

The Aylmer

(See Article Page 1, "Can You Name Our Paper?")

Published by the Kind Permission of Wing Commander, G. N. Irwin, Commanding Officer

Volume 1; No. 1

AYLMER, ONTARIO, AUGUST 2nd, 1941

No. 14 S.F.T.S., R.C.A.F.

The Honorable D. E. Matthews, Lieut.-Governor of Ontario and Premier Hepburn to Open School

Official Programme

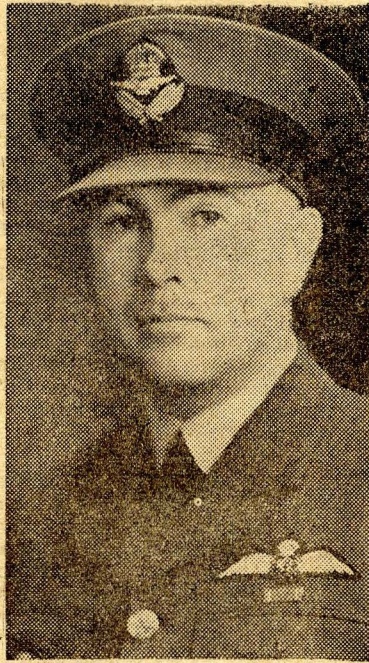
- Open to Public, 2.00 to 5.00 p.m.
(D. S. Time)
- 2.00 to 3.00 p.m.—Concert by the Manning Depot Band.
- 3.00 p.m.—Arrival by air of Lieutenant Governor and Premier Hepburn.
- 3.05 p.m.—Words of welcome to general public and guests by Wing Commander G. N. Irwin, Commanding Officer.
- 3.10 p.m.—Remarks by Group Captain P. N. Mackworth, for Air Officer Commanding.
- 3.15 p.m.—Dedication Prayer by Squadron Leader G. E. Lightbourn, Command Protestant Chaplain.
- 3.20 p.m.—Introduction of Lieutenant Governor Matthews by Honorable M. F. Hepburn, Premier of Ontario.
- 3.40 p.m.—Flying Display by Officers of No. 14 S.F.T.S.
- 4.00 to 5.00 p.m.—Band Concert by Manning Depot Band.
- 4.10 p.m.—Tour of Buildings by Official Party.

READING ROOM AND LIBRARY

The Airmen are certainly proud of their Reading Room and justly so. It is the most enjoyable place on the grounds to spend the leisure half-hour or hour. And the joy of ownership belongs to the Airmen. The attractive furnishings will be paid for by the Airmen's Canteen Fund. So come on Airmen make the most you can out of your own room and don't forget it is yours. You are paying for it so make use of it, and above all take care of it, and see that all users of it do the same. You are both the hosts and the guests so act as both every time you visit there. The writing paper is supplied for your use free of charge by the Y.M.C.A. and their only wish is that no relative or loved one will wonder why they are not getting those letters as regularly as they would like. If you have not yet used the reading material; magazines, daily papers are to be found on the table in the outer lobby. Your library now has 724 volumes on the shelves. Our daily circulation averages about 25 books. Drop in and look over the shelves, select a book by your favorite author, take it to the librarian in charge to have it marked out. If you have any books in good condition at home that you have enjoyed reading, bring them back when returning from your next leave. We will be glad to add them to our shelves. **LIBRARY HOURS** are 1230 to 1330 hrs. and 1800 to 2000 hrs. **READING ROOM** hours are 0900 to 2200 hrs.

CAN YOU NAME OUR PAPER?

Can you think of a good name for our station paper? A grand prize of an extra 48 hours' leave will be awarded to the contestant supplying the best name. This contest is open to all personnel on the station. So come along men, bring your contributions to the library, and in due time the board of judges will announce the winner! It is not necessary for the word "Aylmer" to appear in the title you may suggest.



WING COM. G. N. IRWIN
Our Commanding Officer

OUR STATION THEATRE

One of the buildings which is growing in popularity every day is the STATION THEATRE. The average attendance at Movie Nights on Wednesday and Saturday is up around 300. Now that our Theatre is "Air-Conditioned" we are looking for this attendance to grow even under the present weather conditions. Last Saturday in the midst of our present heat wave even the showing of "Boys From Syracuse" didn't offset our ventilating system. Our Theatre remained "The Coolest Spot on the Station." With our two projectors, our P.A. system and our excellent Musical hook-up we feel that our Theatre will continue to increase in popularity. We wish to express our thanks to our very generous Commanding Officer, Wing Commander Irwin, for his personal donation of the P.A. system and the phonograph attachment. Our special feature for Saturday, August 2nd is "WAIKIKI WEDDING." The added short is entitled "Let's Visit The Moon." This latter should appeal to some of our young pilots who seem to have a desire to visit far away places via Harvard. One of the reasons for the large attendance at Movie Nights is the absence of any admission charge. The projector equipment and all films are supplied without charge by the Y.M.C.A. WAR SERVICES, represented locally by our good friend (we hope) T. W. (Chappy) Chapman.

Shows booked for early showing include; CAT AND CANARY, RED SALUTE, and LIGHT THAT FAILED.

RECITAL

Proceeds For the Active Service Men's Club

A recital will be given in St. Paul's United Church on August 19th, at 8.15 p.m., the proceeds in aid of the Active Service Men's Club.

Constantine Kamarovsky, famed cellist, Mrs. E. W. McNiece, violinist, Margaret Blake, contralto, of London; Flying Officer Gifford Mitchell, Organist and Helen M. Barnum, pianist, will present the programme. In addition to solo numbers the string trio (violin, cello and piano) will play.

BOMBERS DEFEAT AYLMER

Tuesday night the Fingal Bombers invaded 14 S.F.T.S. and set the local lads down to the tune of 13 to 8. For six innings the game was well played and very tight with two men out in the seventh inning, a fly ball was dropped by the local right fielder resulting in three runs crossing the plate, and putting the Fingal team back into the lead. The locals became very unsettled and in the remaining two innings the Bombers increased their lead. The fielding gem of the evening was made by LAC Titus, who made a shoe string catch of a hard line drive to centre field. Turnbull pitched masterful ball for the locals, but had to be removed from the game after a collision with the opposing first baseman. After a few more practises the local team expect to be unbeatable.

Umpires—Brady and Chapman.

Teams Record For Season to Date

R.C.A.F.	Games	Union Gas	Score
10	9	Union Gas	9
14	12	Union Gas	12
19	9	Copenhagen	9
6	6	Copenhagen	6
13	11	Union Gas	11
16	7	Copenhagen	7
6	8	Union Gas	8
4	8	Copenhagen	8
0	8	Fingal	8
16	12	Union Gas	12
8	13	Fingal	13

Batting Averages

Player	Games	Score
Speiran	10	604
Pamplin	11	491
Miller	8	317
Jones	7	350

SPORTS EQUIPMENT AND PLAYING FIELDS

There is rapidly rounding into shape playing fields for all interested. Our two soft-ball diamonds are ready for use and equipment may be secured at the 'Y' office in the Library at all off-duty hours. As soon as the flights all get their teams lined up we will organize a Station League.

Two Tennis courts will be ready for use in a very few days. All the necessary equipment is on hand, including rackets and balls. However, if you prefer using your own racket, bring it back with you from your next leave.

Basketball, Volley-ball and Badminton courts are almost ready for play in the drill hall and will get plenty of use as soon as this heat-wave passes over. The Ping-Pong tables in the Airmen's Canteen are being used extensively at the present time and arrangements are under way to have more tables installed on the grounds. Tournaments will be arranged very shortly. If you have aspirations to be station champion in this line get busy with the old practice. Bats and balls may be had by asking at the canteen wicket.

HEADQUARTERS SQUADRON

Just what is Headquarters Squadron some persons will ask? Headquarters includes most personnel who have to do with administration, provisioning, transport, hospitalization, dentistry, maintenance, and many others required as permanent staff in the operation of a Unit as large as our own.

Very little is heard from some and perhaps too much from others. However, it is the job of some to produce and others to talk. Of necessity such personnel come in for little praise and a good many kicks, and the good work accomplished is sometimes forgotten in the heat of immediate problems.

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

By F. O. Wilson

There'll always be an England,
As long as Scotland's there
To give the Navy shelter,
The brunt of air raids bear.

There'll always be an England,
As long as Scotsmen fight,
Along with Welsh and Irish
To save old England's might.

There are Scotsmen all in Khaki,
There are Scots in Air Force blue.
You'll find them in the Navy,
With Welsh and Irish, too.

So when they sing of England,
And England in the fight,
They're forgetting all the others
Who save Old England's might.

There'll always be an England,
And a dear Auld Scotland, too.
We'll all fight together
With the Welsh and the Irish, too.

MEN IN AIR FORCE BLUE

Oh men in blue; in Air Force Blue,
You men so fearless brave and true.
Men that will drive the Hun from his
den
You are King George's Air Force
Gentlemen.

Oh men in Blue from every walk of
life,
Loved ones were left to end this awful
strife:
Our freedom lies in daring hands,
Your fearless heart forever stands.

Oh men in blue you play a vital part,
On ground, in the air, your job is with
your heart.
Those skillful hands will never rest
Till victory comes; then you'll be
blessed.

Oh men in blue: in Air Force Blue,
Your loved ones know your hearts are
true.
When victory is ours you'll say it
then,
We were King George's Air Force
Gentlemen.

—By Carl Pitzler (M.T.)

NEWS FROM G. I. S.

Our pupils are daily to be found in the classrooms sweating over the mysteries of navigation, armament, etc. The staff, under Sqdn. Leader Creighton, have been labouring under difficulties due to the tendency of various workmen to keep dashing madly in and out of offices and lecture-rooms, but we are right on schedule with instruction.

We have it on reliable authority, that F/O Mitchell was offered a part in the R.C.A.F. picture at Uplands. He says although he knows he could fill the bill as regards looks, he was reluctant to accept the part owing to the danger of the leading lady becoming infatuated with him. That would have been disastrous as he intends to be married in the near future.

Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be blisser, says we.

Perhaps F/O Knox is responsible for his intentions to take the plunge into the sea of matrimony for they say misery loves company.

"Take back the pop bottles."

Sgt. Oliver: "If anything moves, you shoot!"

Sentry: "Yes, and if anything shoots, I move."



THE AYLME

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EDITORIAL

DRIVING A NAIL

How many thousands of nails have been driven during the time spent in building our school would be somewhat similar to endeavoring to count the stars or to number the grains of sand on the seashore. But we do know of one nail that is being driven right now, on this our Opening Day. It is another of the series of nails which the different flying training schools all over the country are driving into the coffin which eventually the mad dog of Europe, one Adolf Hitler, will occupy. As each unit of our great Training Scheme commences to function, it is bringing ever closer the day when that glad and wondrous ceremony will take place, the ushering into hell's torment of the chief of the Nazis. Each nail must be carefully driven to ensure the job is completely successful and if the nail should happen to stray from the right path, time and money would be needed to replace the damage to the casket.

In a like manner, if one of the personnel of our school, by carelessness, slipshod work, etc., should retard the speed with which we turn out our finished product, i.e., trained pilots, it would be equivalent to driving home a faulty nail into Hitler's coffin. So as we hit our stride in Aylmer, let us all endeavor to hit the nail on the head each and every day of our service life. Borden, Uplands, Dunnville, Summerside and the remainder of our schools have been striking heavy blows at their nails for months now, but knowing the personnel on our station like I do, I am confident that we shall equal, if not excel, their efforts in the near future. Aylmer expects W.S.

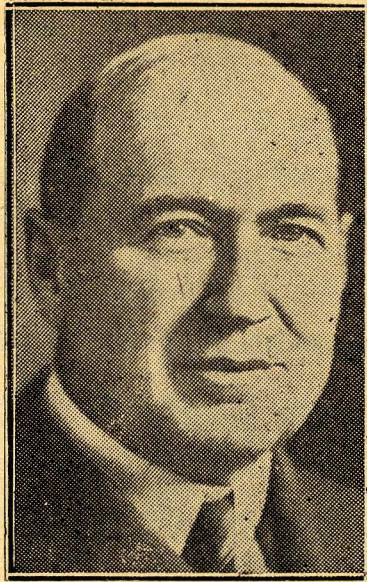
BAD HABITS

Back in the days when the others of our young readers were trying to train them out of their earliest bad habits, it was a common thing to see in newspapers and magazines the advertisements of misguided people who offered for the usual consideration, to cure those who "suffered" from what they call the "tobacco habit." Today one notices from time to time, the appeals of equally misguided people who desire, gratuitously or otherwise, to wean their fellow men away from the habit of indulging in alcoholic beverages.

It may seem strange that nobody offers to benefit humanity by providing a cure for what is probably the most annoying, expensive and destructive habit known to man—the habit of lazy untidiness and personal sloppiness which wastes more time, energy and money than all the other bad habits put together.

We are all familiar with the more advanced exponents of this method of living (the man who puts up his gun without unloading, the lad who drops the banana skin on the stairs, the motorist who is late and hasn't time to stop at the through highway), but let us glance for a moment at a mere beginner; one in whom the milder symptoms are just beginning to manifest themselves and who is not, let us hope for all our sakes, beyond a redemption and guidance towards a sane way of life. In short, let us observe L.A.C. Spillikins.

This unworthy Airman rises late, although he awoke at reveille; a comrade has probably reminded him kindly of the passage of time. He is soon later still, because he spends some time finding his razor and what-not,



D. E. MATTHEUS,

Lieut.-Governor of the Province of Ontario, who, with Premier Hepburn is officiating at the opening of this new School.

which he failed to put away neatly the day before. He just makes breakfast, at which he spills something on another man's clothing through carelessness, and where his haste lays the foundation for the gastric trouble which will cost him money in the years to come. In spite of the help of a friend he cannot find all his equipment in time, being late on parade and on this tradity is brought to the notice of a superior. Needless to say that, on inspection he is found wanting in some particular which is duly spotted by the inspection officer and noted by the sergeant-major. Later he will be put on report before his flight commander and so waste the time of more people.

In due course he commences work while the barrack detail picks up the empty cigarette package which he threw at, but not in, the "receptacle provided," sweeps up the cigarette ash which he deposited on the floor and tries to remove with wax the mark where he dropped and trod upon the butt. At work he is under the eagle eye of efficient N.C.O.'s who frustrate his attempts to do serious harm, but, nevertheless, he manages (1) to leave a small pool of oil just where somebody will slip in it, (2) to mislay a tool, (3) to leave a soft drink bottle out where it must be picked up by somebody else, (4) to miss an item of sweeping or dusting which brings the displeasure of an inspection officer upon the head of the flight sergeant and, of course, (6) to leave another butt or two to be swept up by others.

It is now only noon, but our estimable friend has already inconvenienced or made extra work for no less than eighteen people by count. It is to be noted that he has done very little harm of a serious nature, and it is probably unnecessary to say that he is serenely unaware of having been a damned nuisance; he has undoubtedly done his work and may have done well enough to earn a commendatory word which fills his mind with thought of becoming a corporal, (acting) (paid), as he swings along on the noon parade, out of step.

Spillikins' case needs treatment before the disease, of which we have seen the insidious beginnings, reaches the acute stage and makes him the cause of a crash in which valuable lives and equipment are lost. It needs treatment, if not to save the extra work and expense in which his trivial misdeeds involve us. Unfortunately no specialist has studied this malady; no patent medicine is offered for its cure; not one anti-Spillikins Society exists as an excuse for old women of both sexes to work off their inhibitions. No, poor, easy-going Spillikins must work out his own salvation with what help we can give him.

The first step in the cure is self-revelation. Yet our readers, pause to think: "Am I Spillikins? Do I do these things?" If the answer is an honest, "Yes," the battle is half won. If the response is a resounding "No," then let this splendid fellow help his less fortunate brethren by pointing out the error of their ways. This is a matter in which it is every man's plain duty

to assist—make life miserable for these sloppy Spillikins, until they mend their way—send them back every time to rectify their untidiness. If you can help train them in near orderly habits in small things, you will have done the R.C.A.F. an inestimable service.

THE PADRE'S COMMENT

Was it by accident or design that the Padre's office was put in the place once occupied by the kitchen? Was it meant to suggest that the lower must give place to the higher? Are we to see in it the supplanting of the physical by the spiritual?

But away with all such questions which serve only to engender strife. The kitchen and the chapel are both necessary and essential to the welfare of our airmen. Man, it has been said, is a soul and has a body. And if men are to reach and fulfil their true manhood, the soul as well as the body, the body as well as the soul, must be fed and nourished. Neither kitchen nor chapel is supplanting the other on this station. Each in its own sphere, and in its own way, is here to do its job to the best of its ability and desires to see those who train in this place grow, as the greatest of all men grew, "in wisdom and stature an in favour with God and man."

I am glad that it is my privilege to be Padre at No. 14 S.F.T.S. I am here to be of service to every individual on the station, whenever I can and in whatever way I can. Let each man look upon me as his confidant and friend. Come with your troubles and come with your joys. When things are going well, let me rejoice with you. When things are going badly, let me sympathize with you, and try to encourage you.

May we never fail to remember, on duty or off duty, that a station can be no better than the men who man it. Judging by those who have made their abode with us already, we may, with confidence, look forward to having the finest and best station in the Province, if not in the Dominion.

FLT. LIEUT. SMYTH, P.B.

A WORD OF THANKS

We are deeply indebted to the owners and publishers of The Aylmer Express for their great kindness, not only in giving advice, supplying cuts, etc., but chiefly for printing this first issue of our station paper free of charge. Gentlemen, we thank you.

EQUIPMENT BLUES

Wax, Rope, Toilet Paper, Soap, Brooms, Mops, Shovels, Dope, Distillate, Oleo Legs, Batteries, Rope, Wrenches, Files, Mud, Hope.

Beds, 'rushes, Grease, Oil, Nuts, Bolts, Bottles Foil, Glycol, Paint, Rags, Toil, Rakes, Forks, Oh! What soil.

Tunics, Trousers, Buttons, Caps, Chevrons, Rubbers, Coco-Mats, Cups, Saucers, Chairs, Taps, Bombs, Drogues, Baskets, Flaps.

Camera, Guns, Azimuth Brackets, Airscrews, Wheels, Engine Tappets, Tail planes, Rudders, Tires Jackets, When they Rev' Up what a racket!

Section Eighteen, Reference Seven, Wonder what Vocab they have in

Heaven,
E. Twenty Sixes seven copies,
Forty eights in old Jalopies.

Fifty sixes in copies four,
Seems a shame there isn't more,
Still we wonder what's the score,
When three times six is twenty-four.

Tables folding Kitchen Large,
Makes me think of little Marge,
Bedsteads Airmen Double Folding
Sleep suspended from the moulding.

Parades, Watches, Week-end passes,
It's our turn to see the lasses.
If we weren't so isolated—
Then we'd soon become elated.

When you really are in trouble,
Even tho' it's just a bubble,
See the old Equipment Section
You'll be met with fond affection.

J. L. McK.

BLITZ BEANS

No. 2 Flight

Among a host of many perfections and masterpieces comes this line of babble from an inconsequential pen dealing namely with an up and coming flight on an R.C.A.F., S.F.T.S. and to our readers we would like to state that anything here stated is entirely without malicious intent and reckoned to be by our contributors merely a fun history of B flight.

The Flight opened up for business on July 5th under Sergeant Hall who is now somewhere in the west on leave—happily we hope—but in his absence has been taken over by none other, that Little Napoleon (Flt.Sgt. Morris). This Flight with the eagles on the wheel plates is composed of men from various parts of the Dominion who are all out to forget East or West in the hope of putting the flight out in front.

It is rumoured around No. 1 hangar that a certain A.E.M. in B. flight lost out on a flip to Camp Borden for the simple reason of not standing close enough to the razor.

ACI. Michie may never have any of his finer works in the better art galleries but very few painters can boast that their masterpieces have ascended to the clouds and higher on the wheel plates of a Harvard.

And of course inevitably even the student pilots and instructors give the hard working ground crew the odd heart condition and consternation due mainly to student pilots landing on their landing flaps instead of that very suitable gear provided for that purpose. Yes, and we wonder how our very talented Sergeant Pilots came to detour from the runways via the only spot on the whole drome (hear you Sgt. Campbell). Strange country too, does strange things and sometimes even a P/O finds it necessary to play the sleuth and shadow his diligent pupil back to the home field. P/O Thurston recommends that homing pigeons be installed in all the aircraft. Anyway if they come back with an L-6 turned inside out and their stomachs in a piece of old newspaper something is bound to be wrong.

It is with regret however that we mention our only accident and thank the "Powers That Be" that L.A.C. Rebout is still in our midst.

In our leisure time we also marvel how a certain L.A.C. can forget his "one and only" in the west to the extent of making almost bi-weekly visits to Brantford. The boys wish Cupid would either take a rest or improve his aim and keep good airmen from coming in at such wee small hours of the morning.

Congratulations are in order for that indomitable Irishman, Gunner McClosky. Best of luck George and the boys hope that now that you have that third hook that perhaps you will put away the whip.

Furthermore it is hereby resolved by a whole-hearted co-operation B Flight will be in there fighting and we admonish you to keep your eye sighted on Blitz Beans for the latest Daily Routine Dirt and Rumors.

THINGS WE WOULD

LIKE TO KNOW

How much that man with the red flag and straw hat gets paid?

Is Sgt. Henderson still looking for the man who put that stake in the ground?

Why so many of the boy's are so anxious to get married—is it the scarcity of girls in Aylmer?

What the invisible man has on our storekeeper?

If Cpl. Fulford will ever succeed in getting all the boys to sweep under their beds?

Is it time for the early party to go home yet? R. H. S.

Cpl. Shanline has been threatening to hire a pygmy or a contortionist to adjust time logs without removing the side panel.

We almost lost Little to Jarvis. Better luck next time. F/O Knox.

Said the little red hen to Donald Duck, "You can't lay an egg, but you sure can swim."

"Lucky" Land has unpacked his bags and decided not to spend a vacation in Kingston after all.

**"BEHIND THE SCENES IN
"A" FLIGHT"**

The only advantage of 48's in the middle of the week, say the boys, is that there's a little less competition with the girls.

The mystery of the moment—where are F/S Silby's boots?

If you heard anyone giving three rousing cheers in the hangar the other day it was because he went to stores and found—of all things, the store-keeper there.

And we still think there should be a terrific rumble for leaving instruments uncased.

Congratulations to our Squadron Commander.

Anyone on the station is cordially invited to come down and swing a sway with the boys.

Nelson should do like his famed forebearer the Admiral, and take a telescope next time he goes hitch-hiking—or a compass.

You should have seen Cpl. Mitchell playing fireman on Thursday morning. He worries about our grass too.

Ask F/S Silsby to sing you the song "Oh where, oh where, have my little boots gone."

Then there was the Officer who thought the pilot head was used to crank the engine!! Not mentioning any names, but you could borrow the Harvard hand-book!

Dickson saw his girl friend in the daylight the other day and promptly came home.

"I wonder if I would get sick in aerobatics." Guess who!

Then there was the student who thought the selector unit was the carburetor.

Hurray!!! F/S Silsby just found his boots!!

Cpl. Fulford: "I wonder what the Orderly Officer will say about the barracks?"

We wonder if F/S Parker would like some more aerobatics?

20B SPEAKS

by

AC2 Cook S. R. 104114

Well, well, looks as if 20b really had something. That Monday night Ball Game shows their ball team to be right on their toes. Their win over the Officers (And we would like to mention the score) shows promise of a team hard to beat, and I hear there is still plenty of material to show its stuff if need arises.

Speaking of the game it is generally agreed in the barracks that the officers are no "pushovers" in spite of their (unmentioned score) and we believe after a few more workouts the officers should give even we of 20B a tougher go-when OFFICERS?

This writer would like to have known individual players better in order that he could give the star performers their just dues, but as we are not yet familiar with names and faces no one should feel lack of mention. However we did recognize C.O. Irwin playing a smart bit of 1st base in the early frames, and for information of aspiring pitchers the same gentleman knows how to handle a bat.

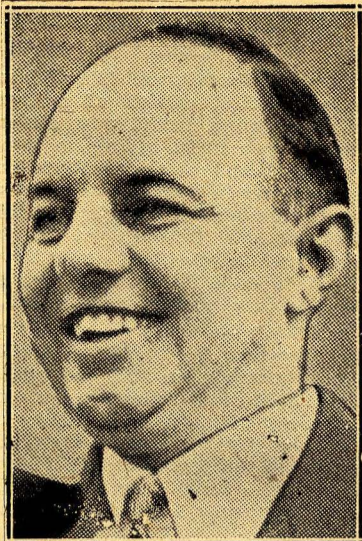
The efficient work of F/O Mitchell in centre field, in the later innings should go far in winning a berth with the Brooklyn Dodgers in the 1941 series—(well that's my guess, what's yours).

Speaking for all my barrack bunk mates as well as the team, the officers were darn good sports to give us an opener and we all appreciate it. It's a good example to the other groups, 12A is the only challenger to date and we do want more games, so here we go "all out". Who will be next to try to beat us after 12A?

Credits for our ball team belong to the west enders (the after lights out noise makers). Gus McNea taking some top honors for its organizing and management as well as the pitching work-out. Our pint sized Dimaggio named Dixon plays a nice game of short stop as well as having a liking for homers with bases loaded. Keep it up "Dixie," circuit clouts with three on DO win ball games I hear.

Ray Leach behind the plate is a formidable back stop and I don't mean Just his size.

"Cappy" Capricotti on third is ano-



PREMIER MITCHELL F. HEPBURN
Who will attend the Official Opening of the Aylmer Service Flying Training School and will introduce the Lieut.-Governor.

ther choice bit of ball, the lad has form despite what your eyes tell you, so lets go team, we're all with you.

Ball players are not the only athletes in our barracks. Snarky Clarke and slim Summerville have ambition to become members of the grunt and groan club. Perhaps there will be a chance to show their manly physiques outside the 20B crowd. In the same line there is Duke the dark horse and he is plenty "cocky"

There are tennis, Badminton, table tennis and horse shoe tossers too whom are willing to take on all opponents. Let's hear from potentials. We're good over here, mention the game and we'll find the player.

Some unanswered questions in our barracks: Are "Corp" Macauley and Bannas Roberts really bosom friends? Is the "Duke" as good as he seems?

Do certain beer drinkers like the stuff as much as they seem to?

Has "ace" really got the inside on the Balkan Affair or was he giving Frank the Swede a ride.

No cash remuneration for answers to the above but this department will appreciate hearing from anyone with the facts. It will help make this column more intimate.

We are going to try to keep "20B speaking" appearing in every issue. Your co-operation will be appreciated on any news or barrack doings. Anyone having any news please get in touch with "Corp" Macauley.

Until next issue then.

WE HAVE SPOKEN

**GEAR GROWLS FROM
M.T. SECTION**

Edited by Pitzler and McIntosh

Everything is just as you would expect them to be around the M.T., the boys all seem to be happy in the service and are keeping up the morale by sitting out in the driver's room waiting for the Adjutant to authorize trips, but hoping he turns them all down so as they don't have to move.

LAC "Crash" Bates has been enquiring as to when they are going to instal props and wings on the field ambulance so as he can hop ditches during stormy weather when he is flying low.

Home Run King Orme is trying to help "Bushy" Woodland make up his mind as to which girl "Bushy" should wed and Orme really knows how. We hear that he is tying the knot on August 4th, if his expense sheet (which she sent him) doesn't get the best of him in the meantime.

Talking about marriages, the love bug has really struck the M.T. a real blow. AC1 Lackie was recently married to Miss Lila Rowson, of Fingal and AC1 Webber was married July 20th, to Miss Marion Kane of Port Credit and Jim tells us that we had better keep an eye on Best Man McIntosh and Bridesmaid Miss Betty Boyle. He says they have that gleam in their eyes.

Tractor Operator "Dick" Thomsen was taken for a flip the other day and says they won't take him up any more as the Pilot evidently gave him the works for he crawled out of the

plane with less expression on his face than he has when walking out of the mess hall, which isn't much.

"Mouse" Townsend is still trying to figure out when he should report the needed repairs on articles. When they occur or two weeks later.

The following are a few airmen which the fairer sex should avoid as they are real Woman Killers namely: "Handsome" McMillan, "Bronko" Cheyne, "Cow-Hand" Elliott and "Red" Double. Watch them girls, they are all big handsome brutes.

Incidentally Curly Moore (who has enough flying hours to be a Flying Officer) and "Blondie" Lyttle his caddy, are still looking for the golf ball they lost last week when "Red" Double took "Curley" out and skinned him alive. "Curly" blames "Blondie" (another caddy) for his unavoidable loss.

AC1 Gopher has just comprised a little poem which we are sure you will all enjoy.

If you ever chance to hear,
Around the M.T. Section, loud
and clear

In baggy pants and touselled
hair

You need not run, its not a bear
It's Corporal Cookman you will
know,

Giving Corporal Hardman a big
show.

Well folks we'll have to close as we have a lot of brass to shine before Saturday.

SECURITY GUARD NOTES

(1) All that certain corporal could say after returning from one of his many 48's in Toronto was "she was only a trainman's daughter but Whoo, Whoo!"

(2) What airman in No. 1 Shift suffering from halucinations is continually wasting ammunition at night?

(3) What irresponsible would-be corporal keeps dropping his ammunition down sewers?

(4) What guard is getting grey haired worrying about a certain Aylmer damsel?

(5) Any guard or airmen wishing to join the Royal Order of the Rover Boys see Chief Rover Cuthbertson, now serving his seventh consecutive week in office.

(6) What acting corporal, continuously visiting Port Stanley, is strangely becoming interested in Kit-chener?

(7) Three reasons why a certain Mexican guard went to Port Stanley for his 48hr leave.

1. Woman.
2. Woman.
3. Woman.

(8) What is the attraction for our church pianist in the Aylmer Dairy? Too bad you can't play as well Doug?

What would-be Pilot, harbouring ideas of granduer, has been asked by the C.O. for an audition?

"FALL OUT THE SICK"

Seven days a week this command rings o'er the ranks wherever there is a concentration of men of the services. The word "fall" is slightly misused, as the sick are usually well enough to make a more graceful effort or should one attribute this to the fact that even though they are suffering unbearable pain, they still remember the high honour they are bound to uphold, and so they move smartly to the place or the haven where the noblest of all the services are awaiting to administer the elixir of life to all who have the need. And so to the hospital under the wing of the orderly sergeant, whose concern for his men cannot be described by mere words, moves this column of cripples, etc. etc. It is a pitiful sight to watch—there are men who would rather undergo torture than be seen on a sick parade.

On reaching the hospital the friendly attitude of the orderlies and the environment of the place, does a lot to revive the spirits of these poor unfortunates and to the casual observer they do not look like the same detail that started on this grim and trying adventure. To the Medical Officer they are taken, one at a time. Each gives a detailed account of the symptoms of his case. It is then the

task of the M.O. to make his diagnosis. This process often causes pain to the afflicted, but still there are no groans or screeches heard, which again displays the unestimable courage of these men. If they have to report sick, they do it on their feet; never yet has one been carried in. Many of them are most pleasantly surprised when told that they can return to duty immediately and joyfully they steal away muttering biblical quotations, only in a very low voice. Undoubtedly so it won't disturb the patients confined in this heavenly institution. For others the story is not so good. Especially those who are told that they will be confined to bed for a couple of days, or perhaps are given compulsory excused duty. It is to the latter that all sympathy is extended. His is the lot of having to wander aimlessly about, while his more fortunate comrades give their all in a supreme effort to carry on.

The M.O. is always on the lookout for things that constitute a menace to the health of the men. If there is something that cannot be attended to during the day, does he mind coming at the break of dawn to examine them? No, emphatically. Do they? We often wonder.

There is just one more item which seems to have a lot of influence in determining the number on the sick parade. Every Friday mornning, the M.O. can sleep in with the assurance that he will not be disturbed for whoever heard of an Airman reporting sick when he was going on weekend pass that evening.

In closing, the following observation is submitted. There'll always be an England. . . . and a sick parade.
—THE MEDICALS.

**WITH THE AIRCREW
(PILOTS)**

No. 23 Course

We hear that although Bud Walcott has an enviable reputation as a magician he still cannot hypnotize his instructor into forgetting the rumbles. Also he can make a rabbit appear out of a hat box, but he cannot make Aylmer appear when he wants it. When asked the reason for his absence he says he God-a-rich' mixture.

They say LAC (Pretty-boy) Faith has the feminine hearts all of a dither in Aylmer, but I see LAC (The Great) Alexander isn't doing so bad.

It is rumored that the Hollywood scouts are hot on the trail of a certain Bob Everett, who performed on the floor show out at Lackawanna on Saturday p.m. Also that his repertoire consists of "Maytime" and "Daddy."

Who was the Sgt. who had his hair clipped and manicured over the weekend? He was also seen buying gardenias.

One of our would-be pilots took off on the taxi strip the other day and old Pains and Achings was dancing in glee, or something.

LAC Dickinson made a hit with two gentlemen (?) in a car last weekend. One of them said in a light-colored voice, "Isn't he cute."

"How much do I owe in rumbles?"

Too Late

Through the burning heat and choking dust, the airmen wearily plodded along. His tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth, he thought longingly of the cool refreshing drink that awaited him at the end of his long trek. Not caring for the aircraft which hummed overhead, whether they were foe or friend, the only thought in his mind was to assuage his burning throat. In the distance he could see others making their way over the rough terrain to partake of the life giving fluid. After what seemed hours of tortured effort, he staggered up the steps, only to find the wicket at the canteen had been closed two minutes previously. W.S.

If it takes a Warrant Officer four hours to get a few cans of wax from the Stores Section, what chance has the poor lowly AC2?

Just because your wife is forty is no reason why you should change her for two twenty's.

What Is Good Gasoline?

Now that hot weather is here the following complaint is often heard from the average motorist. That is that during the hot weather the motor has been acting up and been hard to start, "I'll be travelling along alright, and the motor will begin to sputter and buck; it may even quit, and when it does it usually takes a considerable period of time to get started again."

Now this may be vapour lock, and if so, then it emphasizes the importance of specification number two, called Vapour Pressure, which was established by engineers to indicate certain vapour lock characteristics of gasoline which are not covered completely enough by Volatility. This specification indicates the tendency of gasoline to evaporate at 100 degrees F. as this is about the maximum atmospheric temperature which will normally be encountered in temperate climates. The tendency of gasoline to vaporize in the fuel system at this temperature is governed by the amount of extremely light gases which the fuel might contain. A bottle of soda water and a bottle of distilled water clearly demonstrate the comparison between the tendencies of the two gasolines to vaporize where one contains extremely light gases and the other does not. Soda water contains carbon dioxide, a highly volatile gas that constantly wants to leave the liquid in the form of bubbles even at room temperatures. Distilled water contains none of this gas. There are several extremely light gases, such as "Propane" and "Butane" which should be practically eliminated in the refining process, but are sometimes left in gasoline and have the same effect as carbon dioxide does in soda water. When the gasoline comes in contact with a fuel system operating at a normal temperature these gases begin to separate from the liquid in the form of vapour bubbles. The higher the percentage of gases the more rapidly the gasoline will vaporize. If the bubbles are comparatively small and are formed in small quantities, the pump delivers them to the carburetor, and they merely cut down the volume of liquid gasoline being delivered to the engine and thus reduce its top speed. But if the bubbles are large they will soon fill the pump with vapour and since the pump was designed to operate on a liquid fuel it therefore cannot deliver enough vaporized fuel to the carburetor to run the engine. This is known as a complete Vapor Lock. After the engine has stood without running long enough for the fuel system to cool down below the normal operating temperature, the gases will again become dissolved in the gasoline and the stream of fuel will be allowed to flow continuously and the engine can again be started until such time as the temperature rises, when another vapor lock will occur.

Having seen the influence of these gases upon the tendency of fuel to produce vapor lock, the importance of using a fuel containing a safe percentage of extremely light gases should be evident. Vapor pressure is checked by means of the Reid Vapor Pressure Test which indicates the pressure developed by the expansion of the extremely light gases. It is expressed in terms of pressure because that is the truest and easiest way to denote the tendency of the gases to leave the liquid. Minimum vapor pressures of nine pounds per square inch for winter use, are considered to be safe from the standpoint of vapor lock difficulties, and are therefore used as vapor pressure specifications for good gasoline. This brings us to specification number three. Sulphur Content.

This specification establishes the maximum allowable amount of sulphur that a good gasoline may contain. To understand why larger quantities of sulphur are undesirable, let us discuss for just a moment the chemical properties of gasoline. Commercial gasoline is composed mainly of two chemical elements namely "Carbon" and "Hydrogen." When the hydrogen burns, it combines with the oxygen in the air to form water. When an engine burns one gallon of gaso-

line, approximately one gallon of water is produced in the combustion chamber and then forced out through the exhaust in the form of steam. When the engine is stopped the superheated steam condenses in the form of drops of water on the exhaust valve stems and other parts of the engine including the entire exhaust system. When sulphur burns it always combines with the oxygen in the air to form sulphur dioxide, and when sulphur dioxide combines with water it forms Sulphurous Acid. Thus when the exhaust gases come in contact with the water on the exhaust valve stems or when blowby gases come in contact with the water in the crankcase, "Sulphurous Acid" is formed, and if it is formed in sufficient quantities, it quickly corrodes all polished surfaces such as valve stems, pistons, pins, etc. Now although all commercial fuels contain one sulphur, the sulphur content of good gasoline is never allowed to be more than one tenth of one per cent. in climates with cold winter weather, and only somewhat higher for climates which are warm the year round. These amounts will not form enough "Sulphurous Acid" to cause any damage.

What Is Good Gasoline?

No matter how well an engine may be tuned up, and no matter what attention is paid to routine maintenance details, all is of no avail if the correct type of fuel is ignored in the operation of the motor, both for efficiency and economy.

Good gasoline is tested and its quality determined according to five specifications as follows:

Volatility
Vapor Pressure
Sulphur Content
Anti-Knock Value

A tankful of gasoline that fails to meet these five specifications properly is a tankful of trouble. So it is necessary to know just what properties good gasoline must have.

Volatility

Volatility influences:
Consumption (miles per gallon)
Tendency towards vapour lock
Ease of starting
Length of warm-up period
Distribution in the In-take manifold

Amount of crankcase dilution

Anything that has that much effect upon engine performance should really keenly interest everyone, simply because it has such a vital bearing upon the efficiency and long life of the engine.

Volatility specifications indicate the percentage of a gasoline which will vaporize in the stream of air inside the manifold at the temperatures which exist there, such as 75.F to 125.F.

These specifications are generally shown in shop manuals and other technical literature by curves which show the percentage which will evaporate at various temperatures when not mixed with air. These temperatures are higher than those needed to evaporate the gasoline in the stream of air in the intake manifold. In order to better understand volatility specifications, let us consider commercial gasolines as being composed of three parts called "light fractions" "medium fractions" and "heavy fractions." Now everyone knows that different liquids completely vaporize at different temperatures. For example, water vaporizes at 212.F., alcohol at 172.F., and ether at 95.F. In a similar manner, light fractions will completely vaporize at temperatures up to 180.F., medium from 180.F to 250.F. and heavy fractions above 250.F.

Now a certain percentage of light fractions is necessary to ensure easy vaporization. However too high a percentage of light fractions will possibly cause vapor lock, and poor economy will cause a greater percentage of the gasoline to be lost by vaporization from the events in the carburetor bowl and the gasoline tank, and for the same reason "Vapor Lock" which is a condition wherein vapour bubbles are formed in the fuel lines.

Now on the other hand, too low a percentage of light fractions—or too

"D" FLIGHT NO. 2 SQUADRON

Just a minute fellows. We all know this is the first edition of a brand new paper on a brand new station, so before you start telling us about your flights and of the swell fellows and nice guys in your flights come on down to number two hangar and take a look at our time-keeper. If you can produce anyone half as pretty or with such cute little dimples we'll have a beauty contest next week.

Our N.C.O. i/c is no slouch himself when it comes to visions of loveliness even though he does manage to lose his last meal somewhere around every cockpit he gets off of the ground in. As for myself, I make no claims as to possessing great beauty such as Doug "The Build" Fogarty; being merely handsome I let it go at that.

It takes all sorts of people to make a world they say. It also takes all sorts of people to make a flight. We have a little junior N.C.O. that tells us the score is 9 to 4. He doesn't know the league he's playing in so when we told him that the score was really 8 to 5 he said that in 1914-18 the score was 9 to 4 and as far as he was concerned he was still fighting the same war. After watching him in action for awhile and seeing the clean waxed floors and shiny spotless aircraft that results I don't really know what war I'm in myself.

We'd better take time out here for a few bouquets. Congratulations are in order to our painter for the fine job he is doing on our signs. Congratulations also to our nice new sergeants, Earthy, Johnston and McClosky. Keep up the good works boys, your doing fine.

Taking it all into consideration lads we have no complaints about our C.O.'s our F.O.'s our P.O.'s our N.C.O.'s and our (P.P.O.'s Perhaps). So until next edition—so long.

high a percentage of heavy fractions—will very likely result in hard starting and a long warm-up period, poor distribution in the intake manifold, and excessive crankcase dilution: hard starting because gasoline which is too heavy will not vaporize easily enough in cold weather to provide a combustible mixture for the spark plugs to fire; a long warm-up period, because with heavy gasoline the intake manifold must reach a higher temperature before the fuel will vaporize completely.

Unequal distribution of fuel to the various cylinders because even under good operating conditions fuel is not completely vaporized in the intake manifold, and when a gasoline is too heavy, too much of it stays in liquid form, runs into the cylinders nearest the carburetor and thus robs the cylinders at the ends of the intake manifold. This also leads to excessive crankcase dilution, because gasoline that is too heavy is not fully vaporized in the intake system and is carried into the combustion chamber as raw gasoline. This collects on the cylinder walls, drains down past the rings, and eventually dilutes the oil in the crankcase. Modern gasolines and modern crankcase ventilating systems have minimized this trouble, but it still may be a source of difficulty in cold weather. Now considering all these possibilities of trouble it is easy to see that a gasoline with carefully balanced volatility specifications is absolutely essential to the engine performance.

Naturally it is necessary to change the volatility specifications slightly to meet the requirements of summer and winter operation, that is, a lower percentage of light fractions for summer use and a little higher percentage of light fractions for winter use.

The specifications for such balanced gasolines are indicated by two curves which lie between those of light and heavy gasoline mentioned previously.

When these specifications are followed in the blending of gasoline they should definitely contribute to

Easy starting
Quick warm-up
Good Consumption (Mileage)
Good distribution in the intake manifold

Also they should help to prevent vapour lock and excessive crank case dilution.

F/Sgt. R. MARIOTT.

"THE LETTER"

—or—

She Was Once a Corporal's Daughter,
But Now She's a Sergeant's Mess

A THRILLER IN TWO INSTALLMENTS

Regretfully the Aircraftman donned his overalls and prepared himself for his allotted task of tending the Harvards of Aylmer. Never had a leave seemed to pass so quickly, for every minute had been crammed with pure enjoyment. How thankful he was that he had chosen Montreal as the place to spend his hard-earned vacation for, boy of the prairies as he was, the different customs and mannerisms of the French-Canadian people had been so quaint and intriguing. And the girls! Never in his wildest dreams had he imagined such gems of feminine pulchritude, especially the one upon whom he had lavished his affection. His heart beat faster as he recalled how she had responded to his demonstration of affection, the only drawback being his complete ignorance of the French language. However, he thought, with an inward glow, love has always had its own language. "Alright Corporal, Hold your Horses. I'll be there in a minute. Damn those N. C. O's anyway. They surely have never been in love like I have." Ah, those nights in the parlor; that day on the picnic at the bathing beach.

(Two days elapse)

"Ah, a letter for me!" thought our hero, "and from Montreal too!" With his fingers trembling with eagerness he hurriedly opened the delicately scented missive. Such lovely feminine handwriting. But, alas, it was in French, of which he was entirely ignorant. What to do. "Ah," I have it," thinks our lovelorn friend. "I'll ask my Flight Commander to translate it for me. He can read French." So he hid himself to the office and begged his C. O. to rewrite it in English for him. As the Officer perused the letter our hero watched his face in an effort to obtain an inkling of its contents. To his amazement, with disgust on his face, the officer threw the letter across the desk to him and bade him be gone, in no uncertain terms. "I am surprised," quoth he, "that one of my men, one of the flight of which I am so proud, should receive such a letter. Go out into the hangar, and, as penance for thy sins, thou shalt wash numerous aircraft." Bewildered, our hero took his precious letter and dig as he was commanded. He kept the letter in a safe place until his next week-end leave, when he went to the great city of Toronto, where lived his uncle, who had travelled the world and knew sundry languages. Upon his arrival he prevailed on his relative to read the missive and apprise him of the meaning thereof. His face, expressing astonishment and surprise alternately, with now and then a blush; his uncle finally finished reading. Said he, "My boy, I had always thought of you as my heir; a fit person to carry on the old family traditions. But after reading this thing I am compelled to cut you out of my will. Go, and never darken my door again, and I do mean 'darken'."

Sick at heart the young Romeo took his leave. "What can there be in it?" he thought miserably.

(To be concluded in our next issue).

"NIGHT BEFORE PAY DAY"

'Tis the night before pay day and all through my jeans

I've hunted in vain for the ways and the means;

Not a quarter is stirring, not even a jit,

The kale is off duty, the greenbacks have quit.

Forward, turn forward, O Time, in they flight,

And make it tomorrow, just for to-night.

Are the Sergeants still looking for their beds?