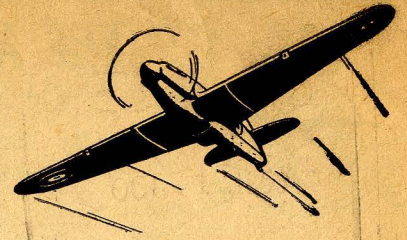


The Aylmer Airman

VOL. I, No. 2

14 S. F. T. S., AYLMEER, ONT., SEPTEMBER 26th, 1941



Aylmer S.F.T.S. Hatches It's First War Birds

First Class to Receive Wings Offers Splendid Display

Another milestone was added to the Empire Air Training Scheme, when on Wednesday afternoon, student pilot course No. 32 received their Wings from the Commanding Officer of No. 14 Service Flying Training School, Wing Commander G. N. Irwin.

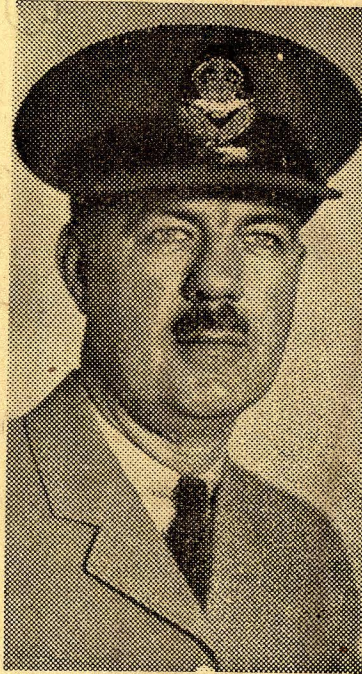
The presentation of "Wings" was as ever, a very solemn occasion and on the faces of those who stood there to be rewarded with the symbol of achievement through an ordeal of training, could be discerned a look of pride, determination and faithful spirit. It is evident that through the medium of this graduation, another word was added to Herr Hitler's epitaph.

Wing Com. Irwin introduced L. W. Dickens, D.F.C., A.F.C., of No. 1 Command, Toronto, a veteran of World War No. 2, who saw service over Dunkirk and elsewhere over there. The distinguished visitor in addressing the graduating class added his congratulations, and said that "although you men have now completed your instruction period, you are really at the commencement of your operational training. Your education here, I know, will stand you in good stead over there. I might give you some advice, but I shall say nothing of the war—you will find out enough about that for yourselves. Best of luck to all of you."

It was indeed a proud day for every man on the station, and every soul gathered in that impressive quadrangle in front of the control tower, could not help but feel that he had contributed something to the "winning of the Wings."

For all these men, the afternoon of September 24th, 1941, will long be remembered in their personal histories as a red letter day above all others. That date marked the attainment of an ambition they had cherished for long; some of them for many weeks, perhaps many months, and many of them even for years—the ambition to wear the coveted Wings of an R.C.A.F. flyer.

Welcome to 14 S. F. T. S.



FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT C. S. LEES

Our new Adjutant at No. 14, S.F.T.S., R.C.A.F. at Aylmer, succeeds F/L H. Langford who was just recently transferred to Hdq. at Ottawa. F/L Lees graduated in law at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, in 1923.

The Fire Fighters

The Station Fire Department were challenged by the Aylmer Fire Department to a Water Fight. The boys all turned out, perhaps a little ignorant of what they were letting themselves in for, but nevertheless ready for anything that was going to be dished up. The General Public and all his family gathered to see the gallant Airmen battle it out with our smoke-eating friends of Aylmer. Although more water was tossed about than anyone would care to drink in a lifetime, the spirits of our Fire Fighters were never dampened. The battle continued for more than a half-hour, and when the smoke, as you were, water, was cleared away, the decision of the judges was in favor of the Air Force. After changing back into dry uniforms, a supper was served by the charming wives of the members of the Aylmer Fire Department. While the battle was on, a collection was taken among the spectators and the sum of \$10.32 was donated to the Aylmer Active Service Club.

We would like YOU to know—

That buildings of the most thorough fireproof construction are likely to have fires among their contents if there is disorder, dirt and rubbish in the place.

That you should ascertain the Fire Hazard of everything connected with the operation and functioning of your business and safeguard these things accordingly.

That gasoline vapor is three times as heavy as air, and will float along near the ground or drop to the basement like an invisible stream, and under favorable conditions will ignite from a spark or flame.

That one gallon of gasoline has more power than 83 pounds of dynamite.

If you want to cry on somebody's shoulder, go to the Padre, that's what he's here for. Take all your troubles and woes to him—all but financial—he's broke too.

"Where's the C.O.'s office?" demanded the AC2.

"Follow the passage," someone directed him, "until you come to a sign reading 'OUT OF BOUNDS TO ALL RANKS'. Go upstairs until you see a sign reading 'KEEP OUT'. Follow the corridor until you see the sign, 'SILENCE'. Then yell for him."

It is understood that a very novel Novel is in the course of writing and should prove to be very popular when published by a certain Stores (and quite late hour keeping) Junior N.C.O.

A Fire In Mid - Ocean

("C" Flight)

A vast expanse of deep blue light
The ocean rolled that calm June
night,
It's mighty tempest, this night did
soothe
The bellowing waves to ripple and
smooth.

And on the keel, all was low,
Not even the sound or tread of
toe
And all the officers now on dut
Thought this sea-cape a haven of
beauty.

But on into this heavenly scene,
Crept an enemy quietly unseen;
A fire flagron, so ruthless and bold
Of so many disasters have been
told.

It crossed the deep, it scaled the
keel
And onto the liner its body did reel,
With leaping flames it set attire
This floating palace in drenching
fire.

With whistles shrieking and bells
a-ringing,
Men stood holding, and here and
there clinging
To their noble wives and children
dear
For their own lives they had great
fear.

"Lower the life boats and have
them manned,
First women and children," was
the strong command.
With onrushing steps and the
trumpets blast,
The lifeboats were filled unto the
last.

The rest of the men stood on the
deck
Waiting to go down with the
burning wreck;
But brave were these hearts and
their faith did hold
Till the swirling waters over them
rolled.

And to these worldly men, so
thoughtful and brave,
God gave them a deep, cold watery
grave;
But it wasn't long after that they
were given
An eternal resting place in the
glories of Heaven.

—Nelson

Reconsecration Sunday

Reconsecration Sunday, September 14th, was observed on this station with special services for Protestant and Roman Catholic personnel. Flight Lieutenant (Rev) S. E. White conducted Mass in the Recreation Hall, and had Ottawa's proclamation read in French, for the benefit of the French Canadians present. The Protestants, under the command of Squadron Leader E. R. Johnston, took part in a drumhead service on the parade ground. In addition to the reading of the government's proclamation, the service consisted of hymns, Scripture reading, and a short address. Then, led by the Padre, Flight Lieutenant B. P. Smyth, officers and men reconsecrated their lives to the great task in which we are engaged, in these words: "To the glory of God and for the sake of all suffering humanity, we dedicate ourselves anew to the high cause for which we fight." Aylmer Boys' Band was in attendance, and the music they provided added greatly to the impressiveness of the occasion.



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AYLMER, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26th, 1941

Editorial

In the early morning, in any of the countless villages which depend for their livelihood on a mill or factory, one can observe the workers making their way from their homes to their daily toil. On the outskirts the houses are scattered, and the workers are few compared to the hundreds whose homes are more central. But each one gives its complement to the stream of workers, and as the houses become more numerous, the sound of marching feet grows until the streets echo to their hurrying gait.

Then, the gaping maw of the factory gates swallow them up and they are lost to view until their day's toil is completed. In like manner was our great Training Scheme begun. Just as the single house on the outskirts opens its doors to bring forth the first in the army of workers, so did Borden begin its work of turning out pilots to man our planes. Then a little further along the road, paved with many difficulties and mistakes, came Uplands. Then, as the houses along the street became more numerous, Brantford, Calgary, Saskatoon, Jarvis, Fingal, etc., took their places in the scheme of things, and turned out their numbers of aircrew to join the ever-thickening stream. The road is paved now, leaving behind the rough spots which were smoothed over by the hard work of the pioneers and with encouraging regularity, the doors are opening. More and more plentiful are the houses of supply, Claresholm and our own Aylmer swing into their stride. Soon to add their quota are Hagersville and St. Hubert.

The sound of the workers plodding to their daily toil echoes through the village street. The sound of the marching feet of our aircrew, Canadians, Americans, Aussies, New Zealanders, English, is echoing around the world. It is echoing along *UNTER DER LINDEN*, in the streets of ancient Rome, through the cafes of gay Paris, bringing fear to the hearts of the dictators and their Quislings. Onward they march to the great objective, supremacy of the air. "They shall not fear the terror by night nor the pestilence that flieth at noon-day."

Our School is rapidly assuming the orderly and neat appearance similar to other Schools in the Air Training Scheme. Gradually the kinks are being ironed out and we are all being welded into an efficient unit. New N.C.O.'s and men are being dovetailed into the scheme of things, and throughout the daylight hours, our pupils are being put through their paces. It is interesting to note how a few weeks of flying a Harvard leaves its mark on a pupil. One can readily distinguish a pupil from No. 32 Course from one of No. 35. They have a certain experienced look and seem to carry themselves unconsciously perhaps, with a bit of a swagger, as if to imply that these Harvards aren't so tough after all. The boys who lacked the temperament to handle our speedy trainers have been weeded out and we shall shortly be having our first Wings Parade. The smooth operation of our flights and maintenance squadron is another thing we should be proud of, too. Hard work for all members of personnel has been the order of the day and it reflects great credit upon the N.C.O.'s and the handful of experienced men upon whose shoulders devolves the task of organizing these units. The Ground Instruction School has its first real test this week when the first course of its pupils endeavor to pass their exams. Each night the boys can be found over the classrooms burning the midnight oil, poring over their notes as they endeavour to solve the mysteries of navigation, armament, etc. Soon too, another course will be in our midst. To sum it all up, we are pulling our weight. Aylmer uber alles.

Meeting An Ace

It was your Editor's good fortune to meet and talk with an airman who has done great things. He was Wing Commander Witold Urbanowecz, of the Polish Air Force, who happened to be in Windsor the other week. He is credited officially with downing 17 Nazi planes and unofficially with 11 more. To get this brave gentleman to talk of his exploits was very difficult and he seemed to treat them all as just something in the day's routine. His ribbons caught the eye, with the English D.F.C. being the one which I noticed particularly, the other

two being the Polish equivalent to our V.C. and D.F.C. He was a member of the 303 Polish Squadron which has performed nobly over Britain, and his experiences have left their mark on his clean-cut features. There is a far-away look in his eyes, as if he were contemplating the fate of his compatriots under the Nazi yoke. Truly an Ace of Aces.

Lost

With a feeling of panic, the young pilot gazed wildly around him, but the only sight which met his eyes was a whirling curtain of snow. How long it was since the first flakes had blotted out his sight of the ground he did not know but he realized he would soon have to bring his machine down to earth. Only a few precious gallons of fuel remained and the blizzard showed no signs of abating. He was hopelessly lost and though he had descended to within a few feet of the ground in an effort to ascertain his whereabouts, he had been unable to discover any distinguishing landmark. Fifteen more minutes or less and he would have to descend. Despairingly he peered once more through the glass at the impenetrable curtain around him and what met his gaze made his heart leap for joy. There about 20 feet away was another machine of the same type he was flying in, and the pilot was smiling and beckoning him to follow. Gladly he followed him and in a few minutes he received the signal to descend. How the other pilot could tell where he was seemed miraculous, but as a drowning man will clutch at a straw he followed. With the machine descending rapidly he kept his eyes on the altimeter with an occasional side glance towards his unknown Saviour. The number on the side of the machine became imbedded in his memory, 4764. Then to his amazed eyes, just as he knew he must be very close to Terra Firma, the other machine with a final wave from the pilot, turned away. And there six feet beneath his wheels was the runways of an airport. Gently he set her down and as he rolled to a stop, he rested for a few minutes to allow his beating heart to become normal. The hangars and control tower he saw through the blinding storm were unfamiliar to him and he knew he had landed at some strange drome. As he taxied in to the hangars the bewildered ground crew took over his machine, evidently they had never expected a machine to land in such a terrific blizzard. Knowing it was his duty to report to duty control officer in the control tower, he made his way there. He gave all the details regarding himself and his machine so a message could be sent to the drome to which he belonged telling of his safe arrival. Then he told of the good Samaritan who had guided him in, when he was hopelessly lost, and he was amazed to hear the officer tell him that none of their machines were in the air, for they had been grounded all day, owing to the low ceiling. Seeing that his listener doubted his story, the young pilot told him the number of the machine, which he would never forget, 4764. With a shaking hand and a look in his eyes like unto a man who had seen a vision, the officer bade the pupil repeat the number

Cure For Blues!

(By George Mayers)

Have you seen the sides of the Recreation Hall bulging and seen the roof jumping up and down at nights lately? Around seven o'clock to ten have you noticed that that awful roaring, buzzing drone of the Harvards has been drowned out by plaintive melodies coming mysteriously from within the walls of the theatre? And occasionally — — — that "tap, tap, tappety, tap" — — — that I thought to be some modern fifti-columnist, woodpecker, boring from within the walls of the hall has turned out to be the nucleus for our station R.C.A.F. show—CURE FOR BLUES! ! !

Yes! A show! With beautiful (?) Girls! ! Wanna see? Well practices are frequent so come on down and take a gander. BUT . . . the girls do need a help, so all you handsome men who can dance, sing, play any instrument, wrestle or do dramatics, etc., come along, we have a place for you and we DO have fun. I'll see you there!

SECURITY GUARD

I felt that I should write a poem,
About the lads so far from home,
Who came out to this desolate
place,

To do their bit to save the race.
So here's to the lads on the
Security Guard,

Who find the job's a little hard,
So hard in fact that you should
know

Just how an average day should
go.

"On your toes," the order goes,
Up you jump and grab your
clothes,

Fasten your belt and grab your gun
Forming up—on the run.

Into a truck they jump and climb,
And drive to their beats to save
the time,

Then one by one the guards jump
out,

To march and halt, challenge
and shout.

And so it goes from morn to night,
And back again to morning
bright.

A guard's life's not an easy one,
An important job—it's being well
done.

of the other aircraft, and to describe a s best he could the features of the pilot. What he heard convinced him that the boy was speaking the truth. He knew where the machine with that number was. It was lying on the floor of a hangar, a mangled wreck. The engine torn away from its bearers, and hovering around it still, the smell of the fire which had consumed it, as it crashed in a field a few miles away from the drome, and the features of the pilot who had guided his comrade in, were those of the boy who had passed away in the wreck.

Maintenance

Let Elmer do it! Which to my way of thinking is a very good idea because I am sure that he could do a very much better job of writing up the doings in the Maintenance Squadron than I am doing, but unfortunately Elmer is pre-occupied at the moment. He is, I hear, away on yet another of his frequent but fruitless journeys. This time he is in search of the dilemma that people get caught on the horns of, anyway Elmer is not to be had at the moment, so I will have to finish the attempt the best I can.

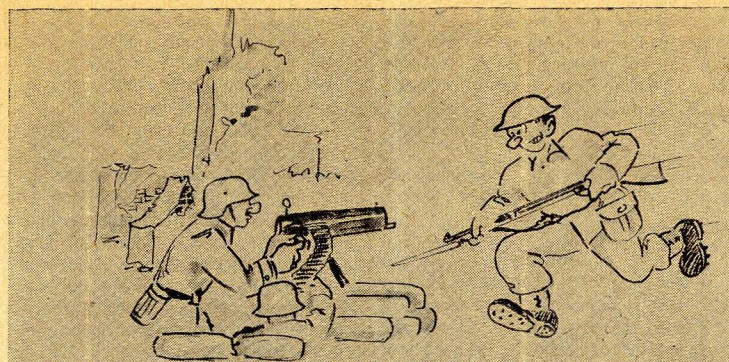
Before going any further, Maintenance Squadron would like to take this opportunity of thanking Flt. Sgt. Bill Shaw for the good work he has done in getting this paper organized. It is our opinion that a paper of this kind does a great deal towards creating a feeling of friendliness among all the fellows, and also gives each Squadron or Section an insight into what is going on in the rest of the Station. So keep up the good work, Bill, and am sure that every one is behind you and feels as we do about backing you to the limit.

We have one man in our squadron, Corporal O'Leary by name, who is rapidly gaining fame for his lilting tenor voice in the showers, and for that matter anywhere else he happens to be. It is rumored around that the "Thrush" as he prefers to be called, has wagered two bottles of pop, he won't touch anything stronger, and a frost stick, that he can sing Mother Machree with more feeling than anyone else on the Station. It is thought that it would be a good idea to get the "Thrush" and his challengers up on the stage before the show next week and let him prove his prowess. If he proves as good as he says, we might arrange a tour of the other Stations in the vicinity, and if he still remains unvanquished, it might be taken up with the C.O. for a tour of the Command.

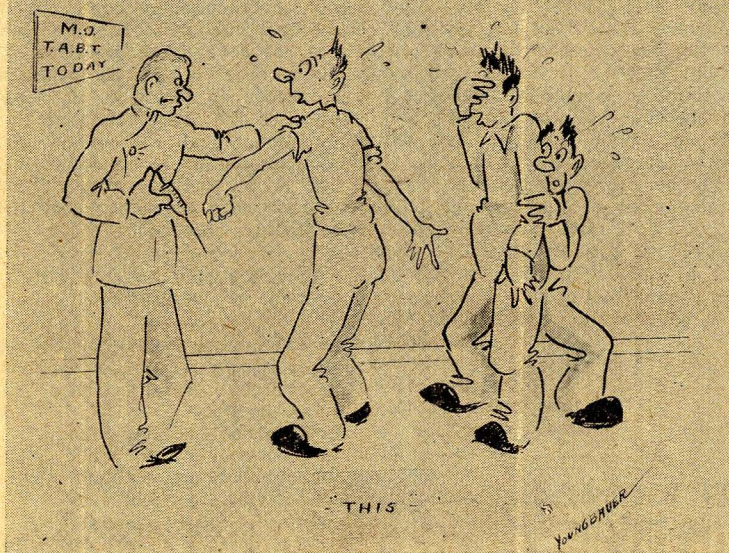
I wonder what the attraction is in London for ACI Wright. I hope the girl he was seen talking to in St. Thomas isn't a sample of his idea of feminine pulchritude. She may not be the worst looking girl in town, but she is certainly far from the best. A good suggestion to him would be to try and get an offer from the London Hospital to rent her face to scare the little kids to sleep at night. Settle Doon.

We wonder if the reason Corporal Locke is so broke lately, is that he has been saving up for Sergeant Major Harris' Christmas present . . . we wouldn't exactly say that Corporal Musgreave or "Mus" as he is affectionately called, has decided to take the fatal jump, but we hear "Dearest" had come down to Aylmer to visit him. Could it be that she is looking the town over to find a nest . . . something will have to be done to slow down our friend Hill, he nearly committed manslaughter on the way home last week-end. He was driving his car so fast that when he passed another car on the road the driver thought his car was stopped, and jumped out the door with the crank in his

Sectional News



RATHER THIS THAN---



THIS

Promotion

When I had one ring and you had two,
I really thought no end of you,
Hypnotized by your rings of gold,
Body and soul I gladly sold,
And even used to call you "Sir,"
Simply because I thought you were
SOME STUFF.

Now I've got two rings same as you,
A hollow mockery I see through,
The vaunted power, the boastful talk
Were like as cheese compared with chalk.
Mine, idol dear of Yesterday
Alas! has got huge freet of clay,
ENOUGH.

hand . . . Could left incline be the word you want, Payler? . . . It seems as though Maintenance is wasting their time keeping the aircraft serviceable when all the Flight's can find to do with them is let them chew each other's tails off.

Congratulations are in order for Corporal McCorkell and Corporal Titus who have recently been married, and for Corporal Reveler, who expects to be very soon.

Well, I guess enough in this case is too much, so au revoir until next issue. Oh! Oh! Here comes Elmer!

Headquarters Squadron

Just as a matter of idle curiosity! We are wondering whether two well-known Sgt. Pilots remembered that they had been promoted. Reason—they were seen in the Park Plaza Hotel in Toronto on a recent week-end carrying their issue blankets. We understand that regulation applied only to Corporals and below. Of course, it may have been a case of "no pay for lodging—no bedding."

It is thought that the Sergeant Pilot Instructors would be of more value to the B.C.A.T.P., if they would do a little more flying in the air instead of doing their flying in the Sergeants' Mess.

Personnel of this Station are reminded that the continuance of the "Aylmer Airman" depends solely on their co-operation in handing in entries and items of interest. This is YOUR paper and it's success will be measured by the interest taken by every Airman.

Appreciation of the splendid work done by the Citizens' Committee of Aylmer who have gone to considerable expense in opening up a Recreation Centre for the use of men on Active Service, may best be shown by our patronage.

"B" Flight

We regret the loss of "Blitz" Beans, for his Flight work and his gift of wielding the pen, which was above the average. His departure from the Flight has caused the burden of writing this column to fall upon our already overburdened shoulders. There are a lot of things that we would like to write, but we know that they would never get past the blue pencil of the Editor, but keeping that thought in mind, we will do the best we can.

In our own quiet way, "B" Flight is doing its best to carry out the best Air Force traditions. At times we are hampered by the loss of Personnel to other Flights, and unforeseen "ground loops" resulting in a shortage of Aircraft. However, thanks to the co-operation of all ranks, the Flight manages to "hold its head up," and at times, even if we must admit after nightfall, we succeed in turning in a large number of Flying Hours.

Congratulations are due those among us who have received a higher grouping, as a result of the decisions of the Trade Test Board, but it is whispered that study never occurred to at least one aspiring Airman. It is to be regretted that some had to forego the dubious pleasure of appearing before that learned body.

Here are a few words from the Aircrew:

"Of all the Service Flying Training Schools in Canada, No. 14, at Aylmer, is undoubtedly the finest. Of all the Student Courses in Canada, No. 32 is unquestionably unsurpassed."

With these two statements in view, it is only plain logic to say that the students of Course 32, and especially those in "B" Flight, will be without question, the finest Pilots yet to graduate.

Logic does not always tell the truth.

LAC Vance has been telling us about his ambition to use a Harvard Prop. as an egg beater. He has achieved his ambition, but as an after-thought, let us add, that all eggs yolks are little yellow things, but all little yellow things are not egg yolks.

LAC Horton has expressed his desire to instruct. We wish him luck. He will need it if he ever experiences a student of the same temperament as the aforesaid Vance.

Rene Lalonde is the subject of much kidding in "B" Flight, but let us look back over his record. Our French friend has not made a ground loop as yet, and that is more than we can say for most of us.

LAC Pow—The last sentence is enough said.

Who is the ACE of our Flight? That is a question that is asked by many of us. No one seems to know who should wear the ribbons of honour, but the ONE in a Flight is enough.

Wings Parade is not far off now, so leave it to "B" Flight to do something off the record.

—J. H. Hall, Sgt.

The Equipment Section

It is with a sigh of relief that we note the passing of the Trade Test Board. It has passed on to another station to prove the statement, that as time goes on we gather more knowledge, to be utterly untrue. During the last few weeks the Stores personnel have been wandering around with a bundle of notes under their arms, muttering about E42 and E56. They remind me of the expectant father, pacing the hall of a maternity hospital, knowing what the outcome will be, but wondering, nevertheless.

We welcome to this station Flying Officer Roblin, who comes here from that part of Canada that is noted for Gophers and rolling foothills. He is very capably taking the place of Flight Lieutenant MacKinnon, who has been posted where our most talented Officers usually go, A.F.H.Q.

We noted with keen interest the efforts of an ex-citizen of Tillsonburg, to bring that thriving community into the headlines via the sports page.

It has been brought to our attention that a well known Flight Sergeant has an entire textile mill working on the material for his next uniform. Something wrong there. We understood that "Omar the Tentmaker" had the contract. —(Ed.)

It is with pride that the Equipment Section notes that four of its members are on the Station Baseball team.

We offer our congratulations to ACs Brown and Forsdike, who each received a medal for their Athletic feats at St. Thomas. The medals were presented by the Commanding Officer.

We often wonder how "Brownie" gets around the diamond so easily, he must encounter quite a head wind.

If the Corporal who is always boasting about the attractions of the east coast, should get posted there, we would not be sorry.

We noted with deep interest and a certain amount of surprise that LAC Goldie gave up some of his nightly excursions into Aylmer to study and inwardly digest some of the wisdom to be gained from C.A.P. 16. He and Lac Dionne were successful in winning the PING PONG doubles on the Station.

We would like to know if there is any truth in the rumour that a special factory had to be built to produce some parts for an ancient vehicle owned by one of our clerk accountants.

AC Forsdike has been in consultation with the Railway Officials so now we do not expect to have any more trouble with our gas tank cars.

AC Bob Young is now working on a new calendar. His plan is to design one with more weeks per month, therefore there will be more week-ends and more week-end passes. We also have information that leads us to believe that he is learning to speak French.

All members of the Equipment Section are reminded that, while it

is my job to write this column, if it gets past the Editor, but I need your help to dig up the news. So, if you lads know anything about the private lives of any of our Comrades, that is fit to print, let me have it and I will try and get the Editor to let me print it. Let us have a better and longer column for next month.

—LAC Ritchie.

G. I. S. Orderly Room

The boys in the Orderly Room think the funds in the Rumble Club are not sufficient for the coming Wings' Party at the end of the month, so have been contributing very generously this last week or two.

Since AC1 Watts received his re-classification, both his mail and even long-distance calls have increased so that an extra postman and trunk line will be needed for this station. And due to the fact that the work around here has greatly increased, Jay will have to answer his correspondence at night or trust that a nice stenographer be posted to this school which many would appreciate, as we also need a more romantic tea-pourer than Johnny Gilmour.

We all wonder who drives the 29 Ford that is often seen about the gates after supper two or three times a week? Could it be the answer to the late hours of the Dorchester wanderer.

Armament Section

At last we have found time to make our debut. Being the most active section on the station under the keen eyes of F/L. Boulter, and the whip-hand of Sgt. W. E. Slater, we find little time to associate with you other Aylmerites. By this time you probably are asking yourself the popular question: "What is an armourer?" We can enlighten you by saying, an armourer is the most ambitious, intelligent, self-reliant, dependable, efficient, cultured man in the Air Force aside from the G.D.'s. He is often referred to by his more common title, "Joe.", and can be found behind almost any broom, mop, or building. Being such an all round man he is used to the greatest advantage to promote the progress of the war, by matching his skill against the hindrances of Nature. He does this by cutting grass, cleaning out the drains, and has literally built the station by grading the roads with a hand finish. We hope you appreciate our interpretation of an armourer, and when you hear a chap say, "Give the shovel and I will finish the job," you know he's Joe.

FACTS FROM THE AIRMAN'S READING ROOM

During the past month the Airmen's Reading room has been used very extensively. This cheerful well-furnished building does much to free on from the monotonous routine of daily orders. The chesterfields and easy chairs are so comfortable that one just has to recline in their depths, close one's eyes and it doesn't need much imagination to make a mental trip to your own living room. The writing materials in the opposite end of the building leave no excuse for not keeping in correspondence with one's friends. During the past month 18,175 sheets of paper, and 7,125 envelopes were supplied by the Y.M.C.A. War Services to the users of the writing room. In the same building our library has been doing an increasing business. 730 books having been taken out during the month. In addition an ample supply of all types of magazines are available at all times, and daily newspapers keep everyone in touch with outside events. These above services are also supplied to the Station Hospital.

THE OTHER POINT OF VIEW

There are many jobs in the Service, Some are easy and some are hard, But the one you get the least thanks for,
Is Internal Security Guard.

I was healthy and strong when I first came here;
Now I'm a pitiful wreck;
"We'll keep you happy," they told me then,
But I'm fed up to the neck.

They gave me a gun, and told me to watch,
And to keep yelling, "Halt! Who goes there?"
I've been shouting 'till my throat is sore,
But only I get the scare.

The Orderly Officer comes creeping around,
At night when I'm trying to sleep,
With his friend the Sergeant, crawling behind,
Oh, Boy, how he can creep.

"We're depending on you, my man," they said,
"You must always keep on the alert."

I'd give a month's pay, if I could see them with guns,
Plodding along through that dirt.

Send me back to the Army or Naval Reserve,
I don't care if the work is hard.
You can send me to jail for life if you wish,
But deliver me from the Security Guard.

Gear Growls For The M. T. Section

Among grease and grime I was again called upon to transmit a few lines about the doings of the M. T. Things don't move much around our end. We had a new Sr. N.C.O. added to our list, Flt./Sgt. Ethier and a lot of other boys.

Those three tractor operators, Crawford, Forshner and Chyme, are back from their 21 days' harvest leave. We had them kind of civilized when they left, but on their return, being with the cow gals, they have gone haywire again.

AC1 Lachie remustered to civilian standard, when he got his discharge a while back, is now in the transport business again.

You know Cpl. Cookman was down in Montreal on temporary duty. He sure got an eye-ful of those French Fems.

MacMillan and Firth spent a recent 48 at Port Stanley. I hear they had their eye on a few colorful gypsy girls. Elliott was down at Niagara, and is now raving about a red-headed colored gal he saw there.

Mouse Townesend has been giving the Corporals a lot of tongue-lash. Watch out, Mouse, you're due for a long session on the crash tender, and Kummer is still raving about those girls he hasn't met yet.

The M.T. Section is all pretty well worried about the rumor of the women drivers coming in. What will they do with us, is always asked? I'd like to see a girl driver out there on one of those gas Bowers. Those area engine mechs. would all be wanting to gas the planes.

As the Trade Test Board was in session, all the boys were busy with their notebooks, digging up the fine points of Automotive Engineering, but now that it's over, they are all back in the original topic, mainly women.

There are a few marriage announcements I wish to make. Home-run Orme Pamplin went into ground loop with some Brantford girl, and Blondie Lyttle is going into the same. Now that he is on leave, his only trouble is that he has no jingle in his jeans.

Red Hill would make a good clown—resembles a Mexican Fire Bush, when he is towing around with his tousled hair.

We haven't got the props and wings for our vehicles yet, but the boys got the airspeed gauged for a perfect take-off.

Seems to me the M.T. and the cooks don't quite agree in the bunk-house. The cooks are either wanting the lights out, or the drivers kicking about the stew. In the end, Surette, the cook, gets one of those healthy cold showers. All jokes aside, the cooks are not such a bad bunch for the shape they are in.

I will not take any more of your valuable time, but ending it with—the M.T. Section is always at your service. Call 51 for Speed and Delivery right to your door.

Compliments of

Sheppard's Coffee Shop

From a Modern Pilot

There ahead of me at last was my objective.

With a sigh of relief I switched off the automatic map feed.

Leaning forward from my luxurious seat I switched off "George."

Turning to the wireless equipment I faded out "Charlie" McCarthy and faded in the R.T. operator.

Rapidly winding in the direction finder I requested permission to land.

Switching with speed that deceives the eye over to "receive," I got the "O.K."

I turned on the infra red landing light;

I wound in the aerial;

I wound out the telescope section of the wing.

I protruded the retractable venturi.

I switched off the de-icer.

I switched off the cabin lights.

I switched off the carburetor heater I unlocked my slots.

I lowered both legs of my retractable undercarriage (I hope).

I wound down the retractable tail wheel.

I altered the set of my "V.P." airscrew.

I performed an incredible contortion as the direct result of having to perform the last four duties concurrently because of the nearness of the aerodrome.

The aeroplane performed an outstanding manoeuvre as the direct result of this.

I switched off the cabin heater and wiped the sweat off my brow.

I wound down the slotted flaps, I wound back my tail trimming gear,

I adjusted my rudder bias.

I adjusted my mixture control.

Seizing a frenzied moment I closed my throttle and immediately began to wind out my landing lights.

I wound in my radiator.

Finally as the immediate value of time decreased, I wound in my retractable oil cooler.

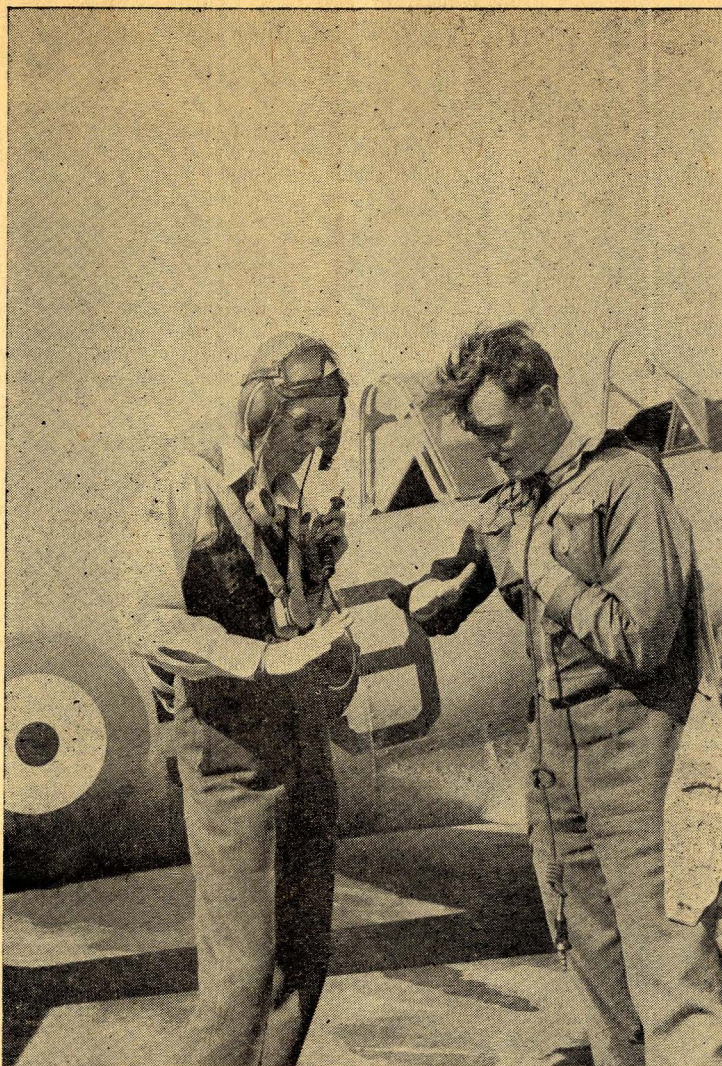
Leaning back I switched off the air conditioner.

A moment later just as I landed I leaned forward again.

It was the wrong aerodrome.

So opening the throttle, I swiftly flew away again winding everything in and out as I went.

—Anon.



" A GENTLE CLIMBING TURN"
As demonstrated to LAC Simons by his Instructor Sergt. Ryan.

Favourite Expressions

Corp. Cornish—"I wonder where Nabo is?"

Corp. Nichols—"Some of these AC's disappear awful fast." They probably hear his determined tread.

AC2 Stewart—"Hey, when does the early party leave?"

AC1 Braid—"Say, who's got milk tickets?"

Snappy Comeback:
AC2 Nablo: "Sergeant-major. I was a sergeant in the army."
Sergeant-Major Garside — "So what!"

With The Aircrew No. 32 Course

We emphatically deny the rumor that Sgt. Shaw was in the mental ward when he was in T.T.S. hospital, and that we were responsible for his lapse from sanity. Besides, we can't help it if we have so many Americans in our Course.

Hurray, fellows, school's out. We have followed lectures and begun those glorious exams.

Oh tell it not in Dixie, sing it not in Alabama. LAC Alexander (The Great) is on the verge of being swallowed up in the sea of matrimony.

Dickie Dickinson has been left by the wayside, and will continue with "32" Course.

Chitter - Chatter

The great rumbling that occurred last Friday morning nearly blew into a storm. Ask double-or-nothing Schwab.

What member of the drome party is enabled to keep up with his correspondence by his untiring efforts while on drome party?

We wonder what great attraction keeps "Dimples" Millward in the Orderly Rooms these days.

We guess that Sgt. Pilot Richter is all out these days. But in all sincerity we all wish him a speedy recovery. Come back soon.

Questionnaire

Had F/O Hunt's unexpected visit to "F" Flight any connection with our total flying hours on Saturday, or was it to find out how aircraft land with wheels down? Maybe he wanted to know the answer.

Well, pip-pip, cheerio, and all that sort of rot.

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Manufacturers of Quality Ice Cream Products

"The Sixth Column"

(By J.M.G.)

LOST—One blue cat. Description: It is a long low kitten, with yellow eyes. When last seen it was wearing a cat-skin coat and going like a bat out of heaven for place, or places unknown. Will finder please return to "E" flight or vicinity. A substantially small reward may be offered to the right party.

We have some hidden talent in our midst. AC1's Braid and Williams were accidentally discovered to be expert acrobatic contortionists. After a long talk with the Corporal and the Flight Sergeant, they dropped their cloak of shyness, and showed us what they could do. Say, you should see how clean the inside of our aircraft have been recently.

AC1½ Schwab alias "Bubbles", has been doing alright for himself lately. The poor Chinaman downtown thinks the slot machine racket is a poor paying business, but Bubbles' kit bag is bubbling over with swag, and fags and stuff.

Anybody here seen Kelly? Instead of the title to a well-known song, our Kelly is the title holder on a well-known rumble sheet. Though we don't think a Harvard can be used as a bull-dozer, Kelly, if it can be done, you're the man to do it, aren't you, curly-locks?

Not mentioning any names, but a certain AC2 whose first initial is Galarneau, was quite put out because after the completion of a flip and he was walking back to the hangar with the pilot, he put out his hand for his 75c crew pay, and didn't get it. He still thinks the pilot is holding out on him.

It is rumoured that a certain N.C.O. would like a wind sock placed on the top of the wet canteen. After closing hours he can find the wind direction, so that he can get off on the right track when trying to navigate his way back to his bunk each night.

L.A.C. (Hiya Joe) Sears, says that he'll be very, very sorry to leave Cpl. DeHamel and go and work for Sgt. Woodleigh in "F" flight.

WANTED—One Jr. N.C.O. that has never seen or heard of a broom, mop, rag, bucket, or wax. Good steady position with chance of advancement to the right man. Apply at Airman's Committee, Room, No. 2 hangar, "D" flight.

What handsome husky AC1 borrowed a tunic with (of all things) props on the sleeves? Did it make an impression on the girl, Doug., or was your tunic really at the cleaners?

To The Smoke Eaters

Our nozzles are all ready,
Our hoses are all charged,
Your flames to be extinguished,
The small ones with the large.

Our Pyrene, Foam and Thermene,
Are hanging on the wall,
To blast the fiery demon,
At our siren's wailing call.

Our pressure is sufficient,
Our pumper works in high,
To send the water pouring forth,
To try and search the sky.

And when the fire's over,
The battle has been won,
The talk of all the boys will be,
To the Cook house,—let's run.

Softball Teams From No. 14 Really Take Part in Fingal Field Day

On Wednesday, Sept. 17th, two teams of softballers visited Fingal to take part in their regular field day. The officers' team from No. 14 had very little trouble swamping the Fingal officers 35 to 19. "Arnie" Arnason, on the mound for No. 14 was much too good for the Fingal swingers. F/O Gibson and F/Lt. McTaggart also worked on the mound and while not as effective as Arnason, they were able to hold the lead.

On diamond No. 2, No. 14 Station team upheld the fine example set by the Officers, and took Sgt. Harry Farr's best into camp 8 to 3. Our reliable "Strick" Strickland, had the upper hand of the Fingallers all the way and held them scoreless until the last frame.

Both teams and their supporters were quite graciously entertained in the various messes on the Fingal grounds following the game. And while Aylmer's athletes proved to be superior, Fingal's representatives could not be outdone in hospitality.

Station Softball League Standing and Schedule

The Station Softball League has been productive of many well-fought games recently. While it was late in the season before this league got under way, owing to the extremely hot weather and shortage of playing fields, the enthusiasm has not lagged.

Remaining Games

Monday, Sept. 28—11-A vs. 20-B.
Tuesday, Sept. 30—11-B vs. 12-B.
11-A vs. 12-A
Wednesday, Oct. 1—12-A vs. 12-B
Thursday, Oct. 2—12-B vs. 20-A.

PING PONG TOURNAMENTS

The weekly ping pong tournaments are very popular with the airmen. These tournaments are held every Monday night in the Airmen's Mess with prizes for the winners each week. The prizes have been won by different players each week and this is creating much interest among the players.

Y.M.C.A. MOVIES

Saturday, September 27th—
"MYSTERY SEA RAIDER,"—Paramount-sensational story based on adventures of the German raider, Graf Spee, starring Henry Wilcoxon, Carole Landis, Onslow Stevens. On same program "THE BLUE DANUBE WALTZ," and "BUSY LITTLE BEARS."

Wednesday, October 1st—
"SKY GIANT." A thundering drama of men against uncharted skies. This is the thrilling story of two daring pioneers of ocean flight. Shorts: "CAMP MEETING" and "BERTH QUAKES."
Other features booked for early showing include "RIDING ON AIR," "PACIFIC LINER," "THE LION HAS WINGS," and "FORTY NAUGHTY GIRLS."

With the Aircrew

Its unblooming-constitutional, I calls it, so speaks one of our English aircrew. He says its bad enough mixing with Canadians and Americans, but when we have to put up with a Yorkshireman as an instructor, it's going too far.

Damon and Pythias were reputed to be inseparable companions, but they have nothing on Otis and Vail. When Camp Bordon had grounded all their craft, due to a 50-mile an hour gale, who came in and landed, disregarding a pyrotechnic display by the control tower? Yes, Otis and Vail, who are A. W. O. L. together. Otis and Vail. And so—far, far into the night.

We hear on erliable authority that a certain blonde Venus who toils behind a typewriter in Records, refuses to speak to an airman, unless he is aircrew. Calling the glamour boys, Frith, Wellsman, Wolfe and Juul. As the Limey says, "She ain't arf a bit of alright."

Ring out glad bells, kill the fatted calf. Dickinson and Snel are back. They were caught in a draught somewhere.

Our Flt./Sgt. has assumed that hunted look peculiar to married men, since his wife came down to see him.

The orchestra should soon be filling the camp with melody, for the great Jack Tegarden is here.

LAC Vance, who was the pilot of the Harvard which suddenly developed cannibalistic tendencies toward its fellow aircraft, and chewed up its tail, swears he was innocent. He affirms that the pilot of the chewed-up aircraft put his prop. into reverse pitch and backed into his propellor. Good story, Vance, but whether anybody believes it, well that's a different matter.

What WAS in the handbag, Tex? LAC Aitchison knows.

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Airman" on it's publication
and extends to No. 14 S.F.T.S.
all Good Wishes

Proverbs of a Flier

1. As the telephone operator who giveth wrong numbers, so is he who extolletth his exploits in the air.
2. He shall enlarge upon the dangers of his adventures, but in my sleeve shall be heard the tinkling of silvery laughter.
3. Let not thy familiarity with airplanes breed contempt, lest thou become exceedingly careless at a time when great care is necessary to thy well-being.
4. My son, obey the law and observe prudence. Spin thou not lower than 1,500 cubits nor stunt above thine own domicile. For the hand of the law is heavy and reacheth far and wide, throughout the land.
5. Incur not the wrath of thy commander by breaking the rules; for he who maketh right-hand circuits shall be cast out into outer darkness.
6. Let not thy prowess in the air persuade thee that others cannot do even as thou doest; for he that showeth off in public places is an abomination unto his fellow pilots.
7. More praiseworthy is he who can touch tail-skid and wheels to earth at one time than he who loopeth and rolleth till some damsel stares in amazement at his daring.
8. He who breaketh an undercarriage in a forced landing may, in time, be forgiven, but he who taxieth into another plane shall be despised forever.
9. Beware the man who taketh off without looking behind him, for there is no health in him; verily I say unto you, his days are numbered.
10. Clever men take the reproofs of their instructor in the same wise, one like unto another, with witty jest, confessing their dumbness and regarding themselves with humor. Yet they try again, profiting by his wise counsel and taking not offense at ought that has been said.
11. As a postage stamp which lacketh glue, so are words of caution to a fool; they stick not, going in one ear and out the other, for there is nothing between to stop them.
12. My son, hearken unto my teaching and forsake not the laws of prudence, for the reckless shall not inhabit the earth for long.
13. Hear instruction and be wise, and refuse it not; thus wilt

thou fly safely; length of days and a life of peace shall be added unto thee.

—By Lt. J. B. Lome, Royal Norwegian Army Air Force. Formerly of 110 (AC) Squadron.

Cream of the Crop

At long last the blessed event has happened. In plain words "C" Flight was born, and a birth is always an occasion, and in some cases, a cause for great rejoicing. However, in this case—different from others—there was a minimum of celebration accompanied by a maximum of enthusiasm and a resolve to make the new born babe the cream of the crop. At this time the flight is well away, with Flight Commander F/O Hunt, and Sgt. Davey—two Western gentlemen, riding herd on the gang of hellions, hand-picked from A and B Flights.

As was previously stated, though there was a cause for celebrating, and by unanimous consent this was left to none other than LAC Nelson, who was ably assisted by AC1 Michie, and not so ably by AC1 Dickson who, poor fellow, was forced, for various reasons, to sit himself under a shade tree and catch up on proceedings.

Almost simultaneously, congratulations are due Cpl. Stevenson upon his joining the ranks of reverred Whip Crackers, and to Cpl. Fulford and AC1—ones—the two latter now come and go on S.O.P. and even yet have an air of rice, confetti and old shoes.

In the last two weeks we have seen a number of interesting things go on around the station. Sgt. Campbell, our ace ground acrobat, has succeeded in making things interesting for the ground crew. Nevertheless, it tops it all, when a certain LAC, rigger from "B" comes to our door seeking a hair trim with an electric razor so he won't get "clipped" on the weekly dress parade.

Under the guiding hand of F/O Hunt, and his able assistants, the boys are giving all they have. A striking example of the thorough teaching of our instructors P/O Reid, P/O Pease, Sgts. Campbell, Clarke and Ryan, and the excellent attention given them by our student pilots, is our Rumble Club. Try as we may, the ground crew are finding it a tough job to swell the club coffers.

Our slogan:

"C" "C" "C"
"C", the CREAM OF THE CROP

Hull

The name Hull, especially to men who have been stationed near Ottawa, will always be remembered as a place to go when the urge for a binge was uppermost in one's mind. But the Hull I think of, is a city on the bank of the River Humber, in Yorkshire, England. Many happy days I spent on leave in its lovely places, its theatres and busy streets. The experience one can never forget, was a trip to the docks to see the trawlers bring in their cargo of silvery fish from the fishing grounds of the North Sea. Simple homes, all patterned on the same model, lined the streets in the working class districts, with the ever-present "pub" at every corner, where weighty problems concerning the local soccer and rugby teams were thrashed out to the satisfaction of all concerned. The smell from the fish and chip shops was ever noticeable, especially as evening drew nigh, and often my heart yearns to sample their wares as I did in days long gone by.

Now many of them are sleeping the last long sleep. Death came suddenly, dealt out by the tools of the Nazi leaders, in the form of high explosives dropped from high-flying bombers.

No military objectives were their targets, for bombs were dropped indiscriminately, blasting the cottages and homes of the dockers. Hull has been blitzed, but a newer and greater Hull will rise. For when we have beaten to his knees, the German paperhanger, we shall rule his country, and the port from which all trade with Germany will emanate, will be Hull. Sleep on, you Yorkshire lads and lasses, for although you must perforce live up to the old Yorkshire motto, "Hear all and say nowt. No drink so tha won't pay owt, tha can't do owt now for thisen, but we'll do it for thee."

—Bill Shaw

Equipment Assistant's Lament

Though I know I cannot have it, Yet, just once before I die, I'd like one day untormented By the ever-present cry— "Have you any stripes or eagles?" "Are our workshop tools kits through?"

"We've just found we need some sea-gulls,

Will you see what you can do?" "What about that roller-bearing, For our Delta's air screw race—, "See this uniform I'm wearing? It's a shame and a disgrace."

"What about that air compressor That we ordered weeks ago?" "Our new barracks needs a dresser Can get one L. P. O.?"

"We all know of your collections Sitting up there on the shelf— Which you won't give out to sections

Though you see the stuff yourself!" It's a lovely way of living,

As you hear each air-man swear At the service you are giving, And your job's made still more fair. As you struggle to unravel All the trouble there's in store, By the knowledge you can't travel Down dark alleys any more.

Fellows, take this message out to All the airmen in the land,

And to all who are about to Join and give the war a hand; Spread it round to all and sundry, To each civvie that you see

Who desires to serve his country, Give this kind of advice from me: "Be a fitter, an observer,

Motor Transport man, or cook, Be an airframe man with fervor, Learn your aircraft like a book; Know the whole bright Air Force

story— But stay out of storehouse doors; Choose some other path to glory— Brother, stay away from stores . . .

—Stores

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AYLMER

PHONE 72

The Lost Fairey Battle

Imagine if you can a typical Borden week-end, when you are on Duty Watch. Temperature around 20 degrees below zero, a lovely breeze blowing off the 'drome, and simply oodles of snow around 15 and 16 hangars, where a "Flt." of which I was a member, had their domicile. Borden was a busy spot that week-end for one of our Fairey Battles from A.T.S. had strayed from the beaten path and like the lost sheep of old, was out on the wastes somewhere. As luck would have it, we were the "Joe" flight, so we had the doubtful honor of being hosts to several Norsemen equipped with skis. Anyone who has had to bring an aircraft on skis into a hanger, will appreciate how we enjoyed our task. Packing snow on the floor, heaving, pushing (no tractors in those days, (Borden, Mar. 1940), fingers nearly frozen, no flying suits such as ground crew have for winter. We had just housed our charges safely in our already crowded hanger, when taxiing over the frozen hell we called the drome, came one of those too, too divine Wacos. It had to be housed for the night, ready take off with the Norsemen to continue their search for the "Battle." So away you go, lads, to the Storage Hangar No. 16, and make room for the Waco in there, quoth our Flt. Sgt. How we gloried in the prospect of shovelling away the deep drifts of snow and of chopping out the doors which had not been opened at that end of the hangar for two weeks. Merrily, like the seven dwarfs, we sang as we gaily toiled with snow pusher and shovels. To say nothing of crowbars, brooms, etc. How enervating was the winter wind as it caressed our ears so tenderly. How we cheered when the doors jumped off the track. How we envied the pilot of the Waco as he stepped out of his aircraft and made his way to the comforts of his Mess. So, with many a quip and jest, we lovingly tucked away in the shadow of the Super-Super 79 (Fairchild), the perfectly priceless Waco. And as the shades of night fell, we wended our way down the long road to the barracks singing in gladsome chorus, "Bless them all, there'll be no promotion this side of the ocean," hoping our melodious voices would reach the ears of the Waco pilot, as he quaffed his beverage before the blazing logs. But next morning, we really felt sorry for him as he took off

DRINK—



or

WOODLOND FLAVORS

You'll Enjoy Them

Woodlond Beverages

The Letter

—or—

She Was Once a Corporal's Daughter but Now She's a Sergeant's Mess

PART TWO

During the week following his abortive attempt to have his precious letter translated by his Flight Commander, our hero lived a miserable life. Not a morsel of food passed his lips, and he endeavoured to drown his sorrows by looking on the wine when it was red, except when he was washing aircraft. Daily he asked himself, over and over, "What is in the Letter?" Again and again he thought of all that had transpired between him and his lady love in Montreal, and he wracked his brains to imagine what she could have written that evidently was so disgusting to his officer. He could stand the suspense no longer. He had to know, or else it meant the dark cold waters of the river. So he made his way to the barracks in which a few of the boys from Montreal had just taken up residence. Seeking one, who looked to have a kind disposition, our hero related to him his sad story. Great sobs shook him, as he told of the way he had been cut out of his uncle's will, and how he would never get his AC1 from his Flight-Commander. The French Canadian took pity on him and he promised faithfully that no matter what the contents of the letter should be, he would inform him what was written. So they wandered to a secluded spot on the aerodrome, safe from any eavesdropping ears. Then, feeling in his pocket for the letter our hero discovered he had lost it.

(THE END)

Famous Sayings by Famous People

Julius Caesar—Veni, vidi, vici.
Gas truck driver—How many?
Cpl. DeHamel — You know de brum?
P/O McLeod—How many hours have you got?
AC1 Durham — — — — —
L.A.C. Johnson—How do you sleep comfortably in a Harvard, Sears?
F/O French—What the hell are you looking at?
F/Sgt. Venne—I have a job for you.
Cpl. Brown—A ham sandwich, a cup of coffee, and what time are you through tonight?
Sgt. Eakins—Cpl. where are my 4-inch spikes?
Well fellows it's one-thirty and time to start the aircraft up, but before we go we'd like to suggest, "The Spy," for the name of our paper.

into a blinding snowstorm, with the wind howling and moaning in its glee around the hangars. But the search had to go on and we saw him disappear in the murk. But what has all this to do with Aylmer, you ask? Well, the pilot of the Waco was none other than our own C/O, Wing Commander Irwin.

Notes From The Guard

If the Editor has not thrown them all in the waste basket, you will notice that the Security Guard is overrun with poets. It is not for this humble reporter to cast any reflections on their efforts but he does think that there is not much difference between what he thinks of their poetry, and what Sergeant Oliver thinks of their arms drill. We are still wondering why Dixon took his trumpet to the work shop to get it fixed, when any of the boys in 11-B Barracks would have been glad to fix it for him.

Ever since the boys heard that a certain Warrant Officer might take a stroll around the Hangar Area some night, they have been practicing their challenge, "Halt, or, I'll fire," in a whisper. (Too late boys, he has been posted.—Ed.)

The sentries feel that if reconnaissance flares must be dropped during the evening, they should at least be warned in time to get on their feet.

Here are a few things that some of the lads would like to know.

The name of the roving sentry who was roving for twenty-two days, and after less than two days back in our midst, started to wander again.

What the Sergeant of the Guard was doing at Rondeau Park last week?

Who told the Corporal that he could play a trumpet?

Why our comrade from Alabama was doing extra duty?

How to receive five feminine letters per day, like one of our number?

How another of our Comrades travelled fifteen hundred miles on a 48-hour pass?

Buy War Savings Stamps Regularly

Airmen, have you seen Our

CRESTED SWEATSHIRTS, CUSHION COVERS,
SCARVES, HANDKERCHIEFS?

If not, look for them in your Canteen

Unique Products
Company, Toronto

Prop Wash From "F" Flight

As you all well know "F" Flight is merely in the embryonic stages, or in flying terms, the fledgling stages. We believe however, with the leadership of F/O Quint, and his group of very fine instructors that "F" Flight is destined to be one of the better flights on the Station. From fledglings to eagles, in other words. Students and instructors are now working smoothly hand in hand, trying, as all the flights are, to get as many hours under their flying belts as possible. Among the students themselves a competitive spirit prevails that augurs well for their future flying ability. We all know that good clean competition has never as yet failed to bring the best to the surface.

At this time it might not be amiss for us to extend our heartiest congratulations to Flt. Lieut. Grant. It's a well earned promotion and all our best wishes go with him. He's a grand flier and a grand fellow.

After certain brags made by our most estimable Accounts Section, duly assisted by the Senior N.C.O.'s of the Administrative Staff, concerning the downfall of the Equipment Section, it is only right and proper that the Station be advised that the score for the evening looked like a date out of history for the Equipment Section, viz:—11-19. With all dues given to the Administrative Staff, the Stores Section congratulates F./Sgt. Joel, and the short, stubby Short Stop, on their excellent game, but no game was ever won by a catcher and a shortstop alone. The Equipment Branch has beaten Accounts and by all accounts will continue to do so, and finally they offer their condolences to "Christopher," the shipper of the "Mayflower."

—The Eye Witness—