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THE AYLMER AIRMAN



VOL. 1, No. 8

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

MARCH 13th, 1942

Number 14 S. F. T. S.

Here We Are!

S.-L. E. A. Weaver

SINCE our last edition went to press, our Station has been considerably brightened by the arrival of a number of the Women's Division of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Women in the armed forces in Canada is a new departure from old traditions, which stated that "men must fight and women stay home and weep."

The Organization Order, bringing the Royal Canadian Air Force, (Women's Division) into existence was issued on September 5, 1941, and was authorized by Privy Council order 4798, dated July 21, 1941. The original title or designation of the Force was "Canadian Women's Auxiliary Air Force." But as the Force was not an "Auxiliary," but a component part of the Royal Canadian Air Force, the name was changed to "Royal Canadian Air Force, (Women's Division)" by Air Force Routine Orders issued February 20, 1942. The change in name was a wise one and the authorities are to be congratulated on the change. It will add more dignity to the Force and create in the public mind the idea that there is one Air Force, not two. "In unity there is strength,"—let us always keep this thought before us.

The Women's Division has been organized to help meet the increased demand for manpower for combatant and other more strenuous duties, by replacing airmen with airwomen in such non-combatant trades as may from time to time be designated by Air Force Headquarters. Personnel are enlisted and are mobile, that is they may be posted from one unit to another as the demands of the Service require.

All ranks are subject to the Air Force Act and to the same regulations as officers and airmen except as such regulations may be amended from time to time to meet the requirements of the Women's Division.

The change in certain trades from airmen to airwomen will of necessity be a gradual one, and cannot be accomplished in a day. No time has been lost however, and already nearly all the Service Flying Training Schools of the Commonwealth Air Training Plan have received their allotment of over a hundred Officers and Airwomen of the Women's Division.

All appointments to Officer rank will be from the ranks.

Airwomen are now being employed in the following trades:—

Administrative; Clerks (Stenographer); Clerks (General); Clerks (Accountant); Cooks; Cooks (Medical); Dental Assistants; Equipment Assistants; Fabric Workers; Hospital Assistants; Motor Trans-

port Drivers; Messwomen; General Duties; Telephone Operators.

Pay will be approximately two-thirds of that received by airmen of corresponding rank and grouping. No dependents' allowances will be paid. All other allowances will be the same as for Airmen.

Officers of the Women's Division hold the King's commission, and as such will be saluted by airmen at all times and under such conditions as they are required to salute their present officers. Likewise airwomen will salute officers of the Navy, Army and Air Force at all times. Officers of the Women's Division will acknowledge salutes in the same manner as laid down for Officers of the R. C. A. F.

Airmen will note that they are to salute officers only of the Women's Division and not any woman in uniform just because she is a woman. It would be considered just as much an offence to salute an airwoman in uniform as it would be to salute another airman. If you think that it is not an offence to salute another airman, just try saluting a Warrant Officer some time. Yes,

net rings and engagement rings, with small stones. Bright nail polish will not be permitted and make-up is to be inconspicuous.

Leave and passes may be granted to airwomen under the same conditions as granted to airmen not on flying duties. Airwomen will comply with Station Standing Orders the same as airmen.

Airwomen may apply for their discharge on request to marry or on compassionate grounds. Airwomen may be granted permission to marry by the Commanding Officer on production of suitable reference as to the moral character of the intended husband.

Airwomen will be advanced in rank and trade grouping in the same manner as airmen, and as per instructions contained in Administrative Orders.

Personnel of the Women's Division will use the appropriate mess. That is the officers, the Officers' Mess, the sergeants, the Sergeants' Mess; except that for the present, the sergeants will use the women's section of the Airmen's Mess, tables being reserved for the N.C.O.'s;



he is an airman too.

Perhaps our readers may think that an airwoman cannot be told to get a haircut, she can. She must keep her hair clear of the collar of her jacket. She will not be permitted to wear jewelry or trinkets with the exception of wedding rings, sig-

and the airwomen will use a section of the Airmen's mess which has been reserved for them. No mess charges are to be made except as may be necessary to cover actual food costs. Entrance fees, promo-

(Continued on Page 3)

Many are interested in the ranks within the Women's Division. These are given below with the corresponding Air Force rank.

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| Wing Officer | Wing Commander |
| Squadron Officer | Squadron Leader |
| Flight Officer | Flight Lieutenant |
| Section Officer | Flying Officer |
| Assistant Section Officer | Pilot Officer |
| Under Officer Class 1 | Warrant Officer Class 1 |
| Under Officer Class 2 | Warrant Officer Class 2 |
| Flight Sergeant | Flight Sergeant |
| Sergeant | Sergeant |
| Corporal | Corporal |
| Leading Aircraftwoman | Leading Aircraftman |
| Aircraftwoman Class 1 | Aircraftman Class 1 |
| Aircraftwoman Class 2 | Aircraftman Class 2 |



NEW COMMANDER OF No. 1 SQUADRON ARRIVES

The Control Tower staff takes this opportunity of welcoming Squadron Leader E. A. Weaver, the new O.C. of No. 1 Squadron, into their midst. Actively engaged in flying since 1930, he has behind him a long and not uneventful career. For six years he flew his own aircraft, an Avro and a Heath Parasol, in which he built up quite an aggregate of hours "puddle-jumping as he describes it. Later, he had occasion to fly the only ambulance-equipped plane in the West. The aircraft was especially fitted with an over-powered engine for getting out of tight spots. He recalls with grim good-humour how nearly every time a call came through for the ambulance plane the weather was "zero, zero," and the many hair-raising experiences which resulted from forced flights in extremely bad weather. Once he flew a patient to Rochester, Minn., and returned in 17 hours flying time—a journey of about 2,000 miles.

His Service flying career began when he joined the 120 BR (Regina) Squadron in 1936. From '38 he filled the position of Adjutant and Flying Instructor until the outbreak of war, when he was taken out of the squadron to handle the instruction of the first war-time PPO's at the Regina Flying Club. From there he went to C.F.S. in

(Continued on Page 4)

No. 14 S.F.T.S. DOES IT AGAIN!
Wednesday night 11-3-42 No. 14 S.F.T.S. Basketball Team defeated No. 5 S.F.T.S., Brantford, by the score of 56-24 in the first game of the Ontario R.C.A.F. play-offs.
The return game will be held on Monday, 16th, 8 p.m., at the Aylmer High School gym.



The Aylmer Airman

Published at Aylmer, Ontario
under the authority of
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Commanding Officer, Number 14 S.F.T.S.

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AYLMER, FRIDAY, MARCH 13th, 1942

The Old Order Changeth

We welcome the Women's Division to Number 14 S.F.T.S. When the plan of recruiting women for Active Service in the R.C.A.F. was first mooted, and particularly when "confidentially" every one learned last fall that a detachment would be stationed here, the news was received with mixed feelings. "Foolish," "unnecessary," "a nuisance," were some of the expressions heard. Time, however, has proved the contrary. The ever-increasing demands on Canada's man-power required the release for more arduous tasks of all men whose duties could properly be carried out by women. Far from being unnecessary or remaining a nuisance, the detachments of the Women's Division, as they have entered R.C.A.F. Training Schools have quickly found their place and demonstrated their value in the scheme of things. And if their coming elsewhere has brightened station life, smartened the appearance of the men—and perhaps, moderated their language—we hope the same benefits of co-education will be ours at Aylmer.

Today we offer other evidence of change and progress. Instructors and students and all who interest themselves in flying should read carefully the Flying Instructions issued in the last War to pilots-in-training, as resurrected by Flying Officer Reid, and shown on another page. Reading with imagination between the lines of this document, one cannot fail to appreciate the advances that have been made, not only in the machines themselves and their capabilities, but in the thoroughness of instruction and the improvement of equipment. Let us not forget, however, that whatever the craft, it is the quality of the pilot that counts the most. If the old order is changing in respect of materials and methods, is it also changing in respect of men?

NOTE AND COMMENT

During the month we had an opportunity to see at close hand a Bell Airacobra whose pilot enroute elsewhere had been forced down by poor visibility to land at R. 1. The tricycle undercarriage gave it a somewhat gawky appearance on the runway, but in the air its sleek lines and great speed supported its makers' claims of deadliness.

Lacking a Works and Buildings column this month, we are nevertheless kept aware of this Department's activities. Two new buildings on Hypo Street, roadways torn up and an old building cluttering up first the parade ground and then the streets to the south, two wireless posts in the traditional red and white paint—these are signs of growth.

Can it be true that only a dozen men and half a dozen officers are interested in singing and learning to sing? Great progress is being made—according to the Director—by the faithful few who take the time to attend the practices of the Male Choir, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 1830 hrs., but—we need volume. Come on out, especially you tenors—you're missing something!

The sudden posting away of Captain MacKenzie, our Dental Officer for many months, removes an energetic sportsman, and brings in his place Captain Jesse Paterson, who came back from overseas service in the last War to graduate in his chosen profession from R.C.D.S., Toronto.

The C.O.'s Corner

No. 14 S.F.T.S. welcomes our latest addition—"The Airwomen". We know our Station will be smarter and retain its efficiency when the girls take up their new positions.

For obvious reasons it will take some time to make all the necessary adjustments required in changing personnel.

Our war effort is becoming more grave. We need every ounce of effort from airmen, airwomen and civilians to finish the job.

—G. N. IRWIN,
Wing Commander

"KEEP SMILING"

I will keep smiling, dear, I promise you;

Though stars have lost their brightness;

Heaven's blue

Is robbed a little of its erstwhile hue;

I will keep smiling, dear.

I will keep smiling, dear, what e'er my fears,

Recalling all the better, brighter years;

No memory of you is linked with tears,

I will keep smiling, dear.

The German Paratroop

By the Courtesy of the Army Bureau of Current Affairs

The average German paratroop is armed with a .32 Luger Pistol automatic magazine of nine and one spare magazine in the holster; also one tiny, but very handy and simple sub-machine gun with a web magazine case holding three magazines of thirty rounds apiece and a magazine filler. This is a weapon with practically no stoppages which can rattle away at a rare pace. It is deadly at 50 to 70 yards. Used as a rifle with a skeleton folding butt extended, it is absolutely accurate up to 200 yards.

Most of the German paratroops carry field glasses and an entrenching tool. All have a large, single-bladed, stainless knife, with a six-inch marline spike attached. They carry about six blue pear-shaped grenades with screw tops. These have not been very effective. In a light haversack, they carry bacon done up in German sausage, chocolate sponge cake, lemonade powder, fruit drops, several tablets of dextrose energen (a form of glucose that gives staying power) and a water bottle, usually containing black coffee. Some of them even have small tins of ham.

Their compasses are cheap and inaccurate. But each man carries an excellent map. Machine-guns and mortars are dropped separately and are collected either immediately, if fire is not too great, or after dark.

The leaders of the various parties carry Verey lights, Verey light pistols and a belt of cartridges. A great deal of signalling goes on at night with these lights.

From experience during the battle for Crete, it was found that the majority of the German paratroops were highly nervous. If fired on at night, they would frequently drop their arms and run. When roared at suddenly, they would immediately come to heel. Their spirit, considering that they are picked troops, is not good and they have little stomach for a fight without overwhelming air support to bomb their opponent first.

They are apt when cornered to shoot and then put up their hands. If you should ever have them in your district, keep them covered and remain behind some sort of shelter when disarming them.

In Crete, some sixty per cent. of the paratroops landing at Heraklion, within reach of small arms fire, were killed or wounded before reaching the ground. This is a good average as they are dropped no higher than 200 feet from the ground. If the aim is taken at their feet, you either hit the bull's-eye or the navel. Another good moment for shooting them is as soon as they touch the ground.

During the landing at Heraklion a number of paratroops were discovered hiding in a field of ripe corn. Our troops set this on fire and burned them out. One of them had all the equipment and clothes burned off his back and he lay as if dead. But he had three grenades under each hand, ready to throw at the first man to come within range. "From R.A.F. Journal Dec. 1941."

I will keep smiling, dear, for tears are vain,
And joy must be the aftermath of pain,
Since God decrees that we shall meet again
I will keep smiling, dear.
Montreal. —Grace Pollard.



Y.M.C.A. MOVIES

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18th
"FRONTIER SCOUT"

Shorts:

"MAJOR BOWES"

"TAVELOGUE" "CARTOON"

SATURDAY, MARCH 21st
"LA CONGO NIGHTS"

Musical comedy starring Hugh Herbert, Constance Moore and Dennis O'Keefe.

Also

"INTERNATIONAL REVELS"

"GOING PLACES"

"STRANGER THAN FICTION"

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25th

"THE MINE WITH THE IRON DOOR"

An amazing romance of the Golden West

—Also—

"TRAVELLER TRIP—CITIES OF NORTH AFRICA"

"WESTERN SONGS"

Cartoon "TROUBLE"

SATURDAY, MARCH 28th

"SEVEN SINNERS"

Starring Marlene Deitrich, John Wayne and Mischa Auer. Also on the same program "GOING PLACES"

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1st

"TARZAN'S REVENGE"

With Glen Morris and Eleanor Holm.

"CURIOSITIES"

Cartoon—"BULLY'S END"

SATURDAY, APRIL 4th

"THE LADY IN THE MORGUE"

A comedy starring Preston Foster, Patricia Ellis and Frank Jenkins.

On the same program

"VELDT—TAVELOGUE"

"MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR PARADE"

Cartoon—"MILD CARGO"

(Continued on Page Five)

LINK TRAINING

At last our new building, with its wonderful heating system, its resplendent linoleum floors, is ours by right of possession. We certainly waited long enough for it, and memories of room temperatures that varied in a single day from 29°F to 85°F, of a floor so uneven and so poorly supported, that the Trainers rocked with every step—wilt not soon pass away.

Now, the sun shines into three fine Instruction Halls in which six Trainers operate 14 hours a day, and into a fourth Hall soon to have its pair of Trainers. The old building is being painfully lugged to a far corner of the Camp and presently will be the Recreation and Canteen Centre for the Women's Division.

"Look here," said the Captain to the newly appointed sergeant, "there are men coming into camp night after night after 'Lights Out' has been sounded, it's got to stop." A few days later he asked the sergeant whether things had improved.

"Oh, yeh sir," was the reply. "The last man in blows the bugle now."



Wind Drift

After a fall and winter of conscientious effort and untiring devotion to duty, the personnel of Navigation Flight was honoured, at long last, by the attention of Higher Authority. At a touching ceremony, fraught with many a silent sigh, we parted company with our Harvards. A sad hour, indeed, but a passing one, for Higher Authority had seen fit to honour our painstaking labours with a fleet of Yales! How rapidly our spirits zoomed from gloom to gladness as we watched the sleek ships take their places in our hangar! Little did we realize then how kind to us had been the Powers that Be. Time alone will express our gratitude. Perish the thought that we should attempt to do so—out loud—

Words cannot express, for instance, the thanks of our ground crew as they stand on the wing each morning straining with the starting crank. Words cannot express their thanks as the sudden icy wind blows them abruptly to a one point landing on the frozen apron. Words cannot express the thanks of our pilots as they leave the warmth and comfort of their instructors' room to take their place in a roomy, comfortable cockpit, at ten degrees below zero. Small wonder they are eager to fly long hours aloft! . . .

We repeat, words cannot express our thanks to the Powers That Be for their kindness. Words, indeed, cannot express a lot of things . . . But couldn't we, please, have our Harvards back?

With respectful acclaim we notice the presence on the Station of a Sergeant of the R.C.A.F. (Women's Division). This portends, we hope, the early arrival of a unit of this division to take over sundry duties at the Station. Bless them, every one, we say, and we hope that our undoubted superiority, as a flight, to interest the ladies will in no way strain the bonds of good-will joining us to the other flights on the Station. Especially do we hope that Maintenance will continue to look after us as efficiently as they have done in the past.

Congratulations to Pilot Officer McKnight on his promotion.

Welcome to Pilot Officer McKenzie and Sergeant Hamilton, both welcome additions to Navigation Flight.

If Stores insist on putting more junk around our hangar, we'll need a Radiolocator to find our Aircraft.



"X" GROUP

From Left to Right, beginning with the Back Row—Leading Aircraftmen: H. H. Miller, H. C. Paynter, T. E. Huffer, S. K. Glover, D. R. Cuthbertson, S. T. Lundberg, T. J. Mulligan, W. C. Donaldson, J. W. Woodruff, H. Turner, E. J. Lewis, W. A. Cook, J. L. Guzman, C. H. McCredie, R. E. Bagnell, Torbiak, C. W. Kusiar, G. H. Weeden, W. W. Kistler, D. L. Stapleton, J. R. Murray, A. J. McDonald, J. C. Lang, G. P. E. Schoeler, J. W. Borum, W. R. Taylor, L. P. Ainsworth, C. H. Davis, M. W. Brown, S. B. Lipschitz, B. F. Warren, D. W. Markley.

Here We Are!

(Continued from Page 1)

tion fees and regular mess dues will not be charged. They will have no voice in the governing of the various messes.

The Commanding Officer may authorize the invitation of personnel of the Women's Division as guests at entertainment in Royal Canadian Air Force messes.

As stated previously, the introduction of women into the Services in Canada has been made necessary by the anticipated increased need for man-power. They will render equal service with the men. Perhaps when larger numbers of women appear on our streets and in public places in uniform, enlistments from our male population will show an increase, as it is expected that women in uniform will show a preference for the company of men who are in uniform.

The airwomen will be living and working under conditions that will be strange to them. All officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the Royal Canadian Air Force must do all that they can to help them in the course of their duties and to adjust themselves to their new surroundings. Situations are certain to arise which have never arisen or been dealt with before. It will therefore be necessary to rely on the good sense of all personnel both airmen and airwomen as well as officers, to see that these situations do not become serious either in their nature or their number. We take pride in the fact that in the Air Force, we have men of above the average of intelligence. If our airwomen prove themselves to be of

P. T. and Sports

It is particularly difficult to maintain a definite schedule for Physical Training and sports in general on a Service Flying School. This is due to the fact that all available flying time must be used to train pilots. Then too, there has been a steady increase in the number of personnel required to work nights. A third factor is the constant turnover of trainees.

Recreational training, Station Leagues and sports as a whole are

the same high standard, we shall be fortunate, and our problems will be few and not of a serious nature.

All personnel must realize that the same relationship should exist between the different ranks of the Women's Division and the Royal Canadian Air Force when off duty as has in the past existed between the different ranks of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

We welcome the personnel of the Women's Division to this Station and assure them that we will do all in our power to make their stay here a pleasant one. As in all departures from tradition, the eyes of the public are upon us. Many of our civilian friends are skeptical as to the outcome and would like to say, "I told you so." Let us show them that men and women can work together just as successfully in the Royal Canadian Air Force, as in any civilian industry or commercial corporation. And when our enemies are finally put in their place, and Hitler is dangling from the end of a rope, may airwomen as well as airmen be able to look back on a job well done.

organized on Stations for the purpose of keeping men physically fit, giving relaxation and enjoyment. Physical training is to make especially certain they are toned up, both physically and mentally. Unfortunately it has been found that some of the men are not interested in this phase of the program. Thus Command has organized this branch of the Service on the basis of (A) Compulsory P.T. and Recreational Games (B) Voluntary Sports.

Throughout the winter season a regular time table has been maintained on the Compulsory side. The attendance of the various groups, although fair, could still be increased. The voluntary part of the program, at times has been questioned. Doubtless the reasons mentioned above have been factors in making it difficult to keep sports organized in the evenings. At times the question arises as to the advisability of installing additional equipment. However, there is still a large percentage of the men who could take part in organized sports if they so desired.

After some delay there has recently been a sports' equipment store set up in the Drill Hall. It will be in use in the near future. Supplies will now be readily available for a larger number. It will be yours—make use of it.

Although the facilities of the Drill Hall have been limited, our Station will soon be in the position to add more equipment. Let us show the need for it and then use it.

—F/O W. K. Stubbings.

A woman who is a slave to fashion better have a husband who is free with his money.

AYLMER DAIRY

PASTEURIZED MILK AND CREAM
ICE CREAM
DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE DRINK

When in Town Visit Our Dairy

John Street

PHONE 305

Robt. McEwan

One-day Dry Cleaning Service

EACH WEDNESDAY

UNIFORMS TAKEN AS LATE AS 9 a.m. AND RETURNED
at 4 p.m. THE SAME DAY

Aylmer Steam Laundry

CLEANERS — DYERS — RUG CLEANERS

— COLD STORAGE —



"Y" GROUP

From Left to Right, beginning with the Back Row—Leading Aircraftmen: W. J. Smith, H. A. Shaw, D. E. Hudson, C. H. Given, W. Cameron, A. C. Dunkelberger, J. N. Robinson, H. M. P. Ives, J. A. Powell, A. E. Clarke, R. Everitt, T. O. Fraser, P. J. McCann, R. M. Lawrence, L. G. Cole, K. A. Alexander, G. P. G. Duren, J. H. Bishop, A. R. Clark, R. C. Hayes, S. R. Nagdeman, W. J. Detlor, G. E. Tribner, S. Kinnear, H. Diamond, L. B. Smith, T. L. B. Walker, D. C. W. Stults, G. A. Stiles, M. T. Bradshaw.

PROMOTION

By J. N. Sellers

The following note was written by P/O J. N. Sellers just before he was killed. Sellers, who was a New Zealander, was a member of the staff of The Times before he joined the Royal Air Force. Many articles, written under his initials, were published in the Old Bulletin. He also broadcast regularly to the Forces and to the Empire.

In the R.A.F. Journal,
December 27th, 1941

I was sitting sweating in the Link Trainer. If you don't believe that try it yourself. Once a week we have to spend a horrible half-hour in the Link doing a course which will gradually lead us to the excitements of the Lorenz beam, etc. In more than one way it is useful, especially as a deterrent to other activities on non-flying days. But you do sweat.

The A.S.I. was hooded and it was quite difficult enough trying not to gain or lose height while flying on my course. The gyro, too, seemed to be suffering from an obstinate desire to turn and I had awful visions of a very wiggly red line being drawn on my chart by the 'crab.' It was hot in that Link.

Suddenly a voice came through the telephone. It was not the Link Instructor. The voice said, 'This is the C.F.I. speaking' . . . (Hell, I thought, surely he's not been watching this exhibition.) 'Congratulations on your commission,' went on the voice. I fumbled to switch my microphone on. That cursed gyro smugly indicated a gentle swing off course. The artificial horizon started a private dance of its own. 'On what, Sir?' I quavered. Little drops of sweat were starting to run down my nose. The stop-watch showed me it was time to start a turn on to a new course. I started it.

'On your commission,' said the voice. 'You're a P/O.' The turn developed from rate $\frac{1}{2}$ to rate $1\frac{1}{2}$. 'When's the party?' continued the voice relentlessly. 'Look out, you're stalling.' How true! And in a veritable Turkish bath, too! 'Well, I'm invited, anyhow, I hope,' said the voice somewhat thirstily. 'Oh, yes, Sir, of course,' I replied, hot and

Be On The Alert

Swift as the passage of an aircraft overhead, the news was passed from airman to airman. "They are coming." The laundrymen staggered under loads of uniforms to be cleaned and pressed. Unprecedented sales of boot polish were rung up on the cash register in the canteen, while airmen were observed each night cleaning their buttons until they glistened like unto the glistening of a Sergeant's nose on pay night. The station Band, too, had its share in the preparations for the coming of? Practice was the order of the day for them, whilst senior officers trembled in their shoes. Whence cometh this company for which everybody waited with baited (what with) breath? Are they the fore-runners of some Nazi horde who are destined to subjugate us? Or perchance they are high ranking officers of the R.A.F. come to inspect us and find fault with our system of training. Do not fret dear readers, be of good cheer. Nothing is lost, except your opportunity to use strong language, when things go wrong. Those blue clad Amazons, those perfect specimens of God's gift to the airmen, those cuddlesome kids, the R.C.A.F. (Women's Division) are due to arrive. Polish up thy brass, press thy loin cloths and turbans, wash thy feet with sweet smelling balm and go thou to the hairdresser who will anoint thy head with oil. They shall be to us as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, as the dewdrop to a rose, as a power line is to an aircrew on navigation. Heed not the lipstick that smeaeth thy upper lip adornment, brush off the powder which mixeth with the dandruff which falls from thy greying locks, be not deceived by the colour in the cheek which rivaleth the hue of the red rose. Yooh-hoo!

—W. S.

moist. 'Make it soon, good-bye.' The voice clicked off.

The turn was completed. I flew straight on. The exercise was over. I was let out of the Link. 'Sorry about that last turn,' I said to the instructor, wiping the sweat off my face. 'Oh, that's all right,' he answered, 'I switched you off as soon as the C.F.I. came in!' I shan't forget my promotion.

Our Sentry

Who guards our station with great delight

Around the fence both day and night?

And comes in the morning an awful sight?

OUR SENTRY

Whose cheerful lips emit a song?
As he trods his beat all night long,
And with his bayonet turns back the throng?

OUR SENTRY

Who dares to sleep in boxes small
Or snore against the boiler room wall?

The one who has the greatest gall

OUR SENTRY

Who faces the blizzards and the rain?

And never, never does complain
But ends up dying with great pain?

OUR SENTRY

Who is the smartest on parade;
Out every morning without a shave,
And catches Hell when he won't behave?

OUR SENTRY

Who doubles up on 48's,
And loses out on many dates?
Perhaps someday he'll find a mate,

OUR SENTRY

Who goes to Aylmer with one aim?
To find himself a little dame.
Then comes back both sore and lame.

OUR SENTRY

Who comes home from Aylmer almost dead?

For night life there would wake the dead

Then tries to get some sleep in bed.

OUR SENTRY

Who fires holes in panel trucks?

Says that he didn't mean it—
Shucks!

Got put on charge—tough luck.

OUR SENTRY

Who keeps all off our Parade Square

And hollers "Halt, Who goes there?"

Thus gets into all the LAC's hair?

OUR SENTRY

Who hopes that some weeks from now;

At I.T.S. he will take his bow?
Then in the camp there'll be a row.

OUR SENTRY

Who longs for days when wings will rest

Upon the hair of his manly chest?

Who will fight alongside the best?

OUR SENTRY

—Sgt. Oliver

New Commander . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

May 1940 in the capacity of instructor. He took over temporary command of Malton in the Fall of that year for a brief spell during the C.S.O.'s absence due to illness, after which he returned to Trenton. However, soon he was back at Malton—this time to take over the C.S.O.'s job permanently—whence he was posted here.

As Chief Supervisory Officer of No. 1 E.F.T.S., Malton, he saw many young, wingless fledglings arrive, green and awkward, and depart with a proud air of superiority and confidence in their newly-found mastery of flight. Here, he will have the pleasure of helping to put them through their final stages of training culminating in the award of the much coveted "Wings."

Youthful and able, he has a reputation for being a good flyer, which we venture to suggest, should be an asset even to a Squadron Commander of an S.F.T.S. Austere, as becoming his position, he used to come out in the evenings to pitch a game of horseshoes with the "boys" at Malton. The writer remembers the time, too, when the Squadron Leader turned out along with other members of the station to help cut down several rows of trees that were obstructing the approaches to a newly-acquired forced landing field.

On being interviewed, he declined to say very much except that he was very pleased to be transferred to a Service Flying Training School and he thinks he is going to like it here. His flying time is up around the 1800 hours mark, about 1070 of which is Service. We hope that before he leaves here he will have acquired many more flying hours and that his stay will be a pleasant one.

FOR CERTIFIED QUALITY SNAPSHOTS BRING
YOUR FILMS TO

"Ray" Lemon
DRUGGIST

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.



After doing a grand job on the Australians "E" Flight has once more returned to normal. The instructors are not chewing safety straps or being exponents in the art of elocution at the new batch of students in the language from "down under."

Sgt. Early the "Sunflower Baby-face" is not barking like a dog but acting his age till he gets his students off solo, then watch the trips to Windsor increase. Since Sgt. Early has been travelling with the bearded lady from Windsor he is cultivating a brush under his nose which needs shoe polish on it for anyone to notice.

Congratulations to Sergeant Major Taylor and Flight Early on their promotions. They are both grand guys and good instructors.

We are sure kept busy with half our ground crew going to hospital at two o'clock and the other half at 2.15 and then the student pilots at 2.30 and we still can beat out Dawn Flight.

Questions we would like answered.

What is so interesting in Buffalo for Cpl. McLean?

Why is it we have to nail everything down so that "F" Flight won't walk away with it?

What does AC. Baranski do on his 48 Hour passes?

Why is F/O Webb getting less hair and more bags under his eyes since being head man?

Where does P/O White collect all his jokes from?

Station League Basketball

	W	L	Pts.
GROUP 1—			
G. I. S.	4	0	8
HEADQUARTERS	2	2	4
SECURITY GUARD	2	2	4
WORKS & BUILDINGS	1	3	2
MAINTENANCE	1	3	2
GROUP 2—			

It was found impossible to complete schedule of aircrew teams. Course 45 was in the lead with three wins. They will represent this group in the play-offs.

FINALS

G. I. S. and Course 45 will play for the Championship during the month.

VOLLEYBALL

Due to the increase of personnel on night duty, schedule as drawn was not completed. However, Maintenance N.C.O.'s and Course 45 from the three groups had the greater number of wins. The two teams will play off.

REPORT OF STATION BOWLING LEAGUE SECOND SERIES

Security Guard	15 points
Headquarters	11 "
Officers	8 "
Works & Buildings	7 "
G. I. S.	7 "
Maintenance No. 3	6 "
Maintenance No. 2	5 "
Service Police	5 "
High Single Game—W.O.2 Joel	288
High Three Games—Sgt. Steup	688

Rules of the Air

How It Was Done 25 Years Ago in the R.F.C.

What? No Needle? No Ball? No Gyro?

The following precis handed to your editor by Flying Officer Syl Reid, was given to all student cadet pilots back in the old days of 1916-17, upon their arrival at 204 T.D.S., Eastchurch, England. "Maybe its still good stuff."

The following instructions are to be handed to Cadets on arrival at this Station. The Cadet will return a copy in his own handwriting on arrival and every two weeks of his stay at this Station.

1. A Cadet should have a general look around his machine and always try the controls of his machine before leaving the ground.
2. MACHINES TAKING OFF—Pilots, when taking off, are responsible for seeing that in doing so they do not obstruct the landing of another machine, and are cautioned to make certain that they have a clear field ahead.
3. There is still tendency, and instructors themselves are frequently responsible for this, to start turning before machines have reached 500 feet—this entails cutting across other machines taking off. This practice has got to stop and strict disciplinary action will be taken if necessary.
4. Machines meeting must pass each other left wing to left wing.
5. MACHINES CROSSING—The machine which has the other machine on its right hand forward quarter must give way.
6. A machine diving or overtaking another machine must keep out of the way of the lower or slower machine, as the case may be.
7. Cadets will make sure that they look above and below them before shutting off engine for landing, so as to avoid a collision on the ground as it often happens the machine, being ahead but lower than the other, lands and is hidden from view by the lower plane of the top machine; the latter then lands directly ahead or astern of the former and a collision results. It cannot be too strongly impressed that Cadets must always look around, particularly above and below.
8. A machine landing has the right of way over a machine on the ground. After he has landed, the Pilot must look around before taxi-ing to see that he does not obstruct the landing of some other machine.
9. A machine which has its engine shut off and landing has the right of way over a machine flying with his engine on.
10. Near Aerodromes machines landing must keep a sharp lookout on their forward right hand quarter for other machines, but it must be distinctly understood that Rule 9 takes precedence over Rule 5.
11. CLIMBING ON TURNS—So much emphasis has been laid on not losing height on turns that it has led to the far more dangerous practice of climbing on turns. It is far better for a pupil to put his nose down slightly to gain speed than flatten slightly before turning.

HOW TO GET INTO AND GET OUT OF TROUBLE IN AN AEROPLANE

1. SPINNING

(1) How to Spin.

Pull joy-stick gradually back until machine stalls then kick on left rudder, keeping joy-stick back.

The fastness of a spin is regulated by the rudder—more rudder more spin.

If engine is left on, your machine nose-dives straighter—it is not advisable for Cadets to keep engine on in a spin.

(Continued on Page 8)



We would like to take this chance of welcoming our new course to "D" Flight. Best of luck fellows, and we are all for you.

Our flight has a great many new faces, but we are sure we will be able to give a very good account of ourselves when it comes to getting our students up in their flying time.

Everyone, from Flight Commander down, is mighty glad to get our Flight Sergeant back from Trenton. Orchids are in order to Cpl. Brown, and Cpl. Pingle, as well as the rest of the ground crew for the good show they put on during "Papa's" absence. We all hope that the little sojourn in foreign territory leaves our beloved F/S the same as usual.

Our one and only Brownie, has gone and left us to go and help maintenance. Best of luck Bill and don't forget to drop in and see us often.

The gas rationing is beginning to worry many of our men. Trips abroad are going to be greatly curtailed. We wonder if this reduced radius of action will greatly affect the present technique of some people we could mention (if we were so inclined). But then he's a Flight Sergeant now, so expense means nothing.

Why don't we get some of the W. D. section of our R.C.A.F., on hangar duty? Is someone afraid that they will show us up, or is there an ulterior motive behind the whole thing.

It certainly didn't take the boys from down under very long to find out all about Detroit. It's too late to see you all blushing now, so we'll just say, Happy Landings and Good Hunting.

Our dummy cockpit is now complete and in operation. As our last column stated, any instructor desiring some instruction on radio procedure is entirely welcome, and will be coached by a competent student. Mass instruction is still going on via radio. It may prove humorous at the time, but it doesn't gain much in airmanship or other students trying to learn radio in their limited time.

A MAN'S BAR

Neileon's BURNT ALMOND
FRENCH STYLE CHOCOLATE

—IT HITS THE SPOT



"F" FOR FINEST

By the time this edition of the Aylmer Airman has been printed, we will have said good-bye to the members of Course 43. We were glad to have the boys with us if only for their donations to the Rumble Club, which were greatly appreciated. Just ask about how to finance a P.A. system for your flight—which reminds us, we will hold special auditions on the P.A. system for anyone aspiring for radio fame. Just ask the "famous" flat-footed four, Flying Officer Knight, Metzler, F/Sgt. Sinclair and Sgt. Woodley who opened the system with their version of "It was just an old beer bottle" in four "gulp" harmony.

We offer congratulations to our two new Flight Sergeants Richter and Sinclair whilst also saying good-bye and congratulations to Flight Sergeant Eakins who has been posted to Windsor.

Sgt. Woodley wishes to thank all the old boys and those still in the Flight for the co-operation in winning the shield for the month of December. May we yet return to the good old days when a flight was a flight of good men tried and true.

A very enjoyable evening was held as a celebration and farewell for all members of the flight and their sweethearts and wives (or both) at the Glen Allen. A shortness of female partners for dancing was aided greatly by the one and only "Nick" sleeping for about three hours, thus affording quite a few members of the flight the honour of dancing with his charming "better half" and we said "better half." Also many thanks to our own "Cy" who although a non-dancer so bravely entered the lion's den with a fair young lady and promptly spent the rest of the evening alone and we mean "alone" until he took pity on himself and took said young lady out and home we hope.

We offer congratulations to "C" Flight for winning the shield for the month of January, also the three brave aircrew who escorted the said shield from "F" to "C" Flights.

A Guard's Duty

The other day a lady while down town shopping called in H.Q. and said to the guard as the desk. "My little Johnny is so disagreeable today would you mind watching him while I finish my shopping—It's all right. My husband is in the army."

Accounting For The Accounts Section

Here we are back again after a month's absence from our regular spot in our little paper. We are sorry for any disappointments which may have occurred from us not having had a column last month. At the same time, however, we realize that we must drop from the lime-light once in a while, so that the rest of the contributors to the paper will not become discouraged from being second-best all the time.

Since we last contacted the rest of the Station via our column, nothing very startling has taken place in our VERY efficient section. As a matter of fact, a couple of our boys took it upon themselves to go out and nearly kill themselves off in order that we should have something to write about.

LAC. Dalzell did a lovely "slow-roll" off the highway on Friday the 27th. He and the other 4 occupants came out without a scratch however, which just goes to show you what clean living will do for you. Then on the night of Wednesday the 4th, LAC. Edgecombe and AC. Jackman decided that Dalzell's accident was not spectacular enough and went and overdid themselves. In "Edgie's" accident they did two or three barrell-rolls and ended up upside down in the ditch. They had to wait until someone came along and rescued them, that may have only been a matter of minutes; but according to "Edgie" it seemed like an eternity. He came out of it with a badly scratched side of his face. Jackman got off a little easier with a bump on his head, when the driver of the car that he was in decided that moving trees with an automobile would be loads of fun. Our able assistant from Central Warehouse, LAC. McDonald came out of it a little the worse for wear, with 4 or 5 stitches in the top of his head and a badly bruised face.

By the time this issue comes off the press, we shall have some members of the R.C.A.F. Women's Division in our midst. To them we extend a very cordial welcome and hope that they will score heavily for themselves in future issues of our paper.

Congratulations to Sergt-Major Lowry on his recent promotion to Warrant Officer 1st Class.

Headquarters Orderly Room

Since our last issue No. 14 has lost one of its most popular officers Our Administrative Officer Flight-Lieutenant Wright has left us to take an important position at No. 2 S.F.T.S., Uplands. He leaves behind a host of friends, for there are a great many fellows here who owe their advancement to a good word from him. We all wish him the best of luck on his new station.

Fellows, do you notice the improvements in this month's issue? We feel that we are gradually getting out a paper that is right up with the best. Some of this is the result of a gathering of the master minds of the "Aylmer Airman" held one evening on the upper storey of Gettas' Restaurant. After polishing off our steaks the following conversation took place.

Officer (to waitress): "Bring us up a box of cigars please."

Waitress: "What kind would you like, sir?"

Officer (nonchalantly): "Oh! Any GOOD 5-Cent cigar."

Sorry, we can't give any names, but it did happen.

After Flight-Lieutenant Wright had been pacified by an adroit explanation of just why his poem was not included in our last issue the meeting proceeded to get down to business, interrupted only by the occasional ghastrly pun usually coming from someone sitting very near to our esteemed Padre—or was it he? Under the able leadership of F/O Gibson we worked out the kind of paper we wanted here. Our Commanding Officer is keenly interested in our paper so let's get behind him and make it the best. Just drop your contributions in at the library, boys. We'll even put your name above your effort if you like. Think of the thrill you will get when you show junior that article you wrote for the "Aylmer Airman" way back in '42.

Introduction: The new Flight Sergeant in the Orderly Room is F/Sgt. Dan Wells. (No relation to H. G. Oil, or ink). To many of us he needs no introduction. If you enlisted at Fort William, you saw him in the recruiting centre where he served for thirteen months. If you are a clerk, you knew him at Composite Training School, Trenton,

Stage Shows Coming

In addition to the movies listed under the Y.M.C.A. Column, several stage shows are billed for early appearances in the theatre.

On Thursday, March 19th No. 4 troupe directed by the London Little Theatre players will be with us.

On Tuesday, April 7th, we will have a return performance by the Lifebuoy Follies Revue, sponsored by Lever Bros.

Both of these troupes have appeared on our stage and will be welcomed back. Other troupes are billed for our stage but definite dates are not available.

AYLMER AIRMAN REPORTERS

- Stores—Cpl. Ritchie
- Maintenance—Cpl. McWilliams
- G.I.S.—Cpl. Chance, Cpl. Muir
- A. Flight—Sgt. Henderson
- B. Flight—Sgt. Trumley
- C. Flight—Orderly room
- D. Flight—Cpl. Pingle
- E. Flight—Cpl. McLean
- F. Flight—Sgt. Woodley
- Sec. Gd.—Cpl. Perkins
- M.T. Sec.—AC. Pitzler
- Hdqrs.—Cpl. Day
- Ser. Pol.—Cpl. Martin, Cpl. Moulder
- Sgts.—Sgt. Steup
- Control T.—Sgt. Bordelay
- Nav. F.—AC. Morley
- Sports—AC. Wansbrough
- W. & B.—Cpl. Joel
- Metal Shop—AC. Birnbaum

where he instructed for sixteen months, leaving there as chief instructor for the clerk's course. Welcome to Aylmer, Flight, and please don't be too hard on your former pupils—remember you taught us!

Our fair feminine steno's are gradually getting over their loss. They lost their dream man you know in the departure of our Administrative Officer. However, one worry is removed. No longer is there that frantic rush to be first to answer the buzzer to take a letter from their idol.

The Orderly Room wants to congratulate its member of the Station Basketball team, Maurice Hewitt. He is our only contribution but he is one of the important cogs in a really good team. Though we kid you a lot Maurice, we are proud of you, and just because we have asked for 200 extra copies doesn't mean we think you will want them for distribution to all those girl friends of yours. We are just trying to be helpful.

More news from our lads overseas. We now have news that F. A. Walker is serving with No. 400 Squadron overseas, and W. F. Meyers with No. 406 Squadron. Keep 'em flying boys.

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The White Drug Store
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HEADQUARTERS
 When in St. Thomas
J. H. GOULD, LIMITED
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ELSIE SAYS
 "Eat Ice Cream Often
 It's a Good Food"
Borden's Ice Cream



Sectional News

A Connecting Rod

Gear Growls From The M. T. Section

FRIDAY 13TH WINGS PARADE



The technical definition of a connecting rod is the connecting link between the piston and crankshaft whereby the reciprocating motion of the piston is transferred to the crankshaft which turns it into rotary motion. Thus the power generated from the burning fuel is made available for use outside of the engine. We at Aylmer, and the other Service Flying Training Schools are the connecting rods between the other units of the Empire Air Training Scheme whereby their product is finally available for service at different points in the theatres of war. The connecting rod on an engine is mechanically perfect but the moving surfaces have to be constantly supplied with lubricant to ensure that friction does not damage the finely machined parts. The powers that be have provided us, through two years of experience gained in other schools, with the near fool-proof system with which we are so familiar. The only thing necessary for us to do is to supply the lubricant to ensure its perfect functioning. We must never cease or slack down in our efforts even although the winter is upon us and conditions are trying, for upon our efforts depend whether we will be free men or merely cogs in the Nazi machine. Let us to the task, pulling together, e'en though at times we become disgruntled and fed up. Keep crackling. —W.S.

With weather man playing few favorites these past few days, the flight as a whole is almost holding its collective breath in anticipation of the completion of the courses of the present group of student pilots.

When the great day arrives there will be much wise cracking, etc., over the past activities but there will also be a certain seriousness about it. The Class will move on and the regular staff make ready for the new arrivals. It is with a great deal of regret that we realize that LAC McCredie, C. H. will not be stepping forward to receive his Wings on the 13th with the rest of the gang. "Mac" was one of the best. The boys moving on are a great gang, certainly a representative bunch of Airmen and looked upon as well able to give the Axis opposition a darned good row wherever and whenever contacted. We will miss them and their good humoured rowdyism and like to think that they will miss "C" a bit too. So its 'Good luck and Happy Landings '43!'

As we go to press, I can see the N.C.O.'s and men of the M. T. Section counting on the fingers of one hand, the days till the W.A.A.F. will take over. W.O.2 Ethier says only a few more days and they will be here. They'll be a pain in the neck some guys say and I guess they are right. Why don't they leave us alone? Why add women to daily troubles? We joined up to be away from them, and here we are.

Crash MacCough sure made a good job of cutting off the barrier with the ambulance. The ambulance was none too good after it was done. Just another of his low flying troubles. It is said that Crash's next uniform will have no pockets. What for? So he can't put his hands in them.

Our good friend Snuffy Forshner is now gone to Gander, Nfld. I suppose he will be in his glory with those fishermen, knots and all. Seven other T.O.'s left us. Some for Gander and some for Rockcliffe.

Cpl. Cookman is still working nights and has everything under control, but is cussing the long night shift—15 hours in all.

That's all for this time. News is scarce. May the spring thaw melt away all your troubles and blues.

V FOR VICTORY
A FOR ACTION

43 Course Signing Out—Friday 13th Wings Parade

After a much lengthened course, we are finally leaving to conquer new fields. Due to co-operation between instructors and pupils, we have completed our course ahead of schedule. We appreciate our good fortune to have received our advance training with C Flight under such capable leadership as given by F/L Hunt and wish to take this opportunity to thank him for the many things he has done for us.

We could fill pages on the activities of the course as a whole but due to war time economy, we adhere to remarks which are associated with the following in our minds:

- F/L Martin—"You could make it if someone moved that barn!"
- F/L Hunt—"These ships have been on the line 5 minutes."
- F/O Reid—"You're rumbled for general stupidity."
- F/O Pease—"How are you fixed for socks and underwear?"
- F/O Naftel—"Where is Cameron?"
- P/O Jones—"Get me back to Aylmer."
- F/Sgt. "Cupid" Clarke—"Of all the ham-handed pilots!"
- F/Sgt. Campbell—"Let's get crackling."
- F/Sgt. Ryan—"How did you get through Elementary!"
- F/Sgt. Simmonds—"It is customary to lower your wheels for a landing."
- LAC Miller—"Was that S.P. looking for me?"
- LAC Bishop—"These buttons won't be shined till Wings Parade."
- LAC Paynter—"I won't pay that rumble."
- LAC Sable—"Never worry, never fear, just remember Sable's here."
- LAC Bagnall—"Where is my helmet?"
- LAC Glover—"Call the roll."
- LAC Lewis—"Do you want to make something out of it?"
- LAC Cuthbertson—"Who has something to eat?"
- LAC Mulligan—"I can't remember a thing, Sir."
- LAC Guzman—"Love from Mae!"
- LAC Cook—"CENSORED!"
- LAC Hudson—"Do I have to ride with THAT man?"
- LAC Powell—"Straight up and straight down."
- LAC Given—"Boy, did you guys get a show!"
- LAC McCann—"Good meals at Hagersville."
- LAC Cameron—"Here today—gone tomorrow."
- LAC Lawrence—"Where has all my food gone?"
- LAC Dunkelberger—"Let's go to Eirie."
- LAC Duren—"200 hours in a Harvard Dive Bomber."
- LAC Shaw—"Oh, to be single again."
- LAC Fraser—"I agree with Shaw."
- LAC Robinson—"How about a ship to get in some time."
- LAC Clarke—"Who got the mail?"
- LAC Ives—"There I was at 1000 and no pitot head."
- LAC Smith—"East is east—but west is best."

For future pupils of C Flight we leave our battered aircraft in Maintenance, and our instructors' shattered nerves on instruments.

"COURSE 43"

We were looking forward to having one of F/O Pease's flights with the elusive Muse (hunk of rhyme to you mugs) but as we prepare this bit of chatter have been informed that he and Sgt.-Pilot Ryan—known as "Gentle Turn" Ryan in these parts—were "forced" down at Brantford. Seems a great pity that these gentlemen could not have displayed a bit more will power. We will be having our own group of R.C.A.F. Women's Division by the time the ink is dry on this issue. Of course there is another way of looking at the matter—if this idea had been hit upon earlier we might have had aircraft "forced" down all over Southern Ontario.

A number of aspiring AFM's and AEM's went before the Trade Board this past week. Best of luck, boys and keep plugging win or lose. But really boys who did you think you were kidding?

Speaking of AFM's and AEM's, they "got took" in a ferocious game of floor hockey the other day by the lowly P. & O.'s. This came as a major blow as the Mechanics team boasted the two Reds—one a Corporal too—as well as our chatty pair of Frenchmen.

We are having a very difficult time of it with our three AEM heroes namely AC1 House, H. E. of Burketon, AC1 Hockley, J. of Bowmanville and AC2 Williams, R. of Edmonton.

An account of their rise to fame appears elsewhere in this issue and has been recounted in practically all

of the newspapers worthy of the name in the civilized world.

They have been strutting about like conquering heroes giving all who are careless enough to be caught within vocal distance, a vivid and most colorful description of what occurred. It would help a good deal in our conscientious efforts to believe them if they got together on their stories. However, it is expected that the story as recounted on the local daily is correct—well nearly correct, boys. The flight is privately collecting funds to have a suitable medal struck to commemorate the event—it would be such a shame to disappoint such an expectant trio even if said medals were made of leather. There are those who feel that that material would be more suitable—preferably real old leather.

All else aside lads, you did get a good write up and could almost be recognized from the picture. (Unfortunately) Who said that?

Our interpretation of the incident?—You lugs mistook the poor defenseless Nazi in his chilly hospital blues for a hitch-hikerette. What a disappointment!

Our congratulations go to Sgts. Campbell, Clarke, Ryan and Simmonds on their recent promotions to the rank of Flight Sgts. Suppose it won't be long till we will be saluting these boys.

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Sheppard's Coffee Shop

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"THE HARDWARE MEN" Aylmer, Ont.

DROP IN AND SHOOT A GAME—IF YOU DON'T SHOOT
DROP IN ANYWAY
DOAN'S BILLIARD PARLOR
TALBOT STREET — AYLMEER

EMMETT'S
BARBER AND TOBACCONIST
AYLMER — ONTARIO



On To Ottawa

Nearly two years ago James Edward Wright left the retail business world of Hamilton for Administration in the R.C.A.F. After Trenton he was, for a time, at Camp Borden and served his Western apprenticeship at No. 4 S.F.T.S. Saskatoon under Wing Commander W. R. MacBrien. Coming to Aylmer when No. 14 was not much more than a cloud of yellow dust on the horizon, Jim was lost for 10 days at Hagersville, where the dust and mud was then even a little more evident. Fortunately for No. 14 the way was mysteriously opened for him to take over the Administrative Officer's desk, and much of the progress of this Station during the past months has been due to his smooth persistence and common sense.

Jim now rejoins his former C. O. at Uplands where the good wishes of his Aylmer associates follow him.

Jim is succeeded in office by F/Lt. W. F. Hendershot, another veteran of Number 14, who has played no mean part in the development of the Station. "Hendy's" cheerful personality and readiness to undertake responsibility, fits him for a job that requires strength with diplomacy.

The Feminine Point of View

Another month has rolled around. My, how they fly!

Since last edition there have been many changes made here on the Station, and the one foremost in our minds is the loss of one of the most popular officers, not only around Headquarters but of the whole Station, Flight-Lieutenant James E. Wright. Our loss is Uplands' gain, but we are certainly going to miss Mr. Wright. Best of luck in all you do, Sir.

Another change is the invasion of the R.C.A.F. (Women's Division). We bid them a hearty welcome and trust that they will call on us for any help we may be able to give.

Day and Dreisinger have forsaken London, one for St. Thomas and Alma College, a Ladies College by the way, and the other for good old Aylmer and a certain blonde Madame.

Darlington and Ford have left the Orderly Room for Toronto and Belleville, and on this side of the hall we have lost Gent to the Orderly Room. It is certain that these chaps will come along famously in their new positions.

Cpl. Trimble, who used to chance a ride home on Saturdays, has now decided to take the train so that he can set a definite time to meet the Tunnel bus. Oh! oh!

A dark haired member of our Sex can't seem to make up her mind between a Corporal, Sergeant (Pilot) and P/O. It keeps everyone rather busy trying to keep track of her.

All contributions are welcome because we are going to buy Hewitt a bottle of Lenthic Tweed, as we understand it is his favourite perfume.

There is a certain rather robust Officer on the Station who just CAN'T get along without a stenographer. Up until lately his preference has been blondes, but a few days ago he put in his order for a redhead with freckles. We are keeping our eyes open for her, Sir.

See you next month—we hope!

Victim: "I must see the doctor at once. I don't like the looks of my wife."

Another: "That's an idea. I'll come with you, old man; I can't bear the sight of mine, either!"

Smoke Rings

Bad men want their women
To be like cigarettes;
Just so many, slender and trim
In a case
Waiting in a row
To be selected, set aflame and
When their flame has died,
Discarded.

More fastidious men
Prefer women like cigars;
They are more exclusive
Look better and last longer
And if the brand is good
They aren't given away.

Good men treat women
Like pipes;
And grow more attached to them
The older they become.
When the flame is burnt out
They still look after them;
Knock them gently
(But lovingly)

And care for them always—
No man shares his pipe.

—Uplands.

There are numbers of competitors in various walks of life who might fairly claim to represent the Spirit of London. But none has a better right to it than the flower-seller who greeted the air raid warning with "Them dratted wasps again!" as she handed over a bunch of roses with undisturbed composure.—Time and Tide, London.

New Machine Gun

Magnetic coils jerk bullets through the barrel of an electric machine gun that fires silently, without a flash. Still in the experimental stage, the working model built by a Texas inventor fires its bullets with a muzzle velocity of 400 feet per second; to be effective in warfare, a velocity of 3,000 feet per second would be essential. Steps are being taken to produce a higher-powered gun. Since there is neither flash nor smoke, the gun could spray bullets at an enemy without being detected, and it can fire continuously without heating. Batteries or power line to furnish the propellant, and in actual manoeuvres electricity could be supplied by a generator on the truck carrying the gun. The model fires only seventy .44 calibre shots a minute, but the full-scale gun would be built to fire 600 a minute.—Popular Mechanics, Chicago.

To a Pumpkin Pie

With a warmth like a father's love,
Spiced as an Irish pun,
Soft as the purling Summer stream,
Rich as the melting sun,
Like liquid velvet slide and midst
my vitals lie.

Oh, glad were I to perish, while
eating pumpkin pie.

—Journal of House Economics,
Washington.

Rules of The Air

(Continued from Page 5)

(2) Remedy for a Spin.

- Cut off engine if on.
- Put joy-stick forward.
- Take off rudder and put on opposite until machine is in straight nose-dive.
- Pull gently out of nose-dive.

Remember you CANNOT pull a machine out of a spin by pulling back on your joy-stick. Your rudder controls the spin.

DO NOT spin School Machines more than 500 feet

2. SIDE-SLIPPING

- To the left—(Side-slipping Inwards).
Put joy-stick hard over to the left then put on right rudder—if too much rudder is put on you will eventually stall and go into a spin.

2. Remedy

Put on left rudder thus putting the machine in a proper bank. Put joy-stick and rudder neutral.

1a. Side-slipping Outwards

Put on left rudder without joy-stick.

2a. Remedy

- Put on left joy-stick thus putting machine into a proper bank.
- Take off rudder.

DO NOT nose-dive School machines more than 500 feet

3. VERTICAL BANK

With joy-stick and rudder put machine over 45 degrees then pull joy-stick back and take off rudder, putting on opposite rudder if machine gathers speed.

Remember on a vertical bank that your rudder becomes an elevator and the elevators become your rudder.

Remedy

To come out of a vertical bank put joy-stick forward a little and over to the opposite side to bank putting on same rudder.

Always remember if in any difficulty cut off engine and put controls neutral.

4. STALLING

The most frequent causes of serious accidents are due to stalling—which is caused by not having enough flying speed.

Causes:—

- By not having sufficient flying speed.
- Turning down wind—N.B. It is not safe for a Cadet to turn completely down wind under 500 feet.
- With a failing engine never turn down wind or try to make the aerodrome; keep on into the wind until you find a more or less suitable landing ground.

How to Stall

- Keep engine on and pull joy stick back.
- With engine off pull joy stick back.
If machine falls sideways, cut off engine and ease joystick forward then pull gently out of nose-dive.

Remedy

The only remedy for a stall is to have sufficient height to pull yourself out.

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ALTERATIONS ON UNIFORMS

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Royal Canadian Airforce, Aylmer

Aylmer Airmen Foil Escape of German Prisoner of War

Member of Nazi Luftwaffe Escapes from Westminster Hospital, London, Ontario—Only to be Recaptured by Three Airmen from No. 14 S. F. T. S.

On Thursday night, February 26th, three of our very able Mechanics from "C" Flight decided to make a trip to London to visit some friends. When AC's John House, "Reg." Williams and "Herb." Hockley planned this little trip, little did they realize that they were to be the Station heroes the next morning.

After they had spent a very enjoyable time in London, our three airmen decided that if they were going to do a great deal of work on the morrow, they had better start back for Camp, as it was getting pretty near 2 bells A.M.

As most of the members of this Station know, or suspect, there is a long way and a short way from the Air School to London. Well, AC House who was the driver of the car, suspected there was a short way but he was not just quite sure where it began in London. After driving around for about 15 or 20 minutes, the boys finally decided that the easiest way to find the correct road was to ask someone. So they stopped and inquired, and were informed that they were on the right road there and then.

Just as they had about reached the City Limits of London, a car which was parked on the side of the road and facing in the opposite direction, flashed its lights as a signal for them to stop. They were approached by a London City Policeman who inquired as to whether they had seen any sign of a young foreign-looking man dressed in Hospital "Blues." They replied that they had not and were then warned to keep a watchful eye open for him, as he was an escaped German prisoner who might be dangerous. Well, our three boys made up their minds there and then, that if they came across anyone of that description they would most certainly see that he was returned to where he belonged. Then they once again started out on their way back to camp.

After driving about 10 or 15 minutes, they noticed someone walking along the edge of the road. He kept looking back over his left shoulder as though he wanted a ride, but was afraid to ask for it (via the thumb method). Johnny House, the driver, decided to stop and ask him if he wanted a ride, because he had an idea who he might be. This person looked kind of odd, walking down the highway in the middle of the night with no overcoat on.

Upon being asked if he wanted a ride the stranger replied that he wanted to go to Hamilton. He was asked to get into the back of the car where "Herb." Hockley could keep a close check on his actions, and quickly subdue him if he decided to get any bright ideas about commandeering the car or its occupants. As they drove along, House studied him by the use of his rear-view mirror and noticed that he seemed uneasy and restless. When they passed through the town of Belmont the boys got a good look at him under the street lights; they were then thoroughly convinced that he was the escaped prisoner. From the time that he got into the car until they arrived at the camp, the prisoner did not speak once, except to ask Hockley for a light for his cigarette.

When they arrived at the barrier with their prisoner, the airmen turned him over to our very capable Service Police at the Guard House.

Corporal Bedard then questioned him thoroughly until he found out that he was positively the escaped German prisoner. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police were then notified and later came and returned him to Westminster Hospital.

So once again, No. 14 surges to the fore, because of three alert and fearless airmen to whom we all owe a hearty vote of thanks and congratulations.

Works and Buildings

This is the section most needed on this Station. For here you'll find AC's of every occupation.

Now all these men know their work—they love to do their duty. And when Sochoski does a job, it really is a beauty.

We get lots of "leak" reports, especially when it's raining. And when the weather's clear and fine

It's the firemen who are complaining.

And then we have the painters three, under dear Cpl. Bill. Who, if war were not declared, would be a "teamster" still.

And there are the other trades, that keep this camp in order. And all the boys are Canadians true, none from across the Border.

So you see they're not bad heads, and that includes them all. The plumbers, painters, carpenters too, and the boy with the southern drawl.

Hero—"My wife can talk for hours on any subject."

Another—"Mine doesn't even need a subject!"

Maintenance Mutterings

The time sure slips by in a hurry between editions of the Station paper; it seems that we are no sooner over the sour looks and dirty digs that are the result of what we wrote in the last edition, than there is just enough time to make the deadline for the next. It is noticed with the passing of time that it gets increasingly difficult to get enough material to fill up this column. It may be that the Men of Maintenance have settled down to such an extent that there is nothing to write about any more; although we are more inclined to think that the news is there if one can just know where to locate it. At present, there hasn't been enough material handed in to fill the space between Sergeant Earthy's ears, which if we are to believe what we are told, is a lot of space.

We have a new Flight Sergeant with us this month, and I am sure that the whole Squadron is behind us when we wish you all the luck in the world, Gerry, with your new promotion. We hope you aren't thinking of helping Flight Parker out with his all too frequent morning inspection, because some of the boys are already complaining that they haven't any time to spend their money at night because they have to stay in to shine buttons, shoes and press uniforms. So if you want to stay in good favor with the other ranks—NO INSPECTIONS.

The recent arrival of the airwomen on the Station seems to be having quite a surprising effect on some of the lads. We heard Malton enquiring the other night if he smelled any better since he started using bath salts. And we also hear that Corporals Chappel and Turcott are having a mirror put in their locker so that they can see if their hair net gets out of place during the night. But taking everything into consideration most of the fellows seem to be quite happy about the whole thing, and it wouldn't be a bit surprising if quite a few romances sprung up.

Sergeant McClung, the Don Juan of Hurricane Alley, has finally bought the diamond, but now it seems that it is a question of whether to give it to the little darling or submit an application for writeoff. Also Sgt. Bell, who has been carrying the torch for quite a while, has been seen lately doing the rounds of the local Diamond Merchants. If these two confirmed bachelors have decided to enter into holy matrimony, it will have a far-reaching effect upon the morale of some of their admirers.

One of our newest Corporals, Hardy by name, can't be very proud of his new stripes. The day his

Trade Test Humour

Question—Describe what action should be necessary in the event of having to leave an A/C out-doors overnight.

Answer—This is very bad to leave one A/C out overnight because if very cold the oleo leg will freeze, and after all, the ailerons and the elevator and the rudder are not made with 'luminium.

Who was the airman having an aircraft "yawning" to the night, "What! more night flying?" Also the L.14 showing how "Prodigal repairs" have been done.

Question—What forms and schedules are used by maintenance to record the life of an aircraft?

Answer—The system for carry out one A/C to the maintenance his to take off the L.6 and the mass inside and then of bring with use the L.14 and in the L.14 his route why that A/C his on serviceable. When the A/C his pull by the tractor or something else we suppose to be three mans in case anythings happened. One man each wing tips and one man in the cockpit for if anythings happened.

promotion came out on orders he started receiving mail addressed to SERGEANT Hardy. Could it be that he has three stripes instead of two on his walking out uniform.

LAC. Lehman would like to know if a certain Sergeant-Major is thinking of investing in a reducing giridle so that he will be looking his best just in case a few of the fair invaders cast an admiring glance his way.

Well, I guess we have already filled up enough space in which more interesting reading could be printed, so will say au revoir until next month.

Alterations and Repairs

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We now have the White Terry Towel you have been asking us for in two different sizes.

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WINGS



CANADA'S "Top Flight"
VIRGINIA CIGARETTE

Feeding the Multitude

By Corporal F. Mitchell

Napoleon Once Said "An Army Fights on its Stomach"

AT every turn we hear the plea for more tanks, more planes, more guns to win this war, yes and we must have food. yes and we must also have food. Napoleon learned at Moscow that, without food, his army had to make that never to be forgotten retreat which paved the way for his defeat.

And during the long months of training of our Air Force, Army and Navy, much depends on the health and fitness of these men, therefore, a balanced diet is essential.

Individual taste develops an appetite for various types of food-stuffs, some which in reality are not food in the true sense of the word, as they have no value whatsoever in health or body building.

In fact malnutrition is quite common to persons with ravenous appetites, who allow taste to control their eating. Lack of certain food elements impairs the health, while over-indulgence in other types is just as injurious.

And so a staff of experts have studied for us all types of food, and placed them in their proper categories according to values.

Vitamins are given a prominent position and minerals, proteins, etc. are given careful consideration.

Finally a ration sheet has been adopted which contains all food elements necessary to build and sustain healthy bodies.

Each man is rationed—in other words so many ounces of meat, bread, butter, vegetables, etc., are allowed per man per day. The procuring, preparing and serving of food is a tremendous responsibility, and a staff of efficient cooks are necessary to carry on this work. The R.C.A.F. maintains schools of cookery at Guelph and other centres where these cooks receive a course of training for the task ahead of them. To cook for an average of 1000 men, the kitchen must operate 24 hours per day. Three regular meals are served with additional meals for night crews. Lunches also are provided each day for men on emergency duty.

There are four Mess halls to the Station. The Officers' Mess, Sergeants' Mess, Corporals' Mess and

the Airmen's Mess. Rations are drawn from the C.A.S.C. supply depot at St. Thomas and are checked on arrival and distributed to each mess.

The Officers, Sergeants and Corporals' Messes supply extra messing from funds derived from Mess dues collected from each member.

The Airmen's Mess receives a portion of canteen profits each month for extra messing. The extra messing fund is to provide a diversity in meals that could not be made with standard rations, and is used only for supplies that cannot be drawn from supply depot. Among the purchases made are ketchup, pickles, peas, corn, jelly powders, spices, cereals, lettuce, ice cream, etc.

The preparation of meals is carefully supervised. A diet sheet is compiled weekly, care being taken that variation of meals is made consistent with the rations available. This diet sheet is submitted to the Senior Medical Officer for approval and also signed by the Messing Officer, and Officer Commanding Unit.

Meat is naturally the main dish, and much consideration is given to preparing it in as many appetizing forms as possible. Beef is the ration for five days per week, pork one day, and fish one day. It is possible only to draw these rations on certain days. This calls for ten meals of beef per week and to make variation it is cooked as Roast Beef, Stew, Grilled Steaks, Croquettes, meat pie, hamburger steak, sausages, Shepherd Pie, Hot Beef Sandwiches and other dishes.

It is natural that many dishes have a different appeal to individual taste when feeding 1000 men, but it can be well understood it would be humanly impossible to prepare sufficient substitutes to satisfy every taste.

The enormity of "feeding the multitude" may be better appreciated by the amount of food used. Approximately 3500 meals are served each day, and the following is an average day's order of rations.

875 lbs. Beef	875 lbs. Potatoes
450 lbs. Bread	450 lbs. Other Vegetables
125 lbs. Sugar	187 lbs. Sugar
166 doz. Eggs	125 lbs. Butter
312 lbs. Fresh Milk	98 lbs. Flour
125 lbs. Raisins	312 lbs. Apples



New Year's Day Dinner—Airmen's Mess

10 doz. Cans Milk	100 lbs. Cereal (Rolled Oats)
124 lbs. Jam	124 lbs. Prunes

Some of these rations, such as jam, prunes, macaroni, beans, etc. are drawn in rotation, or in other words as substitutes and cannot all be drawn every day. The above list gives an idea of the amount of work the staff of cooks have before them each day. All the meat is cut up and the bones removed before cooking, the bones being boiled down for stock to be used in soups and gravies.

Potatoes, carrots and most other vegetables are first cleaned in a peeling machine, but the "eyes" and blemishes have to be removed by hand. Onions have to be peeled by hand.

When all foods are cooked for a meal they are put into containers and placed in receptacles on steam tables, which insure retaining a hot meal for every man.

The tables are set immediately before meal time, with bread, butter, sugar, salt, pepper, and tea. Coffee or cocoa is carried to tables also.

Then come the hungry men, lining up at the steam tables, where they are fed cafeteria style. The cooks pass the plates along, each one placing a portion of meat, vegetables, gravy, etc. on them, and then passing them to the men going by. Soups and desserts are placed at the end of steam tables for men to help themselves. Some idea of the speed maintained in feeding the men without undue delay may be had by seeing from 15 to 20 men per minute pass the steam table with laden plates. After the meal is served, cleaning up commences. All dishes are first scraped, passed through the washing machine and then dried, and placed in the warming cupboards of the steam table, ready for the next meal. The dining tables are washed and the floors swept and mopped. Every pot and pan used in the preparation of the meal is given a thorough scouring and washing and the stoves and kitchen floor cleaned.

Before this is all finished, the next meal is already in course of preparation, and so it goes, one continual round of action.

(Continued on Page 12)

What a Life!



Even a flier Has to perspire— But "offending" will ruin Anyone's wootin'!

Bath tonight with LIFEBOUY

The ONE soap especially made to prevent "B.O." (Body Odor)

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Player's Mild Plain End cigarettes have "wet-proof" paper (process pat'd, 1941) which does not stick to the lips.

Player's Please

SPORTS

"OFF THE BACKBOARD"

Fingal "Bombers" and the Aylmer "Steamers," in return league cage tilts, and Western University "Arts," in an exhibition contest, have felt the sting of defeat at the hands of a powerful No. 14 S.F.T.S. quintet since we went to press last month. Fingal bowed by a lopsided 48-20 count as the No. 14 five went on a scoring rampage to completely outclass the visiting Bombers. The final game in the league, against the Aylmer Steamers, turned out to be more of a slaughter before our outfit came out on top of a 28-16 score. The game lacked nothing in fighting spirit, as Aylmer in a last ditch stand to escape elimination from the league cup scene, did all in its power to upset No. 14. After the battle both sides looked the worse for wear, the Aylmer centre, as well as our flashy guard McLeod bearing mute evidence that both teams meant business as they carried scars of the struggle for days after.

The Western Arts contest was played as a preliminary to the Western "Mustang"-Trenton R.C.A.F. game at Beal Technical in London. Arts threw up a particularly fine offensive and before the game was over had given the No. 14 lads the closest scare of defeat since an early season loss to St. Thomas "Y." A basket in the last seconds of play on a beautiful pass from Hewitt to McLeod spelled victory for us and defeat for the luckless Arts team. The final score read 32-31, and the No. 14 team considered itself lucky to come out of the game winners.

What with T. T. S. having a siege of scarlet fever at the St. Thomas station, it looks as if the return game with the Technical school will be washed out and awarded to us. The T. T. S. squad has four games left to play, games that have been postponed; and as time will not permit all these to be played, it looks as if No. 14 S.F.T.S. will continue on in the R.C.A.F. play-offs. The next game will be the next R.C.A.F. district where Brantford has the upper hand. So it's look out Brantford, here comes No. 14!

Hither and yon in No. 14 Sports whirl:—WO1 Merriam and Flt. Sgt. Cormier are among the ingenious brothers of the No. 14 sporting fraternity—getting the urge to do some racket wielding, the two senior N.C.O.'s, in spite of snow and cold, decided that a little tennis was in the offing—so with the zeal of real tennis addicts, the net was

strung up temporarily in the drill hall and the idea put to work. While the result was not a perfect success it argues for the cause that something should be done to accommodate other sports in the drill hall besides basketball, volleyball and field hockey.

You should have seen the officers in a recent bowling contest with the G.I.S. entry—cheering each other on to heights unknown to the officers' team, they went on to a win over G.I.S.—the lead man on the officers' five (I won't tell them it was you, Doug) and the lead man for G.I.S. threw up a great game for their respective teams. In the fifth frame of the second game each was tied with fifteen to his credit!

Our hoop squad looks good enough to take on the much talked-of Trenton outfit any time now and give them a battle for their money—Maybe with a little more publicity for our outfit, we could make arrangements with the Trenton five for a home and home series—never too late!—the hoopsters who remained over for last Friday night's game with Aylmer, even though they had 48's, certainly displayed the winning spirit which is so necessary for a champion outfit. One of the lads stayed over for the game in London on Saturday night—but they tell us that the stay in London, despite swinging doors, was well worth the while—wasn't it, Lewis? It looks as if all the rebounds off this backboard are through till next issue, so with a parting word to get out and support your basketball team on to further victories, your correspondent closes for the month.

G. I. S.

G. I. S. has been hard hit by the postings of Sgt. Hall, Cpls. Gosney and Pratt, AC's Sigurdson and Mitchell. We miss them from G. I. S., but our loss is the gain of the stations to which they reported. We wish them the best of success in their duties at these other stations.

We welcome back Sgt. "Joe" Slater who apparently didn't like the R.A.F. at Port Albert. Since Gosney, the cassinova kid from Barrie, and Sigurdson the Winnipeg flash, (good old Winnipeg) have left, the Orderly Room has had to call in assistance of LAC Earl McPeak from Works & Buildings.

Since P/O Groulx saw himself in "Captains of the Clouds," the mirror in his room has been sadly overworked. To the talent scouts, the line forms on the right.

F/O Mitchell is still as good looking as ever.

Our ground school instructional staff is fast becoming a model of efficiency. The reason? Well, two of the instructors come from Windsor. Nuff said.

She: "If you think you can kiss me, I'll show you your place."
He: "Don't bother, darling. I can find it myself!"

Metal Shop Scraps

Greetings once again from the station's aircraft rejuvenation centre—the metal shop. This month we have no end of news and gossip to relate. The past few weeks in our shop have been very fertile in the way of accumulated items, both mirthful and sad, peculiar to the interests of those who read "The Airman."

Well, to begin with, the advent of the night shift—or rather the 'suicide' shift, as we prefer to call it—found yours truly and LAC. Joe Kreibich (emphasis on the 'Joe'), selected to be the first victims. At night the shop seems to embody a vast, spooky loneliness. With but a few lights illuminating the area surrounding the normalizing oven and the lathes, the numberless rafters, doorways and pillars, throw up the most eerie, groping shadows imaginable. We can picture the delight Edgar Allen Poe would have expressed in the surroundings as a writing den in which to compose his classical horror tales. As Mr. Kreibich shakily summarized on arriving for our first night's work—'You know Birnbaum, somehow da place gives me da creeps!'

And now comes the success story of the year. The story of a small town boy who made good. He joined the R.C.A.F. in the latter half of 1940. Acquiring a hasty 'a' group in his trade. Our burning youth, after spending some time wandering about surrounding stations, found himself at No. 14 S. F. T. S., in charge of the metal shop. Swiftly achieving his hooks, he established his headquarters in a little corner of the repair shop. But, his scheming, ambitious brain was not at rest. Already he was building within his mind a vast plan of annexation. With unquenchable ardor, he saw the dilapidated tool rack grow into a large, beautifully designed tool room, fully equipped, with a private desk from which he could exercise his authority. He visualized the liquidation of the carpenters, the spread of sheet-metal benches to every corner of the huge building—yea, even the ejection of the fabric men from the east end. Painfully and methodically he formulated his plans. And with cold, systematic strategy he realized his dreams, one by one. To-day, a mighty sultan in his luxuriantly appointed private office, over the door of which hangs a sign 'OUT OF BOUNDS TO ALL RANKS' he sits and gloats over his well-earned success, topped by the crowning fact that a third hook will soon change his status from Cpl. to Sgt. Lockt.

AC2 Taylor emphatically denies that his uncle was killed on a Jap warship. (However, every time he shows a toothy grin, he belies his denial.)

One of our boys just can't decide whether or not he's in love with a certain fair elocutionist residing in Canada's metropolis.



"LUCKY DOG"

Some dogs have all the luck, mourns Pluto, as lovely Georgia Day, shown above gives Woogie her undivided attention. Miss Day, popular singing star of the Buckingham "Blended Rhythm" programme, Tuesday CBC Network, coast-to-coast, has a collection of over 100 toy dogs, many of which have been presented to her by listeners in Canada, United States and Mexico.

SECURITY GUARD

Since last going to press our New Security-Guard has arrived. The majority are "westerners" and we take this opportunity to welcome them to the station and to this command. Smart Guards make a good impression and we have every confidence that they will continue to reflect the spirit of the station "Smartness, co-operation and do the job 100%."

INQUIRY

Who made you fairest of the fair?
Who put the sunlight in your hair?
Who made those lips?
That perfect nose?
The skin that shames the budding rose?
Who made those eyes of blue?
And lassie,
Who designed that lissom chassis?
Surely not the one who hung
Between those lips that babbling tongue!

—Author Unknown.

Good impressions are made by the typewriter, but it's the adding machine that counts.

The girl who is dying for a kiss is far from being a dead one.

FRANK L. TRUMAN

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Our McColl-Frontenac Service Station is glad to serve you as you are serving for us.

We Still Have a Number of GOOD USED CARS FOR SALE

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Another New Shoe

FOR THE R.C.A.F.

A sturdy black calf, double sole Oxford, correct in every detail, priced at \$7.00.

H. Gunstone

"where good shoes come from"

AYLMER - ONTARIO

Feeding the Multitude Quips from the Equips

(Continued from Page 10)

At all times the kitchen is under the direct supervision of the medical officer, who makes frequent visits of inspection. Quality of rations, sanitation are the first consideration. The Commanding Officer makes a weekly inspection of the kitchen and mess halls, but apart from this he takes a keen personal interest in the feeding of the men and is a frequent visitor, and has made many improvements both in operating and equipping the kitchen which have been greatly appreciated. At every meal the Orderly Officer makes the rounds to check on cleanliness and also the quality of the meals, and is ready at all times to remedy any complaints.

Legitimate complaints are always welcome, it being impossible to operate such an organization without mistakes, and everything possible is done to remedy these errors. Yes, feeding the multitude is indeed a gigantic task (Sometimes the cooks think it the most thankless task on the Station).

Rumour has it that by the time this appears in print we will have the "lasses" with us. If that be the case we hope there will not be too much "delay" passing the steam tables, and that the boys will have their minds strictly on the meal that is being served to them.

Probably the "spoken English" will also be modified, and a few adjectives dropped in the presence of the "gals." We are already practicing "Yes Ma'am" instead of "Come here you so and so."

Suppliers of Equipment From Nuts to Pups

It has been rather difficult to get this column together this month, as your reporter's correspondents have all been buried in their precis, aggroaning and a-moaning, awaiting the dread arrival of the trade test board on the station. So I've had to carry on myself until the air clears around the section.

Major Equipment almost exploded t'other day, upon perusal of his tally cards, he discovers that one of the Harvards sent off the station had the engine in Camp Borden, and the airframe in Dunnville, it was only by force that he was prevailed upon not sending a wire to ground the aircraft, Tut! tut! old man, keep away from those brews of indifferent ancestry.

Clothing stores wishes to advise "D" Flight that they have a made-to-measure department installed in that section for their particular pleasure, to ensure complete satisfaction of all concerned. It is difficult to get adequate stocks of clothing from the Depot to supply everybody all at once, but I'm sure that wouldn't interest "D" Flight. To remedy that situation all the personnel in clothing have their friends knitting for them, as it must be rather cold at this time of the year with air-conditioned uniforms.

We welcome W.O.2 Bradley to the section, on posting here from Brantford, taking F/Sgt. Egan's place. We trust that he encounters no difficulties, setting up house-

keeping in that little metropolitan centre, Aylmer.

We also welcome Cpl. Warrington (Curly) into our midst, from Belleville. He is now at the helm in the I. & R. and wants to inaugurate a daily freight run to Toronto and points N. E. S. & W. Take it easy Curly, remember, we only have one truck.

Word was received the other day on Bob Young, formerly of this section, who was posted to a squadron in Labrador. He now goes to sleep with a pair of snow-shoes on and is beginning to enjoy the peculiar piquancy of seal blubber. Its all in the way you cut it, he insists in his letter, just like bologna. He has even been to one of their sub-arctic shindigs, and is presently learning the Lapland shuffle and has asked for information on some of the more intricate steps from Dunnette.

We encountered AC Miles the other day, drooping a little at the edges, and when asked what the matter was, he replied with the fact that it had been half a day since he had last been up to Hamilton. We naturally extended him our most sincere sympathy.

AC Hickman threatens to start a Tech. stores of his own in Maintenance if he isn't sent to No. 5 Hangar to work soon, boycotting us here in Main Stores.

The combination of both Miles and Dunnette in the gas section, was too much for one of the gas cars—the doggone thing ups and jumps the track running for cover.

Goldie vows that the next time he goes up to London, that he'll go up alone as he works much better by himself. He at least wants enough room to change his mind or was it that of the little "Florence Nightingale." How's your appendix now Goldie?

Walt (Gumbo) Plumb has sworn that henceforth and from now on, he is not buying any more of the canteen's glassware, as it's of no use to him after the first bounce. Its the evil influence of the Accounts section, Walt.

Your reporter wishes to state that he does not conduct this column, solely to keep his own activities out of the baleful eye of the public. He also reiterates that this is not to be construed as a confession, as he finds things rather dull at times, leading a quiet and peaceful existence.

The Revolving Beacon

By Sgt. Jack Bordelay

When returning home from a "forty-eight,"
And it's cold, and dark, and it's late,
You're glad of the distant, friendly light
Pulsating, flashing and blinking
and bright
Of the revolving beacon.

North, East, South and West
Ever-revolving, from dusk 'till dawn.
Never ceasing it's vigil, lest
It be traitor for not giving it's best.

Travel-weary, huddled together, silent, morose,
Back of a taxi-hack, you know you're close
When you open your bleary, blood-shot eyes
And see the reflected glimmer beyond the rise
Of the revolving beacon.

East, South, West and North
With one broad, breathtaking sweep
In all directions beckoning forth
All tardy airmen who value their worth.

Chilled to the marrow from fog, sleet and rain
'Cause your chum's old jalopy broke down again,
Or you've been hitch-hiking, or whatever it be—
Permeating the haze, your pulse quickens to see
The revolving beacon.

South, West, North and East
One-eyed, fatherly Gargantuan's roving gaze
From atop the Tower's "Crow's Nest"
Watching all weary airmen come home to rest.

At last from cosy bunk you lie and stare
At the grotesque, silhouette-patterns projected everywhere
Smilingly muse on pleasanter parts of your leave
Finally close your eyes, and a comforted sigh heave
At the revolving beacon.

West, North, East and South
Assuring all people 'round of good sense
This tell-tale beacon emanating from whence
There stands a bastion of Freedom's defence!

When money burns a hole in a man's pocket some dame is sure to sew him up.

The less principle a girl has, the more interest she draws from the opposite sex.

Say Smitty (J. J.) what ever became of that Lewis gun you had yourself measured for?
—Cpl. Ritchie.

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