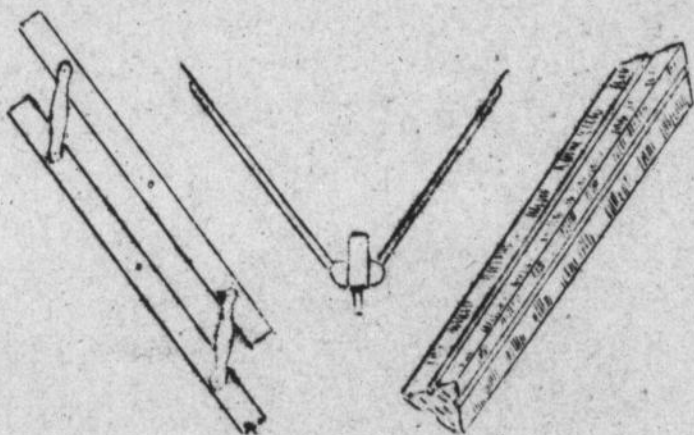


THE

NAVIGATOR

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DATE

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1 A.O.S.
MALTON

THE NAVIGATOR

The official publication of No. 1 Air Observer School, Malton, Ont.
Published with the kind permission of
Squadron Leader Geo. W. Jacobi & Mr. W.A. McLeod.

EDITOR

Sergeant John MacLean

• •

Staff Artists

Anybody

• •

Staff

Every officer, airman and civilian employed on this school.

SCHOOL ONCE MORE GAINS RECOGNITION

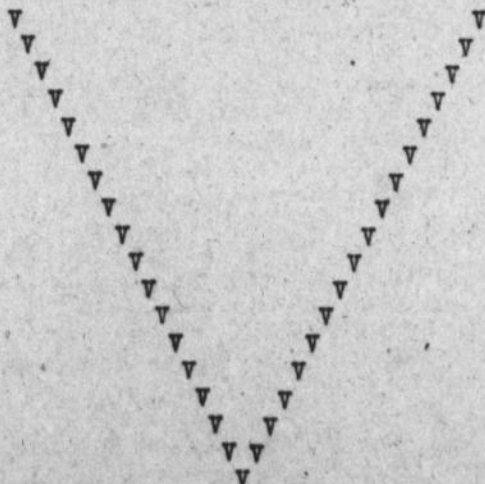
Once again the excellent record of No. 1 A.O.S. has been given recognition and cited by Command and we wish to take this opportunity of congratulating one and all: Pilots, Engineers and Ground Crew and all the staff doing their bit in helping to maintain the splendid record turned out by the school.

As we review the quarterly analysis of accidents during April, May and June, we note that No. 1 A.O.S. is the only school returning a NIL accident report.

We would like to quote a section from the review of accident analysis by Group Captain B.F. Johnston "19 (v) The prize, however, goes to No. 1 A.O.S., which flew 7,359 hours without a single accident reported".

This is a record to be proud of and to maintain, showing that we are doing our utmost in a careful and well done job. Keep the war effort running smoothly and contribute your maximum in winning this hard fought battle

Keep up the good work and once again, congratulations.



Squadron Leader Geo. W. Jacobi

S/L Jacobi was born and educated in Toronto. He attended the University of Toronto Schools and graduated from the University of Toronto in Mechanical Engineering in 1931. For some time he was on the staff of the University, later going to the Pittsburgh Coal Co., Ltd., as combustion engineer, and just previous to the war was with the Imperial Oil Limited. While at the University he was attached to the R.C.A.F. for flying training for three years, taking a three months' course each year, and upon graduating received his wings from the Inspector General S/L, now A/V/M G.M. Creil.

For a few years the C.O. flew at the Toronto Flying Club as a hobby. In 1933 he joined 110 AC City of Toronto Squadron, with the rank of F/O. He was one of the original members of this squadron, which was the first Canadian Squadron to go over as a unit. One of the highlights in the history of 110 AC was the obtaining of aircraft--two years after the squadron's organization.

Everyone looked forward to going to camp with auxiliary squadrons, and the C.O. was no exception. Borden and Trenton were always something to look forward to, and he spent the training period each summer in camp with the squadron. From the time of the squadron's conception until the outbreak of war the C.O. rose from F/O to F/L.

On the outbreak of war the squadron was broken up and the C.O. was posted to Kingston to open a recruiting centre: it was here that a few of the senior station N.C.O.'s enlisted in '39. At the end of this year he was posted to 120(B.R.) Squadron at Vancouver and then Patricia Bay. After completing the specialists Navigation Course at Rivers, Man., he was posted to this station in July 1941.

The Air Force does not confine the military background of S/L Jacobi, for he became military minded at the age of 16, when he joined the Queen's Own Rifles, the oldest regiment in Canada. He was and still is quite a marksman, having won many trophies including the regimental honours, and the coveted Wingate cup. The C.O. is well known and very popular both in military and social circles. S/L Jacobi understands men and as long as he commands this school we feel safe in saying it will retain its coveted title "No. 1 in every respect".

.....
G.E. L'AVENTURE
ASSISTANT GENERAL MANAGER

Mr. L'Aventure was born in Toronto, is married and has three children--the two youngest he boasts are twins. He received his education at the University of Toronto Schools, from which he received his Senior Matriculation. From there he enrolled in the University of Toronto, taking Arts and Medicine for three years. In 1916 he enlisted in the Canadian Field Artillery. Later he was drafted to the only Canadian A.A. Battery, spending 18 months in France as an A.A. Gunner.

From 1923 till 1940 his occupation was the insurance brokerage. In July 1940 Mr. L'Aventure enlisted in the 53rd Active Field Battery and rose to the capacity of an instructor, holding the rank of Quartermaster Sergeant. He transferred to the R.C.A.F. in June 1941. He completed the Administrative course at A.D.S. in Trenton and was posted to the North Bay Recruiting Centre.

From here he was posted to No. 1 Manning Depot, to the trade Selection Board, and from thence to the Training Wing at No. 1 M.D. Mr. L'Aventure holds the rank of Flying Officer in the R.C.A.F. and is at present on indefinite leave, while serving with the Company. His sports are rugby, track and field. Also canoeing and yachting.

The following is a letter received recently from an Australian Air Observer, graduate of this school. As this letter is very interesting and instructive, the C.O. has consented to have it printed in THE

NAVIGATOR:

England, 16-7-42

Dear Sir:-

I am taking this opportunity - to send you a long overdue letter to let you know how things have progressed since I was at Lalton in the hope that my experiences may prove of some value to you. During our stay there, Squadron Leader Jacobbi was the Commanding Officer. Our Navigation Instructor was Joe Vanstone, Instruments - Flt. Lt. McKillop. Some of the other Officers were: Flying Officer Acer, Squadron Leader Pounder, Flying Officers Baker, Curtis, and, of course, Warrant Officer McKerry. We arrived about the 20th of August, being 31 course on the Station. Then followed three of the happiest months I have ever spent - flying all over Ontario with Mr. McLeod, Jay Demming, McAllister, etc., a swell bunch of coves by the way. After Lalton we moved on to Jarvis Bombing & Gunnery School, then Astro School at Pennfield Ridge. Finally to Halifax, where the Sergeants were separated from the Pilot Officers and off we went on the boat - the Sergeants going on the first draft, the Officers remaining for the second draft. It appears from reports we heard later that the Pilot Officers were on the boat when they dragged nine of them off and sent them to Montreal to do a G/R course, in order to fly Catalinas home to Australia. Lucky blighters! Three missed out and we met them later in England. From letters received since then, all the lads arrived O.K. - and are now helping to fight the war by keeping good old Aussie's shores clear of the "yellow peril". Well to return to the "old originals". Quite an uneventful trip across the Atlantic - Flying Officer Curtis was on board, strangely enough, and we renewed very pleasant acquaintances. And so to England -- I will tell you of my own experiences - to cover all the boys would take reams. So, sir, please excuse the use of the personal pronoun.

After arrival, we spent a month in our Personnel Reception Centre. Here we rubbed shoulders with airmen from all over the world. Canucks, Rhodesians, New Zealanders, Yanks, and even a lad from Bermuda. Then on to what is known as an Advanced Flying Unit. Here we did four weeks' training - flying ansons around; mostly at night in order to familiarize ourselves with map reading over blacked out England. It was a rather nice Station and was good practice - four weeks there, and off to an Aussie O.T.U. (Operational Training Unit) situated in the Midlands. And these O.T.U.'s are really something - here we put the final polish on to an already excellent training. The usual period spent there is three months. I was fortunate in passing through in six weeks. The procedure is to do 30 hours on ansons and then sixty hours on Wimpies. It was really putting into practice everything we had learned in our six months' training. D.R., Astro, Bombing, Gunnery - and it was really excellent. Six weeks there and our crew were ready to go to a squadron - but there was a further session in store for us. We took part in the 1,000 Bomber raids on Cologne and Essen. Quite a start for a "sprog" crew - still at O.T.U. and so off we went on our first "op". Out over the North Sea; over the Dutch coast and right on E.T.A. we were over Cologne at 13,000 feet. The town was well alight then and we were in comparatively early. Well we started our run in. We had just got rid of the incendiaries when the searchlights caught us. In five seconds we were in a vicious cone and the flak was pouring up at us. Then followed six of the longest minutes I have ever spent. We did everything; we dived, twisted, turned, climbed - still they held us. And then they hit us - we could hear the flak exploding; but this one was slightly louder than the others and the old Wimp rocked violently. I was at the bombsight at the time, and oil flew all over my flying boots and we could smell petrol. To cut a long story short we eventually got out of the muck - after dropping from 13,000 to 7,000 feet. And so off for home - with oil every where. Back at base, the wheels wouldn't come down - but fifteen minutes on the hand pump and we came in. The riggers later announced that there were eleven holes in the fuselage! And so that was the baptism of fire our crew received. Since moving to this Australian Squadron we are on now we have done sixty hours on operations including trips to Essen, Bremen, Wilhelmshaven, Duisberg, Emden and four minelaying trips. They have been rather good trips - the minelaying trips are the real tests of navigation. This navigation all boils down to one thing - an extremely sound basis in D.R. Plenty of cross-country trips, map reading, plenty of wind finding - and most important of all lay stress on keeping an air plot at all times.

(continued)

Then when the weather is bad, one can use astro and loops to navigate by. I consider Malton Training to be the finest I have ever had. And plenty of "dry swims" - plotting exercises in the class room are invaluable. An early talk on Astro too does not go amiss at an A.O.S. Get the lads out and teach them star recognition - that is sometimes a weak link with the observers over here. So that's that. You may be also interested to know that I passed from O.T.U. with a grading of "exceptional", and a very strong recommendation for a commission. I thank Malton A.O.S. for both things. Here is a summary of our course.

Barraclough - Returned to Australia	Nielsen - Bomber Command (RAAF)
Belford - Bomber Command, now missing	Osborn - O.T.U.
Blackwell - Coastal Command, Mid. East	Pottigrow - Australia
Bolger - Bomber Command	Quick - O.T.U.
Bourke - Australia	Robinson - Coastal Command (Middle East)
Cobley - Australia	Rowell - Australia
Conlon - Bomber Command (RAAF Sqn.)	Salkeld - Australia
Cox - Missing	Sharkey - Missing
Crowthor - Bomber Command (RAAF Sqn)	Storey - O.T.U.
Darken - Bomber Command (Lancaster)	Strutton - Coastal Command
Deed - Bomber Command (RAAF Sqn)	Sullivan - Coastal Command
Dunn - Australia	Taylor - Coastal Command
Gaffney - Missing	Teitzel - O.T.U.
Gowing - Coastal Command	White - A.F.U.
Hockey - Australia	Ingram - Australia
Holland - Bomber Command (Lanc.)	Johnson - Bomber Command (RAAF)
Mathers - Missing	Mackintosh - Bomber Command (Lanc)
McDonald - Bomber Command (Lanc)	McKenzie - Coastal Command
Moore - O.T.U.	Morgan - O.T.U.
Moulton - Coastal Command	Murphy - Coastal Command (Middle E.)
Nicholson - Radio Observer, Beaufighters	

Well that sir, is where the lads are now - as you can see, we have scattered far and wide since leaving Malton, but all have done a lot to help smash the Hun. Some are missing unfortunately - they will be avenged.

In conclusion, may I say "thank you" - sincerely. Not only myself - I know all the boys will heartily endorse that sentiment. We shall always remember Malton A.O.S. - and the men who we were privileged to meet there.

Sincerely Yours,

(sgd.) Bob Nielsen.

We are proud of them

Both civilian and service personnel on this Station can look with pride on the boys they instructed and who went overseas on active service in air operations against the enemy. The record they have set is not surpassed by any other Air Observer School, and as long as your standard of work and our standard of instruction is maintained at its present level, there is no reason why we can't lead the field.

The following record is up to date:

F/L J. Gellner	August 18, 1940	Distinguished Flying Cross Czech Medal for Valor Czech Military Cross
P/O J.A. Duncan	Sept. 15, 1940	Distinguished Flying Cross
P/O J.P. Early	Oct. 13, 1940	Distinguished Flying Cross
P/O D.C. Martin	Aug. 18, 1940	Distinguished Flying Medal
P/O W.L. Jennings	Sept. 15, 1940	Distinguished Flying Medal
P/O D.S. Florence	Sept. 15, 1940	Distinguished Flying Medal
Sgt. T.B. Miller	Feb. 2, 1941	The George Cross
F/O C.A. Dingle	Nov. 10, 1940	Distinguished Flying Cross
P/O R.L. Hosca	Jan. 5, 1941	Distinguished Flying Cross
P/O R. Alexander	Aug. 18, 1940	Distinguished Flying Cross
F/L R.D. Church	Oct. 13, 1940	Distinguished Flying Cross
P/O A.C. Dale	Oct. 13, 1940	Distinguished Flying Cross
F/O B.C. McIver	Oct. 13, 1941	Distinguished Flying Cross
F/O R.C. Hardingham	Oct. 13, 1941	Distinguished Flying Cross
I.V. Watts	Oct. 13, 1941	Distinguished Flying Cross

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!!OUR SERGEANT MAJOR!!

Since the last issue of THE NAVIGATOR, the Sergeant Major has acquired a wife. This is the first time in the history of No. 1 A.O.S. that such a thing has happened, so THE NAVIGATOR hastens to congratulate WO2 Bill McKorry and to extend best wishes to his charming bride. Flight Sergeant Day, Sergeant McLean and Cpl. Watson were among those privileged to be present at the wedding. We don't know whether they kissed the bride or not. The honeymoon was spent at Wasaga Beach, but Bill parries all questions with the remark that "A man's honeymoon is his own".

48 SETS RECORD

Course 48 has set a record for No. 1 N.C.S. It is the first full course of New Zealanders to have completed training at the station.

It is also a noteworthy course in that all the N.Z. members were civilian enlistments. Most of the courses that have passed through Malton have contained at least a percentage of grounded pilots.

Many members of Course 48 enlisted long before they were called into camp at I.T.F. at Levin in N.Z. Some filed applications for entry into the R.N.Z.A.F. up to eighteen months before they went into camp at the end of December, 1941. Between the time of enlistment and entry into camp, they completed the special educational course which all prospective trainees had to undergo.

At Levin the 48 members were in Course 30, which was one of the highest class averages in the history of the station. Members of Course 48, roughly half of Course 30 at Levin, landed in Canada the day before Easter. After a week at Lachine Manning Pool at Montreal, they were posted to No. 1 N.C.S. The balance of the old Course 30, plus grounded pilots regrouped as observers, went to another school.

Originally 48 members enlisted as observers were selected by the N.C.S. Selection Board as observers, and like Course 47 they started training at Malton as observers and passed through the initial stages of the bombing course. The alteration on the Empire Air Training scheme resulted in the change over to navigators, the deletion of bombing from the schedule, where specialized navigational instruction and instruction in astro at Malton instead of at B.&G. School.

Three Canadians joined the class during its training. Two dropped out owing to medical reasons, and one L.A.C. Barrie J.D. is a graduate with the class.

The New Zealanders were warned before they left home that they would find the course in Canada a stiff one, but the class average compares well with the high standard of the school. Members of the course have worked hard and conscientiously, and owe much to their instructors, both officers and N.C.C.'s. Instructors in the main subjects have been Flight-Lieutenant W. Tully, Officer-in-charge, and Pilot-Officer R.V. Macdonald. Both earned the respect of class members who owe them a great deal in many ways. In fact the course has found all the officers and N.C.C.'s on the station to be helpful and willing to meet any reasonable request. In a more general way the New Zealanders have found Canadian people kindly and hospitable. They arrived in the early spring and have had the benefit of the greater part of the summer. They have taken full advantage of week-ends to see various parts of Canada and the U.S. within reach during the time at their disposal. They will carry very pleasant memories of Canada with them wherever they go.

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Thumb-nail sketches of COURSE 48, giving their previous
occupations and chief sports or hobbies

NAME	OCCUPATION	SPORTS : HOBBIES
Plank, H.J.	Bank Clerk	All sports, no hobbies
Barrie, J.D.	Laboratory assistant	Golf, basketball, photography
Cook, D.N.	Architectural draughts- man	Hockey, tramping, sailing, swimming, tennis
Page, G.B.	Farmer, cattle breeder	Tennis, skating
Baxter, A.K.	County clerk	Golf, cricket, hockey
Clifton-Logg, W.S.	Transport operator	Golf, tennis, cricket
Reade, G.E.C.	Seedsman	Cricket, swimming
Knox, T.S.G.	Civil servant	All sports. Shooting Swimming, music
Ward, L.M.	Company director	Golf, swimming, tennis
Faulson, F.A.	Apprentice plumber	Cricket, football
Daves, F.R.	Bank clerk	Golf, hockey
Curtis, J.S.	Journalist	Swimming, boating, tennis
Eckhold, L.C.	Postal clerk	Swimming, tennis, football
Clark, W.D.	Electrical contractor	Skiing, tennis, hockey swimming, badminton
Barney, W.D.	School teacher	Flying, swimming, hiking, climbing
Trewavas, N.J.	Civil servant	Swimming, rugby, cricket, yachting
McCorkindale, J.D.	Salesman	Badminton, basketball
Wilson, J.G.	Bank clerk	Golf, tennis, swimming
Lodge, T.	Master plumber	Surfing, swimming, skiing, football, basketball
Jones, W.R.L.	Civil Servant	Surfing, swimming, boating
Gamman, L.E.	Sports goods dealer	Golf, tennis, badmin- ton
Jarvie, A.A.	Company secretary	Athletics, tennis, swimming, football
Crawshaw, R.A.	Clerk	Rugby, cricket
Croew, L.T.	Pilot staff, Auckland Harbour Board	Rugby, cricket, base- ball
Glenday, L.D.	School teacher	Tennis, golf.

MALTON IN THE CLAY

There is an isolated spot I'd like to mention--

Where lads all stand on Friday morn so stiffly to attention;
The C.O. looks them up and down, and disapproves a lot,
If he sees them with uncut hair, or on their pants a spot.

There's only one road to this place, it's really just a track;
Then once you've crawled along the thing, you wish that you were back.
They've tried to make a new one, having finally raised the cost--
They started right along the track, and now they're durned well lost!

As for the boys inside the place--we've offered many a prayer,
For they're quickly going "nuts" and losing all their hair;
The problems set are complicated--rare and dignified--
A fellow got one right one day--he just lay down and died.

There's flies that buzz around the less as big as billy goats!
One night an airman saw one trying on his overcoat;
Mosquitoes too, that call it Home--they all are large and handsome,
A mob of them flew in one time and carried off an anson.

The climate is terrific there--just thunderstorms galore,
And when the rain stops, you can see them, swimming for the shore;
There's only one chup on the place who knows what makes them go,
He's the local weather man--they call him Stormy Joe.

And when we've captured Hitler and his gang of Nazi boys,
To hang or shoot the so and so, would just add to their joys;
Just march him up and down the road to Malton in the clay,
And let his buddies stand and watch him slowly fade away.

by L.A.C. Sharpe, V.J. NZ.4230
Course 50,
No. A.C.S., Malton, Ont.

PERSONALITIES OF COURSE 50

Larry Logan has recently heard of the addition of a son to his increasing family. Larry and family are doing well.

Have the Canadian girls got good teeth Johnny! or how did you get those teeth marks on your arm????

Evidently red-heads are alright as Fitz is certainly doing a heavy line with one.

Maybe Rosie and Robbie can tell us the difference between milk in Malton and milk at Rochester. Never mind lads, you made the front page news.

That's new in a Burlesque show to a married man? Ask our Air & Map representatives.

We hear that the last three 43's have seen Little Norman in Detroit. Is the attraction a sweet young thing called Suzy??

That a golden opportunity was missed by a young man who was left to his own devices in a car with a beautiful brunette, in Hamilton one night. But believe it or not our bespectacled Gable fell asleep. ~~Was he?~~ he have been too, too, tired!

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

PERSONALITIES OF COURSE 50
(Continued)

That wasn't the same chap who fell asleep in an arson either.

Talking about sleep--can anyone suggest what happened to Vic in Detroit, on Saturday and Sunday to make him sleep from 1800 hours Monday till 0700 Tuesday??? It must have been good, judging by the satisfied expression on his face.

Robert B. is a fast worker. He was seen under the "affluence of inebriol" in the Royal York approximately one hour after leaving camp!!!

FRAGMENTS FROM A NIGHT FLIGHT

The city is turned to a flower,
Unfolding her heart to the night,
Old dreams of a fairy-tale bower,
Long faded, grow once again bright.

A picture unsequined on velvet,
Patterned of darkness and light,
Disturbing the heart with a yearning,
A memory of other lights burning,
Just a wish that we might be returning,
Like birds that are homing in flight.

Shall I grasp at a star for a jewel
To deck out my darlin's hair,
And laugh at a fate that is cruel,
And sigh for a face that is fair?

I could gather the lights in my fingers,
And scatter them far in the air,
The moon in her heaven is beaming,
The waterways render, are gleaming,
The forests and lakes lie adreaming,
And I sigh for a face that is fair.

(Australian)
Class 31.

EXPANSION PROGRAMME

There is an air of extra haste and bustle around No. 1 A.O.S. these days, as the scheduled programme of expansion for this school gets under way. The Civilian establishment under the management of Dominion Airways Training Limited is being increased from some 200 civilian personnel to around 600, and at this writing additions to the staff have been made to the extent of about 35%.

No. 1 Elementary Flying Training School, adjoining the premises of No. 1 A.O.S., both R.C.A.F. and civilian, have been moved to De Winton, Alberta - and will operate there as No. 31 E.F.T.S., and the buildings and grounds left vacant have been taken over by this school.

As feminine help figures largely in the additions to our Civilian operating staff, the landscape around the Camp is being rapidly transformed from the conventional drab blue and khaki of the R.C.A.F. boys to a multi-colored panorama, as the lady members flit here and there on their daily rounds.

In the Radio department, to improve operations, we have been established with Sergeant Wireless Operator Air Gunner, to the extent of one for each aircraft. Which means that after expansion is completed we will have approximately 76.

Action has already been taken to train girls for ground operations, not only for this school, but also for the other observer schools throughout Canada. Special courses are being conducted at Radio College of Canada, Toronto, and 83 girls from all over the Dominion, selected by the A.O.S.'s, have been sent to Toronto to train as ground operators. The course calls for three months training. Tuition fees, board and spending money are provided by the Federal Government. Mr. Hooper, our Radio Superintendent has been entrusted with the job of handling this work. Reports are that the girls are batting 100% at 6 words per minute, at the end of their first week. This is much better than the record of the average student.

RADIO ROOM

The Radio Department regrets to say goodbye to Herbert Olivier, who is leaving us to join the Air Crew at Ferry Command. For the past two weeks he has been instructing at the Radio College of Canada. Good luck, Frenchie!

With the Radio Room expanded to include signals officer, welcome is extended to P/O Long, D.F.W., in charge of the afore mentioned. In cooperation with Mr. Hooper our new P/O is gradually laying down hard and fast rules for the conduct of the Wireless Air Gunners. We expect in the very near future that the Radio Department will be a smooth running machine once again.

Mr. Hooper finds himself in a new and embarrassing position of overseeing the girls boarding accommodations - of course we refer to the girls at the Radio College. Just what does one do when the girls insist on toast for breakfast, instead of plain rolls.

PARACHUTE ROOM

Grace Kugg has just completed her parachute packing course at R.C.A.F. Training School in Toronto, with credit to herself and our school, and is now a full fledged member of the parachute staff. Miss Kugg has journeyed all the way from Winnipeg to make her contribution to the war effort.

PILOTS' ROOM

Since June there have been quite a few changes in the Pilot Personnel. Billy Hughes has gone to the U.S. Army Air Corp.; Norm Miller has gone back to his old love - prospecting for a few months; Tommy Noakes has gone to the Territories for the summer, with a dragon Rapide; and Jay Demming has left us to take up a new position as a test pilot with the Bell Aircraft in Buffalo. We expect him to pay us a visit with a screaming Airacobra before very long. G. Joselin has been on the sick list for some weeks past with pleurisy, but we believe he is now on the mend. The Sergeant Pilots that arrived in June are gradually getting into the Pilots' Room and are being of great assistance.

Harold Dow and George Dodds have been elevated to the lofty positions of Duty Pilots during the month.

During July the Pilots have had their first flight as Navigators????

There was some excellent courses hatched out as well as some rather peculiar ones. We all enjoyed it and acquired an even healthier respect for the work done by the students.

BIRTHS

July 14th, to Pilot J. Walker and Mrs. Walker, a son, William, the second.

To Pilot Gordon Hiltz and Mrs. Hiltz, a son, Gordon, the second.

William the second had the edge on Gordon the second by 3 hours and 2 ounces.

Contrats to both sets of parents.

FLIGHT OFFICE

The office welcomes Lessee Sergeant and Nelson into their midst, and we must say that we couldn't help but watch young Logie admiring the gal standing on the tarmac with the Log and the Bawbee Tartan. Walk up and say "how-de-do", Logie.

Mr. Boone is away up in the northland on his vacation. The ladies in the office hope he will catch a lot of fish - now that the tea and coffee are rationed, they have to depend on fish and buttermilk.

Paul and his sidekick were apparently on a moonlight crouse last night, and when we saw them in the office this morning they hadn't quite docked.

FROM THE WAGS' CORNER WHERE THE WAGS WAGGLE ON

Which one of our local Sgt. WAGs nearly forgot to return to camp over the weekend. He must have had something very interesting to detain him so long, but Sgt. Rouse, I believe, likes to be detained by interesting people.

Our old friend and partner, Sgt. Chartand, is still giving a few of the ladies the thrill of a life-time, with his pleasing smile and "always on the alert" manner.

Our little friend from the West, Sgt. Dripper (better known as "wrong-way Dripper") returned late Saturday evening from a trip that was packed with thrills but no spills. Caught out in the soup Sgt. Dripper guided the aircraft away from the base by mistake. Better luck next time, Kid! You may be able to set down in Saskatoon for a while.

What local WAG nearly forgot to reel in his trailing aerial last week? Next time (if it happens again) it will be up to the fellow to buy the beer for all the WAGs on that particular flight.

Who says the WAGs are not the most popular men in the Air Force. We have one with us who is known as "Miss Malton for 1942".

Boyd—the tower is very busy at all times, so if you are attempting to contact Melrose how about changing over your frequency first.

What time is the flight on Saturday and Sunday mornings?

What WAG was it that after consuming three pints of beer in the Sergeant's Mess could not move hand or foot for over an hour afterwards? Our friend Sgt. Knight should watch himself on his drinking sprees. Two should be his limit.

One of our local WAGs, Sgt. Good, is considering remustering to the C.W.A.C.

Boys, don't spend too many week-ends in the King Edward. It is very hard on the pay (ask Sgt. Reed and Rouse). They ought to know!

Calling all WAGs!!! Remember the days when we ate in the Sergeant's Mess and we got a bit of a variety.

Sgt. Stephenson who has been working on the ground station for the last week, is to be congratulated on the efficient way in which he performed his duties.

We wonder what the two boys from Smith Falls found the fishing like over the weekend. Or was it fishing???

URGENT NOTE TO GENERAL McNAUGHTON!!!

If the officers of No. 1 A.C.S. were adequately supplied with resilient and manoeuvrable pillows the commandos would be looking to their laurels! It is common chat that "one-sock" Iredale and "never-say-die" Jacobi put on a grand show at the pillow fight.

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ARMAMENT SECTION SITTINGS

Looks like the armament section is due to function 100 per cent with the advent of air bombers' courses come September.

Summer leaves are winding up. Airman Crawford and Cormier have returned from agricultural pursuits.

Sergeant Stu Moore has completed his four weeks' hard labor at Trenton, Sergeant Pete White and Corporal "Dan'l" Boon are expected back from Jarvis shortly.

Airman O'Hara has been in hospital and may some day come back from sick leave.

Flight Sergeant Day, having sniped groundhogs diligently all summer in the vicinity of Tottenham, is able to report that the enemy has made no new gains. (He tells us he helps on the farm).

Airman Doherty, he of the punctured lung, is improving steadily under his wife's care.

Sergeant Mike Gourlay, although he looks healthy enough, still insists he needs a nurse's care. (I'm not feeling too well myself.)

We would like to plant a dictaphone on Big Red and get a load of his technique with the sweet young thing in the hangar.

Corporal Goodhead, having learned to foretell approaching squalls while in the Met. section, feels qualified to embark on the sea of matrimony. That's O.K. so long as he doesn't get any funny ideas about who's captain. Announcement later. No flowers (or flowerpots) please.

Airman Floyd, artist and draughtsman extraordinary, has been collecting impressions or what have you while on leave in Toronto.

F/O Leach, while hurling flour bags at the army, was heard to murmur, "Now if only I had a bombsight....."

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THE ORDERLY ROOM

Hal! So you want to know what an Orderly Room is, hey? Well, I'll tell you.--In the first place it isn't orderly--because everybody wants to come in and see what goes on. They say, "Why read D.R.O.'s when we can drop in on the O.R. and get all the dope." "Who's posted?" "Who's promoted?" "Who's this?" "Who's that?" --Answer-- "Sorry, buddy, nothin' doing." (This is to try and discourage all youse guys)

"Type this".."Type that".."Gimme this".."Where is it?".."Who's duty flight?".."Where's the Adjutant?".."How high is up?".."If somebody had two pair of twins twice how many?".."Hurry up, I gotta run".."Who's Joe McGurk".."Where's George?"

Amid these verbal outbursts the O.R. "Joes" have to handle correspondence - records - documents - returns - mail - T.81 - T.91 - R.100042 - DRO's - complaints - phone calls from irate women - finance - filing - flying time - etc. - etc. - etc. - etc. - etc. Now, the unsung hero of any war is the poor guy in the Orderly Room who tries hard but all he gets is a bang on each ear and no flying pay, so if you are a modest young chappie with no glory blood in your roll, I would recommend the Orderly Room.

FIELD DAY

On August 3rd, 1942, No. 1 A.O.S. made its first attempt at staging a combined Field Day and Dance. All reports have been to the effect that everyone had an excellent time (although there have been a few complaints from the girls to the effect that all the airmen except L.A.C. Tow #49 were rather backward about making acquaintances).

The Meet was held under difficulties but we feel that the purpose of it all was very definitely gained. Our sports field is not as level as a billiard table, our Public Address system was not operating again, but with the assistance of our human P.A. system, Chief Logic, things kept rolling.

Among the features of the entertainment was a 20 minute exhibition of N.Z. rugger and everyone certainly concluded that it was a marvelous game.....to watch.

Another interesting game was the be all and end all softball game between F/O Wills' hdgts. team and Cpl. Black's student team squeezed out a 10-5 victory based on an eight run rally in the final inning.

No track records were shattered but racing form and spring times certainly shuddered.

The meet was run on the Scotch plan with Macdonald, MacLean and Logic on the buying committee.

We are indebted to the Y.M.C.A.'s Bill Craig and Hugh Peart for their invaluable assistance and particular thanks to F/L Floyd and LAC Durrill who both did much to make the day a success.

Class 51 won the high class total for the day but was given a close run by class 54. Officers amazed everyone by romping home third last instead of the expected position.

The Winners were as follows:

100 yard dash	1st	Bovard
	2nd	Trewawas
	3rd	Buchan
Sack race	1st	Newill
	2nd	Nicholson
	3rd	Barney
High jump	1st	Masseion
	2nd	Wilson
	3rd	Pearce and Cresswell
Broad jump	1st	Charlesworth
	2nd	Kerr
	3rd	Turcotte
Officers' 50 yd. dash	1st	P/O Macdonald
	2nd	F/O Fraser
	3rd	F/L Gates
Shot Put	1st	P/O Macdonald
	2nd	P/O Gibbons
	3rd	LAC Buchan
Tag of war		Class 54 winners
880 relay		Class 50 winners

CURRENT BITS OF NONSENSE AND CAMP GOSSIP

We welcome Mrs. Mac Doll, telephone operator, who is doing a fine job in her short time here. Miss Jerry Deering has deserted a flight to become a switchboard operator at E.F.T.S.--Good luck, Jerry. Jean Jolliffe has acquired a brand new picture of her handsome husband now overseas. If anyone on the station hasn't seen it it's not our Jean's fault. Are there any more at home like him, Mrs. J.?

We hear that one girl in the metal workshop is so eager to get to work that she rides a bicycle, takes a ferry, then a street car, to get to Malton at 7:15 A.M. Here's hoping she doesn't have to swim the bay some morning.-----They say the girls at Brant Inn are doing a new dance called "The Joe Jenner Droop". One lesson from Monsieur Mazunga.

Congratulations to De McKeller on getting her husband safely back from overseas. No more wavin', De.

Ossie Wood's spending his honeymoon in Sault Ste. Marie.

Lillian Mathews of A flight has left for Dauphin, Man. Our best wishes go with her. Red says she likes mountain climbing in Manitoulin Island.

Mr. McMullan, our work shop foreman celebrated his 46th birthday last week. Many happy returns of the day, Mac.

Doug Eisen we hear is getting married early in September.

Johnny Campbell has left us on July 27th to join the RCAF.

Doug McComb has offered his services to the Air Force and is now awaiting his call.

Ted Jones has been telling us some tall fish stories since returning from vacation. We would like to know more about the "Big one" that got away--was it a quart or a pint?????

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

If there is any sailing done on the Temerarie from the Queen City Yacht Club when Miss Froy goes sailing after dark-----

Sarg. Brown would like to know who the tall blonde is in the metal workshop whom Sgt. Chanandy so gracefully waves to as he passes by.

What did Irene put in the fudge that caused Ab to clutch his stomach and imitate our Air Raid Siren?

If it's such a long way from the Maintenance workshop to the Gate that a certain young lady has to wait for the station wagon to take her there, or is there another reason (what about it, Jimmy?)

Why C.S. always carries a smart eversharp pencil nearest her heart, and if she thinks we don't know it belongs to a tall, dark Pilot.

Why Harold made a date with one of our cute blondes to go canoeing, but went dancing at the Sea Breeze instead. (Are you slipping, Harold?)

What lady went to the show last week and had to change seats three times - we wonder who got fresh, finally.

COURSE 52

Comes another issue of our paper. In the weeks since last we wrote we have had a Wings Parade, a Field Day, and a Dance, all of which have failed in any way to forestall the rapid progress of Course 52 towards a chronic condition of slap-happy unconsciousness. It isn't the weather that causes it, nor the improvement in the meals since the ladies have arrived. It isn't just the result of flying at great heights at great speeds, nor is it the "wearing down" effect caused by Coriolis Forces emanating from the Human Dynamo who teaches us Astro., Calc. and D.R. It's just plain too many W/V's and, who the hell's got my sextant????

Some of the gang have preserved something faintly resembling sanity. Webb, for instance, continues to sleep with sound effects, waking only to condemn those whose authority prevents him from sleeping through morning parade, afternoon aprade, and duty watch parade. Swallow, who is slap-happy anyway, continues to stimulate himself with chocolate milk, the result of which usually gives rise to an outburst of further verses, entitled "But I loved her, for who done me no wrong."-- the music for the same being at least eight to the bar. Serg. Lee, of course, has solved the situation by getting married. Judging by his happy appearance, we are inclined to think that marriage may be definitely the answer.

So, what with Astro, Calc., W/V's, and the vagaries of Sergeant WAGs, we are not entirely happy. But some day we may move on to O.T.U. all dressed up smart-like with hooks and stuff. Could be then we'll be happy again.-----Could be.

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!CHALLENGE!

Come on, you goofers! Pardon me, I mean golfers, not goofers. Bring your sticks, no, not hockey sticks--golf sticks. We have a small golf course - not quite on par with Beverly Hills, but at least we have a quarter of the holes they have in California. You may, with luck win yourself a refreshing drink or two, if you get up against any of the Hospital Staff (if the said staff has any money, exclaims F/S Powers). We have gone to considerable expense to build this course - the cups alone were worth 15 cents each (when full of tomato juice) so please don't let us down.

Through the generosity of Mr. Bill McLeod, there will be no green fee as he has agreed to foot the bill.

(Editor's note: There is no green fee anyway.)