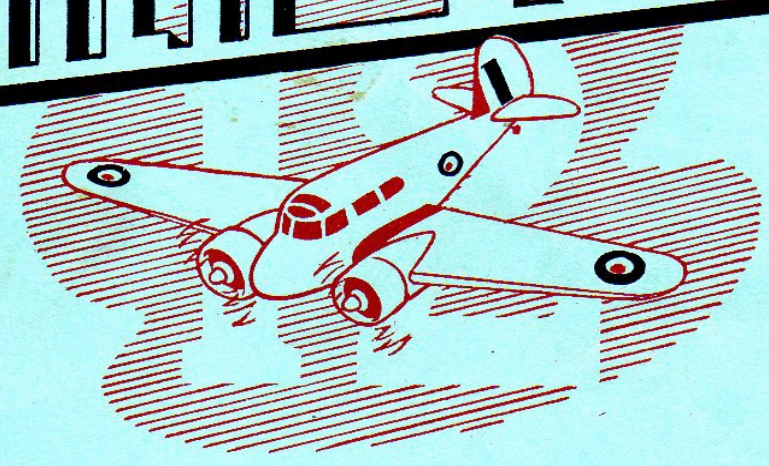


The

AIR-LOG



Nº 919

JANUARY, 1944
FIFTEEN CENTS THE COPY

L.A.C. JUZAK.F.

12 S.F.T.S BRAN DON · MAN ·

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

R.N.Z.A.F.

R.A.F.

R.A.A.F.

Air Officer Commanding, No. 2 Training Command



Recognized as one of the pioneers of the Royal Canadian Air Force, Air Vice-Marshal T. A. Lawrence, Air-Officer-Commanding No. 2 Training Command started his service career in the last war as a private in the Army.

Born in Ontario, Air Vice-Marshal Lawrence attended school in Barrie. He enlisted in the 76th Battalion in 1915, going overseas the following February. After a period of service in the ranks in France he joined the Royal Flying Corps in 1917 and was commissioned with the Royal Air Force in 1918. In France he served as a Pilot with the 24th Fighter Squadron.

Back in Canada after the war he became associated with the Canadian Air Board in 1919 and subsequently with the R.C.A.F. He was in charge of air operations on a sixteen month mapping and reconnaissance expedition to the

Hudson Straits in 1927 and 1928. Later he was at Camp Borden and on liaison duty to the R.A.F. at the Air Ministry in London. The A.O.C. took an Army Co-operation course at Old Sarum in England and also had a part in early air mail flying operations in the Maritimes. Service at a number of stations followed before he went to Ottawa as Director of Plans and Operations shortly before the outbreak of war.

At Command Headquarters since April, 1942, Air Vice-Marshal Lawrence arrived in the capacity of officer-in-charge of administration with the rank of Group Captain. He was appointed Air Commodore in June, 1942 and became Air Officer Commanding in January, 1943. His promotion to Air Vice-Marshal took place last spring.

The First Page

Under Cover

For sure we thought the second issue would be merely routine. The contributing staff knew exactly what we wanted, our organization was — we hoped — a closely integrated whole. We thought that — for sure!

Now that we are ready to go to press, we bitterly appreciate the fondness of our dreams. Dear reader — what a time we've had! Some of your copy was splendid, read the story which Sgt. Bodz has written about Equipment, it is a shining example of just what we want. Some of your copy, we regretfully must say, was disappointing. Poorly written contributions cause us a good deal of extra work representing many hours which could otherwise be spent improving Aer-Log in a more effective way. We don't mean to be too critical because we are very glad to receive your material, but of a few we just ask that you spend a little more time on the finishing touches to your copy — it would help a lot.

But that's enough of fault-finding, we have more interesting things to talk about. Our organization didn't prove faultless after all, yet it did hang together in a weird and wonderful way. We want to tender our grateful thanks to LAC Hancock who has proved to be a pillar of strength and a darn good typist. There were others — not too numerous to mention—but they know whom we mean, so once again, thanks a lot, kids!

We're introducing the "Features Section" this month. It is to consist of your literary work in the form of poems, short essays, pen-drawings and so on. Let's have more and more contributions for this department. How do you like the composite photograph in the "Special Events" section (another new addition this month)? It was "awful expensive" but don't you think it was worth it? We are very proud to be able to include F/L Kelshall as one of our contributors. What is more, his article is to be a regular feature, and we can promise that it will be as interesting as his weekly lectures. The graduating course will have a page of its own each month. "For reasons of security" — honestly — we are sorry that we may not publish a photograph of the entire class, in place of that a representative group picture will be printed.

Our present limit is sixteen pages—that

Quizz

J.C.M.

This war isn't going to last forever. That's obvious, of course. But just give it a second thought: this war is **not** going to last forever. If you are anything like ourselves, you will be honestly surprised at the thought of being no longer in the Air Force, of being — yes — a civilian!

We don't mean to suggest that you bring your "civies" out of storage to-night, or that you start arranging your packing tomorrow. We have yet to face the worst of it — from now on the road will be mighty tough, but at the end of the road will be home.

What kind of a home — and we're speaking of Canada now — do you want? It wasn't perfect before the war — what was wrong? What are you going to do about it? What are Canada's problems? What were their causes? How can you help to find their solution? How capable will you be of accepting your duties, defending your rights as a Canadian citizen? Indeed, what are your duties, your rights?

There's a war to be won right now. If you make sure of that first, then you will have the privilege of answering these questions for yourself. Given that privilege, some of you won't bother with them, others will answer them carelessly and some will think, and study, and learn, make careful, intelligent answers.

Which are you going to do? You have been valuable in defending a good Canada, will you be as valuable in building a better one?

makes it necessary to combine several individual contributions into one article. However, each section will, in turn, be "featured."

There haven't been as many letters to the Editor as we hoped to see. That's not good! If there are suggestions you would like to make, criticisms you have to offer or literary work you would like to see in print, then by all means drop a line to Aer-Log, c/o The Station Library — no postage required! Our hearty thanks to LAC Ryzik for his "Lucky Numbers" suggestion. See the front cover of your Aer-Log and page? for an explanation.

That's what is under cover for this month, now turn the page and see how you like it.

Aer-Log

Published monthly by the personnel of No. 12 S.F.T.S., R.C.A.F., with the kind permission of Wing Commander T. R. Michelson, Commanding Officer.

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January, 1944.

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Aer-Log presents . . .

Our C.O.



Wing Commander
T. R. Michelson

Wing Commander T. R. Michelson has filled his life with experiences that are to most of us dreams and ambitions left unrealized.

"Bobbie" Michelson first saw the light of day in Dublin, Ireland.

At the outbreak of World War I, Mr. Michelson enlisted in the Royal Irish Rifles and reached the rank of sergeant before

transferring to the Royal Flying Corps. He won his wings and the Lieutenant's Commission and served in Belgium and France from 1915 to 1918.

March of the year following the Armistice found F/L Michelson discharged from the R.A.F. and on his way to Canada to try his luck in a new world. After so many years of military service the R.N.W.M.P. attracted him to its ranks. He was promoted to Corporal and served at various northern out-posts. Craig Harbour on Ellesmere Island, most Northerly post in the World, was his home from 1922 until 1927.

On his return from the Arctic Circle he enlisted in the R.C.A.F. and spent four years as a flying instructor at Camp Borden and Vancouver. When the R.C.A.F. reduced its strength in accordance with peacetime policies

Padre's Corner

Permit me, in the space afforded, to stress the importance of respect to authority. Everyone of us is subject to authority, and many of us, in turn, are to some degree holders of authority over others. On our attitude towards our superiors will depend our success as superiors when our opportunity comes to exercise greater authority. The greater the authority, the greater the responsibility. To those of us whose happy lot it is to hold lesser authority or none whatever, it behooves us as Christian gentlemen to be kind and fair in our judgment of our superiors in the exercise of their many responsibilities. The aphorism, "Today the oxen are crowned with garlands, tomorrow they shall tread out the corn," is applicable. The glory of the position of authority is as nothing in comparison with the heartaches and the worries of responsibility. May we while members of this organization truly learn the lessons of authority; to exercise it with justice and mercy, and in turn to comply graciously.

Since the last publication of Aer-Log this unit has sustained, through posting, the loss of F/L Bainbridge, the Protestant Padre. He spent well over a year on this unit and his contribution to the life of this station has been great. Gimli has secured a good Padre — a man of duty — what has been No. 12's loss has been No. 18's gain.

F/L Vance, the new Protestant Padre, comes to us from Western Air Command with a wealth of experience from operations on the West Coast. We welcome him and extend to him the hand of goodwill.

F/L DUNPHY.

and he was posted to the Reserve of Officers, the R.C.M.P. again claimed his services in the capacity of Constable, promoted thereafter to Corporal, Sergeant, Staff Sergeant, Sub-Inspector and finally to Inspector.

On the outbreak of World War II this veteran flier received "leave of absence" without pay from the R.C.M.P. and again volunteered his services to the R.C.A.F. As F/O Michelson, he was posted to the west coast with No. 4 Bomber Reconnaissance Squadron at Uclulet, B.C., and later transferred to Trenton to become O. C. of the Refresher Squadron with a promotion to Flight Lieutenant.

1941 saw F/L Michelson attain the rank of Squadron Leader and in 1942 he attended the

(Continued on page 16.)

The Equipment Section

Sgt. Jean Bodz.

The first instalment of our paper blandly ignored what we (the Equipment Section), feel is the best second-hand store in the metropolis. We therefore take great pleasure in introducing our first advertisement.

Goods conditioned by expert A.I.D. Inspectors are the finest quality that red tape can tangle with.

The manager, S/L Hamilton, with a hale and hearty sales manner, supervises this great hive of industry. His aide, F/O Smith, thoroughly scrutinizes your credentials; namely, E.42's, E.47's, etc., for forgery, typographical errors, and optimistic quantities.

Nowadays the rationing problem is ever before you. WO1 Giroux with the aid of a mysterious black missile, will immediately set your mind at ease.

At this stage, you will probably gaze timidly at the other members of the Orderly Room.

K. of C. Korner

There is plenty of opportunity on this station, for the airman or airwoman who likes to be entertained, to sit back and be the object of someone's projected personality. Every night, barring Saturday, the theatre offers its facilities. An occasional concert troupe brings a variation. The radio, and recorded music either in the Station Library or elsewhere tenders some form of corn or classic for popular absorption.

Absorbing all this, the natural reaction often tends to create a desire to reproduce some of that intake, and "give out" in proportion. For this reason we will endeavour on this station, to keep the quantity and quality of entertainment at a fairly high pitch — for who knows what harvest of talent may be reaped here, where the calibre of our personnel is of such a fine standard?

From the "give out" angle, the Glee Club, Hobby Club, proposed Drama League and Discussion Group are "naturals". These long winter evenings can be turned to good advantage, and you get that touch of home — the front parlor, Dad's workshop in the basement, the corner Church and Community Hall. Keep up that contact. It's a healthy aspect that fits perfectly into the Canadian scene.

No peace and quiet reigns here. Exclamations of "Urgent A.O.G.'s" "Rush L.P.O.'s", "Transfer Orders", and "F.O.B.'s", are issuing forth. You will conclude that important manoeuvres toward the war effort are being transacted.

All you readers have visited Clothing Stores at some time or other. The great rush of business is a result of our expert custom tailoring, which surpasses even Esquire. This has produced a decided uniformity in the style of suits this year. You feel as young as your feet when fitted with shoes remodelled as often as the fashion allows.

Barrack Stores take great pride in catering to the Inventory Holder. Its staff is only too happy to visit your domicile personally for confiscated comforts, at least twice a year.

Technical Stores is the mechanic's paradise. The attractive array of shiny tools, spares and genuine rubber tires, conjures vivid pictures which his versatile hand will convert into streamlined aircraft and model T's for your riding pleasure.

For the benefit of intellectuals, we advertise the Publications section. There, red hot news is received right off the press for distribution and forceful transmission to all concerned. Remember "Ignorance is no excuse".

In concluding this modest summary of our shopping section, we wish to extend a hearty welcome to those whose dire needs make it necessary for them to transact all their business here.

To the Wise

W/C T. R. Michelson

Why not realize the importance of maintaining a clean Conduct Sheet during your Service career? Every entry on your Conduct Sheet not only reduces your chances of promotion in the Service, but jeopardizes your establishment in civilian life on cessation of hostilities, inasmuch as the character assessment on the Discharge Certificate is based on your character and deportment during your Service in the Force. Such being the case, why not avoid post-war nemesis occasioned by breaches of discipline? You have nothing to lose and a lot to gain.



(1) Cpl. "Tosh" McIntosh and Cpl. Ruby Waffle take time out during the airmen's Christmas Dinner to pretty up our picture. (2) Direct from the Ballet Russe—they told us. (3) F/L "Santa" Dunphy takes on a reflective air as LAW Gladys Bedwell and her very dear friend, AC1 Alex Killen, start opening their Christmas parcels early. (4) Padres Dunphy and Bainbridge, AW1 Florence Strangahan and Mr. Joe Winkelaar look after the kiddies at the Christmas Party. (5) At the airmen's Christmas Dinner our "Head Waiter" extends season's greetings over the shoulder of AW2 Doris "Goofie-Newfie" King. (6) The "girls" of 89 give out with their not very solid southern corn. (7) LAW Polly "Santa Claus" Polito spreads some hearty Christmas cheer to LAW's Dorothy Roper and Dorothy Dorrance in the W.D.'s Canteen. (8) The Rhythmettes' "Chorus Line" and Friend from Fleurette McCuaig's Concert Troupe.

The February Graduates



NOTABLES OF NINETY-ONE

This photograph of a group of typical airmen from Course 91 contains such notables as:

Ewin—who hails from the Niagara Peninsula in Ontario is loud in his praises of the East.

Easton—a quiet and reticent son of Montreal used his training as a metallurgical engineer for smelter research before joining up.

Pittaway—the flying Yorkshireman, divided his pre-aircrew days between wireless, draughting and aircraft repairs and construction.

Terry—writes his letters home to Dublin; the war interrupted his studies at Cambridge.

Stringer—our talented artist from London, England, hopes to continue his apprenticeship in the British Film Studios and become an Art Director.

Bays—a native Manitoban, is frequently accused of unusual behaviour for the son of an Army Padre.

Richardson—from neighboring Saskatchewan began to believe in "Victory Through Air Power" while serving overseas with the Canadian Army Active.

Gillis—another Saskatchewan lad, formerly managed a lumber yard and implement agency.

Thomson—fræe Bonnie Scotland is a product of Glasgow University and an apprentice C.A.

Stevens—the Welshman who had rhythm in his nursery rhymes, holds degrees of AWCM & LVCM from Victoria College of Music, London.

Jennings—is right at home here in Manitoba; we hear he has had his dreams wired for sound.

Boyczuk—calls Saskatchewan his home. Frank is a clever student and takes quite an interest in Diesel and Auto Engineering.

"G" Flight

Is the Navy here, as a streak of dark blue flashes by? Nope, it's just that "Wild Digger from Down Under," Sgt. Clifford.

In our student group of (Riff) R.A.F. and Canucks we have such characters as "Pop" Vincent, only 22 despite nickname and moustache and "Slim" Sweet, the Somerset farmer, who seems to have found romance at No. 12, lucky fellow!

Then there's the Fickle Five; "Irish" Terry, "Immaculate Mike" Waugh, "Itsy-Bitsy" Spiers, "Dook" Spicer and "Stooperman" Smith who find it hard to leave the girls and do some studying; their TWO girl friends take a dim view of this.

LAC's P. B. Watkins, R. V. Bays.

"H" Flight

We're a cosmopolitan crowd in "H" Flight; Canadians, Jocks, Taffids and Englishmen, but we manage to get along very well, in spite of, or perhaps because of that. Among our "keen-types" we have "Twinkletoes" Sullivan from Dundee, a real hep-cat; Geoff Watchorn whose nose is habitually buried in some musty tome (C.A.P. 12) and Frank Cooke and Rigger Lynes, two skillful Canucks, whose efforts have kept the R.A.F. from a win at floor hockey.

Lack of space prevents us from mentioning more of these "keen-types", and besides we must be on our way to visit two of the lads who used a Cessna for a quick trip to Maxwell House.

LAC's W. Thain and E. Wallace.

Special Events

A.W.1 Frankie Ingram

OFFICERS' MESS

Festive season celebrations started off with a sudden rush early Christmas Eve. Informal novelty dancing added to the amusement of all, and gifts for the prize dancers were distributed among the guests.

Christmas day afforded the officers the opportunity of serving Dinner in the Airmen's Mess —fun and frolic for everyone!

New Year's Eve and Day revealed the results of detailed planning by F/O Hamilton, F/O MacLeod and many others. Each guest was tagged for identification purposes and paper hats and novelties were popular as usual. Among the guests entertained this year were many Para-Troopers and "M" Depot personnel. F/O Roberts came forward on the spur of the moment, to everyone's surprise, as a capable Master of Ceremonies. Quote: "You have to be smooth to be good." Unquote.

New Year's Day was spent visiting around the station and entertaining, with time out to participate in a delicious dinner prepared by the staff.

SERGEANTS' MESS

The cheer of "Good Old Home-Life" was the theme of Christmas Eve in the Mess this year. It consisted of an entirely informal get-together of friend and foe in the cozy surroundings of the lounge. Christmas Day was well spent entertaining families and friends, and dinner was served on Boxing Day. Informal dancing added to the entertainment.

Celebrated more zestfully, was New Year's Eve and Day: refreshments were served in the lounge by the staff for whom there was loud praise, and 1944 was ushered in with a bang. Among the many guests present were the Officers of the station, to whom there is a standing invitation, one of the oldest customs of the service.

The Sergeant Cook was the only casualty and of course it was that old, old story about the door-knob.

CHRISTMAS DANCE

Not to be forgotten was our Christmas Dance held midst cheery decorations, thanks to LAC Bronstein who did a grand job. Entertainment was plentiful, and Father Christmas was there in the form of F/L Dunphy to present numerous dancing prizes.

Among the high-lights of the evening was the "Traditional Dance of the Islands" enthusiastically interpreted by "A" Flight of Course 89 as the boys swayed their hips enticingly in grass skirts. "A" Flight again came into the lime-light when LAC Burdis gave a convincing portrayal of a young lady bathing, and F/O "Moose" Matthews played a top-notch Master of Ceremonies, letting his hair down for the evening.

General opinion favours more stage entertainment at our Station Dances. We shall have to do something about this.

KIDDIES' TREE

Santa Claus set up his office for No. 12 in the "Rec" Hall where he was visited by about 200 kiddies for their Christmas parcels. F/S Larry Paton, officiating as Santa, was very convincing.

A movie was shown much to the glee of the little folk, and lunch was served in the W. D. Canteen after which the children were muffled away home by attentive Mothers.

CUPID'S D. R. O's

Santa was not only very good to us this year, but many trooped back home to No. 12 with a promise for life on their finger.

LAW Lahd now wears a beautiful sparkler. The lucky man is Corporal Dick Shepherd.

Bride-Elect for the month of February is LAW Ruth Betts. "One would hardly believe it, it happened so quickly."

Ruth and LAC Morris Sweet have details down to perfection. The wedding is to take place in our own chapel. We shall be there as a mighty force, Ruth and Morris — now stop quibbling!

THE RHYTHMETTES AND COMPANY

On January 8th No. 12 played host to Fleurette McCuaig and her Concert Troupe. Judging from the enthusiastic reception with which this party was received, we are sure you will be glad to hear that arrangements have been made for the visit to our station of a different troupe each month.

The "chorus line" of the Rhythmets took part in the first entertainment given outside Winnipeg by a concert party. Little Raymond Webber, the "mascot" of the Troupe, has

(Continued on page 16.)

Flight Room Patter

"The forgotten course", 89, feels that it has worn out its welcome at No. 12, and at last, after delays, extensions and postponements, will be leaving on the 28th (they hope). It is rumored that on graduation, members of the course will receive a new trade badge. Of striking design, the new badge carries a mop, a broom and a pail rampant on a field of linoleum. Some particularly proficient members, recognized by the paint under their nails, hope to get their "A" group in interior decoration. A special award is being considered for those keen types: Jack "Short Circuit" Gardner, for his new delayed approach technique, Barney Adair, for his candlelight slip-bombing of the east fence, and "Wheels Up" Fulcher, for remembering in time. And we vote a junior "Oscar" to Des Mayne for those technicolor, Movietone dreams.

"C" Flight extends a belated welcome to a new Flight Commander, F/O Jack McLeod, and to two new instructors, P/O Oldfield and P/O Tyrell. "Barney" Oldfield is a mad Australian who will come down to earth in time. His beret has become the envy of all the instructors. Our under-cover agents have not yet filed a complete report on P/O Tyrell. Good-bye and the best of luck to our fighting Irishman P/O Stan Collican, posted to Dáfoe and MacDonald. F/O Harry Cane is rumored to be writing a book based on the experience derived from his recent intensive studies on drill.

The New Year added one more married pigeon to the ranks of "D" Flight. LAC Robt. Aaron Bell took the matrimonial vows during his New Year's leave, after a "D" Flight delegation to Dauphin, consisting of LAC Brooks, had given its approval.

F/O Jack Burgess, overheard admonishing his students to be there early, "Make sure you're here at a quarter to one—especially at noon!"

F/S Quarton has a novel way of doing his Christmas shopping. Undecided as to whether his girl-friend took a junior, medium or full size, he spent part of one afternoon in the elite shopping section of Brandon, enquiring of blushing maidens what size they wore.

"Off the record" records from "E" Flight students include claims of the: Largest and smallest circuits; highest and mostest bumps; cleanest and shiniest floor waxing; greatest accumulation of maps (topographical) and

HONOUR STUDENT



LAC R. L. James
Course 89

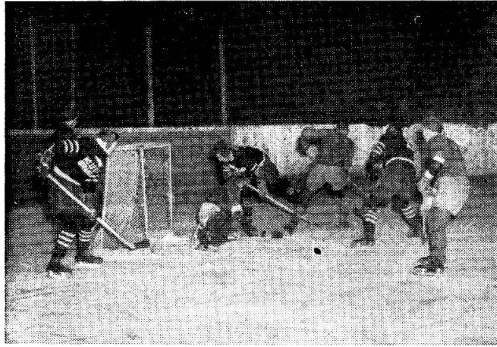
bottles (Coke). Honorable mention goes to Heath for taking 45 minutes to get a pin point. Says Max, "Time is no object. It's the spirit that counts." Ray Lyons remarks, "If you can't get lost in two minutes, why get lost at all?"

Flying is no thrill to Greg Johnson — he jumped trucks off twelve-foot ramps at home. Ace navigator Brown is a sitter for G.R., Ace J. B. Cronin is a sitter for any W.D., Pretty Pat Hoult delights in personal fittings at the parachute section.

BAT (Beam Approach Training) Flight, composed of twelve assorted painters, carpenters, upholsterers and scroungers, claims to have the most versatile crew of instructors on the station. They are very proud of their new modernistic, streamlined flight room in the N.E. corner of No. 1 hangar at the sign of the Black Bat. Drop in and see it. Free estimates for any interior decorating.

Postings and matrimony have made deep inroads into the ranks of Nav. Flight. F/O Wilf Morgan was a double casualty, being both posted and married. F/O Jim McKnight went along with Wilf—no, just on the posting—to F.I.S. at Pearce. P/O Gordy McKee has also been posted—to No. 3 Wireless School, Winnipeg.

F/L Doug Ireton is giving a series of lectures on the care and feeding of twins.



No. 12 takes on the Army

Sports Editorial

A short time ago the two letters P. T. were the abbreviated term for physical torture. During the past six months a rapid change has taken place in our physical program. Physical torture has given away to physical training and now under the R.C.A.F. duty fitness program P.T. has a new meaning "Pleasant Training".

Drop down to the drill hall some morning or afternoon and take a look at our aircrew trainees. They enjoy themselves. You will probably hear them growling a little during the first fifteen minutes of their hour period but soon all is forgotten as they throw bodies around playing those popular and great conditioning games of basketball and floor hockey. The period ended, a man has stretched, strained and strengthened every muscle in his body. He has acquired more stamina. During the hour he has done a great amount of work, and, to top it off, he has had a lot of fun.

This whistle-while-you-work program is proving successful in preparing men physically. From a duty fitness booklet written by Air Marshall Breadner we quote, "In order that they may be fit to cope with the rigors of combat flying and the arduous duties of ground crew. It is a program designed to develop in the airman those essential qualities of endurance, strength, co-ordination and a burning desire to win."

There you are fellows — you work, you play and you benefit.

F/S D. EARLES.

Hockey

On January the 6th the hockey season opened at No. 12 with a decisive victory for our squad. The Army put up a very good show but by superior stick handling and fast breaking our boys ran up the score to 10—4. This game was followed by a close contest with Virden which unfortunately ended in a win for them. The trouble seemed to be that our two regular goalkeepers were unable to attend. However, since this game a canvass of the station has been made and we now have ample protection in this spot.

Personalities on the team include Harrison, formerly with Buffalo in the American League; Don Morrison, formerly with Saskatoon Quakers; Sloan, who played considerable hockey across the line; Lieut. Sibbald of the Canadian Dental Corps.

The team is handled by Capt. Goodison, an experienced coach, who predicts that his team, already strong contenders, will be a real championship threat.

Bowling Flashes

Maintenance League started in "Downtown Brandon" with a clean sweep for the "Isn't Its" and "Hypodermics." Top scorers were Sgt. Knox of the "Spark Plugs" and Cpl. Watson of the "Hypodermics" who tied with 280 for a single game. Cpl. Irene Campbell of the "Hypodermics" topped the ladies with a single of 239.

The Equipment League is ably guided by Sgt. Bodz (W.D.) and LAW Guest. This league is run entirely by the section and indicates a rapid rise in interest in the art of trundling.

Four teams turn out each week: Props, Flaps, Wings and Cranks, captained respectively by Doran, Sparkes, "Torgie" and Price.

Accounts got back in the bowling swing with an entirely new series, the first game of which was played on January the 10th. F/S Jimmie Wilson amazed himself and the rest of the Accounts with 335 for a single game and a three-game average of 241. LAC Manly Levitt (Air Bomber entry) took a skid for a 160 average. High single for the night: F/S J. Wilson, 335; Cpl. M. Wagner, 221.

In the Sport Light

W.D. Hoop News

The W. D. basketball team has won all games played to date, finishing on top of the first half of the schedule by a wide margin. We predict that ours will be the team to beat for the cup. The balance of the schedule should prove quite interesting since the teams seem to be getting into the spirit of things.

Once again, however, we feel it is necessary to put in a plug for a few more players. To date there are but seven active members on the team. How about it, girls! Grab yourself a pair of shorts and get into the game.

Personalities on the team include:

Olga Rowlak—"Cuddles" is the "small girl" of the team but makes a large contribution to the success of the team. She is a fairly recent addition from the "Regina Jitterbags".

"Pat" Patterson—"Pat" in her first year of basketball is making a name for herself. (Ask a blonde LAC who plays for the men's team).

Phyllis Dunford—A veteran of No. 12's basketball teams. Centre of the "Famous Quintette" she can be counted on to play a good game at all times.

Eva Turner—A newcomer to the team who is already proving that she knows what the game is all about.

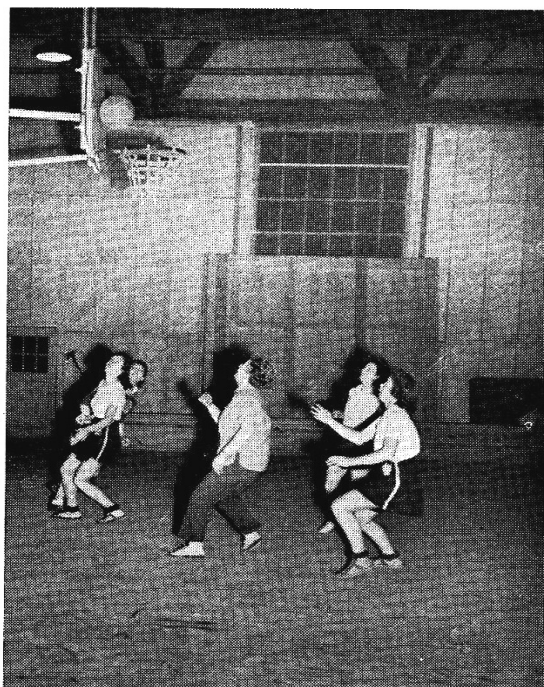
"Tex" Roper—another newcomer and definitely a coming star of the aggregation.

Mary Scriver—has the happy faculty of being under the basket at the proper moment.

Marg. Hickling—Captain and all round ace for the team is predicting a championship team for No. 12.

Ring Notes

We have it directly from the trainer that we are fortunate in having on the station a couple of future pugilistic champions, "Battling" Steve Burke and John "Curly" St. Dennis. The former, a lightweight, is an eastern boy and has done some snappy boxing in and around Toronto. The latter is a heavyweight and judging by his appearance in training he should be right in there when it comes to outpointing the opposition. Incidentally these boys are handled by Mickey Lerner, who is no slouch in the ring himself.



RCAFWDVSYWCA - -Huh?

Double Dribble

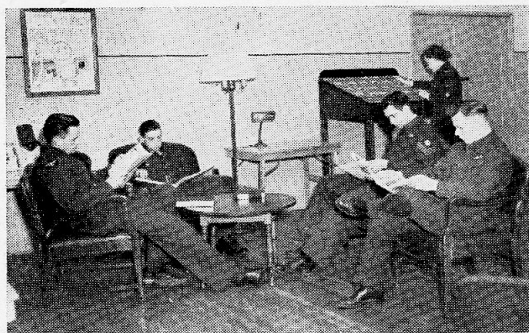
The basketball season re-opened here early in January with a very poor show by our boys who only managed to run up a score of 52 to 6 against the Army team. However, we do not believe that the Army team was at its best and expect some real opposition from these boys in subsequent games.

The highlight so far this season was the game at Virden. Our boys returned with bruises, aches and experience. Chown was thrown into the chairs three times, once practically landing on the C.O.'s lap. The game was definitely the toughest yet played by our team, but once again we were victorious through the efforts of Wright, Chown, Hair and the rest of the boys.

Incidentally, the coaching reins have been taken over by P/O Perreault, a very capable and experienced "ballhawk".

Ground Instructional School

MEN AT WORK



Intelligence Library

EDUCATIONAL EXTRACTS

To most of us the very word Education conjures up the thoughts of the three Rs, bringing to mind memories of cramming, stern faced teachers and long hours at the desk, looking furtively at the birch rod tucked away in a corner. But here in G.I.S., our Education Office plays a more enticing role.

F/O Clary is ready at any time to act as a guide for those airmen and airwomen anxious to explore the vast region now open to the adventurous mind. On the itinerary we find all information in connection with University Courses, Provincial High School Subjects, and Canadian Legion Correspondence Courses.

Every station has ground crew eager to explore further in order to acquire the educational qualifications necessary for aircrew. The Education Officer can aid them, as G.I.S. hums with activity both day and night; Aircrew Remuster, Aircraft Recognition, Signals, and other classes form part of the nightly program.

One of the most interesting expeditions is lead by F/Lt. Kelshall, of No. 1 C.N.S., Rivers, who each Tuesday evening takes us deeper into the realm of the drama being enacted currently throughout the world.

Take an evening to drop around sometime for a short excursion through our Intelligence Library. A Squadron Duty Officer supervises every evening from 1900 to 2100 hours—you will find it well worth while!

THE WIRELESS SECTION

In the first issue of Aer-Log we gave you a general picture of our set-up at No. 12. The section consists of Wireless Mechanics, Wire-

less Operators and Telephone Operators. Here is the service history of a Wireless Mechanic:

He first completes an eighteen-week course at a W.E.T.P. Centre where he is "genned-up" on radio maintenance and practical Morse. If he rates the blessing of the Trade Test Board he's on his way to No. 1 Wireless School, Montreal, for advanced training. For five and a half months he battles with a thoroughly concentrated course in the use and application of Service radio equipment. Providing our boy makes good, he leaves Montreal with a grouping that tells him just how good he is. But seriously, the W. M. is mighty proud of those "sparks" on his right arm — they represent plenty of hard work and he is satisfied that they are worth the effort. The "Mech" who is able to absorb still more knowledge wades through a highly-specialized training and emerges an S.B.A. operator and mechanic, a skilled technician off to do his job of work.

LAC W. KARASHOWSKY.

LINK JOTTINGS

Since last going to press we've had a change of O.C.'s. F/O Anderson, after a little get-together for the clan, was bid adieu as he departed during the holiday season for his new post in Winnipeg. Our new O. C., F/L Frank Palmer, since arriving from Gimli (pronounced Grimly) has been up to his neck — that's over three feet — in work. Reorganizing schedules and procedures to conform with his up-to-the-minute efficiency standards. F/L Palmer was for years O. C. of Link at Uplands where he acquired a prestige that augurs well for the future welfare of our section.

These keepers of the "Gremlin Boxes" are a queer lot. Not the least of these are those two foreigners, Sgt. Swanson, a wee laddie from Edinburgh, and Sgt. Yost, a yank in the R.C.A.F. who flew the beam upside down last week, "Because the pressure wasn't so great on my head." When "Scotty" Swanson came to Canada, his mother said, "Son, you have a face like a saint, a St. Bernard, so you ought to do well in the snowdrifts of Canada."

Then there's Sgt. "Long Tom" Cole who got lost at Air Observer's School when he pinpointed himself two miles south of a cumulus cloud, lanky Sgt. "Flip" Flewwelling, the herringchoker from N.B., and "Curly" Sigurdson, the Singing Cowboy from Neepawa who

(Continued on page 16.)

The Originals



Front Row (left to right): Sgt. Johnnie Czech, Sgt. "Boomer" Martin, Sgt. "Mark" Sourisseau, Sgt. "Rabbit" Cuthbert, Sgt. Bert Tullock, F/L "Pete" Peters, S/L C. L. T. Sawle, Sgt. Ralph Knox, F/S Stan Woods, F/S Jimmie Wilson, F/S Art Price, F/S George "Charts" Phipps.
 Second Row (left to right): Cpl. "Perry" Burrell, Cpl. Harvey Hammell, Cpl. Hal Switzer, Sgt. Al Kerr, Sgt. "Mac" McKenzie, Sgt. George Styles, Sgt. Jack McCoy, Sgt. Freddie Seaman, Sgt. George "Tiny" Wilson, Sgt. Pete Sourisseau, Sgt. Vic Oster, Sgt. D. B. "Joe" Barker, Cpl. Jack Norrie, Cpl. Fred Strong, LAC "Ned" Sparkes, Cpl. Ted Snell.
 Third Row (left to right): Cpl. Claude Soucey, Cpl. Alf. Bull, Cpl. Fred Filer, Cpl. Charlie Trounself, Cpl. Al Blaine, Cpl. George Forrester, Cpl. Jack Green, Cpl. Bob Loube, LAC Frank Servant, Cpl. "Pat" O'Neil, LAC Bob Sagar, LAC Nick Owsianik.

What better name could be given to a group of men who have been here since the month of the station's inception, May, 1941.

These men have seen the station develop from the time when the total strength of aircraft was two and the now paved roads were nothing more than quagmires.

Through their initiative and hard work many have received well-deserved promotions. They have contributed to the development and expansion of No. 12, and it must be with a deep sense of personal pride that they see their station established and recognized as a vital link in the combined training establishment.

Maintenance Wing News

Sgt. George Styles.

In the last edition of Aer-Log we dealt briefly with each trade employed in our large organization. We regret the omission of any reference to the lads and lassies of the silk department (Parachute Section). They didn't even reprimand us. We're sorry, Jim and gang, it was an oversight on our part.

The job of reporting for a section as large as ours has its advantages, yet there is one disadvantage which must not be overlooked. Our space in Aer-Log is limited and, as a result, it is impossible to deal with every section in each issue. Consequently we are compelled to divide the Wing into three sections and deal with each in turn.

Perhaps the least appreciated efforts of any are put forth by the boys who work in Servicing Squadron. Yes, these lads have to contend with the Elements as well as the

aircraft, and Cranes and Ansons can be a frightful headache, particularly in this cold weather.

Day and night this section carries out its tasks under the able guidance of P/O Moody and WO2 Burbridge. While some of the boys tend to the constantly repeated and monotonous job of Daily Inspection that has to be done every night, and others keep a watchful eye on the night-flying aircraft, many of us are fortunate in being able to do a little night flying of a different type — off the station.

Maintenance Wing has just lost the services of F/O Zachanko (Timoshenko to the boys). He has been posted to Edmonton to await his course at I.T.S. Congratulations! We really hope that your ambition will be fulfilled.

Features

Deer Mable:

Heer it is 1944 alreddy, and so help me the corperal duzzent seem to think i noe it. He keeps telling me to get up to date.

Well, Mable, i must tell you about my leev and the time i had. The day before we were skeduled to go the boys went into town, and i went too, thanks to their kind invitashun. All the way down they kept telling me how i was supposed to help them out on some peculyar transacshun, the eggsact idea of wich i coodent kwite follow. Ennyway our downtown jerney took us to where a long lineup of people were waiting to get into a bilding not haf big enuff for them all. We finely got inside and then followed a kwik sukseshun of misteryus moves wich they sed konstichooted my inishayshun into the "Barrel Club." I didnt get it, but sins it only cost wun dollar from now till April 30th i gyess its alright. I went frum wun end of the counter to the uther, with my pals behind me, telling me just to go ahead as if i new what i was doing, and then they got me out the uther dorr, grabbed the pakkaje out of my hand wich i had been given and sed — "See you on the trane, Rufus."

Wen i got to the trane it was shure crowded. I finely got a seat and had just nicely settled when a fellow caim along with a sik frend. Nacherly I let him have my seet and went back into the smoking car to lissen to the boys bak there telling their advanchures. My but there are a lot of heroic boys in the serviss, and they were all congregaited in that wun car — i felt reely onered to be able to sit bak and lissen to them tell of their exployts. Most of the boys were akting queerly — noizy and laffing at stories that didnt seem funny at all. I coodent figger it out till i saw wun of them get up very wobbly-like, and then i new — it was tranesikknness — thats wut it was — tranesikknness on a mass scale. All of them seemed to be affected wun way or anuther and i was glad i had such a tuff constichooshun and didnt get that way. Then sum of them began taking whut they called the cure, but to me it seemed all rong, cuz the more cure medisn they took, the more tranesik they got.

Wun of the fellows was real friendly-like — called me "Bub" and kinely invited me to his hunting loj to spend my leev. i didnt

(Continued on Page 16.)

Action Off North Cape

The British Home Fleet sent us cheering news for the Christmas Season when it reported that the German battleship Scharnhorst had been sunk off North Cape, the northernmost tip of Norway.

The newspapers gave us a thrilling report of how the Scharnhorst was intercepted by the escorting cruisers and destroyers as it attacked a United Nations' convoy bound for the Russian port of Murmansk. In describing the day-long naval action and the subsequent sinking of the German raider by the escorting units assisted by the British battleship Duke of York, the press gave us a "front-page" story, but not a complete story.

North Cape lies above the Arctic Circle towards the "land of the midnight-sun"; but no sunlight bathes those dismal stretches of northern sea in the late days of December. At best a dim twilight may brighten the sea for a few hours and supply enough light to silhouette prominent objects. Then the battle must have been fought in semi or total darkness.

How, then, did the Scharnhorst stalk the convoy and how was she, in turn, trailed and trapped when the visibility at high noon would not be more than two or three miles.

When we are told that this was accomplished by the use of electrical detection apparatus which receives energy waves from the target and enables the operator to determine its position, the story gains new interest. Yes, the Scharnhorst hunted the convoy and was itself trailed and trapped not by sight but by sense.

Monthly Navigation Problem

Try your luck, and remember that this is a very logical problem.

One morning, a man left his hunting cabin and walked 10 miles due South. Then he made a right angle turn and walked 10 miles due West. At this point he shot a bear. Then he walked 10 miles North and was back at his hunting cabin.

Now the question is "What colour was the bear?"

(Turn to page 16 for the Answer.)

Ten Commandments

1. When in the hangar area thou wilt challenge all unknown persons approaching thee.
2. Thou shalt not send any engraving nor any likeness of any airship in Heaven above or any postcard of the earth beneath, nor any drawing of any submarine under the sea, for I, the censor, am a jealous censor, visiting the iniquities of the offenders with three months C.B., but showing mercy unto thousands by letting their letters go free, who keep my commandments.
3. Thou shalt not use profane language unless under extraordinary circumstances, such as being told, "There's no more beer," or getting beans again for lunch.
4. Remember the airman's week consists of seven days; six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, and on the seventh day do all thy odd jobs.
5. Honor thy King and country. When in the circuit keep thine eyes well-peeled that thy days may be long above the land of the enemy.
6. Thou shalt not steal thy comrades kit.
7. Thou shalt not kill—TIME.
8. Thou shalt not adulterate thy flying boots by using them as bedroom slippers.
9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy comrade, but preserve a strict neutrality on his outgoings and his incomings.

Whozit?



See page 14 if you don't get it.

10. Thou shalt not covet thy Sergeant's post, nor the Corporal's, nor the Flight Sergeant's, but do thy duty and by dint of perseverance rise to the high position of LAC—"C" Group

Be There At Eight!

LAW Bette Kerr.

I rushed madly to the door of our room in number four,
Only to be greeted by a loud and mighty roar,
"Do you know what time it is?"—'Twas twenty after eight,
"Not again this week, will you dare to be so late!"

I stammered and I stuttered and was quite at a loss,
This couldn't be the sergeant, my quiet little boss;
"It must be all a dream", I very sadly thought,
Then I pinched myself real hard, and I found that it was not.

I became very brave and I muttered "No excuse",
For my tongue couldn't move and my brains seemed loose;
I shifted so uneasily on one foot then the other,
And silently wished for my gentle little Mother.

Learn a lesson from this tale,—the moral of it shows,
In order to be on the bit and always on your toes,
Arrive at work, no matter how,—just be there right on time,
And you'll keep your section running in an order that's sublime.

Chater

It is with the kind permission of the Prisoners of War Association that A and B Flights bring you this month's epitaph. We are writing from our home of exile, politely named by the Air Force, "Chater".

There is night life at Chater although it lacks the feminine touch — The bright lights of the Night Club begin to attract the patrons immediately after dinner — among the early comers are the members of the Literary Society which meets each evening to peruse the latest periodicals and papers (1938). Despite the distraction of the shouts from the bagatelle hockey games being played by half-demented airmen who haven't seen a female since Manning Pool days, the literary group manages to issue far-sighted predictions of a war with Germany in 1940.

LAC Irvine and his Corn Orchestra entertain as the limited quantities of beer available are consumed in preparation for the spirited meetings of the Chater Glee Club.

The silence of the lone prairie settles on the community at 2300 hrs., disturbed only by occasional snoring and the rattling of coffee cups from the instructors room, as the flying schedule for the ensuing day is receiving its final adjustments. There seems to be some difficulty in arranging three five-plane formations with twelve aircraft.

At an early hour which would shock the bird who caught the worm, the station suddenly becomes a hive of industry. Yells, screams and whoops of joy come floating from the shower rooms, while an occasional moan can be heard from the late risers as they are forcibly ejected from their beds by the more playful members of the outfit. Breakfast is served under a ceiling of smoke from burning toast by our genial cooks, who have made more than one student pinch himself by asking, "How'll ya have yer eggs!"

Our little wards, the students, dress up as if going to a Sunday-school picnic and dash madly for the hangar to assist Sgt. Jack McCoy and his men to roll out the aircraft and warm them up on the line ready to go. Meanwhile our C. O. F/L Kjellander, (who is training the boys to defeat Gundar Haag,) and F/L Cranna make last minute adjustments to their masterpiece, the days flying schedule. LAC's Clark and Ayres have been sent to relieve LAC's Crerar and James from spud barbering so they can finish their bombing, and the first formation pilots have received

their instructions. Out into the dawn go the instructors and students, returning home only for fuel and lunch, until the sun sinks into the west.

Chater Classified Advertisements:

LOST—One carton of corn flakes; last seen wandering around in the beds in the west barrack block.

WANTED—A first class dryer and presser is needed to recondition one battle dress which was proved by lengthy experiment not to be shower-proof.

Tower Chatter

AW1 Claire Lamothe

Santa was certainly good to the Tower personnel this year with leaves and all. F/L Youngs is now a Squadron Leader, AW's Carswell and Weller became LAW's, and LAW Shortt is in line for her Corporal hooks; congratulations to you all.

Our office was a bright spot during the festive season with decorations galore. When it came time to take them down, F/L McMillan ripped them purposely as he prophesied that the war would be over this year. Well, he can dream, can't he?

F/L "Slats" Thompson became a proud papa on December 8th — a bouncing baby boy of 7½ pounds. The future Air Marshall was named Terry Thompson.

Here's a new excuse for being A.W.O.L., LAW Weller of the wireless section went home to Montreal and returned, a few days late, with a sparkling diamond. Did working overtime on him bring this about, Eunice?

Among the happy faces in the hall we meet AW Mel Pombert recently added to Flying Records personnel, and Cpl. Hunter from the Met. Section whose sister was recently posted here. Some people have all the luck.

Cpls. Hickling and Esplen are heard humming happily as they prepare lectures for the Clerk Generals. Did we hear someone say they wished they were a Corporal?

Is S/L Baird going to take the "Rinso" title away from S/L Youngs. It looks very much like it.

The Daily Smile:

Mr. Wonnacott—How long have you been working in the orderly room, Levine?

AW Levine—Since I heard you coming down the hall, Sir!

Now as the checkered flag is raised once more we'll "wash-out" until next month.

WHOZIT?—F/O J. V. NEWTON

Admin. Memoranda

LAW May Dougherty

Putting up a good front F/O Rolfe started the New Year right by telephoning King George. Wonderful, isn't it, what a wee drap and imagination will do. S/O Lester and S/O Cassidy have had their postings confirmed and cancelled so many times they don't know if they're coming or going. Oh well, they're still with us, so why worry!

Flight Ross has his right arm back since Sgt. Fay Ford returned from her recent Admin. course at Trenton. Congratulations and Good Luck to LAC Bill Grassick who recently left for aircrew training. Heard from LAW Marg. Whyte recently posted to North Bay; she's enjoying her work attached to the Mobile Recruiting Unit. Conspicuous by her absence is LAW Dorothy Dorrance, in Deer Lodge Hospital. Hurry and get well Dot—dash back.

The hangover prevailing in the S.W.O's office seems to have dampened the Corporals' ardour. They hand back the W.D. "I" cards without a second glance.

Figuratively speaking, the Accounts, still performing acrobatic wonders by keeping balanced, are teetering into action with S/L McIntosh returned in time to stop P/O Wallace from walking in his sleep and muttering "4 to 44". F/O Paull, a miniature "Exhibit A" of what the well-dressed officer will wear in a blackout — that scarf really IS white! Sgt. "Curly" Jacques and Flight Wood are passing the hat after many (too many) renditions of disharmonized "Mareseatoats". LAC Bill Surtees is looking for advice — Please! how do you remove lipstick before greeting the Misus? Cpl. Pake DID buy that pipe — it WASN'T an Xmas gift! Cpl. Warner is now converted to Cpl. Stinson, even if the groom has flown the coop to No. 5 A.O.S. LAW Goodridge is trilling a light Fantasia these days in the pay office with two Flighty LAW's Hamill and Maxwell. Smarten up on your "parley-vous", fellows, we have two new W.D. accountants, AW2's Belanger and Beaucage.

NOTICE!!

TO THE HOLDERS OF COPIES NUMBERED
273 - 384 - 567

AER-LOG is pleased to present each of you with a pass to the Station Theatre entitling you to free admission for all showings in the month of February.

You may claim your pass by showing your lucky copy of AER-LOG to F/O Jeffrey in Maintenance Office, No. 4 Hangar.

THEY DOOD IT!



LAC (Mr.) Stinson and Cpl. (Mrs.) Stinson

W. D. News

As we see us and you'd like to see us:

06:30 and all quiet on the feminine front. 06:30½ and all quiet on — Oh, why doesn't Polly send that contraption overseas for an Air-Raid alarm? Listen you eggs—Eggs? Breakfast. — Over the top, girls. Say, is there a new male cook or are the boys going to breakfast earlier? Seems as if all we hear lately is "Call me early I'm going to breakfast." Why the water has to keep pace with the temperature these days we can't understand — though it does really waken us!

Do plumbers ever work in our barracks other than from 12:00 to 13:30, 17:00 to 18:30 and 20:00 to 22:00 hrs. Seems they had some sweater trouble one night. Ask Jean Erskine was apparent. (Ed. Note: Carefully, dear reader, that's very subtle, we recommend very slow, imaginative reading.)

Polly as Santa Claus had nothing on Ruth Betts as "the glad rags gal" with articles from the "hangovers" in the ironing room. "Home was really like this" — Locker cleanup in preparation for inspection was just like the good old days of "go wash behind your ears, company's coming." Incidentally, enough articles were collected to hold a profitable Rummage Sale.

Hope Betty Kerr got her feet clean the night she slipped on the soap and stuck a foot in the scrub pail. Was Sadie practicing for "Hawkins" day the time the blind went up and she sought sanctuary in the ablutions? Wonder if Mr. Ingram thought it was a "bare" necessity when he let Frankie return with his pyjamas. Gosh, Frankie, such glamour!

MORE ABOUT . . . OUR C. O.

(Continued from page 2.)

No. 1 Armament Officers' (Pilot) Course at Mountain View and was posted at Dafoe as C. I. taking command of the Training Wing.

Number 3 Wireless, Winnipeg, was the next Command of S/L Michelson and while there he was promoted to the rank of Wing Commander.

On the seventh of September, 1943, W/C Michelson was posted to No. 12 to assume the duties of Commanding Officer. We have reason to believe that we are going to be able to push our activities full speed with every co-operation from our C. O.

MORE ABOUT . . . RHYTHMETTES

(Continued from page 5.)

been dancing for six years — he is ten years old now! Miss Shirley Piggot, the accomplished elocutionist is a veteran of three years of entertaining. We regret to report that the heart of Pat Dadson, the very attractive blues singer, belongs to Daddy — who is serving with the Navy.

Ed Wynn, the genial pianist, was actually pinch-hitting for Harold Green. His real job is that of an executive member of the Entertainment Committee of the Winnipeg Co-ordination Board for War Services.

MORE ABOUT . . . G. I. S.

(Continued from page 10.)

had a government job in Winnipeg before the war — working on "G.R." for fifty cents per day and all he could eat.

Sgt. D. FLEWWELLING.

PHOTO FLASHES

Come up and take a look into our darkroom someday and see what goes on. Not that you will be able to see anything until you have been sufficiently fortified by several trays of our "Inner Sanctum Joy Juice" to enable you to see eye to eye with the regular members of the "Blackout Department."

As you stumble amongst the benches and drying racks you'll meet Flight Sergeant Melstead who seems to be the only sane one around and Cpl. Donna McFadden as nutty as a fruit-cake but loved by everyone. And speaking of fruit cakes . . . No, I won't tell you!—Then watch out for the "Two Musket-ears" (strictly corn, ear and all), LAW's Jean Erskine and Bess Ennis also known as Jumping Jean and Batty Bess. And, oh yes, we've got a new man, AC Jim Vallance, a lamb among feminine wolves. Oops, that's "Goofie Newfie" (AW Doris King) from Newfound-

land you just sidestepped, she's a "Photo Joe" with yours truly, AW Pat Standing.

MORE ABOUT . . . MABLE

(Continued from page 12.)

intend to go with him, but he got a worse attack of tranesickness than most and had to be helped off the trane. i saw it was my dooty to taik him hoam, and in doing so missed the trane out. His mother looked kwite perplecksed to see him suffering from this stranje malady and sed sumthing about a chip off the old block which made hjs dad a little peeved. Soe i staid right there for my leev. The meels were good, but i coodent get used to drinking anything but cows milk. i dont go for this Wild Moose Milk they kept serving all the time. i didnt get to see the hunting loj, and evry time i menshuned it he chanjed the subjek.

Well we got bak to the stashun okay after the holidays, and everybuddy seemed a lot quieter than wen we left. The corporal seemed annoid about sumthing and called the boys a bunch of "cake-eaters" which was fighting talk were I cum from. The boys weren't insulted though and just laft and sed — "You cant prove nothing."

The S.P. (i still havent seen their saxafones) came around and gave us dirty looks and a good lokker checkup, and went out still looking a bit peeved and puzzld, muttering sumthing about, "Five of them—right into thin air."

Well, Mable, theyve nicknamed me Babe Ruth now—cant figger it out, but they say its cuz i'm a cleanup man, which reminds me that i better get out my gunnysak and finish gathering my newspaper klippings. Haf to run now,

Luv in a hurry,
RUFUS.

ANSWER TO NAVIGATION PROBLEM:

The bear was a polar bear; consequently it's colour was white.

The hunting cabin was located at the North Pole.

The first 10 miles was due South along a meridian of longitude. The second 10 miles was due West along a parallel of latitude. The third 10 miles was due North along a meridian of Longitude. These facts will be evident if one looks at a globe, remembering that the Earth is spherical. We are so accustomed to using flat maps which usually distort the relationship of places near the Poles that this problem may escape us for a little time.

Russian Front

Here the greatest success of the war against Germany is in the offing. Having smashed the Dneiper line towards the end of the summer campaign, the Red Army continued to roll on past Kiev in what seemed at the time to be a very risky over-extension of the drive. It meant supplying a continuing offensive over devastated areas in the autumn rains. The Red Army commanders took the risk because they were well aware that they had large reserves of rested troops immediately behind the front.

This fact seems to have been unknown to the German staff, illustrating once again the difficulty the Germans have of getting adequate information of what is going on in Russian areas.

In any event, the German High Command denuded their line north and south, of reserves, concentrated those reserves around the threatening Red salient and shortly after the Red Army had fought its way into Zhitomir and Korosten the Germans launched a counter attack of unparalleled fury on the exposed flanks of the Russian salient. They used 8 Panzer Divisions and 10 Infantry Divisions in this counter-attack, probably the highest concentration of men and armour ever used in the history of war. The Russians were forced to give ground and were pushed back some 25 or 30 miles, losing both Zhitomir and Korosten.

The situation was never dangerous, however, because the Red Army had ample reserves. Waiting their time, they threw in these reserves at the critical moment, just as the Germans paused to re-group and consolidate their gains. Caught off balance by a much superior force the German army was routed and the Russians broke through on a front of almost 200 miles. Zhitomir and Korosten were both retaken and the Red Army swept on at great speed. (150 miles in 14 days.) Always quick to take advantage of success, the Red

Army's General Vatutin threw more and more men into the gap in the German lines until the initial break-through assumed the proportions of a great winter offensive.

Vatutin's armies have now divided into two distinct spearheads, one racing westward against little opposition, the other fighting slowly southward against bitter and ever increasing resistance. This is interesting. It shows that as always, the Red generals are gambling for decisive victory.

The safe and easy way to exploit the break-through would seem to be a continuous strengthening of the westward drive. Here the Red Army is already some 50 or 60 miles inside the 1938 borders of Poland. This is almost 400 miles WEST of the German units in the Dneiper bend, and consolidation by the Red Army here would almost certainly force the Germans to withdraw their troops from the outflanked Dneiper bend.

The Red Army would have succeeded in driving the German army almost completely out of Russia and in recovering the immensely rich regions of the Southern Ukraine, but, and this is a big but, the German army would live to fight another day. So the Red generals have decided to throw the real weight of their offensive southward from Zhitomir towards Bessarabia and the Black Sea, while exploiting the westward drive with a comparatively light forces.

In other words they are attempting the encirclement and destruction of the entire million or so men south of Kiev. If they succeed it may conceivably mean the end of the war in Russia. This the German general staff realizes and they are throwing everything they have into an attempt to prevent the trap closing. Mannstein, one of the best strategists in the world, commands the German armies there and to date he has been able to hold off the Red Army. The issue seems to be at least evenly balanced as yet.

STATION COMMITTEES

STATION AUDIT BOARD

President: S/L McIntosh
Members: F/L Sutton
F/O Erickson

STATION FUND COMMITTEE

President: F/L Sutton
Members: S/L Fenn
WO2 Horsfall
LAC Nairne
LAC McKay
LAC West
LAW Guest
Ex-Officio: F/O Wallace

OFFICERS' MESS COMMITTEE

President: S/L Baird
Vice-Pres.: S/L Youngs
Secretary: F/O Pollin
Members: F/L Kjellander
F/O MacLeod
F/O Wedge

SERGEANTS' MESS COMMITTEE

Hon. Pres.: F/L Sutton
President: WO2 Fraser
Sec.-Treas.: F/S Wood

AIRMEN'S MESS COMMITTEE

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Secretary: F/O Hamilton
Members: WO2 Horsfall
(3 airmen)
(2 W.D.'s)
Ex-Officio: A/S/O Roland

CANTEEN COMMITTEE

President: F/L Sutton
Secretary: F/S Ross
Members: F/O Wonnacott
WO2 Horsfall
Cpl. Loube
Cpl. Doak
LAW Jackson

SPORTS COMMITTEE

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F/L Burns
F/L Dunphy
Capt. Goodison
F/L Kjellander
F/L Young
S/O Lester
F/O Nicolle
F/O Pitton
F/O Bruce
F/O Peden
F/O Perrault
F/O Lyons

SALVAGE COMMITTEE

President: F/O Smith
Members: F/L Sutton
WO1 Baldwin
WO2 Horsfall

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