flavour of the beef and cheese. Apple juice laced with V.O. concluded the tasty repast and the girls—we mean the boys—dragged themselves back to the barracks.

7 - Wicket Post Office Under Construction Here

By JOHN V. GREENBLATT

After what seemed like a year (and it's been a year) since the plans for the new Station post office were submitted to Ottawa for approval, work finally got under way at the close of May which will transform our postage-stamp post office into a post office.

Under the guidance of the Station's Supervising Engineer, George Pelly, the Sterling Construction Company is fast making ready the seven-wicket post office which will make possible for the three men who inhabit it, Cpl. Teddy Addy and LAC's Spats Skarratt and Jim Campbell, to take a deep breath without blowing in each other's face.

The plans for the post office, designed to look like a vest pocket edition of the one in town, calls for general delivery, registered mail, money order, parcel and stamp wickets. On the other side of the wickets (the rumor that the wickets are sterling silver is unfounded) will be a 24-foot sorting table, parcel racks, pigeon holes and everything that goes up to make a modern post office.

Questioned about carrier pigeon service, Cpl. Addy said, "Perhaps a little later." To my query as to when he thought the alterations would be completed, he said, "This is dependent upon whether the carpenters can tear themselves away from the Racing Form."

TRAINEE FROM VIENNA IS DOCTOR OF LAW

If you run across a swarthy looking airman of medium height in the Canteen who speaks with an accent which is a combination of German and Oxford, don't turn him in as a spy. For that's Peter Bauer, navigator, anti-fascist and lover of democracy.

Pete beat it from Vienna in 1938 just before the Germans moved in and made his way to the Barbados via Italy, Spain and England. A Doctor of Law, Bauer worked for Lloyds in the Barbados before enlisting in the R.A.F.

While at the University of Vienna he was captain of the chess team. He was considered one of the best players in the British West Indies.



BOUDOIR BEAUTIFIERS: In the matter of barrack room neatness, hand the plum to F/Lt. A. B. Jackson's course, 98A Navs. Here are the blushing heroes whose quarters were the subjects for those new pictures showing "How to keep your billet and influence people." Front row, right to left: Al Cornwall, Len (Stouffville) Wilkes, Burt Martin, Armand Charbonneau, Fred Fisher, Arlie Sinkowski, "Junior" Coulter, Dave Shuster, Roy Cairns, Dick Beard. Back row: Jack Ferguson, Bill Abraham, Charlie Spall, Lloyd Current, Jack Bamford, Ron Williams, Roy Mills, Dick Brown and John Alvin (I'm from Woodstock) White.

Things We Never Knew Till Now

Q.—What do ex-service personnel get on discharge from the Armed Forces?

A.—At present, regulations provide for thirty days' pay and one month's dependents' allowance if service personnel have had 183 days' continuous service. The clothing allowance recently has been raised to \$65.00, not payable, however, to officers. A free railway warrant is given to the man's home community at the time of entering the service, or to any other place, provided no extra cost of transportation is involved.

Q.—What about furlough pay?

A.—This applies to those with overseas service. Depending on the period spent overseas, full pay and allowances may be paid on return from overseas for a period up to thirty days.

Q.—Are all ex-service personnel entitled to these discharge allowances?

A.—No. If ex-service personnel are discharged for reasons of misconduct, the discharge allowances do not apply. If they are discharged at their own request, or if an officer resigns his commission, they do not apply.

Q.—What about medical and dental treatment?

A.—As a matter of routine, all service personnel are given a complete medical and dental check before discharge. Necessary treatment is noted and personnel are eligible for that treatment free of charge for one year after discharge. Application for the dental treatment, shown as necessary at the discharge examination, must be made within 90 days of discharge, although there is provision under treatment reg-

ulation for dental treatment also during the year following discharge. Pensioners are entitled to treatment for life.

Q.—What department takes care of discharge allowances?

A.—Discharge procedure and allowances are the responsibility of the Department of National Defence. Once the discharge procedure is complete ex-service personnel come under the program of the Department of Pensions and National Health.

Q.—What information am I given on the rehabilitation program on discharge?

(Continued on page 18)

STIFFENED BOMBER COURSE

(Continued from page 13)

which many an A/B used to knock off an easy 85 or 90%, and thus boost a poor average. In their place are substituted Meteorology and Astro, a definite reversion to the old Nav. "B" curriculum. Signals will remain the same, as will Aircraft Recognition.

Air Bombers will spend many an hour in the A.M.B.T., an old friend of B. & G. days. Number of hours in all synthetic training devices is to be upped. Heaviest emphasis, though, will be on Navigation. Students will be required to navigate a complete trip by themselves

and bomb as before, no longer relying on pukka navigators to get them where they're going. As F/L Turnbull puts it, "Navigators are specialists in one thing—Navigation; Air Bombers will be specialists in two things—Navigation and Bombing."

Selection standards have been stiffened considerably, and re-selection directives from the bosses in Ottawa say that a C/T'd pilot or navigator must be pretty hot at subjects related to the new course before he is to be remustered air bomber.

Staff Unbeaten In House League

Perlman Gives Up One Hit in Four Innings.

By JOHN V. GREENBLATT

Before an "indirect" crowd of hundreds, who watched from the windows of near-by barracks, Mess Hall, the Sergeant's Lounge and Father Flynn's coupe, the Staff kept its unbeaten record of four straight wins intact last month when it trounced No. 6 R.D. by a score of 21-8.

Playing hard, heads-up ball behind Benny Perlman's spectacular pitching, the Staff took advantage of every opportunity to amass 21 runs with only 8 hits against a stronger opponent than the score indicates.

The game was played on the uncultured and unserviced grounds of Croven Field (near the Mess Hall) because the Station diamond was at that time under construction.

Clark, who pitched for No. 6 R.D. (here on temporary duty from Trenton), had a terrifying speed ball that was bullet-like coming out of the wind-up, but failed to hit the target, allowing 7 walks in his 4-inning pitching regime. That, together with a few errors in the infield due mainly to the uneven terrain, set the Staff off to a 7-run rally in the opening inning from which No. 6 never quite recovered.

Perlman kept the temporary duty visitors waving the bat in the wind as they tried to hit his speed ball with a twist, allowing 1 hit for 4 innings.

Clark, Chandler and Kruger shone for the visitors.

GREER AND AYLMER DEFEAT STATION TEAM

As we go to press the Station Team took a trouncing from No. 14 S.F.T.S., Aylmer, to the tune of 8-3. Leading and then holding the powerful and well organized Aylmer team for five innings, the Station Nine cracked in the last half of the fifth when Joe Greer, whose big league pitching allowed only three hits, started things moving for the visitors with a clean single to centre which ended in a three-run rally before the inning came to a close. The Station's Cec Cocks, who until that time had been pitching steady

SECURITY

When Lord Vansittart visited America, he spent a few days at West Point. There he was shown the maps, laboratories, Radar work, chemical warfare experiments and every secret device which is being used by the U.S. Army and Air Force. . . Then, one morning, Vansittart took a walk around the West Point grounds, alone. He walked through the gardens, the cavalry field, across the encampments, until he finally reached the football field. He was about to enter it, when some guards stopped him. "Sorry, sir, but no visitors," they told him. The British official, who had just learned practically every secret of American warfare, identified himself, but the guards still barred his way. "There's something secret going on in there," he was told, "and no outsider may see it." . . . "But what is it?" asked His Lordship. . . "Secret practice," a guard whispered, "for the Navy game."

—LEONARD LYONS,
N.Y. Post.

TEAM STANDINGS

Team	Plyd.	W.	L.	Pts.
Staff	4	4	0	8
Officers	2	1	1	2
Wags	2	1	1	2
All-Star Trainees	2	1	1	2
Pilots	2	1	1	2
6 R.D.	4	0	4	0

Leading Pitchers

Name	Team	W.	L.	Perc.
Cotton,	Staff	2	0	1000
Perlman,	Staff	1	0	1000
Sheehy,	Wags	0	1	000
Gardner,	Officers	0	2	000
Clark,	6 R.D.	0	1	000

Leading Hitters

Name	Team	AB	Hits	PO	Perc.
Cocks,	Staff	4	4	0	1000
Bartley,	Officers	1	1	0	1000
Roynon,	Officers	8	7	1	875
Grass,	Wags	6	5	1	833
Cotton,	Staff	15	12	3	800
Sobel,	Staff	9	7	2	777

ball with indifferent support, benched himself and was replaced by Len Cotton who finished the game.

NEVER KNEW TILL NOW

(Continued from page 17)

A.—Literature which has been prepared on the program has been distributed to unit officers. You should receive this directly authority has been granted for your discharge. The services of Veterans' Welfare Officers are available to advise and assist you. They can be found in Employment and Selective Service Offices in key centres across Canada. If there is no Veterans' Welfare Officer in your community, your local branch of the Canadian Legion has the necessary information and its officers will be glad to advise you.

The next instalment of this feature deals with regulations covering return to former civilian positions.

87 MKV'S READY

(Continued from page 13)

Readings are somehow transferred from the main compass by an electrical motor to the pilot's compass and to the 1st Nav's compasses. Don't ask us how. The 1st Nav. also has a clock that doesn't lose or gain an hour or so a day, an altimeter and an airspeed indicator. The 2nd Nav. has an altimeter, airspeed indicator and a compass.

The best news of all, however, is the heating system. In summer you are going to get air conditioning and in winter, heat, and we don't mean fumes. "There are five separate heat units," Hardy says, "you'll be able to navigate in your shirt sleeves in the middle of winter."

Pardon us. That's not the best news. The best is you don't have to wind up that DEHS'S&SHEA&DH blanshdu874,2# undercarriage. And of course there's the astro dome, plus windows you can see through with astro-compass brackets in each. Shovin' the astro-compass out through the back window is gone forever.

CAUTION

Here's a word of caution from Mr. Hardy: Make sure your safety harness is done up on take-off's and landings. The Mk. V. has a definite tendency to ground loop to the left. In addition the brakes are very, very touchy. 'Nuff said.

Y.M.C.A. CELEBRATING CENTENNIAL; REVIEWS SERVICE IN FOUR WARS

By DON MARLETT,

No. 4 A.O.S. Y.M.C.A. Supervisor.

There is something awe inspiring in the celebration of a centennial year, particularly when one celebrates one hundred years of service such as the Y.M.C.A. has been able to offer to the youth of the world.

The Y.M.C.A. was organized on June 6, 1844, by George Williams, a draper's clerk. The founders were 12 young men, none of them over 23. A Montreal merchant on a business trip to England heard about the Y.M.C.A. and as a result on Nov. 25th, 1851, the first Y.M.C.A. in North America was organized in Montreal. To-day the Y.M.C.A. operates in 60 countries with 10,000 branches and two and a half million members.

The Canadian Y.M.C.A. has served in four wars: The Fenian Raids, the Boer War, World War No. 1 (where it was the only Canadian volunteer agency, excepting the Red Cross, serving in France) and in the present war the Y.M.C.A. serves in Canada, Alaska, Labrador, Newfoundland, Great Britain, Sicily, Italy and other places in the Mediterranean. More than 400 trained "Y" Supervisors are with the Canadian troops wherever they may be. They are charged with the responsibility of directing the recreational, sporting and cultural activities of the men, in other words, the keeping up of good spirits and high morale.

Overseas, in the United Kingdom, the Canadian Y.M.C.A. is serving men of the Forces at 2,115 separate locations, including 14 hostels and town centres, 921 regular Y.M.C.A. centres, 1,170 forts and outposts and 10 hospitals. In the Mediterranean, North Africa, Sicily, Italy and Iceland the "Y" is working at 590 different locations, including 8 hostels and town centres, 154 regular Y.M.C.A. centres, 425 forts and outposts and 3 hospitals.

During the year 1943 in Canada alone the sum of \$152,494 was spent on film rentals, representing services in 781 centres with 880 showings per week, the monthly attendance being 725,000 persons. Many more thousands of dollars were spent on athletic equipment, entertainment, free cigarettes, matches and movie projectors.

Teddy Was The Bayonet Champion

When He Was Champ

Meet the Champ. That sturdy, broad-chested gentleman in blue uniform, Assistant Police Chief Teddy Akiens seen daily pursuing his duties on all corners of the Station, is or was, correctly speaking, the champion bayonet fighter at West Sandling Camp during World War One. At that time Teddy was Staff Sergeant/Major Instructor. Of course that was some time ago, but we will still bet on Teddy for the bayonet championship of No. 4. We don't like bayonets. They make nasty holes in the anatomy if you don't dodge or parry them in a split second.

Assistant Chief Akiens, who has been on the Station since its inception and in charge of Guards while the Airport was building, enlisted with the 33rd Battalion in London. He taught physical, bayonet, sword and foil and developed a drill team that was second to none in Canada. In England he became staff instructor to Officers Classes at West Sandling. It was here he won the bayonet championship.

Later he was transferred to the



19th Battalion in France and served with that unit until demobilized in Toronto in 1919. Teddy has three sons serving in this war: Cpl. Lionel and William, both with the Canadian Provost Corps in England with four years' service, and Sgt. Cyril, eldest son, with the R.C.A.F. Service Police at Saskatoon.

BEING AN EDITOR

Getting out this paper is no picnic. If we print jokes, people say we are being silly;

If we don't, we're too serious.

If we stick close to the desk all day, We should be out getting news.

If we go out and try to hustle,

We ought to be on the job at the desk.

If we don't print contributions,

We don't appreciate genius—

If we do print them, the paper is filled with junk.

If we make a change in the other fellow's write-ups we are too critical—

If we don't, we're asleep.

If we clip things from other papers We are too lazy to write them ourselves;

If we don't, we're stuck on our own stuff.

Now, like as not, some guy will say We swiped this from some other paper!

Well — we did !!!

The dryest story—An Irishman and a Scotchman went into a saloon and the Irishman forgot to bring his money.

W/C Kingsland

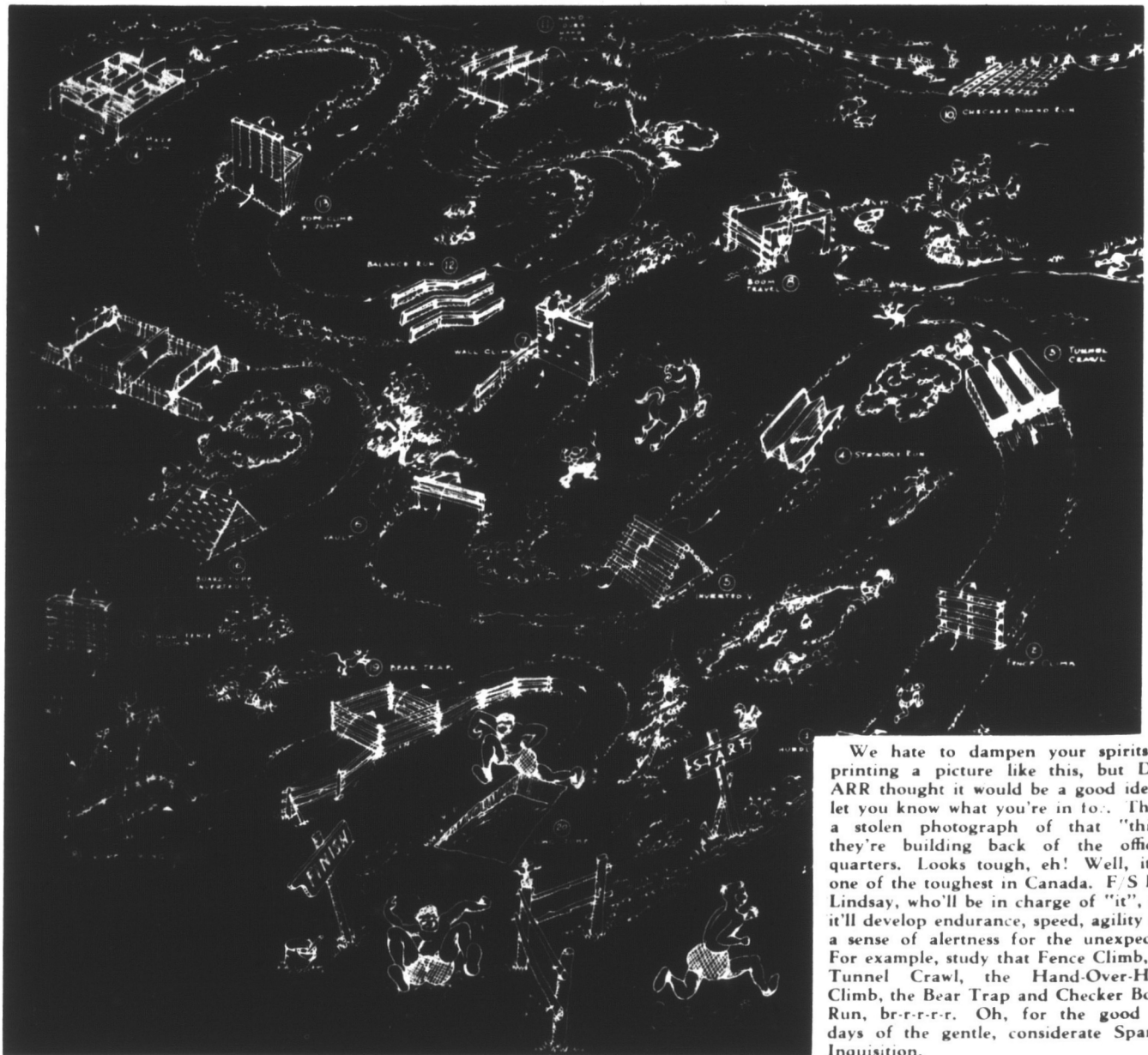
Remembered for

Devotion to Ranks

If this school has turned out more than its quota of high grade navigators; and if you see many of their names mentioned in dispatches, a good measure of the credit can be attributed to Wing Commander W. R. Kingsland, who last month was posted to Uplands No. 2 S.F. T.S.

As Chief Supervisory Officer of No. 4 since May, 1943, W/C Kingsland nursed a small school during the process of expansion until its graduates numbered four times its original output.

Popular with all ranks on the station, W/C Kingsland contributed more than was expected of him in making life for the airmen more comfortable and entertaining. He will be especially missed by the editorial staff of DEE-ARR, for as a publisher of legal, insurance and tax magazines, his door was constantly open and his ear constantly sympathetic to our editorial problems.



We hate to dampen your spirits by printing a picture like this, but DEE-ARR thought it would be a good idea to let you know what you're in for. This is a stolen photograph of that "thing" they're building back of the officers' quarters. Looks tough, eh! Well, it is; one of the toughest in Canada. F/S Don Lindsay, who'll be in charge of "it", says it'll develop endurance, speed, agility and a sense of alertness for the unexpected. For example, study that Fence Climb, the Tunnel Crawl, the Hand-Over-Hand Climb, the Bear Trap and Checker Board Run, br-r-r-r. Oh, for the good old days of the gentle, considerate Spanish Inquisition.

EDITORIAL

LOOK AT US, MR. MOWAT!

After making a tour of service libraries throughout Canada, Angus Mowat, inspector of public libraries in Ontario, leveled sharp criticism at the library service offered to members of the Canadian armed services.

We quote the *London Free Press* which covered Mr. Mowat's report to the Ontario Library Convention: "Termining it 'incredible,' Mr. Mowat said that one library he visited, was a closed shelf library; while another was so small it could be housed in a closet, where an armed soldier stood on guard to prevent the soldiers from touching the books with their dirty hands. The result was that the books had not been used. In another naval establishment the books could not be scanned, and sailors had to take

only what were chosen for them by a Wren."

This is, indeed, a shameful state of affairs and we're sorry that Mr. Mowat did not find it possible to visit the library at No. 4 AOS. The Station Library, which is open 14 hours a day, not only has open shelves but has no door. Working on the honour system, the complete freedom is given armens to use the 1,250 fresh and current books in the 14-stall, 600 square-foot library. Not only have a minimum number of books been lost through pilferage but we can report that more than 550 books are read monthly and we are more than happy to report that almost all the books in the library bear many finger prints to show that they are well-thumbed through.

No. 4 Grad Can't Live Without Dee-Arr

Dear John:

One, Corporal John A. Greenblatt, will be roundly cussed with great vehemence if he doesn't soon send some copies of "DEE-ARR".

Here I sit, a million miles from civilization on a blasted isle in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and never a sight do I see of your excellent literary journal. It's criminal!

By the way, don't miss the story in the May 13 issue of the *New Yorker* about the publicity stunt involving the frog-jumping contest.

But let's not get off the subject. Please send me "DEE-ARR".

Regards,

JOHN S. CAULEY, P/O
No. 2 A.N.S.