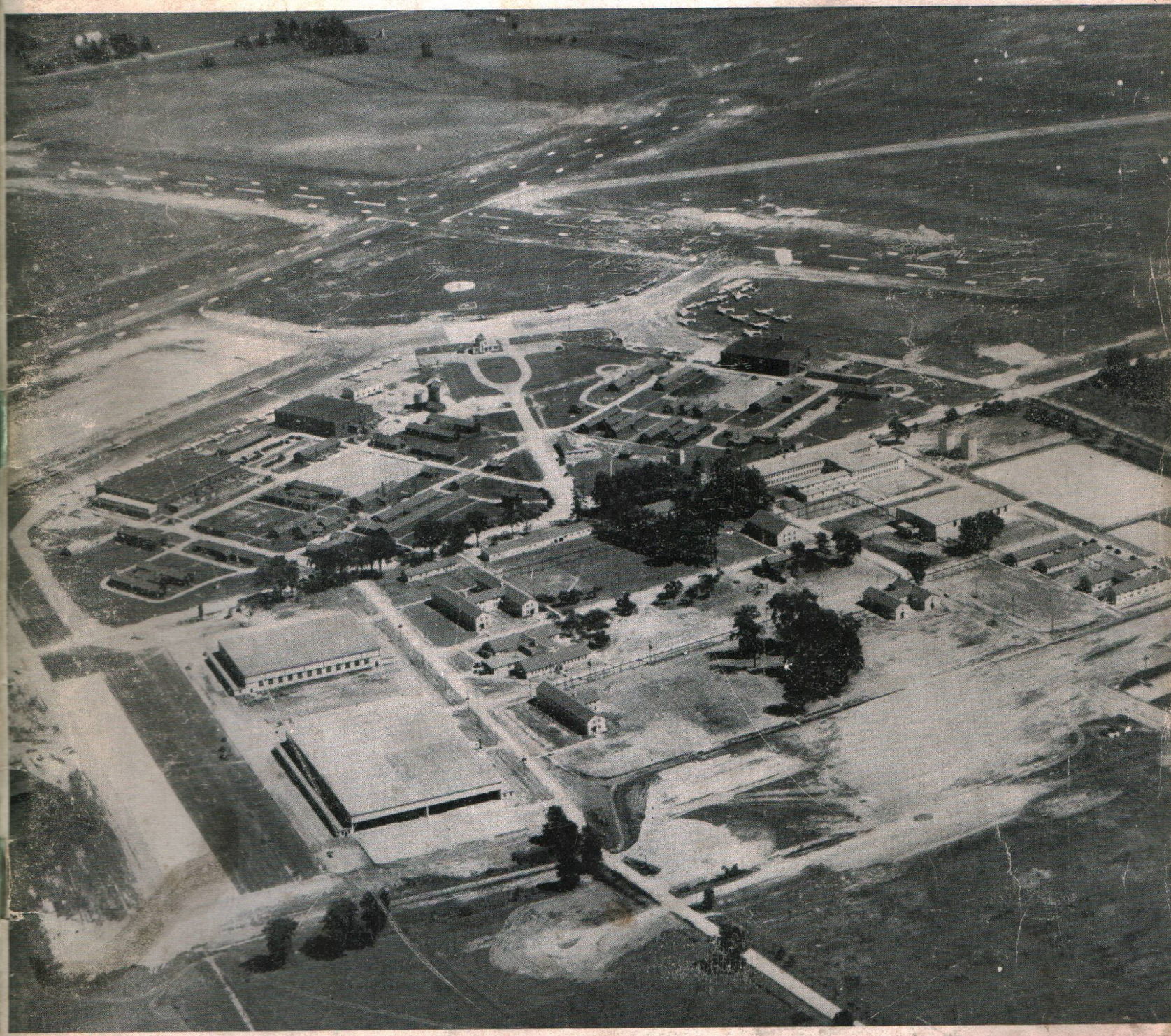
LEAVENS BROS. (TRAINING) LTD. A.O.S. NO. 4

LONDON

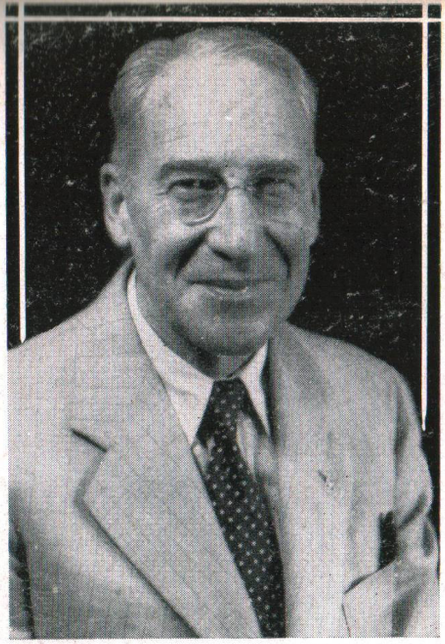
AIR OBSERVER

VOLUME 1, No. 11 | No. 4 A. O. S.—Photo R.C.A.F. | NOVEMBER, 1944



Souvenir D E E - A R R R.C.A.F. Section starts on Page 63

Friendship is priceless. Happy to have met --- sorry to part . .



Editor: CHARLIE CARRUTHERS

Last Edition

With this copy of the Observer, publication ceases. It is with a mixture of gladness and sorrow we make the announcement. Glad because victory is now securely in the hands of the Allies and sorry for the passing of a friend. It has been a pleasure editing the Observer and making friends we shall cherish. First, we thank the Leavens Bros. for their unfailing courtesy and co-operation at all times. They gave us a free hand, never dictating a policy or smothering anything that they may not have agreed with. All they asked was a station publication that was a reflection of and interesting for all personnel in our little town. We hope we succeeded. To Cliff Hunt, staff photographer, our thanks for a tough job, and Ron Nelson for some beautiful photographs. On every hand, in every department we got co-operation, and to all who assisted, thank you. Hope we may meet again.

United Air Lines, in seeking to establish service between California and Hawaii, proposed a rate of $125 one way, about as low as ship charges, in contrast with the pre-war figure of $278.50.

"You can accuse the average man of anything and find him partly guilty."

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**

In Appreciation

By Clare Leavens

With this issue of the "Observer" we come to the end of a very fine magazine—one which has done a great deal of good for both Service and Civilian personnel of No. 4 A.O.S. My only regret is that we did not sooner obtain the services of Charlie Carruthers and sooner have started the issue of the Observer. I realize, of course, that all those good people who have assisted Charlie in publishing the "Observer" also deserve a great deal of credit.

Charlie suggested that for the final issue of the "Observer" I perhaps should write a note of appreciation. I quite agree. I should. For without the help and assistance, the kindly advice and guidance which I have received from any number of our people, my record as Manager of Leavens Bros. (Training) Ltd. would no doubt have been a poor failure. With your co-operation, however, we have succeeded in operating a unit of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan which has graduated a very large number of Navigators and Air Bombers and has been a decided factor in the success of the war to date, and we are sure that Navigators and Bombers graduated from this School will continue to be members of bombing crews operating over Germany and soon, we hope, over Japan.

As I look back four years to our small beginning and trace our succeeding increases in size from one hundred employees to two hundred and on up to nearly nine hundred; from a very few Ansons to over one hundred; from two hangars to five; and an increase of buildings to fifty-five, I cannot help but realize that numbers and size are not what count. It is the individual men and women who work together and, working together,, accomplish their objective. Friendships have been formed which will endure long into the future.

Our job at this School has not been easy. The R.C.A.F. has always seemed to load a little more work on us than we could accomplish. The war has not always gone well and the need for more and more trained men quicker and quicker has been insistent. Shortage of aircraft, of engines, of parts, of radios, of people to service the various departments, of bad weather, none of these were considered of sufficient importance to delay training and so our pilots flew in bad weather and cold, our mechanics worked hard under adverse conditions to maintain and service the aircraft. We have all worked at times in crowded and unhandy quarters. Proof of our co-operation is the fact that the job has been done; that, almost without exception, the classes have graduated on time and with their required flying hours.

While I am trying to pay a well-deserved tribute to all of our people, both past and present, I cannot but mention those with whom I have most come in contact—the heads of the various departments. Words cannot express the admiration I hold for their loyalty and steadfastness of duty, which I believe, more than anything else, is responsible for our success. They have worked under every kind of disadvantage, but have never let the School or me down.

It is fitting that appreciation be expressed to our partners in the operation of No. 4 A.O.S. The officers and men of the R.C.A.F. staff have had just as important a job and have worked under the same adverse conditions as we have and they have held up their end. Service and Civilian staffs have worked together at all times to accomplish the same result and I know I express the appreciation of all the Civilian staff to the officers and men of the R.C.A.F. staff for their excellent efforts.

(Please turn to Page 4)



CLARE LEAVENS
General Manager

WALTER LEAVENS
Operations Manager

-Photo by Ron. Nelson -

In Main Office



LILA AXFORD



GERTRUDE NICHOL



DORIS BUCHANAN

Lovable



ELSINORE CAROLE HARDY, eight-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Hardy. Mr. Hardy is chief flying instructor.

Three Pounder



MURIEL GILES, secretary to Assistant General Manager Clayton Aiken, lands big bass while on vacation.

Main Office Holds Social Evening



A jolly affair was held recently at Cobblestone Inn. Everybody had to entertain. At extreme right a gentleman wears a bowl for a hat.

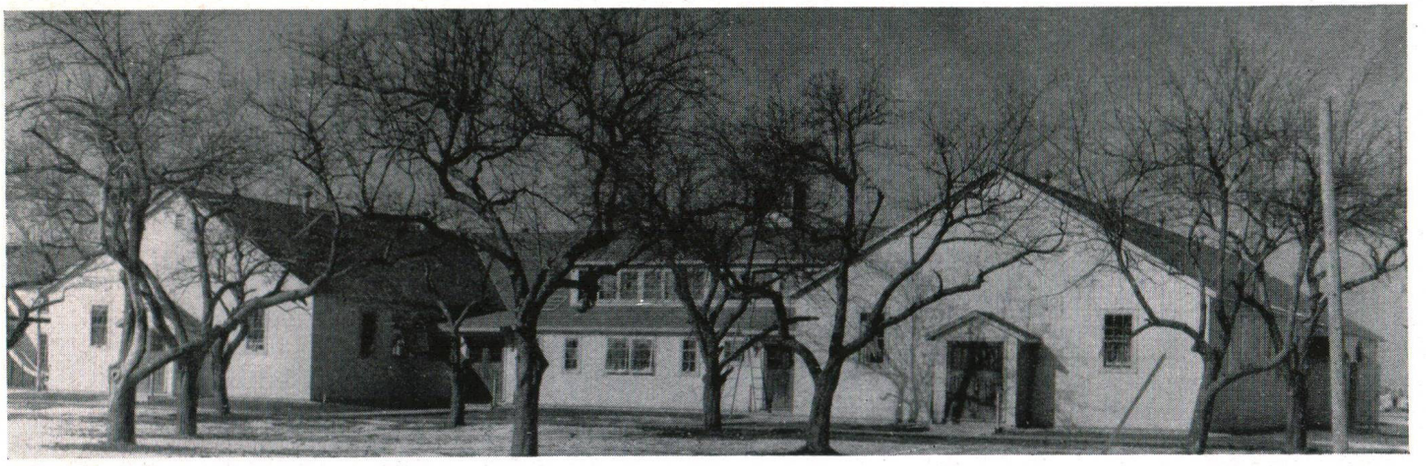
(Continued from Page 2)

Some have said to me, "It is too bad to see No. 4 School disbanded when everything is now going so nicely." It is in a way, but we should remember that this was our war effort and while our lads were actively fighting we were doing what we could to assist here at home. The closing of the School presages the termination of the war and, we hope soon, the opportunity for us to return to peacetime pursuits and happiness.

So as we say our goodbyes and separate, while remembering our associations at No. 4 A.O.S., may we each look forward to a brighter, happier future in this our Canada, the best country in the world.

To each of you may I again express my heartfelt appreciation for a job well done.

Four And a Half Million Meals Served By Catering Department

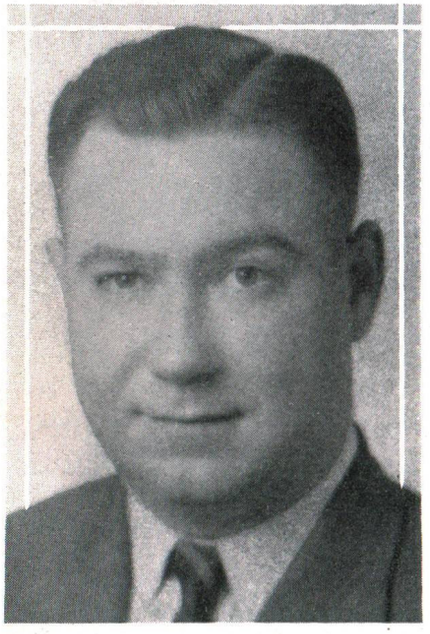


Dining Hall and and Main Kitchen.



Dining Hall and Officers' Mess.

Chief Steward



FRANK McGRATH, on whose shoulders rests the responsibility of providing meals for more than 1,200 people daily.

Four Thousand Meals Served During One Day

There is a vast difference in supplying meals for 80 persons as compared with feeding 1,200 hearty eaters. It is no mean job. In fact, it is a record to look back on and treasure with pride. It is the accomplishment of the catering department of No. 4 Station under the capable direction of Frank McGrath. Back on November 22 in 1940 Leavens Bros. catering department was established with a staff of six to care for the wants of 80 personnel. From then on expansion was rapid and during the following four years more than 4,380,000 meals were served to trainees and civilians.

The first class of trainees, who were from New Zealand, came here in December, 1940, under the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. By the end of 1941 there were 250 students and the catering staff had been increased to an even dozen. In July, 1942, when the B.E.F.T.S. became part of the A.O.S., a second kitchen was opened with a female staff serving approximately 150. By the end of 1942 about 550 persons were being supplied with meals by the two kitchens and the combined staffs totaled 20.

Prior to May, 1943, both kitchens were badly overcrowded and serving about four times as many meals as accommodations were originally intended for.

Then in May, 1943, the present mess hall was opened, with accommodations for 720 people.

(Turn to Page 6)

Part Of Staff That Handled 4,000 Tons Of Food



KITCHEN EMPLOYEES—Bottom row, left to right: Susan Phillips, Flossie Oatman, Helen Mayo, Elizabeth Fitz-Gerald, Aldena Kraemer, Marjorie Francis, Alberta Evans, Louise MacDonald Centre row, left to right: Helen Boss, Olive Jean, Rose Joyes, Gertrude Bradshaw, Bertha Barker, Helen McNorgan, Annie Ashton, Evelena MacMurray, Kate Ferguson, Annie Martin, Lillian Cole, Edith Mercer, Beatrice Game, Hugh Duckers. Top row, left to right: Joseph Stanga, Ernest Oldham, Bernard Fitz-Gerald, Clarence Oldham, Dave Galloway, Bert Bedford, Mel. Scott, Louella Arrell, Florence Tate, Frank MacMaster, Ufem Honter (Mike).

(Continued from Page 5)

with an up-to-date, commodious kitchen. The department was now equipped to handle large numbers and by the end of the year 1,200 men were being provided with meals three times daily. The peak load was recorded with 4,000 meals served in one day by a staff which had increased to 120, including batmen.

In the four years of operation the catering department served upwards of four and a half million meals, which entailed the preparation of more than 4,000 tons of foodstuffs.

One of the most difficult undertakings of the catering staff and for which Chief Steward Frank McGrath received unstinted praise was the practically transplanting of a kitchen and staff to the huge drill hall in November, 1943, when Leavens Bros. gave a dinner to more than 700 members of the civilian staff and their guests.

There was doubt that it could be done, but the arrangements were perfect and the affair was one of the most delightful and memorable events in the station's history.

Scene in Main Kitchen



Mrs. L. E. Cole, John Diosi, Ufem Honter, Mrs. E. Fitzgerald, Mrs. M. Harlow, Mrs. K. F. Ferguson, Mrs. H. Mayo.

THIEF IN ONE

Playing on a golf links near his home, a man in North Toronto hooked a drive. When he looked for the ball he found that it had broken his parlor window and knocked out a burglar who had sneaked into the house. Near the robber was his satchel with the golfer's finest silver golfing trophy in it.

She was anxious to learn the latest news about her neighbor's accident, and, turning toward her husband, who was immersed in the evening paper, she said: "Henry, can you see anything in the paper about Mr. Jones running over his mother-in-law?"

"Not yet," replied Mr. Peck. "I haven't come to the sporting news!"

Asst. General Manager



Clayton D. Aiken, assistant general manager, was born at Sarnia, Ontario, but he later moved, with his family, to Niagara Falls, Ontario. He received his education in the Public School and High School at Niagara Falls and Niagara Falls College. He then attended the University of Michigan and also the University of Buffalo.

From 1926 to 1930 he was a Director and Assistant General Manager of the Niagara Safety Lines. During 1930 and 1931, Clayt accepted a position as Assistant General Traffic Manager of the Martz Coach Lines, which operated between Buffalo, Cleveland, Boston, New York City and other United States points, and the Martz Air Lines, which was one of the first air lines operating in the United States. He later joined the Greyhound Lines as a Canadian Manager, and was supervising the Canadian operations of the Greyhound Lines when he obtained leave of absence to work for Leavens Bros. (Training) Limited as a Staff Pilot.

Clayt did his first flying in a Curtiss Jenny, in June, 1924, at Niagara Falls, and later in 1940, at Walker Airport, in Windsor. He was Staff Pilot here at No. 4 Air Observer School for two years, starting early in 1941. He holds a commercial pilot's license and has more than 1,600 hours flying time. Later on, Clayt became Flight Commander, and in May, 1943, he was appointed Assistant General Manager.

Company Treasurer



David W. Forrester, C.A., Treasurer, was born in Bulwell, England, and came to Canada in 1910, taking up residence in Weston, Ontario, later moving to Toronto. He attended Weston Public School and Humberside Collegiate, Toronto. He commenced the study of accountancy in 1927, and was admitted as a member of the Institute of Chartered Accountants in 1932. He carried on the auditing and accounting practice with V. D. Harbinson and Company, Chartered Accountants, in Toronto, until 1940, when he was granted a leave of absence to serve with Leavens Bros. (Training) Limited as Treasurer at No. 4 Air Observer School.

Dave is the proud father of a son, twin daughters, Evelyn and Audrey, and an infant daughter, Beverley Helen, who were born in London. He was very active in the Boy Scouts Association in Toronto and is still active in boys' work in London. He is a member of the Corinthian Lodge, A.F. and A.M., Toronto, and is a member and elder of the United Church of Canada.

Dave keeps close watch on the purse strings and assists in the proper distribution of the finances from the Station Benefit Fund.

* * * *

Scientists are working on a visual phone for after the war. With it you'll be able to see your friends as you talk to them. Phone companies expect some slack in requests for installations next to bathtubs.

Hello!

GEO. E. WALKER
Asst. Operations Manager



George E. Walker, Assistant Operations Manager, born in Birmingham, England, came to Canada in 1921. He started sailing the Great Lakes at a very young age, as a deck-hand, and later became interested in marine engines. He completed more than half the course necessary to become a Marine Engineer.

However, in 1937, George had a change of heart, joined the London Flying Club and learned to fly. He received his Department of Transport private licence early in 1937, and his commercial licence the early part of 1939. He bought his own aircraft in 1939, and "barn-stormed" in all the cities and towns in Western and Southern Ontario, until the declaration of war. He was with the R.C.A.F. in Camp Borden in November, 1939, and took a course in aerobatics. He took a flying instructor's course at Ottawa, in 1940, and received his instructor's licence in February of that year.

He then accepted a position with Leavens Bros. Air Services Limited, in 1940, as Assistant Instructor, and acted in this capacity until he was moved to Windsor, where he took charge of the Windsor School of Leavens Bros. Air Services Limited, at Walker Airport. Later, in November, 1940, he was transferred to No. 4 Air Observer School, and, after completing an instrument course on Link Trainers at Camp Borden, was made Staff Pilot.

In April, 1942, he acted in various capacities such as Link Instructor, Test Pilot, and later as Chief Flying Instructor. He was appointed to his present position, Assistant Operations Manager, in June, 1943. He has more than 3,000 hours flying time.



MRS. DOROTHY DRAKE
Of Switchboard

ABSENTEEISM ALIBI

There is a type of wartime absenteeism prevalent in the summer months, and the alibi of the truant employee often runs something like this:

"Well, you see, boss, the wife and kids and I were up at Neck-of-the-Woods and all set to come home on the last day of our holidays. But it wasn't till then we found something had gone wrong with our car, and the local garage took three days to fix it. They're short of mechanics. That's why I'm late."

That is the story today when paper-thin tires, automobiles worn by years of use and batteries hesitating to spark because of long inaction are subjected to the strain of the summer highways. In case of breakdowns, out-of-town garages already have their hands full and may be slow in completing repairs.

DON M. EGENER
Asst. Operations Manager



Donald M. Egener, Assistant Operations Manager, was born in Brantford, the son of Dr. F. F. Egener and the late Mrs. Egener. He received his schooling in Goderich and St. Catharines, but, after matriculating, the lure of aviation became too strong to be suppressed and he became an active member of the newly formed St. Catharines Flying Club in 1929. He spent the best part of his time learning to fly with Mr. L. J. Tripp, and acquired his private pilot's licence in 1930. When the lean years of the thirties nearly brought aviation to a stop in Canada, he entered the University of Western Ontario, at London, and majored in Honor Economics and Political Science. Upon graduation in 1935, he began the study of law at Osgoode Hall and was called to the bar in 1938.

During these years, of course, activity in aviation was restricted by the student's purse. This restricted separation, however, was only maintained while practicing law with Messrs. Millar and Hunter, barristers, of Toronto. His complete reunion with aviation was again realized after the formation of Leavens Bros. (Training) Limited in 1940, when he set aside his law books and joined the staff of the company as a pilot at No. 4 Air Observer School.



LUNCHEON FOR CARL FRIEDLANDER—Left to right: Clayt Aiken, Don Egener, Jim Hardy, Jim Cairns, Dave Forrester, Clare Leavens, Carl Friedlander, Walt Leavens, George Walker.

LEAVENS BROS. DISTRIBUTORS FOR AERONCA AIRCRAFT

Secure Exclusive Rights For Canada

On September 24th Carl Friedlander, vice-president of the Aeronca Aircraft Corporation of Middletown, Ohio, spent several days visiting Clare and Walt Leavens at London. As a result of this visit, final details were settled whereby Leavens Bros. Air Services Limited at Barker Airport, Toronto, becomes the exclusive distributor for Aeronca Aircraft for all of Canada.

The Friedlander brothers John and Carl, president and vice-president, respectively, formed the Aeronca Aircraft Corporation in 1927, the same year that Leavens Bros. Air Services Limited was formed, and they were the first manufacturers in America to produce a light aircraft on a commercial basis. Throughout the years they have been leaders in the light plane field. Their aircraft is exceptionally well designed, efficient and inexpensive. The company plans on producing, in the post-war period, as soon as they are given the "go-ahead" signal by the Uniter States Government, four different aircraft

(Continued on Page 10)



SNAPPED IN FRONT OF THE AERONCA—Left to right: Dave Forrester, Walt Leavens, Carl Friedlander, Clare Leavens.



Saying goodbye to Carl as he left for home.

BRAVE ACT SAVES BURNING PLANE

A Beaufighter was saved from burning and its pilot was able to press home a recent attack on a convoy when the navigator, Flt. Lt. Ronald Jackson, of Brockville, Ont., scooped up with his bare hands flaming material from the belly of the plane as it roared through heavy flak.

Flying with Sqdn. Ldr. Robert Schoales, of Fort William, Ont., as pilot, Jackson found the plane afire as the squadron went into attack a convoy of six minesweepers and trawlers.

It was no time to divert the pilot so Jackson reached into the blazing belly of the aircraft and scooped out the engine cover, which he carried to the machine-gun hatch and tossed out. Then he subdued a minor blaze with the fire extinguisher. Jackson suffered severe burns.

(Continued from Page 9)

models, one of which will be competitive with the lowest priced aircraft on the market. They have a large, modern factory at Middletown Ohio, and they have succeeded in building up a wide-awake manufacturing and sales organization that Leavens Bros. are proud to be associated with.

Clare and Walt Leavens believe that the light plane will really come into its own in the post-war period, and it is their plan to start importing the various components of Aeroncas and to assemble them in Canada, later graduating into the manufacture of them so that approximately seventy-five per cent. of the aircraft will be manufactured in Canada. In the very near future they will be appointing regional distributors and sales agencies all across Canada.

Man at police station: "I want to see the burglar who was arrested for breaking into our house last night."

Desk Sergeant: "Why?"

Man: "I want to ask him how he got in without waking my wife."

Sailor: "The first time you contradict me I'm going to kiss you."

She: "You are not."

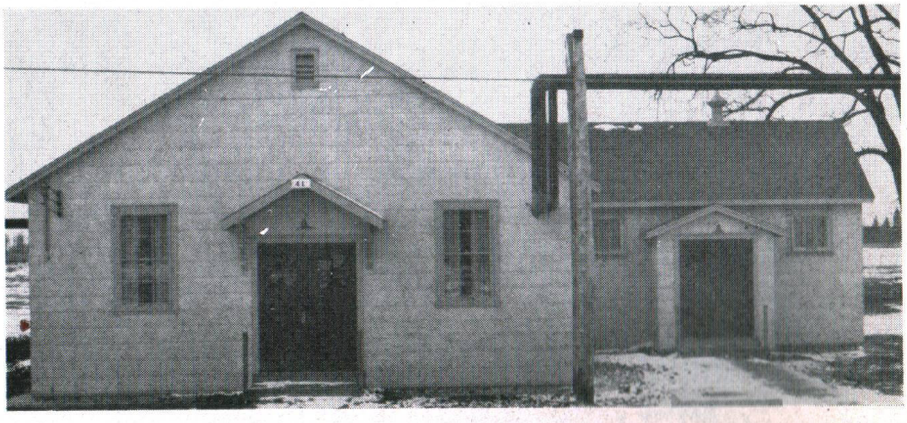
Feminine Staff of Officers' Mess



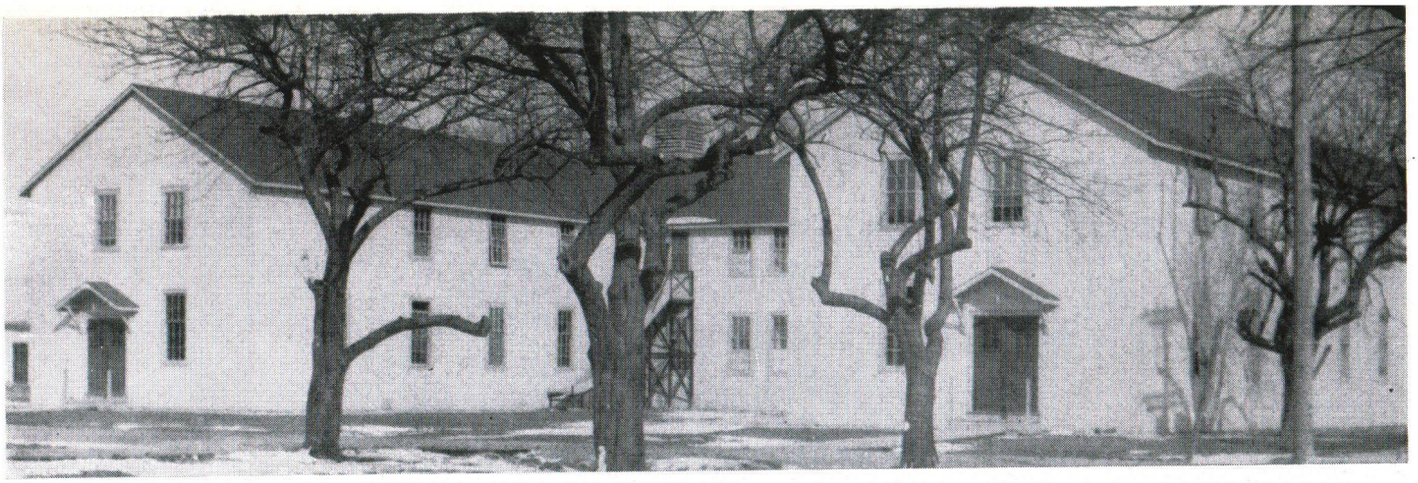
Left to right, back row: Mrs. Mary Oldham, Mary Henessy, Bernice Morriss, Mary Dauncey, Nancy Young. Front: Teresa Rivers, Mrs. Sarah Sotroft, Helen Kolbuc, Mrs. Nan Ferris.



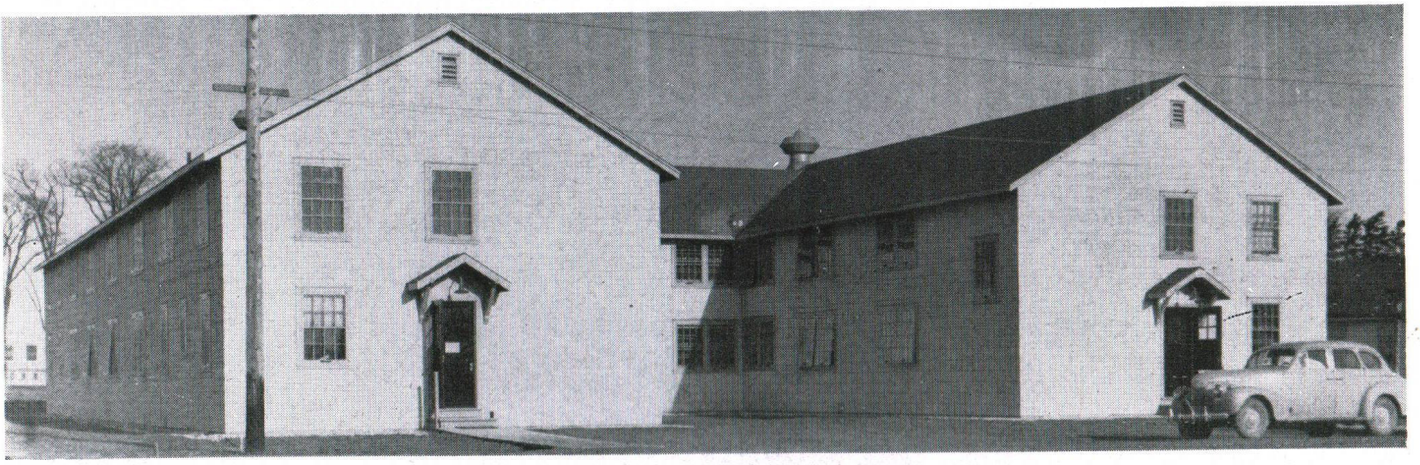
George Bailey (Steward) and Wm. Legg, of Officers' Mess

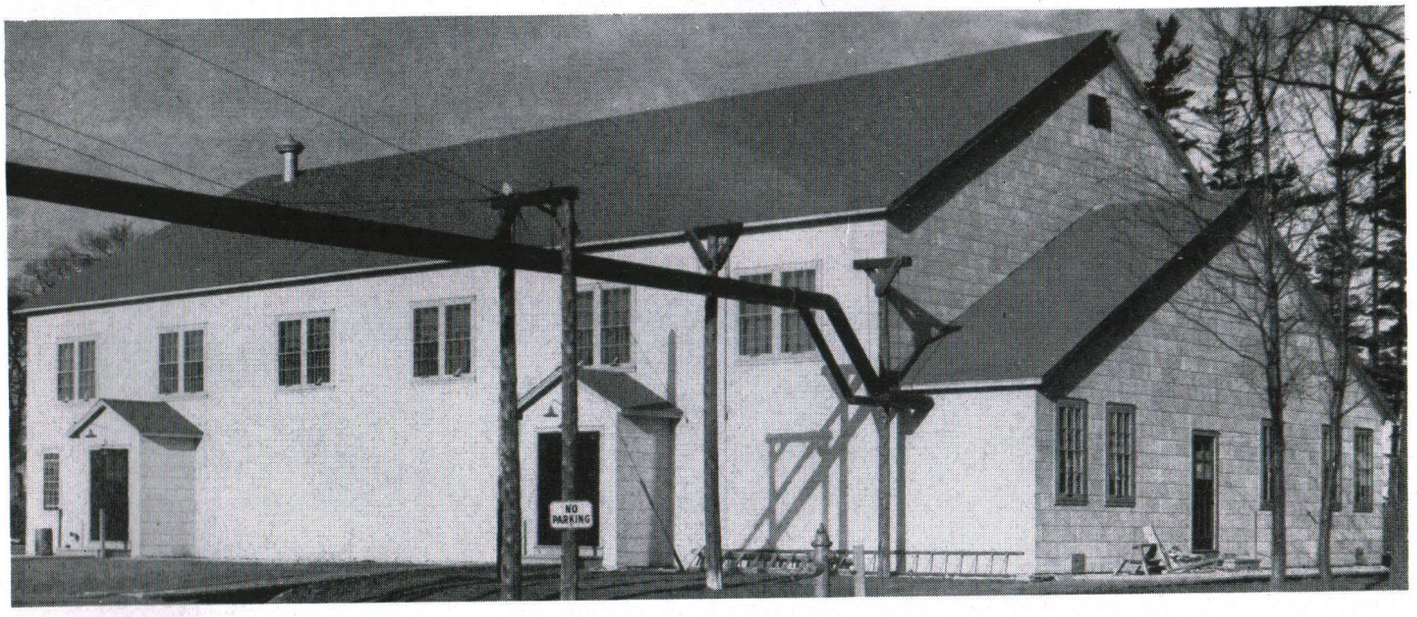


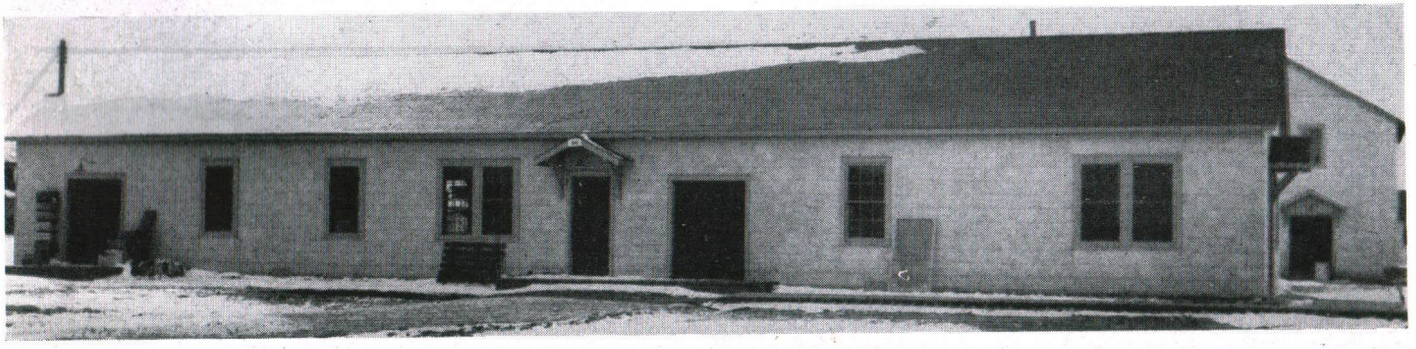
Sergeants' Mess Is Homelike Place



Snapshots Of Some Of The Buildings On West Side







From top to bottom of page: Barracks Block, Officers' Quarters, Recreation Hall, Supply Depot, Laundry and Post Office.

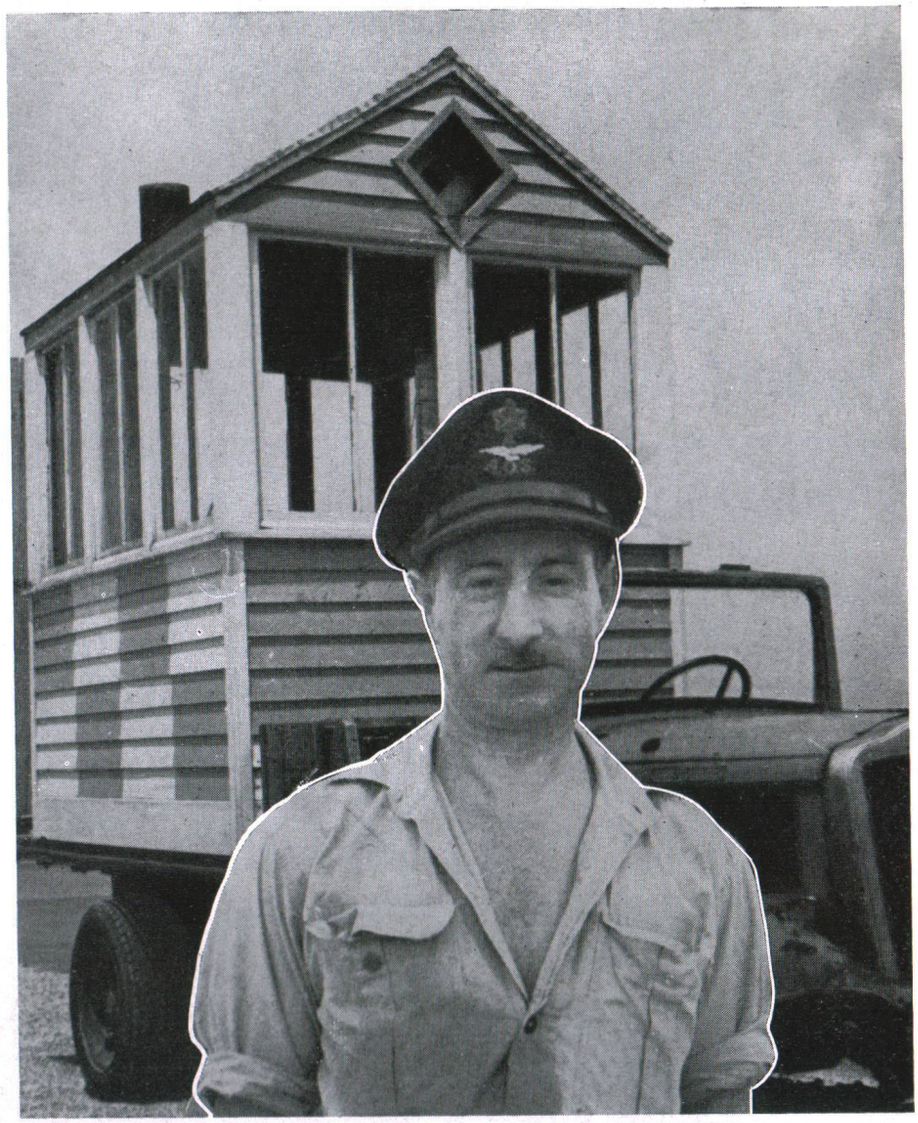
Reporter



Ron Keith, former editor of Canadian Aviation and newshound for the Observer, who recently moved to Manning Depot.

Russia and U. S. are both reported to favor an international air control body to handle technical matters, but to oppose any international authority in the sense suggested by Canada and Britain, following conversations in Washington.

Buddy Hayes and Plane Control Tender



Closing a Parachute

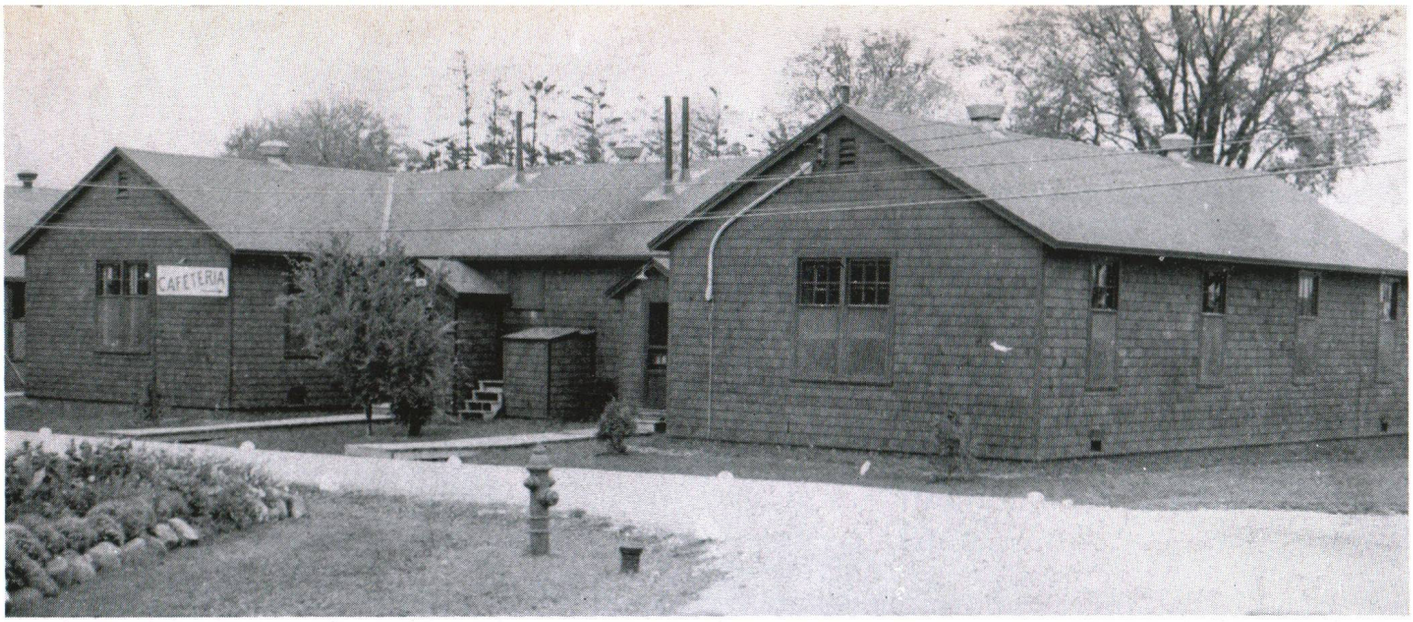


Norma Bowers (left) and Dureen Warriner demonstrate how a 'chute is closed and made ready for being issued to aircrew.

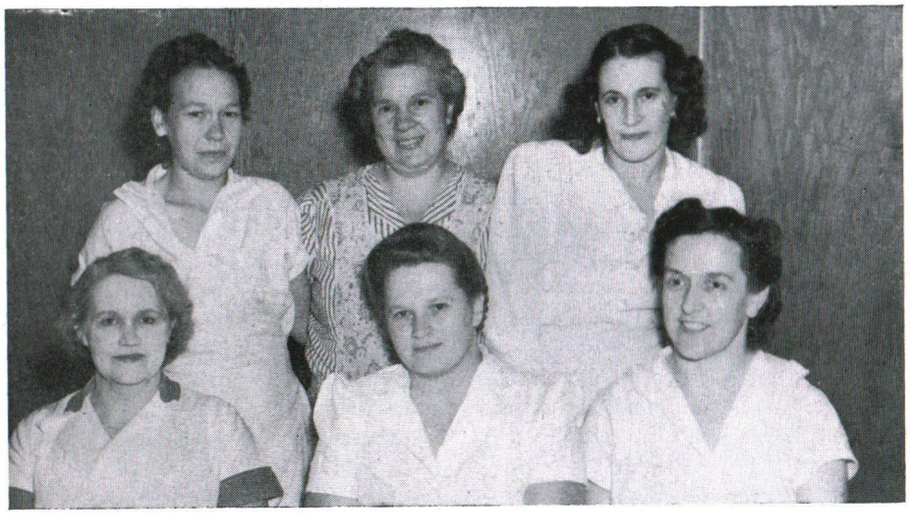
Stores



CLARENCE FULLER
Valued Member of the Stores Dept.



Cafeteria where Hundreds of Station Personnel Dine Daily



Upper picture—Top row, left to right: Marion Webb, Etta Schromburg, Dorothy Austin. Bottom row, Josie Walters, Helen Stanek, Wilma Mossop. Lower picture, top, left to right: Mildred McKinley, Lena Joyce, Eva Parker, Verlie Bow. Front row: Ellen Mitchell, Ada Kriter, Edith Henshaw, Martha Barber.



Manager



CHARLES SHEA, who built a snack shop to a well-patronized cafeteria.

The Cafeteria was opened by Leavens Bros. in May, 1943, the purpose being a snack shop for the service personnel and civilians on the station. At that time there was a staff of four and the hours were from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. This increased to a staff of eighteen and Cafeteria was open 16 hours a day. Mrs. Eva Parker, who is the only remaining member of the original staff, made the place famous for her delicious pies. Then a few months later the need was felt for larger quarters. A new kitchen was built and modern equipment installed. Charles Shea was engaged as manager and with his ability to

(Continued on Page 14)



No. 2 Hangar: Ed. Andrews (Engineer), Frank Williams, Harley Marshall, Jack Holland, Ron Fitzgerald.

(Continued from Page 13)

operate that type of business it went from the sandwich and coffee stage to a full-fledged cafeteria serving approximately fifteen hundred customers daily.

It served a good purpose for the personnel of No. 4 A.O.S. and on several occasions boys who graduated here and are now overseas write fond recollections of the good eats they got at the old Cafeteria.

LIPSTICK DYE IS USED TO SPOT FLYERS AT SEA

Milady's lipstick has gone to war, in a way, and it's saving lives.

All this concerns uranine dye, a fluorescin coaltar derivative of the gromine family, used in the manufacture of lipstick, and now today also used by army and navy flyers operating over oceans.

The flyers know uranine as the "Lifejacket Dye Marker," and wear it attached to their uniforms in three and one-quarters ounce tea-bags, enclosed in waterproof covering.

When forced down at sea, the aviator pulls a ripcord on the cover, and within a few minutes a wide area of sea is dyed a brilliant greenish-yellow color.

Result: The forced-down flyer is more easily spotted by rescue planes.

Care for Officers and Their Quarters



Batmen, left to right, upper: Geo. Swan, Fred Allen, Tom McQuarters, Bob Matthews, Alf. Nagle. Bottom: Charlie Claxton, Joe Walker, Robt. Moore, Norm McCallum and Don Murray.

Switchboard Operator Is Talented Artist



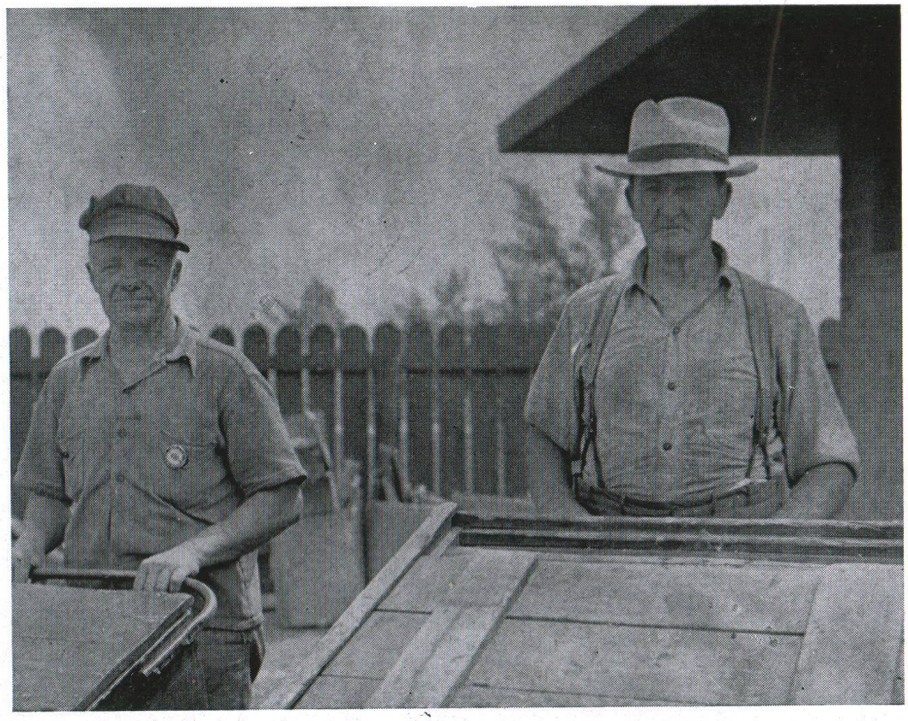
Vera Byles, whose voice is heard from Main Building, spends most of her spare time at a drawing board. Above is shown some of her reproductions of Walt Disney's famous characters, and Miss Byles. Hollywood personalities have praised Miss Byles for her clever drawings and have requested copies.

Reporter



Glenna Hanson, who brightened the pages of the Observer with operations and pilot patter.

They Keep the Fire Burning



William Smith (left) and Sam Riddick, who operate the incinerator, where all waste material is disposed of.

COPS TROUNCED

Football matches are a sore subject with the Nazi-controlled police of a Dutch town. They challenged the men to a match and felt sure of winning because most young Dutchmen had been sent to forced labor in Germany. However, a team of young men appeared, beat them soundly, accepted their invitation to a party after the match, but failed to attend. The winning team, it developed, was made up of men from the underground.

The Departure of Clara Adams:

Among the first to enter was Mrs. Clara Adams, of Tannersville, Pa., lone woman passenger. Slowly her nose was turned around to face in a southwesterly direction, and away from the hangar doors. Then, like some strange beast, she crawled along the grass.

Nearby was the food table, presided over by Mrs. Herbert Cunningham, all in white, and filled with luscious cakes and cookies.

WRONG WIFE

Have a look at your wife before you throw the dishes at her. An Oregon war-worker who lives in a row of identical cottages came home last week, sat down at the dinner table, and found lamb stew, which he hates. He tossed the stew out of the window, scattered the dishes around the room, and was starting to break up the table when he was confronted by his neighbor's wife. Wrong house. Damages: $50.

Recognize This Victory Loan Campaign Committee?



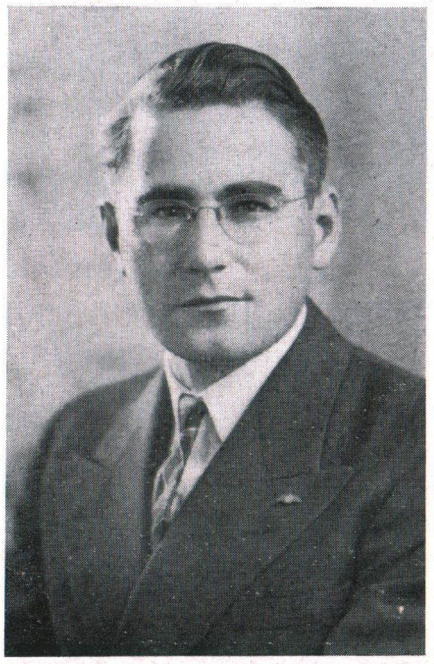


No. 3 Flight Crew Makes Attendance Record



Above is the flight shift with the best attendance record of all six shifts through the twelve-month period that No. 3 and No. 4 Hangars were operating. This shift deserves credit for being the most efficient and best organized in Flight Department, which is due to the capable management of their engineer, J. J. Collins, and Crew Chief K. Gill. Left to right, back: J. J. Collins (Engineer), Geo. McCracken, Allman Beecroft, Kitch Gill (Crew Chief), Gordon McLellan, Pete Shrigley. Front row: Earl Broughton, Doreen Arbuckle, Margaret Komisaruk, Ronald McCracken, Bill Malone.

Flight Engineer



KEN STEPHENSON, one of the busiest men on the station and doing a swell job to keep them flying.

Progress in Flight Department in Four Years an Object Lesson

When No. 4 A.O.S. opened up on October 28, 1940, Flight and Maintenance Departments were one and occupied what is now known as No. 2 Hangar.

It was not until December of 1940 that the Flight Department was born and had its own hangar, which is now No. 3. There were about ten Mark 1 Ansons to look after and we had two shifts of about ten men on each shift. Flight Department was the best department on the station for working in at this time, as the experience an ambitious mechanic gained was varied and did not become monotonous. We even did checks and acceptances when Maintenance was overflushed with work.

Until we had tractors to tow the ships, the going was a bit tough at times, but a tractor soon appeared and a rather flimsy but useable tow bar was made to tow the ships with.

Winter had its drawbacks in Flight Department as anyone will know who has stood behind a slip stream in 15° below zero weather. There were many a frozen hand and face. The summer, however, made up for it. It is pleasant working in this department then, as most of the work is outside.

As time went on the number of ships increased and the number of employees increased accordingly until they began to fly night flights. This meant overtime for the afternoon shift at first and then developed into a third shift commonly known as the "Graveyard Shift." It was a sad day for our department when this started. There are very few

(Turn to Next Page)

(Continued from Page 17)

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE YEAR 1940

really disagreeable things connected with this department, but this is one that is outstanding and above all. Take this from Flight and no one would want to work anywhere else.

In June, 1942, the scarcity of labor demanded that girls be brought out to the school to be used in Flight. Some of the fellows, I know, will agree that this was all to the good. They really did a pretty fair job.

By the end of 1943 we had about eighty-six ships on the station and were operating out of three hangars. No. 1 Hangar, which used to be E.F.T.S., was used only for co-pilot instruction flying, operating about six or eight ships. No. 3 and No. 4 Hangars were used to fly navigation ships from. In each of these hangars we had about forty ships. It was quite an accomplishment early in 1944 when we put a flight of fifty-two ships in the air at one time. This continued quite successfully for several months. On September 10 of this year we had 151,918 flying hours to our credit.

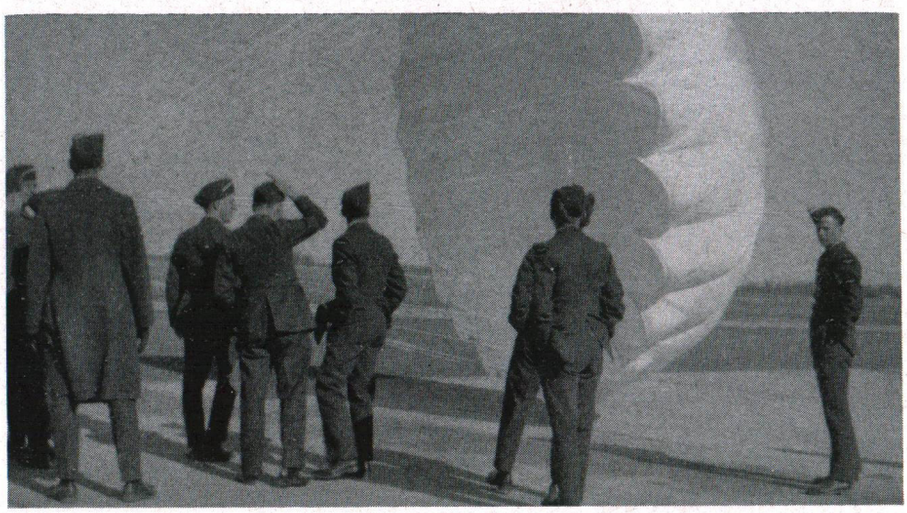
By this time our department was so large that we had to have our men organized so that each man had a special job. All the oiling was done by one crew; gassing by another; hangars kept tidy and equipment looked after by another; parking ships and apron duty as well as a special washing department for keeping our ships clean, and we have a good record when it comes to clean aircraft. A special service crew was chosen to look after all minor unserviceability.

The Mark 1 Anson was a reliable and dependable old ship, but as they grew older and the navigation crews increased in numbers per ship, about forty Mark IV Ansons were delivered to us. These ships were supposed to be much superior in many ways, but the Mark 1 still held its own with them, according to the opinion of many pilots and ground crew.

At last came the big day in April, 1944, when delivery was started on the new Mark V An-

(Turn to Next Page)







Top: Flight department in first year of No. 4 Station. Centre: Instructions in parachute landing. Above: First class in navigation. Right: Glen Curtis, James Cairns, Don Jones. Curtis and Jones were first flight clerks. Don Jones later became a pilot and was accidentally killed. Jim Cairns is superintendent of maintenance.



How to tell a Conga from a regular fight: There is no minute between rounds.

Why do people get up to dance the Conga? They are tired of kicking each other under the table.

(Continued from Page 18)

son. This was something that we had wanted, but did not expect. It meant greater safety for the crews and something modern and different to work on.

Our quota of eighty-seven new Mark V's was almost reached and everything was begining to run very smoothly when the powers that be decided that our school should close down. Right now we are in the process of closing, but it is only fitting that all those who labored so faithfully in Flight Department to make it the best department in which to work understand that their work and efforts were really appreciated.

Flight owes a great deal to Mel Carter, who reorganized our department and made it a pleasant and desirable place to work. He really had the workers' interests at heart, as well as the interests of the company.

But she did not need to wear platinum and diamonds to attract the men. She would have attracted them as much if she wore nothing at all.

A recent advertisement states: "It took twelve thousand workers to put that bottle of milk at your door."

"Yes, it sounded as though it did."

Timekeeper's Staff at Flight Office



Ev. Teather, the smiling young lady above, has been looking after and recording gas and oil and flying times in the timekeeper's office for the past year and a half. Keith MacDonald (right) also in the timekeeper's office, has been with the company for two years. Joe French, the Chief Timekeeper, has been with the company for four years, coming here as a stenographer in 1940.

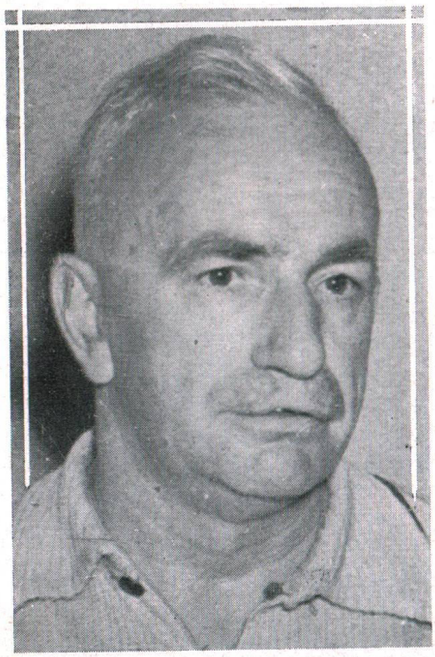
How Planes Were Gassed in 1940



Maintenace Crew Snapped Back in 1940



Blood Donor



Herb Clements, who holds Station record for the largest number of donations—twelve.

In a foot race a small boy breasted the tape a scant two inches ahead of his closest rival. Later a bystander observed: "Boy, I noticed you were talking while you ran.'

"I was prayin', mister."

"What were you saying in your prayer?"

"I was saying, 'Please co-operate, Lord, you pick 'em up and I'll lay 'em down'."

Two Original Janitors Here

Frank Ambrose and William Smith Still on the Job—Frank Now Superintendent

Only two of the original janitors of No. 4 School are now here. They are Superintendent Frank R. Ambrose and William Smith. Mr. Ambrose started in October, 1940, when Leavens Bros. took over what was known as No. 3 Elementary Flying School. With the change-over came the clean-up of buildings, which Mr. Ambrose states was no little chore. When the carpenters, janitors and other mechanics finished, ten men were employed to clean floors, etc. It took a month, he says, to put the buildings, which consisted of the G.I.S., hospital, canteen, kitchen, centre barracks, officers' quarters, mess hall and N.C.O. quarters, in first-class shape. Then the kitchen opened for business and two classes of New Zealand trainees were among those who occupied the centre barracks. The officers' quarters also started to fill up.

The cleaning staff then and for some time later consisted of four men. Then the civilian barracks, north side and the south barracks were built and more classrooms added to the G.I.S. In July, 1942, Leavens Bros. (Training) Limited added No. 3 School to its operations and the janitor staff was gradually increased as more buildings to the west were added. With the expansion of No. 4 Station the staff of janitors grew until now there are about 60 employed. "I should like to pay my deepest respect to Leavens Bros.," says Mr. Ambrose, "and all the officers of this station; also to the men who have stuck so faithfully by me. I wish them all the best of health and luck in the future."

Albert "Pop" Vining



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

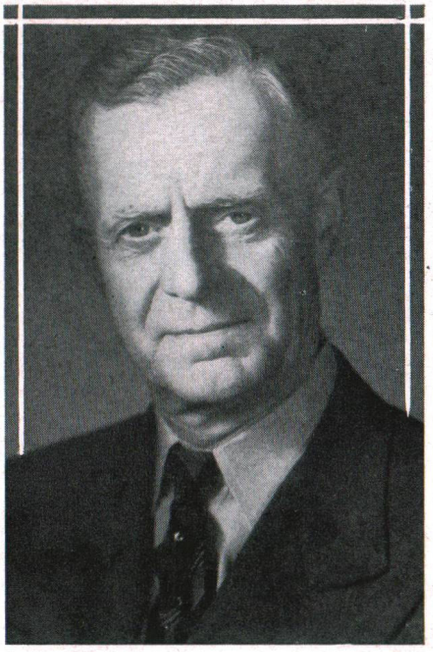
The Men Who Keep Buildings Clean and Neat



Back row: C. Pearce (deceased), W. Taylor, E. Mordey, J. McGill, C. Merrow, H. Clements, W. Wood, W. Sanderson, E. Gale, J. Reid, A. King and W. Toshack. Front row: P. Henderson, J. Mills, C. White, H. Grayson, W. McLaughlin, F. R. Ambrose (Chief), G. Waters, W. Smith, C. Wilson and J. Dews.

AIRPOWER MOST DESTRUCTIVE WEAPON IN HISTORY

Adviser



J. L. APEDAILE, O.B.E.
Financial Adviser to Civilian Operated Air Schools

Air Minister



C. G. POWER
Minister of National Defence (Air) for Canada

Staff Chief



AIR MARSHAL ROBT. LECKIE, C.B., D.S.O., D.S.C., D.F.C.
Chief of Air Staff

Enemy Troops Are Isolated

By CHARLIE CARRUTHERS

As this is being written airpower is proving itself as the most destructive weapon devised in human history.

Victory of co-ordinated Allied airpower since D-Day has been greater than the most enthusiastic claims. Starting at a point when the Luftwaffe was eliminated as a defensive weapon when Normandy was invaded and following through the Battle of France and invasion of Germany, a gradual paralysis was spread over hundreds of miles of enemy occupied territory as air power blasted and destroyed everything in the right of way. Transportation systems, industrial centres, munition works, shipyards and other sources of the enemy defensive system were eliminated as planes shuttled back and forth bringing death and destruction to German resources and reserves. Not until then was the invasion of France accepted as a practicable military risk. The plan first showed its effectiveness on the Russian front, when Germans in falling back to prepared positions found themselves isolated and cut off from supply bases and reinforcements by Allied air attacks.

Then came the American daylight raids co-ordinated with night bombing by the R.A.F. and

Vice-Marshal

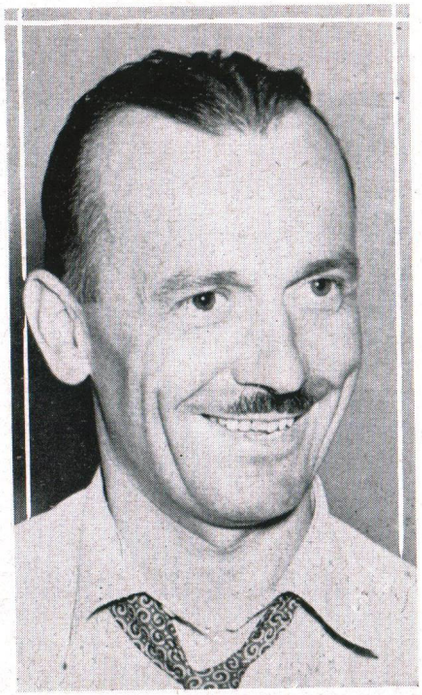


AIR VICE-MARSHAL
A. T. N. COWLEY
A.O.C. of No. 1 Training Command

R.C.A.F. Heavy bomber operations from the Mediterranean with more favorable weather conditions in that area permitted a steady increase in the weight of Allied air attacks. The spreading of operations to different areas from different points instead of diminishing Allied air power strengthened it by causing the enemy to spread his defences thinly over large areas. With from hundreds to thousands of planes dropping hundreds of tons of explosives night and day on a relatively small target as the army moves along behind the path blasted through the massive Siegfried Line fortifications, destroying communications, blocking off reserves and destroying them, as they attempt to move to the battlefronts challenges the imagination to visualize the tremendous contribution of air power to victory.

To Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Harris, who created and co-ordinated Allied air power, goes by long odds the most credit for the strategic bombing technique. Despite strong opposition, he battled for the creation and co-ordination of Allied air power on a scale so huge that history has been made.

Test Pilot



Albert James Smith, test pilot, has two bids for fame. As a pilot he has taught more than 500 boys to fly since he took over controls back in 1928. Previous to that time he served from 1917 to 1921 in England as a technician. He holds an engineer's and pilot's licenses and was stationed at Lambeth Field for several years. The title "One Shot Smith" was bestowed on him by Walpole Island Indians on account of his prowess as a game hunter. One shot is all he needs to put birds of the air or beasts of the woods to sleep.

Accountant



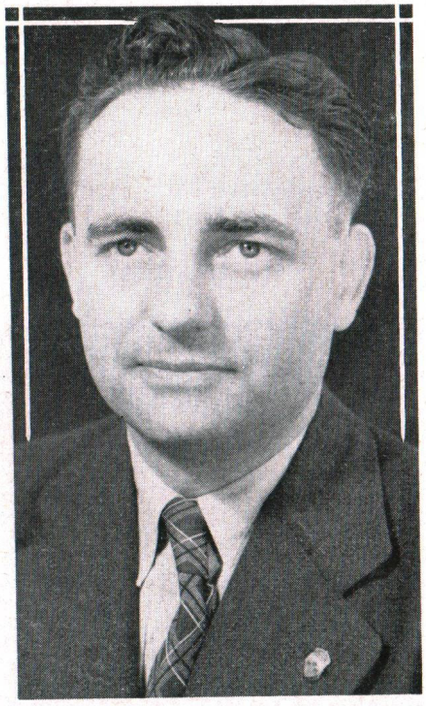
WM. TOWLE, smiling member of the Main Office Staff.

Quartette of Paint Shop Girls



Left to Right: Elsie Mock, Eileen Harbach, June Lilley, Dorothy Kelland

Photographer



CLIFF HUNT, staff photographer of the Observer, whose many photos you have enjoyed.

U. S. sources report British aircraft manufacturers are considering making a loan of $10,000,000 to China for post-war aviation development.

Dandy Baby



LYNN MARIE STEPHENSON, six-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ken Stephenson. Ken is flight engineer, located at No 3 Hangar.

Scottish Airways has marked its 10th anniversary with the memorable record of carrying more than 100,000 passengers and 2,000 tons of mail without a single fatal accident.



CORRECT AGE

A navigation officer at I.T.S., trying to emphasize a point in logic, asked his class: "If the United States is bounded on the east by the Atlantic Ocean, on the west by the Pacific Ocean, on the north by Canada and on the south by Mexico, how old am I?"

The brighter airmen sat dumbfounded, but the dopiest of them all spoke up: "You'd be 44."

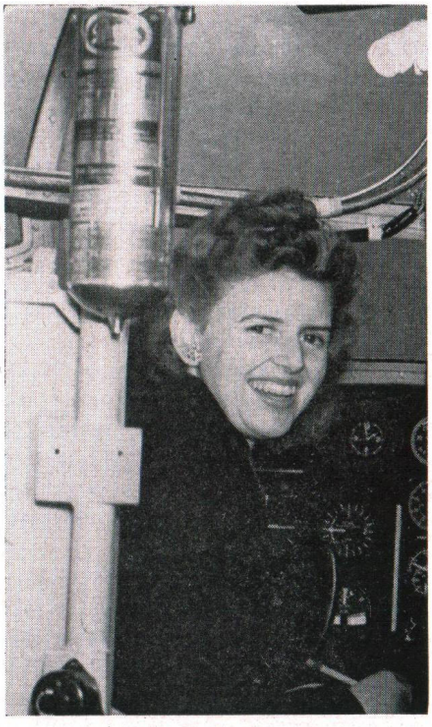
Dumbfounded in turn, the instructor said, "That's right, young man, but how in the world did you know?"

The airman answered: "That's easy, sir. I have a brother who is only HALF nuts and he's 22."



Canteen and some of staff. Top: Mrs. Pearl Connor, Frank O'Grady, Dorothy Evans, Leo Loupos. Bottom: Jean Henderson, John Clements, Lorraine Colbert.

Likes Planes



DOROTHEA RAHN, of Stores, examines panel in Anson.

Meet for Spot of Tea at Canteen



Left to right: Beverly Jackson, Doris Buchanan, Margaret Greig.

KIND DEED BRINGS NEW LIFE TO LEGLESS BOY



Bernard demonstrates bicycle riding.



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

Now Is Able To Ride Bicycle

Bernard Mitchell, Who Lost Limbs By Train, Lives Normal Life

No. 4 Station is populated with nice people—the kind that believe in doing good. When a call to help someone in need, someone who has been unfortunate or suffered a loss is made, pocketbooks have always been opened generously to aid. One of the most outstanding cases that will bring pleasant recollections for many years is that of Bernard Mitchell.

In April, 1943, 11-year-old Bernard Mitchell lost his legs when a C.P.R. train passed over him. Today, through the efforts of hundreds of individuals and several organizations, Bernard has been fitted with artificial limbs and is now able to ride a bicycle, play ground hockey and walk with surprising speed.

A total of $2,100 was raised, principally through the generous efforts of No. 4 Air Observer School, Leavens Bros. (Training) Limited.

A carnival at the school, where Bernard's father, Alex. Mitchell, is a civilian employee, raised $1,034; a raffle of a model bomber brought $453.25. Central Aircraft gave generous aid in this event. London construction works at Sarnia contributed $298.56; No. 4 A.O.S. raised $295.86, and other contributions totalled $130.00.

A trust fund was established to control the donations, with Don Egener legal adviser for Leavens Bros. (Training) Limited, and Mr. Mitchell as trustees.

Several hundred dollars have been used for the purchase of artificial legs and medical attention and other expenses. The balance will go toward education rehabilitation and further medical costs.

Bernard visits the station frequently to see his many friends and show them the rapid progress he is making to lead a normal life.

"I won't let my friends down," says Bernard. "They gave me a new life and I hope I will always be a credit to them."



Radio Brings Lost Aircraft Back To Airport

Radio Department Vital Part of No. 4 Station

By JACK MADILL

The radio department got under way in November, 1940, with a couple of operators and two maintenance men. Flights were, of course, of a familiarization type at first, but soon graduated to regular navigational day exercises of thirteen aircraft and shortly to night work as well. Equipment was scarce and considerable improvising was necessary to get the flights off.

Additional personnel was added as the flights increased to 26, 39 and then 52 aircraft. With the introduction of Wireless Air Gunners in early '42, code was substituted for the radiotelephony formerly used by the pilots and a considerable increase in operators became necessary. Eighteen girls were trained for this purpose in Toronto and eventually five channels of three shifts were in operation. Considerable more respon-

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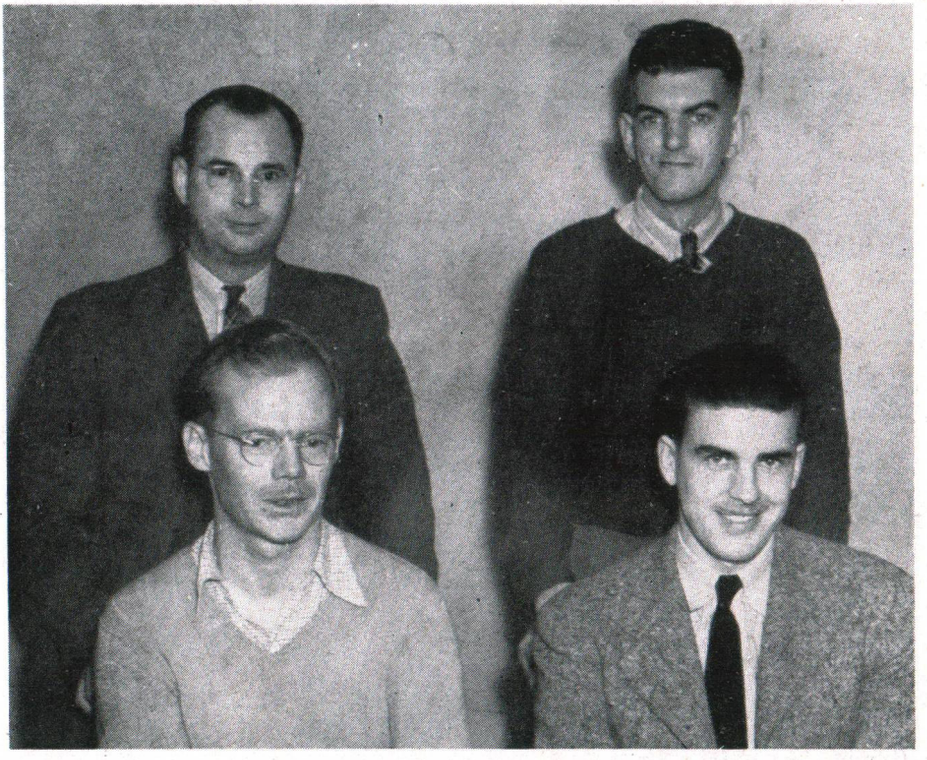


Top photo—Front row, left to right: Bob Taylor, Russ Hierons, Elmer Downs, Fred Bridgeman, Cecil Yorke. Back row: Alvin Millar, Howard Fallis, Malcolm Hannah. Lower picture—Top row, left to right: Jack Madill (Superintendent), Wendell Anderson (flight technician). Lower: Joe McCurdy (flight clerk), Cecil McDonald (operator in charge).



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

(Continued from Page 25)

siblity was also thrown on the maintenance department through loop D/F, intercommunication and increased wear on equipment. The ground D/F station proved very valuable on many occasions in bringing lost aircraft back to the airport.

At full operation equipment was composed of seven 300-watt ground transmitters (equipped for radiotelephony, MCW or code), with associated converters and emergency supply, eighty-five aircraft with transmitters, receivers, loops, intercommunication and remote control equipment, ground station of nine communications receivers and remote transmitter controls, and Adcock D/F Station, in addition to hangar amplifier system, private telephones and talk back intercommunication systems.

Personnel consisted of 21 technicians, 2 D/F (ground) operators, 4 chief operators, 18 female operators, secretary and superintendent.

The staff has done a very good job under conditions sometimes less than ideal—thanks and good luck for the future.

Scene in Radio Operations Room



FOUND A PEARL

Today I found that long lost pearl—a real, old-fashioned, modest girl. She does not drink, nor does she pet; she's never smoked a cigaret. She's worried not about her hips; no unclean joke has crossed her lips. She doesn't dance these all-night whirls, nor smear her face like modern girls. She doesn't lie; she doesn't swear; she doesn't henna-rinse her hair. In fact, she's just a perfect dear, the first I've seen in many a year! Her socks she hasn't even rolled —you see, she's only six months old.

Supervisor



MISS MARY HAYNES
In Charge of Women Personnel

Stewardess



MRS. DAISY LEESE
Of the Senior Civilian Lounge

Stewardess



MRS. MYRTLE LYNCH
Of Senior Civilian Lounge

"So Long as There Are Homes"

By Grace Noll Crowell

So long as there are homes to which men turn
At the close of day;
So long as there are homes where children are.
Where women stay—
If love and loyalty and faith be found
Across those sills—
A stricken nation can recover from
Its gravest ills.

So long as there are homes where fires burn
And there is bread;
So long as there are homes where lamps are lit
And prayers are said;
Although a people falter through the dark—
And nations grope—
With God Himself back of these little homes—
We have sure hope.

FLOATING

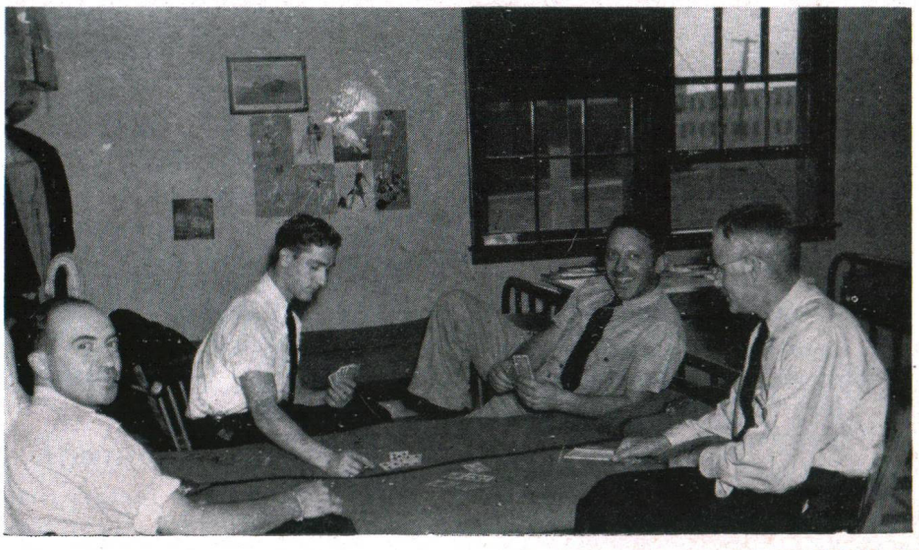
The village teacher was having difficulty with some little evacuees. After several unsuccessful attempts she asked little Tommy:

"Can you tell me where Noah lived?"

"I don't think he had a regular home," replied the boy. I imagine he and his family belonged to the floating population."



Attractive Spot in Civilian Lounge





SOME OF THE PILOTS WHO FLY PLANES FROM NO. 4



THE REBOUND

With much thought and licking of pencil, Pte. Jones was writing home to his mother. His letter began:

"Dear Mother. I am doing fine. Last week I was on sentry and stopped the colonel because he'd forgotten the password. Next morning he complimented me on parade. Since then I have been put on every dirty fatigue that is going."

DREAM LETTER

Her boss didn't like her dream typing. A secretary in Montreal, while dozing at her desk, typed out a letter of resignation from her boss to the president of the company. Still dreaming, she placed it in front of him for his signature. He signed it.

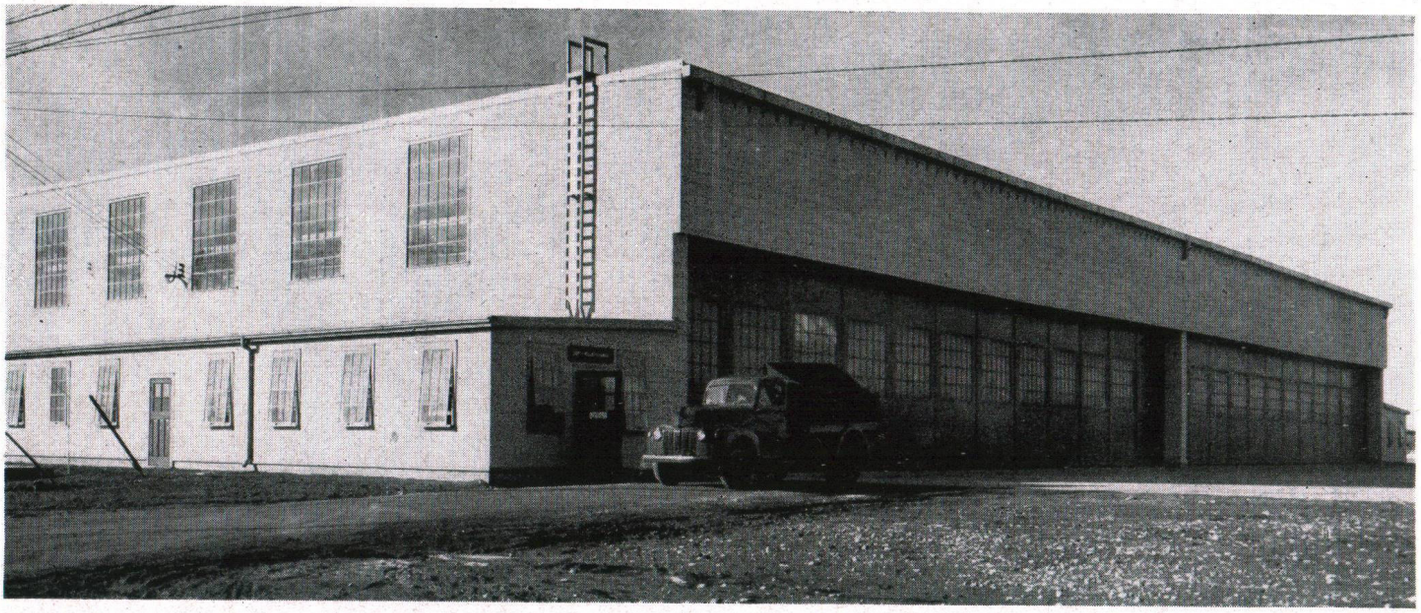
FRIENDLY WARNING

Before a big radio factory was blown up in Denmark, there was a ring at the gate. The factory guard opened it. A little man said, "Pardon me, but are you the factory guard?" "Yes." "Good evening, I am Saboteur Jensen," and he produced a revolver. Then 10 other men filed in.

Doctor: "Sergeant, you must stop taking your troubles to bed with you."

"But, doctor, my wife won't sleep alone."

HUGE NO. 5 HANGAR WHERE PLANES ARE SERVICED







Above are shown exterior and interior views of hangar where aircraft are inspected and repaired. Left, planes on service line.

Never waste household scraps, says a wartime economy hint.

Agreed. Open the windows and let the neighbors hear.

"Yes, she is beautiful and I like those Biblical gowns she wears."

"What are Biblical gowns?"

"The low and behold kind."

OCTUPLETS

"Last week I had seven babies and I'm expecting another one tonight." A marine on Guadalcanal read this to his mates from his wife's letter. Then he explained that she's a nurse in a maternity ward.

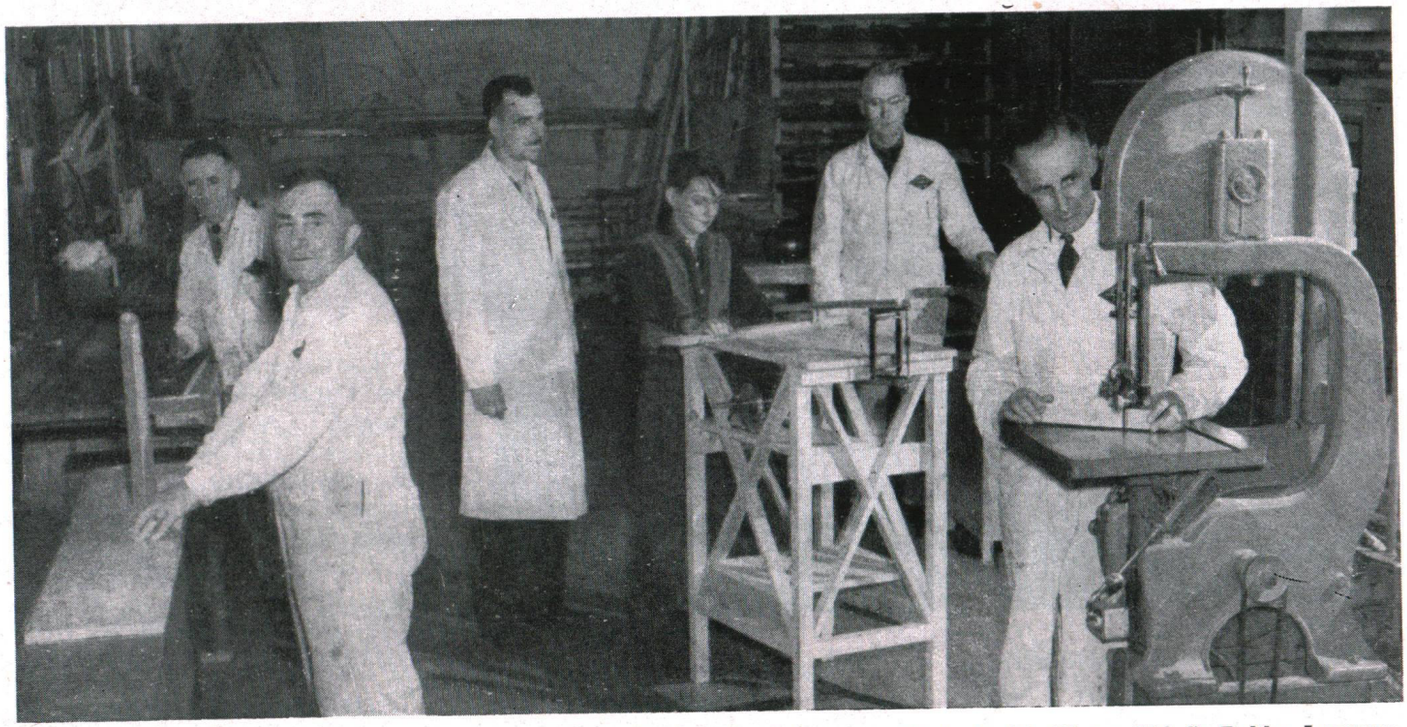
Said one old maid to her sister, "I can't understand why you go out with that young sailor."

Sister: "Oh, it's just a platonic friendship — play for him and tonic for me."

SOME OF THE MECHANICS SNAPPED AT NO. 5 HANGAR



AIRFRAME MECHANICS—Back row, left to right: Tom Dickinson, Ed. McEllistrum, Bill Bell, Ken Stewart, Alf Knight, John Hutchinson, Tom Amos, Gerry Wilson. Middle row, left to right: Les Elliott, Johnny Gordon, Owen Rosser, Tommy Bell (Crew Chief), Frank Sherring, Ron Pincombe, Johnny Ward. Front row, left to right: Winson Morton, Jack Gregory, Ken Carswell, Bill Doherty, Ross Henderson, Jack Grant.



CARPENTER SHOP—Reading left to right: Joe Timbs, Jim Thorburn, Ernie Smith (Crew Chief), Bobby Leavens, Chris Hjalmarson, Frank Raven.



ENGINE MECHANICS—Back row, left to right: Charlie Powell, Bob Wilson, Frank Brighton, Harold Elson, Russ Gibson, Pete Gledhill, Roy Milman, Cecil Saunders. Front row, left to right: Walt Galbraith, Ron Robinson, Wilf. Martyn, Bill Browning (Crew Chief), Bert Harrison, Len Martin, Jack Saunders.



On the left: Mel Carter, senior engineer of Maintenance, located at No. 5 Hangar, with Jim Cairns, Superintendent of Maintenance. Teamwork is responsible for one of the most efficient maintenance departments in Canada.

We have often wondered how a gangster filled in government questionnaires. Recently we met the secretary of a draft board in a Midwestern city who told us that a big-time thug filled in the question, "What job are you most qualified for?" by writing "exterminator."

An expert witness objected in court when a lawyer said that an expert was a man who has been talking about the same thing for so long that no one listens to him any more.

Maintenance



GORDON WILLIAMS
Maintenance Clerk—One of the Busiest Men on the Station

CAUSES FOR DIVORCE

1. "She stole my false teeth and baked them into a pie."

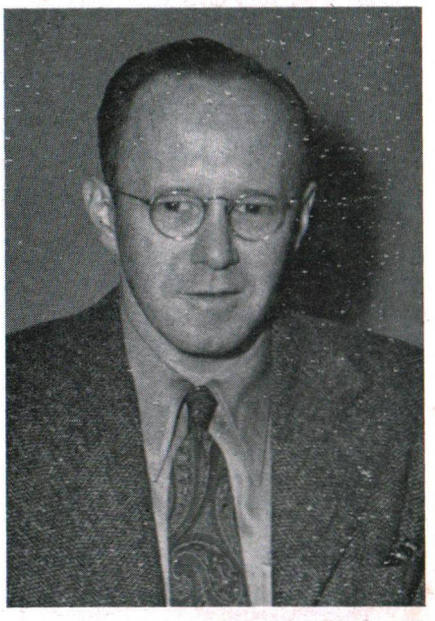
2. "He said we needed some flytraps and filled my shoes with molasses."

3. "My wife wrote poems on all my handkerchiefs in violet ink."

4. "Whenever I went for a walk my husband followed me, shouting, 'This woman won't darn my socks.'"

5. "At 11 o'clock every Thursday she phoned my boss and asked, 'Why don't you fire that incompetent so-and-so?'"

6. "He always tore the woman's page out of the paper before handing it to me."



J. ERIC REID
Senior Clerk, Located at No. 5 Hangar

Rambling Photographer Gets Some Intimate Snaps



HERE AT OPENING OF STATION

C. R. Leavens
W. T. Leavens
D. W. Forrester
J. T. Cairns
Wm. A. Towle
Joe French
Frank Lawson
George Walker
John Lamont
Al. J. Smith
Don M. Egener
Ed. Andrew
Pete Buchan
Robt. J. Weir

E. W. Bolton
Basil Doman
W. R. Martyn
Wm. Doherty
John J. Ward
Wm. Finlay
Wm. Medland
Don Robertson
R. H. Page
Ed. Pickrem
Jack Madill
Robt. N. McCollum
Vic Plowman

Ernie N. Smith
Ted Aston
A. J. Densham
John K. Murray
Ed. I. Akiens
F. McGrath
Karl Broman
A. D. "Bert" Williams
Frank R. Ambrose
Robt. B. Dickson
Earl Mercer
Wm. Smith
Frank B. Smith
Wm. Lewis (deceased)

CANADIANS BAG OVER 860 PLANES

Canadian airmen have shot down 860 enemy aircraft since the start of the war, it was learned at air force headquarters. The figure was based on a compilation of official R.C.A.F. communiques.

There was no information available on "probables" or damaged enemy planes.

FROM FARM BOYS TO OPERATORS OF BIG NO. 4 A.O.S.











1. Walt and Art with Swallow at Buffalo, 1927. 2. Curtiss Jenny, Bay of Quinte, 1927. 3. Andy Raney, Walt Leavens, Bert Frink, Art and Clare Leavens with Waco 10, Eaglerock, Waco 9 and advance car at Smiths Falls, 1930. 4. Clare, Art and Walt at Ottawa, 1931. 5. Autogyro taking off with Walt at the controls.

Story Of Leavens Bros. One Of Faith And Determination

By Keith Edgar, Associate Editor of Canadian Aviation

There were three brothers — Walt, Art and Clare. They lived on a farm near Belleville, Ontario, on the shore of the romantic Bay of Quinte.

Art was the adventurous member of the trio with his eye on far places and an urge for constant travel. Walt was mechanically minded and loved to work with machinery to make things and to repair them. Clare was a conservative type who liked to think things over and plan and weigh the pros and cons before making a decision.

In 1927 Art went to St. Louis and paid $100 for a 10-hour flying course at the Robertson Flying School. Lindbergh was an instructor there and gave Art part of his flying instruction. Purchasing a half share in a secondhand Swallow with an OX5 engine, he put in a few more hours on this machine and then finally bought out his partner and brought the machine back to Canada.

Unfortunately he could not get the aircraft, which had been cracked up several times, licensed, so he traded it in to Jack Elliott at Hamilton for a secondhand Jenny which had a certificate of airworthiness. During the winter the three brothers rebuilt the Jenny. In the spring of 1928 Art gave Walt flying lessons, and after 50 hours Walt achieved his commercial license. They bought a secondhand Waco 9 in London, and, bringing it back to Belleville, had three forced landings and finally a crack-up. Undaunted, the three brothers rebuilt this machine.

They barnstormed all summer and made enough money to purchase in the fall a cracked-up Eaglerock which they rebuilt during the winter. Unfortunately they had a fire in the barn where

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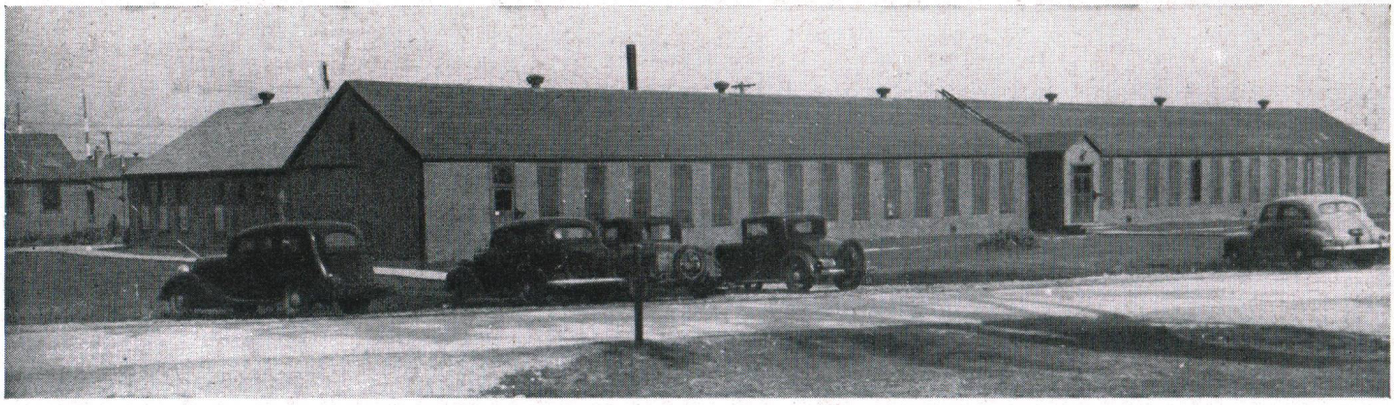


Main office building, where administration and pay offices are located.

(Continued from Page 33)

they were working on the Eaglerock and lost half of the ship, necessitating the purchase of a new fuselage. By spring the Eaglerock was in flying trim and proved to be on of their best ships.

The spring of 1929 found them operating three aircraft and in 1930 they purchased a wrecked Waco 10 which they, as usual, rebuilt. The Jenny was retired.

By 1931 the Leavens Brothers were operating two Wacos, an Eaglerock, a Gypsy Moth and a seven-passenger Travel Air cabin job powered by a 420 h.p. Wasp. In January, 1931, this "squadron" was moving north. Landing at Barrie, the Eaglerock and one of the Wacos went through the ice. The Eaglerock sank in 100 feet of water and the Waco in about 25 feet of water. The Waco was retrieved almost immediately, dried out and flown a few weeks later, but the Eaglerock was a problem.

Grappling through the ice, they finally hooked onto its tail. The aircraft was lifted up to the ice level and then a narrow channel was cut through the ice through which to pull the rope and the aircraft was dragged to shore suspended from a pole on two sleighs. It was a hazardous job because the ice was not heavy enough to take chances with and quite often water covered the ice where the men were working. When the Eaglerock was finally brought ashore it was stored until spring, then taken back to Belleville and rebuilt.

During the summer of 1930 Art and Walt carried out a barnstorming tour throughout Western Canada, using the Waco 9 and an Eaglerock. They touched at hundreds of towns throughout Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, going as far west as the foothills of the Rockies. To get to and from Western Canada they had to go through the U. S. A., as there were no airports at that time in Canada. It was a long, hard trip for OX5 equipped aircraft and it was accomplished without accident to aircraft or personnel.

By 1932 Leavens Brothers were operating a regular circus. They had a truck which was sent in advance of their squadron to do publicity work and prepare the localities for their visit. They operated four aircraft and the then new and startling Pitcairn Autogyro. The Leavens Brothers were proving to be shrewd businessmen and prospered when other barnstormers were giving up. They initiated the then revolutionary idea of hopping passengers for a cent a pound. In winter they would put the ships on skis and go up north barnstorming as far as Sault Ste. Marie to the west and as far east as Lake St. John, and, on one tour, operating into New Brunswick.

The first couple of years during which they owned the autogyro no effort was made to fly it during the winter months. However, much thought was given to this and in 1934 skis were developed with an ingenious brake arrangement to hold the machine stationary while the rotors were being revved up. This was the first time an autogyro had ever been equipped with skis, and Walt Leavens was the first man to fly an autogyro so equipped.

In 1933 they put on a show for the Canadian Flying Clubs Association. By this time they were carrying a parachute jumper as an added attraction, and this circus went as far as Sydney, N. S., where at their show the Prime Minister of Nova Scotia spoke to a crowd of some 5,000 people. During this tour Casey Baldwin, the first man in the British Empire to fly, was taken for his first autogyro ride at Sydney, N.S.

In the meantime, either luck or efficient management and maintenance, or both, had given the Leavens Brothers a reputation for reliability and safety. Their only serious setback had been the loss of the Travel Air cabin plane. Art was flying the ship fully loaded in the Timmins district when, coming in to land on a lake, he saw that he was undershooting and gave the engine the gun. Unfortunately, the engine didn't take it, and he was forced to crash-land among some trees. His cool judgment in spotting the ship between two trees, demolishing the plane but letting the ship down easily, saved the lives of all on board.

During the years in which the Leavens Brothers were barnstorming, that is from 1927 to 1937, over 60,000 passengers were carried, mostly from pasture fields throughout the country, and not one of those passengers was injured in any way.

Ninteen thirty-seven found even the businesslike barnstorming of the Leavens Brothers, which had all the ramifications of a circus on tour, petered out and so, after much discussion among themselves, they moved to Barker Field, built a hangar and started a flying school. So successful was this school that by 1938 it was the largest in Canada. They operated the autogyro and

(Turn to Next Page)



The Leavens Brothers school at Barker Field, June, 1939.

(Continued from Page 34)

20 aircraft, including Taylorcraft, Moths, Cubs, a Fairchild 24, a Dragon Fly and a Fleet.

The autogyro was mostly used for the towing of advertising banners. These banners were made of cloth with letters six feet high. A great deal of experimenting was necessary before the banner would operate successfully. The autogyro was also used to carry out dusting on a forest area in Muskoka to kill bugs which were destroying the pine forests.

But in the meantime, tragedy had struck. In June, 1937, Art Leavens was flying a Puss Moth. He was caught in a squall and both wings came off, breaking up a trio which had worked together in perfect harmony and understanding and built a successful business from one aircraft.

The remaining Leavens Brothers, Walt and Clare, had little time, however, to think about these things. War had come.

Immediately upon a declaration of hostilities, they offered the full services of the school to the Royal Canadian Air Force, and in 1940 started training instructors for Elementary Flying Schools. During 1939 and 1940, when all speed was necessary in getting the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan under way, Leavens Brothers, in cooperation with the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests, photographed a good many of the airports now used in training in Eastern Canada.

Clare and Walter Leavens have great confidence in the future. They feel that they are just starting.

LOST IN THE CROWD

Souse (bumping into lamp post): "Excuse me, sir."

(Bumping into fire hydrant): "Excuse me, little boy."

(Bumping into telephone pole); "Well, I'll just sit here until the crowd passes."

President Roosevelt, commenting on Canada's recent announcement of acquisition of bases built in Canada by the U. S., said he anticipated no complications over American post-war use of the fields involved.

Girl: "Doctor, will the scar show?"

Doctor: "That Miss, is up to you."

Test Pilot



Garnet Hutchinson learned to fly in 1928 at the Lambeth Field. He joined the R.C.A.F. as flying instructor at No. 3 Station and was transferred to No. 4 when Leavens Bros. took over. Garnet, in the line of duty of testing planes, has had some exciting moments. He is married and has a boy eight years old.

Wife: "Well, dear, how did you like the WAC parade?"

Colonel: "Marvelous, five thousand women and not a slip showing."

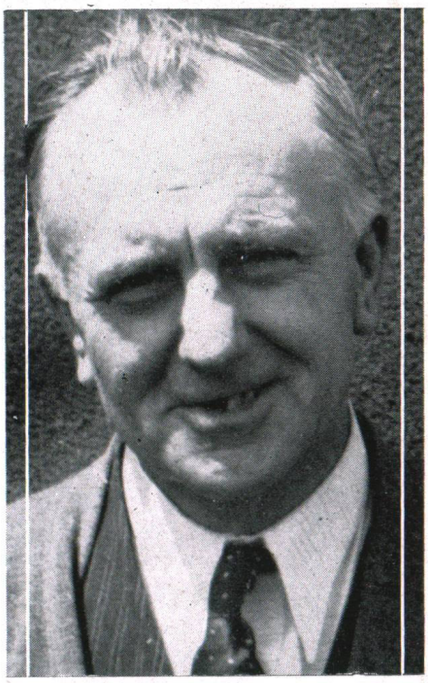
Bobby Leavens and His Model Boat



Bobby, son of General Manager Clare Leavens, like his father, is a builder. He works at No. 4 Station during summer holidays.



Transport of the first airmail from Pelee Island this season was the highlight of the opening of Leavens Bros.' new airport at Leamington. Reeve Henry Rahm of Pelee brought the mail over and turned it over to W. R. Robinson, of Windsor, manager of the Greyhound bus lines. Left to right in the picture above are Mayor Bruce Clouse of Kingsville; Mayor Phil Fader of Leamington; Mr. W. J. May, of London, district director of postal services; Reeve Rahm; Mr. Robinson; Mr. W. T. Leavens, president of Leavens Bros. Air Services, and Mr. C. R. Leavens, general manager of the firm.



WILBERT W. SCOTT
Who Handles Airmen's Supplies at Stores

Grounds Crew Keeps Station Neat And Clean



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.



Dinner Hour In The Officers' And Airmen's Mess



Social Activities Attract Many to Drill Hall





Seen From The Control Tower

By W. A. CAMPBELL

May, 1940, found the writer home on vacation from Western Canada, and, following a quaint local custom of those days, journeyed to Lambeth and rented a Taylorcraft airplane from one of the enterprising operators and started out to look the countryside over. When over the city the view to the northeast attracted the attention and the little ship was flown over for a closer look at what appeared to be some sort of extensive ground work. A closer view showed the earth disturbed in a manner suggesting that a gigantic finger had made the letter "X" on the ground. Later this area was visited on foot and it was found that a new airport was being developed. Work at this time consisted of trying to get around through the mud.

The story must continue from what history tells us for a while now, and by the summer of 1940 the airport had reached a stage that permitted No. 3 E.F.T.S. to operate their Fleet aircraft, and in the late summer Trans-Canada Airlines began using the field as a stop on the Toronto-Windsor route. During August of this year Leavens Bros. arrived to begin the groundwork necessary for their work of operating No. 4 A.O.S., and by November the school began flying exercises in a rather limited way. Several other individuals moved aircraft on the field and Sundays found passenger hopping a thriving business. Rivalry developed, mostly between the Fleet and Anson pilots, and it soon became a race to see who could cut the other off when a Fleet and Anson were approaching for a landing. It seems that it was a case of "may the best man win" until the situation was helped by a truck being posted on the field. This truck was equipped with red and green Aldis lamps and the method of using lights was much the same as with automobiles. Red meant stop, on the ground, and don't land, in the air. Green was an O.K. for takeoff or landing. This work was under the direction of "Bud" Hayes. Trans-Canada Airlines ships were advised of how the battle was going by their radio operator going to the rooftop and talking to their aircraft by radio.

(Turn to Page 39)

W. A. Campbell



Airport Traffic Control Officer



Directing Airplane Traffic From Tower

Ed. Wolcott, traffic control officer, and Isabel Taylor, assistant, keeping in touch with outgoing and incoming ships.

(Continued from Page 38)

Sept. 1st, 1941, marked the beginning of Airport Traffic Control with Dept. of Transport personnel. Owen Morris, Dave Mitchell and myself were the new staff. We had no radio equipment and both day and night exercises were handled with light guns. Aircraft returning from exercise received their permission to land when flying on the "downwind" leg, and many pilots found themselves in the wrong place at the wrong time and as a result were refused clearance to land. A former pilot, the late Gay Record, seems to have held the local record by flying around for 50 minutes before getting a "green."

In February, 1942, radio equipment was installed in the tower, and as the aircraft did not carry WAGS, the pilot was his own operator. About this time there were strange rumors adrift about a mysterious project taking shape in a secluded corner of the hangar. Nobody would talk, but one truck had disappeared and one fine morning the secret was lifted. Out of the hangar rolled the "Corn Belt Corvette," that "house on wheels" that is evident on the airport during daylight flying hours. This was neatly decorated inside with a chair, stove, double windows to keep the frost out, a red and green Aldis lamp and a fine supply of many-colored Very cartridges, completed with gun, and shortly after with a radio receiver so that the tower could keep the tender advised of traffic conditions. Aircraft equipped with radio were contacted by the tower and those not having radio were looked after with lights. Bud was supplied with an assistant to help him.

Traffic increased and in the late spring of 1942 the E.F.T.S. decided to start night flying and the fun began. According to arrangements with the Air Force, the officer from the E.F.T.S. was in charge, the A.O.S. was represented by a duty pilot. All had numerous assistants blocking the view and when an Anson reported and wanted to land, the following operation resulted: The control officer advised the E.F.T.S. man, who checked the position of his aircraft. The A.O.S. duty pilot helped and after nobody knew what was going on the poor control officer gave the Anson a clearance to land. Fortunately this did not last long, as the E.F.T.S. was closed.

The tower staff expected a breathing spell, but got fooled. Aircrew was greatly needed and the number of Ansons flown on each exercise was greatly increased. Pilots were scarce and many civilians with not much flying time were hired and their flight training supplied by the A.O.S. The number of aircraft on each exercise reached 52, and this meant that with the old MK1 Ansons and their limited range, we found the first ships of an exercise landing before the last had taken off. Then Central Aircraft began modifying Mosquitoes, and to finish the deal spring came to ruin taxying on the grass

(Continued on Page 40)

PASSENGER AGENT AND RADIO OPERATOR



Isabel Pearson, radio (left), and Betty Inksater, agent of T.C.A. staff.

(Continued from Page 39)

strips and everything had to land, take off and taxi on the runways. The tower staff began to consider the army as a career. At this time the A.O.S. was flying roughly 25 times as much as at the start of operations. Tempers of pilots and control officers were sorely tried many times, but somehow everyone struggled through. The "Battle of Crumlin" was at its all-time high. The arrival of MK5 Ansons helped the situation greatly, thanks to their longer cruising range. It appeared that local traffic would be lightened, but again we were fooled, as Central Aircraft modified more Mosquitoes and we were back where we started. The tower staff was increased in the late spring of this year by the arrival of two girls. Previously there was only one man on duty at a time, and with aircraft wishing to land, taxi and take off, pilots wanting information by telephone, including many very annoying long distance calls, and interphone work with the A.O.S., the poor tower guy was kept a very busy lad. The girls now keep all records, answer telephones and supply pilots and other interested persons with their desired information.

During the last three years there have been many rather amusing incidents. One of these was the day that a large aircraft began its takeoff but swerved a bit toward Bud and his tender. Now Bud figures that while there can be another tender built, there'll never be another Bud, so he promptly bailed out of his "Corvette" but missed his footing when he reached the ground and ended up in a sitting position. This jarred the Very pistol he was still carrying and there resulted the most vertical Very shot ever fired on this field. On another occasion the tender was still on the field but not occupied, as the engine was a bit tired and refused to run. Bud had come over to call a tractor to pull it off. An Anson landed and swerved, striking the poor tender. At this point the tender was assigned a new location, at the approach end of the runway. Other incidents recall the wild flying of Pilot Cataldi, ending up in crashing on a wing tip, bouncing in the air and landing absolutely upside down, and everyone walked away from the wreck. Then workmen had cut the cables controlling the tower radio and a B 25 was arriving with repairs to an Aircobra that was grounded here. The B 25 arrived and so did a strange Anson, and in the confusion we had an Anson landing from one direction on a runway and the B 25 landing also on that runway, but coming in from exactly the opposite direction. This was safely straightened out and we were treated to an exhibition of speed and low flying when the Aircobra was repaired.

Weather Man



JOHN MONCUR, head of Meteorological Department, who supplies the weather probs for flying.

Packing Chutes Specialist Job

By VIC PLOWMAN

Seventy parachutes, one packer and one assistant packer. This was the parachute section, 1940 style. A veritable loafer's paradise; the lazy man's Utopia. This, however, was back in 1940—things have changed since then. The parachute section is now what might almost be called "The Specialist Department." We've taken over the inventories for astro compasses and graphs, Verey pistols and headphones, personnel kits, dinghies and life jackets. We're not operating with seventy parachutes any more. These have been increased into the hundreds, while our harnesses number in the thousands.

It was in June, 1942, that the parachute section really began to grow. It all started with the hiring of two female employees: Misses Isabel Crowder and Lillian Rivers. Possessed with an unlimited supply of energy, they transformed the section. First they cleaned house, then they delved into the filing system. What a mess that was! Here, they decided, was a section which could and should do more. That was the real beginning. That's where the astro compasses, etc., entered into the picture. First thing we knew there was more work than we could handle. So what? Just add another girl. The staff grew: Evelyn Colvin, Marion Fish, Doreen Warriner, Norma Bowers, Lois Pembleton and finally Doris Cornelius—every one of them handpicked for their ability. These were the people who actually operated the Parachute Department. These were the people who solved the dinghy problem of the Mark V Anson. It was these people who packed the chutes which saved five lives during the course of our operation.

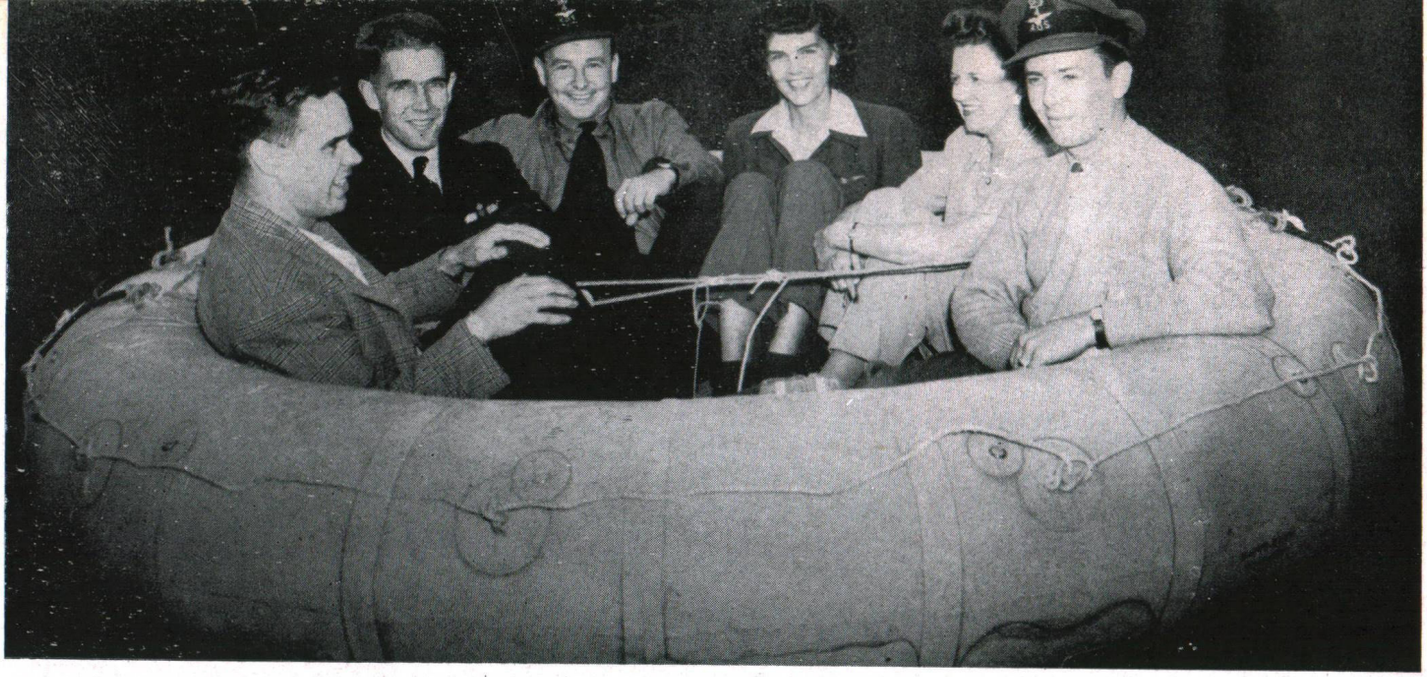
It would be unfair if we neglected to mention Willie, the hardest working member of the section. He's not so long on brains, but he has an iron constitution. Willie joined our staff in June, 1943.

—He is our auto.





Upper picture shows Doris Cornelius and Lois Pembleton posing before parachutes hung up to air. Lower: Marion Fish (left) and Lillian Rivers with 'chute ready for packing and storage.





Dinghy Is Inflated In Five Seconds

Life saver for aircrew forced to land on the ocean, the collapsible rubber dinghy is a completely equipped raft. Above we have Pilots Poyner, Hinde, Smith and Broad seated in dinghy with Parachute Packers Isabel Crowder and Evelyn Colvin. On the left the dinghy before inflation.

I don't know nothin' about this here argument over basic English, whatever that means, but basic Canadian is O.K. Oh, yeah? Sure Thing and Sez You.

Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with 60 diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.—Horace Mann.

Simile for the day: As lonely as an unanswered telephone.

A 96-year-old woman writes that she's eaten an apple a day for the past 90 years and has seen a doctor every day for 70 of them. Well, she's married to him.

If you are tired of your canary's shrill soprano, here's the answer to your problem. In South America a plant has been discovered whose seeds, when fed to canaries, make them sing bass.



Parachute Packers Evelyn Colvin, Norma Bowers, Marion Fish, Lois Pembleton, Isabel Crowder, Dureen Warriner, Vic Plowman (Instructor).

Aerial Route To Russia Will Have Big Radio Network

A vast radio network, costing "several hundred thousand dollars" is being established by the R.C.A.F. over the Northwest Staging Route between Edmonton and Whitehorse, part of the aerial route to Russia.

The network has been undertaken to provide alternative communication means between the air bases which handle a great amount of air traffic over the route, said to be the busiest in Canada.

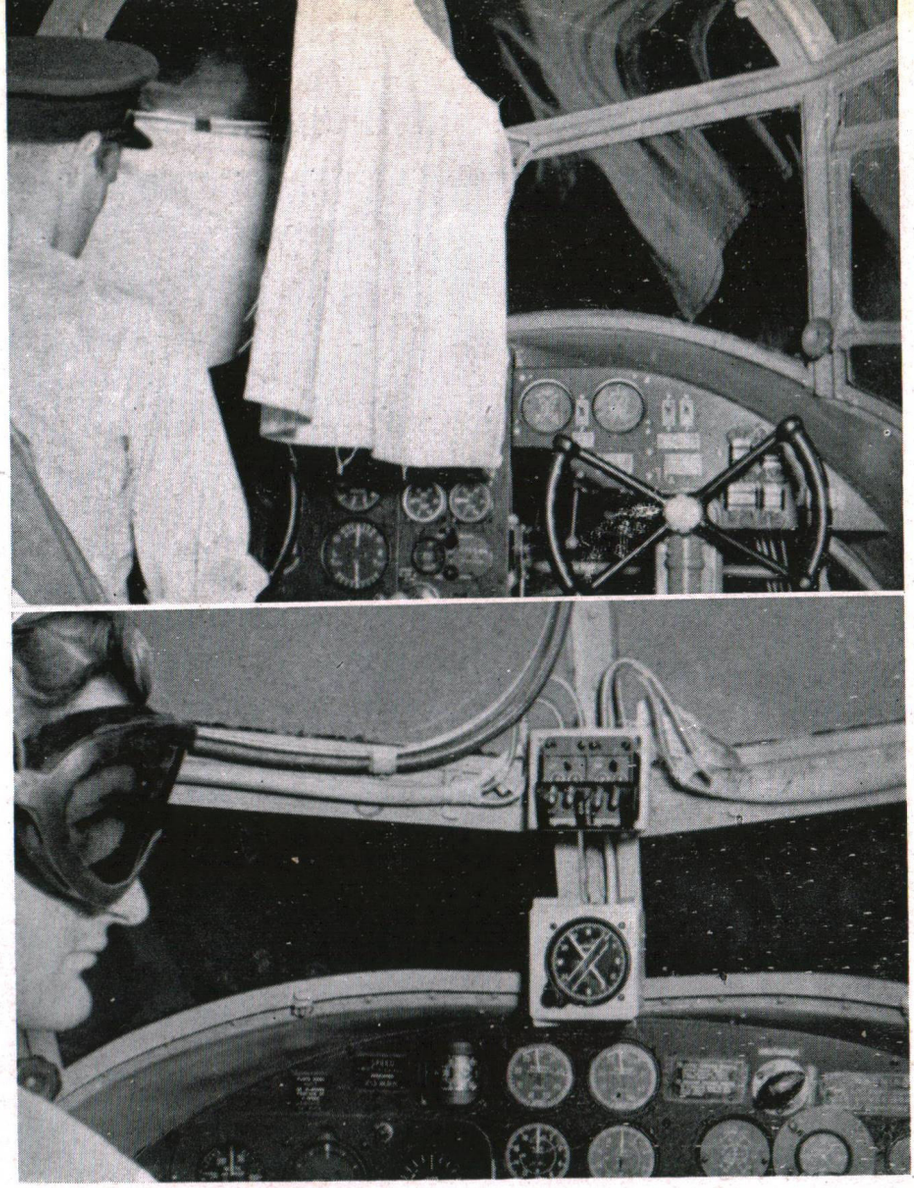
The network includes several transmitters many times more powerful than the average commercial radio station and the biggest ever installed by the R.C.A.F. The channels will include radiotelephone communication from Edmonton to northern airports to aircraft flying over the route. In Edmonton and at other main stations in the 1,000-mile route, 150-foot steel masts are being erected.

The signals system will be on a 24-hour basis to handle the flood of operational and administrative messages. The R.C.A.F. also uses channels over the telephone and telegraph lines between Edmonton and Whitehorse and teletype machines are in constant operation.

An official announcement from R.C.A.F. officials said that "immediate military ends are the chief reason for the installation of the radio network now. But when the war is over and the Northwest Staging Route becomes one of the world's great peacetime aerial highways, this vast radio network, built by the R.C.A.F. to increase its contribution to the United Nations' war machine, will become a major factor in the security of civilian air transportation."

He—Woman is nothing but a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair.

She—Man is nothing but a brag, a groan, and a tank of air.



Old and New in Blind Flying

Upper picture shows old method when a sheet was suspended over windows to cut off pilots' view. Below, the up-to-date method. The windows are of green glass and the pilot wears red goggles. This blinds him, while the check pilot without goggles can see and check flight.

Plowing the Victory Garden



Here we have Harry Haughton, air frame inspector, and Chief Steward Frank McGrath preparing ground for planting. That is Frank bending his back over the plow. More than 160 bushels of tomatoes and several bushels of cucumbers were harvested.

Stores Department And Members Of Staff



Back Row, left to right: Marg Cowan, Helen Popham, Verna Daunt, Dot Hewer and Jackie Burrows.
Front Row, left to right:Donelda MacLean, Mildred Bear foot, Arleen Williams, Mary Shannon and Mae Goble.



Front Row, left to right: Clarence Fuller, Cliff Sanborn, Les Reichardt, Bert Twiddy and Alex. Johns.
Back Row, left to right: Steve Heckendorf, R. B. (Bob) Dickson, Vern Armstrong, Ted Edwards, Glenn Lowe and Norm Webber.

The history of the Stores Department reads very much like that of nearly all the other departments, as it is a story of continual expansion during the past four years.

When the school opened in November 1940, the Stores staff consisted of only three men. These were Herb Hardie, chief storekeeper; Harry Taylor, storekeeper, and R. B. Dickson, clerk. While the first two of these men went elsewhere, the third stuck around, and he's still here.

When Herb Hardie returned to the Toronto Daily Star, from where he had obtained three months' leave of absence to organize the Stores Section, control of the department was assumed by Frank Hewitt, a direcor and secretary of the company at that time. Mr. Hewitt withdrew from active participation in the school in the spring of 1941 and John Purkis, of the payroll staff, was promoted to chief storekeeper. John held the reins until November of that year, at which time he was transferred to Leavens Bros. Air Services at Barker Airport as accountant.

Good help being at a premium just then, the mantle was passed

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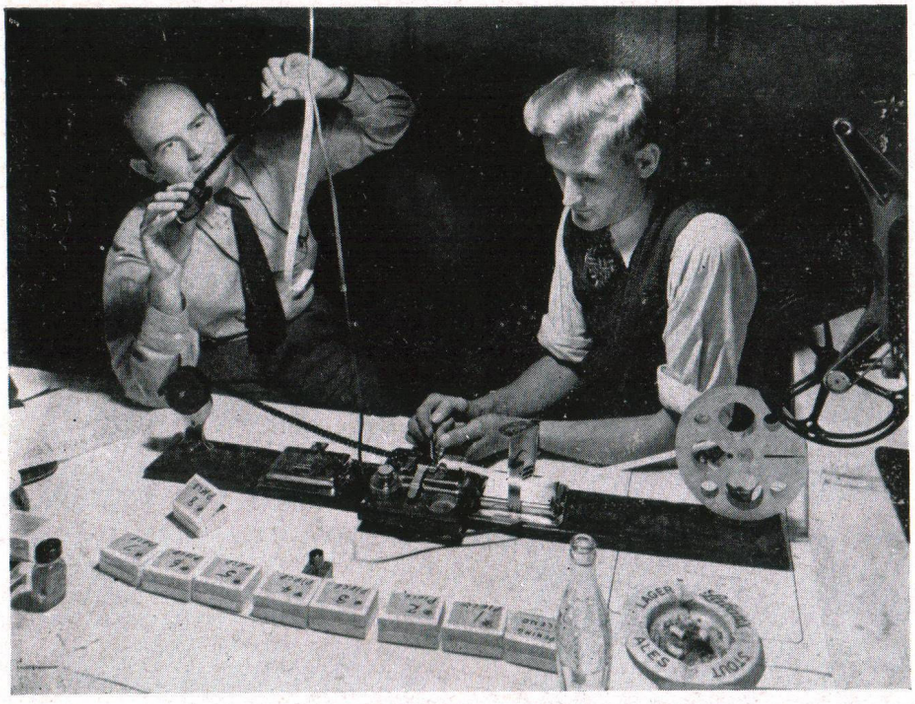
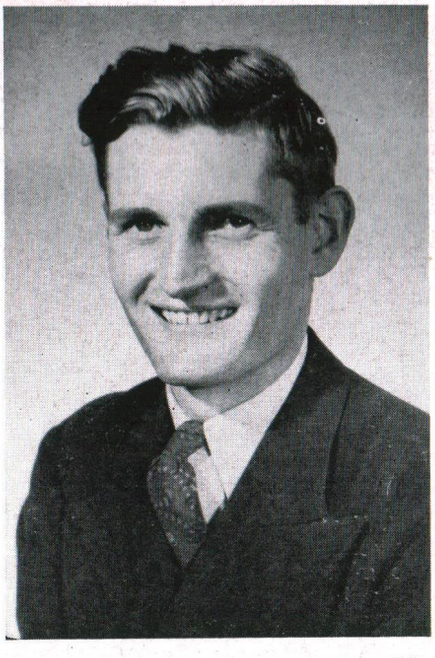
Working on Colored Movies of Station







When the editor asked Ron Nelson, duty pilot and expert photographer, and Jim Hardy, chief flying instructor, also a photographer, for their pictures, the top snap was given him. They had taken it themselves with the aid of a string to work the shutter. The editor insisted the boys were better looking than that and demanded another. As a result the editor was vindicated. On the left is Ron Nelson and on his left Jim Hardy, both good looking, you will admit.

(Continued from Page 44)

to that budding clerk, Bud Dickson.

Alex. Johns and Bill Kennedy were the next men to join the staff, but since Harry Taylor had gone the net increase was only one. Bill stayed until John Purkis left, and then he departed also. Alex., of course, is still with us as a senior storekeeper and 2.I.C., and as everyone knows, he is the man with the most genial disposition and biggest smile of anyone at the school. His has been a hard row to hoe but as Bob's right-hand man he has done a swell job ever since he started.

Bert Twiddy was hired in November, '41, to replace Bill Kennedy and he also has stuck it out to the end. A senior storekeeper for the past year or more, he was selected to take charge of the No. 5 Hangar stockroom when it was opened in September, '43, as a branch of Main Cowan, who was the second girl in Stores and about the fifth on the station, is still going strong as a senior clerk.

With the expansion of the school from single to double size, the Stores staff was more than doubled until it reached a peak of 27 a few months ago. A few of the other "oldies" who deserve mention for their good services are Les Reichardt, Stores accountant; A. G. "Pop" Vining, barrack warden, and Dot Rahn, aircraft and engine clerk, all of whom started in 1942.

Transit Officer



Fred Gramlich, transit officer, the man who is in charge of gasoline rationing for all cars bringing personnel to the station, came here in 1940 when there were only three buildings. At that time the camp was operated under National Defence. In June of that year the Elementary Flying and Training School opened and Mr. Gramlich transferred to that unit. In July, 1942, the E.F.T.S. was disbanded, and as purchasing agent he continued until October to dispose of the company's equipment and supplies.

In November of that year he joined Leavens Bros. (Training) Limited as plant transit officer. It's a job that has plenty of grief. Issuing gasoline permits and tire permits to personnel driving their own cars and carrying passengers to and from work is not the most pleasant task one could choose.

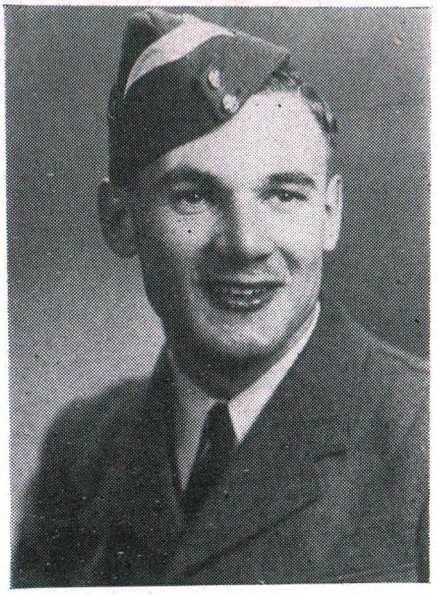
Mrs. Nancy McPhee





Two young ladies of the radio department—Gladys Jones (left) and Gwen Stewart.

Hero Honored



LAC. Kenneth G. Spooner, of No. 4 Air Observer School, who gave his life to save three of his Air Crew comrades in a routine training flight, was awarded the George Cross, an honor that ranks second only to the Victoria Cross.

Pay Office



MRS. DOROTHY ROBERTS

Kitchen



MRS. OLIVE JEAN

Mrs. Nellie Versteeg



Mrs. Versteeg and Mrs. McPhee are favorites of the boys who fly at night. They always have hot coffee, sandwiches, etc., waiting for them on their return.

Stores Department



Pump 165,000 Gals. Water Per Day

Waterworks Dept. Can Supply Pressure of 95 Pounds in 20 Seconds in Case of Fire

Among those who play an important part in the operation of No. 4 A.O.S. are the men who look after the water supply. When this school started there were about 10,000 gallons of water every 24 hours available. This has been increased to 165,000 gallons every 24 hours.

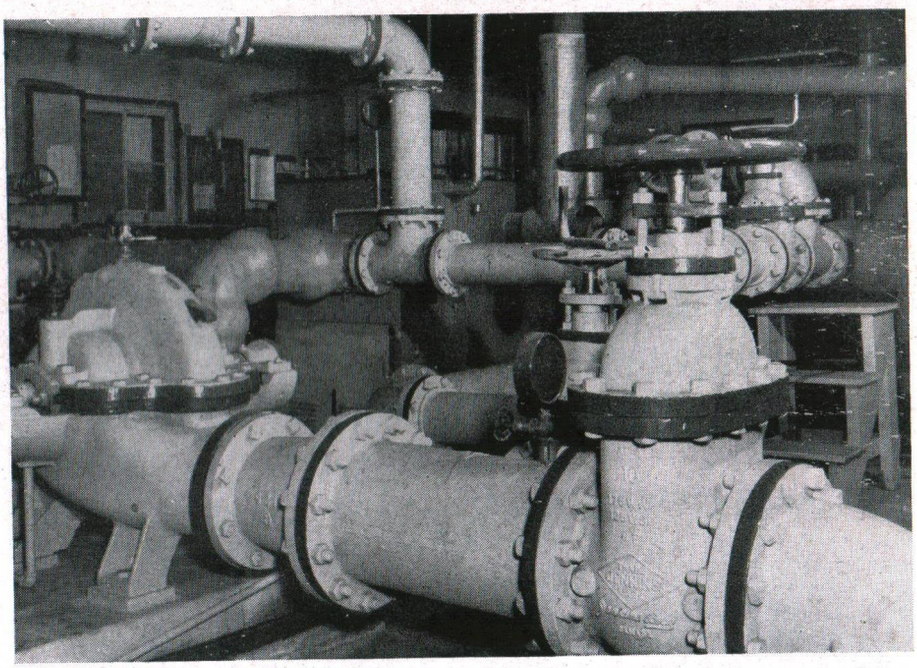
The water comes from drilled wells, and the capacity of these wells is 149 gallons per minute. All water before going into storage tanks is purified and kept in constant circulation for drinking supplies. The domestic service pressure on all water mains is from 35 to 50 pounds. In case of a fire the pressure can be increased from 50 pounds to 95 pounds in 20 seconds.

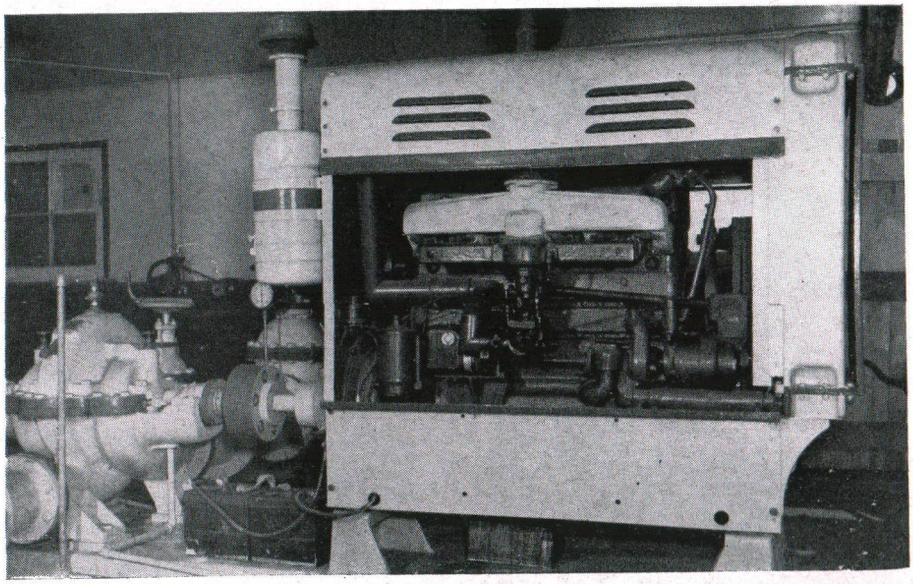
Flying Instructor



EARL PHILLIPS, formerly of No. 4 Station, who is now located at Barker Field. Earl is a flier and engineer with more than 10 years' experience, and his story on night flying in the Observer marked him as a talented writer of humor.





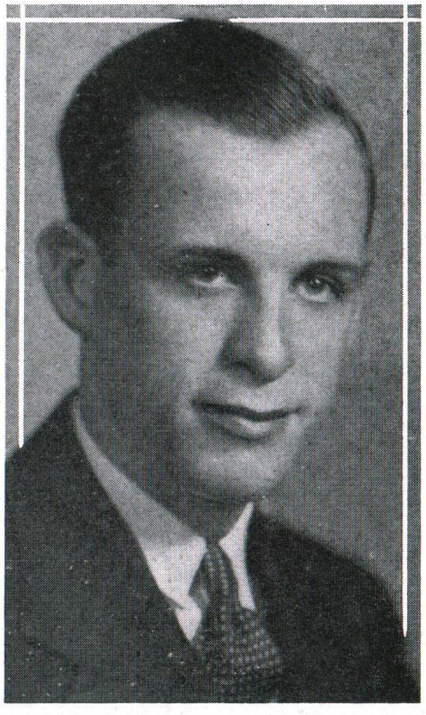


Upper picture shows staff of Waterworks Department. Front row, left to right: Fred Reid (Superintendent), Tom Robinson. Back row: Wm. Hilton, Pat O'Neil. Centre and bottom pictures show the modern pumping equipment.

Instrument Department Has Multitude Of Jobs



Superintendent



BOB McCOLLUM

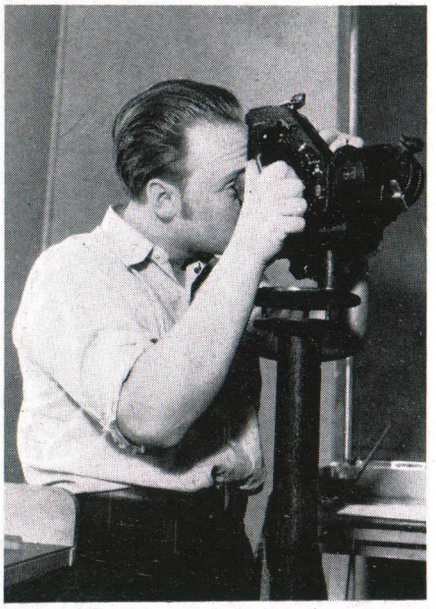
In Charge of Instrument Department.

On November 2nd 1940, the Instrument Department of No. 4 A.O.S. was inaugurated. A small office was allocated for this shop in the southeast corner of No. 2 Hangar. The services of Bob McCollum were obtained. His long experience on aircraft instrument work qualified him for the job of superintending the department. For the first three months Bob was the sole employee. Those first few months were the hardest. First there was no test equipment available. Aircraft being used for instrument training necessarily had to be in top condition. Many a night Bob could be seen working like a Trojan constructing test equipment in order to give our pilots the best possible instrument equipment that conditions would permit. As more equipment was added to the shop, more men were employed. In November, 1941, the shop was more than doubled in size and a staff of eight had been acquired. The shop's job was to overhaul and maintain all instrument equipment used on aircraft, in the ground school, Link-trainers and bombsights (for the first two years, until taken over by the Armament Section). Service and maintenance of ships had to be arranged according to flying and in the latter stages were maintaining a 24-hour or round-the-clock shift.

In September, 1943, the department was moved to No. 5 Hangar to a shop that was designed specifically as an instrument overhaul and repair shop, and the staff had been increased to twenty employees. Due to the scarcity of aircraft instrument test equipment, many repair and overhaul jigs had to be constructed. The school had acquired some 500 wrist chronographs for student use in their navigation training. In order to maintain these watches, the services of Omar Kilburn were acquired. He is not only a watchmaker of long standing, but also an amateur astronomer who constructs his own telescopes and an expert machinist. Many pieces of equip-

(Continued on Page 49)

JACK MILLS



Making Final Adjustment on Sextant.

(Continued from Page 48)

ment were designed and built right in the shop and have proved indispensable. The flight similator, or Scorsby, designed by Bob and constructed by the shop personnel, will similate roll, pitch, yaw, bank and turn of any one cycle, at a rate of fifteen cycles per minute. It can be set to duplicate any rough flying condition up to 25° right in the shop, and the 15° setting is rougher than any rough flying condition encountered during normal flying, and when set at 25° position the instruments really get a going over. This ingenious piece of equipment will accommodate either two directional gyros (gyro compasses) or a complete aircraft flight panel.

A tachometer or engine speed master calibrator was constructed which will give master speeds from 400 to 3,200 R.P.M. accurately to one R.P.M. Master speeds are indicated by a Neon lamp flashing on a spot on a revolving disc which produces various patterns according to the speed it is being run. This piece of equipment is adaptable to any tachometer, whether British or American, that has ever been made.

A sextant collimater was constructed to calibrate sextants after they had been overhauled. To maintain perfect alignment and accuracy, which might be disturbed by the building settling, the collimater was cemented into the foundation of the building. Artificial stars were lined up and it was possible to adjust these sextants to one minute of arc, or one sixtieth (1/60) of a degree. Many pieces of trouble-shooting equipment were constructed to ease trouble-shooting right on the aircraft.

With gadgets such as these, inexperienced servicemen could quickly and easily locate and repair instrument troubles on the aircraft.

Instrument Supt. Bob McCollum's home is in Toronto. He went to Central Technical School and graduated from the Airframe and Aero-Engine Course. Leaving school, he worked at National Cash Register's Toronto factory, and while working there was an active member of the Toronto Flying Club, logging considerable solo time.

In 1937 Bob moved to Winnipeg, being employed in the Instrument Dept. of Canadian Airways Ltd. He went from there, in 1939, to the Boeing School of Aeronautics, taking a special course in this particular line of work, and special schooling at the Sperry Gyroscope School, Los Angeles, which included Directional Gyro, Artificial Horizon and Automatic Pilots. While taking this course Bob obtained considerable practical experience installing Sperry equipment at Lockheed, North American and Douglas Aircraft Companys. He is one of the few authorized Sperry servicemen in Canada.

In 1939 he had the opportunity of seeing both the San Francisco and the New York World's Fairs. In 1940 he was instructor on aircraft instrument work at the Dominion-Provincial Galt Aircraft School.

He was on hand when the No. 4 A.O.S. opened in 1940.

Bob is a member of the Toronto Society of Model Engineers and is an ex-model airplane champion. Each year he spends a week of his holidays skiing in the Laurentians, and is also a sure victim of any mention of a fishing trip.

Bill Wright, of Instruments, is the guiding light in the gyro-overhaul department. Bill's home is in Toronto. He received his schooling at the Central Technical School, graduating in constructional drafting. After leaving school he spent five years in

(Continued on Page 50)

Instrument Department Personnel



Top row, reading from left to right: Jim Small, Edwin Harnden, Myrtle Phoenix, Charles Burgess, Jack Mills. Bottom row: Donald Keay, Alf Mizzen, Doris Tevlin, Bob McCollum (in charge), Bill Wright, Omar Kilburn.

Important Members Instrument Staff



Bill Wright, Jim Small, Omar Kilburn

(Continued from Page 49)

the jewelry and watch repairing business, leaving there to go to Trans-Canada Airlines, where he specialized in electrical and gyro instruments. At the time of his leaving T.C.A. to come to this school in 1943, he was sub-foreman of the gyro dept. and in charge of repair work on British Overseas Airways and Ferry Command Gyro Pilot Overhaul.

Bill is married and has a year-old son, Tommy.

In his spare time he is studying hard with the I.C.S. Electrical Engineering Course.

Jim Small came to No. 4 School in the summer of 1943, and is in charge of service work in the Instrument Department. He was born in Scotland and spent seven years' apprenticeship in watchmaking, worked for the firm of "Barrond Stroud," inventors of the range finder, as final adjuster, and he has about 20 years' watch and instrument experience. In 1939 he joined the staff of Prairie Airways at Moose Jaw, where he was in charge of Instrument Section. 1940 found him servicing and repairing instruments for the Prairie Flying School and No. 3 A.O.S. at Regina.

For two years Omar Kilburn has been in charge of watch repairs in the Instrument Department, having some 600 wrist watches used by student navigators under his expert eye. Omar's home town is Smith's Falls, Ont., where he spent 14 years as a watchmaker and two years as tool and diemaker. He came to this school in 1942. Omar is an amateur astronomer and belongs to the Royal Astronomical Society, and is also a member of the London Camera Club. Omar's main hobby is anything mechanical, and he has a very fine workshop in St. Thomas where he constructs such items as microscopes, marine sextants, model aircraft and violins and radios.

Myrtle Phoenix, whose home is in London, is the only member of the fairer sex in the Instrument Department actually working on instrument service work. Myrtle has been with the school since 1942, and takes over the responsibilities of the Service Crew in Jim Small's absence.

Also on the service crew are Charlie Burgess, an ex-R.C.A.O.C. member. Alf Mizzen, a knitting machine mechanic from Holeproof Hosiery; George Burgess, an ex-golf professional and more recently from Central Aircraft; Ken Leyland, an accomplished cartoonist; Orval Mirehouse, medical student from University of Western Ontario, who has just recently returned to finish his course.

In the Overhaul Department of Instruments there is John Mills, who has been with the school since November, 1942, and is a specialist on differential pressure instruments. Jack is a graduate of the American School of Aircraft Instruments, Glendale, California. His home is in Carlyle, Sask.

Edwin Harnden and Don Keay came to this school just a few months ago, when No. 12 E.F.T.S., Goderich, closed down. Both had some four years' instrument experience at Goderich and are natives of Midland, Ontario.

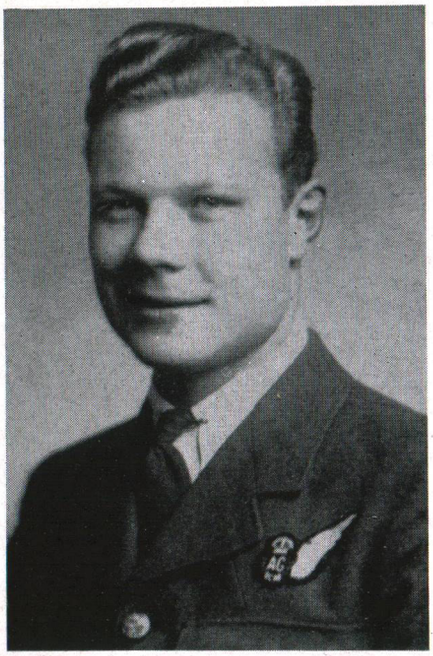
May and Helen



Helen Henshaw and May Beadle have this to say of a recent trip to the west coast:

"Having heard about the West being such a wonderful place, we decided to see for ourselves. Leaving London on Friday, Aug. 4, at 7.35 p.m. we arrived in Victoria B.C., on Tuesday, at 3.45 p.m. The trip was something one could never forget, as the view of the rugged coastline and the innumerable small islands is really wonderful. Flying back to Vancouver made the scenery grander still. We were very much impressed with the Rockies—they are so majestic with their snow-covered peaks. We visited at Lake Louise, Banff, Calgary and Regina on our homeward journey. We arrived home tired but happy to have had a grand holiday.

Boxer Promoted



P/O. George Simpson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Simpson, 8 Lansdowne Avenue, has been promoted overseas to that rank from Flight Sergeant. His father is a guard at No. 4 Station.

"Blondie," as he was known in Ontario sport circles, is a welter-weight boxer of ability. He has kept in practice overseas and three cups emblematic of ring prowess, which have arrived here, testify to his success there. So far he has not suffered a single defeat. Before enlisting, George was a member of the London Athletic Club

Operator



MRS. MILDRED COLLINS, whose pleasing voice you hear from central telephone exchange.

Secretary



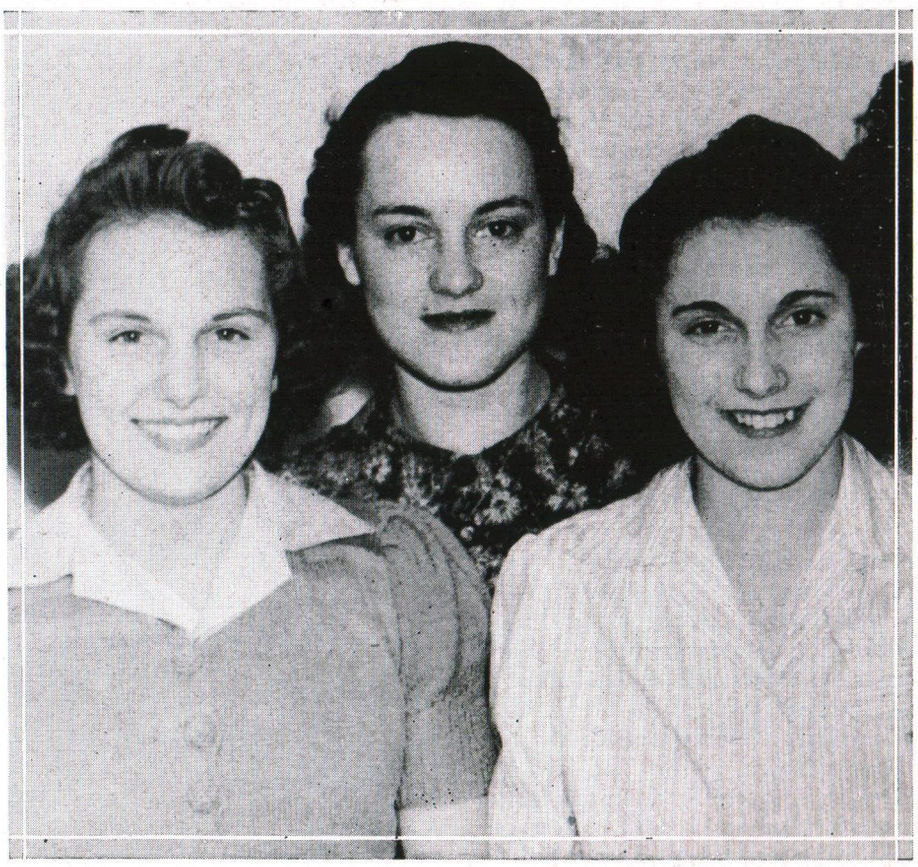
ISOBEL TURNBULL
Secretary to Personnel Director Bert Lumb

Ernest Walker, Jr.



This eight-months-old lad, son of George Walker, assistant operations manager, had his first flight on Sept. 26.

Smiling Young Ladies in Main Office



Left to right: Barbara Hutchings, Alberta Hahn, Jean Kipp.

Back From Long Flight Over Western Ontario



WOMEN'S BARRACKS HOMELIKE PLACE

The Women's Barracks was opened in January, 1944. The first girls to arrive at the station and take up residence were from St. Catharines — Jean Watson, Virginia Luther, Charlotte Honsberger and Eula Shaw. Two weeks later two more girls arrived from St. Catharines—Helen Kolbuc and Olga Gaskey. In a short time it was necessary to accommodate more girls. Another building had to be made in readiness, so Barracks No. 17 was opened in March. Girls from Edmonton, Calgary, Regina and Quebec have lived on the station. There are girls from the main office, radio, hangar, kitchen, canteen and motor transport residing in barracks. A happy and congenial group of girls. Comforts of home have been provided as much as possible. Bedrooms well furnished, showers, baths and laundry. A lounge with chesterfields, chairs, tables and radio to give it a homelike atmosphere. The girls have had a pleasant and happy time together, being able to attend dances, shows and sports in the drill hall.

Mrs. Elsdon was the first to take care of the girls' rooms and keep the barracks clean until sickness made it impossible for her to remain. Since that time work has been carried on by Mrs. Kanjuk.

The girls still living in are Lila Axford, Gertrude Nichol, from the main office; Marguerite Trousdell, Gladys Jones, Gwen Stewart, radio; Alyce Bayne, operations; Helen Kolbuc Mrs. Oldham, Mrs. Dauncy, officers' mess; Mrs. Fletcher, kitchen.

At Ease in Girls' Living Quarters



Left to right: Alice Bayne, Mary Stewart, Gladys Jones.

Maintenance



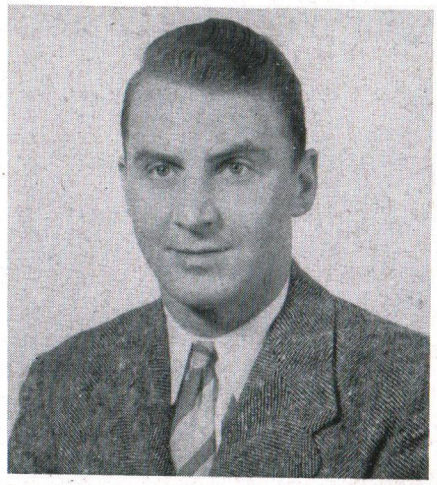
J. T. Cairns, Superintendent of Maintenance (Jim, as he is known by his many associates), was born in Chesley, Ontario, but moved to Guelph, Ontario, with his father and mother. It was in Guelph where he received his education, having attended the Public School and High School there, as well as Business College. He got his start in the automobile trade as a mechanic, and later as a service manager. He was busy with this, picking up first-hand mechanical knowledge, from 1917 to 1928.

However, in 1928 he became interested in aviation and has been employed continuously, since May, 1929, working on aircraft in various parts of the country as an air engineer. Jim holds Air Engineer's licence No. 538 and Commercial Pilot's licence No. 435, both issued by the Department of Transport.

Jim has had a great deal of experience with aircraft over the past fifteen years. He has worked with Aircraft Limited, Toronto; Dehavilland Aircraft Limited, Toronto; Ontario Provincial Air Services, Sault Ste. Marie; Starrat Airways, Hudson Austin Airways, Toronto, and Dominion Skyways (Training) Limited, at Malton.

Jim has been Superintendent of Maintenance at No. 4 Air Observer School since its inception in November, 1940. It is his job to see that the aircraft are in first class condition at all times.

Personnel



BERT LUMB
In Charge of Employment Office

By S. H. LUMB

The primary purpose of any Employment Office is naturally the securing of employees to efficiently carry out a job no matter what the nature. When it became a necessity for forming an employment office here at No. 4 A.O.S. by Leavens Bros. (Training) Limited, a rather complex problem presented itself. Many of the men and women who would be needed in an operation of this nature were not available. Skilled workers were at a premium and many of the trades which would be needed had not been used previously to the war to any great extent.

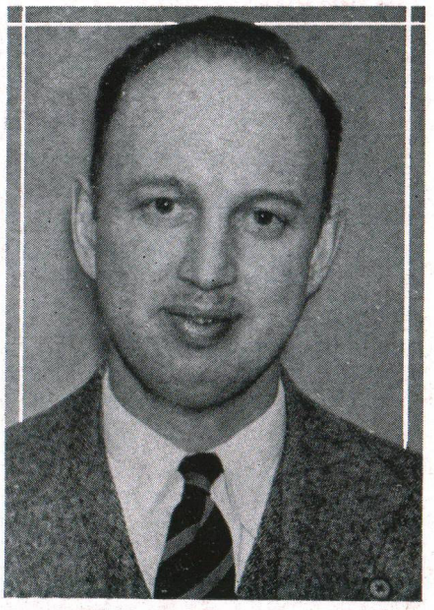
These hurdles which at that time seemed insurmountable were overcome and a few original employees grew to a staff of 900 qualified and highly efficient working men and women. People who previously had been garage mechanics became aircraft engine, airframe and flight mechanics; watchmakers became aircraft instrument technicians; sales clerks were trained as parachute packers, carpenters became aircraft woodworkers, factory workers became motor transport drivers, school teachers and stenographers, radio operators and people from many other trades and callings followed a new line of endeavor which was entirely new and in which they have now become quite proficient.

During the past four years many interesting people have entered and gone through this office, many of whom are now serving with the armed services in Canada and overseas. Some pilots who were employed here are now playing their part in operations over Germany, and mechanics, radio operators, etc., have been transferred to other A.O.S.'s across Canada, and others are now with Trans-Canada Airlines and Ferry Command.

Although our job as far as securing employees has reached its completion because of our closing in the near future, our main objective is now to assist as far as possible to conduct the lay-off in an orderly fashion and arrange the necessary details with the Employment and Mobilization Sections of Selective Service and assist employees to secure other employment.

This article would not be complete without expressing my most sincere thanks to the heads of all departments, to Miss Isobel Turnbull, my capable assistant; to Mr. Carruthers, the editor of our station magazine, and to many others for their assistance in making my job here most pleasant, and to make my association with Leavens Bros. (Training) Limited a lasting memory.

Purchasing Agent



JEFF GORDON is the man responsible for the buying of everything on the station but food.

Mother: Why did you two come home so late from your auto ride?

Colleen: Oh, mother, we went a little bit too far.



Three of Original Pilots

On the left is George E. Walker, assistant operations manager, with Bernard "Bun" Paget (centre), a veteran bush pilot who came here from Huntsville, where he operated the Muskoka Air Trails. Previous to that he was for five years a pilot for General Airways, Noranda, Quebec. On the right is Jimmy Williams, who flew for Skylines Express in 1938 and came to No. 4 from Malton Elementary Flying School, where he was an instructor. "Bun" Paget and Jimmy Williams have flown to the Great Beyond, leaving behind them many friends with treasured recollections.

Eight-Months-Old Boy Likes Flying



Just eight months and three days after birth Ernest George Walker, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. George Walker, started a career as a flyer. George, Jr., whose daddy is an assistant operations manager, went up in the air on September 26, with Senior as pilot. A few minutes after leaving the ground Junior started to take over. He looked at daddy as much as to say, "You're a good pilot, but I'm more popular," and reached for the controls. That he did not know the specific purpose of all the gadgets didn't bother Junior — he went after all he could reach. Ernest George Walker, Jr., holds the record of the youngest person to fly at No. 4 Station. Photo shows Junior and his mother ready for the take-off.

Flying Clubs Will Continue

Civilian flying clubs whose efforts have trained more than 50,000 airmen in elementary flying training schools all across Canada will continue to operate after the war to provide elementary training and refresher courses for the Royal Canadian Air Force.

This definite announcement—vastly important in Canada's aviation picture—was made by J. L. Apedaile, O.B.E., representing the Minister of National Defense for Air, speaking at a gathering of managers of all the elementary flying training schools in Canada, staged at Abbotsford, B.C., to mark official closing of No. 24, EFTS, there.

He told the managers that the King has personally authorized that the prefix "Royal" be made in the new charter of the Canadian flying clubs, although it had not been intended to grant any such recognition during the war.

Civilian flying clubs have reduced the cost per graduate in the original contract by one-third," Mr. Apedaile said. "They have provided the government with additional savings by voluntarily returning millions from their earnings."

* * *

"The announcement," according to C. R. Leavens, of Leavens Bros., "should be of great benefit to aviation in Canada and more especially to Canadian flying clubs. It will, undoubtedly, place the flying clubs in a very favorable position to carry on their aviation activities."

Sandy: "Mac, you must have had too much to drink at that concert last night."

Mac: "How's that?"

Sandy: "When I was taking you home you let me fall twice."

When the general visited the colonel's office he remarked: "That new clerk of yours seems to be a hard worker."

"Yes," replied the colonel. "That's his specialty."

"What, working hard?"

"No—seeming to."

PLANE GUNSIGHT MAKES HIT SURE

Manufacturers of a "mechanical-brain" gunsight which electrically directs combat plane machine-gun fire so as to assure bulls-eye accuracy, adapted from a British design, was announced by Eastman Kodak Company. The pilot need only dial the type of plane his enemy is flying, the range, the air speed and altitude, and keep the enemy target within a gyro-controlled circle, the company's statement said.



JOHN JOHNSON, in charge of sewage disposal plant.

Trio of Airmen's Mess Workers

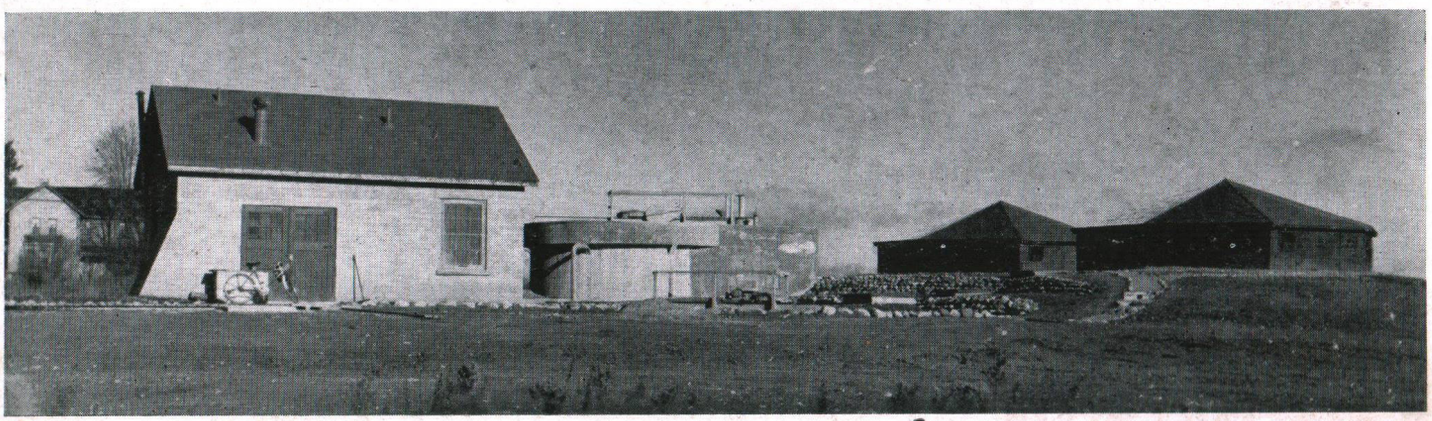


Left to Right: Frances Hurrell, Margaret Fletcher, Fanny Vousden

Boarding Bus for Journey Homeward



SEWAGE DISPOSAL PLANT AT NO 4 STATION



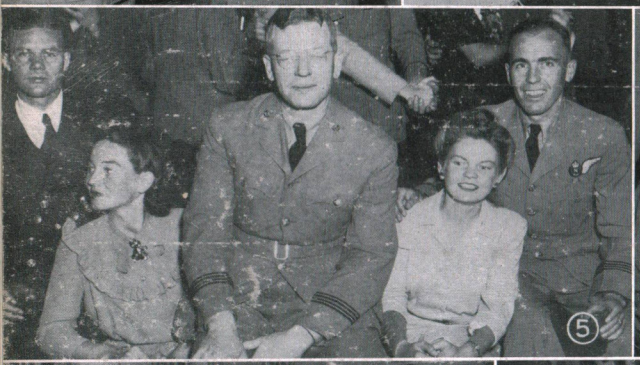
































DEE-ARR SUPPLEMENT

That last big dance the officers held must have been something! When we got back from town in the wee hours of the morning we could hear them from the roadway crying for louder music and stronger wine. DEE-ARR's shutterbug tried to capture some of the "spirit" of that party with his camera. (The dope! He should have tried a cup), and this is what he got: (1) S/L. H. F. Lea enjoying a chat with Clayt Aiken, Leavens Bros.' Asst. General Manager. (2) Mrs. Amey, Mrs. G. L. N. Post, F/O. Jack Davis and wife; F/O. Annand and wife and on the floor (he must have slipped off someone's lap—but whose!), F/L. Cliff Chappell. (3) Warming themselves inwardly and outwardly are S/L. Lea, F/L. Mills, General Manager Clare Leavens; our C.O., W/C. H. P. Opie, and Signals Head F/L. E. R. Long. (4) All concentrating on someone else are F/O. Annand and wife, Mrs. J. Davis and our Adjutant, F/L. T. R. Garbutt. (5) Visitors Surgeon Lt. and Mrs. F. S. Kell, of the H.M.C.S. Prevost; our padre, F/L. P. Beattie, who blinked just as the picture was snapped, and F/L. G. T. Steward and wife. (6) Having a bit of a snack are Major W. Reiner, Mr. and Mrs. Rundele, S/L. Lea and wife (partially obscured), and Mrs. Reiner. (7) Forsaking the fireplace for the bar: F/L. Mills, Armament Head F/L. R. R. MacPherson, W/C. Opie, Mr. Leavens and F/O. W. C. Christopherson. (8) That must have been a funny one: Mrs. G. Saunders, Mrs. Heard and our C.I., S/L. J. F. Heard, F/L. Beattie and "Gen Merchant" F/L. W. F. Haehnel. (9) F/L. Amey and Mrs. Amey, F/O. G. Saunders and Mrs. Haehnel. (10) 100% concentration is F/L. L. B. Culp on his wife, Mrs. Garrett and F/O. Garrett, P/O. Richardson and "Miss TCA," Polly Artmount. (11) Y-Director Ab Cook, who succeeds Y-Director Don Marlett, next to him, Miss Agnes Johnson, F/L. D. G. Bannerman and Mrs. Chaput. (12) Hail! Hail! the gang's all here: Mrs. Trenholme, F/L. Johnson, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Lowe, F/O. Trenholme, F/O. Hyland, Mrs. Hyland, F/O. Cherry a visitor; P/O. Wesley, Mrs. Howie, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Kell. Below: F/L. Bannerman, F/O. Lowe, F/O. Howie and F/L. Stewart. (13) All smiles are Mrs. Henheffer, F/O. Henheffer, Mrs. Allen and F/O. Jord Allen. (14) Is this late supper or early breakfast: Miss Elaine Lupson, F/O. Annand and Mrs. Annand, Mrs. J. Davis and F/O. Davis, F/L. Chappell, F/O. Filewood and friend.

Builder



Alex. Mitchell, Supt. of Building Maintenance, started work here on November 15, 1940, shortly after the opening of No. 4. His workshop was located in the Parachute Building. Alex. was alone at first, but as time passed several men were hired and the workshop was enlarged. In 1941 it was transferred to the south side of No. 3 Hangar. During the spring of 1944, Alex. and his 18 men were moved into the Supply Building and from there to the Works and Building Block. Their jobs included repairs and alterations to all buildings, replacing glass, screen and storm windows, painting, plumbing. In fact, they look after everything from the building of "fly traps" to the maintenance of the hangars. The co-operation of Alex.

Light Refreshments at Cafeteria



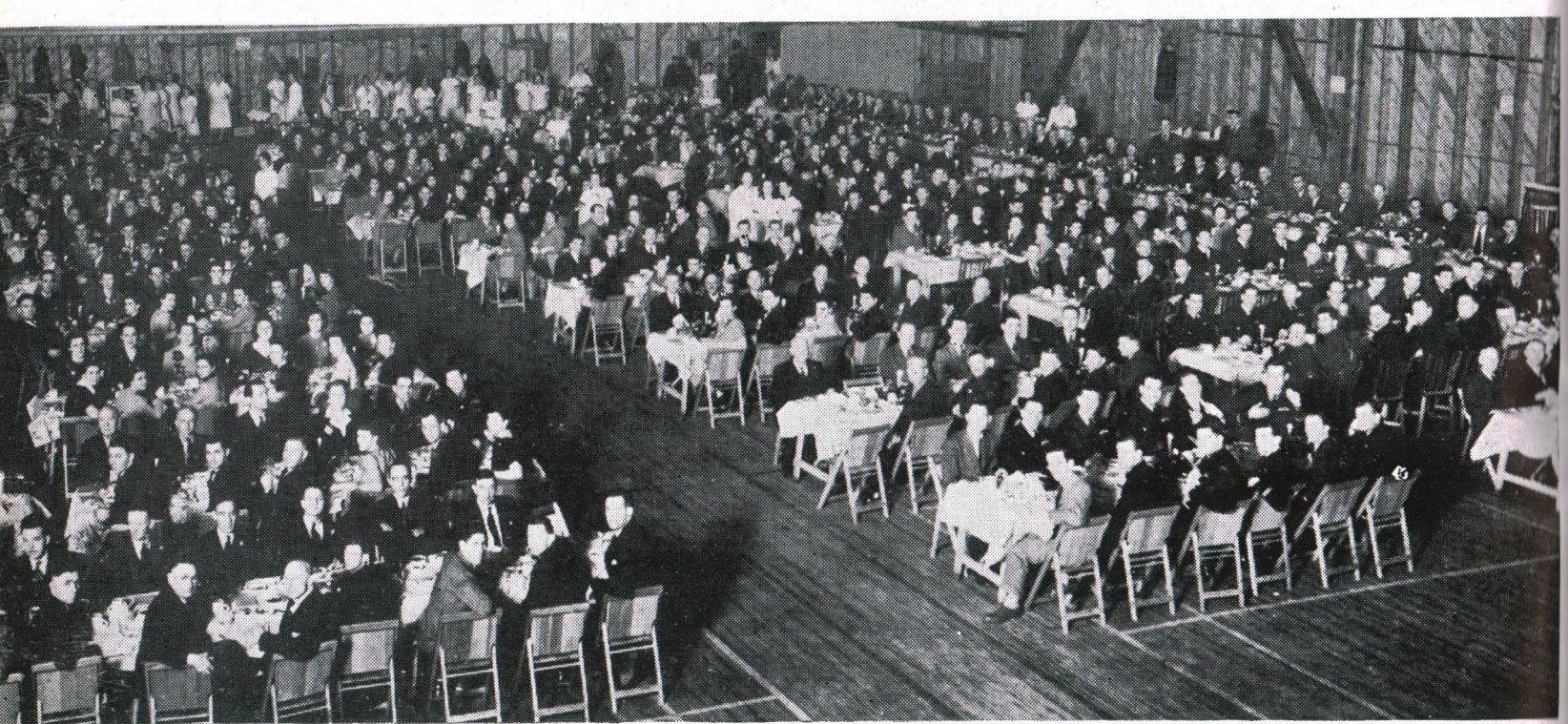
Left to Right: Reta Poechman, Helen Henshaw and May Beadle enjoy rest period.

Miss Dorothy Morrison, who was injured by a fall from a horse last week, is in Saint Joseph's Hospital and is recovered sufficiently to have her friends come to see her.

"When your son has completed his studies, what will he be?"

"Oh, about 78 years of age, I should think."

Civilian Banquet On Third Anniversary Of Station



More than 700 enjoyed a delightful evening in the Drill Hall in November, 1943.

Guards Do Splendid Job Protecting Property

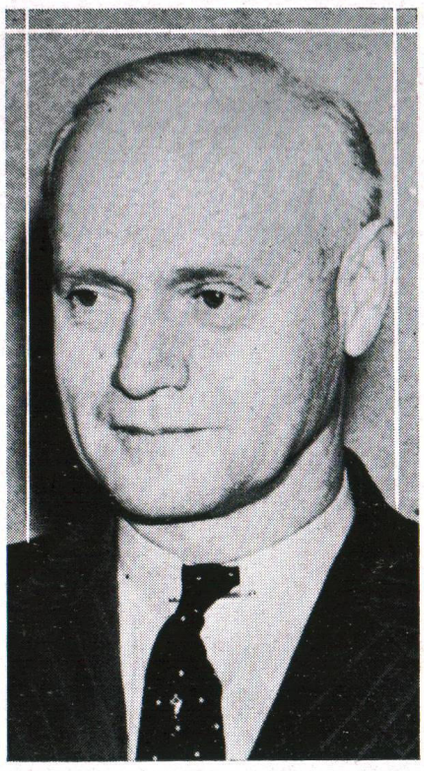


Left to right, top: John Potter, John Mitchell, Chas. Noxell, Stanley Applegate, Wm. Ward, Arthur Taylor, Arthur Davies. Bottom, left to right: Ernest Keen, Ernest Gilder, Ted Akiens (Assistant Chief), Harold Gillson, Maurice Bowers, Ralph Beatty.

CHIEF MONAHAN HAS STAFF OF 29

Among those who have played an important part in the operation of No. 4 A.O.S. are the guards, 29 in number, whose duty is to protect the crown property. Ninety-four per cent of these guards are returned men who have seen action under enemy fire with the Imperial and Canadian Armies and who carry scars and disability from the last war or this war. Guards were sworn in to carry out the rules and regulations of Air Training Schools of the Commonwealth. That the guards have carried out these duties both faithfully and well the record of the school will show. In the spring of 1940 Teddy Akiens was in charge of the guards, four in number for the National Defence at the building of the old part of the school. In November of 1940 Leavens Bros. took over the operation of the school, when the guards were under the supervision of Frank Hewett, who was the first person to have charge of the guards at No. 4 A.O.S. He was followed shortly by F. B. Seldon, who is now "Captain" on Active Service. Then Ralph Leonard, of the City of London Fire Department, was loaned to Leavens Bros. as Fire Chief and in charge of guards. Ralph went to England on Active Service with the firefighters. Teddy Akiens took over the command of the guards from Ralph Leonard. In January of this year Gavin Monohan, a police officer of many years' experience, was appointed to head the department and be chief investigator, with Teddy Akiens as assistant.

Police Chief



GAVIN MONAHAN, for years police officer on city police force, in charge of station guards.

Vera Byles, telephone operator, whose page of clever drawings appears in this issue, tells of her life as an artist in spare time.

"I've always been interested in art of all kinds. Any spare time I had I'd usually be found at a drawing board. I particularly like drawing faces, either from photographs or from life. I studied art only at high school. I've never had any private lessons of any sort.

"Since seeing 'Snow White' a few years ago, cartooning has especially interested me. I made a set of the seven dwarfs after seeing the picture, but not until 1944 did I have the opportunity of showing them to a professional cartoonist. When the picture was re-released in Canada recently the people who were the 'voices' of the dwarfs visited London, and I was able to show them my work. They asked me if I would draw each of them a picture of the character they portrayed and urged me to show them to the cartoonist who came a few days later. I showed him my work and he thought I had had training and was surprised when I told him I hadn't. He said if I was interested to send some of them to the studios. I am now working on the pictures to send to the Dwarfs. I've already sent some and I've received letters back thanking me.

Motor Transport Department Handles Supplies





Top: Some of trucks lined up on parade grounds. Lower, left to right, upper row: LAC. K. Morrison (armament), Orlie Read, Percy Bennett (in charge), Cecily Paterson, E. Aston, Howard Smith, Cpl. Denny, LAC. Anderson. Front row: J. W. Hodgins, Morgan Brady, Bob Rea, Eric Perkins, Lloyd Dawdy, Lloyd Blancher, W. J. Palmer.

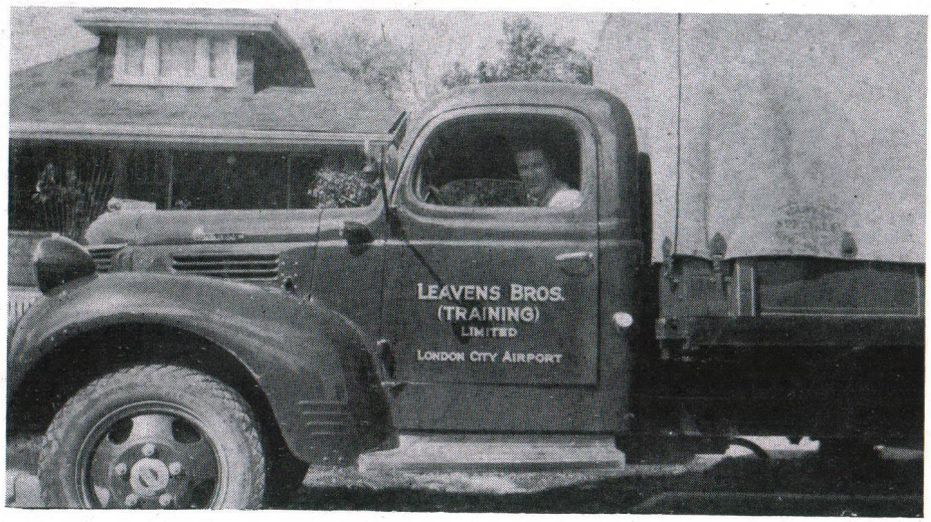
TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR SERVICE IS GIVEN

The Motor Transport Department started at the school with one driver and has grown through necessary expansion until now there are 21 employees.

Duties are numerous. The maintenance garage, with Mr. E. I. (Ted) Aston in charge, has thirty-two trucks, tractors, cars, etc., to keep in running condition, and has done an excellent job with the aid of two mechanics. Seven drivers on the fuel tenders maintain a 24-hour service, handling well over two million gallons of aviation gasoline in the past 12 months.

Our three girl drivers look after the personal driving with one station wagon. Three trucks handle the rations, freight and express, plus baggage and other camp duties.

First Truck Operated on Station

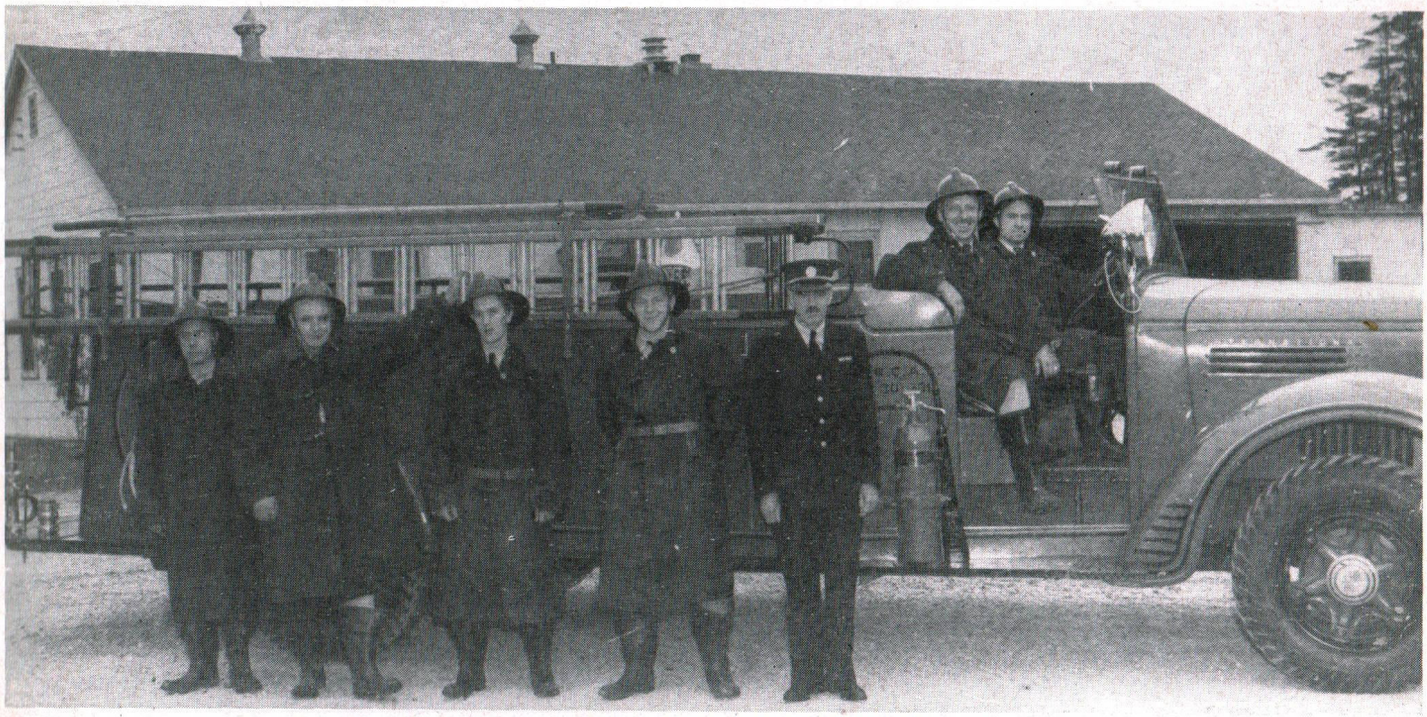


A station wagon and staff car look after other duty runs and are on call at all times.

Through the Motor Transport Dept. eleven pieces of equipment are supplied to other departments for their own use.

The office receives calls and dispatches the required vehicles, besides the checking and accounting for all the petroleum products used on the station. This alone represents more money than is handled in any other department.

Never a Serious Fire On No. 4 Station In Four Years



EQUIPMENT IS MOST MODERN

By CHIEF ELI DAVIS

During the early days of No. 4 A.O.S., the fire defences consisted of a part-time Fire Warden, assisted by volunteer crews of hangar personnel. Ralph Leonard, of the London Fire Department, on his day off from regular duties, acted as fire warden and trained the hangar crews in the use of fire-fighting equipment.

Later George Summers acted as full-time fire warden and Ralph continued as a part-time supervisor and instructor. This arrangement lasted until Aug., 1942, when Ralph joined the special Brigade of Firefighters being recruited for overseas service and was sent over to help in the Battle of Britain.

Harry Gillespie, from the Ingersoll Fire Department, then took over the duties of fire warden and continued in that capacity until March, 1943.

The tremendous growth of the station from two aircraft to a proposed establishment of 79, called for more adequate fire protection. Accordingly, the R.C.A.F. plans for doubling the size of the station, included the provision of a fire truck, a new 100,000-gallon reservoir, the installation of a 1,000-gallon fire pump, the building of a fire hall and the establishment of a fire department.



Top picture, left to right: Al Swetzer, Charles Garnett, Jack Brown, George Brown, Fire Chief Eli Davis, Ken Giffen, Bert Nichols. Bottom picture, left to right, top: Harry Gillespie, Assistant Chief; Jack Wilton, Wm. Brownlee. Bottom: George Foster, Jim Cameron. Assistant Chief Jim McCartney was not present when pictures were taken.

In March, 1943, Eli Davis was appointed fire chief and was sent to Trenton, to a course attended by all the fire chiefs of the civilian operated schools from Alberta to Nova Scotia. Here the fire chiefs were particularly instructed in R.C.A.F. procedure and requirements.

The formation of the new department commenced in April and gradually grew to a strength of three officers and fourteen men. It was divided into two shifts, with Assistant Chief Harry

(Please Turn to Page 62)

(Continued on Page 61)

Gillespie in charge of one shift and Assistant Chief Jim McCartney, who came to us from Regina when No. 3 A.O.S. closed, took charge of the other.

Our new fire truck arrived May 26th, equipped with 1,200 feet of hose. By June 1st, the coded fire alarm system was installed and tested, and June 21st marked the completion and occupation of the fire hall.

Naturally the history of a fire department is not complete without a list of the fires extinguished or fought for long hours until they burned out. Happily, we can report that no serious fires have occurred on this station. Fires are invariably caused by carelessness. Careful inspections, instruction and lectures in fire prevention, the elimination of fire hazards as far as possible and the whole-hearted co-operation of all personnel, service and civilian, have achieved this most enviable result. It affords us great satisfaction that the Commonwealth Air Training Plan has not been hindered, nor has any valuable property been lost through fire. In the few cases when someone lapsed and carelessly discarded a cigarette butt in a waste paper basket, the blaze was discovered and extinguished before any damage was done.

Although the firemen cannot complain of being overworked in fighting fires, their time has been pretty well occupied in daily inspections of buildings and equipment and the maintenance of 662 fire extinguishers (not including those on aircraft), ranging in size from one quart to forty-gallon foam engines, as well as seven hose reels, a crash tender, a fire truck and just over five thousand feet of hose.

Going Home From Station



The roving reporter snapped this one of passengers in the front end of one of the buses that bring personnel to and from the station.

Washing a Plane at No. 2 Hangar



Left to right: Jean Pierce, Roy Wilson (Foreman) and Dora Twiddy.



WING COMMANDER H. P. OPIE, Chief Supervisory Officer

WING COMMANDER OPIE'S MESSAGE

As you are all aware, in the very near future No. 4 Air Observer School will be disbanded as a part of the present policy upon the approach of the successful completion of at least the first phase of the present conflict, namely, the war with Germany.

No. 4 A.O.S. has trained many hundreds of aircrew personnel who have served in all parts of the world during the present war, and many of whom have earned distinction for both gallant and efficient service in action against the enemy and for services rendered generally throughout their career in the service.

Therefore, it is my desire at this time to impress upon the remaining trainees and staff who at present are serving at this unit that they have a fine record and example which they must uphold, at the same time realizing that the disbandment of this unit does not mean the termination of their vital service to their country. In fact, the instructors and staff will be going forward to other units, where in the closing phases of the war in Europe, and the continuation of the war with Japan, they will hold further important appointments where the experience which they have gained to date will be of utmost value during the final and critical stages of the war, which at present is by no means ended.

In fact, the future of the

(Continued on page 64)

DEE-ARR

Officers' Advisory Committee

Hon. Pres. W/C. R. P. Opie
President F/L. L. C. Fissette
Vice-Pres. F/L. W. F. Haehnel

Editorial Staff

Editor Cpl. J. V. Greenblatt
Staff Reporters—
LAC. S. Mitchell
LAC. W. Glazier
Bus. Mgr. LAC. J. H. Gildea

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.

W/C OPIE'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 63)

trainees at this unit, and also of a great number of the staff will almost certainly at some time soon rest in the Far East in the conflict with Japan, which may prove to be quite a prolonged struggle, calling for the highest devotion to duty, discipline, and efficiency if that conflict is to be brought to a successful and reasonably early conclusion.

At this juncture, when some are inclined to adopt the viewpoint that the war in general is nearly over, I feel that it cannot be too strongly stressed that those going forward at the present time are entering one of the most important and vital periods of the war, where the early termination of the war, with the consequent reduced casualties and distress, is entirely in their hands, and will depend upon the vigor and determination which they put into the work allotted to them in the immediate future.

I would now like to take this opportunity to thank the officers and staff generally for the excellent co-operation and assistance which I have received from them and to wish them the very best of luck in their future activities. Also in conveying this message, I know that with my own good wishes I also carry the complete support of my staff and officers in wishing the trainees at present on this unit every success and good luck in the operations which they will be entering very shortly.

It is also a great pleasure to convey to the civilian operating company at this unit, namely Leavens Bros. (Training) Ltd., the great appreciation of both myself and my staff for the excellent co-operation we have always received from them in the joint operations which we have undertaken during the effective life of this unit. I personally have only one regret, that is, that I hadn't the opportunity and good fortune to be appointed chief supervisory officer of this unit at an earlier date, as I personally have received the utmost support at all times from the management and their staff, and in fact, my association with them has been one of the most pleasant episodes in my service career.



CPL. JOHN V. GREENBLATT, editor of DEE-ARR, the airmen's section of The Air Observer, from it's inception to its end.



LAC. BILL GLAZIER, staff reporter, who did yeoman work on this souvenir issue.



HERB GILDEA, business manager of DEE-ARR, was connected with The Hamilton Spectator's advertising department before the war.



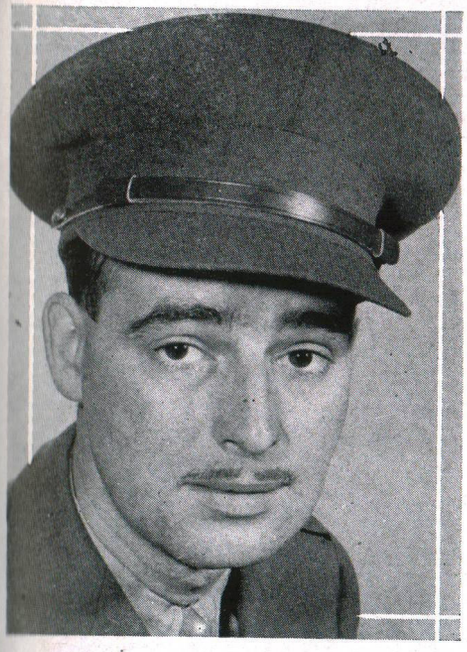
LAC. STEVE MITCHELL, staff reporter, who was a member of The Dundee (Scotland) Telegraph before joining the R.A.F.



F/L. T. R. GARBUTT, Station Adjutant, and former Toronto Star executive, to whom DEE-ARR is indebted for guidance and valuable editorial advice.



Group Captain W. R. Kingsland, former C.O. here, whose publishing experience was a great factor in getting DEE-ARR under way in its early days. G/C Kingsland is now C.O. at No. 2 S.F.T.S., Uplands.



WILLIAM KINMOND, Toronto Star all-round reporter for 11 years, who was associated editor of DEE-ARR while on course here. Bill was discharged several months ago, returning to The Star, where he was assigned to the European theatre as a war correspondent. He was reported missing during the Allied invasion of Belgium.

THANX

DEE-ARR thanks the R.C.A.F. Photo Section and Cliff Hunt (Leavens Bros.) for unstinted co-operation in taking pictures for this Souvenir Issue.



P/O. RON WILLIAMS, a crack reporter with The Toronto Star for five years before joining the air force, was associate editor of DEE-ARR while on course here, and is now serving overseas as a navigator.



P/O. STUART CAULEY, who with Donald Sheere, Frank Caven, Herb Gildea, C. A. Wilks and J. V. Greenblatt, founded DEE-ARR.



SQUADRON LEADER H. F. LEA
Senior Administrative Officer



SQUADRON LEADER J. F. HEARD
Chief Instructor



F/L. T. R. GARBUTT
Station Adjutant



F/O. R. S. BROWN
Training Wing Adjutant

ORDERLY ROOM — WINCHELLIAN PARADISE

When you enter the G.I.S. on this station with the intention of visiting the Orderly Room, you walk up 29 steps (from the motion picture of the same name) and then along endless corridors until you come to a slit in the wall.

Wishing to make contact with the Orderly Room, you knock two dozen times on this panel, which is somewhat larger than the ones used in the Chicago speakeasies during the lush twenties, and upon saying the magic words, "Benny sent me," the panel slowly dissolves, and Max Stein, of the Movements Dept., is staring you in the face.

After you recover from that shock, you may want a travel warrant and so he calls over Bill Holland, i/c Movements, for consultation. Holland, whose dept. always seems busier than Grand Central Station on a July 4th week-end, then gives you a short travel talk of the surrounding country of your new station and can usually inform you on whether brandy is available in any civilized quantity or the nature of the local chopped herring. And do not for one moment think he is not asked questions about such matters. We understand one WAG wanted to know whether Croventraf Cutlets with Pjorski sauce could be had in the diner



F/S. J. R. MOORE
We must do it right, but if you know of another way . . .

of a certain train on which Holland had made his reservation. At any rate, Holland knows all these things and even tells you the engineer's name, the number of the engine and its cruising speed.

In the same room, trying to figure out how some students fly 25 hours a day, sit LAC.'s Earl Lain and Fred Jevons.

The Orderly Room, however, is a wonderful place for picking up information, and it's one reason why the editor of this magazine spends so much of his spare time there.

For example, if you approach the i/c's of the Orderly Room, F/S.'s Moore and Warden, they will tell you who your current girl friend is; what the market price is on a pair of nylons or what it could be had for in the black market, and give you a list of responsible bootleggers, all in the space of time required to place your name on one of their many dotted lines.

In the Orderly Room proper (if you can get in) bedlam reigns supreme. Here the great play is being enacted. The background is that of a huge symphony orchestra playing the obligato to the leitmotif, which in this case is a combination of typewriters, telephone bells and intercom inarticulate mumblings.

Knee deep in triplicates and quadruplicates sit Cpls. McKay and Holstead, trying to figure out whether this one wants a discharge or alimony.

Over by the wall sits Cpl. Wheeler, who operates a machine which gives out with pigeon English, and across from him sits Sgt. Denny Martin (who holds the key to the wine cellar) checking the secret files and his stock of office equipment.

Across from the Orderly Room is a branch office, known as Central Registry, and through which

(Continued on page 68)



SGT. D. C. MARTIN
The S.A.O. says . . . . . .



CPL. G. W. FACKLER
The "Stogie Kid" scorns a pipe. It doesn't smell bad enough.



CPL. M. O. WHEELER
Tch-tch, such talk!



LAC. W. E. J. HOLLAND
After dark and before dawn . . .



CPL. J. M. MACKAY
Wants to go to T.T.S. (hospital).



CPL. S. HOLSTEAD
U/T. Desk Pilot



LAC. S. J. BOOTH
I know that guy. He's a repat.

Orderly Room—Winchellian Paradise

Continued from page 67

all correspondence, ingoing and outgoing, pass. In charge, is Cpl. George Fackler, who, you can very well understand, gets more mail than Frank Sinatra and Betty Grable together.

There is still another branch office located across the hall from the Orderly Room called Records. Here the airman i/c, LAC. Marcoux, knows more about you than you do yourself. He can not only tell you how many false teeth you have, but how much you paid for your wife's diamond ring.

The Orderly Room as a whole works closely with the High Command, which consists of the CSO, W/C. R. P. Opie; the SAO. S/L. H. F. Lea, and the Adjutant, F/L. T. R. Garbutt.

W/C. Opie, who arrived on the station last July, brought with him a fund of experience as an aviator, engineer, world traveller and leader of men. He has carried on in the tradition of G/C. W. R. Kingsland in continuing to turn out a record number of skilled navigators on which No. 4 A.O.S. had built an enviable reputation.

At W/C. Opie's right hand has constantly been the trim and military figure of S/L. H. F. Lea, who since his arrival on the station has swept aside all obstacles, ever keeping in sight the paramount objective of students proceeding with their training steadily and efficiently.

Attached to the Orderly Room, just as he is to everything about the station, is F/L. T. R. Garbutt, whose concern for every airman's problems has won him the love of all ranks on the station. (F/L. Garbutt, who was posted to Trenton just before our going to press, was succeeded by F/L. L. C. Fissette, who, according to our Trenton spy, was held in high esteem there).



CPL. J. D. LEMIEUX
I'm working my way through college.



LAC. F. G. JEVONS
529,416 flying hours.



LAC. E. T. LAIN
529,417 flying hours. He and Jevons handle all the log books.

OVERSEAS DIARY . . .

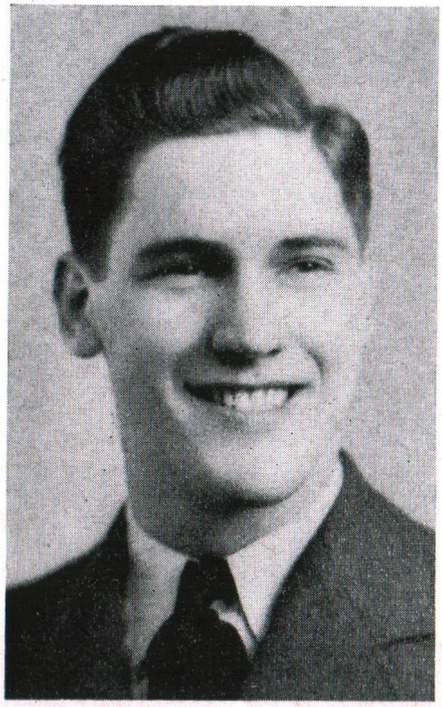
By DON SHEERE

(By bomber from Italy Special to DEE-ARR) — The trip from Lachine to Halifax was as uncomfortable as can be expected on troop trains. Four of us played bridge continuously on the train and continued at 5c a hundred points all the way across the Atlantic. My partner's game was even worse than my own, and I'm afraid I lost my temper quite as often as he lost my money. The first day on the train we played for fourteen hours, stopping only for food.

Occasionally the train stopped at a Maritime village and we were permitted a few minutes' air and exercise on the platform. In one small town at about the time I was curling up for the night on my bumpy couch the train came to a standstill where a group of young girls waited on the platform. There were lusty whoops as small crowds of airmen would single out one poor girl, swoop down and shower her with compliments or otherwise until she blushed crimson.

Of course, there was the inevitable harmonica player aboard, but his din could never disturb me once I conquered the discomfort of my wooden bench, so I slept fitfully until about seven, when breakfast rattled in.

I'll never forget that Atlantic crossing, for it provided an opportunity for me to qualify for



LAC. DON SHEERE, former managing editor of DEE-ARR, now in Italy, whose story of his experiences since embarking appears on this page.

my "A" group in three trades: "Stevedore," "Baggage Expert" and "Steward"; the sandbags didn't come until later—in England.

The day we embarked I was one of twenty men picked out of thousands to unload a freight car of officers' baggage. For a clerk who had lifted nothing heavier than a fountain pen for years this was a back-breaking assignment, but I managed to see it through.

We boarded the ship and I was immediately "joed" as Steward in the Officers' Mess (though we were paid £3 9s. 4d.—about $15.00—for the trip), and our duties began with dinner that night. We saw that through, too, with one minor casualty; my bridge partner spilled a bowl of soup down an officer's neck, but they should have known better than to try to make stewards of Orderly Room clerks. Incidentally, after that, only the bravest of the officers could resist ducking involuntarily when "Kenney" served the soup.

We finished the dishes—mountains of them—around one o'clock in the morning. Tired and worn, we crawled to our troopdeck and prepared to spend our first night in our hammock-bunks aboard ship when the Tanoid (P. A. System) blared forth an order for all men in "B4" to report to "B" Deck Square.

That accursed baggage and more besides had been plunked down on the Promenade Deck and had to be moved immeiately to the hold.

You can imagine the humor of the four hundred-odd individuals who dragged themselves up to the pitch darkness of the Promenade Deck, selected the smallest

(Continued on Page 94)



ACl. J. G. B. SPIVEY
Married life is really something . . .



LAC. M. STEIN
I can't work tonight. I don't live on the station.



LAC. A. R. EDMUNDS
I want an overseas posting. (He got it.)



LAC. W. P. ALLEN
I wish the Air Force would make up its mind.

Photo Section

ONE GOOD PICTURE EQUALS 500 WORDS

In writing of the Photo Section and Photography, we would like to paraphrase Parke Cummings on the subject:

Photography is the art of taking pictures which can be, in their descending order of merit, excellent, good, mediocre, bad, very bad, simply terrible and Air Force.

This may be true of some photo sections, but definitely not of ours, viz., pictures in this magazine.

The photo section need not take a back seat to any other department on this station for work accomplished.

Work horse and task-driver of the section is F/S Don Stirling, and his name implies the type of pictures he turns out.

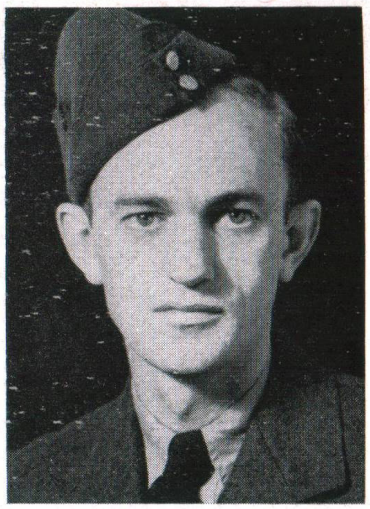
Until recently, when aerial photography was part of the syllabus of the navigators' and bombers' course, instruction was supplied by Sgt. Len Dawson, as able with the teacher's pointer as he is with the camera.

The Section, which also includes such able exponents of the art as Cpl. McMillan, Cpl. Hunter and LAC. Slats Slater, do aerial pinpoints for the SDRT; photograph faulty equipment, bed layouts, building progress, maintenance charts, all officers, graduating classes, as well as do work for the Air Force Inspection Detachment and Army.

"Oh, yes!" reminded F/S Stirling, "we also photograph funerals and graves."



SGT. L. J. DAWSON
"I forgot to pull the slide."



CPL. W. P. McMILLAN
"That could have been a good picture if . . ."



LAC. R. MITCHELL
"Out of focus, but look at the quality of that picture."



F/S. D. S. T. STIRLING
"Take a dozen films and make sure you get at least one good shot."



CPL. F. J. HUNTER
"You take the camera over and I'll bring the film —later."



LAC. E. J. SLATER
"Aren't those good pictures of my fingers?"

DENTIST (Villain) PLAYED BY ANGEL (Capt. McLachlan)

By JOHN V. GREENBLATT

Before we write another "ouch" we want to go on record as saying that the Dental Clinic on this station is beautifully kept, beautifully run and efficiently manned (O.I.C., Capt. J. R. McLachlan).

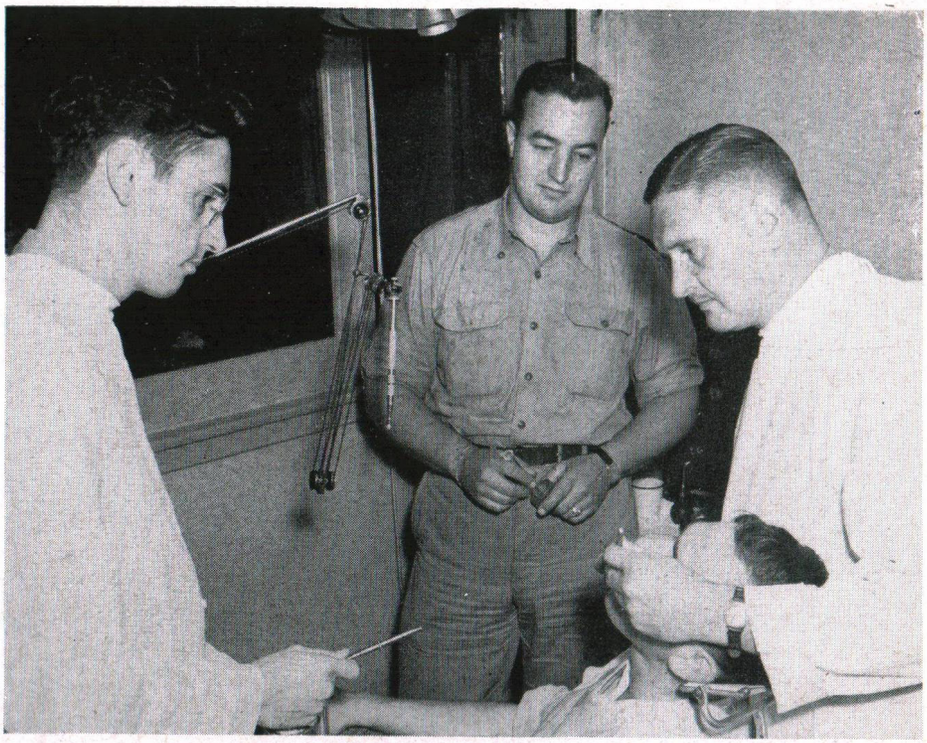
If all civilian dental offices were as pleasant as this military one, there would be less cavities, less oral surgery, less pyorrhea and more people would visit their dentist at least twice a year. But then, why ruin a good thing.

Of course, when you're in the "chair" it really doesn't matter too much how nice the doctor is. Given sufficient time, they'll all reduce you to the consistency of a plate of warm calves'-foot jelly.

We remember the last dentist we visited was back in 1940. We don't know just what kind of an instrument he used on us, but it felt like a well-digger's derrick, and he kept boring (at $5.00 a minute) as if he wanted to reach India without bothering to make a reservation on a boat.

When the bill came, we lived on boiled potatoes, cut our own hair, gave up movies, cigarettes and expensive whiskies until we saved enough money to pay the final bill from an armored car protected by the N. Y. police.

But getting back to our Dental Clinic here, where Capt. McLachlan (a swell guy) and his assistants, Sgts. Tempest, Holmes and Pvt. Brooks, perform about 275 operations monthly, it still hurts, but the fact that it doesn't cost you anything lessens the pain somewhat.



OUCH! Capt. J. R. (This won't hurt—did it!) McLachlan, dental officer, shown giving the business to an unidentified airman while assistants Sgt. Tempest and Pvt. Brooks stand by as body guards.

Capt. McLachlan, who has been digging for gold now for about 20 years, was also in the last war. He enlisted in the 1st Central Ontario Regiment and Dental Corps while still a student at the U. of Western Ontario. So he knows his stuff.

He and his staff treat "dentally complete" every airman leaving this station before going overseas. He isn't cleared otherwise.

Asked what dental advice he could offer the boys before going across, he said, "Brush your teeth no matter where you are at least twice a day—and the correct way—and visit your field dentist at the first sign of trouble."

Note: What is the correct way? Take your teeth out and brush the lower molars upward, the upper ones downward.



SGT. T. E. TEMPEST
"That thing money—it keeps avoiding me."



SGT. C. H. HOLMES
"Give me a chicken farm . . ."



PTE. R. L. BROOKS
F.B. (Fat Boy).

SYNTHETIC DEAD RECKONING TRAINER
or
BEZAIRE'S MADHOUSE

By BILL GLAZIER



F/L. R. B. GROULX
"Texas Tornado!"



F/L. U. J. BEZAIRE
Holding inventories.



F/O.
W. CHRISTOPHERSON
"It won't get by me!"

Seldom glimpsed and less seldom talked about is the SDRT section, through which every navigator and bombardier passes before he graduates.

(S.D.R.T. stands for Synthetic Dead Reckoning Trainers, or more aptly, a steam bath with inter-com.)

Completely blacked out to give the impression of a night flight, the rooms have pilot and navigator compartments (which look like confession booths wired for sound) realistically connected by inter-com. (so that bull sessions interrupted in the barracks may be continued). Navigators and bombardiers plot their trips here just as they would over enemy territory, and the effects are very much the same as they would be on real flips (so much so that some trainees actually develop air sickness).

With the aid of an operator who is a combined weatherman and gremlin, the boys take drifts and star shots, pinpoints and fixes, in artificial weather which can be as rough or calm, cloudy or serene as desired.

The stars are observed by means of an astograph, which gives a view of the heavens at any season of the year. These classes are invaluable in that they give the trainees a working knowledge of what will be encountered when they begin putting what they have learned to practical use (like sweeping hangars).

Head of the sweat-box, or as it is better known, "The Madhouse," is F/L Bezaire, capably assisted by F/L Groulx and F/O "Tongue-lasher" Christopherson.

Credit for keeping this valuable equipment in A1 condition goes to LAC.'s Kemp and Melnyck, the section's maintenance men.

Operators for the controls are a dozen "pilots," boys waiting to start E.F.T.S.



LAC. M. S. MELNYCK
"Beauty is Truth."



LAC. A. S. KEMP
"That's okay, short circuits are good for your blood."

IT'S A WISE ENGINEER WHO CAN RECOGNIZE HIS OWN PLANE IN 1-25 OF A SECOND

By STEVE MITCHELL

Just a two-man section, but they make their business brisk!

F/S Dawson and Sgt. Stoddard, i/c's of the aircraft rec. "command," were schooled in the "—— at first sight" principle—they give their pupils exactly one second in which to recognize an aircraft shown on a screen and if the "guess" is wrong—well, both these members of the sergeants' mess are known for their flexibility of tongue and their choice in adjectives.

Flight Dawson is almost an "old 'un" amongst us. He has been at Crumlin since July, '43; Sgt. Stoddard deigned to arrive here in the same month—but of this year.

With its library of plane photographs nigh approaching the 2,000 mark, these instructors can supply the trainee with almost every angle shot he is liable to encounter in the air. Pictures for this library come from various sources. Shots from camera-gun pictures; pictures of aircraft in test flights; photoplates from aeronautical magazines; indiscernable press blurs; the out-of-this-world crafts favored by American magazine advertisers—in fact, anything which closely resembles an aircraft falls victim to the snipping scissors of this section and bang!—another addition to the library.

Innovation number one in recent months has been the American-made Flash Meter projector. This enables pictures of planes to be flashed on the screen for a duration of one twenty-fifth of a second, the rate at which pupils practice their observations before taking the examination speed of one-second flashes.



RECCO: F/S. Dawson and Sgt. Stoddard discussing finer points of aircraft recognition in their office.

The Shadowgraph is another method by which pupils are made accustomed to the outline of one plane as seen from many different angles. Here a black scale model is held before a powerful light and the shadow produced is thrown on to a screen. These models are supplied to each school by the Central Equipment Depot and they are withdrawn and replacements sent when—and if—there is a syllabus change. Syllabuses number two. Allied and enemy bombers and fighters for navigators. Same for bomb-aimers, plus the extra headache of contending with both glider contingents.

We heard that both instructors had recently attended an "instructors' meet" in Ottawa. We queried them, i.e., from the practical point of view. Both were non-committal. Just a "get together," they called it. Debates, discussions, and . . . .

We believe them, Do you?

Celestial Navigation Trainer



F/O. F. E. JACKSON
O. I. C. make believe.

STARS IN CNT NOT FOR IDLE GAZING BUT FOR MAKING WITH THE SEXTANT



SGT. G. A. MILLER
"Case."

By BILL GLAZIER

About the closest a navigator can come to flying over enemy territory without running into a barrage of ack-ack fire is right here at No. 4 A.O.S., in the form of the Celestial Navigation Trainer.

These trainers are located in those two silos just south of the G.I.S., and, contrary to the popular assumption, do not contain corn for the officers' mess.

Inside each silo, mounted about 40 feet in the air, is a realistic plane, complete with instruments and equipment for pilot, navigator and WAG.

The purpose of this trainer is to teach the navigator potential to plot an accurate course by means of the stars. An exact replica of the heavens on a predetermined scale exists in the dome.

On an average trip you may see the pilot reading Dick Tracy,



F/S D. G. McMICHAEL
"How's about a 11-day '48'?"



SGT. A. M. MILLER
"Call a cab quick."

the WAG listening to a jam session on his radio and the navigator sweating over his maps, hoping to get his kite home without a crash landing. Occasionally a navigator gets lost and finds himself flying 500 feet below ground level.

Despite the romantic surroundings of a starlit sky, however, the navigator does have a plan to follow.

(Continued on page 75)



SGT. M. BOROCHOVITZ
i/c vacuums, fish and lures.



CPL. D. F. BARKER
i/c ohms, amperes and blood pressure.

Stars in CNT Nor For Idle Gazing

(Continued from page 74)

Down below on the instructor's desk a little jigger, commonly called a "crab," is busily mapping the exact course the plane is following.

The "crab" never lies either. Once a navigator was so busy gazing at the stars and dreaming of his date of the previous evening, he let his E.T.A. become so far out that the "crab" crawled up the sleeping instructor's arm and crash landed on his lap. There is one consolation, though, you can only fall 40 feet.

Officer in charge of this star-studded amphitheatre is F/O Jackson, who never enters this training plane himself without a parachute. Instructors in the trainer are F/S McMichael, F/S Flaxman and Sgts. A. M. and G. A. Miller, all airmen who have seen overseas service.

Smooth and dependable operation is the work of Sgts. Wise and Borochovitz and Cpls. Barker and McVean, who do their maintenance in the wee hours of the morning.



SGT. E. M. WISE
i/c generators and women.



CPL. J. T. B. McVEAN
i/c knobs and tubes.

GOODY!

Advertisement from Sunday's New York Times book review section:

A GREAT TRADITION ENDURES!
OUT AUGUST 30TH
The
DEBUTANTE REGISTER
Third Edition
928 Pages of Loveliness

Anglo-American Relations

An English magazine, the New Statesman, reports that an Englishman asked a smiling American soldier, "Why do all Americans look so cheerful?" The GI answered, "Well, you see, we go back to the United States after this show's over. You have to stay here."



LAC. J. H. HOYLE
"They have, have they . . . well, I know a case where . . ."

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS

Airborne—21.00 (D.V.)

Briefing—About 30 mins. before —No hurry!

Duration—Till indisposed or brassed.

Route—Base — Hotel London — Wonderland—Base.

Details—Pilots to carry out sealed orders (If not left behind!)
Fly at 200 feet (especially over towns).
Navigate by trial and error (particularly error).

1st Nav.—(3rd year) — Navigate by memory. Pinpoints should be familiar.

2nd Nav.—Assist 1st Nav. after leaving Hotel London.



MILITARY ZOOT SUITERS: Sgt. Greenwood and Cpl. Finnigan shown waiting on airmen in Clothing Stores.

ANY RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN CLOTHING STORES AND BROOKS BROS. IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

By JOHN V. GREENBLATT

If you see an airman leaning up against the Wet Canteen wearing an air force blue uniform with the sleeves short enough to allow the starched silver-grey cuffs to show 2⅜ inches, the tunic coming slightly lower than the tips of his fingers and the cuffs of his trousers pegged 3⅓ inches above the top of his oxfords and wearing white socks, you'll know he was outfitted at No. 4 A.O.S. Stores.

Headed by the dashing Sergeant Greenwood, this section, which has a steel netting partitioning the equipment from the public, resembles the reception room at Sing Sing. Manned by war profiteers and bail bondsmen, who blow cigar smoke in your face, Stores contains approximately $100,000 of air force merchandise. (Wish I had known that before).

The other two occupants of this gold mine, aside from Sgt. Greenwood are Cpl. Finnigan and LAC. Timbs, who were attracted to this trade by the scent of money.



SGT. J. GREENWOOD
Better known as "Little Churchill."

This Cpl. Finnigan, who is tall and dark and reminds me of the overdraft clerk in my bank, was wailing about how working in Stores was a thankless job and how he was compelled to make up deficits by cobbling his own shoes and feeding his children corn flakes and water.

But, of course, I wasn't born yesterday, and I know from long experience that anyone working in Stores for at least a year usually owns a row of apartment houses, a stable of horses or at least a pig or two.

As LAC. Timbs explained, Stores dishes out something like $2,000 worth of stuff every week. Well, anybody who plays the horses regularly knows that some weeks you lose and some weeks you make.

Listen, brother, that's horse racin' and that's stores!



ACl. M. L. TIMBS
Best dressed airman on the stations. (He works in stores.)



CPL. F. FINNIGAN
One of the few "good" Irishmen.



CPL. A. H. BOUND
"We haven't got any and don't expect any."



POSTAL PACKIN' PAPPIES: Postal clerks LAC. Skarratt, Sgt. Fraser, LAC. Campbell and Cpl. Addy shown dishing out every serviceman's treasure—his mail.

Post Office



SGT. D. A. FRASER
"Know of any cute midgets in town!"



CPL. E. N. ADDY
"But in the last war . . ."

WITH STATION CLOSING, P.O. HAS THANKLESS JOB OF FORWARDING THOUSANDS OF LETTERS

By STEVE MITCHELL

The history of Crumlin's Post Office is short. It only commenced its career in Feb., '43.

At the opening, the inceptors were faced with the task of producing a filing system which would cover every one—staff and trainees—resident on the station. This was quite an undertaking, but with diligent work—and the Orderly Room's aid—it was successfully completed. Besides those currently on the station, provision was made for former members who had graduated or had been posted elsewhere so that side-tracked mail reaching Crumlin could be forwarded to them.

A set of cards, each one bearing the name of every man who had left the station from a certain date, was made out. Then followed the drawing up of a similar system to cover every one at present on the station.

When trainees graduate, formerly the policy had been simply to forward their mail matter to their next posting. Our P.O. had another idea. A list of the graduates' home addresses while on leave was collected and mail was sent to this address as soon as it came to the station. This scheme was also brought into use when staff members were on annual fur-

(Continued on page 79)



LAC. J. M. CAMPBELL
"What's the rush!"



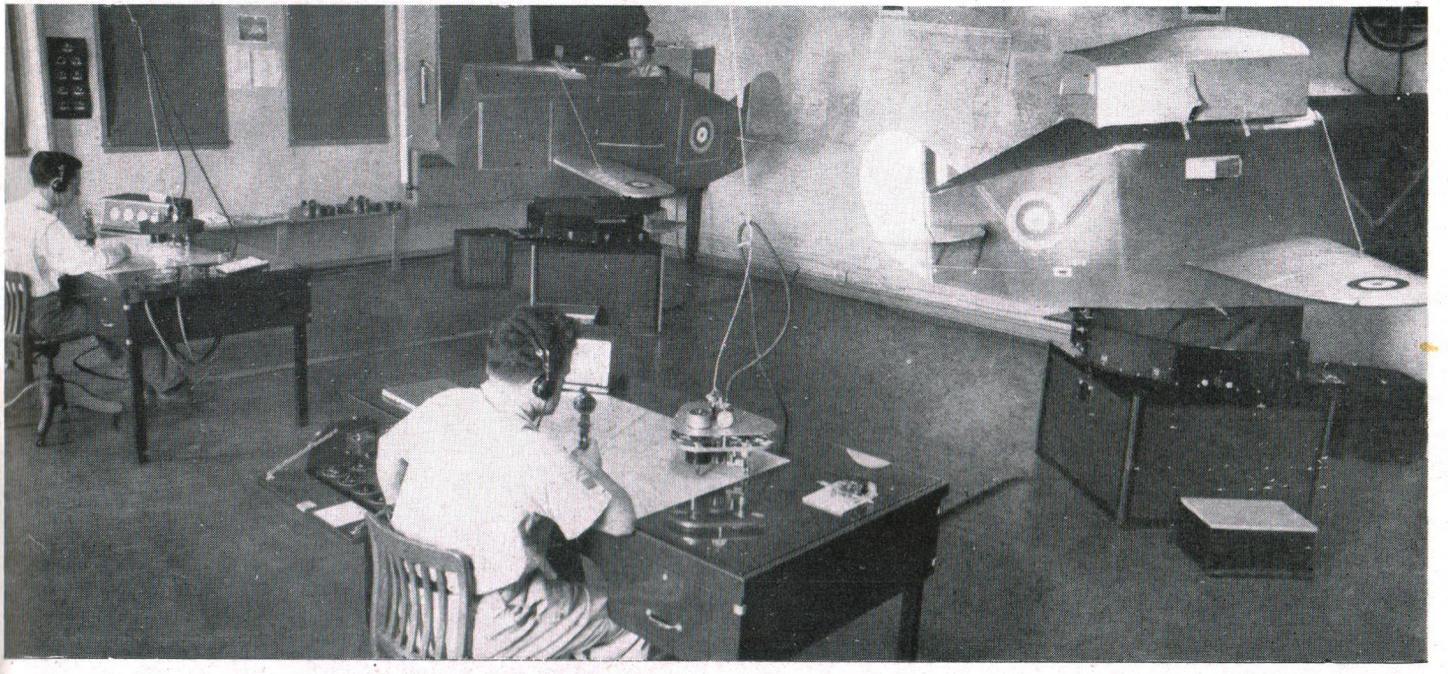
LAC. G. A. SKARRAT
"Nice shape but too tall for me."

To Whom It May Concern

Nothwithstanding the legend "Out of Bounds" plainly displayed on the door of the Post Office, we would like to impress upon all ranks that it does not mean them. It is just placed there for decoration. We are never busy. Call every time you pass the door. The wickets are only open from 1200 hours to 1330 hours and from 1700 hours to 1800 hours to permit fresh air to blow through. By calling out of hours you brighten the dull existence of our lives and speed the dispatch of the mails. Remember, too, that yours is the only "important" mail we have to look after. The letters for the other chaps don't count.

If we seem indifferent to your urgent request just step in and help yourself. That is always considered a friendly gesture and we are sure it is the way you are treated in the Pay Office.

When you don't receive a letter blame us and when you do receive one that you don't like just blame us, too.



LINKS NEVER LIE: The pilot's link shown in action. Pilot in link on right is flying blind. Checking his course is Sgt. Barrett. On the far left Sgt. Bob Gole checks up on Pilot Spence.

Link Designed To Reduce Size Of Pilot's Head

Just about the time a pilot gets to feeling everything is going fine he is introduced to a Link Trainer and immediately begins to wonder whether or not he can fly. This happens about once a month, whether the pilots like it or not. They don't! But as it's explained in unofficial circles, it is necessary just to keep them from getting too confident.

Since the Link was first inaugurated here, some 4,000 hours have been "flown" in them. At first pilots with Link experience acted as instructors, but after a few months Sgt. Bob Gole took over as i/c Link. Later Sgt. Barrett and Grant Maginnes were added to the instructional staff, and have remained to criticize pilots ever since.

In charge of maintenance is LAC. Lorne Brennan, whose job it is to see that the Link doesn't lie, although a lots of pilots think otherwise.



SGT. C. O. BARRETT
"You take it, Gole."



LAC. L. F. BRENNAN
"Hey, Greenblatt, have you got a good book on motors."

P.O. Has Troubles—Job of Forwarding Thousands of Letters

(Continued from page 78)

lough, proving extremely popular and bringing forth many compliments to the P.O. staff.

Due to inadequate quarters mail has been collected by trainees in class bundles rather than have individuals storming in on the overcrowded box room.

For example, an average week's letter intake is 12,000, which does not include several hundred registered letters and parcels.

In the Christmas week of 1943 more than 20,000 letters and 700 parcels were handled.

The inadequacy of the post office was finally recognized and after months of patient waiting a building especially constructed for use as a post office became available. But with the breaking up of camp, Postmaster Sgt. Fraser and his staff of Cpl. Addy and LAC.'s Skarratt and Campbell will not even get the opportunity of moving in.

Pay And Accounts



F/L. A. G. PERKINS
F/L. Money bags.



F/S. F. C. OGAWA
Better known as "Horse-radish". He even puts it on ice cream.



SGT. D. J. D. BAKER
i/c worries.

OH, DEBT, WHERE IS THY STING!

By JOHN V. GREENBLATT

Pay and Accounts is probably the most defamed section on this, or for that matter, any other station. Why so many airmen insist that the faces of its personnel light up with avarice when they walk in is beyond us. We've always been treated courteously.

As a matter of fact, Bart Hugli usually meets us as we step across the threshold, bows deferentially, purloins our watch and ushers us in to see the dollar sign himself, F/L Perkins.

Everyone knows F/L Perkins, the paymaster. He's that quiet, kindly looking man (bankers all look kindly but ain't), who sits in the back office surrounded by greenbacks (not to be confused with Greenblatt).

Don't ever laugh at any of F/L Perkins' jokes, which he tells for only one purpose, namely, to extract your silver and platinum fillings while you have your mouth wide open in mirth.

Outside in the main office, of course, are a lot of men disguised as airmen, but whom I remember in the peace days as having seen hanging around the Maple Leaf Gardens, making book.

There are a few who come

(Continued on Page 81)



LAC. A. B. HUGLI
Just post me within No. 1 T. C.



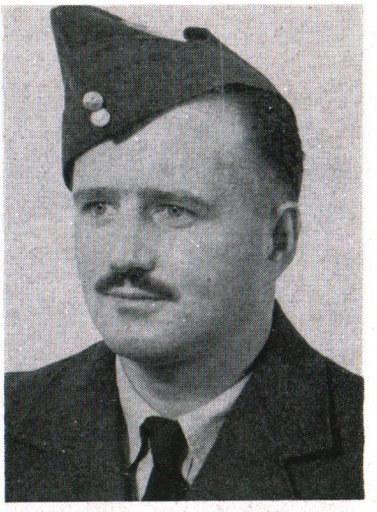
CPL. G. M. SIDDALL
Those Canada badges can get you more free drinks...



LAC. K. H. WATCHORN
Insomnia—that's bad in P/A . . . guilty conscience?



LAC. C. C. BROWN
i/c Non-Public Funds. "I'll never die poor."



LAC. W. E. CHRISTIAN
"Did you see the dividends Internatl. Nickel declared?"

Oh, Debt, Where Is Thy Sting!

(Continued from Page 80)

from even more degenerate surroundings, like banks, loan companies and stockbrokers' offices, but why bring up the past.

Some of the respectable ones, though, are F/S Ogawa, who supervises the outer office. He must be one of the few honest cashiers in the business. He worked for the Norwich Fire Insurance in Toronto for more than 20 years in this capacity before joining the Air Force.

Then there's the glib Sgt. Don Baker, who's in charge of the payroll. He is the chief buzzard. By that we mean when you approach him to find out about some shortage in your pay, he engages you in badinage while his assistants, Cpls. Siddall and Hugli, sell you on the idea of either buying more war bonds or assigning more money over to the little woman at home. (It's safer at the Industrial Finance Corp.)

In charge of non-public funds, like officers' mess fees and extra messing for airmen, etc., is LAC. "Brownie" Brown. He is kept in a cage which, with the widest stretch of the imagination, might be called an airy clothes closet. There he can be found feverishly trading bobby pins, rubber bands and old beer bottle caps for extra rations of ketchup.

And finally there are two clerks, Cpl. Simons and LAC. Dutnoff, who compose a typewriter battery which creates a greater din than the city room of the N. Y. Daily Mirror.

This is the P/A Section, and why's it's the recipient of the most indignant of airmen's invectives we can't understand. Sometimes, it's true, a new airman will come up to us and say, "Can you direct me to the cleaner's" on the station?" And we unconsciously send him to the Pay and Accounts Building.

But don't take it too seriously, fellas, it's only money!



LAC. A. DUTNOFF
Who's buying me a coke!



CPL. C. L. SIMONS
i/c RAF Ledger. Those poor chaps just about get enough for one smart beer.

Hospital



F/L. O. HOFFMAN
Best M.O. West of the Rockies.



F/L. C. R. KEMP
Seeking fame and fortune.



F/L. R. B. PALMER
Pulling in fish nets.



F/L. G. A. HARRIS
Mk. II.

WHAT HAS THE CHATEAU FRONTENAC GOT THAT OUR HOSPITAL HASN'T !

By BILL GLAZIER

Hospitals, as a rule are good places to stay away from. Seeing how they usually use the ugliest methods to fix a guy up who is bedded for sickness, lameness or laziness. But after I paid a visit to the hospital here at No. 4, I decided it's a place where I could be held for the duration and love it.

When I was in the hospital the other morning, a pretty nurse, all smiles and perfumy, went by me pushing a little cart loaded down with juices, cereals and bacon and eggs like it was the officers' mess. The coffee aroma made me forget I had breakfast in the Airmen's Mess and the bacon and eggs put me to wondering if I couldn't get sick every morning about 7.30.

When the patient I was standing near was finished licking his chops, the nurse placed a little glass tube in his mouth, took his hand in hers and they relaxed and listened to Wayne King for the next 15 minutes. Then the M.O. came in and wondered why the fellow's pulse was doing a rhumba.

Well, by this time I was sick with envy, so I hurried out to the kitchen to see who whips up the delicious grub. There, I'm pleased to meet Miss Alice Lutman and Mrs. Anne (Muscles) Clatworthy, who immediately fix me up with coffee and bacon rinds. While I'm enjoying this coffee and some left-overs from the officers' mess, another fellow sneaks in, a Sgt. Katz, who offers me some pills. I'm a bit wary of this character, as I understand from Miss Lutman that he's in charge of the poison room. So rub-rosa-like I drop the pills into the Sgt.'s coffee. So it's of no wonder to anyone, least of all myself, that Sgt. Katz and I are not on speaking terms.

At any rate, with my fortitude bolstered from the bacon rinds, I decided to drop in on F/L Hoffman and see what I can learn. As the Senior Medical Officer on this station for the past two and a half years gives the Doc quite a bit of know about our station. So right away I find out that the hospital has been built up from a 15-bed sick bay to a 35-bed general hospital, with no

(Continued on Page 83)



N/S. P/O. M. H. VAIL
Giving away coupons!



N/S. F/O. G. SAUNDERS
When I was at Toronto!



SGT. J. C. GRANT
"Where's Dagdick?"



F/S G. A. LAFLEUR
"Is my posting in yet?"



SGT. S. KATZ
"Just add a little poison to flavor it."

What Has Chateau Got That Our Hosp. Hasn't

(Continued from Page 82)

holds barred, and all in the space of two short years. Doc is mighty proud of his hospital and so, of course, it's a great disappointment to him that the station is closing down, and, with it, such a lush retreat.

Assisting F/L Hoffman are F/L Kemp and F/L Palmer and, more lately, F/L Harris, all medical officers of wide experience and capability.

On the nursing staff, the fever-raising end, are Nursing Sisters Genevieve Saunders and Margaret (Peggy) Vail, and, lately, Nursing Sister Dorothy Williams, here on temporary duty.

Down in the wards I found Sgt. Grant and his assisting orderlies, Cpls. Bennet and Rimbault shoving their work off on LAC. Laughlin and AC2 Dagdick. (I'm an LAC.)

Up in the hospital's orderly room, doing as little as possible, was F/S LaFleur, giving orders (to which no one was paying the slightest attention) to Cpl. Garner and LAC.'s Brydges and Finney.

Well, since there wasn't anyone else I could bother, I took my departure, taking with me this thought—that it was as nice a hospital and staff as I had ever visited and how THERE IS a way in the service of getting your breakfast served in bed.

Ouch! I just sprained my thumb.



CPL. H. V. J. RIMBAULT
"Never did find the brandy stock."



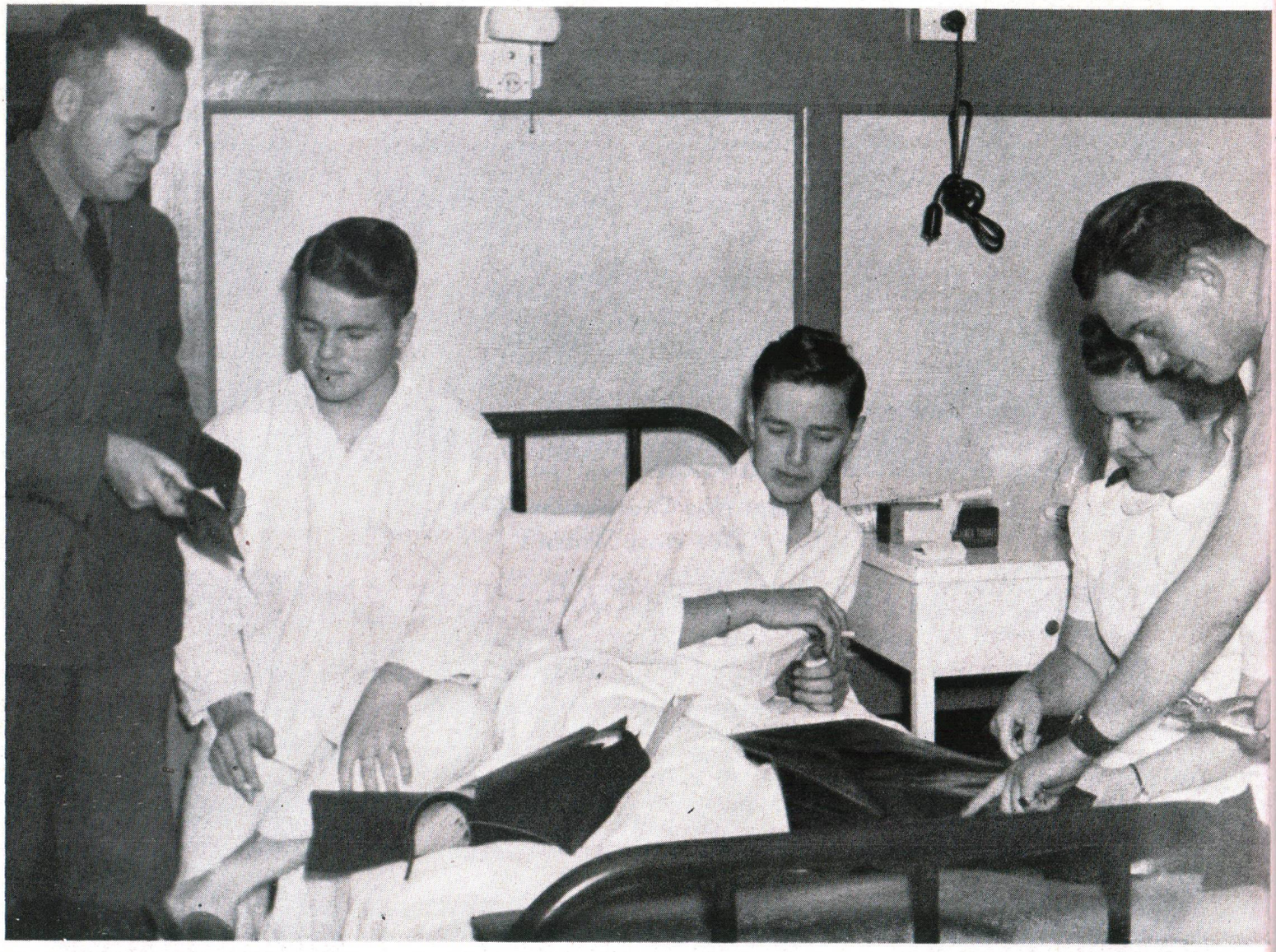
LAC. W. PENNYCOOK
"What do you think this is, the Waldorf!"



CPL. G. R. GARNER
"I'm sure I don't know."



CPL. R. J. BENNETT
"Send me back to isolation."



OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY: Hobby Instructor Y.M.C.A. Director Don Marlett, left, and LAC. Bill Chinn, extreme right, showing "how" to patients LAC.'s Sesseville and Hunter, and N/S. F/O. Saunders.



LAC. R. FINNIE
"Havelling Herring choker."



LAC. A. L. LAUGHLIN
A wolf with goggles.

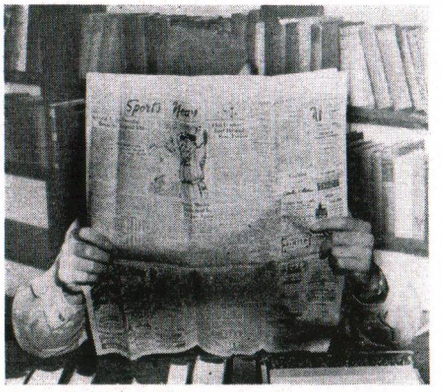


AC2. D. J. DAGDICK
"The Gopher Kid."



LAC. R. F. BRYDGES
"Speed demon."

The Station Library



JOHN V. GREENBLATT
"Have you anything to say for the press!"

BOOKS AND BOOKIES — THE SCIENCE OF PICKIN' 'EM

(By "YOU-KNOW-WHO")

If Cpl. John Greenblatt, the Station Librarian, could only have recommended books the way he did race horses, the library on this station would have been an outstanding success.

As it turns out, however, the station did not suffer much, for under the guidance of this keen student (of the Racing Form), the library's record matches up with the best in this command. The circulation averaged 550 books monthly among approximately 1,000 airmen.

Before we go any further, let us say here and now that few people on this station are in a better position to write about the librarian than this reporter.

In the 10 months that Cpl. Greenblatt was station librarian he developed a forearm drive on the ping-pong table and a three-cushion shot in billiards that had broadened the education of more airmen than all the works by Gunther, Laski and Wells.

Cpl. Greenblatt is the founder of the cafeteria style library of helping yourself. From the outset it was his ambition to make every airman on the station a librarian so that he, himself, could be free to continue his research in the science of horse-racing prognostication.

Not unlike Pasteur, Curie and Wasserman, Cpl. Greenblatt had made thousands of experiments (in this case, bets) before he discovered that the fillies do not run for bread alone but for sugar.

Of course, the results of his experiments would have been greater were it not for the fact that he did not have access to the best information, being shut away in Crumlin. Under the existing circumstances many of his selections were made with his eyes closed, so to speak, so it's no wonder that many of his "good things" in the third and sixth at Jamaica turn out to be "stiffs."

However, it is felt by the investment counsellors who sun themselves in front of the Hotel London that the closing of No. 4 is a good thing. As it is, these worthy gentlemen have petitioned Air Minister Power to have him transferred, as he is known to have relieved these students of horesflesh of several dozen yards of Spanish.

This, we think, is very uncricket of these participants of the Sport of Kings, whom this writer believes should rise above personal grievances and appraise things objectively, in their higher essentials.

We tried to get more information about the library from Cpl. Greenblatt, but he was too busy picking tomorrows' winners.

Before we left, however, we prevailed upon him to let us in on his secret. And this is what we learned: That the airmen's selection of reading today is closely related to Greenblatt's horse selections tomorrow. He works strictly on the hunch system.

For example, he showed me where a reader borrowed Tolstoy's "War and Peace." Then he pointed to the Scratch Sheet, and sure enough, War and Peace won the fifth at Empire, paying $6.10.

As you can very well see, it's a thin line that separates a librarian and a bookie.

Education



F/O. L. M. GELBER
"Pure fiction, my good fellow."

ALERT EDUCATION OFFICE SERVES MANY FUNCTIONS

By STEVE MITCHELL

In a little room which just oozes of "gen" of every sort and species sits No. 4's Educational Officer. An officer whose job carries duties as diverse as one can imagine. A "few" of these duties were disclosed in a recent talk we had with this officer, but the list which they made was imposing in itself.

Besides taking care of education, correspondence courses, PWS lectures and being the governing influence over the Intelligence Library, he is, to use his own words, a padre's second in command cum liaison officer in everyday problems.

But back to the list.

Correspondence Courses, which are organized by the Canadian Legion for the Education of the Services, have proved extremely popular on the station. Subject with the greatest appeal would seem to be anything with a technical leaning. Although after a recent propaganda push vocational farming has aroused the interest of a number. Advice on these courses is forthcoming from the Ed. Officer and any difficulties which should arise are ironed out by him.

Permanent staff have known the benefit of the Education Section. Many have improved their grouping through its aid; material and guidance for this is available to all sections. Three sections already have a staff of which every member has an A grouping — Armaments, Photography and Accounts.



F/O. M. GOLDBERG
". . . love to own that book!"

Pride of the Educational Section must surely be their Intelligence Library and lecture room. The walls of both rooms are bespattered with maps of every continent and sea. Here also are the latest war maps supplied by the R.C.A.F.; the magazine "Time" and the U. S. Navy and Army. The red cord "front lines" are altered daily as the current advances and withdrawals come to hand.

The walls of the lecture room must have echoed to many an address on the history and reasons for the wars of the past, as wells as this one. In recent lectures, however, the tenor has changed as the topic of Post-War Rehabilitation has become the subject, and very interesting it has proved to all under instruction. The numerous questions which are asked after each lecture prove this.

Also included in the section's duties is the scheduling of Cur-

(Continued on Page 87)



INTELLIGENTSIA RENDEZVOUS: Hangout for hot gen men is the Intelligence Library organized by F/O. L. M. Gelber and continued by F/O. Withrow. Seen perusing the secret information are, left to right: LAC. S. G. P. Jones, Sgt. J. D. Kossatz, LAC. F. H. Hicks, F/S. F. B. Kett, LAC. J. H. Ravenscroft, Education Sgt. Cloke, F/O. Withrow, Education Officer: LAC.'s J. Croven, A. A. Burns and D. T. Hunter.

Alert Education Office Serves Many Functions

(Continued from Page 86)

rent Events movies; the analyzing and preparation of latest news, which is broadcast over the mobile P.A. truck; advising ground personnel on reclassifications, and—perhaps this is most important—keeping each of us from going stagnant as regards our thoughts about the outside world; keeping us informed as to the progress of the war and keeping our interest alive in the future.



SGT. C. C. N. CLOKE
"What's education, Sir!"

In charge of all these activities is F/O. L. M. Gelber, on leave from the Dept. of History, U. of Toronto, and author of the much discussed "Peace by Power." (F/O. Gelber has since been posted to H.Q. in Ottawa and was succeeded by F/O. J. B. Withrow, and more lately by F/O. Goldberg).

Like his senior, Sergeant Cloke, the other member of the staff, is another example of the exactness of this section, the right man in the right job — Sergeant Cloke was a schoolteacher before enlisting!

Morse Code Section

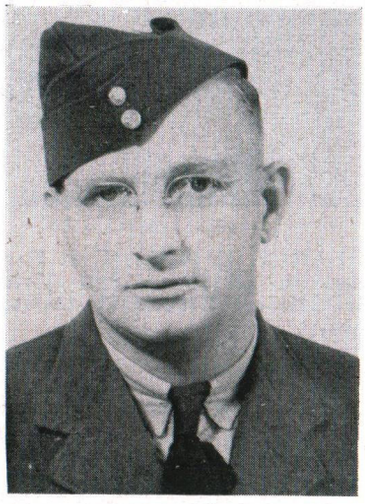


P/O. R. A. THOMPSON
When do we eat!



P/O. G. H. BARTLEY
Ever been to Cromwell?

BUZZ OF BUZZER AND SOOTHING CLICK OF ALDIS LAMP MAKES MORSE ROOM HAVEN



F/S. V. C. CARTER
"Hope I never see another WAG."

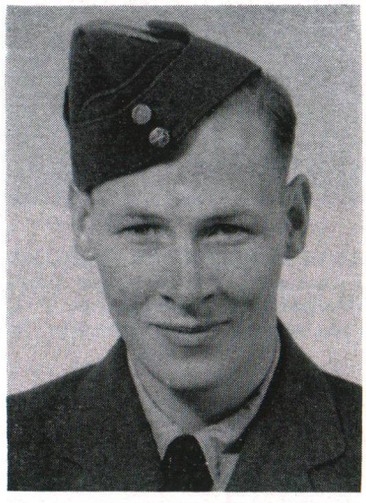
Quietest section on this station must be the Morse Room.

All that disturbs this peaceful, almost idyllic, heaven apart, on the bottom floor of one of the corridors of the G.I.S., is either the sweet buzz of a buzzer or the soothing click of that "favorite" of all trainees, the Aldis Lamp.

In such an Elysium rules P/O Thomson, spending his hours—between smokes—passing on the latest signals' theory titbits to U/T navs.; orating with great composure on the benefits and drawbacks—mostly the latter—of dinghy sets, Marconi "efforts," Q Codes, etc., et al.

His A.D.C., WO. 2 McNaughton, has graced the portals of this station every morning since the year '42. He was a sergeant then. Now look at him. His day—it would appear—is spent by the window. His job? Marking exam papers by the hundreds. Only consolation from such a pastime is that when he so desires he can gaze aloft at the wonderful landscape offered by the bent backs of the laboring Orderly Room clerks.

To keep law and order, either in that room which some know as "the funeral parlor" or in the tomato patch are F/S Carter and Cpls. Hopkins and Provan. Whether it's de dah dahs o'er the ether or flashes from their flaming green beacon of comfort, they are "on the bit," "in the groove" or to use the good ole New Orleans idiom, "really sendin'!"



WO2. W. H. McNAUGHTON
"Wonder what India looks like!"

The Signals Section claims to be confidential. To them we say, "So is this message. Just between these pages and you and us!"

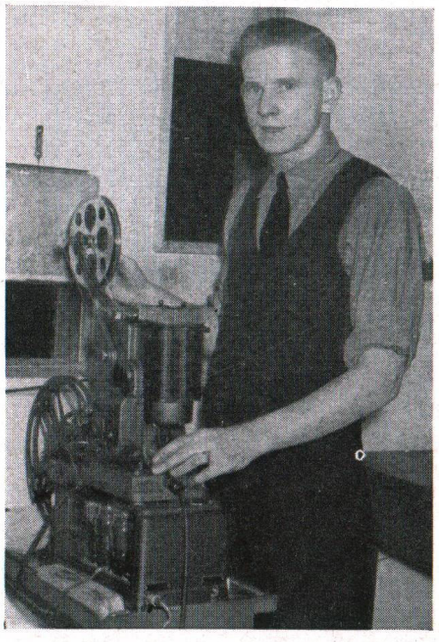
AR



DIT-DAH-DIT: F/S. Carter, who got his training with the C.P.R., sending code to the trainees of Course 103 as WO2. McNaughton supervises. Trainees, reading from top to bottom in the first row: LAC.'s Young, Styles, Sinclair, Ratley, Peveril, Sullivan, Mayer, Gillespie and Gomez. Back row: Prendergast, Charles, Hewitt, Moretti, Summers, Hamblett and Jones.



CPL. J. PROVAN
"Hurry, Friday is here again."



MECHANICAL WIZARD: Lorne Brennan (Link Trainer), who eats, sleeps and breathes mechanics, showed most of the movies on this station. His knowledge of mechanics helped no little to give us the best possible showing of the flickers secured by the Y.M.C.A.



CPL. J. C. HOPKINS
He takes messages in his sleep. (And such messages!)

Physical Training Section



F/O. H. HELDMAN
. . . o.i.c. Physical Torture

ABOUT P. T. OR PHYSICAL TORTURE

P.T. (that's Air Force language for physical torture) is administered for the purpose of turning soft flesh into muscle, but frankly we think it is more for the enjoyment of a few P.T.I.'s who just love to see airmen suffer. They can think of more jerks and twists for a man to go through than you would expect of a circus clown. And, believe me, when you have completed a tour of our obstacle course, you deserve the Purple Heart (if it's still ticking).



F/S. L. J. COTTON
You don't have to be good looking to be the idol of the CWAC's.

The obstacle course (suicide run as it is more popularly known) consists of hurdles, jumps, swings and climbs, and brings into use every muscle of a man's body from his hair to his blisters. By graduation time, however, the boys are taking it all in their stride with lots of rigor and mortis to spare.

Highlight in the P.T.I.'s week is when the WAG's come down to limber up. As one P.T.I. put it, one man drills them and three others swing baseball bats to

(Coninued on Page 91)



F/S. D. F. LINDSAY
"I've been done in again."
(F.B.T.F.F.F.)

During the course of instruction here at No. 4, each trainee receives a certain amount of physical training, which we are quite convinced will not only build up the physique of an ordinary airman, but raise the stature of a pygmy to that of an Atlas.

Scientifically designed to give the greatest benefit with the least amount of strain, the training consists of combined exercise and games, which makes the periods much more interesting.



F/S. J. CARUSO
"When I was in charge of the W.D.'s . . ."



Crumlin's baseball team this year didn't win a lot of games but gave every nine it came up against both in the District and Command Leagues a fight for every run. Here is the team, reading from left to right. Back row: Eddie Sobel, Cec. Cocks, "Slats" Slater, Ernie Young, P/O. L. Fallis and Tommy Needham. Front row: "Dave" Davidson, "Fletch" Fletcher, "Perky" Perkins (coach), "Chappie" Chappell and "Darce" D'Arcy. In absentia: "Irish" Booth, Jack Davis, Jack Hobson, Benny Perlman and "Moon" Mullins.

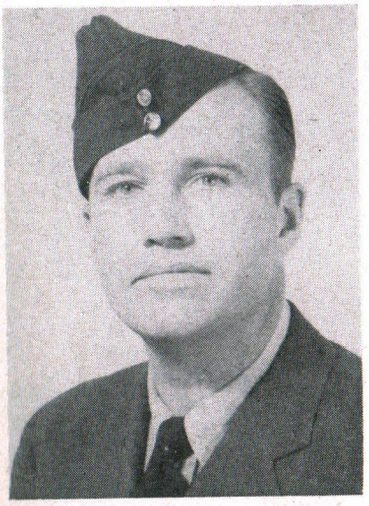
About P. T. or Physical Torture

(Continued from Page 90)

keep them moving. It must be awful to be a sergeant and still have to take P.T.

Chief P.T.I. on the station is F/O Heldman, who claims he can go through the obstacle course on one foot and with a full field pack. The other instructors—those contortionists who stand out in front and quit half way through each exercise—are F/S Caruso and Don Lindsay, and Sgts. Sobel and Gratz.

Incidentally, when there is no class to drill, the P.T.I.'s keep in shape by a little knuckle knocking game of their own. I think they call it "Knock" rummy.



WO1 G. A. MARTYN
"According to K. R. and Air . . ."



SGT. J. GRATZ
'I'll be on parade tomorrow if I can get the day off."



CHAMPS: In the hottest pennant fight ever waged at No. 4, the Officers' Ball Team copped the Station Championship from the heavily favorited Staff. Standing, and reading in the usual manner: F/O. Beddis, F/L. Gardiner, P/O. Campbell, F/L. Fletcher (Capt.), F/O. Davidson. ..Front row: F/L. Perkins (Coach), F/L. Hoffman, F/O. D'Arcy and F/O. Bartley. In absentia: F/L.s Flynn, Boyd and Chappell and F/O. Church.



SGT. W. A. VOSS
"Ah, what do the civilian police know about it."



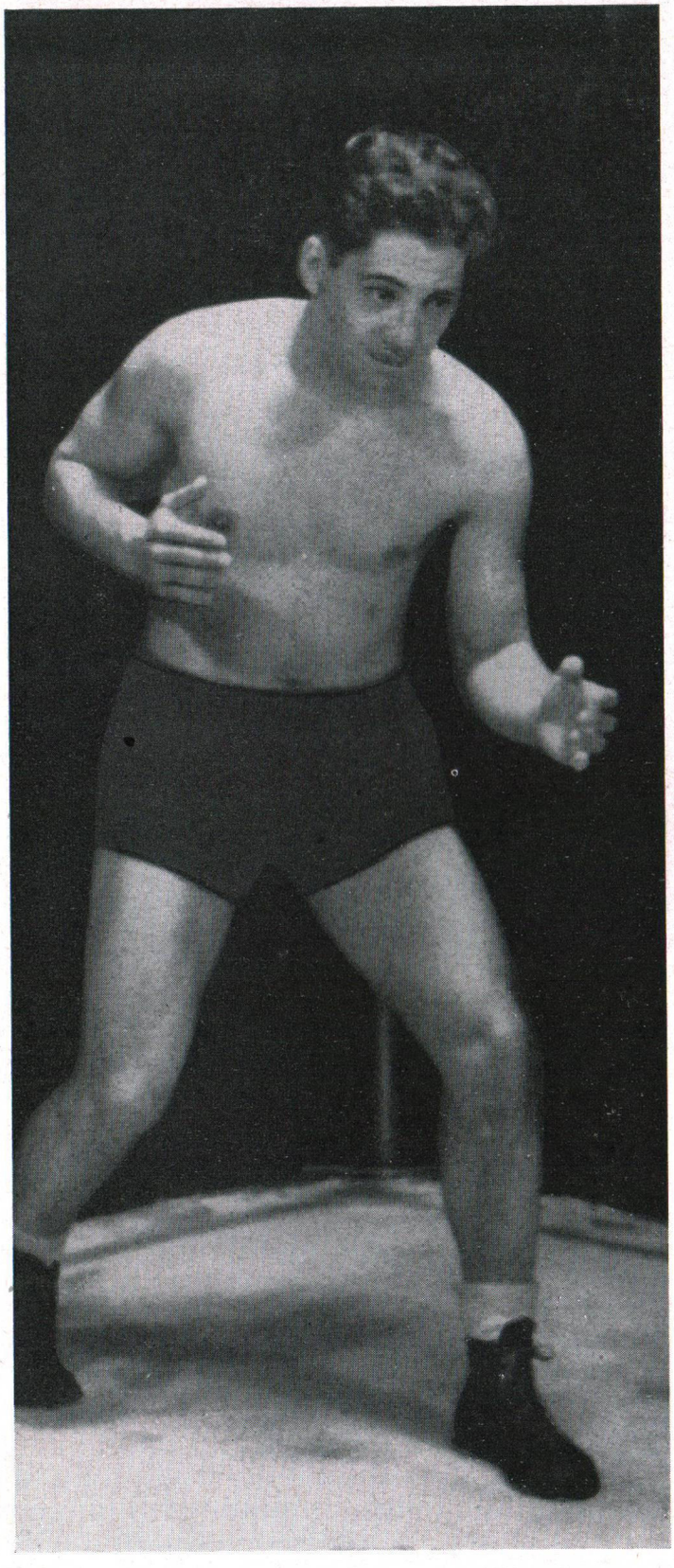
CPL. A. RINTOUL
"What, no 48's this week?"



CPL. J. H. SMITH
He eats like there's no tomorrow.



CPL. E. E WEALE
"Make him show his 'I' card and get his fingerprints."



SGT. EDDIE SOBEL (P.T.I.), former Canadian middleweight champion, who promoted many of No. 4's boxing and wrestling shows while on the station. Eddie represented the station in 23 wrestling matches, winning all of them. He plans to continue his wrestling career after the war. Posted to St. Thomas last month, we hear Sobel is one of the main cogs of Pee-Wee Chandler's T.T.S. football team.



LAC BENNY PERLMAN (Armament), former Montreal 116-lb. champion who fought 11 times for the station, winning 10. The ever-smiling and popular pugilist was also a mainstay on the station baseball team as a pitcher and on the hockey team as a forward.

Overseas Diary

(Continued from Page 69)

bag they could find and conveyed this burden down eight flights of stairs to the ship's hold. You will readily believe that the baggage would not be handled too gently. As a matter of fact, most of it was tumbled roughly down the stairs at some damage to the steps and much to the baggage. Indeed, I saw several bags and trunks thrown from one landing to the next.

I am ashamed to admit that I was in no better frame of mind than most, but it was wonderful what an evil satisfaction I gained from watching the new gray steamer trunk I had selected go flying end over end down one flight after another.

Now I have learned from bitter experience that when I lose my temper I invariably regret it, but how should I pay for this delicious venting of my spleen? When I and my burden finally arrived in the hold I sought evilly for the damage I had inflicted and for the first time noticed the name on the case: it was P/O. R. J. Frewin, former DEE-ARR Sports Editor, and a good friend of mine with whom I had worked on the paper for many months.

I missed Bob on ship, but I saw him later in England and confessed everything. We intended to have a night's "pub-crawling" together, but I dashed off to London on leave and didn't see him again.

As Damon Runyon says, it comes up England. The voyage had been a quiet one. The sea had been calmer than I have since experienced, and I had been kept quite busy in the mess, with Culbertson's favorite sport occupying my leisure hours. Nevertheless, we were all glad when one morning the horizon darkened and we made our first landfall. I had begun to feel that terra firma was but a minor incident of the universe.

The actual debarkation was a thrilling experience—for a few moments anyway. We were welcomed by the stirring strains of the Air Force March Past, played by a Canadian band, and as I came down the gangplank I felt a great thrill of pride. I was loaded like a pack-mule, but I was happy. We marched down the gangplank, crossed a narrow street and entered a railway station, each one of us proud as hell that we were Canadians.



TRIGGER MEN: One of the best records compiled by any team representing the station was made by our Shooting Club. Aside from many individual honors that came their way, the team placed sixth in a 200-team league in the Military District Championships last year. Standing, from left to right, are: F/L. O. Hoffman, F/L. R. R. MacPherson, Sgt. D. Ross. Kneeling: Cpl. T. Addy, Cpl. G. MacFayden and F/S. T. Needham.

"Hey you! Put that pack down and give us a hand with this baggage!" His "a's" were broad and his "r's" were rolled, and I had "had it" again. But this was too much! My first step in Great Britain and already . . . ! No! I was damned if I'd do it and looked what I felt. The eagle eye of the corporal was upon me. I felt it and looked up to meet it. He sauntered over to me, and, very calmly and quietly said, "Answer me one question, Wull ye gi' us a hand, or wull yo no' gi' us a hand?" I've been in the Air Force too long. I gave him a hand.

The eternal English diet of "tea and buns" began in that station and has followed me with the N.A.A.F.I. even to Italy. But don't misunderstand me, I love tea and buns. I could live on 'em. Matter of fact . . . I have!

On this occasion especially it was a welcome treat—as was the clear, cold, unchlorinated water we found in the station—our first in many days.

So we speeded along on our way—north or south, what matter? Americans are inclined to laugh at English trains. In my opinion this mirth is justified only in one variety of their freight cars, which look like toy express-

(Continued on Page 95)

Overseas Diary

(Continued from Page 94)

wagons equipped with ridiculously large wheels. But their passenger service is infinitely faster (if crowded at present) and their troop trains far more comfortable than those at home.

Again in Ruyonese, it comes up the Reception Centre, where we were received as usual with much signing of forms. Never have I worked so hard nor marched so much. Our billet was from two to three miles from the Mess and parade Ground. The labor consisted of everything from scrubbing floors and windows to filling sandbags. Many times I longed for my comfortable desk back at Crumlin, but came the day when I was notified of my posting overseas, farther overseas, that is, and I was given my parole — seven days' embarkation leave.

Scotland is a popular place for Canadians on leave, but I chose London, since I felt it possessed the greatest concentration of Great Britain's attractions.

Highlighted by an excellent glimpse of the Queen and Princess Elizabeth at Westminster Abbey, my tour included the "Derry Gardens" atop Derry and Tom's Department Store—a magnificent roof garden in Spanish style one hundred feet in the air. Lady Donegal was my hostess—mine and that of some twenty other Canadian airmen—and we were quite fortunate in that Lynne Fontanne and Alfred Lunt were also present at the "Gardens" that afternoon. The famous actress delivered a stirring speech with professional eloquence.

Madame Toussaud's, too, I inspected. An artistic exhibit, commercialized, of course, though not so much as its brother exhibit at Blackpool, Lans.

I saw one play while I was there, "Lisbon Story," and finally caught up with the movie, "For Whom the Bell Tolls," in a CINEMA (not a theatre) just off Trafalgar Square.

On Sunday morning I strolled in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens and crammed the afternoon with Albert's Memorial; St. James's Palace, a most unimpressive looking place from the outside; No. 10 Downing, at the end of a blind street (the cat was not in evidence); and the Abbey, not half so imposing as the Cathedral at Gloucester. After this busy day we finished up at the "Captain's Cabin," off Piccadilly Circus, where they serve the finest rum punches in England.



Playing a heavy schedule in two leagues, city and command, the station basketball team won 14 and lost 4. Bottom row: LAC. Morgan, P/O. MacKenzie, F/S. Irving, Sgt. Straugh, LAC. Morton. Top row: LAC. Frewin, LAC. Aikenhead, F/L. Fletcher, P/O. King, P/O. Mackelone and LAC. Lain.

With the exception of a few first-class bars and several lower dives, this was the extent of my visit to London.

From the Reception Centre I was posted to a Despatch Centre, where they took away all "blues" but a greatcoat and "wedgy" and issued us with R.A.F. Overseas Kit. When I left this station with arms and full pack, I felt truly like a soldier of my country and exceedingly proud of it.

Another overnight train ride brought us to our port of embarkation and we boarded a somewhat smaller ship bound for we knew not where.

We found our quarters on "G" deck aft, which, I swear, was two decks below the propeller. Here, in a large mess we were to eat and sleep for many days, taking our meals at the tables during the day and slinging our hammocks above them at night. I do not envy the sailor, but we discovered that a hammock can be quite comfortable when adjusted properly. Trial and error was our only method, and it required a few nights before we could be quite certain of our comfort . . . and our safety.

After the first few days afloat, the sea grew mountainous. Almost everyone succumbed to the violent rolling of the ship and consequently there was more food available for the good sailors among us. For a few days I was one of this last group. Pride kept it down, but on the last rough day I was forced to swallow my pride and part with my lunch. Everyone on deck was as white as a sheet and they huddled together in pitiful heaps, absolutely resigned to a horrible death. My diary records, "The mountainous swell is a sight to behold and I am sorry I cannot enjoy the spectacle."

Finally the waves subsided and a trace of color returned to the faces of those on deck, though a haunting fear remained and an involuntary wince followed each, now gentle, roll of the ship. In time the sea was like rippling blue velvet, and as we progressed farther south we began to shed sweaters and tunics until the order was given to change to tropical dress: shorts, shirts and woolen socks.

(Continued on Page 96)



THE WINNAS: One of the good reasons for No. 4's low sickness rate is without a doubt due to the general cleanliness of the barracks. Here is a picture of F/O. G. R. Saunders' Course 106B, winners of last month's award for the best kept boudoir on the station and which was appraised by S.A.O., S/L. Lea, to be the best of the past year. Recipients of this honor are, back row: C. E. Wright, T. Rye, J. L. Carpenter, D. Morrison, H. Lappin, K. Egge, A. McMillan and J. B. Campbell. Front row: F. A. Patterson, R. Meldrum, W. Nelligan, M. Stoba, J. MacKenzie, R. Spilstead, K. Mackan, R. L. Stevenson and G. Lavergne.

Overseas Diary

(Continued from Page 95)

The change in clothing created an interesting diversion and to further relieve the monotony of the voyage we each attempted to grow a moustache.

Reading, sunbathing and contemplating the endless horizon around us filled our equally endless day from morning until night. On neither of the two voyages had we experienced enemy action, although occasionally the vivid imaginings of rumor-mongers reached our ears. Then we began to notice some sort of seafaring flower, the blossom of some subterranean vegetation, which resembled at first glance a blue-mesh fly swatter, and the novelty of flying fish relieved the dull monotony.

Gibraltar was close at hand and one night a friend and I decided to remain on deck, for it was rumored that we should pass through the "Strait" in the dark. We passed through in a heavy fog, however, and I missed a sight I have desired to see all my life.

In the morning we found ourselves in the Mediterranean Sea. The Mediterranean IS blue, I suppose, but no more so than the Atlantic at times. The clouds in the "Med" seems to reflect the blue of the sea, so, since the general aspect is blue, I suppose this accounts for its "colorful" reputation.

Finally one day we sighted Italy, and we seven Canadians disembarked, swearing that we should starve before we would open another tin of sardines, fish paste or plums, which, purchased in the ship's canteen, had formed a supplement to our rations aboard ship. We had reached the end of our voyage, but not the end of our travels.

We found R.C.A.F. headquarters and had our money changed into Italian lire (one lire is approximately the equivalent of one cent) and constitutes the only denomination of this country's currency. It is all paper money, issued in notes of 1, 2, 5, 20, 50, 100 and 500 lire.

We spent two days at headquarters, after which four of us started out by truck over bumpy roads in search of the squadron. We passed through villages where hardly a tree had survived the passing of the armies of war. The squadron we found camped some distance behind the Eighth Army and celebrated our arrival with a drink of this country's national drink—wine—red wine and white wine—vino rose and vino bianca—of which a huge flagon stood majestically in the centre of the Orderly Room tent when I arrived. Since then I have become accustomed to this familiar sight, but I can never quite resist conjuring up a humorous mental picture of that same flagon occupying a place of reverence in the middle of the Orderly Room back at Crumlin. Incidentally, and perhaps fortunately, I have acquired a sincere dislike for

(Continued on Page 97)



DEAR DOLL BABY: This is a portion of the Airmen's Writing Room. As you can very easily see, I'm right there dutifully writing to you What, I'm not in the picture! That +%&/XZ+" photographer must have cut me out. Honest, I try to write you every night. I miss you terribly and I love you madly. John.

Overseas Diary

(Continued from Page 96)

Italy's national drink.

Since then I have visited Naples and slept in the very shadow of Mount Vesuvius and heard vivid tales of its recent eruption.

In Naples I saw filth and squalor such as I have never imagined. Men, women and children walk the filthy streets barefoot and caked with dirt. I stayed in the Villa Ottavia in a comparatively unbombed section of the city close under Vesuvius. Palm trees and beautiful gardens contrast vividly with the streets outside the fences and the urchins who romp therein.

Here, too, at the world-famous "Tietro di San Carlo," adjoining the Royal Palace of the Kings of Naples, I was privileged to hear in person, the eminent violinist, Jascha Heifetz. Among many other beautiful masterpieces, he played the Sonata No. 8 by Mozart, the Slavonik Dance, the Mendelssohn Concerto and, and then asked: "Is there anything other than the "Bumblebee" which you would like to hear me play?"

On the road to Rome one passes a mountainside honeycombed with bomb craters where not one building stands and not a tree is left growing. At the top of the hill the jagged masonry of a monastery is silhouetted against the Italian sky, telling the newcomer that this was Cassino. Nothing is left—all is utter desolation.

Rome alone retains her dignity and the Vatican its treasures. Only here does one see the Italian people pursuing their normal occupations with a smile, while the faces of the inhabitants of other towns and villages reflect the hopeles destruction around them.

Rome's treasures were spared. St. Peter's and the Vatican City are probably the greatest in all the world. Certainly the Basilica itself is second to none in artistic beauty and magnificent architecture. Here in the splendor of its massive construction, its statuary and its mosaics, one finds the combined genius of the ancients: Bramante, Barberini, Michelangelo, Bernini, Raphael and many others.

As we passed through the columned entrance a vast piazza opened before us bathed in sunlight. Crossing this piazza, we turned to the right and followed the steady stream of sightseers, mostly service men, up to the lofty entrance to St. Peter's. From time to time shabbily clad peddlers accosted us, displaying brilliant rosaries and religous trinkets. Uniformed authorities made feeble attempts to evict these sellers, with small success. Quite likely there was an understanding between them.

After the inspection of the Basilica we hurried (like a tourist, I'm afraid—neither of us was Catholic) to the Sala Regia, where, with some five hundred other servicemen, we were received in public audience by the Pontifex Maximus, Pope Pius XII.

The Sala Regia was decorated with mosaics, but boasted no furniture save a solitary chair on a raised platform at one end of the room. After a wait of nearly an hour the red curtains parted and four soldiers dressed in black uniforms trimmed with gold and wearing gold helmets like the Romans of old, took up their position by the side of the throne.

Then followed the Pontiff, garbed in a white cassock and crowned with a skull cap of the same color. His speech was short and his accent so broad that it was difficult to hear all he said, but I caught a few words:

"You have now had some experience of war," he said, "and I beseech you to keep close to God."

Meet The Instructors! The Men Who Molded Some Of



F/L. W. F. HAEHNEL
Gen. merchant!



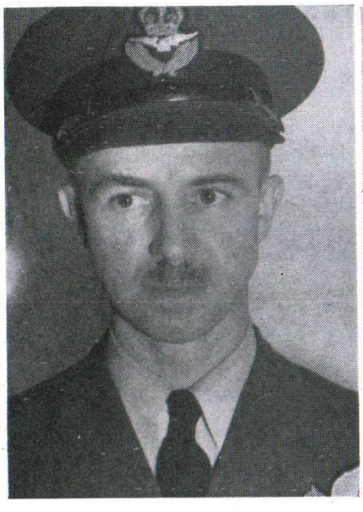
F/L. D. H. HOOPLE
"Only CT'd 20 this week."



F/L. F. JOHNSON
"Versatile!"



F/L. F. L. MILLS
"Torchy Pedin."



F/L. G. S. GRANT
Combing his hair with a towel.



F/L. C. D. R. CHAPPELL
Catching Windsor tra ns.



F/L. A. I. FLETCHER
Fitch's hair restorer!



F/L. G. G. GARDINER
Fearless "Fosdick".



F/L. G. L. N. POST
Packs a piano on his back.



F/L. H. L. HAMERSLEY
"Sledge."



F/L. J. B. CAMPBELL
. . . usually high.



F/L. A. B. JACKSON
"I'll break loose one of these nights."

The Best Navigators And Bombaimers In The World



F/L. L. B. CULP
Ops in a Wimpy.



F/L. A. J. SECORD
"Well, now . . ."



F/L. T. W. BOYD
I got a million of them!!!



F/O. A. J. ALLEN
Milkman—keep those bottles quiet!



F/O. W. K. CLARKE
O. I. C. Diapers.



F/O. D. L. BOYD
Graduating parties.



F/O. W. C. CROZIER
Gen not Gin . . .



F/O. G. R. SAUNDERS
Isn't that a dandy!



F/O. F. K. McKENZIE
The Sheik of Arabie.



F/O. D. C. STIRLING
"How's my credit?"



F/O. R. R. CURTIS
So this is London—eh!



F/O. F. J. HENNHEFFER
He got something from the Staff Nav. Course.



F/O. A. J. MARLING
"I'll get by . . ."



F/O. W. HARRIS
Mk. 1.



F/O. D. FILEWOOD
A male Garbo (feet).



F/O. P. J. D'ARCY
"Efficient—eh what!"



F/O. R. R. HAWKINS
"I didn't say a w rd!"



F/O. E. D. CLANCY
Wrestling, but with whom!



F/O. C. A. NAYLOR
"They can't do that!"



F/O. G. HUDDLESTON
Punny man!



F/O. A. G. DARLING
"Who dat?"



F/O. G. A. GARRETT
Noisy!



F/O. T. G. EDGEWORTH
. . . on a bum steer.



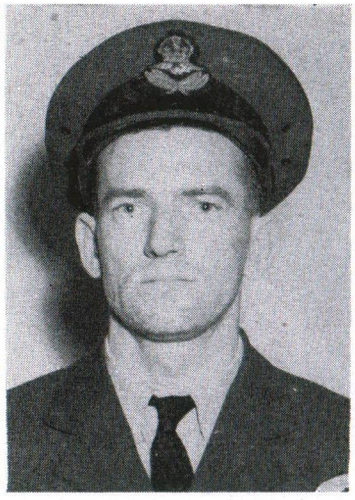
F/O. C. P. ROBERTSON
"Who . . . me?"



F/O. N. DAVIDSON
Leavens Bros. party man!



F/O. F. B. VOLSTEAD
Giving the girl a break!



F/O. H. M. POGUE
Hold that tiger!



F/O. F. N. SCOFIELD
"It's murder!"



F/O. L. S. TRENHOLME
Don't cry, baby—I'll be back.



F/O. J. A. POSKITT
Red-heads coming and going.



F/O. U. B. CHAPUT
"Now you're cooking."



P/O. J. B. LEFEUVRE
A pint of Black and Tan!



P/O. J. W. SOLOMAN
Yes, distantly related!



P/O. D. H. WRIGHT
"That's okay with me."



P/O. H. C. TANNER
S.O.S. St. Thomas



P/O. P. G. CLITHEROW
. . . '29 Fords are out of date.



P/O. R. G. ADDISON
Nursing Sisters!



P/O. H. WILLIAMS
Taking a turn for the music.



P/O. R. H. SMITHERIM
The Jersey Bounce.



P/O. C. R. CAMPBELL
Beating them off with a club.



P/O. P. M. EMERY
Likes red-heads.



P/O. P. L. SMITH
Both doing well!!



P/O. J. R. MacDONALD
King of the Roast Beef!



P/O. J. L. MATTHEWS
(D.F.M.)
The fire fighter!



P/O. T. ROWSON
. . . forever grousin'.



P/O. D. N. McKENZIE
"Ever play a trumpet!"



F/O. J. FEARNLEY
"That's for the birds!"



P/O. H. M. COVELL
Is there anything below F/L.?

The Meteorological Section



LAC. H. GILDEA
"See you in 'Church'."



CPL. J. ROGERS
"Wrap it up."



LAC. H. WILKINSON
"Must be termites."

FORECAST FOR SCIENCE OF MET...CLOUDY

By "TEX" WILKINSON

Once upon a time in the dim, dark ages of the past a group of distinguished nonentities got together to solve the mystery of rain—why, where, when and how. To date, if the information along these lines issued by our Met. Section is any criterion, this science is still a mystery, albeit they are still trying.

At any rate, after discovering that lightning flashes are electric and that rain usually falls in a downward motion, they took their information to the king (who was raining at that time) and were granted special permission to form the Royal Meteorological Society. The name was so long that the average citizen of that time was under the impression that they must be an intelligent group. But as time went on and the dust gathered in the beards of the members, the entire organization was forgotten until the outbreak of the present war.

As the war got under way it was discovered that there were many men with below par intelligence, so the Canadian Met. Section was organized to make use of this surplus.

Meteorology consists, from the airmen's viewpoint, of a group or groups of figures that designate literally thousand of strange signs and lines that are plotted around certain circles on a large map. This unusual procedure is followed by the DOT men of various and sundry grades, who draw lines called isobars and fronts over the entire works and then read the Toronto forecast for their necessary information.

Here are the four airmen who make up this valuable section with their original habitat so that you will know where to find them after the war:

The twin striper and boon to the female of the species and the most optimistic of all forecasters, Cpl. Jim Rogers, is from Windsor, Ont. The most pessimistic is Herb Gildea, who works out his weather prognostications in the Wet Canteen. He hails from the ambitious city, Hamilton, where he acted as Sam Goldwyn's personal representative. Then there is the seldom seen but often called K. for character and H. for horizontal Holcombe, the night owl of the section, and Yours Truly, who disappears whenever the weather looks bad into the wilds of London with his guitar, only to return with a well-worn look and weary step. The rumor that I've cornered the pencil market and have an option on one of Toronto's most important corners is true. My only ambition is to make sufficient money so that I can sail for the island of Pogo Pogo, where with my guitar and the natural resources of the island (grass skirts) live out the rest of my life.

Forecast for today: Fair and warmer, with maybe small tornados and followed by a few small earthquakes, but perfect for flying.

EARTHY ARMOURERS — A LUSTY LOT!

The man behind the man behind the gun on this station is an armourer. Wherever a gun is being fired or a bomb being expoded you will find him. When a dud bomb is found in a plane, we blame the armourer. When we miss the target on the machine gun or bombing range, we blame the armourer. He is the man who gets the blunt end if things go wrong, and he is the forgotten man when things go right.

Their work is important and dangerous, but they can't get anybody to believe it. They work right around the clock and eat at odd hours and usually have to take pot luck in the kitchen like steaks, veal chops and chicken.

Not all of them live on the station. Just north of Lucan is the bombing range crew, who board with Mrs. Sproule. Aside from reading too many detective stories and becoming very proficient at shuffling a deck of cards so that the ace comes up where they want it, this crew plots the accuracy of the bombaimer. (Every once in a while the Air Force pays Mrs. Sproule a nice fat cheque for damages caused by over-enthusiastic bombers.) They say her house has been blitzed more times than the Island of Malta. Among the veterans and winners of the Lucan Star for bravery under fire are Sgt. Boucher, LAC.'s Laliberte, Glenn, Tiegs, Lundy, McCorquodale, AC1 Lighty and AC2 Marko.



F/L. R. R. MacPHERSON
"I'll get you 10% off!"



F/S. H. J. WARD
"Listen, I fought in the Battle of Britain and..."

Then there's another group of armourers who traipse around the countryside called the Mobile Camera Obscura Crew. This crew makes itself very obscura, indeed, especially when it's supposed to be plotting the bomber's aim at which no actual bombs fall, but operates in a complicated way with light flashes, sleeves and mirrors. This obscure group consists of LAC.'s Perlman, Spencer, Wray, Lee, McKee, Evans and Porter.

Bombing instructors, whom we are sure would much rather be practicing over Berlin, are F/S. Cocks, F/S Robb, Sgts. Humphrey, Goldstein and Cpls. Ironside and Courts.

On the rifle range we find Sgts. Penfold and French, gun armourers, who delight in testing their guns just when everyone is trying to catch a wink of sleep. And if they can't wake you up, they call in the gunnery instructors, F/S. Needham, Sgt. Ross and Cpls. McFayden and Gibson, who immediately turn several classes loose. When that happens London citizens often call the London Free Press to find out whether Canada has been invaded.

The bomb armourers, however, are usually a "quiet" bunch of characters except when they go berserk and throw bombs around

(Continued on Page 105)



SGT. T. NEEDHAM
Four foot 11 inches below sea level."



F/S. D. B. ROBB
Worry-wort



F/S. C. R. COCKS
"If I lose my crown I'll do less than I do now."



RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT: Trainees of Course 102 shown learning what makes Nazis die. Front row: Dennard, Frith, Geddes, Todd and Brighty. Second row: McMorran, Anderson, Webster, Beech, Robinson, Kirby and Instructor F/S. Needham. Third row: Instructor Cpl. McFayden, DeSylva, Beaumont, Sonnenberg, Instructor Sgt. Ross, Lane, Mottram, White, Byfield, K. Thomas and Neal. Back row: V. Thomas, Instructor Cpl. Gibson, Baimbridge, Romero.

Earthy Armourers — A Lusty Lot!

(Continued from Page 104)

like they were bags of sugar. They are Sgt. Gough, Cpls. Saunders, Denny and LAC.'s Mullins, Muirson, Brumpton, Anderson, Clifford, Doig, Bull and Smith.

The armourers' bombs and bullets are not the only noisemakers as anyone who bunks anywhere near them will testify. They all talk, at what has already been successfully recorded, 100 times louder than "noise."

Oh, yes, and in charge of these noise-makers is one of the quietest fellas you ever want to meet, F/S Ward. And Mr. G. of all this thunder is F/L MacPherson.



SGT. G. W. HUMPHREY
"Did you see page 27 in this month's Esquire?"



SGT. F. D. ROSS
Trigger-finger.



SGT. E. R. PENFOLD
"I'll never see service."



SGT. D. A. GOLDSTEIN
"Gosh, didn't make a cent yet today."



SGT. J. A. BOUCHER
The Lone (Lucan) Ranger.



CPL. T. R. COURTS
The little flower.



CPL. R. J. SAUNDERS
"Grandma wouldn't like her, but . . ."



CPL. A. V. IRONSIDE
"I love my wife but oh, you kid!"



LAC. A. E. SMITH
48itis.



CPL. L. A. GOUGH
"Shoot a quarter I'm dragging 75."



CPL. C. I. DENNY
"Those meals are for stiffs."



CPL. A. E. GIBSON
"I'm not blushing—it's my blood pressure."



LAC. C. V. ANDERSON
The only white wolf in captivity.



LAC. A. W. BULL
"From the picture of the same name!"



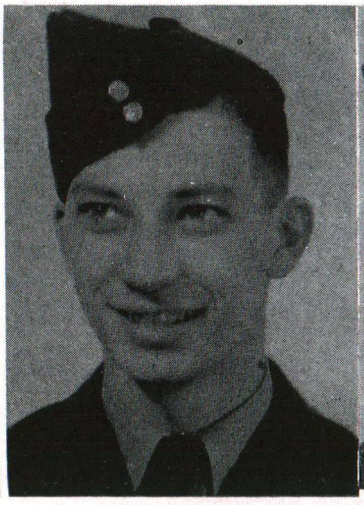
LAC. R. T. MULLINS
"Listen, fellas, I'm serial."



LAC. H. M. DOIG
"Fearless" . . . the Demolition Kid.



LAC. M. W. CLIFFORD
The Saskatoon Quaker.



LAC. R. BRUMPTON
Lil' Abner.



LAC. J. K. MUIRSON
"What has Gable got that I haven't more."



LAC. B. PERLMAN
Drip . . . . .



LAC. W. H. WRAY
The Red Rider.



LAC. A. W. TEIGS
"Home on the (Lucan) Range."



LAC. A. H. McCORQUODALE
"You should see me go at the Palais . . . Yiii Mother!



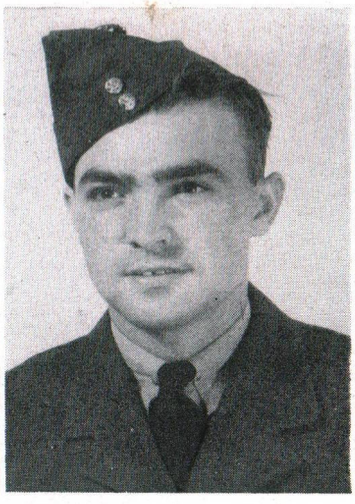
LAC. G. M. LUNDY
"Are you kidding!"



LAC. R. H. SPENCER
"Quiet!"



LAC. H. GLENN
"The yellow ball in the side pocket—no hands."



AC2. R. MARKO
"Crops are poor all over."



LAC. A. GOULET
"The Major's looking for you."

PRESS AGENT SAVARD PRESENTS CASE FOR "FORGOTTEN MAN" (WAG)

By F/O. J. D. SAVARD

(Author of many pamphlets, including "Eternal Victory," "Australian in Canada" among others).

The role of the Signals Section on this station is extremely important in aiding the proper functioning of the training system as laid down by the Commonwealth Air Training Plan, although it is quite evident there are many who have very little knowledge of its duties.

It seems unfortunate that so many people have interpreted the term (Air Crew) to mean Pilot, Navigator and Bombaimer, with very little mention of those equally important members, Wireless Operators, Air Gunners, Flight Engineers, etc.

A complete revision of the qualifications and duties of Wireless Operator (Air Gunners) may enlighten many of the necessity of these highly trained members of Aircrew.

To qualify as a WOAG, an airman must first master the Morse code at the rate of twenty words per minute. This alone is no easy task and has proved a mighty obstacle to many ambitious airmen. During the time which is required to master the Morse code, they are taught radio theory, Morse code procedure, R. T. procedure, aldis lamp, semaphore, signals organization and elementary navigation. Having completed all these and having attained the required standard, the potential WOAG is then posted to bombing and gunnery school, where he is taught all the intricacies of gunnery. Upon having completed this course to the satisfaction of all requirements, he may then be posted to an OTU, or an AOS. as a full graduate Wireless Operator (Air Gunner).



F/L. E. R. LONG (D.F.M.)
Seen any of the WAG's?



F/L. V. H. GROVES
Visiting Ottawa!

The term WOAG on this station, as on many others, has been abbreviated to WAG, and using that term we will try to briefly describe the Signals Section on this station.

So that no one gets any misleading ideas about the WAG's when we mention Zero Zero weather as being ideal (WAG WEATHER), and BBA's as being a (WAG's DREAM), don't get me wrong, they are not all like that, only most of them. Or when base radio requests a position report and the WAG send back, CJR, CO-PILOT'S SEAT, well, you can't blame him . . . much . . . the pilot probably had a tough weekend.

WAG's, however, have many opportunities to demonstrate their skill, and many a crew member sat with an interesting look of concern on his face, when, in the black of night, it was announced to the WAG the ship

(Continued on Page 109)



F/O. J. D. SAVARD
"Got a border crossing pass?"



F/O. J. HOBSON
The original "Hab dab."



F/O. W. F. CHAMBERLAIN
Make mine vanilla.



F/O. E. N. MURPHY
Usually wearing shamrocks.



P/O. J. P. LUPIEN
Serenading donkeys!



F/O. J. DAVIS
"Outside wire, please."

P. A. Savard Presents

(Continued from Page 108)

was slightly off course, and could he please get a QDM. We have only fifteen minutes gas left.

Undoubtedly there are times when to all other crew members it appears the WAG has softly and surely drifted to dreamland, but the grim truth always proves itself when his log book is checked and we find he has only been playing possum. We do have our troubles, though. For example, one of our WAG's absolutely refused to fly because he had not been checked out in an MK. 5.

Altogether, we feel, the Signals Section has a definite place on this station, and combined with every other section, we are sure we have done much toward making life more unbearable for our enemy in Europe and Asia.



P/O. F. D. RIPLEY
Believe it or not!



P/O. C. W. BREWER
"Have you got 10!"



P/O. N. W. LAVELLE
"Could be!"



P/O. N. C. JONES
Can you tie that!



P/O. G. C. BAUMAN
The hard way.



F/O. F. T. WOOTTEN
Spine bashing!



P/O. L. W. COTTERRILL
So you're a civilian, eh!



P/O. C. E. BELL
How's your beer ration holding out?



P/O. J. R. MacDONALD
King of the Roast Beef!



F/O. D. V. HOPE
Our Hollywood Type



P/O. J. F. DOBIE
Blondes!



P/O. G. F. HUME
"Ask R. J."



P/O. R. J. HUME
"Ask G.F."

4497.023



F/L. P. R. BEATTIE (P)



F/L. L. J. FLYNN (RC)

Padres' Message

The closing of this station marks the end of a memorable chapter in the development of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. Our graduates are serving in every theatre of war. Many of them have been decorated for distinguished service, and not a few have given their lives in the cause of freedom.

This station will be remembered with gratitude by all of us, for the good work it has done for the King's air force—for good times and good fellowship.

Now we are to go our ways to many destinations. Some will carry on with familiar tasks. Some will go to new and exciting ones. Some will have to endure great hardships and some may make the supreme sacrifice.

As we look forward, we should remind ourselves of the purpose which we serve; the victory of freedom over tyranny and the establishment of a peaceful international social order.

That victory may be some time in coming or it may be close at hand. Whatever the issue, let us dedicate ourselves anew to the cause and resolve to give the best we have. Let us remember also that we are not alone in this, but that the God who has led us hitherto will continue to be with us.

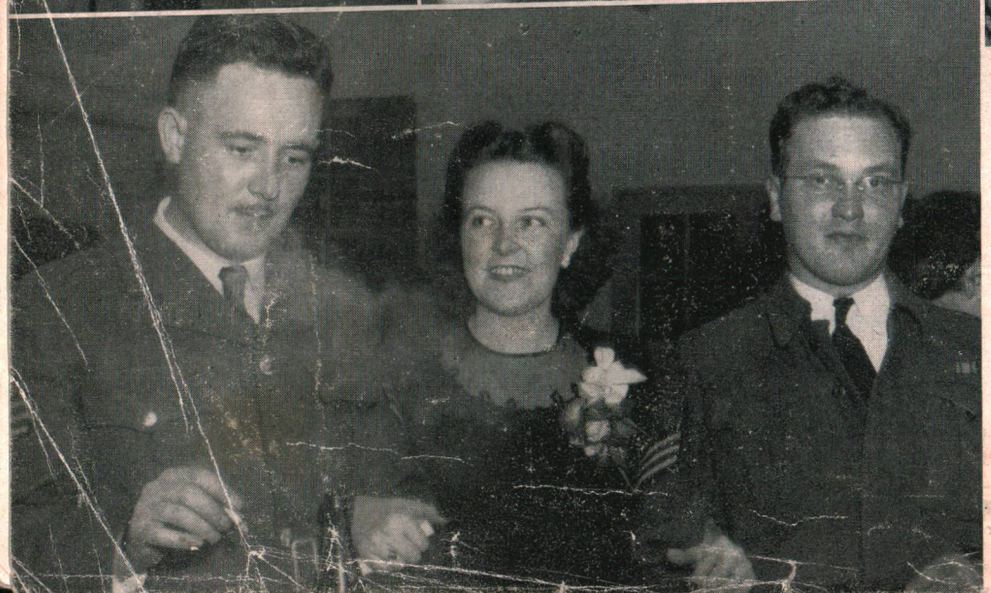
Good luck and God bless you.











SERGEANTS' SHINDIG: One of the last big spree by the sergeants' mess, the September dance, was a lulu. For all we know, that party might still be going on. In the upper left is seen Sgt. Don Baker giving the oggle to a pair of jambs while the photog catches him with someone else's wife (Mrs. T. Needham). Just below is F/S. Needham, not too far away, but doing all right for himself in a cheeck-to-cheek routine with Miss Julia McFie. Below that and to the left is F/S Don Stirling, i/c photo, in a meditative pose (Shall I or shall I not have another beer?)' with charming Mrs. Stirling and Sgt. J. Kossatz. Top above: Melee before the bar, which is being tended by Cpl. Hugli, who is seen pointing finger at Sgt. Baker (Did you pay me for the last beer?). Also in evidence are WO1. Gord Martyn and wife, Sgt. Gratz and wife and visitors F/O.'s H. Heldman, with bottle to lips, and Jack Davis, with hand on Miss Parachute Section's hip. Immediately above a general view of the dance in its early stage.

Printed by A. Talbot & Company, Limited
London, Ont.