



LONDON  
AIR OBSERVER

VOLUME 1, No. 9

CONTROL TOWER — Photo R.C.A.F.

AUGUST, 1944



DEE-ARR  
R.C.A.F. Section  
starts on Page 12

The Peace is Yet to be Won  
Don't Let the Boys Down

# LONDON AIR OBSERVER

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

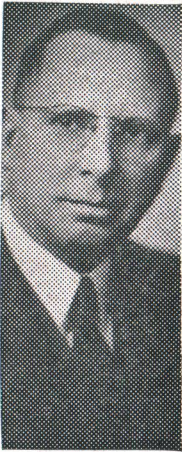
Editor-in-Chief: CHARLIE CARRUTHERS

Photographer: CLIFF HUNT

## FACTS ABOUT CLOSING

With this issue of our magazine comes the announcement of the closing of our School.

I am sure that we are all extremely proud of the very efficient job which has been done by all the employees of this School and of the very great and successful contribution that we have made to the prosecution of the war through being a part of the operation of No. 4 Air Observer School.



C. R. Leavens

According to our present information, the last class of trainees was inducted at No. 4 Air Observer School on Monday, July 31st, and this will be the last class to be inducted. The normal training of this class and the previous classes already on the Station will be completed in the normal way. Inasmuch as it takes twenty weeks for the Navigational Course, it would appear that the Station can be closed sometime between December 15th and January 1st, 1945. Naturally, between now and that time, there will be a very gradual reduction in staff; however, all employees involved in such a reduction will be given ample notice, and every effort will be made through the assistance of the Selective Service Board and the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan Units to place employees in other positions for which their special talents are best suited.

In spite of the fact that we have all been advised that this Unit will be discontinued as above mentioned, it is essential that we do not impair the efficiency of the operation of the School in order that those students whose classes are now being completed may continue to receive the same high standard of training that we have provided for previous trainees and I sincerely hope that the Company and the Government of Canada will continue to have your whole-hearted support, right up until the last day of our operation.

It is, of course, unconfirmed but there is a good possibility that those employees engaged in the Kitchen, Grounds Maintenance, Cleaning, Guarding, Fire Prevention and Water Supply, may continue to be employed here by the Government in their same capacities.

Obviously, Leavens Bros. post-war plans have, as yet, not taken concrete form because of the inability at this time of resuming normal civilian flying operations. Our plans will be put into effect, however, as soon as it is Government policy to permit resumption of normal activities and when equipment and supplies are available. I do hope that you will all contact your Department Head and see that you have completed the "Post-War Reference Record", in order that they may be placed on our files for future reference. We do not want to lose track of you during the interim period between the closing of this School and the active inauguration of the post-war period.

C. R. LEAVENS,  
Manager.

## REACH PEAK IN TRAINING

OTTAWA, 24th July, 1944.

C. R. Leavens, Esquire, President,  
Leavens Bros. (Training) Limited,  
Operating No. 4 A. O. S.

Dear Mr. Leavens:

It is now over four years since we opened the first Civilian operated Flying Training School under the B.C.A.T.P. and from time to time  
(Please turn to page 4)



## Post-War Transportation

Flying motor cars are promised for after the war. Two types of these air-cars are being produced by the Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation. One is the Helicab, a two-seater weighing less than a ton. The makers claim that it will fly up, down, forward or sideways. It has two rotors, one at the tail end and one overhead. The other type is the Aircar, designed as a car with wings that hook on.

\* \* \*

"Dearest Annabelle," wrote Oswald, who was hopelessly in love. "I could swim the mighty ocean for one glance from your dear eyes. I would walk through a wall of flame for one touch of your little hands. I would leap the widest stream for a word from your lovely lips. As always. Your Oswald.

"P.S.—I'll be over Saturday night if it doesn't rain."

\* \* \*

Officer in charge of rifle range—"Don't you know any better than to point an empty gun at me?"

Raw Recruit—"But it isn't empty, sir; it's loaded."

\* \* \*

Would you rather have a beautiful girl love you or find a million dollars? This question was recently put to 100 soldiers in a southern training camp. 97 wanted the money—3 the girl. Here is a typical answer: "If I had a million dollars I'd get the beautiful girl." Sounds logical, doesn't it?

\* \* \*

First Doctor—"I had an unusual case today."

Second Doctor—"What was it?"

First Doctor—"I attended a grass widow with hay fever."



Merchandise Wicket (left to right): Mrs. Betty Smith, Mrs. Ruth Graham, Miss June Bradford.

## General Store Has Nothing on Canteen for Stock

**From Soft Drinks to Jewelry Offered; More Than 100,000 Cigarettes Sold in Month, 2,000 Soft Drinks in Day**

From jewelry to ice cream is a wide range of merchandise for a store to stock but at No. 4 Canteen you can purchase not only jewelry and ice cream but many things that the general store does not offer.

Here you have cigarettes, candy, shaving supplies and if you dined not wisely the night before, alkaline preparations to chase the gremlins away. Hot weather brings such a rush for soft drinks and ice cream bars that in one day 2,000 drinks have been served and 600 bars consumed. Then there are chocolate bars always in steady demand by sweets lovers, with hundreds of bars sold daily, and box candy passed over the counter at the rate of 800 in a month.

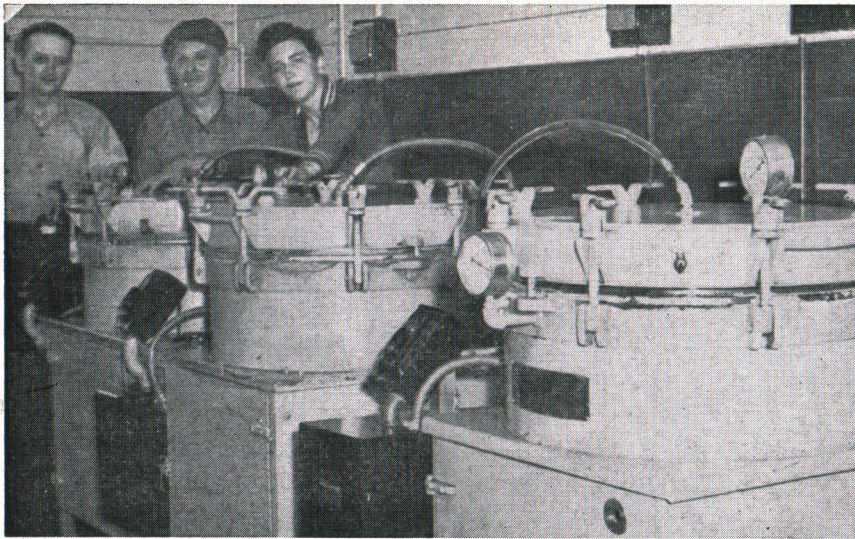
Cigarettes get a big play with all the popular brands offered and a sale of upwards of 100,000 every 30 days. If you feel a bit chilly, there are sweaters to warm you or a tie to brighten your shirt front. Cushion tops with the Station emblem are nice souvenirs to send home, likewise wing jewelry and other novelties. These are only a few of the articles obtainable at the Canteen,

which draws its supplies from a well-stocked warehouse. John V. Clements, manager of the Canteen, is proud of soft drinks bars operating in No. 5 and No. 3 Hangars under the Canteen management. They fill a much-needed service, he says. The Officers' and Sergeants' Messes and Pilots' and Senior Civilians' Lounges are also supplied with refreshments from the Canteen

Warehouse and soft drink machines in different locations are serviced by the Canteen. Mr. Clements has several improvements in mind which will speed up service in the rush periods, some of which are already showing splendid results. A money changing service has been inaugurated which is much appreciated, whereby bills are quickly reduced to handy spending size.



Refreshment Counter (left to right): Miss Dorothy Evans, Mrs. Pearl Connor, Miss Jean Henderson.



Reclaiming oil (left to right): Frank Bowes, Ed Heath and Charlie Hoskins shown with machines which make used oil as good as new.



Miss Grace Bogie of Hospital kitchen.

## Used Oil Made As Good As New

By GORD WILLIAMS

One of the first jobs for the Engine Mechanics to do when an aircraft comes in for a periodic inspection is to drain the oil from the engines and have it sent to the Hilco room, more commonly known as the Oil Reclaiming Department. Here you will see Ed Heath and Frank Bowes busy putting used oil through the reclaimers.

First of all the used oil is pre-heated and passed through a fine fullers earth known as hilitite. This hilitite is used as the main filter along with several filter papers and canvases. After the oil leaves the filters it enters the heating element where the oil is heated to 375 degrees. This takes out varsol, gasoline, water, or any other substances which will evaporate.

Laboratory tests are made of the reclaimed oil approximately once a month, and it has been found that the used oil after going through this reclaiming process is actually as good as when it comes from the refineries.

At the present time there are two reclaiming machines, with an output of 65 to 70 gallons of reclaimed oil daily. Over a period of two years there has been approximately 20,000 gallons of oil reclaimed by the above machines on this Station.

(Continued from page 2)

during that period, certain modifications in the internal construction of the Plan, demanded by changing conditions, were made necessary.

We have now reached our peak in Air Crew training and from now on are only required to maintain that position.

This calls for a considerable reduction in training facilities which enables us to close down a number of Schools, both Service and Civilian.

After careful consideration of all the elements entering into the situation I have to advise you, with sincere regret, that No. 4 A.O.S. at London, Ontario, operated by your Company, is listed among those to be closed, the exact date of which you will be advised later. The particular reason for selecting your School is that the Property is required for a Military Hospital.

The Civil Flying Schools have proved important factors in the carrying out of Canada's undertaking under the B.C.A.T.P. and have contributed largely to its success.

Permit me to take this opportunity of expressing my thanks and appreciation and that of this Department for the very fine manner in which you and your Board, as well as your organization, have carried your share of the burden and the responsibilities attached thereto.

Our records show that the Leavens Bros. (Training) Limited have always maintained an enviable position among the other Schools in efficiency and economy of operation for which you and your Employees may well be proud.

I am most grateful and extend to you all my sincere congratulations on a job well done.

Yours Sincerely,

CHARLES S. POWER,

*Minister of National Defence for Air.*

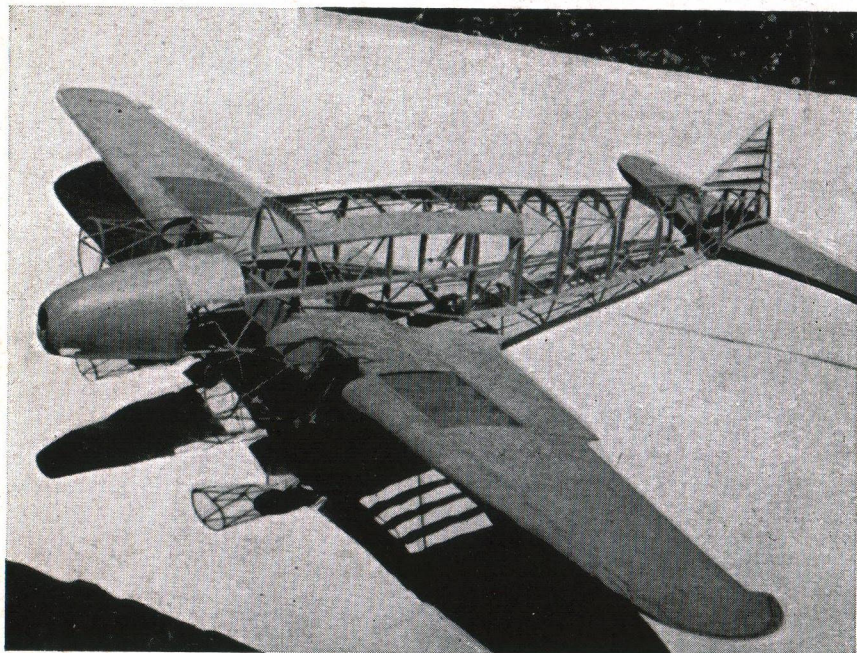
### CAR INSURANCE CUT TO FIFTY CENTS MONTH

Pool car drivers got a pleasant surprise this month with the announcement by the Management Committee of Wartime Transit Insurance Pool of a fifty per cent cut in insurance, effective July 1. The rate in future is 50 cents per car a month. The premium of one dollar paid in July covers July and August.

### SERVED OVER FOUR YEARS

Through a typographical error the fact that Staff Sgt. Everett Nichol, brother of Miss Gertrude Nichol, of Main Office staff, served overseas three years and a half before being killed in Italy, was not recorded. Sergt. Nichol served with the R.C.E. for a year in Canada, three years in England, and six months in Italy, where he met death May 25.

# Model Plane Will Take Three Years To Build



## Harry Haughton Picks Tough Hobby; Four Months to Draw Blueprints of Anson to Scale of One Inch Per Foot

Harry Haughton, airframe inspector at No. 5 Hangar, has a hobby. When Harry picks a hobby he picks the toughest. The kind that would baffle or send to a mental institution anyone without the patience of the Biblical Job or without perfection in mechanical skill. He is and has been working on a project during spare time for several months that will take between two and a half to three years to complete. It's a model Anson Mk. 1 airplane, complete in every detail and built to scale.

Four months were required before work was actually started on the building. Blueprints of every part, drawn to scale, were completed, then the assembling of material followed. The model will be complete in every detail even to the retractible landing gear. The wing construction is of wood, the fuselage of steel and the nose of aluminum. There are several hundred parts, many of which have to be lathe turned, filed or bent into shape and then polished. Then there are miniature nuts, bolts, screws, windows and other items extending to rubber tires that must be made to fit the model. Glueing and painting is also part of the big undertaking.

Drawn to a scale of one inch per foot, the model has a wing spread of 56 inches, a tail span of 23 inches and a length over all of 42¼ inches.

## Gregory-Arnott

The marriage took place at Toronto recently of Jack Gregory, of Maintenance, to Margaret Arnott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Arnott of Toronto. Jack's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Garnet Gregory, also reside in Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Gregory spent their honeymoon in Muskoka.



Perfect attendance over six months' period at No. 5 Hangar. Left to right: Al. Prodger, Ross Henderson, Ed McEllistrum.



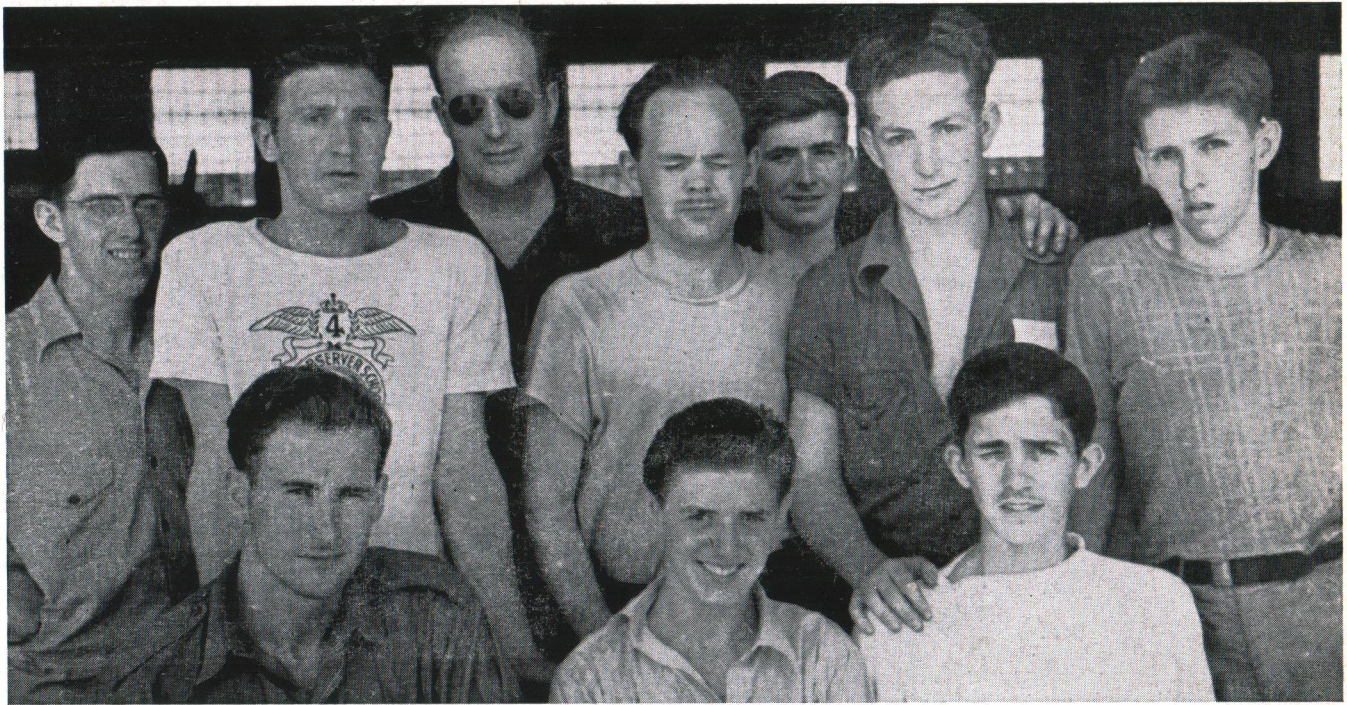
Left: Harry Haughton's partially built miniature plane, which has a wing spread of 56 inches. Above: Retractable landing gear complete in every detail, is shown.

## Congratulations

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil G. Saunders, the birth of a daughter (Sandra Gail) on July 15. Mr. Saunders is in Maintenance.

## Death of Mrs. Erskine

Sympathy of the Station is extended to George Erskine of Officers' Mess in the loss of his wife, Vera May, who passed away on July 21 in Victoria Hospital. Besides her husband, a daughter, Mrs. Albert Martin, and two sons, William and Clayton, survive. Interment was made in Mt. Pleasant Cemetery.



One of the three crews at No. 4 Hangar (left to right)—Top: Norm Bannerman, Hap Vance, Don Galloway, engineer; H. Kennedy, Wm. Currie, Ross Collins, A Gough. Lower: Crew Chief Bill Medland, Ron Vickers, V. Eberlee.

## Welcome to No. 4

We welcome John J. Paddock, George Swan, Margaret Watkins, Beulah F. Oatman, Margaret Fletcher, in **Kitchen Department**; Kenton R. Stewart, John O'Farrell, Dominic Stracuzzo, Fred Mann, Russell Allgrove, Robert Mann, Gary Schreiber, Henry A. McGill, Carmen Grose and George A. Martin, **Maintenance**; Marion Webb, to **Cafeteria Staff**; Donald A. Keay, Cecil Rayfield, Edwin G. Harnden, to **Instrument Department**; Simeon Girardin, **Guards**; Doris Cornelius, **Parachutes**; James L. Carter, **Motor Transport**; Marjorie Graves, **Flight Clerk**; Betty Mary Smith, **Can-teen**; George A. Brown, **Fire Department**; George P. Spark, **Radio Department**; Emler L. Swigart, **Cleaners**; Beverley Ann Jackson, **Main Office**; Percy A. Williams, **Operations**.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. David W. Forrester on the arrival of a daughter, Beverley Helen, at Victoria Hospital on July 10. Mr. Forrester is treasurer of Leavens Bros. (Training) Limited.

## Mystery in Hush-Hush Wedding

The Officer and His Bride Understood All About the Battered Condition of the Church But They Couldn't Figure Out Why the Organ Played So Softly

One of the R.C.A.F. boys back from overseas tells this interesting story:

When R.A.F. Flt. Lt. Dudley Hewitt and his fiancée, pretty Jennifer N. Hatton, arrived at a London church to get married they were greeted at the chapel door by smoke-begrimed firemen.

The church had been hit by a bomb during the night. Debris hung from a gaping hole in the roof. The pews were a pile of charred wreckage.

As the disappointed young couple stood debating what to do, the minister arrived.

"I'm sorry about the fire," he said, by way of apology, "but we can still have the wedding if you wish. The altar is undamaged, and the organ loft is untouched. And the organist is here."

The faces of the young couple visibly brightened.

"That's swell," said the pilot. "Let's get on with it."

With the firemen trailing behind to watch the ceremony, the trio entered the shell of the church.

Then the organist began to play—so softly that the music was barely

audible. As the bride and groom stood before him, the minister quietly read the service. In a few minutes it was over.

When the parson was certifying the marriage certificate in his office, he spoke to the flying officer.

"Lieutenant, you looked puzzled during the service," he said. "Was there anything wrong?"

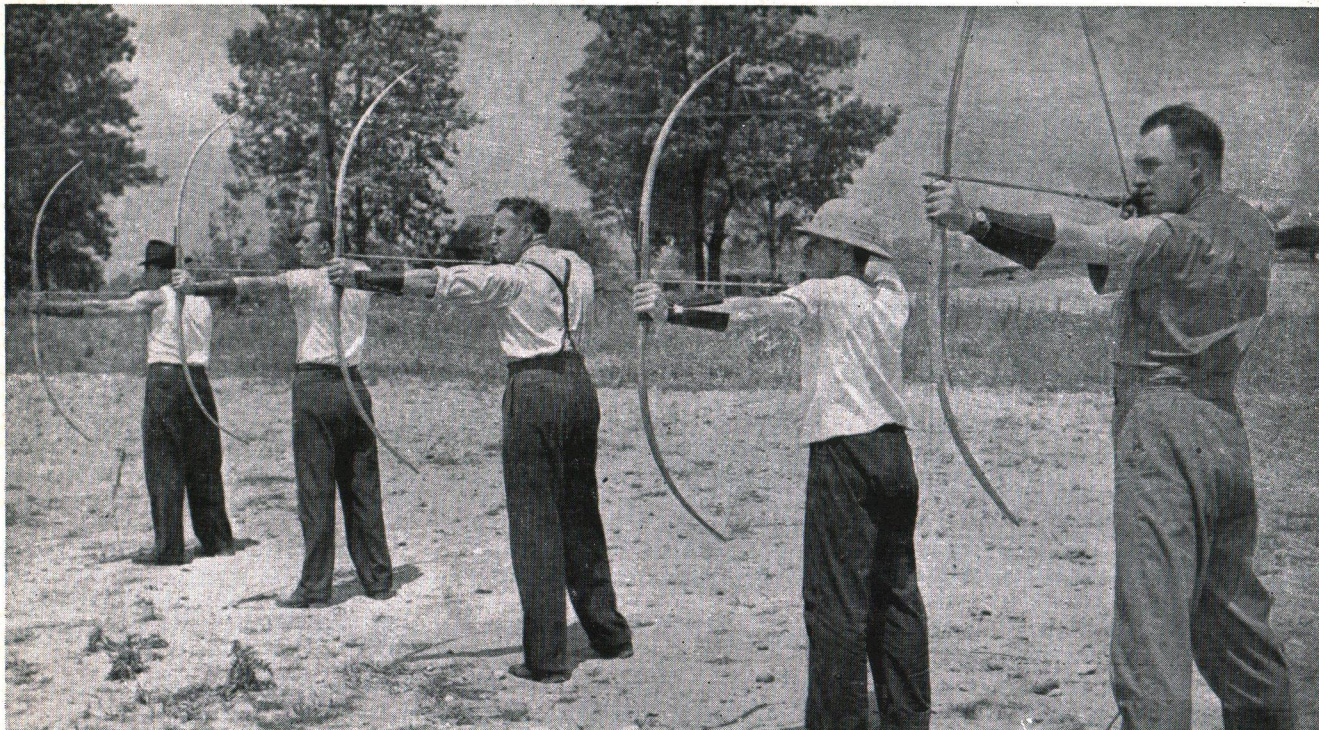
"It was the organ," replied Hewitt, "that was bothering me. I could hardly hear it. Guess it's just that I'm used to so much noise that I had forgotten the quietness of a church."

The minister smiled.

"I meant to tell you about that," he said, "but I was hesitant about saying anything before the service. I didn't want to frighten Mrs. Hewitt. The organist could not play any louder—for, you see, we were afraid that the vibrations might cause the church to collapse."

Angry Father: "What do you mean by bringing my daughter in at this hour of the morning?"

Airman: "Got to be on parade at seven, sir."

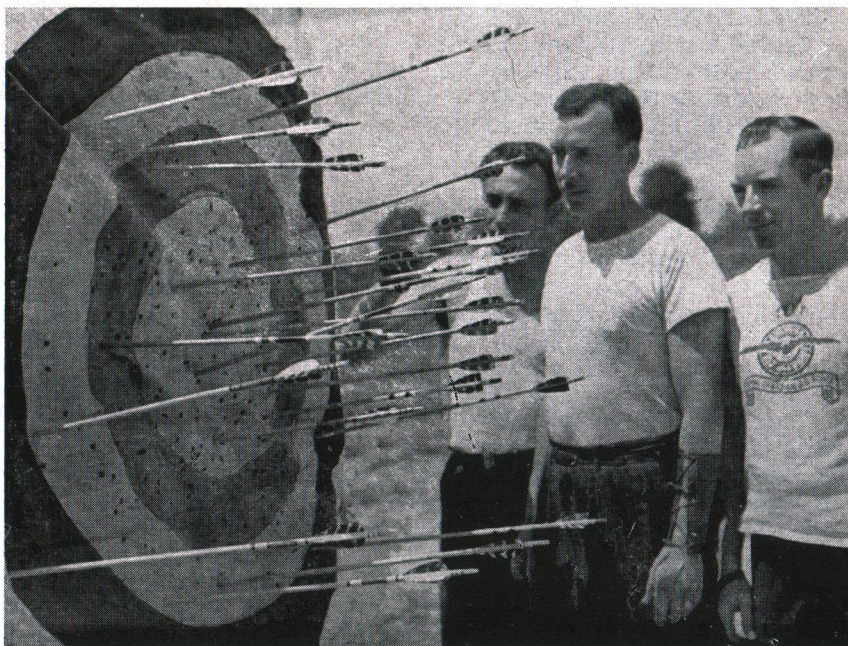


## They Hit Target At Forty Yards

By GORDON WILLIAMS

The people who thought that the Bow and Arrow disappeared along with the Indians are sadly mistaken because today there are more archery fans in Canada than ever before. Possibly the cause of such an increased interest in this popular sport is caused by the war causing lack of ammunition for rifles and shot guns for hunting. Naturally, people are interested in shooting and for this reason have taken to Archery, not only on a competitive basis and for hunting big game, but as one of the best forms of recreation in the world of sports.

Now we find that Archery is coming into its own at No. 4 A.O.S. with the centre of interest originating from the Maintenance Hangar. As you look out into the field at the south side of Maintenance at noon hours every day, you will see a few men taking aim, straining every muscle, shooting at a straw target. On being curious for information, we are told that these few men are really good and hit the target every time at 40 yards distance. Not only do they claim themselves to be accurate Archers but also issue a challenge to any other employees of Leavens Bros. (men or women) to come and join



Archers in action. Top: Jack Boss, Ernie Smith, Mel Carter, Ross Henderson, LAC Wm. Chinn. Below, checking the target, left to right: Jack Boss, Ernie Smith, Ross Henderson.

them. Anyone who is interested is asked to contact Ernie Smith, No. 5 Hangar, for full information.

The construction of the bow consists of imported lemon wood which is very important with a weight of approximately 30 pounds upward pull.

The arrows consist of pine, cedar or port-oxford wood. Because all

this archery tackle is made locally, is all the more reason why such a fine sport should be encouraged to the fullest extent.

With this idea in mind, we are extending an invitation to the employees of Leavens Bros. to join this group, with the possible result of an Archery Club being formed, for year-round activity.

# Wounded Canadian Tells of Conditions in Italy

The following vivid picture of Italy was written by a Canadian soldier while in hospital. It was sent to Miss Gertrude Nichol of Main Office by her brother, Staff Sgt. Everett Nichol, who was killed in action, in his last letter to her. The name of the author is unknown. We believe that such a comprehensive view of conditions in Italy makes the verse worth while reading for all Canadians.—EDITOR.



## PANORAMA OF ITALY

If I were an artist, with nothing to do,  
I'd paint a picture, a composite view  
Of historic Italy, in which I would show  
Visions of contrasts, the high and the low.  
There'd be towering mountains, a deep blue sea,  
Filthy brats yelling, "Caramella" at me,  
High plumed horses and colorful carts,  
Two-toned tresses on hustling tarts.  
I'd show Napoleonic caps, the Carabinieri,  
Defected old women with too much to carry.  
Dignified gentlemen with Balboa Beards  
Bare-bottomed bambinos with both ends smeared.  
Castles and palaces, Opera houses, too,  
Hotel on a mountain, a marvellous view.  
Homes made of wood briquets and mud,  
People covered with scales, scurvy and blood.  
Churches and chapels, great to behold  
Each a King's ransom in glittering gold,  
Poverty and want, men craving for food  
Picking through garbage, practically nude.  
Stately cathedrals with high toned bells,  
Recovered shelters with horrible smells.  
Mouldering catacombs, a place for the dead,  
Noisy civilians shouting for bread.  
Palatial villas with palm trees tall,  
A stinking hovel, mere hole in the wall.  
Tree fringed lawns swept by the breeze  
Goats wading in filth up to their knees.  
Prevailing statues, all details complete,  
A sensuous lass with sores on her feet.  
Big breasted damsels, but never a bra,  
Bumping against you, there should be a law.  
Creeping boulevards, a spangled team,  
Alleys that wind like a dope fiend's dream.  
Flowers blooming on the side of a hill,  
Sidewalk latrine with privacy nil.  
Two by four shop, with shelving all bare  
Gesturing merchants, arms flailing the air.  
Narrow guage sidewalks, more like a shelf,  
A butt-picking youngster, scratching himself.  
Lumbering carts, hogging the road,  
Nondescript trucks, frequently towed,  
Diminutive donkeys, loaded for bear,  
Horse drawn taxis, seeking a fare.  
Determined pedestrians, courting disaster,  
Walking in gutters, where movement is faster.  
Italian drivers, accident bound,  
Weaving and twisting to cover the ground.  
Home made brooms, weeds tied to a stick,

Used in the streets to clean off the brick.  
Bicycles and push carts blocking the path,  
Street corner politicians, needing a bath.  
Arrogant wretches, picking up snipes,  
Miniature flats of various types.  
Young street singer, hand organ tunes,  
Shoe shine boys, sidewalk saloons.  
Barbers galore, with manners quite mild,  
Prolific women, all heavy with child.  
Duce's secret weapon, kids by the score,  
Caused by the bonus which now is no more.  
A beauteous maiden, smile on her face,  
With a breath of garlic, fouling the place.  
Listless housewife, no shoes on her feet,  
Washing and cooking, out on the street.  
The family wash of tattle tale grey,  
Hung on the balcony, blocking the way,  
Native coffee, God, what a mixture,  
Tiled bathroom with only one fixture.  
Family dining from one common bowl  
Next to the fish store, a terrible hole,  
Italian Zoot-suiters, flashily dressed  
Barefooted beggars looking oppressed.  
Filling their jugs at the community spout.  
Mud smeared children clustering about,  
Dutiful mother with look of despair,  
Picking the lice from her small daughter's hair.  
Capable craftsmen, skilled in their art,  
Decrepit old shacks falling apart.  
Intricate needlework out on display,  
Surrounded by rats, filth and decay.  
Elegant caskets, carved out by hand,  
Odorous factories where leather is tanned,  
A shoe maker's shop, a black market store,  
Crawling with vermin, no screens on the door.  
I've tried to describe the things I have seen  
PANORAMA OF ITALY the brown and the green,  
I've neglected the war scars, visible yet,  
But those are the things we want to forget.  
I'm glad I came but dammed anxious to go,  
Give it back to the natives, I'm ready to BLOW!

Canadian girls serving with the Canadian Red Cross Corps are doing a fine service for their wounded brothers in arms. In hospitals in the Mediterranean theatre of war, for instance, "Red Crossers" do yeoman service in writing letters home for boys who are not up to it, taking cigarettes and books around to the wards, teaching handicrafts and offering to help in any way possible to lighten the burden of the nursing sisters on duty.

**STORES**



Mary Jean LaRoy of Stores Department.

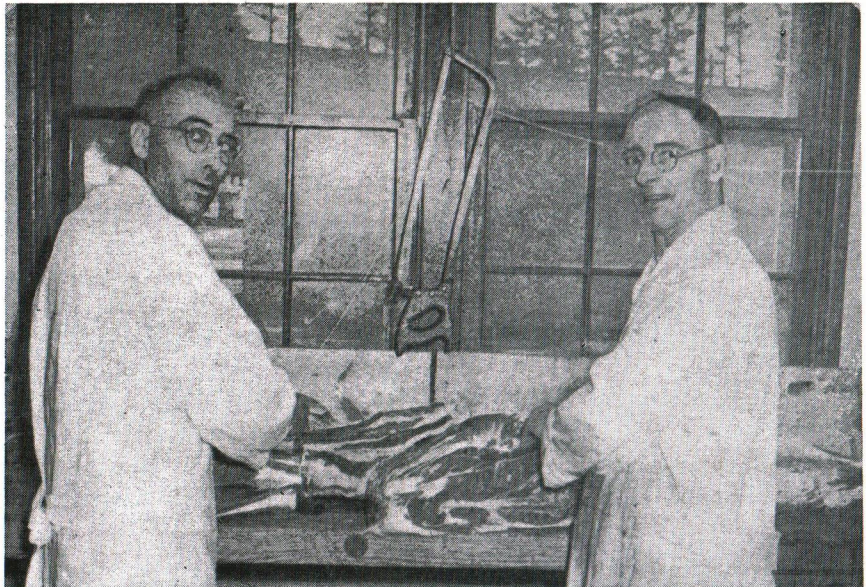
**STORES**



Irene Rowley on staff of Stores.

**World's Fastest Human Now Civilian Pilot**

Percy Williams, the world's fastest human of 1928 and winner of the 100 and 200-metre events at the Amsterdam Olympic Games that year, is now a civilian pilot at No. 4 A.O.S. Percy was Canada's only double event winner in Olympic history.



Frank Garton (on the left) and Frank McMaster, who cut tons of meat to supply the Officers' and Airmen's Mess.

**Putting Him Right**

THE ——— TRAMWAYS.

GENTLEMEN:

I have been riding your bus for the past 18 months and the service seems to be getting worse every day. I think the transportation you offer is worse than they enjoyed 2,000 years ago.

Yours truly,  
TRAVELLER.

*(Reply from Tramway Company)*

MR. TRAVELLER.

DEAR SIR:

We received your letter of the 1st and believe that you are somewhat confused in your history. The only transportation of 2,000 years ago was on foot.

Yours truly,  
THE ——— TRAMWAYS.

*(Reply from Traveller)*

THE ——— TRAMWAYS.

DEAR SIR:

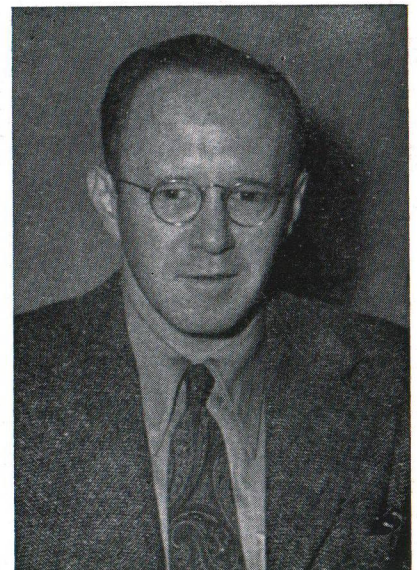
I am in receipt of your letter of the 7th, and believe that you are the ones confused in your history. If you will read the Bible, Book of David, 9th verse, you will find that Aaron rode into the City on his ass, and that, gentlemen, is something I haven't been able to do on your bus for the last 18 months.

Yours truly,  
TRAVELLER.

**FLAMEPROOF**

The United States Rubber Co. announced it had developed a new flameproof, synthetic rubber-coated cloth for use in aircraft. The company said one important use of the cloth was to protect personnel in Super-fortresses at high altitudes through elimination of possible breaks in metallic heating ducts caused by factors such as vibration.

**MAINTENANCE**



J. Eric Reid, senior maintenance clerk, located in No. 5 Hangar.

# OPERATIONS AND PILOT PATTEN

By G. M. S. HANSON



A delightful dinner party was held on July 6th, at Allen's Restaurant for one of our Duty Pilots — Ron Nelson — who was married on July 8th, members of his shift of the Operations staff being present.

\* \* \*

F/O. Clint Goble left this Station recently to take up new duties at Lethbridge, Alberta. May we all wish him the best of luck.

\* \* \*

May we welcome to the Operations Staff, Miss Marjorie Graves, on July 17th. Miss Graves will be known in both Hangars, as she is working on the Swing Shift.

\* \* \*

One of our pilots—Jerry Doan—met with a painful accident recently when he had the misfortune of cutting his foot very badly and had a number of stitches taken in it. We hope you will soon recover, and remember, keep clear of axes, Jerry.

\* \* \*

This Station was favoured with a visit recently by one of our ex-pilots — Ray Eaton — who is now stationed at Fingal, Ont. Ray came in to ferry one of our old reliables away, an MK 1.

\* \* \*

Friends of Crawford Keith will be glad to hear that he has recovered from an "appendix" operation and is now out of the hospital. Hope that you will soon be able to return to duty, Crawford.

# Snapshots of Some Members of Kitchen Staff



Left to right—Top Alice Lutman, Anne Clatworthy, Centre. Mrs. Marion Harlow, Mrs. Aldena Kramer, Helen Mayo. Lower: Frieda Bradshaw, Mrs. Lillian Cole, Anna Tait.



GROUP OF KITCHEN STAFF. Left to right (top): Wilma Mossip, Walter Jacobs, Mrs. Helen McComb, Myrtle Treneman. (Lower) Miss Annie Durkin, Mrs. Dorothy Haynes, Mrs. Susanna Hurrell, Mrs. Matilda Robinson.



Visiting Flight (left to right): S/L. D. I. Macklin, AFC, F/L. E. V. Detenback, F/O. E. C. Hugh, F/L. C. N. Larkin, F/O. F. H. Hopkins.

## Visiting Flight Plays Important Part in Safety

### HONOR FOR HUSBAND OF MRS. FANNY VOUSDEN

Staff/Sgt. Leslie David Vousden, husband of Mrs. Fanny Vousden of the Kitchen staff, has been highly honored by mention in dispatches. Staff/Sgt. Vousden enlisted with the R.C.A.S.C. in 1939. He reached his present rank in June 1940. His wife and one daughter, Barbara, reside at 54 Euclid Avenue.

\* \* \*

PO. Jack J. Astles, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Astles, 88 Connaught Avenue, reported missing since February 20, has received a promotion from Warrant Officer, according to word received by his parents. Jack went overseas in December 1941 after graduating as navigator at No. 4.

\* \* \*

Educational Officer: "I have something here that will make you popular, your life happier, and bring you a host of friends."

Airman: "I'll take a quart."

### Every Pilot Required to Demonstrate Efficiency Periodically; Very Few Accidents Happen on No. 4 Station

The high efficiency standard of the pilots who fly the thousands of planes at R.C.A.F. stations throughout Canada and the comparatively few fatalities or accidents is due largely to what is called officially the Visiting Flight, a group of officers who test the qualifications of every pilot individually. If a pilot does not meet the high standard demanded he is suspended for further training and if he improves he is reinstated. The Flight, however, is a helpful and human organization. While demanding the utmost in efficiency it does not suspend a good pilot because there may be some easily corrected defect in his methods or knowledge. He is given an opportunity to learn what is required and then must prove that he has acquired that knowledge before being allowed to again fly exercises with students.

No. 4 Station had the No. 6 Visiting Flight as guests for several days recently. The flight is composed of S/L. D. I. Macklin, A.F.C., F/L. E. V. Detenback, F/L. C. N. Larkin, F/O. F. H. Hopkins and F/O. E. C. Hugh. Every member of the Flight is an active flyer with an enviable record of knowledge and many hours in the air both as Air Force Instructors and as Commercial Pilots. Every one of the scores of pilots on the Station was required to fly members of the Flight and demonstrate his qualifications. A written record is made on every individual which is sent to Headquarters at Ottawa and to No. 1 T. C., as well as Central Flying School, Trenton.

While no official statement concerning the pilots of No. 4 Station was forthcoming, it was intimated the percentage of suspended was quite low.

\* \* \*

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Buchan on the birth of a son, Bruce Ian, July 2. Mr. Buchan is in Maintenance Staff.

# STATION FIELD DAY--AUGUST 31

## 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.*

### So You Want To Be A Winco . . . All Right! Here's Your Chance

By JOHN V. GREENBLATT

A lot of G.I. Joes who've been walking around this station saying, "Oh, if I were only a Wing Commander I'd . . ." are going to get their wish.

For in this new Aircrew Officers Assessment Plan trainees will all get a crack at running the whole gamut of officer's emotions from flight corporal to Winco.

Here's how it works and take note for you'll be graded to the tune of one-third of your total marks and it might mean the difference of a flat hat.

You'll begin as a flight corporal and have the unusual experience of rising, through the ranks, to a Wing Commander all in the course of five months.

The high command, that is the Wing staff and the Squadron staff, will be selected from senior classes. There'll be a Trainee Wing Commander; Trainee Wing Adjutant; Trainee W.O. and Trainee Squadron Commander; Trainee Squadron Adjutant and Trainee Squadron W.O., etc., and you'll have accompanying rings (on your arm) to prove it. (That doesn't mean you won't salute commissioned officers when you meet them because you're saluting the uniform not the man.)

However, trainee officers, will have their own table in the airmen's mess as will the trainee NCOs.

With all the privileges there's, of course, accompanying headaches like duties and responsibilities.

For example, if you're a flight commander, these will be some of your jobs:

(1) To see that every member of your class is on parade and report any absentees daily.

(2) To see that the barracks occupied by your flight is as laid down in the Station Standing Orders.

(3) To fill in a confidential R211 form on Character and Leadership for every member of your class and turn it in to the O.I.C. Leadership Training (P/O. William K. Clarke).

(4) To command the flight on parade.

And when you get to be a Winco, you guessed it, your job will be to



P/O WILLIAM K. CLARKE  
O.I.C. Leadership

*" . . . becoming an officer doesn't mean more privileges but more responsibilities."*

take over the parades from the Trainee Wing Adjutant; carry out any inspections on parade; assist O.I.C. Leadership Training and discuss trainee problems.

Every rank will have its logical and laid down authority, duties and responsibilities.

At weekly meetings under the chairmanship of P/O. Clarke, all trainees who have completed their tour of duty and trainees starting

*(Continued on Page 13)*

### Games, Events, Eats Mark "Open Day" at No. 4

#### Airmen May Invite Friends

If the weather is nice and the plans being considered are realized, Crumlin will look like Mardi Gras in New Orleans, August 31, the date scheduled for the Station Field Day.

A committee made up of F/L. Art Fletcher, chairman; F/O. Henry Heldman, Y-Director Don Marlett, F/S. Cec. Cocks, LAC. Tex Wilkinson, and civilians Dorothea Rahn and Les Reichardt, have drawn up a program for the day that should ensure a grand time for the airmen and the civilians on the station and all their friends.

The strategy used will be that of the greatest showmen in the world, namely Barnum and Bailey's three-ring circus idea. Events and games will be going on all over the grounds. Those interested in seeing girls play softball may wander over to Diamond No. 1 (near the airmen's mess) and watch the Leavens "lovelies" play.

More serious ball fans can watch the R.C.A.F. play the civilians on yet another diamond.

Behind Works & Bricks there'll be events for men and women. Scheduled for the men are the 100-yard dash; and Fat Man's, Wheel-Barrel and Strip-tease races.

For the ladies the program lists the 75-yard dash, Egg and Spoon, Kick the Slipper, Clothes Pin races.

There'll also be mixed entries in the Three-Legged and Biscuit Races.

Refreshment booths will be stationed in several strategic places on the camp and there'll be a special lunch for airmen and civilians and their friends, served in the respective messes.

Also planned is an Archery exhibition and Central Aircraft has been approached about putting on a stunt show with their Mosquitos.

In the evening the Armament Section will give a Pyrotecnics display and a Y.M.C.A. Dance in the Drill Hall will conclude the day.

# DEE-ARR

## Officers' Advisory Committee

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## English "Bobbies" Skirt Law By Going Aircrew

By RON WILLIAMS

There are so many ex-cops stationed at No. 4 A.O.S., they're thinking of forming an association of ex-flat feet, or should it be "foots?" Most of them are R.A.F. men who couldn't get into this war as fighting men because of the high priority of their jobs unless they went aircrew, which they did.

A hurried and not very complete survey shows there are at least 15 on course now. Navigators of 98A are proud of ex-P.C. Harry Rhodes, of West Riding, Yorkshire. A former classmate and policeman was Frank Gaulton, now waiting posting.

In B Flight, the R.A.F. half of Course 98, F/L. Hammersley can call on a number of ex-bobbies to keep the peace, if the need arises. There's Cliff Paine, also of Yorkshire; Harry (501) Taylor, known for his exploits around the Rivers Aire and Calder; G. V. McKenna, former Hull City cop; and Wyn Griffiths, from Colwyn Bay, North Wales.

Hull City is also represented by three other airmen, Carl Woodmansetin, 101A; Syd Alblatt, 102; and Ken Hamblett, 103B. All have first-hand knowledge of what air raids are like, as Hull is one of England's well-bombed cities.

Manchester has at least two ex-maintainers of law and order, Tom Williams, another 98B stalwart, and Doug Prendergast, 103B. Prendergast was on the Fire Prevention Dept.

George Summers, another Lancashire lad, was on the Liverpool force and was commended by his chief for his work on air raids. Another 103B Bobbie is Geoff. Peake, formerly of the West Suffolk constabulary. Norman Culley, 102, comes from Southampton.

## DEE - ARR

## Results of Hobby Club Organized By S/L Lea Already In Evidence

### S.M.O. F/L Hoffman Uses Handicraft in Occupational Therapy Set-up.

Those smart leather air force-blue wallets you see flashed around here lately were not purchased at Smallman & Ingrams. No Sir! They were made right here on this station by airmen recuperating in the station hospital as part of the Occupational Therapy set-up initiated by our Senior Medical Officer, F/L. O. Hoffman.

This work is separate from the Station Hobby Club activities organized by S/L. H. F. Lea, S.A.O., and Y-Director Don Marlett. Although both S/L. Lea and Mr. Marlett were responsible for establishing and getting under way this activity in the hospital.

The station is fortunate in having experienced LAC. Bill Chimm as an instructor in this work.

The Hobby Club meets in a room set aside for this work in Hangar No. 2. S/L. Lea has already secured the appropriations for purchasing leather, metal, wood and plastic, and work is already under way on wallets, wrist watch straps, belts, paper knives, lockets, purses, among other things.

F/O Jord Allen, who himself can make almost anything from a cake to a car (not to speak of the 8 Ball in the side pocket—no hands), is chairman of the Hobby Club Committee.



Ron Williams, associate editor of DEE-ARR, who was graduated with this issue. It's seldom that you find a crackerjack reporter and a sweet character in one man in the newspaper business. The editor of DEE-ARR is glad he found one. S'long, Ron, and thanx.

## SO YOU WANT TO BE A WINCO

(Continued from Page 12)

their tour will attend for instruction and the turning in and issuing of arm bands. All reports will also be turned in at this meeting.

A bulletin will be issued weekly showing the names of students chosen for the different jobs the following week. Comments by the C.S.O., the C.I. and the O.I.C. Leadership Training will also be included in this weekly bulletin.

"It should be constantly kept in mind," P/O Clarke says, "that the purpose of these courses is not to put further polish on the LAC's discipline in which basic training graduates have reached a fairly light standard, but to train aircrew to play their part in their new service status, in which capacity self-discipline is of paramount importance."

Since all trainees at this station become officers upon graduation, commissioned or non-commissioned, "it is a mistaken concept," P/O Clarke says, "that the principal change will be privilege and power. The principal change, in fact, will be increased responsibilities. No man will be made a leader by simply putting hooks or rings on him, rather he must cultivate and develop the qualities of leadership through study, practice and self-discipline."

## Can You Top This?

"How are the marks?" somebody asked a certain armament sergeant a couple of days after Course 98 Navs had written its final exam. The instructor paused—it was a long pause—then with a plaintive note, he asked, "Where did you fellows get some of those answers—especially the guy who answered that one about, What is a no allowance and no deflection shot? by writing, 'It's what you told us about the other day!'"

# Flew In Sumatra --- Tramped In Africa New C.O. Brings Global Experience to No. 4

By RON WILLIAMS

Meet the new C.S.O. Wing Commander, R. P. Opie. He's terrific. This reporter has interviewed quite a few C.O.'s while working for a certain great Toronto afternoon paper which isn't the Telegram or the Globe, and not one was as easy to talk to as the new C.O.

He's been just about everywhere and done just about everything. He's pushed a Moth up to 12,000 feet to get over the Alps; flown through a tropical Malayan rainstorm of such intensity that it whipped the dope and canvas off the propeller of his aircraft.

He's hiked—that's right, hiked—2,800 miles in 10 months through East Africa. That's 280 miles a month or nine or ten a day. Some days he had to hack through dense jungle and only made 300 yards. That meant 18 or 20 miles tramping another day.

There are a couple of reasons why he's terrific—because of his geniality and friendliness to a lowly LAC. and because of the full, exciting life he's lived. There are probably a good many more. F/L. T. R. Garbutt, station adjutant, must know of one or two because he says, "He's a swell guy!"

Born in Devonshire, of Cornish parents, he was educated at University College School, Hampstead, finishing at the Royal School of Mines. . . .

"After that there's a comma and a big mouthful," the C.O. said. "Here it is, 'Imperial College of Science and Technology, South Kensington'. . . . Quite a mouthful, eh?"

Between puffs on a big cigar and signatures to a big pile of forms, he told how, as a mining engineer, he began his travels across the world surveying and searching for gold, tin and iron.

He went to Indo-China for a French firm, travelled 1,000 miles up the Mekong River by steamer, dugout canoes and motor boats; touched Siam, Annam and a whole lot of other places, the names of which he remembers and which, better still, he can spell. And after 22 years!

From there he went to Hong Kong, Shanghai, and had a couple of weeks in Japan. He missed the



W/C R. P. OPIE

. . . he potted around a bit.

big earthquake by three weeks. He came back to England via Canada. "That's when I got my first glimpse of this country. It made a favourable impression and I decided that some day I'd come back," he added.

He spent a couple of years in England—until 1924—then began to travel again. He calls it, "pottering around a bit". This time it was to East Africa and the 2,800-mile hike. He spent his nights on that 10-month jaunt in a tent seven by ten feet. "Bit of a sticky trip, that," he commented.

He spent much of his time from 1927-33 in England and Malaya for the Angle-Oriental Mining Corporation. He went to Sumatra, visited Algiers and managed to make stops in Italy and Egypt on the way out or on the way back, on this and other trips to Africa.

His flying began in 1931. He got a commercial ticket at Brooklands. "I realized flying could be

of great value in my work," he says. He bought a Moth and fitted it with long range fuel tanks. Shortly after came the trip over the Alps.

"Was quite a pull, but we made it. Had a passenger and a big luggage bag, too," he added.

It was in the Malayan jungle that the rain ripped off the canvas and dope off the prop. "Get that straight," he emphasized. "It wasn't hail, it was rain. . . . Flew an hour and a quarter through that, just 150 feet above the jungle!"

Landings were made in clearings behind the dredges which were being used to mine the territory. "Seldom did we have more than 300 yards. Was good practice," he said. The landing strips were make-shift—mostly rock, gravel and sand thrown up by the dredge as it plowed through the jungle.

He came back home for five or ten minutes and then he left England again. According to my notes, it was for a place called Tanganyiki. It could have been some place else because I was beginning to lose track of the times the C.O. had been in and out of England and the places to which he went.

He returned once more, stayed six months, then packed for New Zealand, taking his wife and two sons with him. He spent three years in the South Island, recalls vividly the high winds that blow up over the Southern Alps.

"I remember a couple of times trying to fly against them and having to turn back because my ground speed was zero," he said, with a grin.

His route for home this time, led him through Canada again. His father had settled in Victoria, B.C. This was in 1939 and war seemed close. He decided to leave his wife and sons in Canada, return to England, clean up his affairs and come

(Continued on Page 15)



—Photo by J. Clements.

**FOUR OF THE REGULARS:** Seen discussing the world's problem at Club 22 (otherwise known as the Wet Canteen) is, left to right: Lorne Brennan, Minister of Maintenance; William Holland, Minister of Transportation; John V. Greenblatt, Minister of Propaganda; and Herbert Gildea, Minister of Clouds.

## NEW C.O. BRINGS GLOBAL

(Continued from Page 14)

back to Canada.

He spent a few months in England and was on the Queen Mary on the way back when war was declared. "Never forget that trip," he said. "Going as fast as we could . . . no lights . . . 1,000 extra passengers and just about everybody seasick!"

As soon as he reached Victoria he volunteered for the R.C.A.F. and was taken on strength as a navigation officer in December. He was posted to Trenton for a special course and from there went to Camp Borden where he took a pilot's refresher course and got his wings.

In 1940, he was transferred to McLeod, Alta.; in 1941 to Rivers, Man., and later that year to No. 3 A.O.S., Regina, as C.O. He was also acting C.S.O. In 1942 he was named C.S.O., No. 2 A.O.S., Edmonton, and when it closed, was posted to No. 1 A.O.S., Malton.

The new C.O. is a big man. He's got shoulders that would look imposing on any Canadian gridiron. And he's got a voice that matches his appearance, deep and resonant. It's a little indelicate to talk about a C.O.'s looks but maybe you'll get the idea if I say he must have been quite a lady-killer in his day!

(EDITOR'S NOTE: He still is.)

## Cloudy Joe the Met. Man

The praises ring for pilots as they rise to dizzy heights,  
They cheer the navigators even on their cock-eyed sights.  
The bombardiers can drop a bomb and miss by half a mile,  
They merely shrug and wish him luck, with a soft benign smile.  
The armourers get medals and gunners lots of care,  
In fact in every section you will hear that 'C'est la guerre'.  
Except in one small corner where a voice is soft and low,  
The man that's cursed by everyone—the Met man—Cloudy Joe.  
If he calls it right or wrong it's just the same—they'll have a fit.  
If they fly, the Aircrew hate him; if it's washed out, he's a . . .  
He's blamed for every bit of grief since Nero toasted Rome.  
They bawl him out for everything from Mexico to Nome.  
If the motors quit or brakes won't hold, and they crack up you can bet  
They'll find a way somehow, some way to blame it on the Met.  
If the family's on a picnic and the winds begin to blow,  
Or if the fish quit biting, throw the blame on Cloudy Joe.  
And I know in Hell or Heaven or wherever Navs may get,  
If someone messes up the works they'll blame it on the Met.  
Amen.

## Reporter Uncovers Plot To Put Cafeteria Out of Business

We sent our roving reporter (LAC. John Freeman, 98BN) to investigate rumours arising from an all-pervading odour of burnt fat surrounding a certain barrack block. He returned suffering from acute indigestion but managed to biccough this story.

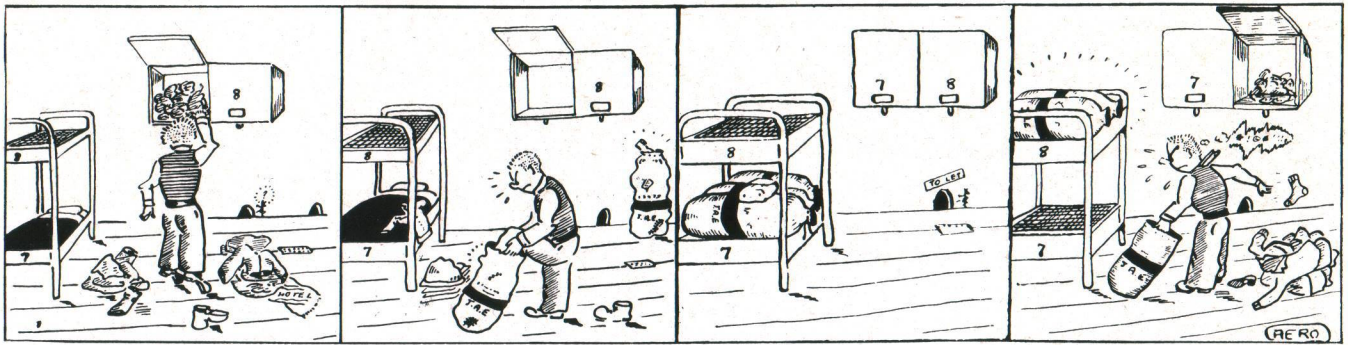
Following my nose, I smelled my way into a room (which shall remain numberless) through a curtain of smoke where I came upon certain parties (who shall remain nameless), disguised as cooks wearing sheets for aprons and pillow slips for head gear. There I found three unnamed parties bent over a frying pan which was sizzling on a flat iron. In this pan were several "borrowed" eggs suffering a terrible fate.

Being a conscientious reporter, I partook of the eggs. (Editor's Note: When it comes to discovering latent talent in the art of cooking DEE-ARR never passes up a bet.)

This much can be reported: The discovery of traces of this "ersatz" food bar was not organized out of revenge but as a result of an ill-concealed frying pan beneath a pillow. Costs of redecorating have led to the closing of the business.



F/L HARRY TROTT  
New O.I.C. Bomber Command.



## The Great Trek; Crumlin Style

By STEVE MITCHELL

You remember that Tuesday. The Tuesday the July sun chose to shine down at its strongest; the Tuesday the dinner line-up was even longer; the Tuesday the "early detail" was even earlier and most of all the Tuesday that everyone got the order to take to the road—or at least the grass path leading from Block 44 to 43.

The romanticists among us thought in terms of the great covered wagon days, the wanderings of the Nomad tribes and the Eastern caravans. But what a difference. They at least had the broad back of a mule to bear their wares and burdens. Our only aid was our own back, be it broad or narrow.

First sign that the green light was on was when blue kit-bags careened down the fire-escape, the first two or three landing with a dull thud, the remainder, noislessly, as the pile mounted. Lockers were thrown open (the disorganization in there was even worse). That shaving kit which was always—well, nearly always—in the bottom left-hand corner had sprouted wings and fled. Hurried, frantic searching. Success! But how did it get under his bed? Hell to chaps who can't even remember their own locker number.

"Where's my cleaning material, now?" . . . . "Oh, quit binding, you weren't using your bed then. Anyway, what about this month's old fan mail collection scattered over my pillow?"

Old mail! There was a question. Would it accompany me? My outlook from the carter's point of view overcame my sentimental leaning and airgraphs, air-letters, letters, etc., joined the contents of a steadily-filling garbage can. Same treatment for local newspapers. (I would never have had time to read them, anyway.)

Two bags full; but there was still "bags" to get in the third.

Boots, shoes, books, small boxes and tins of which no one knew the contents but which must always adorn the locker shelf, presented themselves for transport. Space was getting less. Tempers were getting frayed. Perspiration flowed freely. A timely warning, "Watch the

lingo, fellahs, here's F/O ———." An approving eye roved around for a moment—then the tongue was at liberty once more.

The last odds and ends were stowed away and the actual change-over could begin.

Of first importance was the "booking" of a bed.

Swathed in greatcoat, best blue and khaki to use as "marker", I dashed out to—to—to—? Well, someone would know our new block and room. At the door, Harry, the flight corp., met me, similarly enveloped. "Going somewhere, kid?" It dawned on me. I remembered, now. I was not to move. Stunned, I dropped everything I was carrying but could say nothing. The flight was moving into the room that I alone had previously shared with another course. Disgruntled, I turned back to my bunk. All this preparation and sweating for nothing. I opened my bag, took out my favourite Varga and pinned it up in its old place.

### Squadronnairs, RAF Band, Tops In British Poll

To all their thousands of fans in air force blue—and out of it—the placing of the R.A.F. No. 1 dance orchestra, the Squadronnairs, at the head of the poll is sufficient proof that this galaxy of well-known, pre-war dance musicians is the greatest



William Howard Witcherley, 19, 104 Nav., who was drowned at Port Stanley last month.

Born in Haworth, Keighley, Yorkshire, Bill was an excellent student graduating from I.T.W. with an average of 85 per cent.

Bill came to No. 4 highly recommended by his O.C., who wrote on his report, "smart, keen and cheerful". But the epitaph written by his fellows, and the one that counts, said, "A swell guy".

combination to bring dance music—sweet and swing—to the British ear from time immemorial.

The poll, which was conducted by the "Melody Maker", official organ of the British dance band firmament, showed the Squadronnairs 3,000 votes ahead of the nearest contender, Geraldo. No surprise, this. But what will cause the lifting of many an eyebrow is choice No. 3, comparative newcomer but well-known for his clarinet virtuosity, Carl Barriteau (star of the late Ken Johnston combination).

## 26 Specialists to Lecture Officers and Staff In "MUST" Current Events Course

New Order Makes It Obligatory for All Personnel to Receive  
Current Events Program Worked Out by  
F/O Gelber in Ottawa.

By JOHN V. GREENBLATT

In connection with a recent order making it obligatory for officers and staff to attend current events lectures, 12 groups have been formed; 26 subjects have been carefully selected; and a panel of experts has been organized by our Education Officer, F/O Lionel M. Gelber, which will carry out a program giving the background to the war, the progress of the war, the reason for the war and the aims of the war.

(Trainees are separate from these groups, receiving weekly instruction in this study as part of their syllabus.)

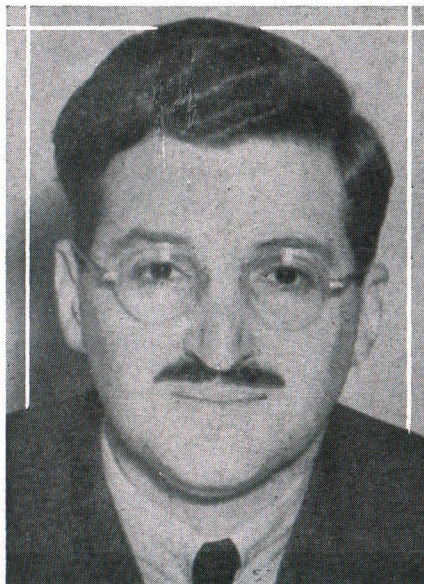
This program, which will be put into effect in every R.C.A.F. station from coast to coast, was worked out by F/O. Gelber while on temporary duty in Ottawa recently. It is, as Mr. Gelber terms it, "an exercise in post-war citizenship." And it is here disclosed by DEE-ARR for the first time.

The plan calls for 26 "Gen Kits." Each kit contains a topic and several carefully selected pamphlets on the subject. These kits have been especially designed for those stations which have no library or a very limited library. In that case the gen kit is self-sufficient and an officer or N.C.O., who has been selected because of his qualifications to lecture on that particular topic, can prepare his discourse from the material in the kit. Where there is a library, however, the lecturer can make use of such books as are available in helping him prepare his talk.

Thus the 26 subjects will be delivered by 26 experts to the officers and staff who have been organized into 12 groups each with a permanent chairman.

Three groups will meet four times a week so that each group will receive at least one lecture a week.

Some of the topics listed are: Our Chinese Partner; The Russian Economy; The U.S.A. as a World Power; The Problem of India; Our German Enemy; The Problem of Occupied Europe; Our First Job in



F/O LIONEL M. GELBER

... he streamlined education for airmen.

Europe; Canada's World Position; War and Peace in the Pacific Area; and Expanding Frontiers—Land and Air.

F/O Jord Allen, chairman of the Airmen's Com., and headed by Gwen Thomas, hung up this record in the last three months:

Darned 175 pairs of socks; put up 348 hooks; and, sewed on 114 buttons. Also 28 fatigue trouser legs were shortened; 21 pyjamas were mended; and 19 WAG (wolves) badges sewn on. Here are the girls:

**Alberta Hahn, Gertrude Nichol, Babs Hutchings, Doris Dilling, Marg Cowan, Irene Rowley, Lila Oxford, Helen Pophan, Mildred Bearfoot and Jean Kipp.**

Although there are also included in this excellent standard list of topics such general subjects as Towards a Better World, and Canada's Social and Economic Contribution to a Better World, DEE-ARR would like to see added under separate headings such problems as Intolerance, Labor and Reconversion.

### EDITORIAL

By this time we must have all learned that India's problem is our problem; that we can't divorce ourselves from what happens in Europe; that legislation passed in the United States affects Canada; that legislation passed in Canada influences Australia, and so on.

The problem of Reconversion is the second test of Teheran and Cairo—the first having been accomplished with the opening of the western front in Europe.

The brilliant success of planning was manifest in our military operations in France. This should serve as a stimulus to us to plan for a constructive reconversion to civilian production. We need the same type of co-ordinating agencies after the war that served us so well during the war. Of course, full war production should be maintained until victory is ours, but as workers and facilities become freed they should be put into important consumers' goods production.

Canada has shown the way to older democracies in the question of price control, all-out production and taxation of war profits. Canada's Production and Reconversion Committee can show the way again by working out definite formulas to fill the gaps that will take place as a result of necessary contract terminations.

Canada can show the way by setting up adequate machinery to take care of a full post-war economy and to insure that the transition from our war economy to our peace economy will be without chaos and crisis.

That's a good exercise in post-war citizenship, too!

## Mother's Corner Sews, Mends for Airmen

Everything else being equal, the G.I. Joe on this station can be said to be the best cared for in Canada.

Thanks to a small group of pleasant, pulchritudinous, patriotic girls, hundreds of airmen on this station have been getting while-u-wait sewing service—something unheard of these days.

Mother's Corner (Airmen's Lounge), which was initiated by

## Off-The-Record Impressions On The People Who Make Up 99N

By D. F. MARSHALL

Incredible, that twenty weeks have passed so fast, and we who are left have just D.R.'d for our final objective.

Reminiscing over the past twenty weeks, many incidents colour our memories.

First we have Genese, the greatest man both in mind and body; seldom has he strayed beyond the pottrals of No. 4 A.O.S. Whereas, a certain Corporal, getting somewhat discouraged with his lack of luck at catching a football, wends his weary way to Port Stanley, and returns minus his coat.

Smithy, our strong silent type, is also a Gen man at solving Cocked Hats.

At last our gambling school is at a standstill. Bray now having the monopoly of the cash. Lou and Bach have only their kit left—Hard lines, boys.

New and Talbot, the glamour twins of the course, continue to keep the cash register at Wonderland on a paying basis.

Cavanaugh, our ace star shot collector, should be taught other uses for heavenly bodies.

Then there's "Sextant" Sills, our Astro wizard, whose bang on shots are the envy of all.

Marshall, our Yank from the Smoky City, dashed off halfway through the course to be presented with a baby girl.

Hard to believe that Ritchie is an Ex-Cop, he's such a popular guy with us all.

"Sundown" Standen, 99's contribution to London's night life, is wondering how he's going to keep his women separated during "Wing's Parade".

Corp. Hughes, after many struggles with his "Red Demon", finally got it perking and now dashes hither and thither, with Sgt. Baxter, in their spare moments—that is, when they can get both wheels to go the same way.

Our "Three Musketeers", Crees, Corny, and Smalley, still make periodic dashes to the ends of the States to bring back fine collections of photos.

Well, E.T.A. is almost up—Our objective is in sight—We're there—So long, Crumlin.

By W. PAT DENT  
(The Gaffer)

August 22, 1944, will be a date to remember for 17 English lads, one Aussie and two Canadians, members of 99A Nav., now relaxing, having battled with AR, SR, WR, and DR, flown many difficult miles in the SDRT (Collaborators note) and chased stars around the CNT to the detriment of sundry necks.

Some time in the future we will recall these days at Crumlin. Perhaps the following pen sketches will be uppermost in our thoughts:

The "Major" Clair (Canada), who resides quietly by the starboard door and is such an unholy terror when let loose on the soccer field. "Corp" Hewton (Canada), who beetles off to town most nights to see his wife (we hope). He reflighted to us having heard we were pretty dim—that swine Goebbels.

Tom Kennedy (Australia), who holds the record for the fastest time around the perimeter outside our billet (with a hat on). Fred Airey, our gen man, still thinks A "48" is a pass. Norm Beattie, a quiet chap, who considers anyone who says "hello" instead of just nodding his head, a gossip.

Cyril (the mad professor) Bentom, who is busy on an invention again. This time it's a plane modelled on the Dobson Fly (Hellgramite to you, students).

Mike (Rip Van Winkle) Casey, who sleeps at Crumlin and dreams of Ponca City. Joe Cogley, who creates such a furore at lights out, is sure to have children who will grow up to be SP's.

Eric Denton, who has a tough time keeping those Hollywood scouts described him as "tall, dark and handsome". Jim Eggington studied aircraft rec. so hard he developed a JU 88 blister on his undercart.

Dick Gladwell's wife must be the best dressed woman in Britain. He cornered the Ontario dress market.

Jock Morrison: Quote Dinna fash yerself mon, yon conclusions daft, use a wee bit of reason, unquote. Translated, means, "Are you kiddin', Shorty!"

"C-o-e-f-f-i-c-i-e-n-t — A must always be applied . . ." brings me to our very able and patient in-



"This sweet pea, Emily Smith," says a Warner Bros. press agent, "is like no pea you've ever encountered." We'll take his word for it. Emily will be seen shortly at Famous Players' Capitol in town.

structors, F/O. Bert Curry and P/O. J. D'Arcy. They did a wonderful job (they must have) to get us through. Many thanks to all the staff of No. 4,

# I.O.D.E. Grant of 265 Books Brings No. 4 Library Total To 1500

**Donation Result of F/O Gelber's Visit to I.O.D.E. Book Distributing Depot in Toronto; National Encyclopedia Included Among 101 New Non-Fiction and 164 Fiction Titles.**

By JOHN V. GREENBLATT

Two hundred and sixty-five books have been added to the Station Library in the Airmen's Lounge as a result of a visit paid by F/O. L. M. Gelber, the unit's education officer, to the I.O.D.E.'s Book Distributing Depot in Toronto last month.

The I.O.D.E., which at the request of the Department of National Defence in 1939 undertook the distribution of books to men and women of the three armed services, has been really doing a job. Take a look at the record:

During the year 1939-40, 67,789 books were distributed while in the year 1941-42 the total distribution was 228,636. In 1943 the I.O.D.E. set as its goal 350,000 books and it's even higher this year.

## EDITORIAL

It is only natural that there should be this startling increase in reading by the armed services, for freedom to indulge our literary tastes is one of the precious things we're fighting for.

Don't think that all this reading isn't making a dent. Keener observers than this reporter are fast becoming aware of the process on a vast scale that is beginning to take place in the thinking of the men and women in the armed services.

Of the 265 splendid books received by the I.O.D.E., 101 are non-fiction and include a complete set of the National Encyclopedia; also such books as John Gunther's "D-Day"; Stephen Bonsal's "Unfinished Business"; Thomas Mann's "The Coming Victory of Democracy"; Maurice Hindus' "Mother Russia"; Freda Utley's "China at War"; Francis Miller's "Eisenhower"; Erle Lattimore's "The Making of Modern China"; Francis Gerard's "Malta Magnificence", and many others.

Among the 164 fiction books added to our library, which now totals 1,500 volumes, are Lloyd Douglas' "The Robe"; Marcia Davenport's "The Valley of Decision"; William Saroyan's "The Human Comedy"; Rosemary Taylor's "Chicken Every Sunday"; John Hershey's "A Bell For Adano", Come and get 'em!

## F/O Addison and Chum Alone Held Off Enemy At Mardjawoun

**Bomber Instructor Saw Action  
With Australian Mechanized  
Cavalry as Corporal.**

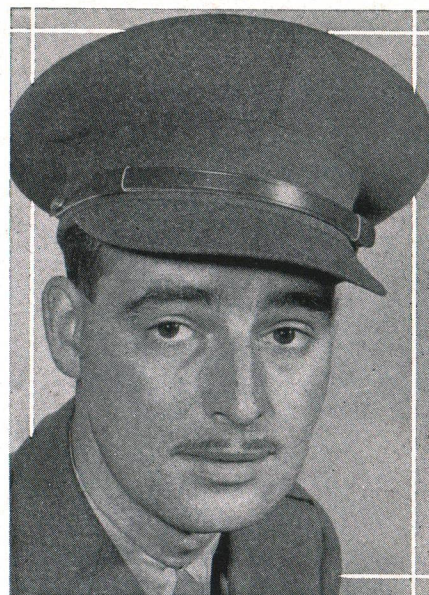
After participating in several desert campaigns, including the Lybian and Syrian, where you pool your limited quota of water so that you may be assured of some to wash clothes in; a bath every six days, and a little to drink; it's nice to be stationed in Crumlin where you can—if the spirit moves you and you haven't a class—dash out for an ice-cold coke.

That's F/O. Ron Addison, instructor in the Bomber Command, recalling the days when he was



F/O RON ADDISON

... he forgot to mention the time he and a buddy held the enemy while his company made a get-away.



WILLIAM KINMOND, former trainee here, now in London, England, as correspondent for the Toronto Star.

Corporal Ron Addison of the Australian mechanized cavalry.

Continuing his reverberations, F/O Addison, casually dismisses the time he and his buddy held off a detachment of Arabs and Vichyites who were threatening the Allies' newly won Mardjawoun.

Most of Addison's company were away on patrol when the enemy chose to retake Mardjawoun and it was he and another corporal who held them off just outside the encampment while, what remained of his party got things in readiness for a getaway.

Asked how he spent the balance of the 15 months in Africa, Addison replied, "Very quiet! A few skirmishes with the Germans here and there. Very quiet!

"Oh, yes!" he reminded himself, "I was around for the fall of Giarabub and . . . a few other places I can't spell."

"It wasn't all tough going, though," he continued, "there were lots of pleasant days, especially the time we were stationed just outside a small Jewish village in Palestine. We lived like kings."

In March, 1942, he was returned to Sidney, Australia, his home, and later sent to the north where one day an air force mobile recruiting unit came around and a number of the boys remustered to the R.A.A.F. and that's how come he's here.

He likes Canada. "If I ever settle anywhere outside of Australia, it'll be this country," he says. And he's been from here to San Francisco and back.

# Crumlin Nine Snatches Victory From Army In Closing Innings

**Captain Stitt Presented No. 4 A.O.S. with S. 5 C.D.M.S.'s Coat-of-Arms at Banquet Following Game.**

By JOHN V. GREENBLATT

Slow on the take-off, the Crumlin softball team finally gathered speed along about the fifth inning, levelled off in the eighth and demolished No. 5 C.D.M.S., Woodstock, in the ninth, 9-5.

The game, which initiated Woodstock's new ball park, marked the highspot of the season in sportsmanship as good-fellowship oozed and every letter of the rules laid down by the Marquis of Queensbury was honoured.

There was a moment when this reporter thought he was on the terracing at Lords when the Army catcher picked up a bat and handed it to an airman about to enter the batter's box.

(The umpire wasn't even threatened once albeit there were a couple of decisions which Eddie Sobel thought merited closer examination, saying to the ump., "Lieutenant, please, fawgoodness sake, have a look!")

Pitching a solid, steady game for Crumlin, Benny Perlman went the nine-inning route, giving up two walks and striking out seven.

It wasn't, however, until the fifth inning, Crumlin hitless and trailing 4-0, that Ernie Young started a hitting barrage which was backed up by Needham, D'Arcy and Benny, netting two runs.

Still behind in the eighth, Crumlin really started strafing. Ray Mullins, little Tommy Needham and Cec Cocks bombarded Maynard, the Army's pitcher. Fletcher and Slater started another wave of hits in the same inning and Crumlin was ahead 6-5 before the side was retired.

The Army started to crumble behind Maynard's splendid pitching in the ninth as Crumlin added another three runs to put the game on ice. Maynard's hurling, however, deserved a better fate.

After the game both teams gathered in the Sergeants' Mess where the kitchen staff prepared a repast of banquet proportions including steak, French fried potatoes, ice cream, apple pie and coffee (with a head on it). It took nine strong men to keep F/L Perkins, coach of the team, from remustering to the Army.

The Army's Captain Stitt was the perfect host. He literally broke his back doing things for us.

At the conclusion of the feast, which was served by CWACs, who must have been refugees from a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer chorus line, the Captain presented Crumlin with No. 5 C.D.M.S.'s coat-of-arms,

## Crumlin Humbles Chatham All-Stars

In a fast nine-inning game which took only 63 minutes, the Station softball team polished off a group of all-stars made up from Chatham's Industrial League, 5-1.

Playing spirited ball behind Cec Cocks' smooth hurling, the station team played its best game of the season.

Star of the game was "Slats" Slater who hit a long homer over the head of Chatham's left fielder with two men on.

A home run by the All-Stars' Chick Croven and six scattered hits were the only bits of comfort the Chatham drew out of the conflict.

Our infield of Fletcher, Chappell, Mullins and Sobel, reminded this reporter of the stories his old man told him of the year the Chicago Cubs had Tinkers, Evers and Chance.

Either our men are just finding themselves or they were inspired by that wonderful dinner in the Bluebird Restaurant arranged by P/O Smythe. Whatever the source of their inspiration they played ball that day.

Chatham fans, who were present in the hundreds, will not soon forget Cec Cocks' pitching; little Tommy Needham's shoe-string catch in right field; Moon Mullins' spectacular assist when he scooped the ball up three inches from the ground after Sobel juggled it; the handling of those sizzling grounders by Chappell at short and Fletcher at third. (Fletcher is an old Chatham alumnus. He played second base on Chatham's hard ball team back in 1934.)

Playing their usual steady game were Ernie Young at catch; "Aussie" D'Arcy at centre (the only Australian we've ever seen play baseball like a Canadian); and Eddie Sobel, handicapped with a thumb injury, at first.



Y.M.C.A. Director Don Marlett, who leaves shortly on a Western posting. Was the best Y-man this side of the Rockies and now t'other side.

## Staff Defeats Wags Lead House League

**Wags Better With the Buzzer  
Than With the Bat.**

In a game that would have brought back memories to some old timer when baseball was in its infancy, the staff kidded the WAG's out of a 7-3 decision to keep its hold as leader of the House League.

Sgt. "Hoppy" Hopkins pitched seven innings of good-humoured ball for the WAG's, backed up by W/O.1 Smythe, W/O.2 "ACI" Chitlow, and Sgts. Goldenberg and L'Hereux, but the Staff, made up of ringers and professionals (don't ask us from what league) was a little too much for them.

F/L. Chappell, who umpired the game, had to contend with a belligerent audience which was sometimes in the bleachers and sometimes on the field. "It's safer over Bremen," he admitted after the game.

Fourteen Crumlin airmen, who were spending the week-end in Chatham (arranged by P/O. Smythe, F/O. MacKenzie, chairman of the Entertainment Com., and Y-Director Don Marlett) and their girl charges were present rooting for the team. And it now occurs to this reporter that the source of our team's inspiration may lead to those quarters. Could be!

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