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THE AYLMER AIRMAN



VOL. 1, No. 7

14 S. F. T. S., AYLMEER, ONT.

FEBRUARY 13th, 1942

Top Man



PILOT OFFICER STEVE JENNINGS, R.A.A.F.

Class Senior Course 41. led his Class on Graduation

HIGH FLIGHT

Considered by competent judges to be one of the finest poems to come out of the War, this sonnet was composed by a young American in the R.C.A.F. who was killed in action in December last.

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, nor even eagle flew—
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high, untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

—Pilot Officer Magee.

AIRMAN Staff Meeting

Flight and Section reporters, editors, managers and technical staff will meet for supper at Gettas' Restaurant, Aylmer, on Thursday, February 19th, at 6.15 sharp. Note the time and place and come with suggestions for the "Airman's" benefit.

JUMP! But Look to Your Parachute

By F/Lt. H. J. Martin

Today, life saving in the air has become universally recognized to be one of the utmost importance, not alone from a humane, but also from a practical and financial viewpoint.

The training of a military pilot takes many months and costs many thousands of dollars, so that the value of having equipment which can save the lives of pilots of machines disabled in the air cannot be overestimated. Whenever a pilot's life is saved in an accident resulting from faulty design or imperfection in construction of aircraft, he can make reports to the engineers which will indirectly result in the saving of many more lives.

A small knowledge of the parachute's history, construction and operation should be of interest to all personnel whose duties require them to go into the air.

History

The first record we have of parachutes dates back to 1783, when the Montgolfier Brothers, who invented the balloon, did some experimenting with them, using sheep to test the safety of their apparatus. In 1793, the first human descent was made in England by a man named Garnerin. However, little progress was made until after the World War, when the wastage of pilots drew attention to the necessity of such equipment, to be designed as accurately as the aircraft itself.

Many inventors took the field, in both Europe and America, the result being the modern parachute. There are at present many different makes of parachutes on the market, all varying slightly in design, material, etc. However, the 'chute most generally accepted and used as standard equipment in the military and naval air forces of over fifty countries in the world today, including the British Empire, is the Irvin. Therefore, we shall confine ourselves to that 'chute in the balance of this article.

Construction

The Irvin parachute is made in two different sizes, 24 feet and 28 feet in diameter. The 24 foot for general service has a rate of descent of approximately 16 feet per second. The 28 foot, for exhibition and training jumps has a rate of descent of approximately 12 feet per second.

A parachute consists primarily of:—

The Harness, which is fitted to the wearer and must be strong enough to withstand any strains likely to be placed on it in opening the parachute while leaving the aircraft at high speeds, without injury to the pilot.

The Shroud Lines are silken cords having a tensile strength of 500 pounds and are continuous from their point of attachment at one side of the harness through and over the 'chute down to the other

side of the harness.

The Pilot 'Chute is a miniature 'chute, approximately 3 feet in diameter, attached to the apex of the main 'chute. It is constructed of steel ribs and springs in such a manner that the moment it is released from the container it will spring open, catch the air and pull the main 'chute out into the line of flight.

The Parachute is of high grade silk, developed after much research and testing to determine the most suitable material to withstand the severe strains imposed upon it and to pack into the very small place necessary without damage.

Operation

After leaving the aircraft, sufficient time should be allowed to elapse before pulling the rip cord to be certain of being well clear of the aircraft. Normally, a count of three will suffice. The parachute is fully open and in normal descent approximately 1 3/5 seconds after the rip cord has been pulled.

There is no tendency to become stifled or lose consciousness during a free fall, so that the action of pulling the rip cord may be delayed until the aviator is within a few hundred feet of the ground. This should not be attempted, however, until some experience has been attained in judging height. Maximum falling speed will be attained in approximately 11 seconds after leaving the aircraft, which, in the case of a 150 pound man will not exceed 130 miles per hour. (U.S. Army Test.)

During a free fall, it is very difficult to find the rip cord. Many deaths have resulted due to the inability of the jumper to find the rip cord in time, after having left the aircraft at low altitudes. Therefore, it is advisable to place the LEFT hand on the rip cord before leaving the aircraft if a jump from low altitude is necessary. In the course of several early jumps, the writer has found it necessary to grasp the body wherever possible and work along to the rip cord from there.

The direction of descent may be controlled by pulling on the shroud lines in the direction desired, thereby "side-slipping" the chute.

Do not attempt to stand up after alighting, but land relaxed with the legs slightly bent. A sharp pull upwards on the risers immediately before landing will lessen the shock considerably.

Run into the 'chute to collapse it and avoid being dragged.

Landing in a High Wind

Be prepared to drop out of the harness just before touching the ground, as painful injury may be sustained from dragging along the ground.

Landing in Water

Use the same procedure as when landing in a high wind; drop free a few feet above the water, so that

(Continued on Page 3)

Overseas



FLYING OFFICER R. J. (DICK) ASKWITH

The first officer from this Station fortunate enough to secure an overseas posting. Dick was one of the first Flying Instructors to come to this Station, arriving here in July 1941. During his stay here he has made many friends, and his cheerful disposition and witty remarks will be missed by his fellow Officers in the mess as well as by the personnel of "A" Flight, No. 1 Squadron.

Upon completion of his schooling, Dick enlisted in the Royal Canadian Air Force in 1940 as Provisional Pilot Officer, attended I.T.S. at Trenton, and on completion of his Flying Training at Camp Borden, was posted to Central Flying School, Trenton, for an instructor's course. Upon completion of this course he served as a Flying Instructor at No. 3 S.F.T.S., Calgary, Alberta. Here, says Dick, the mountains provide not only additional flying thrills, but also thrilling ski runs. We doubt however, if Flying Officer Askwith ever received a greater thrill than the night he brought down his first rabbit on our own aerodrome while sitting on the front fender of the C.O.'s car.

We know that Dick will be an asset to which ever Operational Unit to which he is posted Overseas, and will acquit himself with credit, not only to himself but to the Royal Canadian Air Force as a whole. The "Best of Luck" Dick, and "Good Hunting." All the personnel on this Station will be watching your Overseas career with the greatest of interest.

THANKS !

Many thanks are due to the Management of Gettas' Restaurant and the Aylmer Dairy for supplying a considerable quantity of Ice-cream which was served to the Airmen during the Holiday season. This kind gesture on the part of these two merchants was greatly appreciated.



The Aylmer Airman

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under the authority of
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AYLMER, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13th, 1942

Your Paper

Careful readers of this family journal will have noticed that this is its SEVENTH issue. First published at the official opening of Number 14 S.F.T.S., in August last, it has come out more or less on time to greet each succeeding course on graduation. Today we commemorate the Wings Parade of Class 41 and offer them sincere congratulations and best wishes as they leave Aylmer for farther fields.

You may have also noticed that "The Aylmer Airman" is now published "under the authority" instead of "by permission" of the Commanding Officer. What difference does that make? Well, that remains to be seen. It means that Wing Commander Irwin is definitely interested in the success of the Station Paper, that he feels it has a place to fill and a job to do. That place and that job is here, right in Camp, where all our present interests are centred. Therefore "The Aylmer Airman" will not compete with "The Globe and Mail" or "The Saturday Evening Post" or "Life," for the attention of its readers; but rather it will attempt to present in serial form, a moving picture of what goes on in this Station. To do this, the Publication Committee need the active and personal assistance of every one who has anything of interest to say to his fellows.

Flight and Sectional news, anecdotes, and cartoons of Station life, even letters to the Editor (if signed) and, very definitely, short articles, on technical or semi-technical aspects of flying will be welcomed. Let us make each instalment of the story of Number 14 S.F.T.S., more interesting than the last one.

SILVER GEESE AMONG THE GOLD

As he begged our Harry Bales to give him fewer 'Yales',
And stood beside the window cursing low,
He could see those ruddy planes
Through shiny window panes
Of C/Flight as they taxied to and fro.

While at barter he's not bad, yet
he knew that he'd been "had"
Taking silver kites for what he had before.

But what was there to do? T'was
no good looking blue,
So he donned his hat and stormed
out through the door.

Now its only rotten luck that the
Air Force has been stuck
With obsolete contraptions such as these;
With a little prolongation of the
French capitulation
They'd have long ago been freighted
overseas.

In fact a varsity degree in mathe-
matics is the fee
You have to pay to read the bloody
dials.
Into calculus and trig. you deeply
have to dig
While converting kilometers into
miles.

F/O Pease,
"C" Flight

THE AYLME R ACTIVE SERVICE CANTEEN

The other evening, a small group of airmen composed of myself and four others went out for a short drive. Before returning to camp we decided to take a look in the "Canteen" to see if there was anybody there we knew, to see if we could get anything good to eat or to see if there was anything worthwhile reading.

Well, we finally decided what we wanted to eat and gave our orders to the very capable Volunteer Workers who informed us that everything would be ready for us in about five minutes. We adjourned to the reading room where we lounged in the nice Chesterfields provided for that purpose and became fully absorbed in some kind of a book or magazine that we had chosen from the well-filled racks. However, this comfort was cut short with the news that our food was ready.

Just to show you how inexpensive it is to eat at the "Canteen", one of the boys had tomato juice, two sandwiches, two cups of hot chocolate and a piece of chocolate cake, all for the worldly sum of thirty-five cents.

After we had consumed all the good food, that we thought was polite to stow away for the time being, we once again adjourned to the Chesterfields. With our books or magazines and topped off by a cigarette or a pipeful of tobacco, we spent a very enjoyable hour or so in the warm glow of the nice stove that is planted out in the middle of the floor.

By the time you get down this far in my little epistle, you'll be wondering what prompted me to write all this. But, if you consider how much trouble those swell cooks in Aylmer go to and how much effort was needed to make that swell little spot available to us, you'll realize that you ought to pay a visit there the next time that you are in town.

If you happen to be broke, don't be bashful about dropping in to write a letter home or to read a book or magazine. Nobody is going to give you a "high-pressure sales talk" to buy anything.

So, in closing, I ask you to show your appreciation by dropping in and making use of our "Active Service Canteen."

—L.A.C. D.

Officers' Mess

The newest addition to the Station's Association of Rumble Clubs came into being last month after the Mess Meeting. Among the first names to appear on the Rumble Sheet were those of the sponsor of the motion establishing the Club—F/L Martin, the Adjutant and the Commanding Officer. It is rumored that some names are lacking that should have already appeared, but time is a great corrector of wrongs.

Hopes are high for new cushions and cloth on the Billiard Table. When these are installed and the south-east slope of the table removed we will be in shape to entertain the Sergeants properly NEXT Christmas.

Flying Officer D— lives in one of the western suburbs of an Eastern Canadian city, where a drive of 10 miles takes him "down town." Just before Christmas his wife ordered from one of the big stores three sheets of green blotting paper at a cost of twenty-five cents, to smarten up the F./O.'s desk in the living room. However, someone blundered, and the store's driver, the next morning, delivered some pictures instead of the blotting paper. Next delivery Mrs. D— returned the pictures, getting a receipt from the driver.

Many days passed but no blotting paper arrived, so the F./O. being home on a short leave, was requested to call personally and pick up the blotting paper. Heavy holiday traffic cost him a quarter to park his car. Our F./O. elbowed his way to the Stationery Dept. which referred him to the Fifth floor office. After a long wait in line, the cashier referred him to the adjutant's wicket. Another wait—An investigation by the adjutant who told him that there had been a mistake. A complaint should have been made by the driver who brought back the pictures. F./O. D— is, however, a persistent, if patient man, and he finally received a refund slip for twenty-five cents. Another wait in line to cash it. Then back to the Stationery Department and three new sheets of the desired green blotting paper purchased.

On arriving home, he was greeted by his wife, "Did you get the blotting paper?" ? ! ? ! —??—Yes!" "That's too bad; the driver brought some this morning while you were down town!"

DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI

Since our last issue we have lost through accident two of our members—Flying Officer Don Palmer whose cheery disposition and readiness for work and play had made him one of the most popular instructors on the Station, and Pilot Officer I. G. Matheson, whose qualities we had scarcely time to recognize. Both men were doing their share well, and their sudden dropping out emphasizes again the serious and urgent nature of the job we all have in hand.

AYLMER LODGE NOTICES

Malahide Masonic Lodge No. 140 meets Third, Wednesday each month. Royal Arch Masons Chapter No. 81, meets first Thursday each month. Meetings are held in the lodge rooms over the Bank of Montreal, 3rd floor. All Masons on Station are cordially invited to all meetings.

Aylmer I.O.O.F. meets every Tuesday evening in the lodge rooms. All Odd Fellows on Station are invited to attend any meeting.



Y.M.C.A. MOVIES

SATURDAY, FEB. 14th

"HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES"
Mystery Drama starring Geo. Saunders, Margaret Lindsay and Nan Grey

And on the same program: Short:
ARCHITECTURE UNRIVALLED

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 18th

"THE DAY THE BOOKIES WEPT"
Featuring Joe Penner and Betty Grable—also

"SWING IT"—A Snappy Musical
"HAPPY THO' MARRIED"—
Edgar Kennedy

SATURDAY, FEB. 21st

"THE BANK DICK"
Comedy starring W. C. Fields, Franklin Pangborn and Una Merkel—and also

"CONGOMANIA"—Musical Comedy
"RARITIES IN THE NEWS"

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 25th

"BACHELOR MOTHER"
An RKO. Radio Comedy Hit starring Ginger Rogers and David Niven—also—

"INLAWFUL"—Domestic Comedy

SATURDAY, FEB. 28th

"IF I HAD MY WAY"
A musical show starring Bing Crosby, Gloria Jean and Chas. Winniger

—also—
"AMERICA TAKES TO SKIS"

STATION LIBRARY

There has recently been added to our Station Library shelves quite a number of new books. Some twenty-five of these are the best selling new fiction obtainable. Two shelves of quite current new non-fiction are now open. All of these books are the newest issues and by the best authors. It is the hope of the Library committee that more of the Station personnel will avail themselves of the opportunity to keep up their reading while on Station. Library hours are 1230 hours to 1330 hours and 1830 hours to 2100 hours.

Red faced Pilot instructor searching hangar out of breath. "Sorry I am a bit late Sir, I fell asleep again after being called and I have rushed over here without any breakfast."

Flight Commander. "A bit late!"
"Where were you yesterday?"

The C. O.'s Corner

Again it is my pleasure to address all personnel of No. 14 S.F.T.S. through this medium.

1941 is now behind us with its many kind recollections and a feeling, I hope, of all concerned that a good start has been made in the organization of our Station and training of outstanding pilots.

1942 I know, will be a year of even greater accomplishment. Let us all aim to make No. 14 S.F.T.S. a model air station in all its branches. We have had the experience of several months' work and can now, if all will just exercise Thoughtfulness, accomplish our desired goal.

—G. N. IRWIN,
Wing Commander

Doin's of "D" Flight

Compliments to F/O Ward and F/O McLeod on their recent appointments.

Compliments to P.O. Barton and P.O. Lamont, recent additions to "D" Flight's instructor personnel. They can count on the boys for co-operation.

Best of luck to F/S Venne on his administration course. We are looking forward to his return.

Every one in the flight is behind Corporal (Go-get-em) Brown, who is in charge of the flight while F/S Venne is away; also Corporal Pingel who is assisting. (Keep up the good work boys!)

Who is the L.A.C. Fitter in our flight, who would rather hitch-hike to and from Toronto at night, than sleep; but whose tactics in wheedling a ride out of our kind-hearted citizens do not come up to much? (Better luck next time, Fogarty.)

We are surprised to note our mutual friend, Hiawatha, has not been on charge for over a week. Perhaps it is because he is too busy guarding the hanger. Perhaps things will start popping when he is relieved of this duty.

Corporal Brown wishes to thank all the boys in 14-A for their co-operation in the cleaning up of the barracks.

Who is the rigger in this flight who plays poker with deuces wild and calls his hand as two pairs, when holding 2 deuces and a pair—then kicks himself when someone takes the pot with three's? (We advise him to see our Poker Expert).

We are glad to see that L.A.C. Burnell is smartening up; this sure relieves our minds and helps us to do things more efficiently.

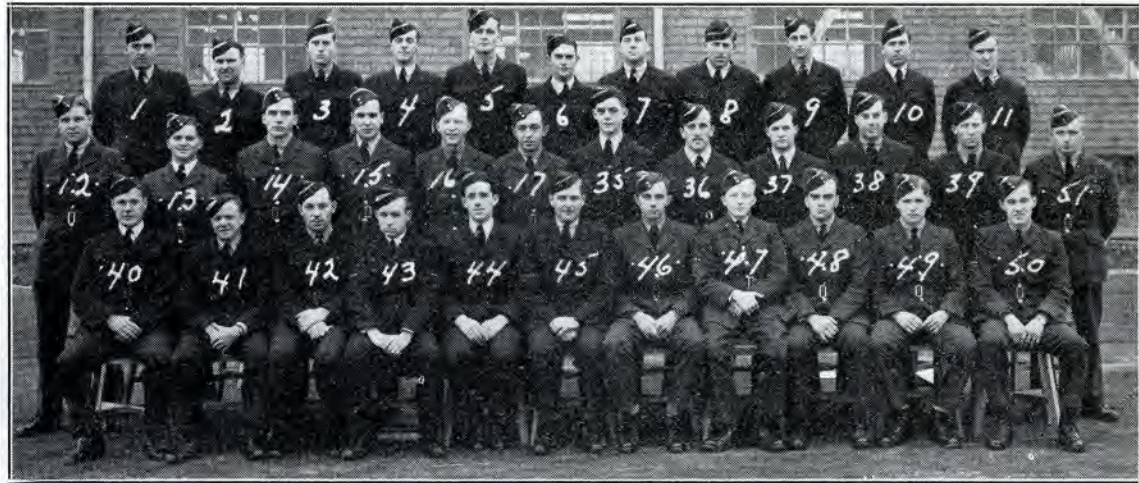
We also have a new game in our flight called Burnell's Rumble club. The idea is for him to rumble us on general principles and we are supposed to pay without question, (he hopes.)

If you boys in the flights would like to see something really original, come take a gander at "D" flight's Time Board and its fleet of Harvards and Yales to mark the approach of checks and unserviceability of the aircraft. The idea was developed by the orderly room personell and the construction was undertaken by our most noted aircraft model builder, Corporal Brown. Visiting hours for inspection of this wonderful display are from 0715 hrs. until flying ceases. (Fully qualified personnel will be present to answer all questions.)

We also have under construction a Dummy model of a Harvard cockpit which will be equipped with radio to facilitate the furthering of radio instruction on the ground. Any instructors, other than "D" Flight, who would like some instruction on our dummy trainer will be welcome. This, we are sure, will eliminate the mass instruction that has been going on in the air of late. If something isn't done soon, any alien in the vicinity who is able to tune us in, will have a complete course in military flying, foul language included. To get back to our subject, this work is being carried out by L.A.C. Mahu, who is making a very good facsimile of the original cockpit.

All you boys who have an interest in poker, see our L.A.C. fitter D.F., if you have any problems, as he plays according to the book of "HOYLE." He can tell you many things to better your playing of this game including your chances of getting the different combinations of hands! !! He is very proficient in his line. (Exclusive.)

There is a mystery we would like to have cleared up in regard to the disappearance of the gas tender between 1000-1030 hrs., and 1500-



"X" GROUP 41 COURSE

- | | | | |
|-------------|--------------|------------------|----------------|
| 1. Jennings | 9. Barnes | 17. Stilin | 42. Burrows |
| 2. Matthews | 10. Pullar | 35. Lloyd | 43. Hedderwick |
| 3. Steele | 11. McKenzie | 36. Darcey | 45. Austin |
| 4. Hicks | 12. Gardner | 37. Swift, T. A. | 46. Saunders |
| 5. Ferguson | 13. Lawrence | 38. Riley | 47. Booth |
| 6. Pearce | 14. Coons | 39. Long | 48. Sutherland |
| 7. Mofflin | 15. Root | 40. Bardon | 49. Gourlay |
| 8. Rowe | 16. Riddell | 41. Gordon | 50. Zavitz |
| | | | 51. Lawrence |

1530 hrs., when "D" Flight are supposed to refuel their aircraft. This causes great inconvenience to say the least, but it is possible there is some explanation.

Our present crop of P. or O's are wondering if they will ever get to I.T.S., or if they are here for the duration.

L.A.C. Jarvis, a very affable fellow, moved his family (wife) to Aylmer recently. He should be more careful about his manly body. He has developed a bad case of rheumatism since settling down in this very chilly country. We suggest he keeps himself well covered when going to rest his weary BONES???

Our boys, N.C.O.'s and men, are a very unhappy lot each and every Thursday. Why, you ask? The answer is—Clothing Store Parade. Once a week is the sad day of reckoning, and once a week the same answer is received, after waiting in line, hoping against hope that some tiny allotment will reward their weary vigil. You guessed it, you must have had the same thing happen to you, not once, nor twice, but countless times, "Sorry, we haven't a thing you need." And so our boys wander back to work, with heavy hearts, cold portions of anatomy, and many dire thoughts. The boys in Stores act as though they bought the stuff themselves and were selling it at a loss. How about an all out War Effort on the part of every department on the Station?

GRAB YOUR GALOSHES AND RUN — BOMBERS ABOVE

Air Raid Instructions to Civilians: (Straight from the Gestapo)

1. As soon as bombs start dropping run like hell. Wear track shoes if possible; by so doing, you can get a much better grip on fallen bodies. If the people running ahead of you are slow, fall down, or are wounded, you will have no trouble whatsoever in passing them.

2. Take advantage of opportunities offered you when air raid sirens sound the warning of attack or blackout. For examle:

- (a) If in a bakery, grab a pie.
- (b) If in a tavern, grab a beer.
- (c) If in a theatre, grab a blonde.

3. If you find an unexploded bomb, pick it up and shake it, maybe the firing pin is stuck.

4. If an incendiary bomb is found burning in a building, throw gasoline on it. You could not put it out anyway, so you may as well have some fun.

5. When the first bomb falls,

holler bloody murder. It will add to the confusion and scare hell out of the kids.

6. It is well to have onions or limburger cheese handy as a snack before entering a crowded shelter. It may make you very unpopular, but you will have a lot more room for yourself.

7. If you should be the victim of a direct bomb hit, don't go to pieces, just lie still, and the sanitation squad will attend to you.

8. If an air raid warden starts to tell you what to do, knock him down. Wardens always save the best seats for themselves and their friends.

The officers and men of "D" and "E" Flights wish to thank the men of course 41 for their genial hospitality in inviting them to their graduating party. Both officers and ground personnel enjoyed themselves FULLY, and wish them the best of luck in the pursuit of their chosen career.

"D" Flight joins with the whole personel of 14 S.F.T.S. in thanking Lever Brothers for their very excellent entertainment Tuesday night. We really believe the cast did a wonderful piece of acting and hope to have them come again soon, and add a little variety to our routine. It certainly is something to look forward to. (How about it, boys?)

We would also like to know why W/C Overbury did not do the bidding of the young lady on Tuesday night. We think many of us would liked to have been the "Joe."

We have it on reliable authority that LAC Johnny Borum, 43 Course, is to fly Liberator Bombers when he graduates. He is considered by some Hollywood officials to be an expert.

JUMP!

(Continued from Page 1)

the 'chute will not come down on top of you.

Precautions

A few minutes spent each day checking your parachute may be rewarded with your life.

Be sure that the release pins are not bent and will come free readily. Keep the parachute away from all grease and gasoline; they are very detrimental to the silk.

Have your harness properly adjusted so that you will not fall out of it the moment it opens or become strangled during the descent.

"E" Flight

Course 41 is still here, we very much regret to state, and no doubt that might be mutual. We don't actually mind being here, but Oh! to be up and at them. Here we would like to record our appreciation to those in charge of their sensible application of Station routine. Our training here has been very pleasant, yet we feel that we have done our job, and done it pretty well too. Far be it for us to brag, but we broke all records, with just a little help from "D" Flight.

Our programme, in our extended course, no doubt is very interesting, but so far it seems to be something to do in the way of practising siege procedure. Maybe this will be very handy for a Tobruk or a Singapore, but especially the Australians think the weather here is lousy. Of course, they have been told that it is most unusual. Never before has it been like this in these parts, but even so they are starting to become a bit doubtful. To obtain three flying days in a week seems to be good going.

Night cross countries we find very interesting and now we do feel that we are coming along in this flying game, having had the Navigation instructors showing us just how to make landings by night!!!!

By the way, we feel that we must not proceed further without mentioning Sgt. Johnson's injury and the great concern it caused us. However it is very gratifying to receive reports from his wife that he is almost back to his old self. Sgt. Al Early's screams are often heard with "large" Joe in full pursuit, but so far this Sergeant, we hope, is still O.K. At times we find that we have to deal with our ground staff by the snow ball method, but we sincerely thank them for their help and co-operation.

The stories brought in from all parts as to hospitality are still very glowing. It is extraordinary how many places have been found and our thanks are heartily given to our kind hosts.

Unfortunately accidents happen, and on January 20th, we lost two fine instructors. F/O Palmer was second in charge of this Flight and his death was a very sad loss. His smiling face and happy disposition has been greatly missed by all of us. P/O Matheson had only been with us two days. Our sympathy is extended to their families.



"Y" GROUP 41 COURSE

- | | | | |
|-----------------|---------------|----------------|--------------|
| 18. Gregory | 26. Brockhoff | 52. Cronin | 60. Halcombe |
| 19. Williams | 27. Cotton | 53. Fowler | 61. Bullock |
| 20. Nossiter | 28. Campbell | 54. McGovern | 62. McNab |
| 21. McGill | 29. Shanfield | 55. Hall | 63. Lawton |
| 22. Brennan | 30. Mitchell | 56. Anthony | 65. Cahill |
| 23. Swift, N.F. | 31. Norris | 57. Waterhouse | 66. Taylor |
| 24. James | 32. Hunter | 58. Decosier | 67. Shea |
| 25. Duggan | 33. VanHuysse | 59. Edwards | 68. Krotosky |

AIRMEN'S WIVES MEET AT HOSTESS HOUSE

The local gas situation seems to be responsible for the increased popularity of the "Y" Hostess House. During the past week when the thermometer registered below zero and the gas supply dropped so low in Aylmer that it was practically impossible to heat many of the rented apartments and rooms, some of the Airmen and their wives spent their evenings at the Hostess House. The wives brought their sewing and the men played checkers. Sometimes the sewing was laid aside for a rubber of bridge.

The boys on the Station may or may not be interested in learning that there are now nineteen airmen's wives making their spring gloves under the guidance of the Hostess. When they get through with the classes now in progress, they will be qualified to make any size glove. This is one of the practical crafts they can always commercialize if need be.

Planning war-time meals was the topic discussed at the Airmen's wives luncheon held in the Active Service Canteen Tuesday, February 3rd, under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. Mrs. C. W. Sinclair, Chairman of the local Hostess House Committee, gave a talk on "Food Values," and the Hostess provided lamb stew with dumplings as the main dish.

Eighteen guests were expected, but twenty-four arrived so that the stew and dessert-salad had to be stretched almost to the vanishing point. Despite the food shortage, which necessitated a hurried trip to the nearest grocer to replenish the larder, it was a real get-together affair and boosted the membership of the Airmen's Wives Club, beside stimulating greater interest in the program of that organization.

Incidentally the married airman will probably wish the "Y" Hostess had not shown their wives how to get up a 15-cent meal of pot-pie and combination fruit and cabbage salad, particularly if they get this meal served up to them too often. Never mind, boys, console yourselves with the fact that it is cheap and good for you.

Your Hostess feels greatly indebted to the Officers' Wives Club for so generously supplying us with games. These were lacking in our general set-up and already have been much enjoyed by our visitors.

Why LINK Training?

It is safe to say that Instrument Flying is the most important single exercise in which a modern pilot must be proficient in order to carry out his duties adequately.

A student who is passed out as a qualified pilot who is not perfectly safe and reasonably accurate as an instrument pilot is a menace both to himself and to his future crews for whom he will be responsible.

These quotations from the current number of "Mentioned in Despatches"—a publication devoted to the cause of accident prevention in R.C.A.F. Training Schools and published at R.C.A.F. Headquarters—suggest a very significant difference between the training for service flying in the last war and in this war.

"Instruments" then were few and elementary—because the need for their use had not arisen. Everyone knows that veteran pilots flew "by the seats of their pants." They hadn't much else except a clear head and a quick eye to help them operate their craft. Today, however, high speed, high ceilings and tremendous range enable pilots with the help of modern instruments to defy time, weather and distance to a degree unthought of 25 years ago.

In Instrument Flying a pilot is handling his craft by reference to indications inside his cockpit. That is to say:

—he has given up the natural horizon, on which he has been accustomed to keep his "nose," for a horizontal line in his instrument panel on which he keeps his little model aeroplane by using the same controls;

—he has no measure of his speed over the ground but his Air Speed Indicator tells him if he is controlling his speed through the Air Mass correctly, and coupled with his vertical speed indicates his proper throttle setting;

—he need not see his plane's wing tips, for the little plane's wings show him if they are level, or if one is down;

—he need not see the ground, for his Sensitive Altimeter if properly adjusted for barometric pressure—tells him pretty accurately how far he is away from it;

—he has a Compass to show him in what direction he is flying and a Directional Gyro to measure his

turns to new headings;

—he sees by his Vertical Speed Indicator if he is flying level, climbing or gliding;

—his radio, tuned in to Station Control brings him the voice of his Flight Leader or Control Officer, or the directive signals to keep him on course, to bring him in to Station and even down to earth.

These are some of the Flight Control instruments that are ever before his eyes or in his ears. But he must learn to read them all at a glance, to keep them all showing the correct readings for the job in hand, without neglecting any one of them, and to obey any one of them when its indication demands a change.

Intensive training and much practice are called for to develop instrument pilots. Here is the justification of the Link Trainers and the course given each student at an Advanced Flying School. These remarkable machines—call them dummy aeroplanes if you like—are fitted with the familiar controls of the aeroplane cockpit. Their panel boards present instruments that duplicate those of the flying ships and that respond in reasonably similar fashion to the movements of the control column, rudder and throttle. Yet in the Trainer stability due to wind pressure on external surfaces is entirely absent. So is centrifugal force, that contributes so greatly to properly balanced turns. The Link pilot therefore, must set, and himself hold the "needles" at their correct marks on the dials in each manoeuvre.

He learns speed in perception and in reaction. His time under the hood in the Link enables him to control the same instruments in actual flight, by the same movements of controls, helped by the added stability and trimability of the aircraft.

Twenty hours of "Link" are at present required of every student at an S.F.T.S. Each student progresses from the level flying, turning, climbing and gliding which he first learned at Elementary, to more complicated manoeuvres of U-tracks, spins, cross country flights, homing on the beam and Instrument landings. And after posting to O.T.U. and Operational Squadrons he must continue his Link Training!

Flight-Lieut. Lawie is O.C. Links at Aylmer; Flying Officer Howes is second in command. Other instruc-

tors are Flying Officers Gibson, Reid, Bennett, Peterson, Mendez, Davis and Duffey, Pilot Officer Awde, and Sergeants Jordan and Himmelman. Maintenance of these intricate and delicate machines is in the hands of Sergeant Cote, LAC's Clark, Phelps and Labre.

TEN LITTLE COUNTRIES

(Originally printed in the Buenos Aires "Herald", Argentina)

Ten little countries, once upon a time;
Adolph "anschluss'-ed Austria, then there were nine.
Nine little countries; who could know their fate?
Neville went to Munich, then there were eight.
Eight little countries, praying hard to Heaven,
Poland dared a "No, Sir!" and then there were seven.
Seven little countries, in a fearsome fix
Hitler "protected" Denmark, and then there were six.
Six little countries, sitting on a hive,
Quisling reigned in Norway, and then there were five.
Five little countries, unprepared for war;
Luxembourg's too tiny; then there were four.
Four little countries neutral tried to be,
Tulip-time in Holland, and then there were three.
Three little countries fought as best they knew.
Belgium's king surrendered, and then there were two.
Two little countries, standing by the gun,
The Maginot was useless and left was only one.
One little country, still dominates the sea,
John Bull watching at the Channel
WILL MAKE TEN COUNTRIES FREE!

The Students Aid of Vassar is publishing a booklet of advice for girls on houseparty dates. The title, "What Every Young Lady Should No."

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PHONE 72

"B" Flight News

Although we are sorry to say it, we must admit that our once kindly Flight Commander, who used to bestow heavenly praises on our heads, shower us with smiles, stale cigarettes and gum, has at last resorted to whip-cracking.

Now, for you who are not exactly "on the beam" about whip-cracking, I'll explain how it has affected our flight.

First of all there is the question of rumbles and more rumbles. Just as twenty dollars will get you twenty-five in War Savings Certificates, so tardiness evicts from your purse the sum of fifty sous. When that happens a few times brothers, it ain't hay that you pay out.

There are rumbles for this, and rumbles for that—why some of us are practically driven to drink—well most of us—well the whole flight!!

The Flight Commander, hoping to make us a little more enthusiastic about our work, has finally brought us our radio—some stuff, I'll say!

So I guess with all the rumbles the Flight Commander has more than compensated for our misery by allowing us to listen to our favourite tea-time dramas.

Possibly the instructors and aircrew think they are the only ones to feel the sting of the lash—they're almost right. At times, though, even the best ground crew on the Station need a slight smartening up and we haven't the compensation of the radio.

We rather pride ourselves on doing our job, in fact we don't even feel a tinge of envy if another flight received the shield for unusual progress.

The eagles on our wheel plates are rolling right along and are turning in a good average of hours in spite of weather and the loss of several of our tried or true aircraft.

With or without that whip we'll keep those eagles flying.

Congratulations from the Flight, Murrell. They look a little new. However a little work should take the squeak out.

Metal Shop Scraps

Damages having been expertly repaired in the surgical division of the T.T.S. hospital at St. Thomas, your chastened metal shop reporter is back on the job once more—albeit somewhat still groggy from divers injections of assorted anaesthetics, dopes and such like.

A definite date having been at last set for the arrival of the mighty Trade Board, our work shop boys are at it hammer and tongs. Lucky there is as yet no rationing of midnight oil!

By the by, pay parade last week turned out to be quite a scalp-fest for our chief disciplinarian. In fact things are coming to such a "head", rumor has it that all ranks will have to be in possession of a signed and dated pass by the station barber, ere being permitted to leave the grounds.

C-Flight's latest theme-song (as crooned to maintenance) 'Oh when, oh when, will those tow-bars be done!'

Only war can create incidents as pathetic as that which recently befell our own AC1 Milligan, on one of his rare leaves home. Waking up the morning after Mill had arrived home, (and was taking a shower), his young son rushed over to Mrs. M. and asked suspiciously: "Who was that strange man you were with last night, mom?"

And Mrs. L.A.C. Hutchinson bitterly complaining about our innocent remark in last month's paper concerning 'Old Man Hutch.' We know he's younger than he looks, Mrs. H.

This month's classic utterance—L.A.C. Hardy: 'Look here, I've lived in Moose Jaw all my life, and I've never heard of this Weyburn.'

One of the metal shop boys, through the kind medium of this column, wishes to convey affectionate greetings to a very charming 'maitresse de danse' residing in Montreal.

Flash:—Cpl. Wright, alias 'settle-down', last night purchased for cash in the airmen's canteen, one beer.

Having run out of gossip we reluctantly take our leave until next month. . . Remember Hong Kong!

Good Hunting

Armed to the teeth, their eyes peering across the snow-clad landscape, the motley crowd crept forward. How many would return lay in the lap of the gods, but they had sworn a bloody oath to take none alive as prisoners. A blood-thirsty bunch of marauders, whose battle-cry was "Kill, Kill, Kill." Who among them would prove themselves heroes? Who would bring everlasting shame to them and theirs. Time would tell; but boldly they sallied forth, caring not for the aircraft that soared overhead or the eyes that might be watching from hedge or bush. And now the shots came wafting to their ears. Grimly they wondered which of their comrades were at grips with the hated foe. Ah! there goes one of the enemy, running as usual. The sharp staccato rattle of firearms rent the air and a mighty cheer went up as he bit the dust, rather the snow, with his life-blood ebbing away and his eyes already glazing in death. Surely, slowly, the band of heroes edged their way forward. Streams were crossed, the ice cracking ominously below their feet, but their eyes never relaxed their vigilance. These men had sworn to rid the country of the hated foe and one moment's carelessness would mean everlasting disgrace. Who were this gang of cutthroats? Were they Commandos? No. Were they disciplinarians looking for aircrew? No. Was it the C.W.A.A.F. coming into our Station? No. Just the Aussies out on a jack-rabbit hunt. And they gathered up the fragments that were left and there lay—not sixteen Australians, but 22 jacks. Per Adua Ad Astra, which translated means "We'll get you, jacks or die in the attempt."

One of our budding Daniel Boones had trudged along through the snow with never a chance of a shot at a rabbit. Then suddenly coming towards him with the speed of a Harvard (28 in. boost) (2,000 revs.) (180 air speed) he saw a monstrous jack. Its eyes gleaming ferociously, in great leaping bounds it approached while our hero raised his gun (five shot repeater) and prepared to send it to its "Happy hunting grounds." Bang, bang, two shots in rapid succession split the air, followed immediately by two more. Showing its prominent front teeth, in a supercilious sneer, the rabbit braked to a stop; languidly it chose a different course, applied left control and disappeared over the snow-covered field, its defiant laughter echoing in the ears of the would-be marksman. —W.S.

Headquarters Orderly Room

It seems that it was just last week that we turned in our last column, but here we are trying desperately to make the deadline again. The big topic of conversation these days is the coming invasion of this hitherto male sanctuary by the fair (we hope) members of the C.W.A.A.F. There may be some among us who, not knowing all the facts, or from reasons of personal vanity, disagree with this policy, but however we may feel on that score there is one point on which we should all agree. These girls are volunteers in the truest sense of the word, who have offered to serve at a time when able-bodied men are still gracing our pool halls and dance spots. We can make it very easy or very hard for them to fit into their new positions, and this column feels that it is up to us to make them feel right at home.

There have been weird rumors circulating about the girls, so purely to obtain valuable information, and with no personal interests at heart, the writer made the acquaintance of a fair young A.W. 2, from Brantford. Now this one was very nice, and if there are many like her in our lot there will be some big changes here. We wouldn't think of boring you with the details of just what went on that night, but we did learn a few things that may interest you. For instance, you will address a C.W.A.A.F. Officer as "Madam" or "M'am", and since she holds His Majesty's Commission, you will salute her. The girls coming here will comprise clerks, cooks, equipment assistants, fabric workers, telephone operators, M.T. drivers and general duties. The boys in those camps which have already received their quota of airwomen are quite pleased with the idea. They were a little wary at first but now things have settled down and everything is running smoothly.

We hear from our friend Corporal Sheridan, now at Havergal, that some of the lassies he is now instructing are really smart, so we will have to smarten up or be eclipsed by the newcomers. W. O. Carver seems to have started the ball rolling by bearing down on the lads with the long wavy locks. That manly growth which has appeared on the S/M's upper lip lately will no doubt give him more power over the girls.

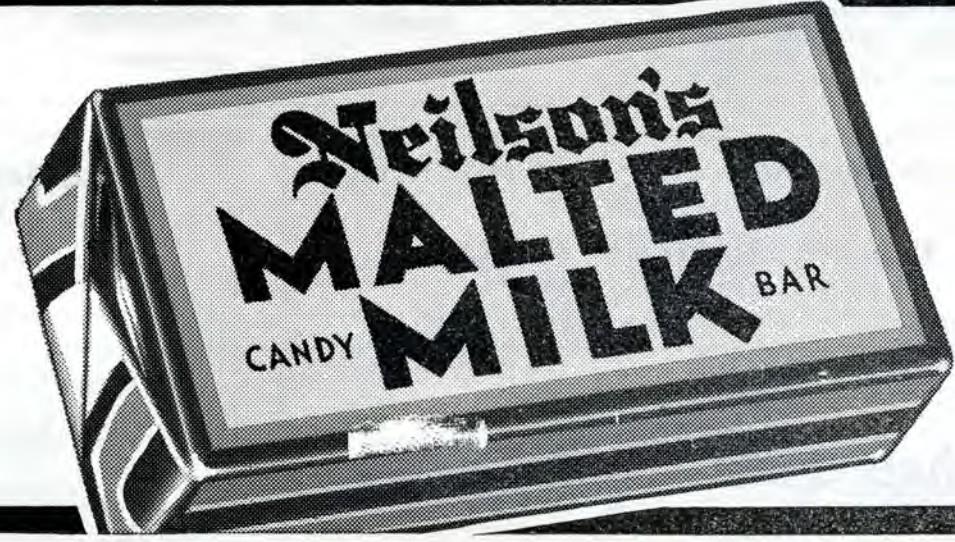
Congratulations are in order to our new corporal, Harold Trimble, who returned from fourteen days leave in Windsor, just in time to celebrate his promotion.

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Candy Hungry? Well Here's Your Answer



Maintenance Mutterings

Wedding

On Friday, February 27th, 1942, at 7.30 p.m. in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, L.A.C. George Mayers, Instrument Maker, to Miss Lillian Maxwell, of Waterford, formerly of Aylmer. Congratulations and best wishes, George.

If we can manage to iron the bend out of our elbow, which defect was caused by imagining we were downing all the beers which the newly appointed Corporals of the Squadron neglected to buy us, maybe we can settle down to penning a few odds and ends about the happenings around Maintenance Hangar in the past few weeks.

Most of the lads settled down considerably after the strenuous time, and I might add dampness, enjoyed by all in the recent festive season. But they are gradually coming back to normal again, at least we saw our old friend L.A.C. Emmons staggering into the Barracks in the wee sma' hours of the morning recently enquiring if anyone could direct him to the Grigg Hotel. (HIC).

Two of our Stalwart Lads from Hurricane Alley were out on another rampage lately, namely, Blue-Line Bell and We-won-the-Battle-of-Britain Lennox. It is rumoured that Sergeant Steup; yes, we mean THE Sergeant Steup, had them out a couple of weeks ago showing them a few of the finer points on how not to play hockey in ten easy lessons. Evidently the lessons were not accepted as such because the means which they took to get even are not only un-airmanlike but unprintable. At least Steup managed to get back to Barracks, even if not under his own power, but Bell is still willing to trade half his Kingdom for a satisfactory explanation as how he managed to get back to camp from Springfield.

Cupid seems to be doing a little better than average among an ever increasing number of lads these days. Cpl. Musgrieve has just returned from another of his romantic excursions to Ottawa. From the light shining in his eyes and his happy-go-lucky antics these days, the casual observer would swear that he had finally got enough lettuce in his sock to buy the diamond. If you are thinking of popping the question Mussy, we know where you can borrow a book on "How to Woo and Win."

We also hear that Cpl. O'Neill has set the date for early in May. He has been keeping his love affair to himself so far, but now that he has started saving his trousseau it is thought he will need at least a little advice. Maybe he is going to wait until the C.W.A.A.F. get here and get a few hints from them.

Cpl. Rosenburg, whose motto is "Love 'em and Leave 'em" seems to be doing OK with a little colleen in London lately, at least we don't think he makes all those trips up



Orders is Orders

to London just to get a look at the big City.

AC. Hetherington is looking a little better these days since he has had his tonsils removed. Getting his tonsils out hasn't improved the tone of his snoring very much though, if anything he is experiencing a little more difficulty in reaching high "C" these days.

We thought Cpl. Thornton had enough contact with electrical equipment during the day without wrapping his car around a telephone pole at night. No harm was done though—at least the pole remained standing, and we are sure the passengers did as they were some miles away from the Canteen and all Liquor stores were closed at that time of night.

The Fitters and Riggers of the Squadron are complaining about having to take P.T. now that they have all the inertia starters to wind up.

AC Roberts, who is from the Bahamas says he likes the Canadian Winters, but he wishes he could move the Station down South to push the Aircraft around. The natives themselves don't like bucking the snowdrifts so we can see his point. Steamer Lehman says the snow sticks to the undercarriage harder than a conscript does to his mother.

On behalf of the boys of the Squadron, it is nice to know that the high standard of cleanliness and neatness of our Barracks are noticed from time to time, and it makes us feel like keeping it that way when we are congratulated by the C.O.

So that the boys on the Night Shift won't beef so much about being overworked AC Lehman would like to dedicate the following poem to them:

The Heights that great men reached and kept,

Quips From The Equips

A few more of the old "originals" of the Station have departed from our midst, namely L.A.C.'s Begg, Berofe, Brown, Thimons, Van Wyck and A.C. Chittim. The old place will not seem the same without their bright and cheerful countenances. But what is our loss, is the gain of units overseas.

We are organizing another of the equipment section alleged parties, where we relax informally and become merry and gay like other people!!! We are becoming justly famous for these affairs, what with the finesse with which we handle them and our choice refreshments; it is only with difficulty that we confine them to the personnel of this section. They deserve a better eulogy than can be construed, by my puny literary efforts. So let's get out lads, and endeavour to make this one a memorable one, surpassing even our previous efforts. (avtmt.)

That old bogey, the trade test, is with us again and the more recent members of the section are gradually assuming that familiar gray and haggard look, as they endeavour to dissect the intricacies of E-56's and its manifold relatives legal and otherwise.

One of our youthful junior Equipment Assistants was heard to ask, upon hearing the words, "E42 and E47", mentioned in conversation. "Are they new types of planes put out by the States?????" Who Durette? Don't ask.

Some of our members now embark on semi-monthly good-will tours to Detroit, strictly to absorb the sights and to bring about by their humble efforts, a more closer liaison between the States and Canada, now that we are officially allies. They are educating some of the feminine citizens on a few of the more unfamiliar phases of this land of ours (and getting in a few plugs for themselves)—these self-appointed ambassadors of good-will!!!

Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Toiled upward in the night.
Well I guess that about does it for this month, so if any of our ardent fans have managed to get this far we'll be seeing you next month.

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Hurricane Alley

Your reporter was somewhat late in gathering up the latest bits of gossip and chatter around the Alley however, after a frantic plea from the editors he has managed to put together the more interesting activities of this well-known body.

The most prominent member in the news was the genial "Piggy." Your reporter accompanied him on a short visit to his home last month located in the quaint little suburb of Scarborough Bluffs. It was interesting to note, that among the other aliases of this man about town is the too, too divine one of "Lambie Pie." To further accentuate this statement, the other members of the Alley are agog at the numerous letters he receives, especially the ones which include as sealing wax two Cupid's Bows and the initials S.W.A.K. Coo! Lumme! Hot Scoff!!!

It is also interesting to note that "McSwine" has more than a passing interest in a farmer's "little" daughter. The "Chevvie" got so tired of going to one of the neighboring villages that it decided to put up a squawk, consequently it was necessary for the Aeronautical Engineer "Shovel Mitts," also known as the "Flywheel" of Maintenance Squadron and the Technical Advisor "Porky" to proceed on temporary duty to this little constabulary, for the purpose of conducting a forty-hour check. However, we are happy to report that after a short consultation between the aforementioned gentlemen the "Chevvie" was once more rendered serviceable and was able to proceed under its own power back to No. 14. It seems, however, that our own little "Porky" got separated from the others on the way back, but unfortunately this incident must be kept silent, or as the diminutive little disciplinarian would say and I quote, "Ne parle pas au travers de ton chapeau!!!"

The members of the Alley tender heartiest congratulations to Roy Osborn and wife on the new addition to their family. Roy is the latest acquisition to the Alley and as usual he was not admitted until a careful scrutiny of his R. 71 and R. 72 had been made.

The Feminine Point of View

After an absence of several months, we are very happy to make our appearance once again.

A few weeks ago we bade Bon Voyage and Best Luck to a member of our Fair Sex, and take this opportunity to once again wish Mrs. Harvey and her husband much happiness in their future life together.

Our "Sergeant Porky" has been wandering around the halls of Headquarters in a daze these last two or three weeks. Could it be that those letters he has been receiving so profusely were also the reason for his hurried trip to Ottawa last forty-eight???? We have been informed, too, that everything is just Jake.

Congratulations to the first class of L.A.C. Pilots! It has been nice to have you here for the few extra weeks of your course. Best of Luck in all you may do.

There are two chaps in C. R. and the Orderly Room who have a certain gleam in their eyes after the 10.30 Mail Run comes in. Pretty soft receiving a letter EVERY day isn't it???? Ask Gent and Ford.

We welcome a new Sergeant and Corporal. Sergeant Reid, who arrived at No. 14 S.F.T.S. on Saturday from Toronto, and an old friend—Cpl. H. W. Trimble, who arrived back from 14 days' leave just in time to put up his two hooks.

There's a certain young man in the Orderly Room who rushes to Toronto every 48 and on Revelles too, but then why shouldn't he have a girl friend with bee-u-ti-ful brown eyes like his? We don't blame you Verne, Toronto is pretty nice, and I'm sure Bob Ross agrees with you. Just why should a Native of New Brunswick go to Toronto on his 48's????

By the time this goes to press Norm Lihou will be in Hamilton on his 14 days' leave, which we hope is as pleasant as his expectations had planned.

No more news, so will say so long until next month.

I Try

I try hard to be happy—goodness knows. I whistle at work and I sing in the shower—and what do I get. Well, this week it started on Monday. Ninety minutes late on return from a forty-eight. This brought two days C.C. For Tuesday night Sue and I had the heaviest of dates, her Mother brought a chicken from the farm. On Wednesday had a bawling out for a button undone. Thursday, waited at the end of a mile long pay parade, only to find the Smith's had got mixed up and I am two dollars short. Friday, toothache, and how!

Today however, is bright and sunny. It is Saturday, and at eleven hundred hours all is well. I feel life is good! This is a new start. The next few months are going to be the happiest since I joined up. Right now I'll write the most cheerful letter home that I have ever written. Tonight there will be the show with Sue, and to celebrate the new lease of life I will order a T-Bone steak for this boy and the choice of sundaes for my girl. Ah! Here is Jones. Maybe he'd like to join the male chorus next Monday with me.

"H'yer Jonesy . . ." "Hey, what-yersay?" "A chit for me from the Orderly Room." . . . Well I'll be damned! Posted Mossbank, effective today!

Am I hapy in the . . . I try hard, really I do.

—LAC. Smith

'Tis fine speeches, faith are aisly made,
And promises go, and big words pass,
But I give you this small wish to keep.
Here's hoping, ould friend, the egg's not laid,
That'll hatch the goose that'll nibble the grass
That'll cover the grave where you're to sleep!

—Arthur Stringer in Saturday Night, Toronto.

Gear Growls from M.T.

It is again my privilege to write a few lines in our well known paper as our former reporter was drafted overseas along with seventeen other boys. All these boys played a part in the early days of this station and all leave behind broken-hearted wives and sweethearts, but duty calls. All the remaining staff of the M. T. wished the boys BON VOYAGE and may they all return to their loved ones. As we are now under-staffed the boys are now called upon extra hours, but they take it all smiles. We are proud of our section.

Earnestly I will say that the M. T. section under the supervision of W.O.2. ETHIER is the most efficient and practical section on the whole station, and may his good work progress in the future.

Personally I think the boys will be going to the dogs with this new women regime which is about to begin, who had to think of such an idea to wreck our kingdom which was ours to make it what we wished!

The M. T. section has adopted two horned owls as mascots; what we will name them is not quite decided yet.

We are still having our usual arguments with the cooks; at the present we want to know how many names they have for meat balls. I think the cooks are slipping, but let's not discourage them; they aren't doing too bad.

The tractor operators are having a time of their life in the recent snow storm, clearing the runways. They were willing to work time and half but when it comes to hauling A/C none are to be found.

Snuffy Forshner should have been a sailor where he could have been a knot tying instructor and not a tractor operator.

The stubby couple Ballum and Thomsen is now broken up. Thomson was transferred to No. 3 S.F. T. S. Calgary a bit closer to home.

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- Feb. 18-19—"Unholy Partners" Ed. G. Robinson.
- Feb. 20-21—"The Maltese Falcon", Humphrey Bogart.
- Feb. 23-24—"Shadow of the Thin Man."
- Feb. 25-26—"Smilin' Through" Jeanette MacDonald.
- Feb. 27-28—"They Died with Their Boots On." — Errol Flynn.
- Mar. 2-3-4—"Honky Tonk." Clark Gable.

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S P O R T S

NO. 14 TOPS IN BASKETBALL LEAGUE

A well balanced basketball team featuring a zone defense and plenty of potential scoring power, has sky-rocketed to the top of the St. Thomas and District Senior Basketball League with four successive wins after dropping their opening encounter.

The team No. 14 S.F.T.S., gained revenge for their opening tilt defeat at the hands of the St. Thomas "Y" with a 57-33 win over the same team in their own gym in the latest league victory. Now with successive wins over Fingal R.C.A.F., St. Thomas T.T.S., Aylmer Laundrymen, and St. Thomas "Y", our five stands along at the top rung of the ladder and seems destined to go on to win the Tip Top Trophy up for competition in the league. The fact that no one individual is personally responsible for the high standing of the outfit, proves the fact that the team has balance. And to top this off with a fine defense spells victory for No. 14. In the five games to date the opposition has counted 103 points, an average of slightly over 20 per game, while our outfit has accounted for 161 points.

After the early season setback by St. Thomas "Y" by a 28-21 score, the No. 14 team found its bearings. Fingal was the first team to suffer defeat as they went down by a 24-15 count. With the zone defense clicking for the first time, No. 14, led in the scoring department by "Ace" Bon Durant with 8 points, and Wansborough with seven, went on to a comparatively easy win against the luckless Fingal five. T.T.S. visited No. 14 in the third league game and bowed to the homesters to the tune of 37-14, as No. 14 put on its best basketball show of the season thus far. It was Hewitt and McLeod leading the way with 12 and 14 points respectively as No. 14 had "its night." The entire team showed far superior basketball than the opposition.

No. 14 took over first place in the League with a 22-13 win over Aylmer in the fourth league encounter. Lapsing a bit after their great game against T.T.S., the club still showed enough scoring punch to pull through with a win against the Laundrymen in the Aylmer High gym. With 10 points, Wansborough topped the scoring column while Hewitt wasn't far behind with 7. In the return game with St. Thomas "Y", No. 14 had a field day as they ran the count up to 57-33. At the end of the first quarter, the Aylmer Airmen were on top of an 18-4 score. With every man on the club getting a chance in the fray, the zone defence looked none too good at times, but the baskets kept falling in from every angle for No. 14.

Elmer McLeod had a big night as he hooped seven baskets and three charity tosses for 17 points. Mc-

Leod waited until the second half to really get going. 14 of his 17 points were scored in the last half as he set the game on ice for No. 14. Wansbrough with 15 points, Cornelison with 10, and Hewitt with 8, scored the major remaining portion of No. 14's total. With Hewitt and McLeod at the guard posts, Wansbrough in the centre slot, and Lewis and Cornelison holding down the forward spots, the Aylmer Air Force team also has a fine array of talent ready to throw in as substitutes for any of the above men. With such able replacements as Knox, Fletcher, Illman, Plumb and Robinson, the No. 14 team stands a good change of copping off the trophy for the league winners.

While the spectators have been few and very far between, the officers of the Station, including the C.O., have turned out for every game and shown real sportsmanship. Now it's up to the Airmen of the Station to show up for the remaining games and help their representatives on to victory in the league.

The remainder of the schedule follows:—

- Monday, Feb. 16—Fingal R.C.A.F. at No. 14.
- Thurs., Feb. 19—St. Thomas T.T.S. at St. Thomas.
- Thurs., Feb. 26—Aylmer Laundrymen at No. 14.

The bowling committee wish to thank the Coca Cola Company for their kindness in each month donating six cases of Coca Cola to the team with the best month's scores and to the individual high bowler. These prizes last month were won by Maintenance No. 3 and by L.A.C. Lambert.

The standing of the Bowling League at Jan. 31st, was Maintenance No. 3, Works and Buildings, Security Guard and G.I.S. in the first four positions.

THE DEFAULTER'S PRAYER

Our Father who art at Aylmer, Irwin is thy name.
 Thy Disciplinarians come.
 Thy will be done
 In barrack as well as out.
 Give us our daily stew
 And forgive us our A.W.L.'s,
 As we forgive the Mess Sergeant
 For the issues he serves not unto us;
 And lead us not into detention,
 But deliver us from the W.O. and all his details.
 For thine is the Station, the S.P.'s and Discips
 For ever and ever, Ah! me!

Bowling - Billiards

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