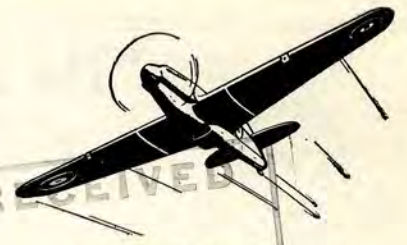


LONDON ROOM
Box # 144

The Aylmer Airman

VOL. 1, No. 3

14 S. F. T. S., AYLMEER, ONT. OCTOBER 22nd, 1941



If My Leave Comes 'Round This Fall

(By J. M. Cairney)

A flight of jolly airmen
Discussing plans at ease—
Said one, "I'll tell you something,
boys,

If you will listen please;
I was not always a Westerner,
Although I dressed in rags
But I used to be an Eastener,
And go to high-class stags."

"But I still have a home, boys,
A good one you all know;
Although I haven't seen it
Since I first became a "Joe."
But I'm going back out east, boys,
Once more to see them all,
Yes I'm going to Ontario
If my leave comes 'round this fall.

"When I left my happy home, boys,
My brother for me sighed.
He begged me not to join up
'Cause they'd take me for a ride.
But I'm going back out east, boys
Once more to see them all,
And with Southam's help I'll see
them

If my leave comes 'round this fall."

That very night the airman
Went upstairs to night-fly,
The night was dark and cloudy
Not a star was in the sky;
His engine started missing,
His Harvard it did stall,
Now he won't see Ontario
If his leave comes 'round this fall.

"Now Ashton, take my helmet,
And Hainstock take my chute,
Sears, if you find the other
You can have this flying boot.
But, boys, think of me kindly
As you look upon me all,
For I won't see Ontario
If my leave comes 'round this fall."

They buried him on pay parade,
A bent prop at his head,
And on it was an L 14
And this is what it said:
"Poor Millward died at daybreak,
His Harvard it did stall,
Now he won't see Ontario
If his leave comes 'round this fall."

HEARD AROUND THE SGT'S MESS

"There I was, flying along at
8,000 feet hanging on the prop."
"Eventually my hands relaxed
their grip and down I plunged."

This, and more like it goes on
far, far into the night. Shop, Shop,
Shop.

We welcome Sgt. Mitchell to our
mess. He is a second Gene Krupa
with the drums, as we all know
in that place among the sand-hills
six miles from Ottawa, on the
Bowesville Road. (Never mention
Uplands for our dear Sgt. Pilot's
go into a frenzy of rage at the
sound of it's name, jealous or some-
thing).

Quite a few of our leading mem-
bers, namely Sgt. Bob (Handsome)
Campbell, (Gentle Climbing Turn)
Ryan, Ronnie (Debonnair) Knews-

The Spirit of Democracy



Above are represented four countries fighting for Democracy, namely: The U.S.A., Canada, England and New Zealand. Left to right—LAC. Baldwin, LAC. Fleming, LAC. Frost, LAC. Bryan.

Appreciation

Through the medium of our station newspaper, which is published monthly, we wish to convey to the Canadian Legion, and the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Canadian Legion, our heartfelt appreciation for the magnificent effort they have made toward providing local entertainment for the Airmen of No. 14 S. F. T. S.

The dances, held every Tuesday night together with the free movie show on Thursday night, afford a splendid means of relaxation from the usual station routine, and special thanks are due the young ladies of Aylmer, who by their presence, make these dances such successful social evenings.

Worthy of mention at this time is the R.C.A.F. Wives' Club, who convene every Wednesday at 2.30 p.m., E.D.T., in the "Hall" for an afternoon of entertainment and acquaintance.

The Legion Hall, which is open every afternoon and evening, and provides Service writing paper, etc., for the Airmen's convenience, along with the latest reading material, is held in very high esteem by all those who have had the opportunity of enjoying themselves within its portals.

—"The Spirit of No. 14 S.F.T.S."

tub, lend their illustrious presence to our Sadie Hawkins parades which are held every Tuesday evening in the Legion Hall. Careful boys, or the charming girls of Aylmer will have you in their clutches.

Sgt. Hudson has acquired that too, too divine Aussie dialect. He talks about py-dy, Canydiens, Cobbers, etc. He is considering buying some pasture around here so he can start raising sheep.

Winchelling Around With Headquarters

Our ace correspondent, Corporal Sheridan, is at present gloating his way through a fourteen day leave, so anything found in this column is not his responsibility, although we should be more than pleased to pin it on him. We felt this information should be promulgated, (Two-bit word) to any one bored enough to read this column, in order that poor Sheridan should not be intimidated, only to meet a fate worse than death! (See Gascon on this point, if not entirely clear.)

It seems that we read something in the last "Airman", about a blonde Venus, who would be seen on the Gay White Way, (Aylmer to you), only with aircrew. We were not sure that we could concur in this point until recently, when we caught her with her nose firmly wedged against a defenceless C. R. window, drinking in the Aussies with hungry gulps of her generous brown eyes, and severe palpitations in the bronchial region. This is not issued as a general warning to our friends from the land of the platypus, (Duck-billed, amphibian) but it is thought it would be well to let them know they have the inside track, and visitors are welcome at the tea-hour, approximately 1500 hours. (Please wear blues, and R.S.V.P.)

Central Registry was laid low by the transfer of LAC Mansfield to Maintenance Squadron, but our loss is their gain. Good luck to you, lad, and we hope that you like your new home in No. 4 hangar. The only reason we can possibly think you might regret the move is more or less thoroughly covered in para. 2, above.

We also noted, while in Toronto

"To My Son"

Dear Son: This day when God decrees that you and I shall part,
My mind is filled with memories to ease a broken heart.
My thoughts go back to baby days and adolescent years,
And my soul is very happy, though my eyes are filled with tears.
For I know your thought was duty when you volunteered to go.
To help protect your home and friends against a deadly foe.
And I'm not really sorry, I'm very proud of you,
When I ask God to protect you in everything you do.

on a recent week-end, that a certain eligible Flight Lieutenant has distinct affiliations at the Delta Gamma Fraternity house, in the afore-mentioned city. We wonder how he does this, as we could only rate a Delta Delta Delta ourselves.

Now that the roads are all finished, we feel it is a good time to get a further lick in at a more or less ignored request. PLEASE KEEP OFF THE GRASS, it has as much right to live as the rest of us!

We cannot say that we agree with Flight Sergeant, (Should we say it? Oh, come, don't be nervous) JOEL, when he is severe with a certain Corporal for coming in late on Sunday mornings, and then promptly turns around and takes most of the afternoon off himself, while the rabble work on till five. This may be the beauty of being a Senior N.C.O., but personally we think it is just a beauty (Period.)

Sincere congratulations are offered to the graduates of Course 35. We are proud of them, and wish them the best of possible luck when they get "over there." Any mumbblings that might be heard from Records Department, as they compile great heaps of documents, should be completely ignored; for underneath it all, they, too, glow with the pride the rest of the station feels for a job well done.

Congrats are also in order for W.O.I Merriman in Maintenance, and W.O.I Carver of the Admin. Building. (Rumor has it that he sometimes goes around catching A.C.'s trying to boost their salaries by means of the galloping dominoes, watch your step). Regardless, we think it is swell, and a real achievement to visualize the top, and go right to it! Veni, Vidi, Vici, as Caesar had it. (I'll bet you're sorry you didn't take Latin, now!)

Well, it seems to me that the Aylmer Airman has suffered sufficiently at this uninitiated hand, and we will close down at this point. Should Corporal Sheridan still be on vacation when the next issue comes up, it is suggested that this column be turned over to F. A. Walker, who used to write obituaries for the Windsor Star, and it isn't necessary to break your neck concurring that they would make far better reading!



"The Aylmer Airman"

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Editor—F/Sgt. Shaw
Executive Editor—F/Sgt. Cormier
News Editors—F/O Gibson and W.O.I. Carver
Associate Editor—Fl./Lt. Smyth
T. W. Chapman, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor
Staff Photographer, Cpl. Quartermain

AYLMER, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22nd, 1941

Editorial

Our station has assumed a colourful and cosmopolitan air of late. The latest addition to our personnel are the boys from "down under," who are to receive their Service Flying Training here. I have never heard of any person who has ever been associated with them, who did not find them a likeable bunch, and the present group of forty-three have also made a favourable impression. Their passionate purple uniform with its buttons, upon which our own boys gaze with envious eyes, will soon become a common sight around the countryside, but right now the Aussies are attracting a lot of attention, especially from the fair sex. Their manner of speaking too, is in pleasant contrast to the nasal drawl of you—all boys from the South, although the Aussies have more in common with our American boys than they have with the Pommies. This latter word "Pommies" is how they term the English, with whom they have been feuding for years. 'Tis rumoured the beginning of the feud began when an English cricketer called Larwood, persisted with his body-line bowling, much to the discomfort and chagrin of their opponents, the Aussie cricket eleven. Others say that they have had a spite against the English since the forefathers of the present inhabitants of Australia were transported to Bolany Bay as a punishment for their misdemeanors in England. Right now they are helping us splendidly in another great test match, which has its location in Europe, and differences are forgotten until it is finished, when they say the feud will be resumed in all its fury. Australian Aircrew, Aylmer is proud to welcome you to our School.

In England it is the custom every autumn for the school children to be given a holiday, and this holiday was timed to coincide with the period when the potatoes had to be gathered. We rather enjoyed this break from our classrooms for the first few days, but after a while the back-breaking job of picking up the tubers began to fall on us. The long rows of freshly turned earth in which we had to search for the potatoes seemed endless as the day wore on, and we longed for the shades of night to fall so we could wend our way homeward to rest. Some rows had a larger crop in them than others, but once started, that particular row was yours to finish, come weal or woe. Occasionally, one would have the luck to have one in which the crop had failed completely and the lucky person whose row it was could take his ease whilst his comrades slaved away at their task. Or perchance toward the end of the field, the planter had failed to sow the seed potatoes, and again the lucky one could take it easy. Two of our aircrew boys have come to the end of their rows. While we slave and toil along the long hard row of life with its hardships and trials, they are at rest. Their task is completed. And as the lucky boy would wait at the end of the row for his less fortunate comrades, so they wait for us at the end of the road.

From Australia to Canada

Impressions from the R.A.A.F.

On the unlucky 13th day of October, a small detachment of Australian trainee pilots and observers landed in the midst of the province of Ontario, where they will be attached to the R.C.A.F. to continue their training before going on to the heart of the Empire to blast Hitler and his Nazi hordes.

When this detachment eventually settled in at their new Station, they had put approximately 13,000 miles between them and their families, sweethearts and home, but their minds were, in the main, well occupied on the voyage, the main

interest of course being shore leave at different ports.

The Tasman Sea was rather good to us and spared us the mountainous waves it so often indulges in and very few landlubbers took the count.

The people of Auckland extended a very welcome hand and much petrol was burnt by the members of the Automobile Club in showing the boys the sights of the city and a few well directed blows at the amusement centres resulted in some throbbing heads the next day. Suva, with the tropics was the



Y.M.C.A.

Y. M. C. A. MOVIES

SATURDAY, October 25th—

"THE STAR MAKER"

featuring Bing Crosby and Ned Sparks. On the same program, "TROPICAL TOPPERS"

next item on the programme, and the swimming pool on the boat received more attention than lectures and parades and the excellent accommodation meted out by the Matson Company was by this time taken as a matter of course. All personnel are really thankful to that Company for their courtesy and attention. At Sewa, a baseball match between the R.A.A.F. and the Matson Co., resulted in a win for the R.A.A.F., 12-6, also much more petrol was burnt up by the private cars to show the boys as much of the island as possible. Many members hired themselves a bicycle which were available in quantities from Indian hirers. Much vigorous pedalling resulted in a pretty good idea of what Suva really consisted of, and many nightmares for the native traffic policemen. The curio shops received much attention and many feet of native beads and much tortoise-shell work found their way into kit bags as souvenirs.

Moving further into the Tropics the humidity and heat was felt by all concerned, but our summer uniforms consisting of shirts and open necked khaki shirts with long sox and shoes, did much to counteract nature's work, and of course, the swimming pool really did get a riding.

At Pago Pago we were compelled to stay on the ship for the American Naval authorities were afraid of mumps or measles, and we had a couple of suspicious cases on board. We were, however, the spectators of quite a religious native farewell given to a few members of the Administration and hospital staff: There was much native singing and hip-swinging which was appreciated by all. The native brass band turned out in full strength and we were also given a rousing farewell. One thing which struck many of us was the way the ship was tied up. This huge ocean liner of well over 20,000 tons, was brought in alongside a very small wharf and tied up with much the same ease as a launch; we also went out under our own steam, completely disposing of any tug assistance.

That much talked of imaginary line, the Equator, was the next item on our programme, and we were all admitted into the Royal Society of Shell-Backs, and given our certificates proclaiming same, all at the expense of the Matson Company.

Honolulu by this time was spoken of in a whisper for, as yet, we were not sure whether we would get shore leave. However, word came through eventually, that not only were we getting leave, but the

(Continued on Page 5)

WEDNESDAY, October 29th—

"MR. BOGGS STEPS OUT"

Starring Stuart Erwin and Helen Chandler. A skillful satire by the author of "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town"

—Also—

"THE PHILIPPINES" and

"TECHNOCRACKED"

SATURDAY, November 1st—

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS"

Paramount Comedy Starring Ray Millard and Ellen Drew

Also "Swans"; "Tempo of Tomorrow"; "Musical Mountaineers"; "Ghosts is the Bunk"

WEDNESDAY, November 5th—

"KING SOLOMON'S MINES"

A great adventure yarn, starring Cedric Hardwicks, Anna Lee, Paul Robeson, Roland Young, and a cast of thousands.

Also "Stranger Than Fiction" and "County Fair."

Sports Activities

In the Station Softball League, the Security Guard team from 11-B have so far been undefeated with a record of five wins. They are the only team to defeat the team from 12-A with "Strick" Strickland. These two teams meet in the last game of the schedule which will decide the League winner.

League Standing to Date

	Won	Lost
11-B	5	0
12-A	4	1
20-A	2	2
11-A	1	3
12-B	1	3
20-B	1	4

No. 14 F. S. T. S. TEAMS PLAY FINGAL

The softball team from Security Guard and our Station Soccer team visited Fingal recently to take part in their regular sports day. The Fingal softball team staging a rally in the late innings defeated Security Guard 9 to 7. While this was going on, our Soccer team, with only two practices behind them held the highly touted Fingal kickers to a 2-1 score. With a little more practice on shooting by our team the score might have been reversed.

Fingal Teams Played Return Matches October 8th

On the above date the same teams representing Fingal and ourselves, played their return matches. This time our soccerites had their eye on the goalposts and the game ended a 2-all tie. Much good sportsmanship was displayed in this game and we hope to have the same teams meet again.

On No. 2 softball diamond, the Fingal team again scored most of their runs in one innings and were able to protect the lead. The weather was much more suitable for soccer, than baseball, and the cold wind across the diamond prevented either team showing their best.

After the games, the four teams were dined and refreshed in the smaller dining hall, arrangements for this having been made by our Y.M.C.A. Supervisor, "Chappy" Chapman.

Maintenance Mutterings

The Romans sure knew what they were talking about when they said "Tempus Fugit." Or maybe, I agree with them because I am prejudiced towards their feelings at the moment. But nevertheless it doesn't seem very long between issues of the Station Paper when you have to dig up some savoury or unsavoury items, as the case may be, to write about.

We must welcome our new arrivals who have just come up to Maintenance from the Flights, and also send our best wishes with those of us who have gone down to take their places. One of our more up and coming Aye Cee's has expressed the opinion that we ought to give the newcomers a bath in oil just to show them that our hearts are in the right place.

We heard that Cpl. Dawson of the Parachute Section is taking orders for made-to-measure silk shirts. It is sincerely hoped that none of our student pilots have the misfortune of having to jump.

Is it true that the reason Wurfel finally got to Montreal and back in his car without any trouble, is because Lehman tuned it up? Imagine Lehman stooping so low as to work on a mere '27 Chev.

Since Port Stanley closed down for the season, A. C. Ellis has been staying in nights and acting like the lonesome cowboy—could anyone loan him a guitar.

Could the reason Sergeant-Major Harris doesn't want the members of his Trumpet Band to have insignia on their sleeves be that they might be mistaken for W.O.'s? Perhaps it would be a good idea to make them all Corporals and then even the raw recruits wouldn't be fooled.

Could it be true that Jack Cowing uses an antomizer before he goes out to see "Dearest" these days?

A. C. Donlon is looking a lot better since he was married—could it be that those week-end trips to Windsor were the cause of all his troubles?

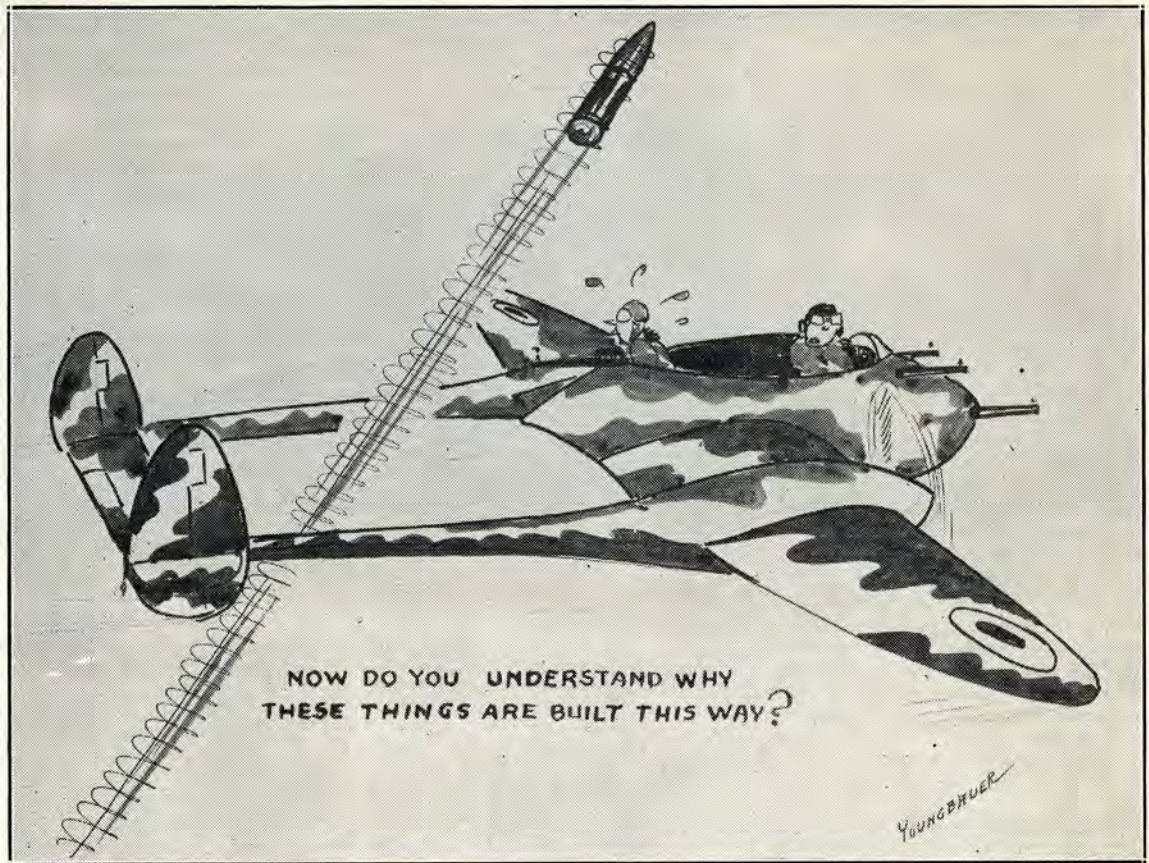
We wonder who the Sergeant was who, while nursing an aircraft after a ground loop out on the field, was called over by one of the L.A.C. Pilots to wipe off his windshield. It's nice to know that our students aren't fussy who wipes the windshield off—even a Sergeant will do.

Who are the two Sergeants who think there is no place like London to spend an enjoyable evening? If it was just the evening, it wouldn't look so bad, but every night in the week will wear even the best of us out.

Congratulations are in order this month for Cpl. Pollard and AC Lehman, who have recently become proud Poppas, although we haven't seen any cigars coming this way yet.

What is "Handsome" Hallahan going to do now since his girl friend has moved to Brantford? I think it is harder on the rest of the boys than on him, though, because now he has more time to stay in barracks and tell them what a wonderful girl she is.

The boys are still accepting bets as to whether the savage little Miss,



Sectional News

Shots from the Ping-Pong Corner

The regular Monday night Ping-Pong tournaments are continuing their popularity. While we are really sorry to have lost our most consistent winner in Joe Corcoran, through a recent overseas draft, the competition is still quite keen. Top ranking players including Nablo, Woods, Conley, Laird, Chouinard and others, will be striving to win as consistently as Joe was in the habit of doing.

Airmen Defeat Officers

On Monday, October 6th, a team of airmen ping-pongers defeated a team representing the Officers by a close score of 317 to 286. These games were all quite closely contested and the result was not decided until the final games. The teams were:

Officers	Airmen
P/O Metzler	LAC Newman
P/O Knight	LAC Dickenson
F/Lt. Palmer	AC1 Nablo
F/O Moody	AC1 Conley
P/O Mendez	AC1 Laird
	LAC Snell

DiTommaso was out with the other night in St. Thomas, is an Iroquois or an Algonquin.

Congratulations to W.O. II Merriam on his recent appointment to W.O. I, the only regret we have to offer for his getting it, is that it means we will probably be losing him.

We wonder why our friend in the Parachute Section who likes to be known as "Rip Cord" borrows an LAC Tunic when he goes to see his little girl friend in Toronto.

That seems to cover our finding for this month, so buenos noches until the next issue.

NOTES FROM ACCOUNTS SECTION

We understand Corporal Berube has recently purchased a new 10-pound baby girl (by L.P.O.) Everyone is O.K., even to Berube who is on leave recuperating.

Why does Corporal Lutes have so many meals in the Airmen's Canteen of late? Is it on account of losing Molly?

Our M.S.L. Keeper "Junior" AC1 Biggs having had many disappointments in connection with his war effort at London, has yet another when they caught up with his enlistment date, thus deleting his bank account by \$7.80 or so. Cheer up, Biggsy, it could be worse. They could start paying you what you're really worth.

Why hasn't our Sgt. Major sent LAC North and AC1 Edgecombe for the Flit recently? The flies are just as bad.

We wonder what the attraction is at Delhi for LAC Murray (Forty-Four). Could it be love, or a case of free board and meals, etc., while on leave?

It was very considerate of LAC Dalzell to let the "Mayflower" go for Spot Cash. The Accounts Section are in the dough again!

It is with pleasure we note LAC North has seen the light and spends more time in 11-A between 1700 and 2130 hours.

"Andy" our representative at the Central Warehouse sure has a busy time after hours. Besides stock-taking, Andy picks up empty bottles, waxes floors and sometimes acts as fireman. Keep it up, Andy!

We wonder how a certain Corporal gets those money bags under his eyes.

Does AC1 Edgecombe think he is a Bowling Alley when he arrives at 11-A after lights out?

"C" Flight--Cream of the Crop

With the advent of night flying and a satisfactory accumulation of student hours, "C" Flight has entered the roll of a veteran—no longer are we to be regarded as a neophyte in the ranks. With F/O Hunt at the helm, aided by Sgt. Davey, this Flight will more than remain on an even keel.

The Overseas Draft lashed at our ranks and we lost the valuable services of Corporal Campbell and AC2, McCleary. The whole Flight join in wishing them the best of luck.

Maintenance has gained three good men from "C" Flight, in the persons of LAC's Nelson, Mitchie and Dickson. We certainly miss their interpretation of "Gabriel's Horn." In return Maintenance sent us three good men—LAC's Barnes, Hawkes and Armstrong. Welcome to "C" Flight, boys!

P/O Naftel recently joined our Flight as an instructor, and received a hearty welcome.

Incidentally, who was the pilot who was prepared to take off the other day—without a parachute?

Sgt. Davey should be returning from his annual furlough in the near future. We hope he took a lot of snaps—we like looking at them.

Casting an eye towards this column's voluminous pile of fan mail with the thought of work in mind, your roving reporter signs off. You'll be hearing from us next issue.

THIS WEEK'S FAIRY STORY:

There was once an American Aircrew boy who spoke words and never included the word "I."

—The End

Equipment Section

We wish to welcome the new airmen to this section, posted here upon the completion of their course at T.T.S., St. Thomas. Some of them were on this station before they started their course, so they realize their good fortune on being posted back here.

We have lost Bob Young and Leo Barry, who have been posted to a squadron on the Atlantic Seaboard. Young is still trying to remember what he could have done to deserve such a fate.

Sergeant Gammon, and AC's Brown and Pleavin are to be congratulated on their posting to Toronto. We imagine it will be some time before they will be able to find the leisure to let us know how they are getting along, as they have to make up for lost time, now they are back with the bright lights again.

Everybody wonders how "Red, Killer" Cakebread finds the material to carry on such a voluminous correspondence. He has epistles coming and going from the four corners of the Dominion. You must let us in on the secret some time Red.

We have still to hear from Goldie on the success of his efforts on his "Harvest Leave." We understand that he was reaping those oats (strictly the wild variety) he had sown earlier in the year.

The Section tenders its congratulations en masse to Phil Forsdike (the gas dispenser) on his recent marriage.

Reports have been coming in on the sudden blossoming of LAC Thimms, into an athlete. He is now trying to emulate Charles Atlas of the bulging muscles fame.

It is not considered wise to mention the subject of tar around Barracks 11-A, after the efforts expended on removing same from the floors recently. It was a sight to behold, to see the combined efforts of 11-A put to such a good use.

Please note that the above is all strictly N-I-V.

PERSISTENCE

Freckled faced AC2 stopped at the Post Office and yelled out:

"Anything for Murphy?"
 "No, there is not."
 "Anything for Pat Murphy?"
 "Nothing?"
 "Anything for Patrick Murphy?"
 "No."
 "Anything for Patrick Maloney Murphy?"
 "No."

"Anything for Patrick Thomas Maloney Murphy?"

"No, nor for Terry Murphy, nor Dennis Murphy, nor Peter Murphy, nor Joe Murphy, nor any Murphy, dead, living, unborn, native or foreign, civilized or barbarous, male or female, black or white, naturalized or otherwise, soldier or citizen. No, there is positively nothing for any of the Murphys, either individually or collectively, jointly severally, now and forevermore, one and inseparable."

The Airman looked at the clerk in astonishment.

"Please," he said, "will you see if there is anything for Isaac Murphy?"

Likes and Dislikes
By an Aussie

Likes—

The manner in which the American population at Honolulu welcomed us.

The Hula girls at this same port. The scenery from San Francisco and our view of the Canadian Rockies.

Dislikes—

The train which brought us across Canada was of a type reminiscent of the old immigration days. Seats hard and like Scotchmen, no give to them.

A cold morning on parade. (They haven't seen anything yet.—Ed.)

Central Heating, but definitely. We miss our cheery open fireplaces.

What is termed a beauteous damsel over here is just ordinary in Australia.

On interviewing the "Boys from down Under," Chappy, our recreation officer, asked the boys what sports they indulged in and would like to have made available on station. Among the other sports mentioned, one of the most popular was called "Sheeing." When asked how and where this game was played, the Aussies replied that it was quite popular on any hill or gentle slope after a good fall of snow. From this it was gathered that the boys meant the pastime which we call "Skiing." After seeing the boys in action at the dance in Aylmer, scarcely a few hours after their arrival, it still seems that possibly the boys did mean "Sheeing."

"Ace" Flight

Orchids, of course, to the two new "Joes"—Little and Teakins. Heh, heh, heh!

We still claim to have the most beautiful grass on the station—much credit is due to the bucolic "Curly" Vollmar.

Mr. Shainline has gotten out of the high finance and big "Coca Cola" negotiations, since Mrs. S. put him on a budget.

We are proud to announce that "A" Flight is now supplying practically all the Orderly Officers on the station—this is a dubious honour, however.

Mr. Norwood will have to quit playing cards, or change his breakfast food—tightening up that primer takes strength.

S/L Johnston and F/L Martin could have said they ripped open the emergency maps with a button on the sleeve—or they could have used the old iron compass!

Our heartfelt sympathy to the boys who were washed out.

We understand that F/O Curtis hurriedly put in for transfer as soon as he saw Mr. Shainline's gas model.

F/S Silsby has a system—every time he doesn't want to work he washes his car—then it rains and there's no flying!

Cpl. Little is very unhappy about F/O Treleaven's fatal attraction for women—it's so fatal in fact, that women drivers are continuously driving right into his fenders.

We have no Cassacks in our flight—that's just F/O Askwith in his new Teddy Bear suit.

That gentleman with the wonderful Southern drawl is Sgt. Roberts from North Carolina, suh! Welcome to "A" Flight, "Robbie."

What student is now doing two weeks pack drill for going to see his best girl?

Congratulations to Sgt. Mitchell on his long deserved third hook—Guess the back pay won't hurt either, eh, Mitch!

What Corporal with initials A.W.L. has put a ring on his gal's finger and is now in a quandry about the big event?

We sympathize with all our P. and O's, who seem to be in a rut.

What AC2—initials W.C.K., who chases home every 48, is now wanting 72-hour passes? After 8 years he seems to be getting to know the girl.

Hofer claims he took this night guard stuff to improve his shadow-boxing, but we doubt it.

We're sorry to lose "Leaky" Adams to Maintenance. Watch your girl friends, men! The Casanova of Richmond Hill is dangerous.

If you see any unconscious-looking souls wandering around about 8 a.m., kindly guide them to No. 1 hangar—it's only our late party arriving to push out the planes—and we do mean late!

We wish to thank LAC Cameron for the amazing display of fireworks that were fired forth when he attempted to land with his wheels up the other day.

Who is that rangy instructor with that slight limp, that is forever removing the seat cushions from the rear cockpits?

ACE Flight Motto—Eat, Drink and be Merry for tomorrow—ole man Mose—he kicked the bucket.

Tales from the
M. T. Section

Dear Readers:

Here we are again. Your old friends from the M. T. Section, as usual at your disposal.

Once again we bring old Fuzzy Wuzzy Hill into the picture. It seems that he bought some kind of an old car with hardly any floor or top on it. He paid to the tune of \$95.00 for the headache and thinks he got hold of a bargain, but some of the lads "Hae their Doots" about the whole affair.

There is a certain "Wee lassie in the wee toon of Aylmer" that wants to look out for her glasses when Sgt. Miller goes out strutting his stuff. (Sgt. Miller knows what we mean.)

There seemed to be a roll of thunder and a flash of lightning around the M.T. Section the other day. When the boys strolled into the work shop and came across Flight Sergeant Ethier in overalls, working his head off, at overhauling a truck. Take it easy, Flight, you're liable to give the boys heart failure.

Now we come to our own little bull-voiced Corporal, by the name of Cookman. We have heard some very interesting stories about our dear little Corporal. The first thing he knows, some little lassie will be throwing a noose around his neck, and saying, "Come to me, Daddy, you're mine for keeps." Take it Corporal, don't let those forty-eight passes get you down, or should we say the girl.

Boy, are those tractor drivers ever steaming! It is my sincere sorrow that I have the privilege of telling you that they cannot drive trucks. In other words, they are grounded, as far as the men's jobs are concerned.

Corporal Hardman just arrived back from Montreal. If you ask him how the gals are down there, he will have some great tales to tell, but none will be as good as the story about the two gals, he and his friend AC1 Moore transported to St. Thomas. They looked like something that was dropped from some other planet. In fact, yours truly had turned down the opportunity of escorting those maidens.

Mr. Speedster Mulligan has finally got some slowing down medicine. In fact, he has got to go so slow that he barely moves at all. Ladies and Gentlemen, he has been assigned to what is called down here as the crash tender, and that is like the Rock of Gibraltar. It just doesn't move. Maybe from now on Mr. Milligan will not try to give any more thrills to Flying Officers, especially in a car. Tough luck, Milligan, but you know how it is. You can't buck Squadron Leaders, either.

It has come to our attention that AC2 Tucker is about to hear wedding bells chime. It is about time that one of the opposite sex has taken him under her wing.

Well folks, I think that is about all the "Blab" that is in me right now, but until the next trip, we remain your humble servants.

—M. T. SECTION.

**Take off
refreshed
DRINK
Coca-Cola**

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES REGULARLY

From Australia to Canada

(Continued from Page 2)

American Red Cross were making available their cars and personnel to show the beauty spots. Many private cars were also used and we made our first American friends there. A tour around the island was much appreciated. The mountains, sea-shores, native flora and fauna were recorded on minds and paper, and cameras clicked like the old Vickers, Mark V. Lunch was provided also. Sandwiches, doughnuts, cakes, biscuits, fruit with beer and fruit juices to wash it down, and all consumed in the grounds of one of our benefactors who put the "Welcome Mat" out in no uncertain manner. For liquors we had a hula dance performed by a native dancer with native music accompaniment. After lunch we headed for the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, where we sampled some local brews and looked out upon Waikiki Beach with the nonchalance of the millionaires who foregather there. Unfortunately, we did not stay overnight, but we agreed with our travelogue friend, James Fitzpatrick, and reiterated his remarks as we "Reluctantly said farewell to beautiful Honolulu."

The holiday spirit of our trip gradually ebbed out, for we had no leave at Los Angeles, where we were tied up at San Diego harbour for about six hours. Also, we saw very little of San Francisco, where we left the ship. The Golden Gate bridge of course, was the first thing we saw, and many were the discussions of its pros and cons as compared to our own bridge across the Sydney harbour. There will be no attempt made here to impress the readers of this article as to which is the better.

A short route march around a small section of the waterfront put us on the Oakland ferry, and then onto the Southern Pacific Train headed north for Vancouver. We were very disappointed, indeed, that we could not see these two Californian cities, the former, for the glamour associated with Hollywood, and the latter, famous for its variety in foods and restaurants.

Leaving Oakland at night, we woke up in the state of Oregon, and looked out on its famous tim-



THE SENTINEL

ber country, where lumbermen moved busily about their work with logs stacked on river banks preparatory to floating them to the mills. All this, with rugged gorges and snow capped mountains as we got further into the Cascade mountains, with a lake or two thrown in for good measure, was really an impressive sight.

Vancouver was reached on our second morning, and it was rather unfortunate we had done most of the trip in the dark, having had two nights and one day on the train. At Vancouver we were divided into our different groups, pilots, gunners, observers, etc., and here, of course, many of us had to say "Au Revoir" to our friends, some of them of long standing, and others we made during our service with the R.A.A.F. A bath parade to the Y.M.C.A. rooms considerably raised the spirits of all of us, for, thirty-six hours of accumulated soot and a wet day and gray skies, plus the parting of friends, had not brightened us up much. Despite of the rain, we made good use of a few hours leave, and all boarded the train for the East in good spirits. Here again, we had the first twelve hours in the dark, so we presume we missed the best section of the Rockies. However, snow caps and rugged grandeur were the order of the day, with about an hour to stretch our legs, and partake of the scenery at Jasper National Park.

The trip across the Prairies, I'm

afraid, did not inspire us, many of us from country districts in Western New South Wales and Queensland at home, had seen enough frosted wheat stubble and endless plains without having travelled 11,000 miles to see more. Also our railway accommodation was a veritable soot collector for the locomotive, and much digging out of ears, eyes, and nose was necessary.

We met a few of our friends, who had been with us at earlier shoots, at different points along the line, but didn't see quite enough of them to exchange views, or give them much news from home.

Our first impressions of Toronto were good ones, and we hope to renew our acquaintance with that city before long.

Our new Station here at Aylmer, although of a different layout, compares very favorably with our own, although the heated rooms seem strange and stuffy. No doubt we will appreciate them before the winter is through.

The people of Aylmer extended a welcome hand on our first visit to their town, and the personnel on the Station have been most helpful and instructive, and many of us have already made friends here. Our uniform being somewhat different from the other countries in the Empire, we feel a bit like the circus fat lady on a shopping expedition, and the R.C.A.F. envy our unpolished buttons, but if that is the only friction we are to experience in this country, our tour here will be a happy one. So may our co-operation with all hands, both service and civil, be such that we leave a host of new friends behind us when we finish here.

—S. H. Jennings.

ATTENTION NAVIGATION INSTRUCTORS

If in doubt regarding your theories on celestial navigation, please get in touch with "JOE" Slater of the Ah-mahment section, who may clarify any scepticism on the intricacies of the subject—The score? Ask "JOE" about Polaris!

N.B.—Better stick to 20mm Hispanos, Joe!

Dear Editor—What's good to clean ivory with? Editor—Try a shampoo.

With the Aircrew

With our flag-draped caskets we left the lights of Aylmer behind and headed for the station to see our boys off on their journey to the country of their birth. Dark ominous looking clouds ahead to our right and left, ever moving closer together to black-out the glow left by the setting sun. As we drove along, we expected the storm-clouds to drench our party who rode with all that was left of their comrades. Nearer and nearer they closed in over the road we had to follow, until the bright sky in between seemed to assume the shape of a brightly lit entrance to some great castle. And it remained there, this one bright opening in the dark cloudy heavens until we had reached our destination when the storm broke in all its fury. "And the gateway shall be of a glistening radiance with a light that shall put to shame all the glittering gold and shining jewels of your earthly home."

AC2 Gascon, our diminutive friend from Montreal has found out to his sorrow that some of our sturdy Service Policemen can understand French. Watch your step, Gascon. A person need not be from Canada's largest city in order to understand French, and as Shakespeare once said, "Even walls have ears."

As Aylmer is fast becoming a suburb of Montreal, the Editor is willing to print a column in French for the benefit of our French Canadian friends. How about some contributions, lads?

CAPITOL THEATRE AYLMEY

Coming Attractions

Oct. 24-25—"IN THE NAVY"—Bud Abbott, Lou Costello.

Oct. 27-28-29—"THE GREAT DICTATOR," Starring Charlie Chaplin.

Oct. 31-31; Nov. 1—"THEY MET IN BOMBAY," Clark Gable, Rosalind Russell.

Watch near-future dates for:

"Kiss the Boys Good-bye," starring Mary Martin; "Fugitive From a Prison Camp"; "Man Power," with Marlene Dietrich, Ed. G. Robinson, George Raft; "Adam Had Four Sons," with Ronald Colman; "The Mad Doctor," and Charlie Ruggles in "Parson of Panamint"; "West Point. Widow"; "Dr. Kildare's Wedding Day."

The Management of the Capitol Theatre wishes to thank the Members of the R.C.A.F. for their Patronage and wishes "The Aylmer Airman" every success.



Smoke



Buckingham

The Sixth Column

J.M.C.

When Course 35 started, we had in our flight the sum of 13 North American Harvards all told. Now that Course 35 is finished, we have the total of 5 North American Harvards. Something had to be done for the next course coming in, so our Flight Sergeant and one of our Corporals took their coats off and sat down to make us some more. One a piece in fact. Except for one having steps on the stbd. side and an eight cylinder radial engine they turned out pretty accurate jobs, after a fashion. (Aussies take note) Our hangar doors are still serviceable.

Embarrassing Question — Why don't you like cribbage any more, Corporal Grimes?

We must express our regrets in losing LAC's Wilson, Jarvis and Cousens, to Maintenance, and we hope that the replacements we are getting can keep up their good work—but a little quieter.

All the Officers, N.C.O's and men of "D" Flight would like to extend their heartiest congratulations to LAC and Mrs. Jarvis, but we regret that LAC Jarvis had to go to the hospital for a few days on his return from his leave and honeymoon.

AC Rosner has finally solved the problem of putting in time without expending energy. He is night guard.

Every department and flight on this station, from the C.O. down, has borrowed our painter, LAC Dunn, at one time or another. If this practice keeps up we want two men in exchange. Sergeant-Major Harris please note.

An original one we heard recently from AC Galarneau. On being asked why he was late one morning after the Corporal had roused him out of bed at nine o'clock, he said, "When I woke up this morning I thought I worked last night, sir, so I went back to sleep."

The potential P and O's on this Station claim to be the only aircrew group in the Air Force that have been washed out without a course.

BRADY BROS.

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R. C. A. F. Shirts, Ties, Sox, Underwear, Pyjamas, Hdks., Belts, Suspenders, Wings, Birds, Stripes, Buttons.

ALTERATIONS ON UNIFORMS

PHONE 470

The Aussies

Listen my boys and you shall hear
Why the people of Aylmer shake
with fear;
Why children scream and strong
men weep,
And even dogs to their kennels
creep.

The news came crashing like a bolt
from the blue,
And stronger and stronger their
horror grew.
They knew their town would be
rent asunder
By the Australian boys from way
down under.

"Lock the doors, bar the windows,"
women cried,
"May heaven preserve us from the
dark blue tide.
We'll sound the alarm when they
heave into sight,
And curfew will ring out again
tonight!"

You'll listen amazed as you hear
them sy,
"How many more dys till we get
some py?"
If they invite you on a stouche,
don't you try it,
For that's their name for a minia-
ture riot.

They say it's fair dinkum if it's
quite okay,
Their main ambition's to bludge all
dy.
A clobber means a bloke's their
pal,
While a shiela to them is simply
a gal.

But although they're strange,
their language queer,
We're tickled pink to have them
here.
Though they're good sometimes at
raising hell,
We think they're bonzer, their word
for swell.

Ain't It the Truth?

By H. E. (Shelley) Booth

(Copyrighted)

Breathes there a storekeeper with
soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my group, this pride of
mine,
With stock and tally cards so fine,
What if they beef—those other
guys,
Because they want some hooks and
eyes?

Or maybe a can of dope or two,
A lining for an old brake shoe;
And then a uniform they crave,
It's enough to put one in his grave.
A keg of nails, a pound of wax,
A spool of thread made of flax.
An airscrew they may holler for,
Or hinges for a hangar door.
A hammer, vise, a new tool kit,
A tire pump or a can of flit.
Equipment for the spark plug room,
A mop, a pail, a new corn broom,
Where is our lumber and our nails,
Our cup-grease in the ten-pound
pails?

The service is awful they all say,
They come and go throughout the
day.

We need it now if not sooner,
An axle for a prairie schooner.
A brace of ducks, a golden pheas-
ant,
A little blonde with smile so
pleasant.

Can we get em, and if so when?
A new nib for a fountain pen,
Bits and parts for a Harvard,
Wings and wheels both port and
starboard.

A horizon which is erratic,
(It should be caged for aerobatics).
An easy job they all declare,
As still you rant and tear your
hair.

But the time is slipping by,
It's time this ended—so goodbye.

BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFI-
CATES REGULARLY

Statistics Reveal

The horse and mule live thirty
years,
And nothing know of wines and
beers.
The goat and sheep at twenty die,
And never taste of scotch and
rye.

The cow drinks water by the ton,
And at eighteen is mostly done.
The dog at fifteen cashes in,
Without the aid of rum or gin.

The cat in milk and water soaks,
And then in twelve short years
it croaks.
The modest sober bone-dry hen,
Lays eggs for nogs then cashes
in.

All animals are strictly dry,
They sinless live and swiftly
die.

But Sinful, Ginful, Rum-soaked
men,
Survive for three-score years and
ten.

Problems of the Accounting System

(From the London Free Press)

Three pretty girls sat on a bench
at No. 1 Manning Depot of the
R.C.A.F. They broke into friendly
conversation and discovered all
three were seeking a dependent's
allowance of an airman husband.
Suddenly the atmosphere chilled as
they discovered all three were seek-
ing the allowance of the same man.
"He'd married the three of them
and they all came to see the O. C.
about the allowance on the same
day," said the Sgt. Major Fred
White, head of the records branch.
"The young fellow was scared stiff.
He nearly fell through the floor
when he saw the three women to-
gether."

The women remained cool, he
said, and as for the man, he was
discharged from service.

To the

AYLMER AIRMEN

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Candy Hungry? Well Here's Your Answer



First Solo

(By AC2 Birnbaum, M.R.)

Young Jerry Hill gazed rapturously at the antiquated, yet still airworthy Curtiss, with its obsolete Wright engine. Eight hours of scintillating dual: cross-country, rolls, chandelles, stalls, spins, and even a few dead-stick landings, with himself at the controls!—Jerry felt like a veteran million-miler.

Slowly, deliberately, he inhaled a deep breath of satisfaction as he donned his helmet and gazed up at the blue, cloudless sky, just before hauling himself up and over into the front cockpit, Jerry felt a gentle, yet firm hand on his shoulder. It was Tommy Tomlins, his genial instructor, a veteran of many an airplane. Tom smiled as he looked at the youthful student, with that piercing genuineness that always made Jerry feel so humble, and yet which he admired.

"Take it easy, kid; just watch your airspeed and everything'll be okay—Happy Landing."

Jerry smiled back at his instructor, a smile which to his surprise was rather hard at coming, and swung himself over into the cockpit. His safety belt adjusted, Mr. Hill edged the throttle over and opened the switch.

"Switch on, throttle open."

"Contact."

"Contact."

The ancient Wright wheezed, coughed, spluttered, and sprang to life. Simultaneously with the whirring of the engine, Jerry felt a strange fluttering at the pit of his stomach. However, swallowing hard, he tried to laugh down his throat at this foolish lapse of courage, and astutely enough, waved to his fellow students strung around the club-house, who waved blandly back at him.

Taking a hasty glance over his shoulder at the flabby wind-sock, Jerry noted with some satisfaction that it was still a dead calm; which meant the use of Number three runway—the longest and most level of the lot. Taxiing the trusty ship (which was affectionately named Jenny) with unusual care around the field, he soon reached the favoured runway.

Then, with a gnash of his teeth, disregarding the thumping in his breast, he swung the throttle full over. With a joyous spurt, faithful Jenny leaped forward like an old fire-horse, throwing our hero hard against the cushioned headrest.

Forty . . . forty-five . . . fifty. Jerry yanked his eyes off the airspeed indicator. The ominous-looking oatfield at the end of the field seemed to be rushing up to meet him, yet, actually, looked as distant as ever, as Jenny ate up the yards. A slow, tingling chill crept tenaciously up his spine while he peered through the well-moistened glasses. Still, shouting convulsively, the Curtiss bi-plane hugged the earth.

"Come on baby—lift won't ya—Goddamit, wad-dya waitin for!"

Suddenly, Mr. Hill felt an easing tension—a more soothing forward motion: Jerry realized he had left the ground. The swaying, climbing ship seemed to emphasize the dropping charge of fear that was deliciously bailing out of his stomach—as if he had opened the fuel-dumping cock of his belly!

Taking a furtive glance over the side, Jerry noticed the edge of the ditchy oatfield just now beginning to pass beneath him, a good four hundred feet below. Why he and Tommy had never cleared that field with as much to spare in the eight hours of dual!

"Just a little nervous I guess."

Somewhat re-composed, our youthful flier breathed deeply once again, and relaxed.

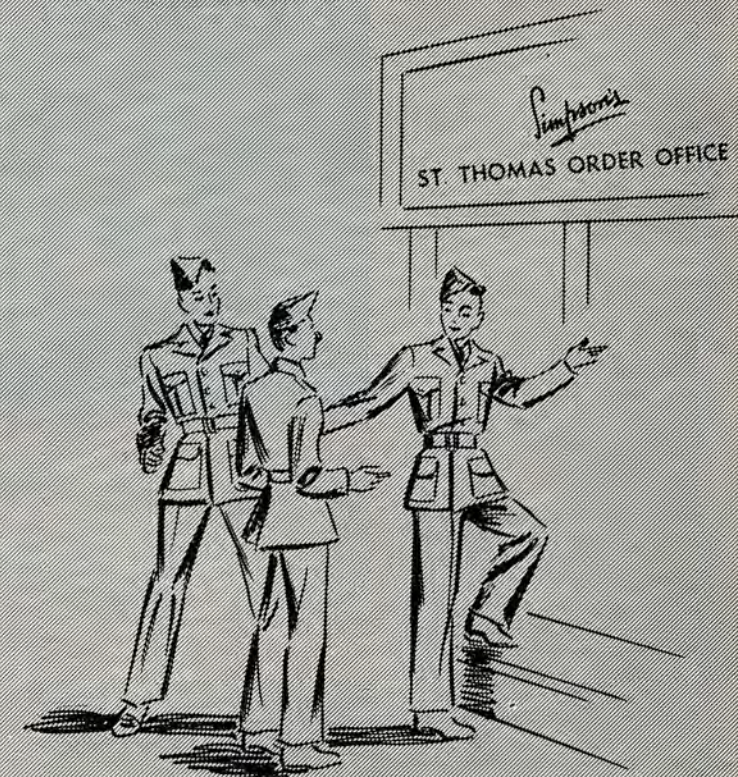
"This is the life," thought he, "I—hey, what the . . ."

Jerry's heart almost missed a beat as the ancient power-plant coughed once, again—and still again. That eery demon started to play on Jerry's spinal chord with renewed vigor. With the engine belching thick black clouds through the exhaust, young Hill, instinctively reached out to the mixture control lever.

"Ye Gods and little fishes," shouted Jerry, as he yanked the mixture over from full rich to cruising, "imagine forgetting to adjust the mixture like that!"

Once again he mopped the moisture off his glasses, and thinking it time to turn back, in his excitement, he pushed the rudder hard over. — A hurricane hit Jerry's right cheek and threatened to throw him for a loss through the port side of the fuselage. Desperately trying to dampen the sideslip, the young flying fool yanked the joy-stick hard over—and the old sewing-box did at lop-sided roll and threatened to fall apart. With superhuman effort and luck, Jerry somehow managed to calm the punch-drunk Curtiss, and looking dazedly about him, after a while espied the field a mile or so to starboard. As he throttled down for a landing, Jerry tried hard not

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to think of the phrase he had heard somewhere,—'Any landing you can walk away from is a good one, especially when you're learning to fly!'

Salty sweat beads were rolling down youthful Mr. Hill's cheeks, as the field boundary fence did an Irish jig in front of the cowling.

"Holy smoke, I'm going to undershoot—this is the end!"— And our frazzled hero shot his hand over his eyes—not to erase a partial blindness, but to completely blind them. He suddenly wished devoutly that he had gone to church more often and had learned the odd prayer or two. But Jerry's ethereal thoughts were suddenly shattered, as his much abused spine took the first bump of landing. Good old Jerry was bouncing over Mother Earth in the most spirited broncho manner you could imagine. As transport pilot Hill often ventured afterwards to tell his friends,—"To have shot me in the head through the heart, because my heart was in my mouth!"

Realizing that he had finally

come to rest, and bethinking him that this surely was death, the terrified rookie resignedly opened his eyes to see what he could see. To his utter amazement, the old crate was still quite solidly about him, apparently none the worse for that eventful solo. Whether he had actually shut the engine, or whether it had come to rest of its own accord, Jerry could not remember; however, he opened her up once again, and sheepishly began to taxi over to the club house, where the gang was excitedly waving at him.

Reaching the tarmac, Jerry cut the ignition, slowly unloosened his belt, and somewhat giddily clambered over Jenny's side.

The young student tried hard not to look into his instructor's eyes, as Tommy raced up to meet him. Once again he felt his spine tingle as a hefty thump landed on his shoulder.

"Great flying kid!— That was the swellest solo I've ever seen. You handled that ship like a goldarn veteran, you . . . hey, get some water over here, quick—he— he's fainted!"

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Security Guard Notes

'Tis here, 'tis there, and 'tis everywhere. Is it the ghost of Hamlet, or is it the coon in the coal pile? In any event, the coal pile is taking on a brassy complexion. The trigger boys seem to have missed their mark so far, but do not forget there is a law of averages.

If our blue uniforms look like coveralls, credit is due to the new disciplinary action which makes it necessary for them to be used as pyjamas.

Fire followed on fire at the scene of a recent accident. A certain part of Shilley's book, "Gone with the Wind," suddenly became quite realistic as the blue of the sky took the place of the tent roof. Boy Scout qualifications are not required in the Air Force. Sergeant Oliver please note.

Rumour says that the newly founded Rumble Club had created a definite feeling of hostility. "Guardsmen," especially those from the rebel States, have found the unceasing severity of the rules a definite stumbling block to peaceful slumber and dreams. The proverbial day off is a thing of the past, mute testimony of the increased activity, has shown an increasing number of bald heads, gnawed finger nails and ragged nerves. All the lads spend their spare time (what spare time?) delving into the advanced theory of decimals and fractions.

Despite the many strong winds there is no draft around 11-B. We wonder when.

Our Sergeant

I'll tell of a man I ne'er thought to meet,
In uniform he really is so awfully neat,
His manner it's lovely, charming and sweet,
Our Sergeant.

How perfect when every Saturday night,
He comes back to camp gloriously tight,
fight,
And offers each and everyone outside to fight,
Our Sergeant.

He's perfect when every once in a while,
His face so kindly he shaves with a file,
Lights up with a glorious wonderful smile,
Sweet Sergeant.



G. I. STAFF

Front row, left to right—Sgt. Bitruzac, F/Sgt. Shaw, F/Lt. Boulter, S/L. Creighton, F/Lt. Knox, F/O. Mitchell, Sgt. Slater. Second row—Sgt. Hall, Cpl. Quartermain, LAC Cunningham, Cpl. Pratt, Cpl. Eldridge, Cpl. MacIntyre, LAC. O'Hara, AC1 Figuardson, AC1 Fenechel, LAC. Hodgins. Third row—AC1 Hope, AC1 Ellenton, AC2 Lurk, LAC. Jones. Back—LAC. Gosney, LAC. Barnes, AC1 Needham, AC2 Mitchell

G. I. S.

Watts, who was on temporary duty with "C" Flight, returned to G.I.S. Orderly room this week only to find that it was in worse disorder than when he left. Gosney who has become an LAC has had to call in Cpl. Muir from the Control Tower to help him out. Cpl. Muir apparently believes that a change is as good as a rest, because he has worked in almost every Orderly Room on the station and as yet, cannot make up his mind which one he likes best.

Gilmore, our friend from Publications, is going on Embarkation Leave on October 16, prior to crossing the Pond. His ambition to become a gunner has not been realized, but he intends to start working on the proper authorities as soon as he gets over there. We certainly wish him the best of luck. Watts, who also volunteered for the draft was quite disappointed that he was not among the selected few.

Sigurdson, our most industrious clerk, has been working hard on the final marks of Class 35, while Flight Shaw has been hounding him about soccer practice, and Cpl. Eldridge keeps him worried about missing parade. Sigurdson's social life is a mystery to most of his friends. Every 48 that he has, he goes to a different city. Whether this is for his own protection or not, is very hard to say. No one dare venture an opinion.

Gosney, our "little man" from Barrie, seems to think that the only place to spend his week-ends is at that town. For the past two

months all we have heard is "Bertha is the girl for me." During the week he apparently visits London, but upon questioning he claims that she has just been pulling his leg. Maybe he had better be content with Bertha, and just stay in and save all his extra energy for the big push Saturday nights.

Last week-end a great crowd assembled on the tarmac. With bated breath they watched the Harvard weave an unsteady course around the circuit and come in for a landing. Great cheers rent the air, strong men wept for joy, and the Control Officer fired off the Very Lights with mad abandon. The reason for this, Flying Officer Mitchell of G.I.S. had just flown solo.

The smooth textured garment clinging to the matchless lines accentuated the intriguing sex-appeal. Passers by turned with awe and admiration, passing much remarks as "too, too divine," the acme of perfection," etc. For long we had viewed the old garments, but off with the old and on with the new had at last come to pass after many weary months. He had achieved his destiny. Sgt.-Major Carver had donned the super-fine of a W. O. I.

The Armament Section in G.I.S. boasts five great Casanovas, Sgts. Slater, Hall and Dutzac, with Cpl. Eldridge as the Junior N.C.O., and Flight Lieutenant Boulter as the officer in charge. Outside of lectures, their chief aim in life seems to be getting the staff and students of G.I.S. out for parades.

And then they told me only today,
Our dear, dear Sergeant is going away.

Did I hear someone shout "hurray!"
For our Sergeant.

And tho' perchance the power may ordain,
That he will never come back here again,
In our hearts his memory will remain,
Goodbye Sergeant.

Why Those Doleful Looks?

It is understood that there are a great many of our Senior N.C.O.'s going around the Station with doleful looks, and scornful mutterings that have caused several airmen to stop and wonder. They see these poor fellows going around in a daze; they speak to them and receive no reply, and it has come to such a pass that the writer had to put on his Sherlock Holmes hat and investigate. As a result of the investigation it is requested that some responsible party put in an E. 42 to our most efficient Stores Section for Section 4-B, Flags, Multicoloured, Flying, Washout, each one to be added to the inventory of the Sergeants' Mess, for use in Mess and Ante Rooms for the benefit of Pilot Sergeants Clarke, Early, Knewstubb, Campbell and Co., who seem to have sort of a phobia that keeps them flying during the hours set aside for eating, sleeping, drinking, crib playing, the parties and such, to the extent that it becomes very tedious, monotonous, disparaging and annoying to their fellow men. It is further understood that the former and latter members aforementioned continue their ground loops, slow rolls, etc., during their several trips, week-end and otherwise, to the nearby metropolis, and it is suggested that they report to the M.O. for assistance and, perhaps, psychoanalysis in order that they all may rid themselves of that dread disease "indoflyitus."

Welcome to All Airmen

The Aylmer and Malahide Active Service Commission extend a most hearty welcome to all Airmen to visit the Active Service Club Rooms while in Aylmer. The Reading and Lounge Rooms are comfortable and writing facilities are available. Some games are provided, with more to come, and a piano and radio are there for your pleasure.

The Snack Bar hopes to serve you with home-cooked food, pies and cakes, and good coffee and tea. Soft drinks and milk are also served. As the patronage grows and the weather becomes cooler, other tasty items will be added to the food list.

Ladies with their escorts are welcome. Meet your friends or check your parcels at the Aylmer and Malahide Service Men's Recreation Club, John street, rear of Selrite Store upstairs.

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For
MEALS AND LUNCHES

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