

LONDON Room  
Box #144



### Australians' Pilgrimage To New York

December 30th, 1941, brought about the realization of a wish which many hold and that is a visit to the City of New York. Approximately fifteen Australians arrived in this great metropolis in the early hours of New Year's Eve; some had come by rail and others by the latest method of transportation: "Hitching!"

The British American Ambulance Society had arranged hotel accommodations, sight seeing tours, free picture and theatre tickets, and last, but by no means least, a very large number of invitations to cocktail parties, etc.

After a short rest and a clean up the lads set forth in small groups to see as much of the city as possible in the short time they had at their disposal. One of the first notable points was the similarity between the American people and our own folk way down under. The rush and bustle on the sidewalks bore out the conclusion that most of the lads had arrived at, and that was that there were only two kinds of people in New York, "The dead and the quick."

One of the first places of interest visited was The Empire State Building, towering away above the hum of the down-town traffic. From here the finest view of N. Y. is had and it is really the only spot where one can actually realize the magnitude and grandeur of the city proper.

The hospitality of the American people was beyond all imagination. The parties and other entertainments showered on us left us wondering just what kind of people these Americans are. We had seen evidence of their material assistance in our war effort and now when they themselves were embroiled, they could still find time to assist us socially in a manner and style we had not seen before. At this point we would also like to mention that among our five hosts and hostesses were Australians who greeted us like the long lost Prodigal and saw to it that some of New York's famous night clubs were visited and many spots of interest were seen.

Our good friends, The American Ambulance Society, arranged a tour of the city, which allowed us to see the Harbour, Chinatown, Harlem and finished up with a visit to General Grant's Tomb and a drive along the shores of the Hudson. It was a very quiet and tired group of lads who boarded the train for Aylmer on Sunday morning, very reluctant to leave this great place, but satisfied in our minds that the hospitality we were receiving on this side of the border would leave us no pangs of regret.

W. Mofflin,  
F. Hicks.

There are two kinds of failures: The man who will do nothing he is told, and the man who will do nothing else.



SQUADRON LEADER J. W. HILTZ

We know of no other R.C.A.F. Station where the Senior Medical Officer, in addition to performing his medical duties, is also able to do his share of flying, but this condition does exist on this Station. Squadron Leader Hiltz since graduating in medicine from Queen's University has had a most interesting career.

Having graduated successfully from University, one of his first moves in addition to acquiring a very substantial private practice in the city of Toronto, was to settle down to a very happy domestic life. Whilst practising medicine in Toronto, Squadron Leader Hiltz commenced private flying at the Barker airport, Toronto, where he qualified for his private pilot's license. Having acquired this license he was convinced that he should buy a plane to go with the license, so he immediately purchased a Cub plane which he used extensively for pleasure trips. His most enjoyable trips, say Squadron Leader Hiltz, were those which he made up in Northern Ontario during the winter months, where his ski-equipped plane enabled him to get into a good many out-of-the-way places. Having built over 100 hours solo time to his credit he made application to the R.C.A.F. as a pilot, but was advised that they could not accept his services as a pilot, since he was a medical man, but would be glad to accept his services as a Medical Officer in the R.C.A.F. Squadron Leader Hiltz immediately accepted the opportunity of getting into the Service and after a spell in Lansdowne Park, Ottawa, in Rockcliffe, and ten months and a half in Dunnville, he finally was posted to this Station as Senior Medical Officer.

No 14 S.F.T.S. is very fortunate in having a Senior Medical Officer who not only can supervise the health situation, but is also thoroughly familiar with the flying angle.

One of our F/Sgts. was observed on New Year's Eve seated in a lonely corner muttering to himself. At times he would laugh heartily and at other times make a gesture of disgust. The genial bartender, E. Carver, was so intrigued that he went over and asked why the different expressions. The Flight Sergeant said, "Can't I sit here and tell myself stories." Carver said, "Why certainly, but why the gesture of disgust?" "Oh," said the N.C.O. "That's when I tell myself one I've heard before."

L. A. C. Carley, 45 Course, or as some call him "The Texas Flash" when applying for enlistment, was asked if he had ever had any accidents. "No," replied Tex, then trying to be helpful: "A bronc broke a couple of my ribs when he kicked me, and a mean ole rattlesnake bit me a couple of years ago."

"Well," said the doctor, "Don't you call those accidents."

"No," drawled Tex, "they done it on purpose."

### Canada's Largest Airport

#### Montreal's New Airport Required One and One Half Million Gallons of Asphalt for Its Runways

(Courtesy of "Imperial Oil Review")

Largest and newest of Canada's airports, the new field at Dorval, Que., 12 miles west of Montreal, is now serving the scheduled passenger services operating to the Canadian metropolis and also a large volume of warplane traffic. St. Hubert Field, which formerly served the city is now used entirely for military purposes.

The completion of a project as large as Dorval Airport in the space of a few months is another revelation of the rate at which affairs move when there is an impelling agency like war behind them. Petroleum-powered machinery and modern road construction methods developed by asphalt technicians account largely for the speed at which the job was done.

The terrain was in part a race track, golf course and cultivated land; but consisted principally of bush. After trees had been cut down mechanized equipment removed the roots, and grading machines quickly levelled the entire area. Boulders were hauled to stone crushers on the job and converted into materials for the runway foundations. One and one half million gallons of asphalt was used to pave the three runways, each 5,000 feet long and 200 feet wide, with a total surface equivalent to approximately 30 miles of 20 foot highway. After drainage had been provided for, crushed stone was laid to a depth of several inches and sprayed with hot liquid asphalt in a quantity of about one and one-half gallons to a square yard. This asphalt had to be preheated to a high temperature and this was done by forcing steam into heater coils in the railways tank cars which brought it to the job. The steam was supplied from coal burning boilers set up by the railway siding and these consumed between three and four tons of coal daily. The hot asphalt was then pumped into tank trucks equipped with dual oil burning heaters to maintain temperatures. The trucks were also fitted with spraying equipment to permit quick application of the hot asphalt to the crushed stone. When the stone had been sprayed with this penetration asphalt a layer of hot-mix asphalt consisting of finer crushed stone with hot liquid asphalt was laid upon it and finally a surface of sheet asphalt completed the paving job. In this way runways more than capable of handling the heaviest type of aircraft were quickly constructed.

A constant flow of asphalt was maintained at a rate of two 16,000 gallon tank cars per day and there was no hitch in the operation.

The new field has been developed not only for the present heavy traffic of passenger and military machines, but also to accommodate developments of the future. Its rapid, economic construction is another instance of the part that petroleum plays in furthering the war effort.



## The Aylmer Airman

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## Editorial

A great failing of mankind is that of gloating and oft repeating "I told you so" if things work out in the manner we forecasted previous to the events taking place. Therefore we can readily see the great qualities of such men as Franklin D. Roosevelt, that greatest of all Presidents of the U.S.A., and our own Winston Churchill, Prime Minister of Great Britain, particularly the latter. He was, prior to this Second Great War, as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Foreseeing the tragic events, like unto that of one of the Biblical prophets, this great statesman in all his speeches has never referred to the terrible mistakes and blunders of his predecessors but has lived out the old maxim of "It's no use crying over spilt milk." What better opportunity could any man have had of gloating over the isolationist members of the U. S. Senate and House of Representatives than when Winston Churchill spoke to them recently. We, who know his great mastery of the English language, could imagine how he could have made them writhe in their seats with barbed phrases regarding their shortsighted policy previous to Pearl Harbour. But no, the old sea-dog endeared himself to the whole American people by his speech, thus cementing ever stronger the link between Britain and her ally, the U. S. A.

## Bomb - Proof Shelter Morals

Dr. Charles Best, of Toronto, who when he is not busy trying to transfer a diabetes cure from animals to humans is usually hard at work promoting the friendship of the English-speaking peoples, has a first-hand story from a London friend who has a family bomb shelter.

A few weeks ago it became evident that this bomb shelter was going to have to be used quite frequently and for a considerable amount of time, and Dr. Best's friend installed enough sofas and easy chairs to make it comfortable for all the members of his family and household, including an elderly maidservant. The latter persistently refused to do anything when in the bomb shelter except sit bolt upright with her hands folded in her lap.

The family implored her to relax and take things easy, as they were doing, and to lie down and get what rest she could. They could not get her to consent to do so, nor could they find out the reason for her unwillingness.

Finally the mistress of the house made a last appeal, on the ground that the spectacle of the elderly maidservant sitting there in such obvious discomfort was undermining their morale, and would she please be good enough to lie down like the rest of them?

"No, mum, I couldn't do it," was the reply. "It's too much like mixed bathing."—Saturday Night, Toronto.

"How long have you been playing golf?"

"About a month."

"A month." Why, you play an astonishingly good game!"

"I ought to. It took me four years to learn."—Dublin Opinion.

## ONE WHO WAITS

When in a bomber we're winging back

Leaving the hell of searchlight and flack

I know on the drome to welcome me in

A Limey waits and he'll say with a grin

"Did yer give 'em 'ell, mite?"

"Ow did she run with 'er throttle wide?"

Did yer run 'er long in override?

"Ow was the temp, mixture and boost

When yer crowded 'er, coming 'ome to roost,

Was yer motor oky, mite?"

"Did yer bring their 'ouses crashing down

Like they did to mine in old London town?"

Did yer drop yer eggs and watch 'em 'atch

So in ruins today they'll 'ave to scratch,

"Did yer give 'em 'ell, mite?"

"You say we fixed that gasket blow And nar she don't fly right wing low.

We'll clean the plugs and check the points,

Grease all the cables, pulleys and joints,

We'll tune 'er up, mite."

"Did yer shoot up their kids in a village street

And still forever their playing feet? Did you blast the women of them German swine

Like they did to that dear old Dutch of mine?"

"Did yer give 'em 'ell, mite?"

Just a Limey greaseball, homely and plain,

No medals or honors he'll ever gain;

But when on the target down there below

Our bombs they burst with hellish glow

I whisper "We're givin' 'em 'ell, mite."

## OUR OIL-POWERED ARMY

For Its Size the Canadian Army is the Most Fully Mechanized in the World, and Uses 100,000 Gallons of Gasoline a Day.

(Courtesy of "Imperial Oil Review")

An army still travels on its stomach but the feeding of the modern mechanized army consists of gasoline and more gasoline.

Canada's army, rolling along on 23,500 motor vehicles, estimates its gasoline requirements for an average day of normal employment in the field at 100,000 gallons.

Each one of the five infantry divisions has a fleet of some 4,000 motor vehicles, which army statisticians say will require 14,000 gallons for each day's operation in the field, and that means every day whether a push is on or not. To continue statistically, the armoured division, with an establishment of around 3,500 vehicles, will burn 30,000 gallons a day.

Since it is a purely army figure, the 100,000 gallons a day does not tell the whole story. For instance it does not take into consideration the gasoline and oil consumption of the air force which is prodigious. The figures are startling enough to show why the Canadian petroleum industry was called into conference with the Department of National Defence immediately war broke out and has been gearing its output to war demands ever since.

For very excellent reasons figures on gasoline consumption have been "hush hush" but sometime ago the Department of Munitions and Supply announced that there was a year's supply of aviation gasoline in store in Canada, with oil companies providing the storage at their own expense.

On the motor front comparisons with the last war are meaningless. The Canadian army in training is using more gasoline and oil now than the Canadians of the last war used in active service.

The Canadian army is motor-equipped in a degree to shake confidence in Nazi-panzer efficiency. They are going now and it's a case of let her out! Each battalion has just about as many good motors as a division used to have. "The Financial Post" has estimated that the motor establishment of an ordinary infantry division generates 249,000 horsepower or just about twice as much power as is used by the industries in Hamilton. The armoured division, with its tanks and armored cars has a horsepower total of 387,000 which is more than the peak power-light load of Toronto.

With Canada's motor industry turning out army vehicles at the rate of 600 a day, there is no shortage of mechanized transport. Tanks and armored cars are being added much more slowly but production has started and is being built up. The estimate of 100,000 gallons of gasoline a day covers field operations when the six Canadian divisions are up to full strength of machines.

The Canadian public is beginning to appreciate the fact that this is a gasoline war; gasoline is of supreme importance. The Canadian force, for its size, is the most fully mechanized army in the world today. In the armoured division now in Britain, one unit out of four is a "panzer" unit. The proportion in the German army is one out of thirteen.



**Y.M.C.A.**

SATURDAY, JAN. 17th

"ONE NIGHT IN THE TROPICS" featuring Allan Jones, Nancy Kelly, Robert Cummings and ABBOTT and COSTELLO

On the same program

"GOING PLACES"

"STRANGER THAN FICTION"

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21st

"BREAKFAST FOR TWO"

Starring Barbara Stanwyck and Herbert Marshall

—Also—

"WEDTIME STORY" and

"FROZEN FROLIC"

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24th

"BISCUIT EATER"

Paramount Outdoor Action Picture, with Billy Lee, Cordell Hickman and Helen Millard.

—On the same program—

"FAREWELL VIENNA and "PUDGY IN THRILLS AND CHILLS"

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28th

"HATS OFF"

Rollicking comedy with May Clark Clarke, John Payne and Helen Lynd

—Also—

"SEEING EYE"

"WHO'S WHO"

"ROUGH ON RATS"

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31st

"BEAU GESTE"

Special return showing of this Foreign Legion Drama starring Gary Cooper

—Also—

"PUDGY THE WATCHMAN"

Outstanding Stage Show Attractions Billed for No. 4 Station Theatre

Many special stage attractions have been billed for showing on Station in the very near future, among them are return visits from

"The London Life Troupers"

"London Little Theatre Players"

"Tweedsmuir Revue—Variety Show"

On February 3rd, an outstanding troupe now touring Active Service centres, namely "LEVER BROTHERS LIFEBOUY FOLLIES," will appear on our stage. This show is entirely made up of professional talent and is highly recommended.

Another talented group from London appearing under the auspices of Smallman & Ingram Ltd., are scheduled for an early showing here.

**HARRY  
GUNSTONE**

"Where good shoes come from"

HAPPY LANDINGS TO THE  
R. C. A. F. GRADUATING  
CLASS

### Headquarters Orderly Room

We don't know what is to become of the Orderly Room column. Both our literary geniuses have been taken from us. First we lost Corporal Folinsbee, a writer from whose flowing pen many a choice bit of gossip struck at the unsuspecting victims. Not content with that, the powers that be in good old DAPS saw fit to take Corporal Sheridan from our midst. Yes, you have probably noticed that "Sherry" has gone, for with his quick wit, his unfailing good humour, and his readiness to help one and all, he was everybody's friend. He could get away with pranks that anyone else would have been murdered for. We remember the time he woke us all at 3 a.m. to inquire if we would like him to wake us at six o'clock. When a man can live after a trick like that he must be well liked. Perhaps you heard Sherry joking that he would soon be posted to the C.W.A.A.F. Headquarters in Toronto. He was just kidding; but that is where they sent him—as an instructor—no less. It took a lot of talking to convince him that he wasn't the victim of another practical joke, but alas. it was true. We'll wager that he will be able to teach those budding airwomen a thing or two—about administration we mean. We are going to write and ask him to pick out some nice ones for shipment to No. 14.

We were quite surprised to have Reid return to our midst one day after having been posted to the home-land. However he did not remain with us long. He had hardly unpacked his kit, when he was off again, this time to the land of the fishermen—Sydney, N. S.. We were also pleased to hear that Bill Myers has arrived safely in Great Britain and we take this opportunity again to wish him the best of luck in his new venture. We also trust that Frank Walker and Fred Otto have reached England without mishap and we wish them the best of everything also.

News seems to be scarce this month. It is probably because of the acute scarcity of folding money after the hectic five days' leave. It is noticeable by the number of men who are staying in camp these last two weeks. The favourite question around here these days is, "How ya carryin' chum?"

We were very sorry to see two of our men—namely "Merv" Morris

**To the  
AYLMER AIRMEN**

**We are wishing you well  
with healthful, fine-  
flavoured**

**WISHING WELL  
DRINKS**

**Ice-cold at the Canteen!**

**AYLMER'S POPULAR BARBER SHOP**

**CLARK'S**

**3rd DOOR WEST OF PICTURE SHOW**

First-class Barbers A-1 Shoe Shine

**WE WELCOME THE R.C.A.F.**

GENTLEMEN OF THE R.C.A.F.

.. The ..

## EMPIRE HOTEL

TALBOT STREET — ST. THOMAS  
1 Block East of L. & P. S. Depot

### Welcomes You

Visit Our Modern Coffee Shop and Soda Bar  
Excellent Service — Reasonable Prices

**NEWLY INSTALLED COMPLETE FOUNTAIN SERVICE**

and Herb. Smith, transferred to Equipment, but we wish them success in their chosen trades as Equipment Assistants. Remember, boys, we are old friends, and when we come down for that extra uniform we expect preferential treatment. (note two-bit word).

Your reporter asked for a few items of gossip from the boys. The response was amazing, so here follow some choice bits which appear only because neither threat nor bribe can stop the power of the press.

What certain Corporal in H. Q. was seen at a late Legion Hall dance in Aylmer with quite a lovely glow on? He tells us he is a teetotaler, but seeing is believing.

We have a Toronto jitterbug with us. He is reported to be some relation to "Henry Ford"—he was also seen cutting a rug with a little miss from Tillsonburg.

Also the ex-undertaker from Elmira seems to be expecting a lot from Aylmer, bringing an eight-passenger hearse with him when he was posted here recently.

Why is it that Flight Lieutenant Lees always comes to the Steno Section of C. R. when looking for Sgt. Steup? We all know that Records is in the Orderly Room.

### Y. W. C. A.

#### MEET YOUR HOSTESS

Much has been said or written about the power of the press, how it not only moulds public opinion, but is instrumental in broadcasting the need of the people in such an efficient manner that those needs are straightaway met. If the "Aylmer Airman" ever needs a testimonial as to its advertising merit, the hostess at the Y. W. C. A. Hostess House will be glad to supply such testimonial.

No sooner had she intimated in the last issue of this paper that she was hoping to soon be called upon to prepare a wedding for some airman's bride, then a prospective groom took her up on the suggestion. And what a wedding that proved to be, that Tuesday afternoon, December 30, with movies taken of the ceremony from the entrance of the bride to the moment when the Padre announced the young couple man and wife.

There was a wedding cake too, draped in white tulle, and by the way, the cake was part of a Christmas box one of the airmen received and contributed to the festive occasion. That is what one might call co-operation of a practical kind. Incidentally it was a generous gesture every member of the bridal party appreciated. There were even spare pieces done up in cellophane and tied with Air Force blue ribbon for the bridesmaid and groomsman to dream on. Amidst a shower of confetti, Aircraftsman and Mrs. David T. Birnie, our first bride and groom later set out on what we hope will be a long and happy marital journey.

Having been so successful with our first bit of advertising, we venture to try again.

Most airmen can hum that little ditty "Time on My Hands." Well, that is what the hostess at the "Y" Hostess House has plenty of, and she would be glad to exchange it for real service. Recently she enlarged a pair of number 10½ Christmas socks for an airman who wear 13. Perhaps there are some hand knit socks lying around that need re-footing. How about it? Then she loves sewing on wings. "There is a special sentiment about a lad's achievement in winning those wings, that somehow is lost when a tailor sews them on," one of the boys in the last graduating class remarked.

One thing the airmen will always find at the Hostess House (besides a warm welcome as they enter via the furnace room) is the latest addition of the following magazines: Life, Maclean's, American, Reader's Digest, Magazine Digest, and the Toronto daily newspapers. There are magazines for Airmen's wives too, such as Ladies' Home Journal, Woman's Home Companion, Chatelaine and Canadian Home Journal. The House is open daily from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Max Steuer was one of the best-known of New York lawyers. He figured prominently in many famous trials.

But his reputation cut both ways. Once, appearing for the defence, he asked a jurymen if he had any preconceived ideas as to the defendant's guilt or innocence.

"Sure," said the man; "he's guilty. Why else would he need to hire you?"

### Quips from the Equipis EQUIPMENT SECTION

The festive season has come and gone without any manifest bad effects amongst the Equipis. Some imbibed rather deeply from the cup of Bacchus, but they did so with an air of long experience. They may have stumbled somewhat after their sojourn in the hinterlands, but they carried on manfully. When they hang up their pants at night there is not the usual tinkle and rustle of legal tender. There is a sigh and moan as they wait for the arrival of pay-day.

We always understood that the art of shooting blow-guns was confined to equatorial Africa; but it seems that around the orderly room shield, (not Shields), is needed to protect any protruding portions of one's anatomy from the activities of our playful N. C. O.'s.

The new crop of Equipment Assistants are welcomed into our hallowed midst, and it is hoped they realized that they belong to the distinguished company of chosen ones, and do not find it too difficult adhering to the high traditions and noble heritage of all Equipment Assistants.

It is with keen anticipation that we are waiting to welcome the members of the fair sex into our midst. It is understood that we will watch over them like brothers and guide them through the intricacies of storekeeping.

A report came in that Sergeant Ford had been imbibing rather freely over the festive season and he was endeavouring, with the aid of an E-52, to convert water into spirits—but alas, with no success. That secret belongs to the ancient chemists and nobody has been able to wrest it from the dark pages of history.

After New Year's leave the lads were returning with pinched and drawn features, some of them just under the gun; with heart-rending tales of how they had to battle the elements in order to get back on time. Some of the owners of Ford's in the section. swear by them now—and some at them—it is all very confusing.

L.A.C. Thimens was returned to our midst again from his spell of temporary duty in exile.

L.A.C. Shields is now shining amongst the bright lights at H.Q. Good luck, Jimmie.

L.A.C. Janelle has left us to carry on in parts farther afield—to carry Aylmer's renown hither and yon.

Smitty and Plumb are waiting, with a gleam in their eye, for London Arena to declare dividends. Some chance, lads!

**COMPLIMENTS OF**

## Walker Stores Limited

—AYLMER—

**Compliments of**

## Sheppard's Coffee Shop

IT WAS the day after Christmas, the year 1926, when a blunt-nosed freighter of the air pulled itself from the ice at Sioux Look-out, in Northern Ontario, circled for altitude, then headed north in wake of Santa Claus and his reindeer.

At the time, it was an inconspicuous event. But looked back on from the experience of fifteen years, it was not just the first commercial flight to the northern Canadian mining fields of a newly-formed flying company. It was a flight which heralded great things which have now come to pass. It proved the feasibility of operating aircraft into remote areas of the wilderness.

The plane that roared over the Christmas solitudes fifteen years ago has long since gone to the Valhalla where all good aircraft eventually go. But its place has been filled by scores of others that every day now ply the air lanes from Newfoundland on the east to Aklavik, just inside the Arctic circle in the far north. The flight of December 26, 1926 was the first of what is now Canadian Airways.

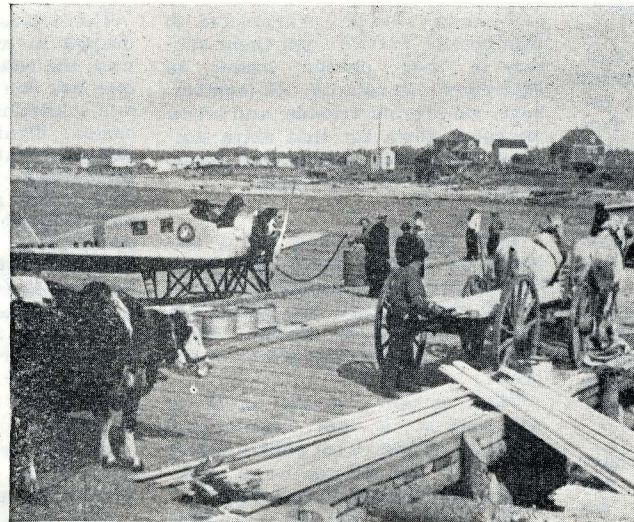
Men of vision—particularly one man, the late James A. Richardson—foresaw aviation's possibilities in Canada almost a decade and a half ago. These were men of action, too. The result is the huge company of today whose total flying hours from 1927 to the end of 1940 reach the fantastic figure of 236,003. Canadian Airways planes in that time have flown over twenty-two millions of miles, have carried well over fifty-eight million pounds of air freight and air mail into the wildest hinterlands, have transported in a matter of hours, instead of days and weeks, trappers and prospectors, and mining executives, the sick and injured, Indians and Eskimos, all to the number of well over 224,000.

From the fjords and rugged coast of British Columbia's fishery patrol to the Maritimes and foggy Newfoundland, the Canada Goose in a circle—Canada Airway's emblem—is a familiar sight on the fuselage of the freighting airplane. Along the north shore of the St. Lawrence the French-Canadian descendants of the coureurs-de-bois, busy at their trapping, their lumbering, their fishing, look up and smile as the swift wings roar overhead or glide in for a landing. They know the mail is in; that petite Jeanne's pink boots have arrived; that perhaps Jacques, who had the misfortune to split his foot with an axe three weeks ago and flew "outside" to hospital, would be coming home again; that, of a certainty, Father Pierre would be here by Sunday to celebrate mass in the little parish church.

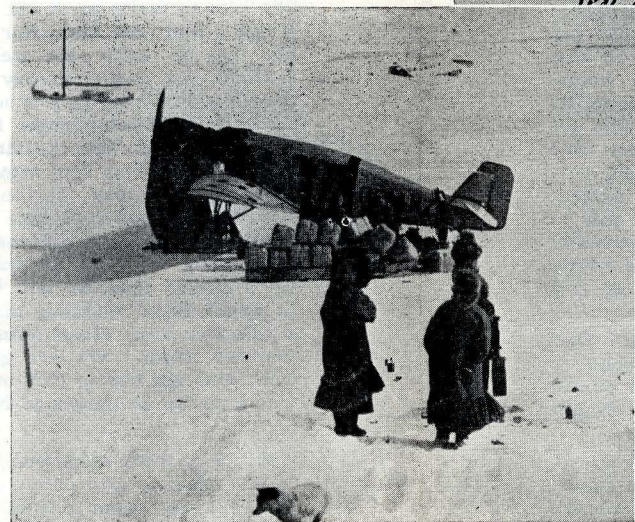
Greatest development in air freighting Canada, of course, has come from the mines. How else, during the development of a mine, between the discovery and production stage, while it is yet to be ascertained whether the mine will turn out to be a paying proposition, could supplies for men and machinery for development, to say nothing of contact with the outside world, be supplied and maintained? Their portages would be prohibitive and, in most cases unjustified. It is during this stage that the flexibility of air transportation so well suits the

# FLYING FREIGHTERS

Since 1927, 'Planes of Canadian Airways Have Carried More Than Fifty Million Pounds of Freight



Modes of transport at Resolution, N.W.T. Oxen, horses and a Canadian Airways plane meet at the wharf.



Eskimos watching bales of furs being loaded into a plane at Cambridge Bay, Victoria Island.

mining conditions of the north. If after thorough investigation the property should prove to be non-productive, the aircraft can be immediately withdrawn to serve other fields. On the other hand, should the mine come up to expectations, air transportation maintains a supply system for all immediate needs until such time as a permanent road or railway can be built into the area.

Tonnage, bulk, distance or season means nothing to Canadian Airways. Full grown horses for work in the woods have been flown hundreds of miles from civilization. Oxen placidly munch their cuds thousands of feet aloft. Huge smelter pots, weighing 2,400 pounds each, have been carried hundreds of miles from railhead to a mine going into production. Canoes to the number of seven at a time have been flown in Canadian Airways' largest freighter. On smaller machines, canoes are strapped fore and aft to the under side of the wings, and the work-horse sky-freighters waddle off into the air.

Let it not be thought that Canadian Airways does nothing but haul freight of all kinds into the wilds. Far from it. For instance, at Vancouver, Canadian Airways twin-engined passenger planes fly from the western terminus of Trans-Canada Airlines, Vancouver, across to Victoria on Vancouver Island. Until Trans-Canada Airlines was organized by the Canadian government, Canadian Airways carried on a successful service between Vancouver and Seattle in the U.S.A. and in the East, from Moncton to Halifax, Charlottetown and St. John, N.B.

There is a variety in Canadian Airways' air transport—so much variety that unless one has a comprehensive view of Canada's northland it is bewildering. Take, for instance, the bags and bags of mail and air express piled high on the dock at Kenora, Ontario. All of it is for transport by air into points into the Red Lake mining area—points which depend, year-round, on aircraft for mail, food and mining supplies.

Or sweep down to Quebec's North Shore, where an employee of a paper company at Outardes Falls is suffering from an attack of advanced appendicitis. A Canadian Airways' plane, a deHavilland Dragon, was at Trinity Bay, far up the river when word came by radio from Outardes Falls for assistance. Fifteen minutes later the Dragon was off for Outardes, and landed there 45 minutes later. Death rode the wing for two hundred miles, ready to strike at any moment, but the airplane, roaring over the great river, covered the distance between Outardes Falls and Quebec City in 2 hours, 5 minutes. An ambulance was at the airport. The patient went immediately to the operating table. He is alive and well today. Chalk up another victory for the airplane.

"When the fur flies" in the northland, it doesn't mean that somebody is fighting. It does mean that the Indians and Eskimos, white trappers and half-breeds, now bring their seasonal "catch" to Hudson's Bay Company posts, and Canadian Airways' planes fly the fur to civilization. Time saved in transit, with

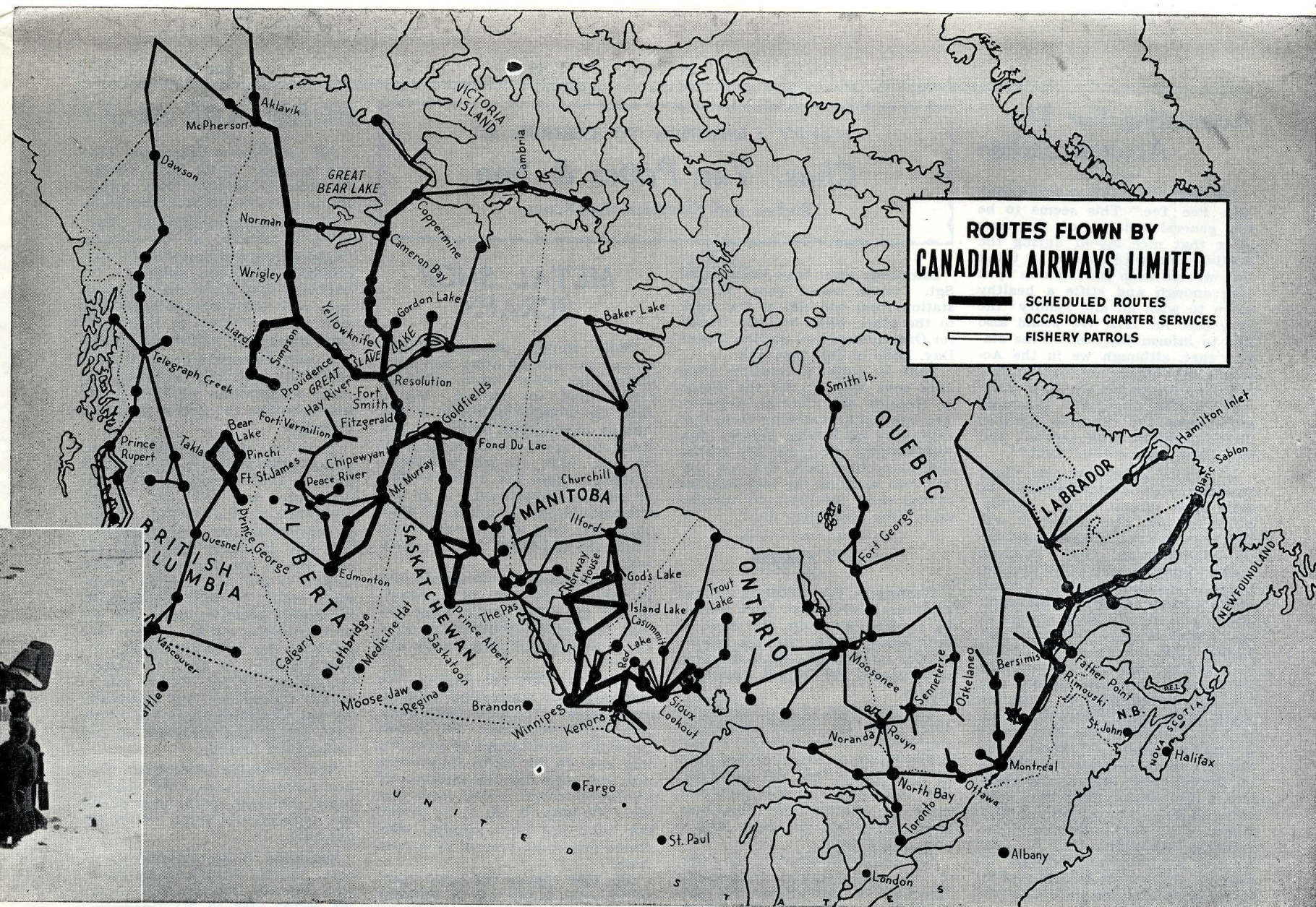
furs arriving at the processing point at their prime instead of weeks later, makes the cost of flying a minor matter.

With a diocese as large as an empire and parish-to-parish visitation involving journeys of as much as two and three hundred miles, is it little wonder that the Fathers of the Church accept cheerfully all mechanical aids to travel. The airplane has supplanted the motorboat, steamship, canoe and dog-team for many of the clergymen who minister to the spiritual needs of the inhabitants of the north.

Of all its operations, of course, air freighting to the mines and to hydro-electric power sites remains as the "big job" of Canadian Airways. One such contract which was carried to a successful conclusion without incident had to do with the delivery of over 1500 tons of machinery and equipment to Manuan Lake, over a hundred miles from the nearest "hop-off" place at Beauchene, in the province of Quebec. In the past, many such smaller jobs have been undertaken. The Manuan project is typical of all.

It was on August 1st, that a part of construction officials and engineers flew to the Lake Manuan site of a huge, soon-to-be constructed power damsite. On August 7 the first loads were flown in. Canadian Airways' biggest machine arrived on the 10th from Western Canada as a general mobilization occurred with Beauchene as a base. The 1500 tons had to be flown in before freeze-up.

Some bad forest fires in the Lake St. John district made flying unusually difficult for better than a week after the start of the job. Occasional morning fog and low ceiling delayed full-out operations, since no one, not even a Canadian "bush-pilot", is anxious to tangle with any of the really high hills along the route. Parts of a big diesel shovel, a diesel bull-dozer and several tractors began to clutter up the Beauchene shoreline and the crew of the Junkers . . . re-christened "The Goon" by the Quebecers—started scratching their heads and wondering how such a big piece could possibly be manhandled into the Junkers. Loading through the big top hatch was out, for the local derrick did not inspire sufficient confidence for pieces weighing two tons and better. The answer was to take the machinery apart and fly it in piece-meal.



Two-way radio between planes and dispatchers helps maintain service over the wide area served by Canadian Airways



Natives with dogs meet a Canadian Airways plane at Chipewyan. Note the canoes lashed to the underside of the wings

So when the last removable pieces was finally separated from the biggest parts, the loading crew skidded the item down the ramp into the side loading hatch, the Goon was full, the Pilot Rod Grattan struggled into the air. One of the diesel engines weighed 4,100 pounds and took two and a half hours to load and secure in the aircraft.

Probably the first full grown horses ever to have been transported by air in Canada went to Lake Manuan in the Goon. The loading staff had its hands full with the first one, having to tie it down securely on a skid before loading it; it took two men to keep it quiet during the trip. After that, when other horses had to be flown in, there was little bother. A veterinary was secured. He gave them a shot of "dope" and they went to sleep "for the duration."

—Courtesy Imperial Oil Review

## TRAVEL BY AIR

—o—

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—o—

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## Accounting For The Account Section

"Ho Hum! Go 'way—I don' wanna take Pee Tee." This seems to be the general opinion of the boys after that nice lay-off during the Festive Season. However, I think that we can keep our blinkers open long enough and stifle a healthy yawn to wish all and sundry the very best for 1942. We would also like to inform the rest of the station that, although we in the Accounts Section are not turning over any new leaves for the New Year, we will still retain our charming dispositions the same as ever, so don't forget to drop around and let's hear your latest "beef."

If anyone spies any our Clerk Accountants wandering around the wide open spaces of the station, please do not be amazed. It will just be an urge to walk unmolested without being body checked, walked upon or just badly bruised, which is caused by the massed concentration of our intelligent tradesmen in our little corner of the Administration Building. All jesting aside though, we would like to welcome into our midst AC's Smith, Caie, Jackman, Gadsby and the Hilt boys. At this time, we must bid a fond farewell to esteemed Romeo of the Equipment Accounts, namely AC Biggs, who has left us to conquer the "Babes of Borden and Barrie." However this large vacancy has been capably filled by the arrival of Cpl. Kribs, from Camp Borden, who modestly maintains that he did leave a few "Babes for Biggs" to conquer. Aside from all this prattle, we do hope that you new boys will enjoy being at No. 14.

Who said that Cpl. North preferred to play bridge in preference to a visit to the Canteen? O'kay, Edgie, let's have it, was it "Buck Teeth", a bottle or was the other guy just fatter than you? Scars on the forehead from an auto accident over New Year's, Bah!

Answers to this problem will be gladly received by our dapper Sergeant i/c of Travelling Claims who will file them for future reference. What would you do if your better half informed you at the last minute that she was going to help you greet the New Year, just when you had visions of yourself singing "Auld Lang Syne" in the arms of an Aylmer socialite.

## Capitol Theatre

AYLMER — PHONE 408

### Coming Attractions

Jan. 19 — 20—"Week-end in Havana"

Carmen Miranda, Caesar Romero

Jan. 23-24—"Parachute Battalion"

Jan. 28-29—"Birth of the Blues"  
Bing Crosby, Marian Martin

Feb. 2-3—"Citizen Kane" —  
Orson Welles

Feb. 4-5—"Wild Geese Calling"

Feb. 6-7—"International Squadron"

## HAPPY LANDINGS TO COURSE 41

### Chas. Van Patter & Son

Radios and Electrical Appliances

Somebody must have known that Sgt. Clinton never goes off the station from one end of the week to the other when he was "Joe'd" for Orderly Sergeant on New Year's Day. Lot's of fun Bob, eh?

That is quite a Bowling team they have built up for the Clerks in Records and Central Registry. You can tell by watching them that they have all bowled before, (yes, once before). We hope they realize how lucky they were, that we only had four men out the last time we bowled them. At that, we tumbled more pins than they did.

## "B" Flight

Resting in our priceless antique furniture, "scrounged" from a nearby locality, we write this saga of journalism, hoping that the powers that be might find a space in which to enter the "B" Flight news this month.

The personnel of this Flight are sorry that the shield could not stay with us this month, but it gets rather boring having it all the time. It is a shame that we didn't get due recognition in the Christmas paper for winning the Christmas prize. However, you can't keep a good thing down.

The big social event of the season is the coming Instructors' "Smoker" for "B" Flight. We look forward to a profitable and exceptionally enjoyable evening. Profitable because P/O Clarke doesn't know poker; enjoyable because—!!

The furniture business in Aylmer boomed last week, when we went forth with all our diplomacy and P/O Clarke's money to obtain a chair and chaise lounge for the instructors to lounge around in. F/L Green likes the idea so much he brought his slippers and lounging robe this morning and now we have to plead with him to fly.

The furniture is a nuisance in one way because we continually have to keep "A" Flight out of our room so that we can enjoy a few moments of rest between flights.

The festive season has been successfully passed without a single casualty, but it is a long time to the fifteenth. All ranks are finding their desires nipped in the budget.

Unfortunately our last contribution did not reach the press and the continuity of our cheerful (?) patter is sadly disrupted. Maybe it is just as well though that Adolf received no inkling of the Christmas present we were sending him—Namely, the graduates from Course 39. We'll change it to an Easter Egg now and we hope it's all bad—for him.

Another aircrew course and another potential aircrew course are with us and if their standard turns out to be as high as the previous ones "B" Flight will have another laurel to add to its list.

All Instructors are invited to drop in and refresh themselves at the "B" Flight Instructors' Clubrooms—The Chez Ritz—if they bring the refreshments.

## METAL SHOP SCRAPS

Sadly enough another holiday season has filtered away into antiquity and once again after a brief spell of partial emptiness, the metal shop begins to look like an overstocked hockshop. Yes, flying has again started up in earnest, and with the renewed aerial activity begins the ceaseless flow of battered aircraft parts to go into the manufacture of a MK. II. Harvard, just take a trip over to our little shop and count them for yourself!

Poor old Hutchinson insists that he was jipped out of a charge-hand's job. But that's what you earn for getting yourself transferred to the work shop—all work and no credit.

Note to Corporal Payler:—We can very well understand your inflated pride in the latest male addition to your household. But it does get rather monotonous to have you tear over to the metal shop every now and then with an imitation of the latest 'gurgle' heard from junior. It's quite O. K. to be proud, but think not for a moment that others cannot do even as thou hast done!

And then there's Cpl Locke muttering about going into the chicken business after the war is won. Apparently he's not fooling either, since he's already built a big chicken coop in the metal shop.

'Modification' Milligan (Yank in the metal shop), is leaving shortly on a well-earned furlough. The way he stood up to that barrage of ribbing when the Japs attacked the 'invincible' U. S. A. was really admirable. However, we're all in it now—Remember Pearl harbour! While he's gone we'll miss his recent theme, 'We did it last time—we'll do it again!'

Corporal Locke has a great one to tell about Flt./Sgt. Botinill. It occurs that the latter gentleman discovered about the rather common practice of putting V strips in your trouser legs to increase the width. Well, fight Botinill it seems, had been lately complaining about the poor fit of his pants. So, taking inspiration from his discovery, he rushed off to the tailor's. When he returned to camp, the boys, anxious to see whether the pants looked any better, were surprised to see no adjustments on the leggings whatsoever. However, the said Flt./Sgt. quickly explained the misunderstanding when he bent over and displayed a poorly matched V strip shining out from under the graceful seat of his trousers. . . . 'V' for victory, eh flight? See you next month.

Late Flash:—It is no secret that many young airmen feel reluctant about going to church; but the wise guy that slipped into the metal repair shop this afternoon and swiped the church bell, went a little too far!

## HURRICANE ALLEY

All members of Hurricane Alley are to report to the M. T. Section immediately in order that governors may be installed in their boots.

A Caution Light, amber in colour, is to be installed at the entrance to the Sergeants' Barracks to warn personnel that upon entering the barracks they are to take a check pace with left foot and break into slow time, so as not to disturb the rural tranquility of Hurricane Alley.

A careful perusal has been made of C. AP Drill and Ceremonial in order to ascertain whether or not movements at the double have been cancelled.

Hurricane Alley suffered deeply with the loss of Robin, who has now gone to Coal Harbour. B. C. His departure has left old "Sleepy Eyes" in a bit of a muddle. He was on leave when our dear little Robin left, and no doubt feels quite put out, due to the fact that he was unable to see his belated roommate before he left. Incidentally he doesn't seem to know who his new associate will be. Every time he enters his room a different person is there. At first we thought the eminent F/Sgt. Parker was to be the chosen one, but apparently he was unable to stand the hectic pace set by the members of this well-known locality.

The venerable "Longboat" Hall has advanced along the road to fame, achieving in the past month the distinguished rank of Flight Sergeant.

According to an anonymous report, "Shovel Mitts" nearly joined the ranks of the benedicts during his recent visit to Winnipeg, that well-known suburb of St. Boniface. "What happened Mac? Lose your nerve, or did the cat have your tongue?"

"Piggy" McClung seems lost without the companionship of the erstwhile "McSwine" Lennox, but we are of the opinion that the rest will do him no harm. Incidentally we are curious to see what sort of shape "McSwine" will be in when and if he returns.

Well, gossip seems to have run out, so cheers, all the best, until next edition.

LAC. Williams' pet moan, "Have you heard anything about my remuster?"

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GOOD USED CARS FOR  
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Talbot St., Aylmer, Ont.

PHONE 72

## HAPPY LANDINGS TO COURSE 41

### "Ray" Lemon

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ALTERATIONS ON UNIFORMS

PHONE 470

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Become better qualified in Book-keeping, Shorthand, Automotive Engineering, Diesel Engineering, Electricity, Radio, Etc.

#### BY CORRESPONDENCE ???

The Canadian Legion Educational Services make these things possible for you. For full particulars see the Padre in his office in the Airmen's Reading Room.

A wealthy Irishman was proud of the opportunity to "show off" on the occasion of a visit to London of a compatriot. To dazzle him he invited him to dine at a fashionable restaurant.

"Now, me boy," he said, "Just you follow my lead, and I'll order everything of the best."

Seated at table the host led off with—"Waiter, a couple of cocktails."

His friend gave himself away, however, when he whispered, audibly, "Waiter, if ye don't mind, I'd rather have a wing."

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Aylmer, Ont.

## Control Tower Topics

### "OSCAR"

(By Sgt. Jack Bordelay)

News of "Oscar's" presence on the station filtered through slowly. It all started down in the Control Tower Orderly Room. When the girls arrived on Monday morning "he" began to tell them (seriously and offhand-like), of a friend of his who was a zoologist at the Toronto University. . . . .

"My friend," he went on, "has been engaged in cross-breeding bats until he finally succeeded in procuring some white-colored ones." "Oh-my-gosh," they exclaimed in wonderment—falling for the tale, hook-line-and-sinker— "Really?"

"Yes, and he gave me one to take along in a little cardboard box, which I have back in my room," lied her, growing more audacious than ever.

"Awww, the poor thing! Wouldn't it smother all cooped up in the box? And what did he feed it?" they wanted to know.

"Well, er-ah—this one seems to do all right on bits of cheese and bread crumbs," he answered, trying to sound convincing. And if you promise you won't scream, I'll bring him down in the afternoon and let you have a peek at him. "No! No!. one of the girls pleaded with him. "I detest bats an's mice and such-like things. Please bring it some other time—on my day off!"

The stage thus so well set—the result was inevitable.

After dinner he waited until the girls were busily occupied behind their typewriters. Getting "Oscar" set in the hallway, he thrust his arm through the doorway and before they could get a close look, he let 'er go. The effect was electrifying — devastating! Screeching shrilly, the girls rose en masse and made for the farthest corner of the room where they huddled together, wide-eyed like a bunch of frightened gazelles. . . .

Encourage by his initial success, "Oscar" was demonstrated to the Flight Lieutenant and Squadron Leader in the adjoining room. He brought boyish smiles of simple pleasure to their otherwise stern visages. They were as tickled at his grotesque gyrations as children with a new choo-choo train. If he had had the time, it is certain the Flight Lieutenant who was particularly enthralled by it manner of flight, would have been content to spend the rest of the after-

noon puzzling over "Oscar's" unique structure.

"Oscar" was king for a day. Wherever he went he created a furer. The girls, the officers, the NCOs in the Sgts. Mess—he took them all by storm! Glory-seeking, there was none too high or too low before, when he wouldn't show off. He made his way into the innermost sanctums of Officerdom.

Tail-high he flitted about non-chantantly. Whether in front of a large crowd of admiring Nco's in the public of the Sgts.' lounge room or under the keen, close, critical scrutiny of multi-triped "brass hats", behind forbidden doors, he never lost his composure, never failed to put on a good show. His popularity grew until it nearly rivaled that of the C. O.'s.

To some he brought fear. to others childish delight, but all he fascinated.

"He" is me. "Oscar" is an ingeniously-constructed model aerodyne of wire, Japanese paper and balsa wood. Its motive power is a rubber band, but instead of the conventional propeller, it obtains its propulsion by being constructed so that the wings flap after the manner of a bird in flight. It was made by a friend of mine, employed at the Aeronautical Research in Ottawa.

## Secrets of the Gestapo

By Operator 13

It is assumed that the temperature in Toronto is not quite as frigid as it is in Aylmer.

Ask FJO West

Cpl. Martin, or AC1 Mercer.

The Aylmer Steam Laundry gives the "whitest wash." Ask Cpl. Bedard.

Cpl. Moulder states that Canada needs more Airmen? ? ? ?

Cpl. Leonard has been taking a keen interest in agriculture lately.

L.A.C. Hawkes believes that Windsor, Ont. needs some investigating.

The boys of the Gestapo take pleasure in welcoming Sgt. Gazell, the new Chief.

In what part of the field is the peg that we are all put on?—H.F.P.

## Please, Mr. Nazi!

Please, Mr. Nazi, bomb my neighbor's garden,  
His wife will hang her washing on the line,  
His rubbish heap is really past all pardon.

His cabbages are forwarder than mine.

His dustbin stinks; his roller squeaks; his mower Murders the afternoon when I would rest.

He keeps as many noisome pets as Noa.h

His watch-dog barks; his chicken run's a pest.

The sight offends me of his earnest labor,

Why can't he let his blasted garden be?

Please, Mr. Nazi, bomb my next-door neighbour;

But take great care, and don't go bombing me.

—New Statesmen & Nation, London

"I hear you've been to a school for stuttering. Did it cure you?"

"Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers."

"Why, that's wonderful!"

"Yes, but it's h-h-hard to work into an ordinary c-c-conversation."

—American Boy, Detroit.

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# WINGS



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VIRGINIA CIGARETTE

## News of Our Graduates

Your Editor has received various letters and Christmas greeting cards from our aircrew who are in the various O. T. U.'s in Great Britain. From time to time as we receive word of their exploits we will print extracts from their letters both humorous and otherwise.

### Sgt. Pow — 32 Course

We regret to say the above mentioned boy died for King and Country while flying over England. "Greater love hath no man than this."

### Sgts. Dickinson and Snell

This irrepressible pair are in the best of spirits and still take a delight in ribbing a certain instructor about a trip to Buffalo. Cigarettes are hard to get and of a poor quality. They say their war cry is still "Uplands Five."

### Sgt. Dixie Alexander

Dixie says that the liquid refreshment is so bad over there that he has quit drinking. (All I can say is that it must be bad.—Ed). The Hurricanes are swell craft and he hopes to be in the thick of things soon.

### P O Lefroy, T. S.

Keith likes the country and he too remarks about Uplands and the number of fingers he has on one hand.

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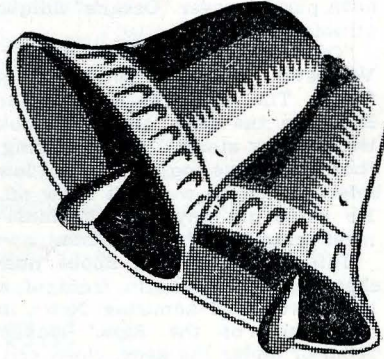
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TALBOT STREET — AYLME R



## SPORTS

Basketball seems to have hit its stride at the station after a rather dismal start. What with inter-squadron league on the station going along in a smooth fashion, and the station team practicing regularly in preparation for the St. Thomas and District League games, hardly a night passes but some game doesn't take place in the drill hall. And yet with all this, not all the basketball players of experience have turned out to try out for the station team which represents No. 14 in the District League. Losers of their first two games, one exhibition tilt with London, the station five is in need of some high calibre players if any hope of capturing the Tip Top Tailor Trophy offered for competition in the District Loop is to be held.

Basketball this year is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, and this promises to be one of the best years in the history of the sport. So naturally nothing would please the interested parties more than to take possession of the trophy this season. And there is no reason why No. 14 shouldn't do just that. There are enough players on the station to form a team able to show the best opposition plenty of basketball, and the only trouble is that these players will not take it upon themselves to come out to practice and let the coach have a good look at them.

Practices are held regularly and are reported in the D.R.O.'s each day. Everyone is welcome to try out for the squad and while only ten men can be carried, there is no reason why YOU can't be one of the ten. The team is to be outfitted in the very near future with jerseys and pants of blue and white. So, all we need now, is someone to fill the pants! The next league game will be held on the evening of January 15th against the Fingal R.C.A.F. Station, in Fingal.

Following is the remainder of the league schedule for the No. 14 team:

### At Home

Jan. 5—St. Thomas Y.  
Jan. 29—St. Thomas T. T. S.  
Feb. 16 Fingal R. C. A. F.  
Feb. 27—Aylmer Town Team.

### Away from Home

Feb. 2—Aylmer Town Team.  
Feb. 5—St. Thomas Y.  
Feb. 19—St. Thomas T. T. S.

Landladies in a town on the Channel are advertising "Nice Rooms, with Every Convenience, Facing the Enemy."—Answers, London.

## A Reminder

No. 14 S. F. T. S. we believe is the first Air Force Station in Canada to have a Church Bell.

It has been erected on the Theatre, where our church services are held, with a definite purpose in mind.

Often men become careless with regard to Church attendance and the bell will serve to act as a reminder.

May, therefore, the ringing of the Bell on Sunday morning will be a welcome sound and encourage all to turn out for church service.

An airman's life from day to day Flows smoothly in an **ordered** way. To rise and work, to rest and play, He's told just when he **must**, not may.

But when it comes to Church Parade, Compulsory terms aside are laid. It's for the lad himself to say, Whether he goes or stays away.

The very fact we are invited To worship God, by others slighted, Should make us feel we ought to share In hymn and psalm, in praise and prayer.

Man's right to worship as you know, Is fiercely challenged by our foe. All those now under Hitler's sway, Must "worship" in the Hitler way,

May we who work for Hitler's end, Religious freedom long defend. And show by word and outward deed, Religion meets our deepest need.

So when we're summoned by the bell, God's praise to sing, our faith to tell;

May we to God and self be true, And join in worship from our "pew."

—PerDap.

## Gate Duty

Here's to the man who stands and waits,  
In the sentry box, the Place he hates,  
And now and then a car goes by,  
With trembling hand he salutes the passer-by.  
His body trembles with the terrible cold,  
But the expression he wears is very bold.  
So he grins and bears it an hour at a time,  
And prays for the day his promotion falls in line.

—By Cpl. Martin, S. P.

## Per Ardua Ad Astra

When I look up and see,  
A troubled sky look down at me,  
Then I understand the meaning of,  
Per Ardua Ad Astra.

Through adversity to the stars,  
I pledge my life for freedom, I'll fight.  
For all that's right.

To keep this world free from foe,  
And leave happiness wherever I go,  
When the blue of the sky,  
Will look me straight in the eye,  
And smile, it seems,  
Then I'll know what it means,

Per Ardua Ad Astra.

—By Duke of Georgia.

Dolly: "Surely you're not going to let that redhead steal your boy friend?"

Polly: "Never! I'll dye first."

WHEN IN ST. THOMAS  
CALL AT

**Gettas Restaurant**

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