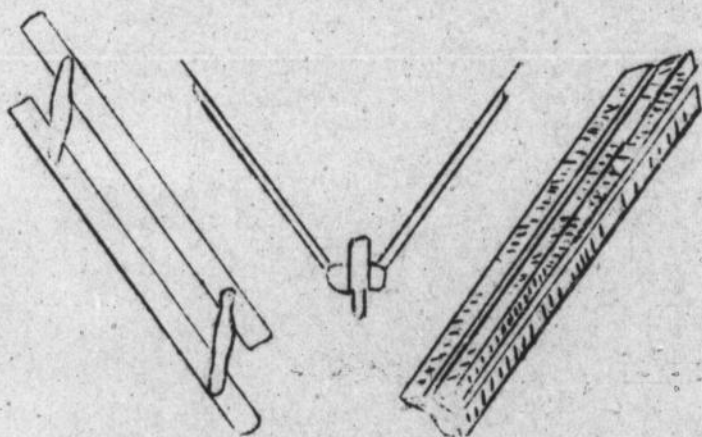


THE

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DATE

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MALTON

THE NAVIGATOR

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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.

Y. M. C. A. Activities

It is the wish of Mort Devitt, the Y.M.C.A. Supervisor on the Station, to be of assistance in the organization and promotion of whatever type of recreation program that may be desired by the men of No. 1 A.O.S. The organization of a Touch-Rugby Schedule is under way at the time of writing; weekly dances are sponsored at the Y Hall in Malton every Wednesday night at 21:00 hours sharp. In time, other activities will be lined up. It's your program, men, so let's have your suggestions at the Y office.

A Bureau of Transportation Information is being set up; time tables for buses and trains will be available. Arrangements have been completed for a telegraph service, whereby wires may be paid for at the Y office and phoned in by Mort Devitt. Films may be left at the office for developing service, at special price.

The Y has information about hostels and other places to stay on 48's. There are sometimes invitations to homes available for men with the odd week-end pass and no place in particular to go. Arrangements can be made, especially for men from overseas or distant parts of Canada, for excursion trips to Niagara Falls and other points of interest.

The Y man is never too busy that he can't spare a minute for your personal problem. Drop in at the office adjoining the Airmen's Reading Room with your suggestions for program, or for a chat about any questions you may have.

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KEY PERSONALITIES

F/L Jas. Fraser - BSc. M.A. PH.D.

F/L Fraser was born in Kroonstadt, Orange Free State in the Union of South Africa. This was the birth of a genial personality which we of the staff feel should be known more explicitly by all on this school. When he was only four years old, the Frasers left S.A. where Mr. Fraser, Sr. was Postmaster, which, in itself is an interesting point inasmuch as a postmaster there was also what might be termed a Master Telegrapher; which as you can well understand would entail a great responsibility as well as a very learned man to carry out the duties: hence, we feel we are safe in saying the field of education was "Jimmy's meat".

On leaving S.A. the Frasers stopped in Paisley, Scotland for a year and from here they embarked for Western Canada. At the outbreak of war, Mr. Fraser's father enlisted and Jimmy went to Seattle, Washington with his Mother, where they lived till the war was over. They came back to Canada settling in Edmonton, Alta. where F/L Fraser graduated from Elementary, High, Normal and the School of Telegraphy. It is interesting to note that F/L Fraser wrote part of the High School syllabus of training for the Province of Alberta. He graduated from the University of Alberta with his Bachelor of Science in Chemistry. He won a \$1,000 scholarship in a competitive exam at the University of Columbia in New York City, and whilst he was there graduated with a Master of Arts. Mr. Fraser won the job of Research assistant at Columbia and while on this finished with his Doctor of Philosophy. For a number of years he taught summer school at the University of Alberta and the Western Reserve University at Cleveland, Ohio. It may also be interesting to know, you readers of Life and Time, that the Mr. Fraser you read of as the Conductor of the lengthy and interesting study excursions was Mr. Jas. Fraser, F/L. We were able to get enough out of him to pass on to you just what a study excursion consisted of, so here it is -- "On one occasion we took the ninth grade from the Lincoln High School on a trip through the National Park and into the deep south, studying various subjects as we went." We can well imagine how interesting a trip like this would be, especially if the study was Economics with reference to the southern Negro. This was not the only trip made by students -- they made about six 2,000 mile trips:

In late years, Mr. Fraser's occupation was that of a Professor in Mathematics and Chemistry at the State Teachers College at Bemidji, Minn., up until enlisting. He enlisted at Winnipeg, Man. and was posted direct to Rivers, Man. as a Navigation Instructor and thence to Malton. Mr. Fraser married Miss Nina Rust of Pelican, Louisiana, whom he met at Columbia. Mrs. Fraser also has her B.A. & M.A. so we are inclined to feel that great things are in store in the field of education for young James Rust, born April 20th, 1942 at Bemidji, Minn.

And so we leave F/L Fraser with best wishes for the future and hopes that he will be with us for a long time to come.

KEY PERSONALITIES

Mr. Frank Kilburn

Mr. Kilburn, the man who has the great responsibility of seeing to it that all is well with the Aircraft at No. 1 A.O.S. before they take to the air, was born in Yorkshire, England.

He received his education in the old country, and was a student of Mechanical Engineering up until he was 17½ years of age, when he joined the Royal Engineers, remaining with this unit until the end of the War, 1918.

Since that time, Mr. Kilburn has done quite a bit of travelling throughout the world, first crossing to Canada, then to the Orient - and Australia, returning to Canada again in 1926, at which time he joined the R.C.A.F. He has many interesting stories to tell about the time he was in the Air Force, and we noticed with keen interest every time S/L Dyte visits our station that he drops in to see Mr. Kilburn.

However, after some service with the R.C.A.F. he left and joined the then newly formed Toronto Flying Club, as engineer and has been connected with Aviation continuously since then.

He came to Dominion Skyways (Training) Ltd. on the formation of No. 1 A.O.S., and has been in their employ since that time, although not all the time at this camp.

When No. 9 A.O.S. at St. John's, Quebec, was opened Mr. Kilburn was Chief Engineer, and remained at that camp for over a year, but the urge to be back at Malton again came over him, so now you can locate him in his office on Skyways Drive directing all departments under his command.

We wish him every success in the future. Good Luck!

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COURSE 52

Comes the end of our course. Saturday, before the cheering thousands, we shall be given our wing. And after sixteen weeks of toil, sweat, and tears, we will have come, darned if it ain't true, per definitely ardua ad practically astra.

So we are happy. A little more of astral, a lot more of plotting, a tankard or two, and we'll be on our way home. We leave #1 A.O.S. changed men. Sixteen weeks ago we were as normal as males of the species go. We ate, slept, and drank. We spoke, betimes, of love. We were wont, of an evening, even to laugh and be merry in the thought of Simple Things. But no more. True we still eat, and we certainly drink; but we seldom sleep. Talk of love is now talk of "wind velocity" and "climb on track" and "polar gnomonics." Simple Things are no longer a joy to us.

But you can't have everything and what remains of our sanity finds its best expression in Swallow's Tone Poem, "The Whitewash Blues." McMeheh, too, still holds in his grasp the shreds of Reason - if you ignore the occasions when he discusses the importance of Botelgeuse with Schneilwerber - Schneilwerber being second cousin to the aunt who adopted McQuorkqudunk, the little man who wiggles the artificial horizon. Kerr, of course, has long since lost all contact with Reason (and, incidentally, hair). 'Twas only a week ago we caught him swimming around in a bottle of Frontenac Blue like Emma, our Goldfish. Have you seen our goldfish? She sleeps under Birnie's bunk with Yehudi and the ghost of Course 49. Board doesn't like Emma much. But then you can't expect much from Board. He's top man in Navigation, you know, and gets that way from trying to imbibe Black Horses through his ears.

So here we go, eight to each bar, leaving Malton to Courses 53 to 59 (inclusive) with benedictions on 58 whose sleep will no doubt be longer and deeper for our absence.

What ho!

FROM THE BOYS DOWN UNDER

The Haka, Peruperu War Dance.

Ringa Ringa Pakeha
Ringa Pakeha Keriti
Ringa Ringa Wai Wai
Taka Hea Kokino
Eh Kina Nei Hoki

LEADER:

A Ringa Ringa Et E Ronga Kai Wa Ha Moto
Ta Koto He Ta Koto He Ta
Koto Are Re Turi Wha

Homai Homai Kia Weta
Weta, Weta, Weta,
Weta, Weta.
Homa Ti Homa Ta A Ha
Tuki Tuki A Kino
S.S.S. A Wai
Ha

Ka Mate, Ka Mate, Ka Ora, Ka Ora,
Ka Mate, Ka Mate, Ka Ora, Ka Ora,
Tenei Te Tangata Pohuruhuru
Nana Nei Tiki Mai Whakawhite Ta Ra
Houpane, Houpane,
Houpane, Kupane, White Te Ra.

'Tis Death, 'Tis Death, 'Tis Life, 'Tis Life,
'Tis Death, 'Tis Death, 'Tis Life, 'Tis Life,
Here is this hairy big fellow me Lad
'Twas he who made possible the sun to shine bright,
Yes, Yes it is, yes, yes it is.
Yes surely it's right.
Hence the sun shines bright.

The Maori has a saying and Proverb Too

"Toa Tana, Mate Tana, Toa Maki
Kai Ma To Huhu Tona, "

The brave warrior dies in war,
The agriculturist dies of old age.

Which further translation means,
"The warrior goes to war so that the people can till
their land in peace and quietness."

Random Notes from Course 50

"B" is for Bently and Birdseed too -
He's been feeding it thick to the rest of our crew.
Burrows is also another young "B" and
Ginger's the girl who took him to sea!
"C" is for Corin - he's got quite a Pan -
There's no one can grin at you just like he can.
"D" is for Dill as young Trevor will toll
And if you don't like it - then just go to 'H---
And also for Dobson - the son of a gun, -
Who runs round the place with a bootlace undone.
"F" is for Fitzgerald - fireworks and fun -
What Fitz him fits us - it's a terrible pun.
"G" is for Grainger who giggles a lot, and
Falls off his chair when he's had a wee spot!
"H" is for Heald, and our casual "Stan"
You have to allow a wee bit for this man.
Hunter's the chap who's ahead of us all-
He doesn't need a box to look over a wall.
"J" is for Johnston a quiet little chap--he
Never gets drunk and he doesn't shoot crap.
"L" is for Logan - he's so meek and mild -
And only just lately his wife had a child!
"M'S" for MacDonald, who teaches course 50 -
Tries to keep them on track - both accurate and nifty!
"M's" for Les Morris, called Baldy by some -
But there's one thing about him - he never looks glum.
"N" is for Needham - young Johnnie the Shoik,
Who often has lipstick all over his cheek.
"P" is for Pierce who lead us astray,
He is never at work and always at play.
"R" is for Redshaw and what brains he's got,
The fellows he teaches will sure learn a lot.
And Robbie is talkative you'll all agree,
The way to mark logs - he never could see.
And also for Rosen - how happy is he;
He should take some arsenic in his tea.
"S" is for Sharp whose humour divine
Has cheered all the boys up many a time.
"S" is for Sowerby - so matchless is he -
Who's got a match is his endless plea.
"S" is for Snell - a rose amongst thorns,
Lord knows what he thinks of the bunch he adorns.
"S" is for Stone and also for sleep -
But his slumbers in Ansons are not very deep.
"W" is for Wade all worn out and weary,
It's only the mail that is keeping him cheery.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT

Jack Logie, the Popular Sportsman and Fire Chief of # 1 A.O.S. has just returned from a two week's vacation -- He reminds us that fishing was excellent. During his rest he took time out to visit the R.C.A.F. Fire Dept. Convention held at # 5 S.F.T.S., Brantford, Ont. Without being boastful, we see from time to time, that our school leads all others in the many branches of work taken up at our school, and it is with pride that we point to the fact that our Fire Dept. and methods of prevention, etc. were mentioned at the convention, being classed as a model camp, -- and rightly so -- a model Fire Dept.

The chief brought back information which will greatly help us in the future not only to defeat the Fire menace after it starts - but to prevent the hazard - and thus defeat it before it starts.

A report brought up at the convention, and one that we should note carefully, was the startling fire loss in other camps, through careless smokers - irreparable damage, which not only meant loss of flying time to airmen, but also to ground crew, not to mention the hundreds of thousands of dollars in valuable hangars, aircraft, and equipment which can not readily be replaced was caused by CARELESS SMOKERS -. This must not happen here.

An interesting display of Fire Fighting was put on, when a Moth Plane, (long since past its usefulness) was set on fire, and a dummy placed in the cockpit (not for pin pointing). With the protective spray of fog nozzles, the firemen were able to go in and take the dummy out of the plane and have the fire under control in a matter of seconds.

With 21 years of faithful service back of him, our popular Chief, materially aided those at the convention in bringing about plans which will aid us to cope with any situation that should develop in the future.

The company has just issued smart regulation uniforms to the Fire Dept. The boys, needless to say, are very proud of their new finery.

Much credit must go to Sergeant McLean, for the efficient work displayed at the last Fire Drill by the Air Force Fire squad, and also the "C" Flight Hangar crew under Jimmy Rowe at that time. Chief Brown wishes to thank all those responsible for their whole-hearted efforts.

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PARACHUTE ROOM

Once again, three airmen had to "hit the silk" last week. The new caterpillars are: Sgt. Addison, WAG; L.A.C. Fitzgerald, L.A.C. Radshaw. All the boys got down safely and are quite happy about the whole thing.

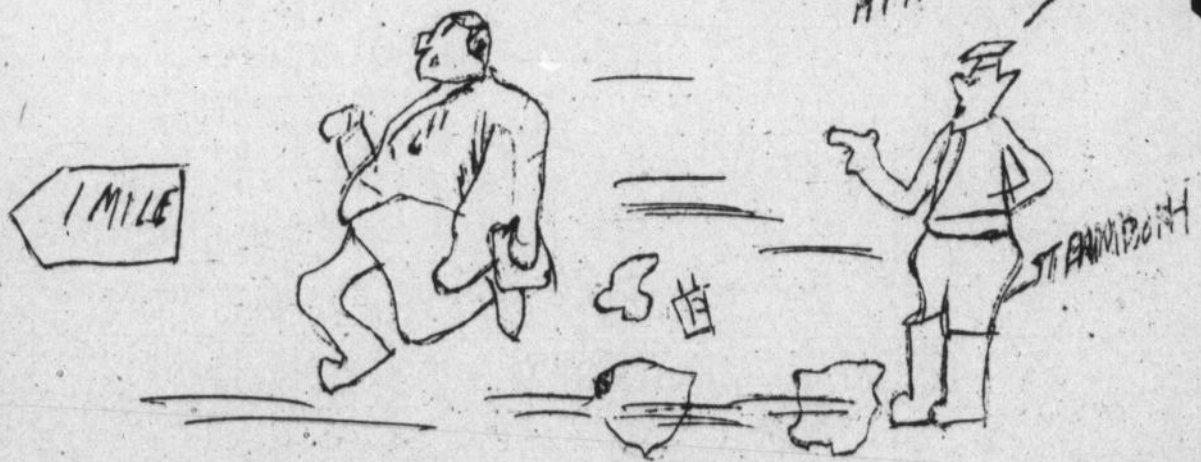
By the way they tell us that one thing to remember when doing a parachute jump, is not to "jump to a conclusion" of any sort.



Talking about golf

OK - TELL THEM TO
PUT SOMETHING ON
IT TO KEEP IT GOING
TILL WE GET THERE!!!

HEY CHIEF THEY
TELL ME THERES
AFIRE AT MARK II.



STANDPOINT

Armament Section

The armourers, the armourers,
They seldom wash their faces;
They scrounge around from camp to town
And buy their beer in cases.

The armourers, the armourers,
They're never on inspection.
At "Duty's"? call they'll drop it all,
And hide out in the section.

The armourers, the armourers,
They work both day and night.
They load the guns to kill the Huns
And uphold Britain's might.

--XX--

How times do change! Or do they? Anyway Stu Moore, P/O Moore to you, has left us to take the St. Lawrence trip as far as Lachine M.D. 5 where he will learn what a young officer should know. Where he will go from there, man knoweth not. But wherever he goes it won't be too far for the good wishes of his Malton friends and associates to follow him. Happy landings Stu!

Corporal "Dan'l" Boon returned from Jarvis most opportunely just as the hard pressed armament staff were sinking for the third time under a deluge of air bombers. Both Dan'l and his pals are glad he is here again.

The same is true of Sergeant Peter White, the other repatriate, who has been on a week's binge to celebrate his escape from durance vile. He will now proceed to guide Course 58B air bombers through the minefields of their final training.

L.A.C. Courtman (Little Red) has gone to Air Armament School, Mountain View, to take a B.I. course. We hope he comes back covered with glory to assist with instruction. P.S. - He hates to leave the little woman for six weeks.

L.A.C.'s Floyd and Burns have undertaken to keep the bombing teacher running full time and Rodgers is to garrison the 25 yard range at the North School.

By the time this sees print the bombing range staff under the direction of Sergeant Jimmie Christie will be on full time duty at the Breezy lakeshore.

Cornier and Crawford won't have much competition with the femmes. They'll be alone on the line.

Sergeant Gurlay, "War is a terrible thing, but sometimes the peace conferences are all right."

From the WAGS Corner where the WAGS Waggle On

We take this opportunity to welcome all the new WAGS who have joined us in the past few weeks. (They are especially welcome with this new roster for Orderly Sergeants).

Our friend and class-mate Sgt. Goyer has re-mustered to the trade of W.O.G. The WAGS wish Sgt. Goyer the best of luck at his new trade and hope he finds it to his liking.

So two of our local WAGS are soon to take the marital vows. What is happening to the backbone of the Air Force? Don't tell me they can weaken too? However, we all wish Sgts. Chartrand and Good the best of luck with their new venture.

So now the WAGS are forced to listen to the strange lingo the navigators (?) talk. Apparently 'tis not enough that the WAGS should go nearly crazy taking bearings and sending in M.T.B.'s all day, but now are forced to go to the conference room to hear about arturus, capella and a little bit about vega thrown in too.

How many on the station have noticed the recent improvement in the turn out of WAGS for the C.O.'s parade? There is hardly room now for the navigators on the parade square with so many turning out. (Maybe the WAGS don't like being Orderly Sergeant).

Can it be that Sgt. Rouse would rather fly with T.C.A. than with the R.C.A.F. or why is he hanging around the "Ticket and Information" counter so much lately.

Our deepest apologies go to Sgt. Deeper for the misprint of his name in the last edition.

What a change has been effected this past few days. Now the WAGS are even getting up in time for breakfast. Can it be that our new waitress in the mess has anything to do with the boys getting up so bright and early? After all she is very nice, and most efficient in performing her duties.

CRAWLEY STAFF

One of Crawley's kitchen help is still waiting for Corporal Black of the Local Gestapo to escort her to church and the last name is not Nightingale either.

We are noticing the Air Force Boys are attending breakfast more promptly particularly since the ladies have been serving behind the counter.

Johnnie McCaffory has quit the Airmen's Canteen and gone to work in the kitchen, feeling he'd be of more service to the ladies than strip teasing to the airmen in the canteen.

We noticed Leo was the first in the kitchen when the lady waiters arrived. We wonder if he goes up to the North Camp for his meals now!

Sangster is wandering around wondering whether he belongs to the North or South Camp, but he does find time to make the odd phone call in the evening.

Big Pat is leaving us to complete his studies at the O.A.C. Guelph. You'll be quite near the lady friend now Pat -- Good Luck!

By the way -- Winnie, how's the engineer coming along?

We were watching Fire Chief Logie practicing changing step at the back of the kitchen -- presumably practicing for the big march for the official opening of the new highway. (He was the only one in step when he got there). Tsk! Tsk! Anyway, they managed to have the road opened, an eye opener, and oh, yes, a bottle opener all at the same time.

There have been numerous changes in the airmen's kitchen. Johnny Melincuk is their new chef. Wally the new week-end chef in the Sgt.'s mess.

MENU - Sgt's please eat in the Co-pilot's mess from after breakfast to-day (Saturday) until Monday A.M.

I AM ONE OF THE FELLOWS MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY

I remember when I enlisted; I went up to a desk and the guy in charge was my milkman. He said, "What's your name?" I said, "You know my name." "What's your name?", he barked, so I told him August Childs. He said, "Are you alien?" and I said "No, I feel fine". He asked where I was born and I said "Pittsburg". Then he said "When did you first see the light of day?" I said; "When I moved to Philadelphia". He said, "The first of Sept. you will be in England and that will be the last of August."

A veterinary started to examine me. He asked me if I ever had the measles, smallpox or St. Vitus Dance and did I ever take fits. I said "No, only when I stayed in the saloon too long." Then he said "Can you see all right?" I said "Sure, but I'll be cockeyed tonight if I pass". The doctor said he had examined 150,000 men and that I was the most perfect wreck he had ever seen. Then he handed me a Class "A" card.

Then I went to camp and I guess they didn't think I'd last a long time. The first fellow I saw wrote on my card "Flying Corps". I went a little further and some guy said "Look what the wind's blowing": I said "Wind - nothing, the draft's doing it." On the second morning, they put these clothes on me. What an out-fit! As soon as you're in it you can fight anybody. They have two sizes, too large and too small. The pants are so tight, I couldn't sit down. The shoes are so big, I turned around three times and they didn't move. And what a raincoat they gave me! It strained the rain, and when I passed an officer all dressed up with fancy belt and all that stuff, he said, calling after me, "Didn't you notice my uniform when you passed?" and I said, "Yes, what are you kicking about - look what they gave me.."

I landed in camp with \$75.00. In ten minutes I was broke. I never saw so many threes and twelves in a pair of dice. No matter what I did, I went broke. Something was wrong even in cards. I got five aces one time and I was afraid to bid. It was a good thing I didn't -- the next fellow to me had 6 kings. Finally, I said "This poker game is crooked," The fellow next to me said, "Listen we're playing Pinochle."

Everything was crazy: If you were a watchman, you were made an officer of the day. If you were a livery hand, you were put in the medical department. I saw a guy with a wooden leg and I said to him, "What are you doing in the army?" He said he was going to mash potatoes.

Oh, it was nice - 5 below zero one morning, they called us out for an underwear inspection. You talk about scenery -- red flannels, B.V.D.s, all kinds. The union suit I had on would fit Tony Galento. The Corporal lined us up and told me to stand up. I said "I am up, this underwear makes you think I'm sitting down." He got so mad at me he put me to work digging ditches. A little while later he passed and said "Don't throw any dirt up here." I said "Where am I going to put it". He said "Dig another hole and put it in there."

By that time, I was pretty mad and so another guy and myself drank a quart of whiskey. Finally, he acted so funny I ran down to the doctor and told him we drank a quart of whiskey. So he asked me if my friend saw pink elephants, and I said "No, that's the trouble. They're there and he doesn't see them." But that is another story --

ORDERLY ROOM RIGMAROLE

Ah me! The rigmarole rolls on through the OUT OF BOUNDS TO YOU Orderly Room daily (32 hrs. to a day) and what days! And what rolls! My, my, just the other day one epistle rolled through on the way to the staff instructors to try and get 'em interested in a cricket match. Well, dear readers, here are some of the excuses offered, poor lads.

No can do.
Flying this wk.-end.
I can't be thoah!
Joe all wk. end -- sigh!!
Regret - O.Q. duties said week-end.
Have married a wife and therefore I cannot
come.

Wouldst that I were a ruminant I could merely sit back on my posterior and contentedly gnaw my cud, but NO, what happens, the rigmarole must roll, and I'm the guy to roll it, so I roll, and in the midst of one of my famous rolls, that eminent professor of the art of Navigation, Flight Lieutenant J. F. Fraser pops in with a drift of:

"It was the final portion of semi-desiccated
gramanaceous material that fractured the dorsal
portion of the lumbar region of the ships of
the desert!!!"

In other words, dear readers, he is trying to convey to you that it was a straw no less that broke the camel's back, but I am inclined to think he is inebriated by the exuberance of his own verbosity. Anyhoo-- I bid you cheerio, and trust this epistle has put more light on the O.R.Joes woes.

A Canadian Padre was on duty in England. During his stay there he became friends with a number of English families and was asked by one family if he would officiate at the christening of the latest member of the family, so naturally he said "I'd be delighted to".

After the ceremony he congratulated the mother on the behaviour of the child during the christening, so she said "Blimey sir! 'E ort to be good, I've been practicing on 'im with a watering can for the last fortnight."

Twinkle, twinkle, little star
I went for a ride in his little car,
And what I did I ain't admittin'
But what I'm knitting ain't for Britain.
