



The Aylmer Airman

Published at Aylmer, Ontario
under the authority of

Wing Commander G. N. Irwin

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AYLMER, FRIDAY, APRIL 10th, 1942

The Town of Aylmer

What do you know of this place? Did you ever hear of it before you were posted to No. 14 S.F.T.S.? Perhaps you drove through it enroute to Detroit or Niagara Falls. Perhaps, now that you are here for a time, short or long depending on your particular job on the Station, you have a vague idea that the Air Force has "made" Aylmer. Unquestionably we have made our presence felt in the town and neighborhood—in this modern centre of a prosperous farming district, this town of 2500 friendly residents, with its dilapidated Fair Grounds, its brightly lighted main street and its scores of obliging business men.

But Aylmer's history goes back many decades. Last fall one of its churches celebrated its 125th Anniversary. The record of the town's progress is similar to that of other settlements in Ontario—the early chapters tell of the clearing away of the forests, pine, maple, beech and walnut, the setting up of local industries and their gradual disappearance in the changing mode of life in the Province. That Aylmer has maintained its place while other settlements of equal promise have almost disappeared is due to several factors, peculiar to its position.

Believing that the story of Aylmer is of interest to all members of the Station, since it is for the time being our "home town," we present a short account of the town's career by the editor of "The Aylmer Express," Mr. Claude Monteith. Mr. Monteith was born in Aylmer, his father, Mr. E. C. Monteith, now Clerk of the Division Court, having first taken up the printing business here in 1888.

TUNING UP

Did you ever drop in at the Mixed Chorus practice, Thursdays, in the Station Theatre? This is what you would find.

By the piano which has been moved to one side in front of the stage. Flight Lieutenant Mitchell, conductor, distributes files of music—I suppose you would call them "scores"—for the songs the Chorus is to sing. He has made the arrangements for them and had them drawn on the duplicator of the Met. Section where they have been run off.

In a semi-circle about him sit thirty or forty members, the Women's Division in the front row, and behind them the first tenors (if any), second tenors and the first and second basses. Some of the latter are really third bas(es) and a few are short-stops. After a "warming-up" number or two such as "Home On the Range" or "Old Black Joe," the chorus gets down

The C.O.'s. Corner

It is perhaps appropriate to draw the attention of all ranks to the obvious fact that we are now entering upon the critical stage of the war. What happens in the next six months will determine the fate of the nation for years to come.

The country needs the best there is in every man and woman. Here is a supreme challenge to us all. We are called upon to give every ounce of strength and the last measure of devotion to whatever task we are assigned to do.

During these critical months No. 14 S.F.T.S. will be a model Station. Let no man or woman fail in the full performance of his duty. Let no one ever forget that victory awaits our best efforts.

—G. N. IRWIN,

Wing Commander

to business.

First, however, Flight Lieutenant Mitchell feels impelled to widen the circle; the row of admiring faces, hanging on his every word, is too near and he needs more room to move about in, so we all push our chairs back.

Then the conductor tries to divide the ladies into sopranos and altos, only to discover that all would rather be known as sopranos. The situation is saved—somewhat—by a Flight Sergeant declaring he'll sing alto and moving over to that end of the inner circle; and by the conductor's demonstration of the alto part, which induces a few of the women to come down to a lower pitch.

After all, it's only the second or third practice of the mixed choir, while the males have been harmonizing for weeks.

The practice proceeds, with and without the piano, until under patient, persistent coaching the mixture of voices becomes a blending, and when that happens Flight Lieutenant Mitchell's eyes sparkle, his smile becomes natural, and the rows of his satellites feel surprisedly happy.

You know, it's not so hard learning to sing. The conductor gives you the note to start on, you follow the music with your eye and raise or lower the pitch as the notes step up or down the lines. If you go up when you should go down—your ear will tell you something is wrong, so you stop singing and everything sounds fine again. And the next time you'll see the conductor's finger pointing the proper direction when you come to the perplexing note.

Come on out and try it. For remember, it won't be long till the Mixed Chorus finds its wings and takes to the air.

SOME NOOSE IS GOOD NOOSE

"Listen, buddie, this will relieve that asthma of yours," said the hangman as he adjusted the knot.

Kipling in 1942

(With acknowledgement to The Evening Telegram)

RUDYARD KIPLING has passed to his reward, but when we read news dispatches from the far east, we find them filled with the names of places in India and Burma which are music to countless lovers of his verses, the verses of that early Kipling of the Barrack Room Ballad period. We recall "Tommy Atkins," "Gunga Din," and travel with him the "Grand Trunk Road." Once more in imagination we are, "By the old Moulmein Pagoda looking lazy at the sea," we hear the wind in the palm trees and the temple bells that say, "Come you back you British soldier; Come you back to Mandalay."

British soldiers will come back to Mandalay. If Kipling could speak today, he could tell better than anyone else of the cost in blood and sweat that was paid by Britain's soldiers, to bring law and order to India and Burma. His spirit will never die but will always live as an inspiration to our armed forces as long as the English language is spoken, and will not even rest until once more the British soldier comes back to Mandalay and you can hear "their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay."

Kipling knew his soldiers, perhaps better than any writer in the history of the British Empire, but no one has ever claimed that he had power to see into the future, yet Harvard University possesses an unpublished and apparently unfinished poem which Kipling wrote during the first World War, or perhaps we would be more correct in saying during the first part of this war, and which reads like praise for the exceptional courage displayed by the civilian population of London and its suburbs, and other cities under intensive bombing during the present war. It is entitled "The Sons of the Suburbs," and is written in Barrack Room manner.

THE SONS OF THE SUBURBS

The sons of the suburbs were carefully bred

And quite unaccustomed to strife,

For the lessons they learned and the books that they read

Had taught them the value of life.

From Erith to Ealing they cherished the feeling

That slaughter and battle were sin;

From Hendon to Tooting they don't like shooting

And they didn't intend to begin.

The tribes of the Teutons were otherwise trained

And broke into bloodshed from birth.

For their ministers preached and their masters maintained

They had only one duty on earth.

That all they were for was sanguineous war

And the rest didn't matter a damn.

But also intent on culture they went

For the voters of Wanstead and Ham.

The sons of the suburbs were firm but polite

And rose in their place with a gun,

And a live bayonet to express their regret

At the action of Herman the Hun.



Y.M.C.A.

MOVIE SCHEDULE

SATURDAY, APRIL 11th
"BEWARE OF SPOOKS"
Starring Joe. E. Brown

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15th
"THAT'S RIGHT YOU'RE WRONG"
Starring Kay Kyser and Band
All Star Supporting Cast

SATURDAY, APRIL 18th
"I SEE ICE"
Starring George Formby

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22nd
"THERE GOES MY HEART"

SATURDAY, APRIL 25th
"SAN FRANCISCO DOCKS"

STAGE SHOWS BOOKED FOR No. 14 S.F.T.S.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15th
No. 3 Variety Show, sponsored by the Tweedsmuir Branch of the Canadian Legion, London.

TUESDAY, APRIL 21st
Pupils of H. B. Beal TECHNICAL SCHOOL, London, present their annual revue. This show includes a 45-piece orchestra, Air Cadets Band and several very smart dance lines.

DURING WEEK OF APRIL 26th
THE BEAVER MINSTRELS
from Woodstock

"IN MEMORY OF ED"

In all our work—in all we do,
We can't help but think of you.
The things you said—your pleasant smile

Will be here with us, all the while.
So let me state before this ends
That you are missed by your many friends.

"Works & Bldgs."

It likewise appears they flung bombs round his ears
Which caused a percentage of slain

And finding it sport, I regret to report,
That they did it again and again.

The sons of the suburbs awoke to the fact
That killing had points of its own

At giving a spice their existence had lacked,
And they rarely left Herman alone.

They were young it was true, and the business was new

But youth is the key to all arts,
Which is why a beginner's so often a winner
At capturing trenches and hearts.

There are things in the breast of mankind that are best
In darkness and decency hid.

For you never can tell when you've opened a hell
How soon you can put on the lid.

Now Herman's annoyed with East Finchey and Croyd—

On, Penge, Totterham, Bromley and Kew.

Though it isn't their fault they committed assault
Because—but I'll leave it to you.



Wind Drift

Comes the end of March and Navigation Flight finds itself more or less satisfied with the state of affairs. Spring or at least the Aylmer version of it, is supposed to have arrived, both days being quite nice; the sun, so our spies inform us, may be expected to shine some time before the July issue of this paper goes to press; and the robins, a bit scrawny in appearance but with considerable flying time to their credit, seem to be here. All of which thank Heaven, we have been permitted to discover without recourse to that Volume of Destiny the D.R.O.'s.

This month, too, we were permitted to discover other and more interesting things, all of considerable importance to our Flight. For instance F/O McKnight appeared back from his leave so happy and so satisfied with life that we were forced to the conclusion that Something Had Happened. We were right. To him we offer our very best wishes and congratulations on his recent marriage; and Sgt. Hamilton, of late we have noticed a slightly distraught look upon his face, and we have wondered. Could it be that he too— Indeed it could, and so to Sgt. Hamilton go our best wishes and congratulations upon his recent marriage. These two events made us very happy.

There were other things to make us happy. Our new plotting room down in Hangar Two has been completed and has recently been put into operation. Here those aspiring to their wings are permitted in silence to think up their own individual ways of losing themselves while on Navigation tests. To facilitate the production of such ideas, calibrators, rulers, and such are provided. These, for perfectly obvious reasons, being chained to the desks. We are happy about our plotting room.

We were not so happy about Sgt. McClosky. The Sarg. returned from a recent trip to Detroit with a badly burned arm. Now Sgt. McClosky is not a man who toys idly with fire. We are therefore inclined to believe the rumors circulating to the effect that the Sarg. was a victim of an arson plot. There could, however, be other explanations—?

Again we were happy to discover that last month's rumors about A.W.2's coming to Aylmer have become this month's realities. It is indeed a good thing to have the



COURSE 45—"X" GROUP

Left to right, beginning with the back row. LAC's. Donaldson; Geib, G. B.; Carling, H. E.; Clark, H. S.; Parker, R. C.; Dawley, L. K.; Hossard, R.; Wheeler, F.; Ross, W. A.; Shebane, G.; Hicks, C. D.; Barr, A.; Everitt, R.; Hardin, H.; Richards, R.; Valencia, L.; Henderson; Benson, E. E.; Misener, H.; Wright, J. K.; Battleson, R.; Dove, W. N.; Ruhl, B. L.; Malloy, J.; Jukes, C. W.; Huffer, E.

otherwise routine day broken by periodic visits from various young lady messengers. The Station is quite definitely improved by their presence, and we hope the day will be far distant when No. 14 S.F.T.S. will once again become a place where Men Only are permitted to work.

Lastly we were very happy indeed to hear that W.O.2 Osborn had been given his commission. This news came just as the month finished and was as good a way of finishing a month as we have heard in quite some time.

History of Aylmer

(Continued from Page 1)

and larger centres where industry was concentrating because of bonuses or fixed assessments which were offered to them.

Today the few industries which remain are here because they are dependent upon the splendid farming district surrounding, for their raw products—the Canning Factory and the Carnation Milk plant.

An industry which has developed here in the past thirty years is The Aylmer Steam Laundry. Beginning in a small way as a hand laundry it has steadily grown into one of the largest and best equipped laundry and dry cleaning plants in Western Ontario. Throughout the years it has progressed under the capable management of the present proprietor, Mr. John Wil-

son. A splendid example of what a home-town boy can do in his own home-town.

Before the Motor Cars

In the days before the motor cars, Aylmer had splendid railroad service—The Canadian National and New York Central Lines. We had a busy station at the C.N.R. tracks. Travelling salesmen came to town and left by train and there were five hotels here, which all did a thriving business. There were two different liveries and one operated by Mr. A. W. Pierce, still a resident of this town, kept a hundred horses for hire.

Public Utilities

Aylmer has always owned its own waterworks system; and its electric light plant had always been operated as a public utility. Engines and generators were replaced by Hydro some twenty-five years ago, Aylmer being among the first of the Ontario towns to contract for Niagara power. And it has kept up-to-date—note our modern street lighting on front street.

In Sports

Throughout its long history Aylmer has been a leader in the field of sports. More than once our baseball and basketball teams have won provincial championships and we used to be at the top of the heap in hockey, cricket and football. But the loss of so many of our young athletes through enlistment in the armed services or employment in

war industry has badly crippled us for games.

We, as a town, have had our ups and downs, and while we have lost many valuable industries, we have been somewhat compensated by the great development in agriculture. Dairying, fruit growing, market gardening and tobacco farming, are giving employment to hundreds of persons, who call Aylmer "their town." And such industry is bringing in many thousands of dollars annually to this centre. So as a business centre Aylmer still ranks among the best of the smaller towns in the province.

Let us repeat: We welcome the officers and men and the women of No. 14—we want you to feel at home in Aylmer, and with us to consider this YOUR town. We have had a glorious history and have enjoyed prosperity. We are looking into the future when we believe the small towns such as Aylmer, will again come into their own and will once more hum with industry.

Great Snakes Alive!

Gent (rushing into beer tavern) —"Quick! I want shome whiskey for a snake bite!"

Bartender—"Calm yourself, my friend. You filled up on whiskey an hour ago."

Gent—"Yeah, and one of the snakes it made me shee jusst bit me."

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COURSE 45—"Y" GROUP

Left to right beginning with the back row—LAC's Crites, L.; Downey, E. J.; Luhrmann, C; MacKellar, D; Gaw, R.F.; Jackson, T. R.; MacDonald, G.; Dixon, M. R.; O'Brian, J. A.; Cornelison; Gilchrist, A.; BonDurant; Hatch, G. E.; Illman, J. A.; Crumpton; Schroeder; Lewis, J. E.; Hillman, A; Stratton, J.; Davis, C. H.; Blair, J.; Carley, W. A.; Bowerman; Keegan, F.; Hattie, R. G.; Flack, D. M.; Reed, T. E.; Culbreth, R.; Blough, E. W.



Congratulations F/L Treleven—we of "A" Flight are sorry to lose you, but know that from now on No. 2 Squadron may be in a position to compete with No. 1 Squadron, as top unit, with you as Examining Officer.

We want to take this opportunity to welcome F/O Gain, as our new Commander-in-Chief. Lead on MacDuff.

When those new shoes arrive, we expect to see our cripple of long standing, back on parades and cavorting with the spring chickens—also those cast off Lake barges (size 13) floating on Erie.

As this goes to print—Course 45 goes to work on all their final tests. Best luck lads, we'll be seeing you on Wings Parade on the 10th. From there on it's up to you and don't forget the first three Messerschmidts aren't yours but your instructor's.

A very much belated welcome to P/O Jones, you lug. We have some advice to offer. Better knock early or Porks will take you to town.

"Weather Test George" is showing great skill these days, having turned his talent to Knock Rummy. According to this expert it doesn't matter when you rap but hold two Kings that won't play.

Our white-haired boy has gone South for his fourteen days—we hope this doesn't turn out to be a permanent leave. Come back and say "Good-bye" before you change uniforms, Robbie.

It is rumoured that in future all drill tests will be held on the Drill Square, to eliminate the fact that some Flight Sergeants are allergic to turning their squads into the walls of the Drill Hall.

Flight Henderson, alias "Precautionary Joe" has done it again. We

are hoping the next time he chooses a farm yard, as dead goose is better than dead branch.

What rotund D.F.C. gets drowsy on night cross-countries? Better take the rev. along next time. This student is a sure cure for insomnia.

This covers all our instructors except one,— P/O Hines, about whom we can say nothing; therefore we assume he does nothing and we do mean nothing.

"COCO-COLA"

OR A NEW ZEALANDER'S IMPRESSION OF CANADA'S NATIONAL DRINK

One more unfortunate
Poured out a glass
Rashly importunate,
Dull hour to pass.
Drank "Coke" unthinkingly
Right through the night.
Quaffed "Coke" unblinkingly,
Head growing light.

Oh! people said to him
"Coke's" good sane drinking.
Yet it caught hold of him
Muddled his thinking.

Thoughts were changed slowly
Lofty to lowly.

Consumed by the grateful
Given away
To people so grateful,
Day after day,
Oh, if you realised
Good common folk,
How you're commercialised
Victims of "Coke."

(With sincere apologies to Thomas Hood). N.Z. 415249.

CANADIAN LEGION CLUB ROOMS

All personnel of No 14 S.F.T.S. are cordially invited to use the facilities of the Legion Club rooms. Their program includes Service Dance each Tuesday, Service Movies every Thursday, and a Public Dance every Friday. Cards, checkers, billiards and ping-pong along with writing materials are available every day after 4 p.m.



"D Flight" calling all personnel to lend an eye to our rumblings.

We lament the loss of F/L Southam as our O.C. We wish him the best of everything in his new position and feel sure he will do a fine job of it.

The "Welcome mat" is out for F/L Green and all the lads are backing him up to the best of their ability.

It is very noticeable how all the boys are cleaning up their brass, boots and also brushing their hair since the W.D.'s arrived. Further, we wish to raise our voices in disapproval over the comments made by the Maintenance Corner in regard to these little ladies in the last issue of the "Aylmer Airman."

Congratulations are certainly in order for a certain Corporal in the local Gestapo for the very quick recovery of a pair of flying boots borrowed from LAC. Clements. Clements says he is going to take his boots to bed with him for safe keeping.

So our friend P/O Perrin went and got himself married during his leave. "Best of luck on your new Course, Sir."

Now that No. 2 Hangar has finally got over the annual leave attack, the rest of the flights had better get ready for some very stiff opposition for high flying honours.

What next is going to happen to our friends from New Zealand? Ripleys "Believe it or Not" is no exception. The latest we know in our flight is LAC. Clements, who maintains that he was innocently sitting all by himself, minding his own business and when he decided to get up, he found that a dog had eaten a big piece out of his coat. Better Clements either learn where NOT to go or learn to RUN faster.

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WELCOME R.C.A.F. —CHARLIE and RED

—A1 SHOE SHINE—

**Maintenance
Mutterings**

It is very difficult to get our mind on writing a column for the paper this month with all the lovely ladies of the Womens' Division in our midst. But if we can keep out of their way for a while, who knows what inspiration even their memory can bring?

Maintenance has managed to secure the services of fifteen of the W.D., and each and every one of them has fitted in very capably to whatever task they have been called upon to perform. Although since their arrival we have noticed a great increase in the number of "OUT OF BOUNDS" signs around the Hangar. Taking everything into consideration, the girls are doing a good job and we feel that if they receive half the co-operation that they are giving, they will continue to do so. It was quite a novelty to have them with us at first, but now that we have sort of got used to them things are running along as smoothly as ever. Well, maybe not quite, there seems to be a little more congestion than usual around the tool crib, but maybe that is because the boys are beginning to realize that to do the job you must have the tools. The Log Room was a little rushed for a while too, but they are gradually getting back to normal.

As we predicted last month, quite a number of romances have sprung up among the more amorous of our lads. To date the Senior N.C.O.'s seem to be stealing the show, and most notable among the present "affairs" is that of a certain Sergeant and one of the comely lasses who works in the tool crib. It is rumoured that plans are already in the final stages for moving the Instrument Section to a site somewhere out in the Hangar so that Robert can keep a closer watch on the boys who are wont to linger around the Crib.

The Electrical Section is running the Instrument a close second though; what with Sergeant Kellett spending so much of his time in Maintenance Stores. It could be that he is just interested in increasing his knowledge of Stores procedure, but we are more inclined to think that he is more interested in furthering his knowledge of brunettes.

And then there is the sweet young thing in the Log Book Room who is spending a lot of sleepless nights lately because a certain Sergeant won't give her a tumble. NO. NO! NANNETTE!—We wonder also, who the two brunettes are who don't seem to get along as well as they used to.

Since the women have arrived the boys don't mind so much being on night work, because if they drop a wrench or skin a knuckle etc., and

**Headquarters
Orderly Room**

By now all our fair A.W.'s are quite used to station life, and have settled down to a regular routine. We hope they are well satisfied with their good luck upon being posted to No. 14 S.F.T.S. They must like it here if you can judge by their displeasure when posted somewhere else. Quite a few of the fellows are wondering just why they send the girls away, and leave us here as permanent fixtures. However it is no use trying to figure out the workings of the eighth wonder of the world (commonly known as D.A.P.S.).

The pint-sized airwomen of Headquarters when marching to and from work, do either the double-shuffle, or turkey-trot to keep pace with the airmen. Watch AW Hiscock and you will see what we mean. Congratulations to Sgts. Steup and Read, LAC. Lihou and ACI Hewitt, upon obtaining higher groupings in their respective trades. Will this extra money mean—for Sgt. Steup better backing for Ottawa's athletic efforts; for Sgt. Read, more seed for his garden plot; for Lihou, more trips to Hamilton; for Hewitt, more dances, more girls, more?

Congratulations are also due to Sgt. Scott of the W.D. on her promotion from Corporal to Sergeant. Best of luck to the Sgt. in her new rank.

(Continued on Page 9)

they feel the urge to let loose a few choice epithets—not that they do of course—but if they did—

Our friend Taylor, from the Metal Shop has been applying for his Spring Farm Leave, Furlough and Harvest Leave all at once, it might be better if he applied for a discharge and then he could join up again later if he felt like it. Quite a few of the boys have managed to dig up a farm from somewhere since they heard about the two months off for seeding. In the last War it was "How are we going to keep them down on the Farm after they've seen Paree," but now it is "How are we going to keep them off the Farm after they've seen Aylmer."

Even with all the girls in our midst some of the lads go further afield for their romance. Cpl. Rosenberg has finally got some results from his frequent trips to London. The date is set for some time in May, but two will get you five that George won't last that long; he has been going around in a daze for the last three weeks, and everyone in Maintenance knows that Vi is the sweetest girl in the world.

Sometimes truth is simply a lack of proper tact.



F/O Naftel is strutting around very proud of himself these days over his station and perhaps wider championship. He achieved the almost impossible record of going off into the mud no less than three times in one day. Everyone holds him in great reverence and affectionately refer to him as "Mudder" Naftel. Could it be some childhood frustration come to the fore?

Another almost as worthy instructor is our youthful P/O Jones. What he did to one of our Harvards out at R.1 could only be accomplished by the hand of a master.

We are in full swing again with a new Course—No. 51 and going strong. We wish to take this opportunity to welcome the boys. The instructors have voiced a unanimous opinion that after a rest from Course 43 the flight will still be in top position when the wings come up for Course 51. Happy Landings, Gang!

This reporter wishes to make a comment on the new class also. They are either the most industrious or the shyest gang that have visited these parts for many a day. We couldn't get a line of news out of any of them so would appreciate it if the editor would leave the next few lines blank for what material they might have submitted.

Once again we take great pleasure in giving you one of F/O Pease's works.

Young Hunt

Just plain "Hunt" was the word with which he referred to himself when he talked on the phone, But the real nomination used most by the station, Was "Young Hunt" and by that he was known.

Now I'll tell you a little of young Robert's acquittal, From events that were fast drawing nigh. He had planned to divide his pay cheque with a bride, Unless posted with war birds to fly.

But that was not all because in Montreal He had found an outlet for his whims; And somehow or another we think it was other Than going to church to sing hymns.

Like a flash from the blue a posting came through: Involving much sunnier climes, California in spring has a Utopian ring, But will it save nickles and dimes?

Yet in spite of all this, we expect he will miss, The many good friends that he had: Some day with a vengeance, we'll hear dive bomber engines And know he's come back—p'raps a Dad.



FLIGHT LIEUTENANT HUNT

One of the most envied men in Southern Ontario is Flight Lieutenant G. R. M. Hunt, now on his way to sunny California. In some quarters the envy goes beyond usual bounds, for Flight Lieutenant Hunt has been given a posting that pilots dream of. He is to take a specialized course on Dive Bombing in "Vultee Vengeance" machines and one can hear him say "Just think! 2000 H.P. in front of you!"

The pride of the West he was known as, but that was before he left the West. Since then it has been "Young" Hunt. "Young" Hunt left a career at the Royal Military College, Kingston, and joined the Royal Canadian Air Force. He took his Elementary training at Edmonton, which is his home town, and after the usual period of time found himself at Camp Borden. A sixteen week course of ground school and Anson flying failed to phase this young hopeful. He knew that at the end of that period he could play hide and seek with the Luftwaffe. Fate interfered, however, and Young Hunt found himself posted to C.F.S. Adopting a "Chin-up, chest out" attitude he carried on and was soon back at Camp Borden—instructing.

Seven months later he was posted to Aylmer as a Flight Commander. During his stay here he has become very well known and well liked by all. He has operated "C" Flight as one of the best at No. 14 S.F.T.S., and at the same time been very popular with both his pupils and instructors, which disproves the old adage about a good Flight Commander.

The time has now arrived when "Young" Hunt must pass on to greater things. His recent posting is one of the most unique and one that makes every other instructor hope for a repeat order with his name on it. "Young" Hunt admits that he is tickled pink and very anxious to get at it and we strongly suspect that one of the reasons for this enthusiasm is that his name was changed to "Dive Bomber" Hunt.

We were all sorry to see him leave and certainly wish him lots of luck.

When a man winds up behind the eight ball, it's usually because some woman gave him the wrong cue.

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PHONE 305

Robt. McEwan

DROP IN AND SHOOT A GAME—IF YOU DON'T SHOOT

DROP IN ANYWAY

DOAN'S BILLIARD PARLOR

TALBOT STREET — AYLMEYR

Thanks Everybody!

The Women's Division of the R.C.A.F. would like to take this opportunity of thanking the Commanding Officer, all Officers, N.C.O.'s and Airmen of the Station for their most cordial reception given to the Officers and Airwomen of our Division. We had heard wonderful reports of No. 14 before our arrival here, but it was still with great enthusiasm and grater qualms that we arrived on March 7. We wondered if we would be able to match the standard set by the Station—would we be wanted.

Our enthusiasm still runs high but our qualms have vanished. This change is due entirely to the friendly spirit with which we were received and helped. We hope that we can do our share of the work in a way that will prove that women do have a part to play in the fight for democracy.

Let's keep pulling together!

A.S. O. SPARROW

We Like It Here

The Women's Divisions have arrived in Aylmer — not only arrived, but are firmly entrenched in Station routine. We like it. We like the work, the meals, even the gallant westerns in the Station theatre, complete with cat calls and sputtering blackness just at the crucial moment.

There are some things that get us down—the siren at 6 a.m., the weather, the cheerful whirr of the fans all night—but on the whole, few of us would change it for the old life. Now is the time to reminisce wistfully over afternoon teas, the latest fashions, or Sammy Kaye in person at the Embassy. I admit I flinch at sight of a VOGUE. Today we appear jauntily attired in coveralls of that smart shade of blue, gulping down luke-warm hot chocolate in hangar canteens and chattering of Harvards and Yales, instead of Aunt Susie's baby. We spend hours "fixing up" for a date—but who would know it? Still that blue serge. And the date? Checkers in the reading room, a show at Aylmer, or badminton in the drill hall. But, still, we grin and bear it in an almost contented fashion.

No doubt our first impression corresponded with yours—a confused picture of roaring planes, mud, airmen, and long green huts laid out with the precision of a toy village. We have added to that of course, and now feel well able to cope with the exigencies of Station life. We have learned too, to speak of aircraft, airscrews, and hooks with the aplomb and certainty of one truly well versed on the subject—impressing at least our open-mouthed families back home.

Women's Division



Outside the Station, the great question is—what do the girls do, that is, besides sewing on chevrons or waddling out for flips in flying suits three sizes too large and parachutes we wouldn't know how to use anyway? Each section has its quota of R.C.A.F. W.D.s smiling brightly over counters, busily typing, driving, or serving you meals just like mother used to. And whether you like it or not we are here to stay, to consistently interrupt your privacy, monopolize the reading-room, and generally make your lives miserable.

What does Station life mean to us? A lot of things—diving under beds at 6.30 a.m. for a collar button, smiling hopefully at the Gestapo at 10-40, or trying to keep in step with the airmen's stride on work parade. All those things which you are accustomed to and dismiss with a laugh or a shrug, and which we too are beginning to associate with home, at least until—unhappy day—we are caught escaping early for a 48.

—P.R.

It's a Long Trail

An airwoman with a bag in one arm and a cake under the other, tears into the Toronto Station at 17.40, buys her ticket and dashes into the train, only to find that all seats are occupied.

After going through the car at least six times (the cake gets a little flatter from the traffic) she eventually grabs a seat belonging to some one who has gone to the diner. An elderly gentleman seats himself beside her and snores peacefully. The train chugs through Hamilton, then decides to go on a return trip. Nothing like going

backwards on a train when in a hurry. So she sits there and tries to read her magazine which acts as though it had just finished a meal of Mexican jumping beans. In desperation she gives up and suddenly the train begins to go forward again. Several attempts are made to see the scenery through foggy windows—but no such luck.

"London, London, all out for the L. & P. S." Our A.W.2 appears on the scene again (the cake just a little flatter) and valiantly fights her way through the throng. Several conspicuous signs are posted: "Be shure to have yer ticket before ye get on the choo choo." But our A.W.2 is smart. The train is leaving in 43 2-5 seconds, and it is better on a train minus a ticket than to have the ticket minus the train. She hops on the L. & P. S. and again makes the rounds. It seems the Air Force have taken over the train but none of them are from Aylmer, so she doesn't get offered a seat as would be the case were a chivalrous Aylmer airman present. There is one seat, though, where one airman is half asleep. He doesn't look very big so she sits down on the corner and gives him a gentle nudge with the corner of her suitcase. He comes to life and offers her a cigarette.

The train jerks and jolts, and she is glad she took her mother's advice and packed her teeth with her tooth brush. There is a coal fire burning in the furnace opposite, just to give the car a homey atmosphere. The lights go off and on intermittently and upon enquiring, she discovers that it is because they are passing power plants. Hm-m-m-m-m — must be powerful fernery!

Finally the chariot halts with a jerk. Everyone else tumbles out, so she does too.

Having been told she can get the bus to Aylmer town at Talbot's Hotel, she ventures thither, hoping it is not on the 'Out of Bounds' list! Luck is with her, for she gets the one and only seat left on the bus. After what seems ages, ye olde crate moves off, sails around the block once, then starts its flying trip to Aylmer. Several people comment that the tires are burning up but she suddenly discovers her feet (encased in new rubbers) are on the heater. Rubber being scarce, she removes them with amazing rapidity. The lady beside her gets off and one of the local yokels takes the seat, and proceeds to tell her how much Aylmer town has pepped up since the Air Force came to town. He tells her in stentorian voice, much to the amusement of the other passengers, that he rode ten mile' on his bicycle then had to continue by bus because the wind was so strong. Windy country, this!

At long last, the bus halts outside the hotel in Aylmer. The Aylmer bus across the street is empty and the bus driver says he doesn't find the going worth while unless he has four passengers. The S.P. saves the day (it's night time now, but who cares?) by appearing on the scene. She tells him she must be in by one minute to twelve (just like Cinderella.) So he gallantly goes into the beer parlour and sends out the required number of passengers on the bus. It chugs out of town up the road and it sure looks good to see the friendly lights of the Station. She arrives at the Guard House at 2345 7/8 hours. Good thing she made those hairbreadth connections, she reflects.

So down the road she trudges, still faithfully hugging her somewhat battered cake, and an upper bunk looks as good to her as anybody's Marshall Springs ever did.

"RANDOM REMARKS"

When you go up for a flip, the horn means your earphones are working.

One A.W.2 to another A.W.2 before inspection—"Your hat is on straight but your head is on crooked."

My! but the airmen have so little respect for their corporals. What would happen if we talked to our corporals the way they do? WHAT?

Miss Schalburg startled one of her corporals the first week by telling her to go over and pick up the "Aylmer Airman" in the Reading Room any time.

A.W.2 (one evening)—"Please ma'am, may I go over to one of the hangars on a message?"

Miss Schalburg—"Be careful, the sentry may ask you to present arms."

G.D. in 20-B—"If we don't get some holes bored in the cupboard by the Iron Fireman where we store wax, etc., it is going to explode. Help!"

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

Change of Schedule

LAUNDRY

Bundles received by 1.30 p.m. returned third day following

DRY-CLEANING

Uniforms received by 1.30 p.m. returned following day

EACH WEDNESDAY

Uniforms received by 9 a.m. returned at 5 p.m. same day

Aylmer Steam Laundry

CLEANERS, DYERS, RUG CLEANERS,

— COLD STORAGE —

WELCOME

R. C. A. F. Women's Division

We hope to serve you as faithfully as we have the boys.

MAY WE?

The White Drug Store

Metal Shop Scraps

Already April—Gad! . . . But if time has flown too rapidly, we're compensated at least by the early arrival of spring, and all the fancies it brings with it. At this time of the year it's heart-warming to be able to abandon greatcoats and galoshes, and literally step forward into the world with a weight off your shoulders.

And now for a summary of the odds and ends—the little comedies and general oddities, that have flowered and enveloped themselves about the boys of the metal shop during the past two fortnights.

To begin with, congrats are in order to Cpl. Steve Hardy on acquiring his hooks. Steve is unquestionably one of the most competent men on the station, what with his thorough knowledge of welding, tin-smithing, airframe mechanics, carpentry, millwrighting, etc. But what is more important, he is genuinely a swell guy—modest and unassuming. We wish him continued success in the King's service.

The metal shop staff has been recently enlarged by the addition of four metal repair A.F.M.'s from St. Thomas T.T.S. All are graduates of the special metal course, and three hold automatic 'B' groupings. We're indeed fortunate in acquiring men of such high calibre.

That famous Taylor grin, for which the metal shop's senior AC2 has been so mercilessly kidded in the past, turned out to be not so ridiculous after all. Several days ago, one of our more popular boys introduced his shapely blonde date to Taylor at the Springfield dance. 'How about a little grin for my girl-friend,' teased our Romeo. Well, Taylor obligingly grinned, fascinated the blonde Venus, and spent the rest of the evening dancing with her, much to the chagrin of our mirth-thirsty stalwart!

LAC Koleada (our expert body man), made a solemn vow to the boys after his recent marriage, that he would never again so much as look at another woman. Everything went well for awhile. Then, out of a blue sky came the invasion of airwomen. . . and several days ago Mike was seen strolling down Talbot street with one of the prettiest of the lot. Accosted for an explanation the next morning, the big western lad alibied philosophically, 'Well, dammit fellas, I never thought I'd have to fight the air force!'

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WE ARE FULLY
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To service any make of Car. A bolt in time saves nine. Let us explain our Car Conservation Service.

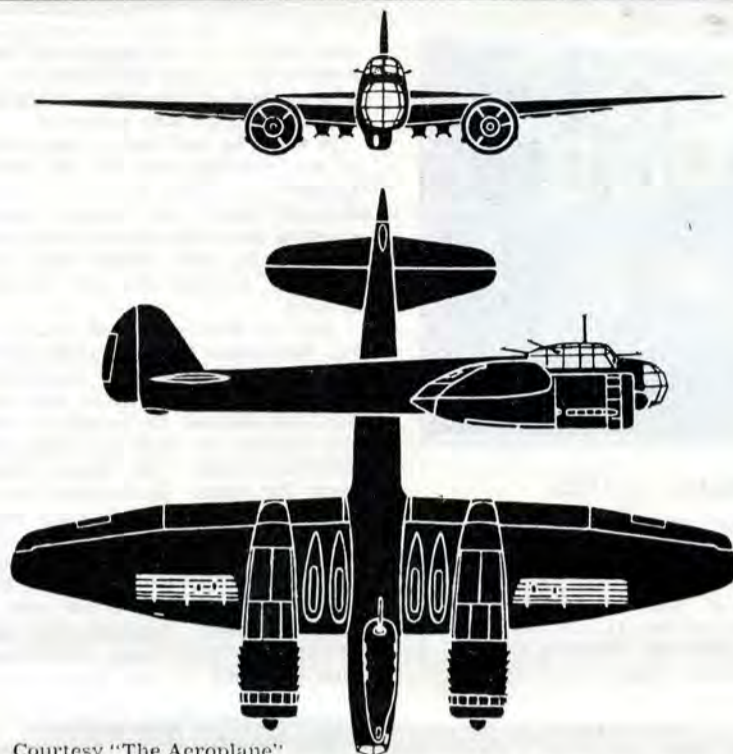
OUR GREASE JOBS

cost no more and are guaranteed

Special Service to Men in
Service

FRANK L. TRUMAN

PHONE 72



Courtesy "The Acroplane"

MODERN ENEMY AIRCRAFT—JUNKERS JU—88

(Editor's Note—Through the co-operation of the Armanent Section, we begin a series of short notes on important enemy aircraft.)

One of Germany's twin-engine low wing bombers now being used as a dive bomber is the successor to Germany's much publicized Stuke (Junkers 87). It is powered with two 1200 horsepower liquid cooled engines. The Junkers 88 has a top speed of approximately 320 m.p.h. and is now thought to go approximately 360 m.p.h., cruising speed 264 m.p.h. Bomb load is 4 bombs 550 lbs. each, and 16 bombs of 110 lbs. each on external racks for dive bombing, replacing extra fuel tanks. The wing span is 59' and weighs about 25,000 lbs. Several Junkers 88 shot down over England are now being flown experimentally by the R.A.F.

WHAT TO LOOK FOR: The long slender fuselage and bulky appearance of the engine and cockpit give the Junkers 88 the appearance of being nose heavy. The engines are very noticeably under-slung. The nacelles are quite a distance ahead of the wing and although they are liquid-cooled (inline engines) they are cowled to look like air-cooled radials. The ship has a gun carried on the under side of the fuselage directly under the cockpit. This bulge is built off-set from centre of the fuselage (to the right). Also distinctive is the angular taper of the wings, and the flaps under the outer wing panels for slowing diving speed and fully retractable landing gear in the engine nacelles.

In a head-on view, external bomb racks are visible between the fuselage and engine nacelles on the underside of the wings. Careful study of this ship is important as it compares in appearance with the British aircraft—Blenheim Mark I or short nose Blenheim.

Not averse to airing some of his own hectic experiences with members of the fairer sex, your baleful correspondent avows his determination never again to spend a fourteen day furlough in the great woolly city of Montreal.—Nuff sed!

Leading Aircraftsman Hutchinson, being an exceptionally methodical tradesman, believes in leaving a precise man-hour time record of all the work he does at night in the metal shop. This admirable practice enables the day staff to gather how much time LAC Hutch spends on earnest travail during the 'wee' hours. However he seems to have overworked himself several nights ago, when, after eight hours of work, he recorded a total of a dozen hours spent on multitudinous odd jobs! . . . And what about smoke periods, Hutch?

Question—State possible causes and corrections of left wing flying low.

Answer—If the A/C flies left wing low that kind of means she might keep turning around on the left side, or maybe there's something wrong with the control.

Who was the airman that had gas in "bought" tanks, the "cuck pins" closed and chocks on the wheels of an A/C left outside over night? Also if the flaps on the left wing of a Harvard jammed in a down position, why would that make the A/C fly left wing low? It must be the drag.

Having a whale of a time is what gets you into deep water.

Hurricane Alley

That grey and green car seen around the precincts of the Station is not the Acme Ice Cream salesman but simply "Piggy's" old rattle-trap with a new paint job.

Those three blurs you see whizzing about the Station in the early hours of the morning are not visions of Superman but the three super athletes of the Alley, "Flip" Cormier, "Shovel Mitts" Bell and the "All Round" and we do mean "All Round" athlete "Porky" Steup, out on their morning jaunt.

"Longboat" hasn't been around the Alley for quite some time and we are beginning to believe that he has deserted us or maybe little Peter is keeping him busy these days.

Congratulations are in order for Roy Osborn on his recent appointment to Pilot Officer. This appointment came as no surprise to us and we take this opportunity of wishing him continued success in his new position.

"Shovel Mitts" took off in a blaze of glory for the land of the "Pogie" and gopher holes. By the time this edition goes to press, he will have returned but I am afraid our readers will have to wait until the next edition for full details of his anticipated jump to the ranks of the benedicts. He has been home twice since he came here but has always managed to evade the issue, but we think he will be lucky to get back single this time.

Marriage seems to be the main topic around the Alley these days. "McSwine" is doing quite a bit of heavy courting these days and has had several narrow escapes from female claws in the surrounding district, especially the incident at a recent dance at the High School. Even the gals from the Women's Division are looking daggers at each other because of him.

"Piggy" has that far away look in his eyes now and rumour has it that 30 Hambly Road has already popped the question. "Who did you say was boss, "Piggy?"

Sgt.-Major Carver—"That face looks familiar. Must have been up on charge one time."

Capitol Theatre

PHONE AYLMEYR 408

COMING ATTRACTIONS

APRIL 13th and 14th

"Bahama Passage" — Madeleine Carroll, Stirling Hayden.

APRIL 15th and 16th

"Confirm or Deny" — Joan Bennett, Don Ameche.

"Unfinished Business"—Irene Dunn, Robert Montgomery.

APRIL 17th and 18th

"You're In the Army Now" Jimmy Durante, Jane Wyman.

APRIL 20th and 21st

"Keep 'Em Flying"—Abbott and Costello, Martha Raye

APRIL 22nd and 23rd

"Suspicion" — Academy Award Winner, Joan Fontaine.

APRIL 24th and 25th

"Little Foxes" —Bette Davis

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FOR HEALTHFUL
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Wednesday—Ladies and
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STEEN'S

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Basketball Champions -- 1942

From Left to Right: Front Row—LAC. Illman; P/O. A. Fletcher; LAC. G. Lawson; LAC. W. Plumb; Cpl. G. Tolfree; LAC. J. Cornelison; LAC. J. Lewis.

Back Row—Mr. T. Chapman (Y.M.C.A. Rep.); LAC. A. Robinson; F/L. D. Knox; W/C. G. N. IRWIN, (C.O. of No. 14 S.F.T.S.); P/O. K. Stubbings, (Sports Officer); AC. F. Wansbrough (Playing Coach); AC. M. Hewitt; F/O. E. McLeod; LAC. O. Dalzell (Mgr.)

Not in Picture—Flt./Sgt. Doug. Campbell, LAC. Andy Miracle.

Off the Backboard

by F. E. W.

Congratulations No. 14 S.F.T.S. basketballers! In case you haven't heard by now, the team representing this station in the St. Thomas and District Senior Basketball League won the title for that loop in easy fashion going through the season with eight wins against one loss. And to top this off, our lads went even further to defeat No. 5 S.F.T.S. of Brantford in a two game

total point series by a rather lopsided margin. The No. 14 team won both games of this series and the Western Ontario R.C.A.F. title.

All you lacrosse enthusiasts now have your chance to play the game—Cpl. Len Quartermain, of Toronto Lacrosse fame as half of the famous Quartermain twin combination, has volunteered to act as a starter to get the ball rolling for this sport and all he needs is the support of all would-be lacrosse players to put over his scheme. . . . so now it's up to the fellows themselves . . .

do you want the sport to survive its first test? . . . if so get out and support it . . . you don't have to be a champion at the game, everyone had to learn, so why not you?

It won't be long before the sound of bat meeting ball will be heard around the camp again . . . the Security Guard, last season's camp champs, have the softball urge now and can be seen outside their hut any day tossing the old "apple" around.

And the station softball team still has Strickland to throw them down the alley and down the opposition throat as he did so often last season. But without Os Dalzell to keep the chatter up and to catch the speedball artist, the team won't seem the same. Os is slated to be posted to I.T.S. in the very near future and doesn't expect to play out much of the coming season. We'll miss him behind the bat, but maybe he can throw a few strikes at Hitler soon. Anyhow, the best of luck to "Del" from the fellows and the staff of the Aylmer Airman, in which he was so vitally connected as advertising manager.

The Security Guard five-pin addicts had quite a scare thrown into them the other night at the local alleys. Sgt. Oliver and his S. G. cronies tried to talk the opposing G.I.S. bowling team out of the game before it even started. . . . As a result the G.I.S. entry waltzed to a 67 pin advantage in the first game and the S.G.'s decided they had better bear down or their record of victories and their league lead might take a beating. . . . In the second game which was neck and neck up to the closing frame, Sgt. Oliver decided to take it upon himself to settle the issue, he being captain on the Guards . . . so he promptly threw up three straight strikes to strike out on the last frame . . . and then to add insult to injury, the S.G.'s went on to handily win the third game . . . but it was G.I.S.' Sgt. Harry Hodgins who threw up the nicest game of the evening, handing in a 275 score on his second game.

This looks like an R.C.A.F. year in the Canadian sports whirl . . . what with the hockey team from Ottawa with the famous Kraut line in action well into the Allan cup finals by the time this is published, and the basketball team from Tren-

Since the WAAFS Arrived

Since that Saturday noon when they came by bus, Never has No. 14 known such fuss, Why even the bull-gang have forgotten to cuss, Since the Waafs arrived.

Its now a pleasure to stand in line, When to the mess-hall we go to dine,

Do you notice the way our buttons shine? Since the Waafs arrived.

Why, the reading room is full to the door, That's something that never happened before, They can't all be writing the girl they adore, Since the Waafs arrived.

You can notice the improvement that's been made, Why fellows you saw only when getting paid Now are seen every day on Parade— Since the Waafs arrived.

No longer now in their shells they hide, In all things now they take a pride, Some fellows are showing their better side, Since the Waafs arrived.

ton playing off with the long feared Windsor Alumni five in the Ontario Senior hoop finals, it looks as though we will wind up with something before long. Here's hoping and the best of luck to both sporting aggregations.

In a long postponed station league play-off game for the local basketball title, G.I.S. copped the crown with a 20-17 victory over Course 45 and wound up the season without a loss against their records. Nice going fellows! And they played the whole season with but five men, except when it came to the sudden-death final play-off when they were fortunate enough to round up a sixth man. G.I.S. had three of the players from the Station team on their squad as did Course 4g. F/L Dave Knox, P/O Arch Fletcher and LAC Frank Wansbrough were tossing them in for the Ground School, and the three Jacks, Cornelison, Illman and Lewis, did their bit for 45.

I guess this is the last time that this column will have the heading "Off the Backboard." What it will be when the ball season starts even yours truly doesn't know as yet . . . any suggestions?

Don't forget, get out for lacrosse if you like the game and also support your sectional softball team when the station league is organized in the very near future.

Lots of pepper in a girl is nothing to be sneezed at.

TO MEMBERS OF THE AIR FORCES. You are invited to write for a free copy of "Engineering Opportunities," our 176-page handbook illustrating home study courses in all branches of engineering. Address your enquiries to Canadian Institute of Science & Technology Ltd., 125 Chester Bldg., 219 Bay St., Toronto.

Special attention is called to our courses in aviation listed below. These courses have been approved by the Royal Aeronautical Society. They cover syllabuses of recognized examinations in aeronautics but begin with elementary work if necessary:

AVIATION

- A.F.R. Ae. S. Examination
- Air Ministry Exams for Ground Engineers, A.B.C.&D.
- General Aeronautical Engineering
- Advanced Aeronautical Engineering and Aeroplane Design
- Aero Engine Course
- Aircraft Apprentices' Course
- Pilot's "B" License
- Air Navigators' Certificates

MECHANICAL

- A.M.I. Mech. E.
- Drawing and Design
- Die and Press Tool Work
- Welding, Etc.

ELECTRICAL

- A.M.I.E.E.
- General Electrical Engineering
- Electrical Installations
- Electric Meters, Measuring Instruments
- A.M.Brit. I.R.E.
- General Wireless
- Adv. Wireless and High Frequency
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Please forward free of cost or obligation of any kind your 176-page Handbook, "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES".

Name _____
Address _____ Age _____
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Special Notice

Due to the difficulty of obtaining trained help and to the increasing demands on my time by the Reserve Army of which I am a member, we have decided to discontinue serving sandwiches, etc.

We wish to thank those of the R.C.A.F. and those of the R.C.A.F. (Women's Division) who have patronized this Dept., and assure them that we have appreciated their business.

We Shall Continue to Serve Malted Milks, Egg-noggs, Ice Cream, Coffee, Tea, Hot Chocolate, Etc.

and will of course be eager to serve you with GIFTS OF DISTINCTION China, Leather Goods, Lamps, Costume Jewelry, Smokers' Supplies, Etc., Etc.

Curtis' Soda Grill and Gift Shop
AYLMER

PARADOX AT No. 14

At 2000 hours 23/3/42 a spectacular dawnce was held in the one and only theatre at No. 14 S.F.T.S. The A.W.'s turned out enmasse at a command performance. The music played away merrily and a few couples slid around the floor and started scraping up some of the wax which worried most people during the early part of the evening, as every one thought he had neglected to wipe the mud off his feet. A small group of airmen covered in a corner. The damsels in blue and brass lining the walls were at a loss for a while as poor No. 1 Squadron had been roped in for night flying. However, the airmen gradually ventured in and the shy and bashful ones worked up enough courage to ask for a dawnce. A grand time was had by all ere the evening was o'er.

HEADQUARTERS

(Continued from Page 5)

What AW employed in Central Registry lets out a profound sigh as each officer passes the window, or the door, especially a certain handsome Flight Lieutenant?

Has Cpl. Trimble turned over a new leaf as to staying in nights, or is it the influence of the airwomen, or is he really going to become a draughtsman? Frankly your guess is as good as mine.

Does LAC (Amendment) Ross really have to work after supper on those D.R.O.'s, or does he prefer working with his fair assistant in the solitude of the evening hours?

Just overheard two of our girls discussing what they would wear for Easter Sunday this year. The strain must be telling on them.

What are we going to do about that irrepressible punster the padre? When informed that he had been given honourable mention in our last issue for his puns, he informed us that we ought to be PUNished. This left us no alternative but to tell him to OPUN the door and leave at once.

What a Life!



Johnny has a
Host of friends—
Though he perspires,
He never offends.

Bath tonight with LIFEBOUY

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

DURKEE & SON

NEARLY 20 YEARS IN

Aylmer

Men's and Boys' Wear
Ladies' Coats, Dresses and
Millinery, Lingerie, Hosiery,
Dry Goods and Linens

The Control Tower



BETTER known as "Seventh Heaven," presided over by "Deacon" Doolittle, assisted by Mantle, Green and Shackleton. So called because it is high up, very peaceful and faces East. Also, because everybody wants to see it at some time or other—with the exception of Flying Instructors. On rare occasions, they have been known to glance in the general direction of same—mostly when the red lights on the Harvard instrument panel refuses to change to green—and the horn keeps blowing regardless. Then—if, and when, they are able to spot it, they proceed with much gusto to dive thereon.

On the first dive, we assume the pilot is either lost, or trying to wake the Control Officer. On the second trip, it may be he is enjoying the experience, or making certain that it is the right Control Tower. If he makes the third trip, he is in trouble for sure.

Then, things begin to happen—phones ring, bells clang, sirens shriek, radios buzz, cars dash madly about, rockets blaze, and Seventh Heaven becomes more like the other place. Everybody gets excited—except perhaps the pilot. He is having a field day. He can shoot up the Control Tower, bounce along the runway, make more noise than a New Year's celebration. Then, if he lands O.K. he's a hero—and if he doesn't, he can always blame it on the Control Tower. So what?

The Control Tower has four sides—all glass—which makes sure that the sun shines in your eyes at all times and bakes your anatomy

evenly. Also, it enables you to see in all four directions simultaneously, so if you have a Harvard flying South, with one wheel down, one flying North on a right hand circuit, one "cutting in" on the East, and a "ground loop" on the West runway, you haven't any excuse for not seeing them all—provided you are not changing the runways at the moment.

The Aerodrome Control Car at the leeward end of the runway is the only one of its kind in Canada. The reason for this being, that the Navigation Flight will be able to recognize Aylmer, when they see it. It is not placed there as a target, although, occasionally, it seems to have been mistaken for one.

A red light from Control, means—STOP—and a green light light means—GO—although, we sometimes wonder! A white flag displayed, thereon, signifies—OK TO LAND ON TWO RUNWAYS—not any two—just the two in use! It has nothing to do with surrendering! A smoke signal means—WATCH OUT FOR CHANGE OF RUNWAYS—it also keeps down the mosquitoes, but that isn't the reason for using it. The arrow and T, in the signal area, always point into wind—or mostly always, and the dumb-bell signifies runways only to be used. One pilot the other day, didn't believe in signs and proceeded to take a short cut across the grass—the dumb-bell.

Guess we'll put the "washout" flag up now, that's the way to "keep 'em flying." Now back to the Mess for a game of "knock rummy" Some days you can't make a cent.

—S.R.M.

Y.W.C.A. NEWS

What a difference three short weeks have made in the daily routine at the Hostess House.

Before the arrival of the Airwomen, the hostess almost had to hunt for things to do to keep her busy. Now she finds it practically impossible to steal a moment to write this bit for the "Airman."

Judging from the crowds of Airmen and Airwomen who fill the Hostess House most every evening, that long promised extension expansion addition or what have you, can't get under way too soon. Else the W. and B. will have to prop the side walls of our little house like they did the sentry boxes to keep them from bulging. "Why didn't I know about this place, sooner?" asked an airman the other night. Why indeed. It took the girls—airwomen we should say, just twenty-four hours to find out that there was such a place and take full advantage of the hot coffee that is always brewing. Since then, the boys, we mean airmen, have been playing "follow the leader" down the board walk to the Hostess House, and are they really hungry! Instead of a "Standing Room Only" sign, we are thinking of getting one that will announce "No More Eats Tonight."

Actually the past month has been a record one for the little house. Over 640 Airmen and Airwomen, and 132 civilians visited the house during March. Of this number, nearly 500 were given canteen service. Other services rendered included the sewing on of "Wings" "Hooks" and "Props." for Airmen; arranging hospitality for Airwomen, and finding homes for married Airmen. A piano, generously loaned the "Y.W.C.A." by one of our Aylmer friends, was recently installed and is being greatly enjoyed by those of the Force who are musically inclined.

By-the-way it should be explained that the queer sounds that sometimes waft campward from the Hostess House are the warblings of the camp vocalists getting ready for choral practice.

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Quips from the Equips

Another fiscal year has closed behind us, and a new year has commenced with blank voucher registers, yawning empty pages awaiting to record another year's work in the section. No added witticisms now from Maintenance Wing.

There is now a constant stream over to stores all day long, notwithstanding numerous rules and regulations to the contrary, after hours. All have a voucher in one hand and a dreamy look in their eyes, as they lean over the counters and concoct interesting invitations to show the lasses views of historical interest around these har' parts. The lasses smile very demurely, and boy, oh boy, does that answer a multitude of questions. Some of our "Glamour girls" are getting log books to record their flying time, the dashing flying instructors going out of their way to be tres gallant.

Cpl. Warrington was in to get another pair of boots at clothing stores, and was advised that the keels were being laid for same, and it would be some time before their completion. Sgt. Stoner now dashes around Maintenance with his three colorful secretaries at his heels, recording his intellectual bombshells for posterity. Cpl. Taylor has a demand in for a Harvard, so that he can whip up to Ottawa in his spare time. 'Fraid he's having a bit of trouble getting it, but that doesn't faze him a bit. Miles, Morris, MacDonald and Dunnette have returned from their furlough. They all have a look of contentment, but otherwise somewhat deflated. LAC. Hodgson and Cpl. Handford have departed on an extended tour of the Eastern States, to do something about their south'n accent—after making extensive modifications to the venerable Wheezie, the rolling junk heap, endeavoring to make it serviceable. It now has a sun roof, forced draft ventilation, no heating, and safety belts to keep the occupants and the car together.

AC's Anjo and Matton have been trying to squeeze through so many tough situations lately that they dunked themselves in lubricating oil, so that they could make the going a little smoother. LAC. Goldie has set up a set of books to account for his personal finances, when he can find it. It is a super triple entry system that he guarantees gets him results. He alleges he doesn't even need any red ink, and he always shows a nice fat net profit, but can never lay his hands on it.

"Junior" Preese, the North Bay Flash, has taken it upon himself to mother all citizens of North Bay who are in the service. Strange that they are all feminine. How do you manage to do so much Junior, especially for one of your immature years?

Gear Growls from the M. T. Section

Since our last issue things have moved quite a bit—women and all, though I must say a bit of the feminine touch is even handy around the M. T. Section. We saw A.W.2 Watters down on hands and knees scrubbing and varnishing the floor or did she do it to make a hit with W.O.2 Ethier when he returned from his 7 day leave in Ottawa? She did a very good job I must say.

The A.W.2 Van Buskirk and Willis O'Connor are the ones that buy the cokes for the house. Pretty swell don't you think, but I'm sure Cutcliffe and Rutherford still remain most popular with us all.

A new N.C.O. has been added to our staff—Sgt. Smeltzer, a very fine lad in every way you look at him.

To our regret we are losing Cpl. Cookman to W. & B. where he will take over duties as N.C.O. in charge of the tractor operators; good going there pal, may you succeed in your new position.

Tarz Powell and Frickey were kind of disappointed when the two girls they had dated did not show up in front of the barracks; say, Fricky, go easy on the Airwomen, they work together and know all the dope on you boys; they are not like the civilian girls.

Cheyne, that handsome western Romeo, succeeded in coming back without a shiner. You all know Firth, he came home the other night with the worst hard luck story you ever heard. It was all about one girl friend meeting another, Ha! Ha! there Firth, you asked for it.

Comes to the close of another chapter. Boys, may you all have pleasant times with our airwomen, but remember to be a gentleman.

THE M. T. GALS ARRIVE

There's only six of us, fellows, and we don't aim to hurt you. We're quiet, amiable and fierce hard workers. Haven't we swept the floors and shined the windows and druv your favorite vehicles for you? To say nothing of dusting off the dump trucks? You MUST have noticed the busy homey atmosphere around the section of late. That's the effect achieved by the click of our knitting needles and trill of our merry laughter. But you mustn't feel that we intend to monopolize the Action. Nothing of the sort! Our sharing instinct is so pronounced that we will doubtless go to the extreme of allowing you to change tires, oil, and even your tune at any and all times.

So don't be worried boys. That was a jittery little word of welcome you wrote in this space for us last month, you know. Hence these hasty words of soothing reassurance. Bind up your wounds, and shove your shattered nerves together. We're only here for the duration.

For many decades, streets in the city of Strasbourg have had sign posts giving their names in both German and French. When the cultural capital of Alsace-Lorraine, which for centuries has been a bone of contention and the genesis of intermittent warfare, was restored to Nazi rule last June, the German authorities resolved to abolish the French street labels in favor of names for thoroughfares that are 100 per cent. Aryan. One such change laconically noted by the National Zeitung of Basle will strike some readers as scrupulously correct: la rue de l'Homme Sauvage has been renamed the Adolf Hitler Strasse.—Living Age, New York.

Garden Plots

Aylmer already claims the distinction of being the first R.C.A.F. Station to install a church bell, and now, the inception of garden plots brings further notoriety. The use of waste land and spare time energy to produce a supply of vegetables of the common garden variety, directly off the station, has created considerable interest. Providing that the soil is sufficiently fertile, some of the extensive unused portions of the station land will thus be put to good account. The appointment of two officers to supervise the project is evidence of the interest displayed by the Commanding Officer, Wing Commander G. N. Irwin, whose agricultural pursuits are well known.

After the soil has been analyzed and the location on the station approved, the primary preparation of ploughing, discing and harrowing will take place, following which some fifty plots measuring 50 by 20 feet will be carefully measured off. Already sufficient names have been given to Sgt. Read to allot the majority of plots. It is expected that with the issue of a good variety of the best seed and the offer of prizes for competition that the enthusiasm of both airwomen and airmen in the venture will extend to other stations in the service.

Pleasant surprise has been displayed by several that they are able to thus follow their hobby as in civilian life.

Bachelor dreamily): "Sometimes I yearn for the peace and comfort of married life."

Married Friend (wistfully): "I always do."

An itch for love often makes a girl smart.

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