



LONDON

# AIR OBSERVER

VOLUME 1, No. 10

COMING IN FOR LANDING—Photo R.C.A.F.

SEPTEMBER, 1944



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R.C.A.F. Section  
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Victory Bonds are Nest Eggs for Post  
War Security---Hold on to Them

# LONDON AIR OBSERVER

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Air Observer School, Leavens Bros. (Training) Limited.

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Photographer: CLIFF HUNT



## GIVE A THOUGHT TO CANADA

Some people rush to big cities for vacations, others favor lake breezes. I've experimented with both and usually got a rest after I arrived home. This year, with a shortage of transportation and a hot spell lived through, I want to try something different . . . something I've been putting off since the madman of Europe brought hate and sorrow to an innocent world.

I want to spend a few days in a shady spot in the garden, just sitting and thinking as I look at the flowers and listen to the happy carefree birds.

I'm going to think about my own country—Canada. I've delayed this job too long. It's a mighty big country, full of hope and beauty. It's full of mighty decent, likable folks who enjoy just sitting and admiring the flowers and birds and children playing around and the peace and beauty and wonders of nature. I'm going to think of what a fine country I live in. What a land of opportunity. As I sit in my old chair and wiggle my bare toes in the grass with nothing to worry about but the odd mosquito in search of lunch I will hear the voice of old Mother Canada softly whispering:

"I know that men slur and revile me. There are those who would injure me. But give me a break, won't you? Respect and love me for what I am and I will bring peace and happiness to you and yours. Yea, I will throw opportunity in your path and ye shall have plenty to give to the poor. Love me wisely and ye need have no fear of the future. We have been through tough times together and won out. Men change, but I do not. There is danger, grave danger, that your love for me may change with your fortunes. Please understand me and make the best of my riches. Protect me from those who would neglect me."

And having heard the plea of Mother Canada I will contemplate on how fortunate I am to live in such a fine country. No sound of gun fire, no ambulances dashing past with wounded, plenty to eat and no hardships to endure. I will promise myself to do just a little more to end the strife that is tearing the world apart. To hasten the day when mankind throughout the world can get back to sitting in the garden and thinking and loving.

I'll look at the sun as it hides away in the west, covering all Canada in flight, and remember that to increase the love of country one has only to live in a foreign land. I'll be reminded of that famous cartoon of World War One by Bruce Bairnsfather of Old Bill and his sidekick in a muddy hole in France with shells screaming overhead and Old Bill saying: "If you knows a better 'ole go to it'".

### ACCORDING TO THE RECORDS

Nine Nazi pilots appeared before the Pearly Gates and knocked boisterously. When St. Peter came out, the spokesman for the Germans clicked his heels and said curtly:

"We are German airmen. We were shot down over England. Move aside and let us in."

The heavenly gatekeeper backed away and closed the gates behind him. The Nazis stamped about impatiently. In a little while St. Peter returned and opened the gates, saying:

"All right, men. Two of you may come in!"

"But we are nine," protested the leader. "How about the other seven?"

"Sorry, boys," answered the saint. "According to the communique of the German High Command only two pilots were lost over England today. Those two may come in—the others can go to hell."

A true music lover is a man who, upon hearing a soprano in the bathroom, put his ear to the keyhole.



### SEND OBSERVER OVERSEAS

It is now possible to send magazines overseas. Restrictions which have been in force for some time have been removed. So if you would like your friends overseas to keep in touch with Station affairs mail them your copy of THE OBSERVER.

COME IN AND BE INSULTED. This seems to be the motto of several New York night clubs this year. They are doing a big business by picking on their customers. For instance, if you come in with your wife the master of ceremonies will say something like this:

"Hey, you! Check your wife and have dinner with the mink coat. Our waiters are sensitive."

You're supposed to be a good fellow and laugh furiously and then pay \$6.85 for a bad set of lamb chops. Anyway, these successful ventures brought to mind a few other entertainers who make their living by panning the customers.

An acrobat walks on the laps of the audience breaking phonograph records on their heads.

A waiter gets \$50 a night for going to banquets and spilling soup on the patrons.

Who does the dominating at your house? Don't answer me. It's none of my business. However, I would like to call to the attention of all husbands, as well as to those planning to be husbands, the following excerpt from a communication from a happily married wife: "My husband is the most masterful, fascinating man I ever met. He is the first man I met I couldn't dominate. People have always depended on me to help them make their decisions, keep up their courage and sometimes even for material support. So how I do adore a man who lets me be wholly feminine, a strong husband on whom I can lean."

When an airman says he can read a girl like a book, he's usually just pouring over her lines.



## He Flies Planes and Makes Flies to Lure Fish

**Arnold Pletzer's Hobby Is Originating Attractive Bait for Fish and Catching the Big Ones.**

By **ARNOLD PLETZER**

Fishing is a sport indulged in by millions of men and women all over the world.

For some, it is a means of livelihood but for the very large majority just a pleasant form of relaxation. A few hours spent in the out-of-doors in a boat or walking a trout stream act as a tonic to those of us who enjoy such things as nothing else will. It also makes great liars out of men who pride themselves on their truthfulness. Greatly exaggerated are the stories one hears of the big one that got away or, if it did not get away, the ruler gets more elastic as the story of the catching is repeated.

We all have our favorite type of fishing, from the barefoot kids who dunk a worm for chub in the farm creek to those who cool themselves in ocean breezes while trolling for tarpon and various big sea monsters. The in-betweens cover a multitude of people who connive

for a day off from work now and then to indulge in the sport as they best enjoy it.

I am one of these and my favorite type of fishing is walking a trout stream. It is not one of the most pleasant forms of the sport, as it usually means following a spring creek through a marshy meadow or mosquito-infested cedar swamp. This is a dirty business when you have on heavy waders and your face

is covered with some sort of not very satisfactory fly-repellant. Many times I have crept on my belly up to the edge of a still dark pool and dropped a lure on the quiet waters expecting to pull out a large beautiful specimen of the trout family and, instead, had to battle with a little six-inch chub. But there is always the chance of getting the big one and I think it

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### ***Souvenir Edition of Observer***

The next and final issue of THE OBSERVER will be a souvenir edition. It is proposed to make it a record of No. 4 Station from its inception to closing. Something to store in memory's jewel box and look back on as a part of your life during the greatest war of all time. Some of us have a more spectacular part to play than others, but the seemingly unimportant jobs many of us do are a part of the teamwork that brings home the winning run. It will be pleasant satisfaction in the future to look back on what we have done in the making of history for the honor of Canada, no matter how small but important that part may have been.

For this final edition we ask you—and that means everyone on the Station—to furnish us with any little or big happening that stands out in your memory. Old photos that illustrate any event or personality are important.

Will you give us a hand? Thank you.



Murial E. Giles, secretary to Assistant General Manager Clayton Aiken.

## And The Big Fish Didn't Get Away

By MISS M. E. GILES

That's just what I said when it was suggested, while on my vacation, that we go catch a fish for breakfast. Then, on second thought, the idea flashed into brilliance and, we were on our way — to the dime store — to get some equipment, having brought everything else with us from golf clubs to cribbage board.

Arriving at the store, in a jubilant mood and with nothing on our minds but FISH, we were confronted with lines, hooks and sinkers of different sizes and shapes. After some bickering over what to buy, we hurriedly summoned the aid of the clerk, who, with a smile on her face, advised us that the pretty colored hooks we had chosen were flies, and, for still fishing, we had the wrong sinkers and the wrong type of line. With these small items straightened out, our next thought was to get to the lake as fast as we could for tempus fugit — we flew. In fact we got there so fast, we clean forgot about poles and bait. I said, "Well, now what are we going to do? We've got the basic requirements, but how are we going to get the line way out there (pointing to the middle of the lake where the big ones are) and, what are we going to feed them with?" I said "feed" because any time I have ever gone fishing before, that was the extent of it. "Well," my partner said, "the poles are the

Margaret Kamisaruk of Flight Department in attractive pose beside plane on runway in front of hangar.



least of our worries," and he produced two from a nearby tree. We rigged these up, after much arguing as to whether the sinker or the hook should be on the bottom and finally settling with one pole rigged up each way. (I was the rugged individualist, with the sinker on the end of the line).

We were patiently fishing away (had been for some time), when suddenly I heard a splash. I dropped everything and ran along the path to see what it was. When I reached the spot, there was my fishing partner, nervously trying to unhook a little six-inch bass. My sympathy immediately rolled up into a big lump in my throat and I said, "Why the poor little thing! —well at least we know there are some fish in this lake!" all in one breath. I returned to my favorite spot, more determined than ever, to catch a fish. "Just one, Dear God, just one," was my fervent prayer. And, I guess He must have heard me, because, not long after that I felt one thrilling tug, then my line went out, then another tug. I started to yell for help, and by the time my partner arrived the fish was dangling over the make-

shift dock, still fighting to get away. My partner, upon seeing the fish, immediately got excited and said, "What will we kill it with? Where's a rock?" —and—picking up a small-sized boulder, shouted, "Where's its brains?" "I dunno," I cried, "they haven't any, I guess! Why don't you 'gaff' it?" "How do you do that?" came the reply.

When the fish finally came to rest with a stick through its gills, I saw it for the *first* time. It was a three-pound black bass!

### WE HAD FISH FOR BREAKFAST

A reporter in London, England, was interviewing the oldest inhabitant of a village who had just completed his century. "And have you been married?" asked the newspaperman with interest. "Married," echoed the hale and hearty old man, "married, I should think I have been. Four wives I've had . . . and what's more, one of them was a good 'un?"

Another way for a smoker to regain his self-respect is to quit trying to quit.

# Maintenance Department Keeps Planes Flying



## Check Up Made After Each 50 Hours of Flying — No. 5 Hangar Houses Dozen Work Shops.

“Keep them flying.” This is the slogan of the Maintenance Crews, and when history records the war events, not the least among the unsung heroes will be the men and women of pliers, wrenches and screw drivers.

High in the bright sunshine over No. 4 A.O.S. a yellow Anson circles and glides gracefully to the runway. The pilot climbs from the cockpit under the weight of flying suit, parachute harness, etc., and walks to his flight and reports anything that may be wrong to the engines or aircraft during his flight. Any of these jobs that are considered by the Flight Engineer to be beyond a certain time limit are sent to the maintenance hangars.

Maintenance gets another job. It is this department's business to make and keep fit for service, to repair, inspect and maintain scores of planes so that this station of the Commonwealth Air Training Plan may continue to graduate an ever-increasing flow of expert navigators and bombardiers. It is a big job, a mighty big job. Just take a trip to No. 5 Hangar and see for yourself. You will find it bigger than you had in mind. Have a chat with Jim Cairns, Supt. of Maintenance, and he will tell you they don't wait for disability before going to work on aircraft. Whether they are serviceable or not, every plane has a periodic check-up each 50 hours it



Jim Cairns, Superintendent of Maintenance at No. 5 Hangar.

runs and a major inspection every 350 hours.

The centre of the whole system of maintenance is in No. 5 Hangar. There day by day records of every aircraft are kept. The flying time of each engine, propeller, airframe and previous repairs are recorded in the Control Room. All departments are supplied each day with a form having the time of each aircraft and its engines and from these reports the senior flight and maintenance engineer have a ready record when each aircraft requires its inspection.

An inter-communication system is hooked up to all departments which includes the Senior Flight Engineer,

Ken Stephenson, and Senior Maintenance Engineer, Mel Carter.

Immediately an aircraft is moved from flight to maintenance hangar it comes under the supervision of Mel Carter who instructs the crew chiefs and foremen of the departments that the aircraft requires periodic inspection or a major inspection, also special inspections that may be necessary at this time.

The riggers, fitters and men of nearly a dozen departments located in this community of shops busily engage themselves in inspection, testing, and lubricating the aircraft until it is perfect in every respect. These are the lads and lassies doing the dirty, the unglamorous and skilled work that keeps the aircraft ticking.

When an aircraft has flown 50 hours, it is necessary that it come to Maintenance for a thorough check over. The procedure that is followed in carrying out this inspection requires every department in Maintenance to co-operate 100%.

For example, men are dispatched from the Instrument Shop to test and calibrate all instruments. Under Bob McCollum and Crew Chief Jim Small, this work is carried out to the fullest extent.

Nearby in the Radio Department, under the supervision of Jack Madill and Elmer Downs as Maintenance Crew Chief, along with many experienced radio technicians, stand ready with all the latest equipment to keep communications systems of all aircraft in perfect working order.

Ed Pickrem, in charge of the  
*(Continued on page 9)*

## No. 5 HANGAR



Betty Smith of Canteen booth staff.

*(Continued from page 3)*

is this that gets into the blood and keeps us planning from the time one season ends till the next one begins as to where we will go and what we will use as a lure to catch the big ones we missed last year.

I have been fishing for trout since I can remember and only in the past year have I been making my own lures and flies. My satisfaction from this hobby is second only to my pleasure in their use. It is a source of great satisfaction to anybody to make a fly from their own imagination or copy one of the standard patterns and then see that same fly take fish.

## SUPPLY DEPOT



Mrs. Elizabeth Fitzgerald of Supply Depot.

Many and varied are the materials that go into the making of trout flies. Some of these materials are easy to procure and others are very difficult to obtain. Feathers from migratory birds and waterfowl are used extensively; also plumage from a lot of the tropical birds. Neck and saddle hackles from barnyard and game roosters are used on practically all flies, both wet and dry. Hair is also used extensively by all fly-tyers. Deer, bear and goat getting a little more call than some of the others because of their stiffness.

## STORES



Dorothy Hewer, smiling little lady of Stores.

I could not hope to put in this short article the names of all the styles of flies already in use. There are several books on the market on the subject and no one of them covers the field completely.

I am but one of many who like to fish for trout and who find it both interesting and profitable to make their own flies. In closing, let me advise any of you who might decide to go trout fishing to be sure to include in with your prized supply of flies a good sized can of garden hackle and you may be surer of bringing home some fish.

## Some of the Big Ones That Didn't Get Away from Arnold Pletzer



# Grounds Crew Have Different Things To Do



Back Row (left to right)—Jim Quarrie, S. Ronald, Bert Mossip, Jack Ross, Earl Mercer (Grounds Superintendent), Charles Barker, Jack Middleton, Tom Martin. Front Row—George Anderson, Bill Mossip, Dick Smith, George Dawson, Bill Learn, Bill Ward, William Duffin.

## P/O BESTER SAFE

F/O. John F. Bester, graduate of No. 4 School, missing in action over Europe since July 5, has returned safely to the United Kingdom, his mother Mrs. Jessie Bester, of 130 Mill Street, has been notified.

## Seriously Injured

F/O. Walter J. Robins, son of Mrs. G. A. Gunning, 258 Simcoe Street, has been dangerously injured while serving Overseas. A native of London, he took his R.C. A.F. training at No. 4 School.

## KILLED IN ACTION

Flying Officer Alvin E. Lindenfield, who received his commission as pilot officer at No. 4 Station in August, 1943, is officially reported killed in action, according to word received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Lindenfield. He is survived by his widow, little son, two sisters, two brothers and his parents.

## Everything From Supplying Hot Water for Baths to Shovelling Snow Done by Grounds Staff.

Variety is the spice of life, so they say. So, if you are interested in variety and spice get a job with the Grounds Department.

This group of men—26 in number—does everything from shovelling coal to caring for those beautiful flower beds. Never a dull moment, is their motto. There is the heating problem in winter and grass cutting in summer. Heating requires the services of 13 firemen when the snow flies. Then all year 'round hot water must be made available in barracks and kitchen. When 30 to 40 of the lads in one building take their Saturday bath literally tons of hot water is used. In winter, no matter how the wind howls and snow lashes, coal must be delivered from stock piles to

hangars, and sidewalks and door steps kept clean of snow and ashes hauled away.

Then comes the first breath of spring, with the 75 flower beds to be prepared and planted. The grass turns green and the sound of lawn mowers is heard throughout the hundreds of acres of the Station. Owing to a large amount of construction work last year it was necessary to do much landscaping during the past spring and summer. In addition to jobs already mentioned the grounds must be kept clean. Paper, tins and other articles are collected and burned or otherwise disposed of. Two trucks are kept busy at these and other jobs. So if variety is the spice of life join the grounds department. Says the grounds superintendent, Earl Mercer: "If nobody else will do it, don't be bashful, just phone 169 and we guarantee service within a month."



## OPERATIONS AND PILOT PATTEN

By G. M. S. HANSON

Bob Weir (Duty Pilot), who is being transferred to No. 1 A.O.S. Malton, is one of the oldest employees on the Station.

Bob was first employed by the Company as a Mechanic when we had one MK I Anson at Toronto Island, 1940. He was later promoted to Crew-Chief. While a Mechanic, Bob survived an aircraft accident while on a test flight in which two pilots lost their lives.

In May, 1942, he was taken on as a Pilot, having previously obtained his Commercial License at Leavens Bros. Ltd., at Barker Field. Bob was for some time the proud owner of A.Z.L., a familiar aircraft to local pilots at London Flying Club.

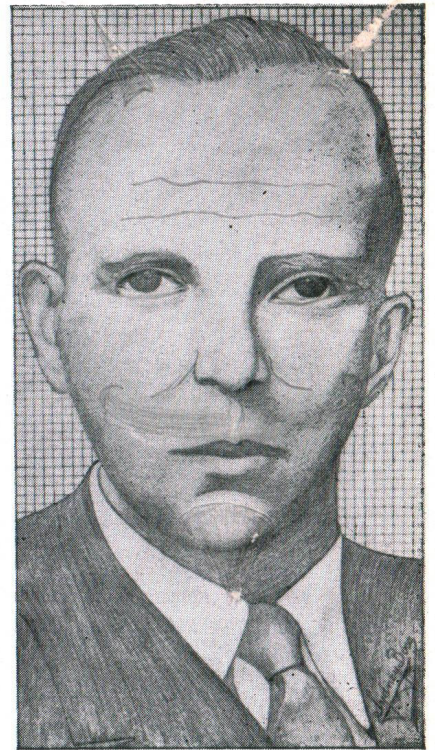
In 1944 he was promoted to Duty Pilot—doing a very efficient job, and by possessing such a pleasant personality he will be greatly missed at Operations.

Four other pilots have also been transferred to No. 1 A.O.S. Malton.

JOHN LENI: One of our old friends is leaving to fly at No. 1 A.O.S. John has been with us for fourteen months and has done a wonderfully fine job of flying at this school. His cheerful and helpful disposition have made him



SYDNEY BOX, mechanic at No. 5 Hangar, turns his attention to art. Here is Syd's first attempt. The subject, Walter Leavens of Leavens Bros.



especially easy to work with. John was born in Poland and came to Canada a few years ago, making his home in Toronto, Ont.

BERT BRAZIER: Learned to fly in February, 1939, and accepted a position with Prairie Flying School, Regina, in May, 1942. He remained there until the closing of that school and reported at No. 4 A.O.S. in 1943. Bert has been a faithful pilot and will be greatly missed. Bert comes from Toronto, Ont.

STU ALEXANDER: Stu is also leaving to fly at No. 1 A.O.S. and our best wishes go with him. Stu has been employed at No. 4 A.O.S. for fourteen months also and the job he has done has been above reproach. Stu has been identified with aviation for many years, having started out as a Glider Pilot in the early 30's. He was employed by Leavens Bros., Toronto, from 1938 until he came here in July, 1942. We know he will do a good job for No. 1 A.O.S.

FRANK COLLINS: Frankie learned to fly in February, 1941, with Leavens Bros. Ltd., at Barker Field, and came to No. 4 in April, 1942. He has done a very good job at this school, possessing a very sunny disposition. He comes from Toronto, Ont.

These fellows leave No. 4 with the best wishes of the entire school.

Have you heard?—One of our senior pilots, well known to all, has apparently been thinking of one of those post-war jobs, mainly the "Wrecking Business". So realistic

were his dreams, that he started demolishing four of our mighty Ansons a few days ago.

Herbert Luscombe has proved himself one of those gallant lads who has faced Cupid and presented the little lady with a lovely ring. Congrats—Herbie.

Jack Unger seems to have acquired the urge for tennis lately, but it seems that more practice is required. Instead, of a score of 5-0 in favor of a certain young lady.

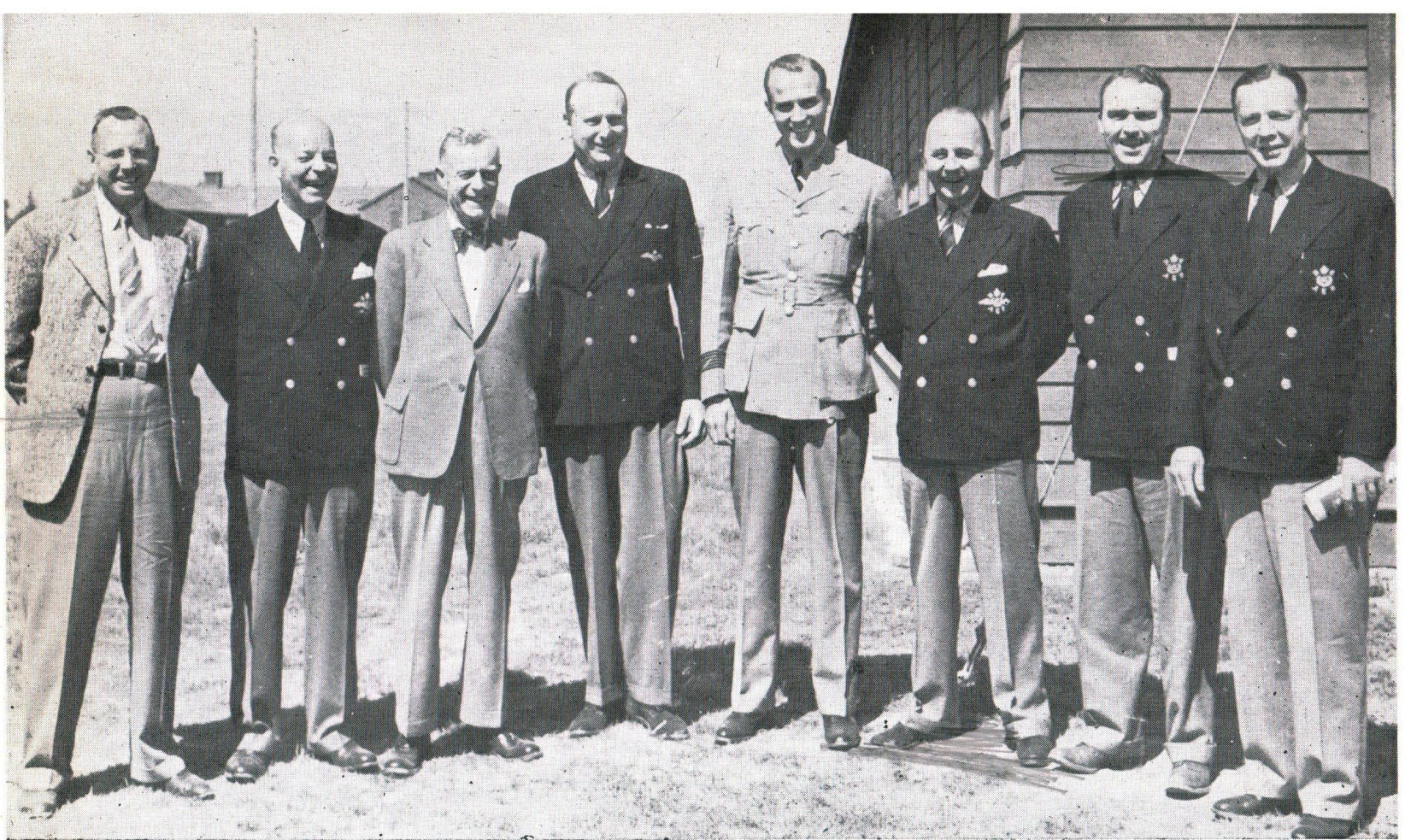
What is the attraction at "Grand Bend" for Jack Colban? Could it be an attractive lunch all prepared by her own little hands? Better luck, Jack, in the future with no more flat automobile tires.

The Station bid farewell to a couple of our pilots recently, P/O. Henry Jenkins and P/O. Stan Grabb (Duty Pilot). These fellows were well known by everyone and have reported to Lachine, Quebec. May we all wish them the best of luck for the future.

Sgt. Sid Spafford has reported to Fingal, Ontario, where he will resume his flying duties at No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School. Good luck, Sid.

No. 4 A.O.S. wishes to congratulate nine Pilots who have recently received their Commissions:

P/O. Martin Eisner, P/O. Howard Gillam, P/O. Noel Fitzgibbon, P/O. Melvin Healey, P/O. Robert Carnegie, P/O. Keith Silvester, P/O. Carl Bond, P/O. Howard Sheppard, P/O. Tom Howard.



## Management of Civilian Operated Air Schools Meet at Vancouver

Left to right—C. R. Leavens, No. 4 A.O.S.; W. McLeod, No. 1 A.O.S.; J. L. Apedaile, C.B.E., Financial Adviser; Peter Troup, General Supervisor; W/C Sharpe, assistant to Mr Apedaile; W. Woollett, No. 9 A.O.S.; S. Ormond, No. 5 A.O.S., and W. L. Parr, No. 7.

(Continued from page 5)

Electrical Shop, and his staff of men and girls are kept busy checking all electrical equipment in the Anson Aircraft. One of the services is the maintenance of spark plugs. Another important job is the servicing of generators, which are removed after so many hours flying, dismantled, cleaned, and necessary parts replaced.

Practically every aircraft that goes through Maintenance requires woodwork repair of some description. This department under Foreman Ernie Smith and his staff of five men replace plywood panels, repair damaged wings plus numerous other jobs. Just to say "repair damaged wings" sounds very little, but it requires lots of time and skilled woodworkers. Ernie Smith and his staff are to be congratulated on their fine woodwork on aircraft wings that seem to be almost unrepairable.

The same applies to the Metal and Welding Shop. Each aircraft fuselage is gone over and any damaged cowlings, nose section, etc., are sent to Jack Mills in charge of this department, where they are repaired and made serviceable in every respect.

A department in Maintenance literally worth its weight in gold is the tool and machine shop, under genial Bill McLellan. Hundreds of cylinders go through this department weekly where they are dismantled, valves ground, new guides fitted if necessary, carbon removed and cylinder put in 100% working order. Another unit playing its share in the Maintenance of this Station's aircraft is Hangar Stores, where thousands of pieces of equipment, some of it minutely small, is kept ready to be issued at a moment's notice. Sometimes parts cannot be obtained from stores and are made in the Machine Shop, thus saving hours, days and sometimes months of valuable time.

Since the arrival of the new Anson Mk. V Aircraft with the constant speed propellers the inauguration of a propeller room has become necessary. This department under Angus Johnston is kept busy checking every propeller on each aircraft that goes through Maintenance. This work in many cases involves repairs to damaged blades and replacement of oil seals.

At the southwest corner of Maintenance you will find men busy in

the Hilco room in charge of Ed Heath. When used oil is removed from the engines it is put through the oil reclaimers. After going through this process it has been analyzed and found that the oil is actually purer than when it came from the refineries.

Close by is the tire room and general repair shop. Here Cecil Bowman is kept busy repairing tires and tubes.

Now we come to the engine and airframe mechanics, with W. Browning, Tom Bell as Crew Chiefs responsible for engines and Harry Haughton, Frank Smith and Harold Hovdebo, airframe Crew Chiefs. Cylinder changes, top overhauls, engine installations are all part of the engine mechanics' daily routine. The airframe mechanics are required to seek out frayed control cables, small leaks in hydraulic systems, which later can prove serious if not caught in time.

Each aircraft is flight tested before it is O.K.'ed for return to flying duties. This test is carried out by Garnet Hutchinson or Al Smith, test pilots at No. 5 Hangar.

## GRANT MAGINNIS GOES TO MALTON

Grant Maginnis, Link trainer instructor here for the past two years, has been transferred to No. 1 A.O.S. School, Malton. Grant, who was born in London, moved to Woodstock when four years old where he attended public school and collegiate institute. Returning to London in 1931 he was a student at Beal Technical School, specializing in electrical engineering. From



1934 to 1940 Grant was employed by the Public Utilities in engineer and line departments, and in June, 1940, became a member of the staff of No. 3 E.F.T.S. Two years later he went to No. 20 E.F.T.S. at Oshawa and in 1943 came to No. 4 School (Leavens Bros. Ltd) as Link trainer instructor. In addition to his duties as instructor, Grant conducted Victory Loan campaigns, with the result that No. 4 ranked among the highest stations in the Dominion for amounts raised. He will be missed. But No. 4's loss is Malton's gain. Grant asks that his thanks and good wishes be extended to all who assisted in loan campaigns and his many other friends.

### LIEUT. McCONNELL RECOVERING

Lieut. R. R. McConnell, husband of the former Barbara Monohan (daughter of Police Chief and Mrs. Monohan), who was wounded in action in France, is reported to be making a satisfactory recovery. Lieut. McConnell is a member of the Royal Regiment of Canada. He enlisted in April, 1942, and has been Overseas since February.

### BIRTH OF DAUGHTER

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. John Durward Hutchinson, of Maintenance, on the birth of a daughter, Dorothy Carol.



Here we have J. J. Wilson, in charge of the battery room at No. 5 Hangar, and inset, left to right, R. Page and G. McLellan of Flight, who operate a battery booster truck.

## MOURN THE DEATH OF WILLIAM LEWIS

The death of William Lewis, veteran guard of No. 4 Station, who passed away suddenly on Aug. 22 came as a shock and brought sadness to his many friends. Apparently in good health, he was suddenly stricken and passed away a few hours afterwards.



Born in England, he had lived in London for 12 years and was employed at No. 4 Air Observers' School for the past four years, being one of the original guards. He served overseas with the 52nd Battalion and was a member of Branch No. 2, Canadian Legion.

He is survived by one son, W. P. Lewis, R.C.A.F., of No. 4 Station; a daughter, Mrs. James Spyer, London.

The funeral, held to Mount Pleasant Cemetery, was very largely attended. To his family his many friends on the Station express their deepest sympathy in the loss of one of the finest men it has been their privilege to know.

## DEATH OF MRS. WM. JONES

Sympathy is extended to William Jones, of Cleaning Department, in the loss of his wife who passed away recently at Victoria Hospital in her 64th year. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. George Fenning, of St. David's Anglican Church, with interment in Mt. Pleasant Cemetery. Pallbearers were C. Beck, C. Bowman, C. Arberry, R. Richardson, T. Smith and B. Baldwin.

### STORES



Mary Shannon at her desk in Stores Department.

# 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., naviga-  
tion term, meaning Dead Reckoning.

## Editor Fights Thru Shroud of Modesty To Get Yarn on F/L Culp's 29 Ops.

Instructor Bombed French Airdrome and German Battleships  
Scharnhorst and Gneisenau.

By JOHN V. GREENBLATT

This is supposed to be an interview with F/L. L. B. Culp. (You'll understand later why I say "supposed to be.")

I heard that he had had 28 trips over Germany and one over Italy, all from an English base and I figured he would have something interesting to relate.

Frankly, I'm glad this is one of the last issues of DEE-ARR because I'm getting awfully, awfully tired of interviewing airmen in the RCAF who've been on ops. and still say, "nothing happened". For that's what F/L. Culp would have me believe.

I'll be glad to get back to New York where personalities, leaders and sacred white cows give out at least with some banalties, well worn bromides, or even utter famous plagiarisms.

Can it be modesty that makes airmen wince at being interviewed? Can it be that they think they're closer to God because they spend part of their time a couple of miles nearer Heaven?

Or perhaps it's diplomacy that makes them hide behind a shroud of silence. I recall a couple of years ago, Arthur "Bugs" Baer

saying, "Diplomacy was the art of concealing something a guy had nothing to conceal."

This is not the case here, I'm sure, because in every interview I've had with airmen I've found that they did plenty.

I don't think I'm any more of a coward than anyone else but I can't help feeling that an airman who goes up in a plane over enemy territory and is shot at by enemy ack-ack guns from below and Messerschmidts around him is anything but a hero.

Take our subject, F/L. Culp, for example. As an Observer he bombed Cologne, Duiseldorf, Brest, Hamburg, Hanover and Bremen, not once, but several times. And that, back in 1941 when Germany's air power and military might was at its height.

No one is going to tell me, "nothing happened", and expect me to believe it.

Again, no one is going to tell me he made a 9 hour and 48 minute  
(Continued on page 12)



F/L. L. B. CULP

"... honest! Nothing happened."

### ODE TO AN ANSON

By GROUND CREW

(with apologies to Luella Boynton)

It is a spendthrift love they know

Who watch, with hunger in their eyes,

Their Beauty leaving them below

To bear another through the skies.

## DEE-ARR

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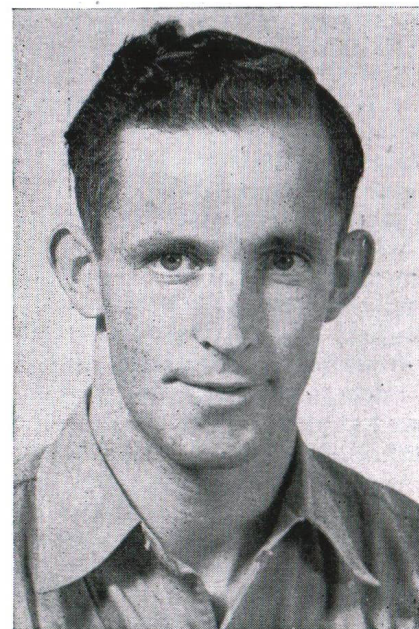
## No. 4 Trainee Wins Broad Jump At Command Meet

Ken Noel, 103 BN, Also W.  
Australia Titleholder in  
This Event.

Not unlike race horses, human beings also beget, sire or is it foal, athletic prototypes. Take our newly crowned Command Broad Jumping Champion, Ken Noel, of 103 BN, who is also the Western Australia State titleholder in this event. Ken is the foal of Alfred Noel, a great athlete in his day, who played for Western Australia in that memorable Lacrosse game against Canada 30 years ago.

Ken is an all-around track and field star. As a student at the U. of Western Australian in 1939, Ken won the Freshman Aggregate Cup. The following year he repeated, winning the Senior Aggregate

(Continued on Page 13)



L.A.C. KEN NOEL

... chip off the old block.



Principals and chorus line of London's Little Theatre leggy review which will play a return engagement here next month.



## New Flying Suit Has Built-in Tourniquets

A flying suit containing "built-in tourniquets" has been designed by two U.S. Navy doctors as a possible aid in the control of bleeding among wounded aircrew during combat.

"Combat pilots often return to their carriers or land bases with wounds that are bleeding freely," declared the Navy Medical Bulletin.

"Many of them do not have the strength, means or time to control hemorrhage while flying the plane."

To meet such emergencies a flying suit has been designed bearing four adjustable tourniquets, one in each arm and leg. Any flying suit could easily be converted into the type described.

"The tourniquets are kept in pockets sewn to the inside of the sleeves and pants," says the report.

The tourniquets are 37 inches in length. When not in use, they encircle the arms and legs loosely. They can be tightened sufficiently to close off circulation by pulling a five-inch grip that remains outside the suit.

They could even be tightened with the teeth, if necessary.

## EDITOR FIGHTS THROUGH SHROUD OF MODESTY

(Continued from page 11)

flight bombing Stettin and a 10 hour flight bombing Genoa and expect me to believe, "nothing happened".

I'll tell you why. Because when F/L. Gulp wasn't looking I caught a glimpse of his log book and noticed that while on his way to Bremen once his ship got caught in a box barrage and came back with more than 28 flak holes. . . .

That once over France the clouds were so thick, F/L. Culp's ship dropped to 3,000 feet where he did a pretty good job of bombing up an important airdrome. . . .

That more than once the ship's crew was credited with shooting down a Messerschmidt.

That he and his crew attacked Germany's greatest ocean going battle horses, the Scharnhorst and the Gneisenau, which aren't exactly noted for their pacifism.

If that's what F/L. Culp means when he says, "nothing happened", I think the editors of Webster's Dictionary ought to be notified that their definition of these two words are outdated.

Maybe, I'm wrong!

At any rate, these are a few things I found out without F/L. Culp's help.

If you're interested in the facts he was willing to disclose here they are:

He was born in the neighbourhood of London, Ontario. He attended the University of Western Ontario from which institution he was graduated a major in chemistry. His wife recently gave birth to a "beautiful" little girl and after the war he'd like to become a farmer.

Simple facts, yes? But, in a way, majestic!

## WAG DOES 34 OPS. BUT MISSES SHOW... REMUSTERS TO PILOT

By STEVE MITCHELL

You'd think that a man who has been over Germany 27 times and over Italy seven would have had enough. But not WAG F/O. Anderson, he wants to go back again—this time as a pilot.

Ex-Whitley and then Halifax wireless operator, he has returned to his native province only in order to erase the u/t which precedes his Pay Book reclassification of pilot.

Two and a half years ago he left the shores of Canada to take up residence in the wilds of Scotland where he took a great liking to the "natives", their ways, "pubs" and, of course, the merchandise that was for sale therein. "Nothing finer," he says.

A wireless-operator's cubby, with its landscape of dials and knobs, is not ideal for sight-seeing, therefore there were no graphic descriptions forthcoming of his visits to Bremen and Hamburg and the "excursions" up and down the Ruhr industrial belt.

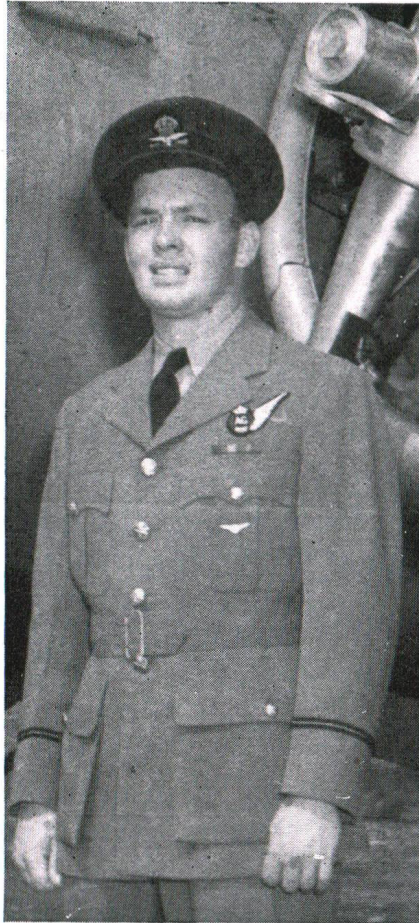
"Flack?" He repeated my question. "Plenty of it. And you've got to bring some home as souvenirs, either that or bags of holes made by it in the plane. You wouldn't be operational otherwise!"

Of his Italian trips he thought them "joy rides" in comparison with the German runs. Each time he crossed the Alps, when the target was either Turin, Genoa or Spiza, the great snow-clad range was bathed in moonlight—making, to use his own phrase, "a really impressive sight."

Big night was when his kite joined the long stream of traffic heading for Berlin. But like his other north continental trips, enemy capital or no enemy capital, he was too wrapped up in his work with Q.D.M.'s, Q.T.E.'s, etc., to notice much. (Sceptical navigators, please note.)

Sickness, misfortune and accidents found F/O. Anderson doing his last op. the lone member of the original crew. Wonder if a prang on the coast of England, which he passed over in his reminiscing as a "slight crack up", had anything to do with this. Fortunately, he walked away intact.

Getting serious for a moment—and remember he is a WAG.—F/O. Anderson paid high respect to the ordinary man and woman in the British street. Their attitude and spirit during the trying earlier days



**W.A.G. F/O. C. W. ANDERSON**

... he wants a better view of the show—this time from the pilot's seat.

of the war were among the most deeply impressed memories he brought away from his stay over there. Considering where he has flown to and what he has been through, to me, a Scotsman, this is, indeed, a great compliment.

And now I can ask F/O. Anderson a question which I didn't dare ask when I interviewed him.

"Sir, do all wireless operators spend rainy afternoons, hair tousled, relaxing on a broken-down couch? (his pose when I met him). If so, it suits me perfectly!"

(Editor's Note—Steve Mitchell leaves shortly on a wireless operator's course after being forced to quit Navigation due to eye trouble.)

## Cuban Trainee Loses Battle of the Bottle With Customs Officials

By JOHN V. GREENBLATT

"Those grasses - i n - the - snakes; those robots; those pooblic enemies Number twoses; those *thoses* . . ."

That, my friends, is Mario Gesus Antonio Escobedo Gomez, 103 Navs, otherwise known as the dashing Cuban, sounding off on those innocent bystanders, the Customs Officials.

It seems that these worthy gentlemen would not allow a shipment of one case of rum sent by Mario's father from Cuba through the customs because of a technicality, namely, the high alcoholic content of Cuban rum. And Mario being a true Latin with less control than the Niagara Falls, let go with the above invectives.

"In Cuba at a vory orly age," Mario enunciated in his best Toronto School of English english, "we lorn to recognize water moccasins or coostoms officials—the same deference—even though they ask a tousand pardons and bow from the waist."

"Of course I argued weet dem," Mario continued, "but only I get what you call in Engliss, 'de cold back'."

"You mean shoulder," we corrected him.

"Yes, and my Bacardi Rum," his eyes lit up like the Hope Diamond at the mention of it, "eet go back to my fadder . . . unopened."

"Ach, Christof Colombo . . . coostom officials, phooey!"

## TRAINEE WINS BROAD JUMP

(Continued from page 11)

Award. The war interrupted Ken's annexing further titles.

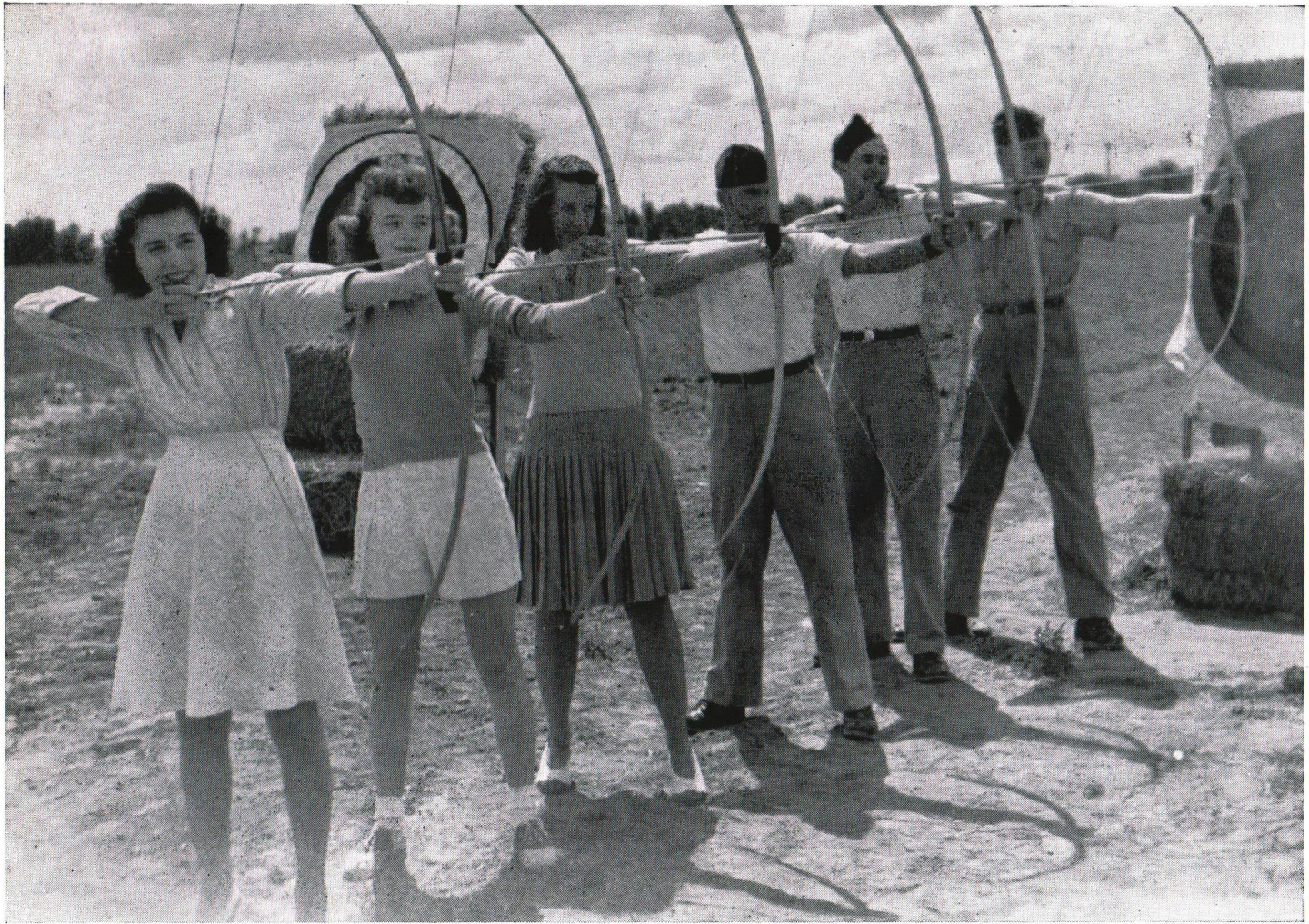
While attending Perth Modern School he held the championship at various times in the 100, 220 and 440-yard dashes; the 120-yard low hurdles; the Hop, Step and Jump, and Running Broad Jump.

Ken's forte, however, is the Broad Jump. He took the Command Meet with a jump of 21 feet but he's done 23 feet when he's in shape. That's good jumping anywhere—even for a kangaroo.

## Do You Want to Farm After the War? or Go Back to School—Learn A Trade?

- Q.—Has the Government any plan for settling ex-service personnel on the land after this war?
- A.—**Yes. The Veterans' Land Act provides for three types of establishments, namely:**
1. Full-time farming for veterans who have practical farming experience.
  2. Small holdings within reach of place of work, but outside high taxation areas, for veterans engaged in industrial or other employment.
  3. Small holdings located near fishing areas for experienced commercial fishermen.
- Q.—Who are eligible for this assistance?
- A.—**Generally, those who were ordinarily resident in Canada at the time of enlistment and who have been on active service. If service has been in Canada only, a minimum of twelve months' service is required. Anybody who has served overseas is eligible as well as any ex-serviceman in receipt of a disability pension who has been honourably discharged, or permitted honourably to resign.**
- Q.—What financial assistance is available for full-time farming?
- A.—**The State will finance the purchase of full-time farming land and buildings up to \$4800 and livestock and farm equipment up to \$1200. The veteran is required to repay 10 per cent of the cost of the land and buildings in cash at the time of taking over, plus two-thirds of the cost of the land and buildings, over a period up to 25 years, with interest at 3½ per cent per annum. In cases in which the maximum assistance of \$6000 is given (\$4800—\$1200) the veteran is required to repay \$480 in cash and \$3200 on a long-term basis in equal annual instalments including interest. His conditional grant by the State, therefore, is \$2320 (\$6000 less \$3680 = \$2320) which represents the full cost to the State of the livestock and equipment purchased for him, plus \$1120 of the cost of the land and buildings.**
- Q.—Is any Veteran eligible to go on a farm?
- A.—**No. To engage in full-time farming a veteran must have had practical farming experience.**
- Q.—Can two commercial fishermen go together as partners and obtain up to \$2400 for commercial fishing equipment?
- A.—**Yes, provided both are ex-servicemen and qualify for commercial fishing.**
- Q.—Must I take advantage of the Veterans' Land Act within a specified period after discharge?
- A.—**No. It is the intention to carry on establishment over a number of years so that those who wish to take advantage of the Act will have ample opportunity to do so.**
- Q.—Can I sell my farm or small holding and benefit by the Government grant if I decide to change my plans?
- A.—**No. The Act forbids the sale or other disposition of the property by the veteran until he has carried out the terms of his contract for ten years, or has paid off the full cost to the**
- Q.—Is there any provision for me to fulfill my ambition to get a university education?
- A.—**Yes. If you can qualify for university entrance within fifteen months of your discharge, you may receive one month of university education for every month you were in the service. In this way, a man with two years' service, could secure three, eight-month terms of university education, on the scale of grants authorized by the Post Discharge Re-Establishment Order.**
- Q.—Is this period of time a right?
- A.—**Not necessarily. As stated before, Canada's Rehabilitation programme is designed for those who want to help themselves. Provision is made that no year for which grants have been paid may be repeated on these grants, nor may a university student carry any supplementals into a following year.**
- Q.—Is there any reward for scholarship and effort?
- A.—**Yes. The student whose standards of effort and scholarship justify it, on the recommendation of his university, may receive assistance, beyond his period of service, to enable him to complete his course. An outstanding student can go on to post-graduate work.**
- Q.—Is there any financial assistance in addition to the maintenance grants?
- A.—**All fees are paid, including athletic fees. The student, however, must buy his own books.**
- Q.—If I fail in a university year and decide that I want to take vocational training, can I do this?
- A.—**It can be done if your period of service is sufficiently long. You cannot, however, exhaust the benefits to which your service entitled you in university and then receive these benefits during vocational training.**
- Q.—Under the provisions for vocational training under the Post Discharge Re-Establishment Order, what qualifications must I have in order to take advantage of this phase of the programme?
- A.—**All that is asked is that the training be of the type which will benefit you in your rehabilitation. Training counsellors may suggest to you certain courses of training from their knowledge of careers which offer the best opportunity, but, in a broad sense, the philosophy is that there is always room at the top for a good man.**
- Q.—Am I compelled to take any course of training which is offered to me?
- A.—**No. You need to show only that you will benefit by the training and that it will assist you in your rehabilitation.**
- Q.—How will I be trained?
- A.—**It is expected that more than 50 per cent will be trained on the job. If necessary the Department of Pensions and National Health will supplement the income to which your employer feels you are entitled in this training period. In other cases, the facilities at present existing, such as the War Emergency Training Schools, technical schools, etc., will be used, and, in these cases, maintenance will be provided under**

(Continued on Page 15)



Shown above are a group of modern Maid Marions and Robin Hoods, members of the Station Archery Club. Read-

ing from left to right are: Jean Kipp, Lois Pembleton, May Goble, Bob Finnie, L. W. Jones and Bill Chinn.

**DO YOU WANT TO FARM AFTER THE WAR OR GO BACK TO SCHOOL OR LEARN A TRADE?**

*(Continued from Page 14)*

**Government of the land, improvements and chattels purchased for him.**

Q.—If I should die, what happens to my interest in the property?

A.—It passes to your heirs.

Q.—If I already own a farm, can I obtain advances to pay off a mortgage, make improvements, or to purchase livestock and farm equipment?

A.—Yes. Up to \$3200 may be advanced for these purposes, provided the total does not exceed 60 per cent of the value of the land and buildings as established by the Director of the Veterans' Land Act.

Q.—Where do I make application?

A.—Regional Offices have been set up in every province and applications should be made to your nearest Regional Office.

Q.—Do I have to take land which the Government selects for me?

A.—No. You are at perfect liberty to select your own land. The only condition is that you must be able to satisfy the Director of the Veterans' Land Act that it offers a reasonable opportunity for your successful establishment.

Q.—Can I make application while still serving?

A.—No. You must be discharged from service before an application can be considered.

**grants authorized by the Post Discharge Re-Establishment Order.**

Q.—Suppose I am a married man and have to leave my home for training, what happens?

A.—You may be given an additional allowance of \$5.00 weekly for maintenance.

Q.—If I have to travel daily for my training, is there any allowance for this expense?

A.—Yes. Provision is made for commuting allowances to cover these cases where such expense exceeds regular carfare. The allowance can not exceed \$5.00 weekly.

Q.—With whom should I discuss the course I wish to take?

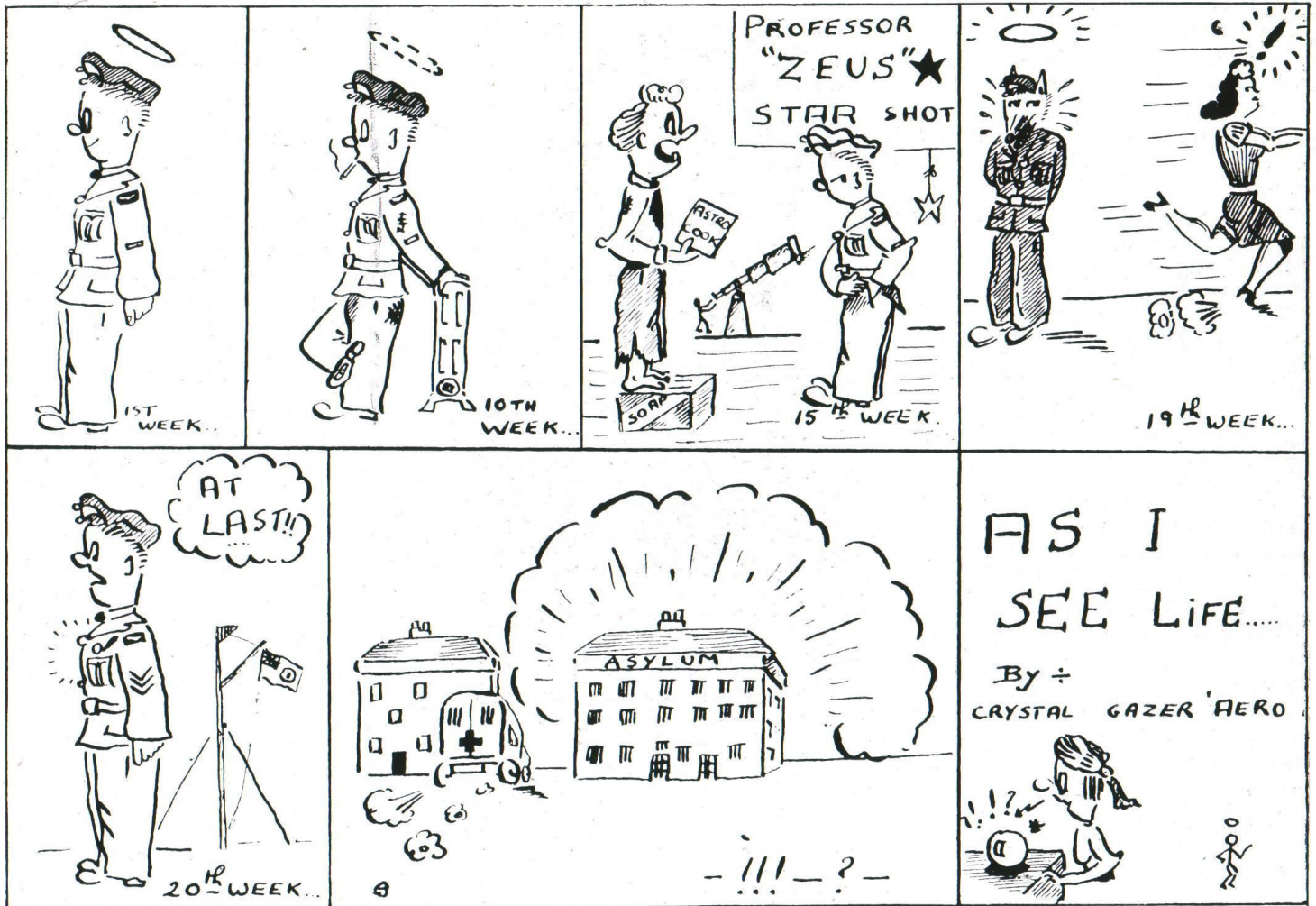
A.—Contact your nearest Veterans' Welfare Officer. He will give you the necessary advice.

Q.—Does the training plan embrace serving women as well as serving men?

A.—Serving women are eligible on the same basis as men.

Q.—How do organized labour and the employers of labour feel about the training programme?

A.—In all cases where organized skilled trades are concerned, the co-operation of organized labour and of employers is obtained in working out the details. Many firms have already signified their intention of giving preference in employment to ex-service personnel.



### "Cocked Hat" Club Course 100N (Rm.223) Passes In Review

By STEVE MITCHELL

Shades of the past: The "Cocked Hat" Club (for navigators) owned, operated and attended solely by Class 100. This nite spot, set high in the "notorious" G.I.S. district at Room 233, Second Floor, ceased to function as of Friday, September 8, when an armed band of air force sergeants raided the Club and closed and barred the door for the last time.

To the privileged few who entered the precincts of this intimate niterie I ask "what do you remember most?" The prevailing blue tobacco atmosphere which existed for the first three evenings after "salary" day? The cheery clink of metal on crystal (computer on Coke bottle). No! Surely it is:

Genial "mine host" (F/O.) Larry Trenholme fussing over his "regulars" with sometimes too much patience. Or, be it the early floor-show at eight or the late at 0130,

(Continued on Page 17)

### 101 BN Liberated . . . No. 4 Thankful

By STU STRATTON

You often hear of the class that leaves a reputation behind for being wild and woolly and just a little too lazy to be a smart class. That course is usually pointed out to the others as a bad example and the folly of their ways is drummed into all other courses as a warning. Such is the case with Course 101 BN.

Our enthusiasm has just about been the death of F/L. J. Campbell, who, by the way, is the living proof that man can be small but also mighty.

The barrack room battles between the English members of our class, Dover, Chenay and Sharples, and the staunch Canadian element, will go down in history. There has been more wars won and governments changed hands in that barrack room than in all the parliaments of the world.

Norm. (ten beers and I've just started) Senay, the beer parlor soprano, has devised a new method

(Continued on page 19)

### Thumb-Nose Sketches On 101AN Characters

By ANDY AGNEW

Course 101AN is one course which firmly believes in the air force motto, "Per Ardua Ad Astra". We are now rapidly approaching the end of the trail. Here are some thumb-nose sketches of our members.

Hoult, the Toronto Kid whose gentle voice wafts across the room, "Star, when did the sun rise" or I'm only a mile out on my last Polaris shot."

Crosson, the man from the west whose troubles are in the east. Before every flight he is heard asking, "Mr. Hughes, what is the lat. and long. of Crumlin." We have two representatives from Montreal—Graham, who never gets started on time and Roger "Don't Do Dat" Denis, who thinks the pitot tube on the Anson is used to wind up the dihedral.

Right in the front row sits Herniman whose chief ambition has always been to fly over Harrow, his

(Continued on Page 17)

**"COCKED HAT" CLUB***(Continued from Page 16)*

pounding the black-board, keeping the principals on their toes, and binding the chorus as he continually evolved new ways for the three lines of beauties to climax their dance sequence with the formation of a Coked Hat.

Then the Master of Ceremonies; witty, laugh-for-everyone, (P/O.) Hal Wright; asking for a "big hand" for each cabaret turn or doubling the timid applause with his own specialty, "Corny Compass Cameos".

Backing each turn was the resident swing trio comprising Jimmy Stewart (piano), Mac Macleod (bagpipes) and "Laffy" Holdsworth (side-drum). Maestro Stewart graduated into big-time band leading through the hard school of station dances and Y.M. 88's. Mac played swing bagpipes with a group in Invertochel and his Goodmanish style had the fans rolling — and writhing! "Laffy" supplied the "yeah mams" and/or U.S. addresses, celestial shots, bottle openers and "tales".

Night after night the Cabaret stars took their bow in the same order.

First, Romeo Bastable, he of the flashing coiffure—dancing to Latin rhythms and singing sentimental ditties from the same countries "for de ladies". Number two was Williams, a man who did more with a cigarette than anyone; his turn always left the Club gasping, choking, coughing. A piano was wheeled on and we knew that it was Alan Murrel, "Corn, a Song and a Piano". Too much corn; too little song—and maybe the piano did need tuning.

Taff Bowen should have appeared next but Papa Prew always took the floor; Taff needed more than one call from his Dutch Courage tippling. Papa's elocution, tales, songs and looks thrilled our Grandparents, but he still must walk the boards—for his wives and family.

A rich tenor but a broke navigator, the Welsh Bing sang while he sweated and sweated while he sang.

Before the climax of high-steppin "hoofers" led by glamour gal Georgie Mathers, the ebony floor of the Club took horrible punishment from the pugilistic terpsichorean act of Ginger Fenton.

Partaking of Arcturus a la Carte



**L.A.C. Steve Mitchell, who leaves with this issue. His valuable assistance as a member of the Dee-Arr staff will be missed. Steve was the youngest reporter on the Dundee (Scotland) Telegraph before enlisting in the R.A.F.**

from a cuisine where Demetrio Kozakar ruled and cooked like a true brother of the Steppes or sipping '44 Coke served from the "gen" bag of No. 1 liquor man, Monsieur Lynch, the inevitable cliques could be found any evening.

The Big Sink dipping a Sweet Cap. in Coke reminiscing on the more prosperous days when it was a Sobranai in sherry.

At a front table by the floor, sportsmen A. J. Butler and the Hon. Mr. Molison debating the sport to be found in a Scottish moor as opposed to that "loose" in Piccadilly at midnight.

"Hawk - shop" magnate Sunter . . . never missed a show, or a chance to augment his capital if another customer was careless.

The Isolationist Contingent, Far-rant and Maclean, talking shop, gesticulating, annoying the customers . . . but never being asked to leave. At a reserved table at the back you could find Professor Goulding mixing business, pleasure and relaxation; balancing his "Rumble" budget and keeping an eye on the chorus.

The table 'neath the main chandelier was nearly almost empty. Pressure of city "affairs" made A. R. Kennedy an infrequent visitor. Across the passage in a cramped booth, Thomas F. Penman lashed out the dictation—to himself; sec-

**THUMB-NOSE SKETCHES***(Continued from Page 16)*

home town, and finally made it—in the SDRT.

And then there is Henry Aldridge from Toronto who keeps us all in good humour. To Hank everything is "a piece of cake". There's one in every flight, Pop Cillis, the practical joker.

Gertley, the Peterboro Playboy, who keeps the instructors on the alert with his "I don't see how you get that."

Guild, who quotes, "Sleep, gentle sleep, why hast thou deserted me?" He's the horizontal kid with the happy smile. Our energetic Bennett, who says, "I do most of my work sitting down, that's where I shine."

Hunt is from the garden city, St. Catharines. Every three weeks its the same line, "It's got to be love at first sight darling. I've only got a 48-hour pass."

From Hamilton comes Gabbot. Deep and mysterious, Phil takes his girl to look at the moon (in the London Observatory). Stan Gills, a Gen man, who's ready to play any kind of a game that involves mathematics.

We mustn't forget our two popular English members. Brabner, noted for his classroom parodies (sorry we can't quote) and for looking out of the window and saying, "Look at that girl with a dress too tight in all the right places." And, Woodmansey, who can hit Crumlin right on the E.T.A. — 35 miles away.

Sgt. Major Fallis, who is often heard to say, "Now if you fellows will listen to me, I'll give you some advice." Our senior member, F/O Hughes, from Pas, Manitoba. Always ready to help the other fellow no matter how much he may have to do himself.

We have appreciated the efforts of our instructors, F/L "Fearless" Fosdick Gardner and F/O. Pogue, in trying to make navigators out of us—and now our E.T.A. is up.

retarial aid on \$1.50 per day was impossible, and SHE had to be kept informed.

I visited the old Club the night before it closed. Inquiries provided the reason for the vacancy of four old faithfuls' chairs. The cover-charge, 60%, had forced them, unwillingly, to take their custom elsewhere.

Remember them?

# Trainee Here In First Raids on Europe; 53 Sorties Over Germany, Italy, Norway

By STEVE MITCHELL

That corporal you see walking around the station with an O Wing has a history that is practically the history of this war. It goes back to 1932-33 when Hitler came into power and when World War II really began. That's when Corporal Tom Moodie joined the Air Force.

We were the last two in the dining-hall. Like you, I had seen him around the station but knew him only as a corporal sporting an O Wing. But I also knew that he was from my neck of the woods—north of the Tweed. I used this as a wedge for an interview as I sat down beside him.

At first I was met with the inevitable aircrew reticence that Cpl. Greenblatt speaks of in another story but, as he let slip little details from his past, I soon realized that here was a man with an Air Force background that beat anything I had ever encountered. I was determined to get this story!

When I said above that his aircrew history matched the history of this war I meant it.

As an Observer he visited every capital on the continent. He was in the third ship in the first bombing raid on Italy. He was among the first land-based ships that met the full onslaught of the hornet's nest of enemy fighters in the early attacks on Norway.

But let's go back first to the beginning and find out how it is that Corporal Moodie is a trainee on a Nav. course.

In 1932-33 when the term "glamour boy" had not yet become popular and the men in air force blue were a very humble few, Tom Moodie joined the ranks of the R.A.F. His first trade was that of fitter-armourer at which he was trained for two years.

Then he won an A/G's winged-bullet badge and in this capacity served until 1938. During his four years as a gunner he got to know the Far and Middle East, flying from bases in Egypt, Iraq, India and Singapore. When Europe's future was being juggled with at Munich he was at Singapore. The tension becoming acute as a result of our appeasement policy, Tom's



Cpl. Tom Moodie . . . he was in uniform before it became fashionable.

crew was recalled to their Egyptian base at Aboukir. The trip—Singapore to Aboukir—took exactly 4½ days. He was emphatic about the actual time. He should be — he helped navigate the plane.

Later, on his return to Britain, Tom had completed his term of service and he went back to the life of a civilian. But only for ten months. August '39 saw him again in "blue", back in his turret but with still only LAC. props. on his arm; automatic hooks on aircrew graduation was a thing unknown in those days.

It was war; and with the outbreak of hostilities came cataclysmal changes affecting aircrew personnel. An old trade was revived, that of Observer.

To deal with the training of this category new schools were opened and to one of these in Central Scotland went Tom Moodie. Trainees were not direct entries but mostly A/Gs and others who had

plenty of flying hours to their credit.

It was only a matter of days after leaving O.T.U. that Tom made his first operational trip. The first of 64, 53 bombing raids on Europe and 11 Coastal Command patrols. In all 3200 flying hours in 12 years

In the process he flew to almost every capital on the Continent but still thinks that Berlin is the spot where one gets the hottest reception. Hamburg may be known as "Hell's corner" and other crews may root for Cologne but the scar which he bears on his left hand shows why his memories of the Hun capital's "wall of steel" is deeply rooted.

At first, Lady Luck smiled benignly on the all-Scottish crew and only flack holes and scratches were encountered. Their missions to Central Europe were stopped and they started battering the rock-clad fortress of Norway. It was here they first met the full onslaught of the hornet's nest of enemy night fighters. And from our point of view Tom admits that the price was heavy and the rewards were slight.

Back to the quieter trips to Rotterdam, Cologne, Brest, etc., again. Breaking new territory as the old Whitley gamefully cleared the Alps with full bomb load from bases in Britain. Turin was the objective and Tom was in the third ship in the first bombing raid on Italian soil. Spread below with a show of lights which rivalled that of Geneva which they had espied en route, the Italian city authorities had thought the chance of such an attack impossible. The target was a sitter; the next raid it was the same and opposition only appeared on the third attempt when it was Milan which took the show.

Germany again. Halifaxes now avoiding everything fatal, sufficing with tears, rents, scratches and minor injuries. Then came a visit to Munich and the plane took excessive punishment from the guns ringed round the Bavarian city.

Struggling over the North Sea, every moment counting, the bat-

(Continued on page 19)

## PHOTOGRAPHER SNAPPED (UP)



Photographer Eric Slater, the Station ball team's No. 1 slugger, and his bride, Marguerite Quinn, who were married in Salford, Ont., last month.

## 101 BN LIBERATED

(Continued from page 16)

of navigation from the canteen to the classroom.

Zinger, who does his square searches over his girl friend's house, is an exponent of the theory that man was not made to be single. If a girl signs a letter with "love" he considers himself engaged!

Jackson, our artist, heard quoting Confucius, "A good cook in the air is worth two in the kitchen."

Our golden-haired boy Morrison, often known as the "late" Mr. Morrison, has devised a new way of getting dressed without getting out of bed.

Ernie Young, our Crumlin Baseballer, will long be remembered in the sports annals of the station as being the best catcher the team has ever had.

Delhert (Daddy) Williams is the Course "gen" man who always has an answer for everything. We attribute this to the fact that he is married so that he doesn't get a chance to express himself at home.

Tegler is thinking of settling down after the war in a place called Beamsville and raising a lot of "Beamsvillites".

Sutherland, our basketball ace, is sometimes called the Whitby Wolf. He has combined navigation with wolfing on a war time basis and has come out with a technique all his own.

## TRAINEE IN 53 SORTIES

(Continued from page 18)

tered plane giving of her best from her damaged engines. The instruments went haywire. Fuel went low. But she staggered over the English coastline.

The flight continued; height was uncertain. Halfway over England on a Derbyshire hillside, the pile-up came. Tom was dragged out of the wreckage with broken ribs and limbs and for the next 14 months knew only a hospital ward.

Since he was no longer fit physically for aircrew duties he was reverted to LAC. in accordance with R.A.F. regulations at that time.

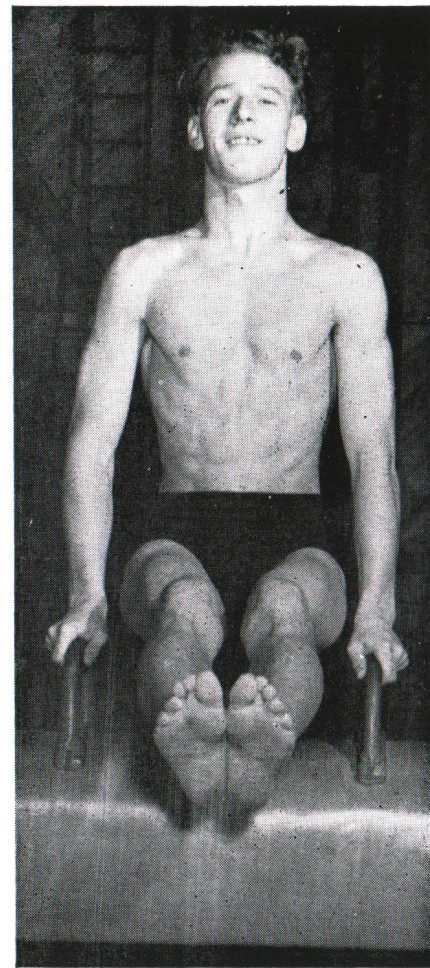
I asked him how he took this announcement.

"Badly at first," he said. "But after the initial kicking and moaning was over with—call it the old aircrew spirit if you want—I just accepted my lot and set about trying to get back into a kite again."

Indeed, the old aircrew spirit!

Tried, he did. Thirteen times before he was acceptable to the medical board.

Time passed. A call to the renowned London A.C.R.C. where, among other things, he received the two hooks he sports today. Then to I.T.W. but this time for a stay of six months at Aberystwyth as compared with the 10 days he



In a recent assessment the P.T. Section awarded full marks for physical development, proportion of build, interest in sports and power of recovery to LAC. "Charlie" Cotterill, Course 100 BN (seen above in characteristic pose).

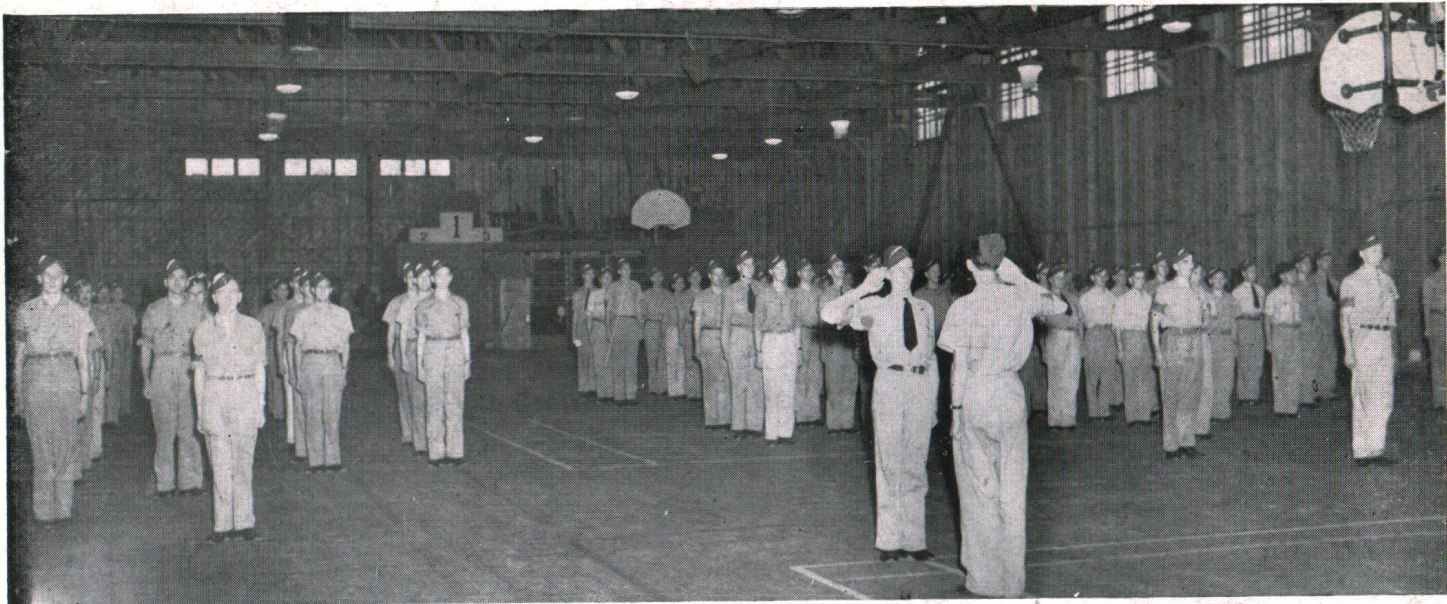
Charlie's home is Stoke on Trent, England. At school there he specialized in swimming and rugby.

Later, at a college for the training of school teachers he first took an active interest in gymnastics. Asked the reason behind his 100% physical fitness he attributed it to "a little exercise every day of the year." Could he pass on some tips for keeping in the pink? None at all! He smokes; likes a beer and stays up late.

stayed at Hastings on his first training spell.

"Didn't you try for pilot this time?" I enquired. "No," he said, "I had been a navigator before, enjoyed the work and wanted nothing better than to get back into a crew again as such."

Well, he's almost there. Just another three weeks and it'll be Sergeant Moodie, Navigator.



Trainee Wing Commander Hayes taking over parade from Trainee Adjutant Holdsworth, one of the features of the new Aircrew Officer Assessment Plan.

## In Which "W/C" Bastable, 100 BN Tells of A Day in the Life of A Winco

Trainee Says New Aircrew Officers Assessment Plan Teaches Poise and Self-Confidence.

By JOHN V. GREENBLATT

When approached on how it felt to be a Wing Commander for a day (feature of the new Aircrew Officer Assessment Plan), Harry Bastable, of 100 BN, said, "I only have one criticism to make, otherwise, it's a swell idea. You really feel as if you're the star of the day, especially when you take the March Past on the parade square."

"Of course, off the parade square," Harry explained, "you're just another trainee. Truth to tell I was a little disappointed about my duties. I don't know where I got this theory about the life of a commanding officer but I thought after taking the parade I'd get the Orderly Officer to rig me up a hammock under a shady tree near Hangar No. 5 and spend the rest of the day with the collected works of Walt Whitman, read to me, naturally, by the librarian, until sleep would gradually knit up, as one poet put it, the raveled sleeve of care."

"Then, perhaps, for exercise, I planned to raise to my lips at such intervals when I was awake a small vase of mint julep. My blueprints also called for Frank McGrath to issue from his kitchen every so often and revive my tired body with delicate little canapes made from tongues of humming birds."

"What a letdown to have this theory exploded in my face by O.I.C. Leadership F/O. Clarke and find myself doing my regular chores; how humiliating, me, a Wing Commander, walking about the station saluting lowly P/Os and F/Os."

"Although later that day at the station dance when I showed my rings to P/O. Smythe, he scrambled

saying, 'Hell! this is no place for me!'"

"Of course, at the dance, I had to keep the women off with a big stick. Once, though, a girl who had curves like a racing yacht, caught me off guard and feeling my strength ebbing I made a last desperate effort, squirmed out of her embrace, kicked her in the shins and raced for my barracks."

"And to think that only a few days ago I was trying to be funny about being a Wing Commander. It's really a tough life!"

"No, sir! A trainee who makes light of the business of being a C.O. would give a counterfeit note to the parson who married him to an heiress."

"I really woke up to the gravity of the business of being a Winco on the parade square when I took over the wing from my able Adjutant Dan Kozakar."

"All of a sudden, there I was in the centre of the square flanked on one side by hundreds of trainees and on the other by legitimately commissioned officers."

"They waited for my first command and, brother, they waited. I wasn't so scared of the officers as I was perturbed by my own buddies whose eyes seemed to bore right into my very core."

"Finally I got the commands out and the trainees gave me every co-operation. I felt like King George, taking that Eyes Left."

"Seriously, I think it's an excellent scheme. Even if it does nothing else but teach poise and self confidence."

What about this criticism you spoke of earlier, we asked him.

"Well, it's just this," Harry said, "it puts a trainee on a spot to ask him to make out a report on his fellow-trainees."

(Editor's Note: Men in the ranks have the right to expect to be led into battle only by those capable of leadership. It is, therefore, the duty and responsibility of the trainees who get the opportunity to fill out R21Is, and are thus helping the authorities to select officer material, to turn in an honest report.)

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