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LONDON R0077  
Box # 144



# Why We Are in This War

By F. O. Bryan Rust

EDITOR'S NOTE—Flying Officer Bryan Rust is an American citizen, and served with the American Army in the World War. He is a former Professor of International Relations at Wayne University, Detroit.

WHAT are our objectives in this war? What in plain simple language are we fighting for? It should be the pride of every airman and airwoman however limited his or her educational opportunities, to be able to answer these questions. It is not perhaps a necessary part of a man's fighting equipment to be able to explain clearly why he fights. For see the Japanese and Germans fighting fiercely, inspired by a fanatical zeal amounting almost to a religion, but with no real understanding of the meaning of their cause.

But a free man, who insists upon the dignity of the individual with his right to choose what he wants to do, should know why he has chosen to fight. He may indeed be no better fighter but he can at least feel that he is a man and not a sacrificial goat for some abracadabra which he does not pretend to understand. We want to know just why we are called upon to leave our homes and families, endure the inconveniences and hardships of Service life, and, in the end, to offer everything we have on the field of battle.

We are fighting for just two things: First, to prevent the destruction of our nations by brutal military power and the subjugation and enslavement of our peoples, including our women and children, by cruel despotic powers which have no respect for any human rights. In other words, our first objective in this war, is to prevent our country from suffering the terrible fate of Poland, of Greece, of France. In these countries the Nazis are attemptin to destroy nations—they kill off all potential leaders, reduce the men to slavery and the women to worse than slavery. Their avowed purpose, which is being carried out with systematic thoroughness, is to reduce these once great nations to slave peoples to serve the German master race.

What they have done to the Poles, the Greeks, and the French is mild compared with what they are prepared to do to the Anglo-Saxon nations. The Germans and Japanese suffer from an inferiority complex and the special objects of their resentment and hatred are the British and American peoples whom they feel are their superiors. If they should ever get us at their mercy, God pity us, for they certainly will not.

Our second objective in this war is to get another chance to do what we should have done after the last war, namely, to organize the world for permanent peace and prosperity.

During the Great War of 1914-18 the peoples of the world formed a holy resolution to build after the war a new world in which war should have no place. Great states-

men, like Woodrow Wilson, tried hard to translate that resolution into an actuality. But when the war was over the peoples were tired and exhausted and had not the energy and willpower to carry on. Moreover, the inevitable reaction from the high idealism of the war period carried the nations into a perfect stupor of selfishness that paralysed them for co-operative action. They retired into sullen isolation and blindly pursued policies designed to serve their selfish interests even at the expense of other nations and the welfare of the world.

Nowhere was this reaction more pronounced than in the United States. The nation which had given the world the great prophet of peace in Woodrow Wilson, and had shown the greatest interest in building a new world of freedom, peace and prosperity, refused almost immediately to have any part in the new program. It rejected the League of Nations, refused membership in the World Court and assumed no responsibility for the organization of peace. It proved to be the most unco-operative of all the Great Nations. Finally it delivered a death-blow to the whole flimsy international structure by enacting high tariff laws, thus inaugurating the lunacy of economic self-sufficiency which swept over the world, producing in its train poverty and ruin and chaos. The chief sufferers were Italy, Japan and Germany and these nations turned in desperation to despotisms, bent upon redressing their grievances by force and conquest.

Thus America, of whom the world had expected so much, led the way towards world disintegration and anarchy. For over twenty-years that great country was firmly in the grip of isolationists. They controlled the government and dominated the thinking of the people. Even Woodrow Wilson's own party, the Democratic party, turned isolationist and when it came to power in 1933 carried isolationism even farther than its Republican adversary had ever ventured to do. From 1935 to 1939 Congress enacted a series of so-called neutrality measures, each more isolationist than its forerunner, thus completely destroying America's power for peace and the last hope of preventing a world catastrophe.

America's example and influence was decisive. Canada in sympathy gave only luke-warm support to world organization. Great Britain, tiring under the burden of world leadership, soon fell behind. France after Briand's death, gave up the struggle. Japan first, then Italy, and finally Germany openly revolted. In the end only Russia stood four-

(Continued on Page 3)

## Dead Sticks

A strange air of expectancy hung over the Station last Thursday. The student pilots around whom all activity generally rotates were relegated to the background and forgotten. However, many arguments appeared to have developed between different factions of this normally well-behaved sect, in which large sums of money were obviously involved.

The instructors, who normally go about their daily tasks in a quiet, self-confident manner were changed men. Some paced restlessly up and down, their eyes heavy from lack of sleep and their brows creased with anxiety; others gathered in small groups and argued loudly over the pro's and con's of different "procedures," or made wagers on the outcome.

Maintenance section had strategically retired to previously prepared positions and stood entranced behind all available tractors, cranes and spare parts, with every available man on duty. It was rumored that F/L Moody had suffered a nervous breakdown and had had to be removed to the hospital.

Finally, at 0830 hours, the show commenced with great crowds of spectators gathered on the hangar roofs, along the tarmac and even up in "Doolittle's poker palace," which had been opened to a chosen few.

Each instructor, in the unfamiliar surroundings of the front cockpit and without the usual student aboard to help him out of difficulties, was to fly over the airport at 3,000 feet, close the throttle and attempt to land on three points in a 25 yard circle painted on the runway. Two attempts were to be made by each instructor; marks were to be allotted as follows: For the procedure used during the descent for 3,000 feet,—200 marks; for the quality of the landing,—200 marks; for the ability to land in the circle—600 marks,—with 3 marks being deducted for every yard the pilot over or undershot. W/C Irwin, W/C Overbury, S/L Weaver, and F/L Southam were to act as judges.

Of course, we all thought to ourselves that with our obviously superior skill, we could normally land in this circle with no trouble whatever, and a few were willing to admit to all who would listen, what really excellent pilots they were. However, having all of our fellow instructors standing there watching our efforts and only too willing to criticize our errors did tend to make it more difficult.

Quite a good show was put on by the majority. However, there were a few interesting occurrences, such as Flight Sgt. Henderson's attempt to land on the main street of Springfield, or Flying Officer McLeish who was so upset by someone blowing a horn that he forgot to lower his undercarriage, and almost came to grief but for the timely assistance of "Two-gun" Shackleton who put up a barrage of pyrotechnics and forced him to go around again. Flight Simmonds had trouble with his throttle creeping and was disqualified in one attempt, as the judges felt that a precaution-



T. W. CHAPMAN  
(Y.M.C.A. Supervisor)

## Off to Labrador

It is with regret that No. 14 learns of the impending departure of its genial Y.M.C.A. Supervisor, T. W. Chapman, better known to the lads and lassies of this Station as "Chappie."

Having been with us from the beginning, he has played no small part in our successful and progressive growth. Elusive as the Scarlet Pimpernel, he was always just as busy (or so he said). No sport lacked his ready and whole-hearted support, while the satisfactory entertainment of all the personnel took up a great deal of his time. Keenly interested in the Station paper from its very first issue, many of his hours and days have been spent in making it the notable success it is everywhere acknowledged to be.

The Y.M.C.A. "powers that be" have recognized his ability in the past by sending a number of potential supervisors to him for instruction in their gentle and subtle art. And they have now given new recognition to it by recommending his posting to Goose Lake, Labrador. We can well imagine that his abilities will be fully tested there, and we have no doubt but that "Chappie" will once again prove himself to be the man for the job. Just what his new position entails is not yet known. All we can say at present is that as Entertainment Officer he will be looking after the social welfare of our boys, and we know him well enough to know that he will be doing it well!

As we say "goodbye" to "Chappie," we wish Flying Officer T. W. Chapman, for such he will be, all the luck in the world, and we assure him that our very best wishes go with him for his continued success.

any approach should not be counted.

"Wally" Quint, veteran Flight Commander of the notorious "F" Flight gave a realistic account of

(Continued on Page 5)



# The Aylmer Airman

Published at Aylmer, Ontario  
under the authority of

Wing Commander G. N. Irwin

Commanding Officer, Number 14 S.F.T.S.

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Cpl. Bauldry

Business Manager—T. W. Chapman, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor

AYLMER, FRIDAY, MAY 8th, 1942

## NOTE AND COMMENT

We learn with regret that Flying Officer Dick Askwith has been listed as missing after operations of April 28th. Dick was the first of our instructors to be posted overseas, and it is just three months since we congratulated him on his going. Everyone will be watching and hoping for news of his safety.

The posting to far-off Labrador of Mr. T. W. Chapman, our energetic and efficient Y.M.C.A. officer, takes away one who has worked hard and often for the "Airman." His effective management of the financial side of the paper has meant practically a balanced account from the outset. L.A.C. Dalzell, of Accounts, who assisted greatly in securing and maintaining our advertising, has been posted to Trenton, to begin his Air Training. Hereafter, Corporal Bauldry will undertake Dal's work for the "Airman," and F/Lt. Martin, whose interest in the paper has often been evidenced, will take over the Business Manager's desk and salary.

This month we announce a Photographic Competition open to all ranks on the Station. No census has yet been taken of the number of cameras owned and operated by members of No. 14. Suppose there are 300. Suppose half of these are in frequent use; suppose again, that half of the frequently used cameras get one picture each of some aspect of "Spring" 1942, and that two-thirds of the shots come out well. There's fifty entries to the contest; \$12.50 in prize money. So come on all shutter snappers, get busy in the bright sunshine—off Station!

## FILMS

By L.A.C. Hope, C.E.

(Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by members of the Photographic Section, in the interest of better picture taking.)

We start this column hoping that in some way we can be of assistance to the multitude of snapshot makers around the Station. It is to be written, if possible with a minimum of technical data for such tend to confuse rather than assist the amateur photographer. We will try to give as much practical, useful assistance as possible in understandable English.

The first thing that we think of, naturally, before we go to take some pictures is the film. This article will deal exclusively with that subject, although some people might wonder how such a minor thing as a film for a camera could possibly require a whole article. Actually, it would take many articles of this size to anywhere cover the subject of "Photographic Negative Material," but for the average picture maker the useful information can be condensed into one article.

Most people never stop to consider what they are buying. They merely enter a drug store and say, "Give me a film to fit this camera,"

## The C. O.'s Corner

The C. O.'s parade on Monday mornings is becoming more and more impressive. This I have noticed with a great deal of pleasure. May it be the personal concern of every officer, airman, and airwoman to be at his or her best on this parade to the end that it may become a really inspiring spectacle. The route march on April 27th was particularly well done. Let us all join heartily in this colorful little ceremony marking the beginning of the week's work.

—G. N. IRWIN,  
Wing Commander

or words to that effect. They have probably heard of a fast film or panchromatic film but don't know where it should be employed. They might even think that since it costs more it will take better pictures in their camera. Such is not necessarily correct unless you consider the circumstances first that warrant using a faster film. One serious fault that causes no end of grief at times is the amateur's tendency to "try another film." No two types of film may be used in the same way, so in order to gain success with another film you must know all the characteristics of that film first. Thus, after you use three or four different kinds of film you are all confused by their different characteristics and the result is a much too high percentage of unsuccessful or partly unsuccessful negatives. An amateur should follow the practice of all professionals in this respect. Use one film until you know that film's characteristics perfectly before you try another. For consistent, good results an amateur should use no more than two kinds of film unless he is going into the hobby in a very serious way. Those two films should be one orthochromatic type, a good example of which is Kodak Verichrome and the other panchromatic type, a good example of which is Super XX Panchromatic. These two are mentioned because they are probably the two most widely known. There are others of the same type in different brands of film equally good, and any of these could be chosen as long as the photographer stays strictly with the one brand and type he chooses. Different manufacturers might have films of the same type but with slightly varying characteristics. Another good point to follow in choosing a film is not to choose too fast a film. A slower

## Random Reporter

Well, we've had our Amateur Night or Concert or Entertainment or what have you—three hours of it. It had to come on pay night; and, even though Night Flying was washed out, the combination of a beautiful spring evening and money in the pockets proved too great an attraction for too many of the Station personnel.

The untiring work of F/Lt. Mitchell in training the Glee Club and Chorus showed results in a performance that for one of its numbers at least, brought the applause it merited.

Flt./Sgt. Shaw was in the proper spirit to read selections of his most recent verses and had his listeners in the palm of his hand. Harry Richardson of G.I.S., in his songs; Sgt. Slater and his "Boy"; F/O. Don Awde, with the mandolin, provided musical bright spots, and Sgt. Woodruff, in his first stage appearance showed what it takes to be a cartoonist.

Wing Commander Irwin presented the Cups won by the Station Basketball team in winning the District Championship; and after passing through several hands en route, team prizes and individual trophies in Volley Ball and Bowling, eventually reached their respective winners. Corporal Bauldry's cup still has to be handed to the newest member of his family.

Flying Officer Metzler's genius at the piano won the hearts of the entire audience by his inimitable rendering of popular melodies.

It must be said, however, that thirty-five minutes of a Quiz program in which the "Quizzer" was forced to give practically the whole show, was quite an endurance feat for all concerned.

Flt./Sgt. Bottrill was his genial self as chairman.

War has been declared on the ground hogs and starlings of the district at least by the Armament Officer and his assistants, i.e., the Station Engineer and the Barracks Officer. Some one asked Flying Officer Metzler what a ground hog was and he identified it as the eastern variety of the prairie dog. At present the battle is all in favor of the enemy, the attacking force claiming only six misses on ground hogs and five on starlings, of which three were near.

Flying Officer "Bill" Quinn, of Maintenance, has left for Overseas, with the envious best wishes of all.

Is there a nudist colony being organized in Aylmer, and does application to become a member of the colony have to be made to one of the senior officers on the Station? According to eye-witnesses and police records, ever since April 12, it has been possible to observe members of the cult indulging in their exercises with nothing more than a Dorothy Lamour or Mahatma Ghandi ensemble. Headquarters of this organization are at Raglan Street, Aylmer.

film will give equally good results under most circumstances and it is easier to get a higher percentage of good exposures.

Now to deal a little with the types of film—Much could be said in technical terms about speed and colour sensitivity, but that is more or less superfluous to the average amateur. First we will consider the orthochromatic or Verichrome film. This film should be used strictly as an outdoor film although it is quite possible to get good

(Continued on Page 4)



Y.M.C.A.

## Movies

WEDNESDAY, MAY 13th

"SECOND CHORUS"

Musical Comedy, starring Fred Astaire, Paulette Goddard, Artie Shaw and Orchestra

SATURDAY, MAY 16th

"CONVOY"

Starring Clive Brook, John Clements, Judy Campbell  
Stirring, thrilling entertainment

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20th

"FARMER'S DAUGHTER"  
Comedy—With Martha Raye, Charles Ruggles, Gertrude Michael

SATURDAY, MAY 23rd

"FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS"

Universal—Comedy Drama—  
Starring Marlene Dietrich, Bruce Cabot, Roland Young, Mischa Auer, Andy Devine

WEDNESDAY, MAY 27th

"ARISE MY LOVE"

Action Drama Starring  
Claudette Colbert and R. Milland

SATURDAY, MAY 30th

"MUTINY ON THE BLACK-HAWK"

Universal—Action Sea story  
Starring Richard Arlen, Andy Devine and Constance Moore

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3rd

"LIFE WITH HENRY"

Comedy, Starring Jackie Cooper,  
Eddie Bracken

## "The D. R. O."

Herewith is a brief description  
Of a column we all should know;  
It's the Station's most widely read  
paper  
And is called the "D.R.O."

You start to work in the morning  
Making up entries for the D.R.O.'s,  
Taking some new guys on strength  
While off another bunch goes.

Around noon you have got nicely  
started  
With still a few pages to go,  
And people shouting their heads  
off  
With "Did you put this in  
D.R.O.'s?"

At last they are checked and com-  
pleted  
And ready to go to the press.  
You sit back nearly exhausted  
While the runner does the rest.

Your work is still not quite finished  
Til the following day or two;  
When in comes the Sergeant-Major  
"There's some amending to do."

You start preparing amendments,  
And a cancellation or two;  
Till at last you feel quite certain  
That the day's D.R.O.'s are through.

After being told off by the Major  
And warned by the Adjutant,  
You begin to make preparations  
For tomorrow's big event.

Customer: "What's the matter  
with these eggs?"

Waiter: "I don't know, I only laid  
the table."

## Why We Are In This War

(Continued from Page 1)

square for the League of Nations, for international co-operation, for international suppression of lawlessness and war; and after Munich when Russia was excluded from the councils of the nations, she, too, gave up the fight and retired into isolationism. After that, war was inevitable.

Now when this war is over and the attempt of Germany and her allies to subjugate and enslave the peoples of the world has been defeated, we must turn back again to the program of Woodrow Wilson. We shall come back in sackcloth and ashes, but we shall come back to the ideals of Woodrow Wilson.

What was that program? In essence it was a three-point program.

**First**, a world-wide political organization with power to deal with all matters of international concern and able to provide security and justice for all nations. This means a restored, revitalized, and universalized League of Nations.

It is sometimes said that the League of Nations failed. That is not true; it was never tried. The critics of the League were never able to say concretely just how its machinery could be substantially improved. No, the trouble was not with the League of Nations, it was rather with the nations which were not ready for world organization.

The **Second** point is, essential free trade between all nations. This means that all peoples will have access to the raw materials and markets of the world on equal terms and hence access to the elements of prosperity. It is chimerical to think that nations will keep the peace when they are denied the right to win prosperity through work and trade. If goods cannot freely cross international boundaries then armies will. Tariff laws are declarations of war. Tariff advocates are our chief warmongers.

R.C.A.F. W.A.A.F.  
LIKE FLYING?

### London Flying Club

(LAMBETH)

Planes—Cub Cruiser (3 place)  
Cub Sport — Taylorcraft

Personnel wishing to take flying instruction, go up for a ride, or go to visit the Club may obtain transportation to Lambeth and return for 75 cents. Going Sundays, weather permitting. For appointment, contact

H. Leslie, Taxi Operator,  
Phone 236

Or write Harold W. Reid,  
Box 499, Aylmer

H. W. Reid, Member London  
Flying Club

### TRAVEL by AIR

Tickets and Information

Can. Nat. Telegraphs  
(MRS. ROY MORRIS)

### White Drug Store

AYLMER, PHONE 163

## Modern Transportation!



Gas rationing brings healthful exercise to F/S. Venne, F/O. Reid, F/L. Mitchell, F/O. McKnight, F/O. Fletcher, F/L. Southam

The **Third** point is, self-determination for all peoples within the frame-work of world government. This means that each nation shall be free to control its internal affairs and to develop its own destiny in accordance with the peculiar genius of its people. Nations must submit to international control in respect to all matters of international concern, but shall otherwise be free to govern themselves.

This is the program for which internationalists have fought in vain for over twenty years. It is the program which must prevail if the twin evils of war and poverty are ever to be lifted from the hearts of men.

What every soldier in this war should resolve now is that he is not going to stop fighting when the guns cease to speak and our foreign enemies have laid down their arms. He should resolve that he is going to battle the isolationists, both political and economic, until they, too, surrender. He should resolve never again to vote for an isolationist for any office, but actively to oppose him and beat him.

We soldiers have the right to say that we are tired of being called upon to redeem upon the battlefield the stupid and mistaken policies of our governors. We have the right to say that our countries shall not again be sacrificed in the fires of war through the folly of politicians. We have the right to speak for peace.

Travelling Man: "Some tornado that we had around here last night. Do any damage to your barn?"

Farmer: "Dunno. Hain't found the durn thing yet."

### Londoners

The chief difficulty is that the average Londoner isn't nearly "windy" enough about air-raids. He is too much inclined to regard them as an ill-mannered interference with his business or pleasure—especially his pleasure—and to treat them with contempt or defiance.

At "soccer" matches recently, when players have been ordered off the field during a raid, crowds have stood and booed them and the police, while the airplanes wheeled and fought over their heads. And yet those thousands packed together in the open are just the sort of target to gladden the Nordic heart. Fortunately the raiders were kept much too busy to be able to do anything about it. But there is no guarantee that some day the bombs won't fall, and it is horrible to think of what the consequences might be.

People in theater queues go on standing or sitting, undisturbed by the warnings—or, at any rate, unwilling to obey them. The thought of being bombed apparently alarms them much less than the thought of losing their place in line.—P. O. D., in Saturday Night, Toronto.

### A SHOCK

A little worm was feeling lonely, so he popped out and looked about for some one to play with.

At last he noticed another little worm and said, "Will you come and play?"

The other little worm replied, "Don't be daft. I'm your other end."

## CAPITOL THEATRE

AYLMER — PHONE 408

4 DAYS — 2 SHOWS NIGHTLY

### "CAPTAINS of the CLOUDS"

(Filmed in Technicolor)

JAMES CAGNEY — BRENDA MARSHAL

MONDAY, TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY, May 11, 12, 13, 14



They say time and tide wait for no man and believe me, we in "B" Flight can certainly say that such a statement is absolutely true as well as saddening. We've seen so many new faces around here lately that a railway station has nothing on us.

F/O Thurston, a chap who makes any Air Marshal worry about promotions, has left for No. 1 Flying Instructors' School at Trenton. We are certainly sorry to see him go. "B" Flight will miss him greatly.

However to balance our loss we are very fortunate to receive F/O "Porky" Norwood, a swell fellow, always a friend of "B" Flight.

F/Sgt. Joel Clark, as everyone knows was married recently and your reporter warrants that he has better taste in choosing a wife than in what he drinks. Of course we had to have a large housewarming and say was it "hot."

This morning we received two "WAAF" time-keepers, and now is the orderly room crowded.



### Modern Beauty Salon

PHONE 347 — AYLMEER

Welcomes all Airwomen of No. 14 S.F.T.S. to visit our Modern Beauty Salon.

ALL LINES OF BEAUTY CULTURE  
Qualified Operators

### Alterations and Repairs

on Uniforms made by Expert Custom Tailors

R. C. A. F. ACCESSORIES  
Braids, Wings, Hooks, Eagles, Props, Canada Badges, U.S.A. Badges, Duffel Bags, Haversacks, Etc.

### MEN'S WEAR

Shirts, Ties, Underwear, Sox and S. F. T. S. No. 14, Aylmer, Sweat Shirts

### Davenport & Lorch

AYLMER, ONTARIO

WHEN IN ST. THOMAS OR TILLSONBURG CALL AT

### Gettas Restaurant

(Air-Conditioned)

THE PLACE FOR GOOD FOOD

Personnel of No. 14 S.F.T.S. always Welcome

## Films

(Continued from Page 2)

indoor results on it. It is an average speed film being not slow and not fast. Its main characteristics is that it is not very sensitive to the type of illumination given by the ordinary electric light bulb. Therefore a long exposure must be given indoors. However, in average or even dull daylight it is easy to obtain excellent negatives with no photographic skill at all. With considerable use of this film it will be noted that it does take very good pictures of distant objects such as landscapes, especially on a hazy day. This is due to its high sensitivity to ultra violet light which is very abundant in haze and actually everywhere close to the ground. Now, we will deal with the panchromatic film or Super XX. This takes slightly more skill to use than does Verichrome due to its speed mostly and also to the variety of circumstances under which it may be used necessitating more adjustments on your camera. Exposure will be dealt with at a later date so we will not consider very much the speed of the film now. It is sufficient to say that it requires considerably less exposure than Verichrome film. Super XX due to its great colour sensitivity, is ideal for taking photographs indoors under artificial light. Reasonably short exposures are possible, making practical the photographing of objects that are inclined to move around. It should not be assumed that due to its superior characteristics in many ways it is better for taking outdoor photographs. Such is not the case at all except in extreme lighting conditions. A fast film in some cameras that have few adjustments make very poor negatives on bright days or in pictures taken from the air, etc.

The preceding paragraphs explained the "why" of using certain types of films for amateurs, but it should be taken only as advice more or less to begin on. There are many experiments possible with various films under many circumstances and many good effects can be made by using different films in their proper places, but this should be reserved for a time when you are prepared to go beyond the stage of "rank amateur."

The woman autoist posed for a snapshot in front of the fallen pillars of an ancient temple in Greece.

"Don't get the car in the picture," she said, "my husband will think I ran into the place."

## CAR CONSERVATION TUNE-UP

### WE ARE FULLY EQUIPPED

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

## AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

### SUBJECT — SPRING

#### Rules:

1. The competition is open to all personnel stationed at No. 14 S. F. T. S.
2. No photographs may be taken on Station.
3. All prints must be the entrants' own photography and ideas, and of a size 4" x 6" or larger.
4. All prints submitted are to become the property of "The Aylmer Airman."
5. An entrance fee of 25 cents must accompany each print submitted.
6. Pictures will be judged for originality, composition and print quality; before the final decision is made, the judges may call for the negatives for examination and return.
7. First and Second Prizes will be awarded.
8. Prints, together with Entrant's Name, Rank and Section are to be placed in sealed envelopes addressed

### THE AYLMEYR AIRMAN, PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.

and left in the Central Registry, Administration Bldg.

CLOSING DATE — MAY 25th, 1942

### MARKED INCREASE IN WRITING ROOM ACTIVITY

Whether the W.D. on Station are doing most of the letter writing, or their presence makes the boys think of the 'girl back home', at any rate the amount of stationery being supplied has increased greatly. During the month of March the Y.M.C.A. supplied 20,000 folded sheets of writing paper, and 12,000 envelopes. The average amount of stationery used has been approximately 15,000 sheets, or in other words, the "Y" has supplied in the neighbourhood of 125,000 letters to the folks back home since No. 14 S.F.T.S. opened last July. One of the services most appreciated by the personnel of Station is being able to buy stamps and post their letters without leaving the writing-room. Were it necessary to carry the letter around in a pocket, or walk out to the post-office, many good intentions to write a letter would go unfulfilled.

### Pressure on Hitler

Hitler has indeed lifted the lid off Hell and is going to have a very difficult time before he gets it back on again. If we can follow the inspiration Kipling has given us, Hitler will not be putting the lid back on. Rather he will be under the lid, and thanks to the sons and grandsons of the soldiers that Kipling wrote about, we will be sitting firmly on the lid and keeping him there.

"If we can meet with Triumph and Disaster,  
And treat those two imposters  
just the same."

### A. W. O. L.

He meekly walks in through the gate,  
And tries to smile at the man he hates,  
He calmly walks to the Guard House wicket,  
And hunts around to find his ticket,  
Handing over his pass which shows he is late,  
And the story that so often he will relate:  
'My car broke down, four tires flat,  
Or the train was too crowded, I couldn't help that.

'Tell it to the Judge,' the Corporal shouts,  
'We don't listen to stories from runabouts,  
Report in the morning a quarter-to-nine,  
And we'll march you up to Carver's line.

So in the morning he reports at nine,  
His boots all polished and buttons shined,  
He is escorted to the place of trial,  
And they take off his hat with a pleasant smile,  
And march him in to state his case,  
Seven days in the Digger, that's a nice place.

So they march him back and hand him a mop,  
And when you are finished you'll be able to stop,  
So he sweats and groans and works like a nigger,  
For the seven days he spends in the Digger.

—By Cpl. Martin, S.P.

## Control Tower

### Visitors' Day

We only have a short time to spare, just got out of Hospital and the paper goes to press today. Thanks for visiting us in Hospital. Oh, by the way, speaking of visitors, we had an unusual one at the Tower the other day. He had wings but he wasn't in the Air Force, and he didn't come up the stairs or the fire escape. He tried to come in through the window—the closed one! He happened to be a little chickadee flying around enjoying himself, either not looking where he was going or mistaking the Control Officer for a cherry tree. He hit the window with a resounding thud and landed flat on the walk outside. Poor little fellow. He looked very disconsolate, like an instructor after a ground loop. We can appreciate how he felt. We once tried to "fly" out of a window from the inside, but that's another story! However, after a little rest he took off again, and we thought that was the last we would see of him. But a few days later he was back again. This time he had grown a little wiser; he waited until the door was open and came in that way. We think perhaps he had intentions of building his nest up in the Tower, where he could watch these strange human birds learning to fly. No doubt he said to himself, "Here I am, born with wings. My daddy and grand-daddy and all my folks for twenty-five thousand years were born fliers and yet these strange human birds without wings or feathers have learned more about flying in twenty-five years than we birds have learned in twenty-five thousand. They can fly faster and higher and farther, stay up longer and do more crazy stunts than we could ever do, and I'll wager none of them would ever try to fly through the Control Tower window—or would they?"

The reins of "control" in the Control Tower have changed hands extensively during the past month or so.

Flight Lieutenant K. G. Southam, conscientious, efficient and popular becomes Officer Commanding No. 2 Squadron in place of Squadron Leader Bert Miller. Flight Lieutenant Errol Treleaven takes over "Bitsy" Grant's desk as Examining Officer No. 2 Squadron.

His place as Commander of "A" Flight goes to Flying Officer Morley Gain. Flight Lieutenant J. F. Green becomes O.C. "D" Flight, formerly commanded by Flight Lieutenant Southam. Flying Officer J. K. M. Reid, having won his bout with Scarlet Fever takes on "C" Flight, formerly Flight Lieutenant Hunt's command. Flying Officer Ed Thurston commanded "B" Flight in the absence of F/L. Bert Simms until posted to the Instructors' School at Trenton. He has been succeeded by F/O. Bob Norwood.

## DOAN'S BILLIARD PARLOR

TALBOT STREET — AYLMEYR

UPSTAIRS

OPPOSITE THE CAPITOL THEATRE

## BRADY BROS.

R.C.A.F. Shirts, Ties, Sox, Underwear, Pyjamas, Handkerchiefs, Belts, Suspenders, KHAKI TROUSERS, KHAKI OR BLUE CHEVRONS, BIRDS, PROPS, ETC.  
ALTERATIONS ON UNIFORMS

PHONE 470

## AIRMEN!

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

## Walker Stores

Limited

—AYLMER—

**Metal Shop Scraps**

..... In the merry month of May ..... etc.

Happily heeding the atmosphere suggested in that little musical ditty, we betake ourselves forthwith to some gossipy merrymaking.—For in this metal shop, throughout every month of the year, industrious travail is always seasoned with an air of light-heartedness!

Speaking of leaves, here's one for the book.—Jaunting up to the Maintenance Administration Staff, AC2 Taylor, his broad features set with grim resolve, put his case plainly—

"I want my annual leave on the fifteenth of this month—the full fourteen days of course. Also a 48 to immediately precede. It also happens, that I will, when that leave is completed, be entitled to a month's farm spring leave— add that to the list. And, since I've got a considerable ways to journey out west, if perhaps I could get some travelling time—"

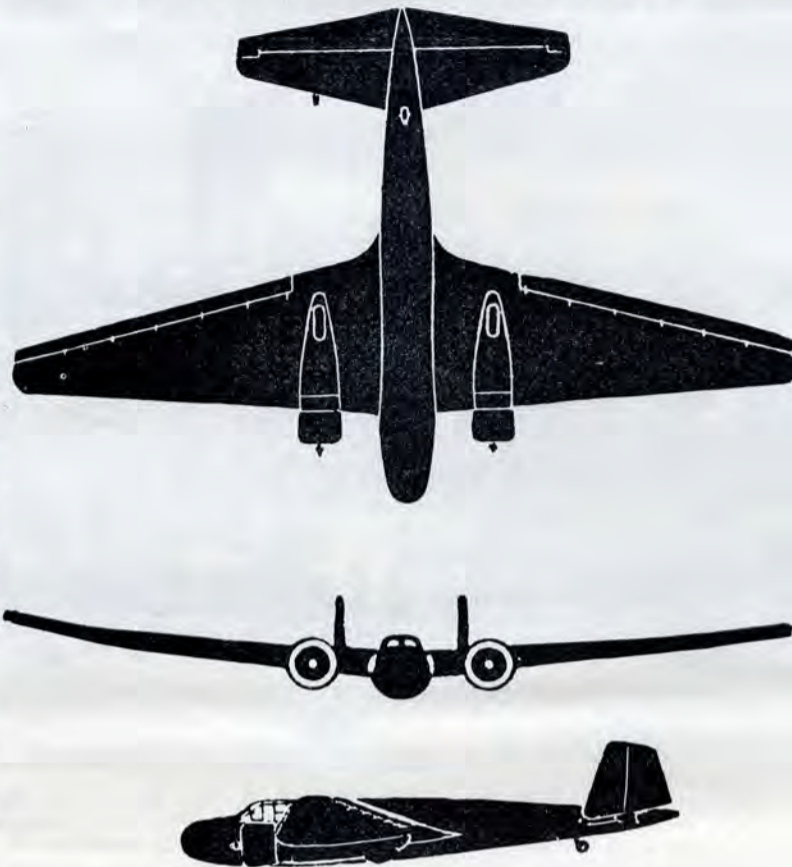
"Hold on farmer," breaks in an administrative voice, "Your troubles are over. The overworked Winnipeg repair depot is in dire need of metal repair men, so, Ottawa has had you drafted—the order came through this very morning! Consequently, as far as we're concerned, all the leave you asked for is immediately granted. Here are your clearance papers; go west young man and enjoy yourself!"

By the way, which "sucker" in the Metal Shop, presented a certain Miss P.H.G. (strictly a platonic friend!) with a first-class Tavannes watch on her twenty-first birthday?

And, (again possibly referring to the peculiar love interests abounding in the work shop) why is it, that since the arrival of several gorgeous W.D.'s to reinforce the fabric department, the doors to that snugly contained division are always locked?

Cpl. Locke's "COSY CORNER" (restricted clientele), comfortably and seclusively situated at the

**MODERN ENEMY AIRCRAFT**



**MITSUBISHI 96—A JAPANESE BOMBER**

A standard Japanese heavy bomber, the Mitsubishi 96 has been widely used against the Chinese, British, Dutch and recently at Hawaii and the Philippines. It is of conventional design and somewhat resembles the German Junkers 86K. The dimensions show it to be a very large aircraft; span 82', height 12'. It is capable of carrying 2,860 lbs. of bombs at 200 m.p.h. and has a range of 1,615 miles. The power is supplied by two 950 h.p. air-cooled Mitsubishi "Kinsei" radial engines. It was used effectively against the Chinese but the superior American and British aircraft are proving too much for it.

**WHAT TO LOOK FOR:**

As the ailerons are supported below the wings, it is possible to see daylight between the wing and ailerons. The leading edge of the wings have a slight taper, though the trailing edge has a more noticeable taper. The wings are wide at the centre section but are very narrow at the tips which are square. The tail plane has the same outline as the wings.

The fuselage is long, slender, and is termed "cigar" shaped. The "Sun room" over the pilot's cockpit is quite long. The rudder and fin are high, angular and square topped. The wheels are semi-retracted into the two radial engine nacelles.

south-west corner of the work shop building, is gaining a wide reputation for its exclusive and charming hospitality. Here, the elite of maintenance gather for friendly technical chatter, or breezy discussions on airforce law and administration. Here, too, enlightened members such as Sgt. Stoner, Flt./Sgt. Parker, WO2 Baillie and others of equal import, methodically formulate far-seeing and revolutionary ideas in administrative technique. And, as they thus converse and smoke, pretty W.D.'s, who make up the stenographical staff, serve the intermittent cups of coffee and goodies. Thus, amid this atmosphere of pro-

fessional conviviality, there emanates the progressive spirit—the brainy odds and ends, that politely suggest and inspire possible airforce adjustments towards a more simple and sociable administration!

LATE FLASH—Miss Katherine Nixon, the brilliant W.D. who had a considerable hand in shaping the sensational new 'EMSULD' tally system has had her prowess recognized with the award of a special administration course. Cpl. Locke and Sgt. Stoner will no doubt find it hard to continue their pioneering efforts without her. Nevertheless we in the Metal Shop are all happy to see Miss Nixon off on the road to leadership.

**Dead Sticks**

(Continued from Page 1)

his manoeuvres over the radio during the descent, ending with OH! OH! OH! etc., as the circle was lost to sight behind some stumps.

All in all, however, it was a good competition in which every one showed great interest, the object of the tests being to bring home to the instructors, the degree of judgement required to make an actual forced landing and to encourage them to develop their ability to the greatest extent, so that they might impress upon the student pilots the necessity of putting in some conscientious practice on this sequence.

In all, 58 instructors competed and the ten highest ranking instructors in the competition are listed below in order of merit.

F/S Early, A.	98.5%
P/O MacKenzie	95.2%
F/L Martin, H. J.	93.2%
P/O Winfield	90. %
F/O Aylett	88.5%
P/O Brown	88. %
F/L Treleaven	87.7%
F/L Quint	87.5%
F/S Pearson	86.7%
F/S Eakins	86. %

The instructors wish to extend their thanks to "Our C.O." Wing Commander Irwin for making this event possible, also to Wing Commander Overbury, S/L Weaver and F/L Southam for developing and carrying this event to such a successful finale.

We hope that another such competition may be held in the course of another month or two, when much better results will undoubtedly be achieved.

**TRAVEL  
MOTORWAYS**

Buses leave Airport for London, 5.30 p.m., Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Holidays Only

Buses leave London for Airport 11.00 p.m., Friday, Saturday and Holidays only.  
12.30 a.m. Monday Only

Leave Airport for Aylmer—5.00 p.m. to 7.30 p.m., every half-hour

Leaves Aylmer for Airport: 9.30 p.m. to 11.30 p.m. every half-hour

**Mother's Day  
May 10th**

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NOW**

For a Gift to Mother Visit  
**Curtis' Gift Shop**  
AYLMER

CHOCOLATES, JEWELRY,  
ENGLISH CHINA, TAPES-  
TRIES, DRESSER SETS,  
LAMPS, ETC.

Select the gift, and pay the  
charges and we will attend to  
wrapping and mailing.

Remember the Address  
**Curtis' Grill and  
Gift Shop**  
AYLMER



**COMING ATTRACTIONS:**

May 9th, 11th, 12th, 13th  
**"WOMAN OF THE YEAR"**  
Spencer Tracy — Catherine Hepburn

MAY 14th — 15th  
**"REMARKABLE ANDREW"**  
Brian Donlevy

MAY 16th — 18th — 19th  
**"FLEET'S IN"**  
Dorothy Lamour — William Holden

MAY 20th — 21st — 22nd  
**"JOAN OF PARIS"**  
Michele Morgan  
Story of the R.A.F.

MAY 23rd — 25th  
**"JUNGE BOOK"**

**FOR CERTIFIED QUALITY SNAPSHOTS BRING  
YOUR FILMS TO  
"Ray" Lemon  
DRUGGIST**

**Compliments of  
Sheppard's Coffee Shop**

## Headquarters Orderly Room

Famous sayings by the "Greats" of Headquarters.

W/C Irwin: "I Concur."  
 F/L. Lees: "It seems to me I read something somewhere—"  
 F/Lt. Hendershot: "Have you got any stamps."  
 F/O. Bales: "If Mr. Richardson calls me—"  
 F/O. Rust: "Thank you VERY much."  
 F/O. West: "How is the tea."  
 W.O.1 Carver: "Report to the Guard House every night for—"  
 W.O.2 Joel: "Here's an amendment for D.R.O.'s."  
 F/Sgt. Wells: "I'll explain to you briefly."  
 Sgt. Steup: "Don't hand me that stuff, I went through the ranks too, you know."  
 Sgt. Read: "Are you interested in a garden plot?"  
 Cpl. Day: "Now this could go on a number of files."  
 Cpl. Trimble: "You're "Joe" tonight, do the mail eh."  
 LAC. Lihou: "Could I leave at four, Major?"  
 A.C. Hewitt: "Good Stuff!"  
 A.C. Oldham: "But I worked last Sunday."  
 A.C. Clark: "What, D.R.O.'s late again?"  
 A.W. Dewar: "Please don't print that about me, Corporal, please don't."  
 Miss McKim: "Oh!! Another new course coming in."  
 Miss Barnecott (hopefully): "Are you going to answer the buzzer, Donelda?"

Nothing but the truth: Ask the great L. J. Owen about the man who phoned long distance with instruction to have a Harvard flown down to Thorold. He would wait in a field two miles south of the town and wave his arms when the plane passed over. You see, he was going to join the Air Force, and he thought the least we could do was to fly him to the recruiting centre.

If anyone is wondering why Cpl. Bauldry is strutting around the station with his chest out, it is merely the fact that he has finally become a proud father. Congratulations, George!

We hear that in the absence of a graduating class picture this month's issue will carry the picture of the master minds of No. 14. That's us folks. Copies suitable for framing may be had at a nominal fee. Place your order early and avoid the rush.

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

*Player's Please*



FRONT ROW—Left to Right—Sgt. Steup, A. G.; Sgt. Read, G. H.; Sgt. Scott, P. M.; A/S/O. Shalburg, A. A.; A/S/O. Sparrow, H.G.; F/O. J. H. Bales; F/L. W. F. Hendershot; W/C. G. N. Irwin; F/L. C. S. Lees; F/O. B. Rust; W. O. 1 Carver, A. E.; W. O. 2 Joel, S. W.

CENTRE ROW—Left to Right—Cpl. Trimble, H. W.; Cpl. Day, D. E.; Cpl. Carson, M. M.; Cpl. MacIver, D. E.; A. W. Fraser, N.T.; A. W. Whitelaw, D. A.; A.W. Hiscock, J. O.; A.W. Dewar, E. I.; A.W. Sturmev, B.J.; A.W. Wright, M. E.; F/Sgt. Wells, D. B.

BACK ROW—Left to Right—AC. Hewitt, M. C.; AC. Oldham, C. E.; AC. Clarke, E. J.; AC. Gent, D. L.; LAC. Ross, R. G.; Miss McKim, D; Miss Barnecott, R; AC. Deschamps, J. G. G.; LAC. Lihou, N. E. G.

### GARDEN PLOTS

With the land already for digging, only the seed is holding back the men and women from the land. A.S.O.'s Reed and Crocker have their plot but did not have to give the lead to the airwomen, who already were interested to a point of commandeering a dozen plots. Because of the departure of several from the Station, a few plots are available for airmen, preferably from Maintenance. Are there no gardeners in Maintenance?

A contest, based on periodic inspection of neatness, progress and finally, the yield, is assured. There are visions of a County Fair for the Station in the Fall, when exhibitors may really go to town to display, in professional style, their produce.

Sheets of instructions for beginners are available, and a plan of the total garden shows the position of the plots and names of plot holders.

Certain seed, sufficient for half the plot is being supplied. The balance of ground is left to be used for flowers or fancy vegetables at the discretion of the gardener.

There is an "ugly duckling" among the Station's buildings; we hope it will soon find its own place.

### "THE GESTAPO"

Spring has come at last and with no regrets for the passing of winter, at least not on the part of the Service Police, for now our work on the gate and on patrol has become a pleasure.

Sammy has set us some horse-peggs down by the Guard House and has issued a challenge to all comers. So far he is still the undisputed champion with Campbell running a very close second. We also intend to organize a softball team, but we aren't saying anything yet.

Sammy, the Tapper, and Romeo LeLacheur, our two dancers, have been representing the S.P.'s very efficiently at the Aylmer dances, much to the delight of the gals. We also have it from very good authority that the Service Police were well represented at the Policemen's Ball the other night. Ask the Chief and his Assistant.

We welcome the return of Cpl. Brown to our staff; Brownie has spent the past month in the hospital.

Excerpt from student's Navigation log:

Time 1030—Palmerston — Visibility zero.

Time 1035 — Visibility getting worse.

### MAINTENANCE (W. D.)

Hello everybody! This is our first appearance in the Aylmer Airmen, but we hope—not the last. We are the W.D.'s of Maintenance, and a happy lot are we. We're very happy because we have Mrs. Reed back with us again. We're as proud as punch of our A/S/O, and you can bet we won't let her down.

Yes boys, we do like our work, our fellow airmen, our N.C.O.'s, and of course, our Officers. We do appreciate the fact that you boys have had to make many adjustments among yourselves for us, and at all times you have been most willing to render us assistance?

We have been told that our coming has somewhat "Cramped your style," but we notice that you still have your military secret meetings, especially in the Log-Room. D.R.O.'s say that we are soon to lose some of our members—lucky airmen, eh?

All joking aside, boys, we think Maintenance the best Squadron on the Station, and we're here to do our very best.

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 "THE HARDWARE MEN" Aylmer, Ont.

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 —AI SHOE SHINE—

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 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

## Maintenance Mutterings

We have had a great deal of difficulty this month deciding whether to carry on as usual or to start an "Advice to the Lovelorn Column." But probably the best plan is to carry on as before, because apart from not being qualified to give advice in the gentle art of love making, our advice probably wouldn't be accepted anyway. But any of you lads who are having difficulties with the fair damsels need only to seek out Cpl. Musgreave or Cpl. Rosenberg and your problems will be given deep and careful consideration.

There doesn't seem to be much change in the romantic situation this month, although a few of the lads seem to have realized the folly of their ways; or maybe they have finally realized that "All the world doesn't really love a lover." We notice a lot of the girls going around with a wistful expression on their face now that O'Neill has finally tied the knot. Oh well, they can still admire him from afar—as long as Mrs. O'Neill doesn't get wind of it.

One of our Sergeants seems to be having a little trouble hanging on to the tiny Corporal of the Women's division. Sgt. Steup certainly took over when he escorted your date to the dance. (What have you to say about it, Doug?)

Now that our new Adjutant has taken up Carpentry in his spare time, we will be able to do without the services of Works and Buildings. He did a very workman-like job on the doors of the Coun-

ter in the Orderly Room and now he is looking around for something really big to try out his skill on. So if anyone has a job they want done, Mr. Milne guarantees efficient work and reasonable rates.

The boys down in the Parachute Section would like to know how the accident happened that Cpl. Hardy was in. Certainly no one could be born with a face like he has. It is of that peculiar type that not even a mother could love.

Walking into Barrack 9-B in the middle of the night is like tuning in on a "Lonely Hearts" program, what with Dawson muttering about his lost love and Emmons thinking up new ways to get out or working. If some of the lads ever talk in their sleep at home the way they do here—especially the married ones—it will be just too bad.

By the time this appears in print, Flying Officer Bert Quinn will have left the Station on an Overseas posting. He has been with us for about four months now, and has made himself one of the most popular officers in the Squadron. We are all sorry to see him go, but we know that he has wanted to go overseas for a long time, so now that he has finally got his chance to get over there and do his bit we wish him all the luck in the world.

**ODDS AND ENDS**—We wonder why Emmons and O'Callaghan are so interested in volley ball all of a sudden—Those dice must be loaded, Lehman. No one ever had that kind of luck. We wonder who the Corporal is who sends all his A.C.'s out for cokes at smoke period, and pays for the cokes—It must have been very embarrassing

## A WANDERING DRAGON-FLY



to the A.E.M. Crew that did the inspection on the wrong aircraft. Don't mope for your lost puppy, Stoner, you still have the memories.

fore, the thought occurred that the Table could be carried. It wasn't heavy. There were at least four of us. Not more than ten minutes discussion was necessary to persuade the lazy member of our party—there is one such on every station—that walking in the rain was better than standing in it; that the Control Tower would be more comfortable than Works and Building porch, and besides that the C. O. would probably strike us off a wooden medal for showing such initiative in the face of such inclement weather. So at last we seized the Table and marched it, wavering betimes, to the Control Tower.

## On Table Moving

It had never occurred to us until the other day that Table Moving could be such an involved process. We have always accepted the idea that if a table is to be moved from A to B it is simply moved and that is the end of the business. We discovered this to be a fallacy on a rainy day not so very long ago.

The problem, basically, was quite simple. We were assembled, six of us, down at Navigation Flight. At Works and Buildings there was a brand new Mapping Table. WE had to move the Table from Works and Buildings to the Control Tower Radio room.

Our approach to the problem, we felt, was sound; we went en masse, to Works and Buildings. Here a little preliminary shifting forced us to the conclusion that the front door was too narrow. To use the big back door, therefore, was the logical thing, and an airman-like way of attacking the problem. Now this door is not a great distance from the road, but the intervening area is a mire of the most gelatinous mud we have seen since last we waded ankle deep through Red River gumbo back Winnipeg way. In this mire, of course, our truck immediately stuck.

We took it rather casually. After all there were more trucks. Another would come. We waited. But another didn't come. In due time there-

Here the door of course, was too narrow. We took it off. The next door was too narrow. We took it off, too. Once inside, we carried the table quickly down the corridor while a rear guard of our party fell to replacing the doors upon their hinges. The fact that the automatic door stop now worked in reverse left us unconcerned. The fact that we were dirty, soaked, and shivering dampened not our spirits. Had we not carried out orders? Had we not brought the Table to the Tower? We'll tell the bloody world we had. But wait. The Radio room is on the second floor of the Tower. To reach it one uses a narrow stair way. It is a nice stairway. We have always liked it. But just now it presented a problem. It was too narrow.

For a moment we paused and considered. The corridor was not wide enough to permit turning the Table. The Table had to be turned to go up stairs. Even removing the hand rail on the stairs didn't

(Continued on Page 8)

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# Candy Hungry? Well Here's Your Answer



## Quips from the Equips

Another epoch-making month has come and gone in the life of the Equipment Section. Events have cropped up and there have been changes amongst the personnel of the section, which normally would disturb the even tenor of efficiency of any section, but an equipment assistant's life is a series of crises, in which he is expected to be able to produce at the drop of a hat or even two hats now that Maintenance is a Wing such things as mainplane, airscrews and aero-engines, and therefore such things as earthquakes and cyclones are mere incidents to be ignored in the performance of their duties.

Three of the lasses were posted back to Toronto, namely A.W.2's Nixon, O'Neil and Baldwin. It seems their stay on the station here was just a spring-board from which they are proceeding to bigger and better things. The lads in "B" Group are certainly going to miss the Duchess, even the glamorous Goldie stumbled a bit where she was concerned. Sgt. Stoner is even carrying around his own vouchers now; things have certainly come to a sorry pass. Ireland is once again back in favor in "A" Group, now that they aren't getting its virtues extolled to them every day from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M. For a time they were negotiating with St. Patrick to give it back to the snakes.

The effervescent, flamboyant Cakebread has finally received authority from higher sources, to make his much anticipated trip to Detroit, but only on condition he sends in hourly reports and is able to account in detail for all his time while away. Sgt. Booth is now back among us, after being down to Trenton, straightening out certain phases of the senior N.C.O.'s Admin. course, which he asserts was badly in need of being clarified. He is still a little puzzled by the fact that there was so much delay in getting him down.

The scintillating Equipment Section ball (spelled with an R) finally happened and it was definitely reported that it was the social event of this or any other season. Even Cpl. Warrington made a point of stealing time from his crowded social calendar to drop in and grace the party with his presence. LAC. Smith made every head-line and has retired to rest on his laurels. He had "Laughing-Boy" Plumb report to him the next day, just what he (Smitty) had said and done, and was very pleased to find out that he (Smitty) had had such a very good time indeed. He had a feeling the next morning, when he assumed a vertical position, prompted by the recurrent rumblings between his ears that he had been up to some pretty big things.

After an event like this any other happenings in the section are more or less in the nature of an anticlimax, so your reporter very discreetly signs off for another month.

## Gear Grows From the M. T. Section

As we go to press again with Spring here, everybody seems full of vim and vigor as you see W.O. 2 Ethier and his gang hauling dirt and resurfacing the lawn; it should look well after it is growing.

W.O.2 Ethier has urged the boys into a gas-saving plan which has brought great returns up to now, our gas shows a drop breaking the record in No. 1 Training Command. Good going, there boys; keep up the good work; also remember to do the same regarding wear of your tires.

Sgt. Hardman, the N.C.O. in charge of the night crew says if they don't show up at ten to five sharp and stay on the job, he's to enforce something which will bring them on time.

Another thing the night crew is disputing about is, where we can get a few old rusty beds to sleep on when night flying is through—you know the floor is pretty hard at times and 15 hours is pretty long.

Crash MacCough, the tank driver, is out of the hospital again; sorry to say that his eyebrow slipped down under his nose. Hogle, the office boy, must have tried to run down a brick wall breaking his glasses. Funny part of it was, that he was also confined to barracks.

One of our gals, A.W.2 Mark, was transferred to Toronto. The girls still seem to get a kick out of driving but I can see the glamour slowly wearing off. Back to business again, we of the M.T. are looking forward to seeing all the heavy equipment handed over to W.&B.; glad to get rid of it, and a few of its noisy characters.

## THE FEMININE POINT OF VIEW

"Civilian Corps"

When we asked a certain F/O for a new title to our column, and he suggested the "Battle Axe Club" we decided to keep our old one and add "Civilian Corps."

Our star reporter left us holding the bag so to speak when she decided to take a week-end trip to Montreal, so to continue this worthy column we are carrying on for her.

Business is still humming up here at Headquarters even though we all find it difficult now that summer has just up and arrived. Who said we never have nice weather in Aylmer?

Congratulations are due our Station Basketball Team and also the Headquarters Bowling Team.

"Have you got two nickels for a dime?" has been the most common saying in our midst for the last few weeks, the reason being the presence of a newly installed coke machine in Mr. Vale's office.

We are expecting some new visitors any day now in the little green apartment with the red roof just outside our windows. It is certain that no bird would look farther for a home after discovering this one.

Ottawa is one of the picture cities of Ontario, but it is certain that AC. 1 Oldham is not going to spend his seven days' leave looking at the scenery.

Quite a few of our Women Division friends were heaving sighs over some Overseas letters received a few days ago, but it was noticed by all that A.W. Dewar still saves her sighs for the tall, dark and handsome Flight Lieutenant.

## On Table Moving

(Continued from Page 7)

help. There we stood, the six of us and the Table plumb in the middle of the Air Training Scheme, with the traffic beginning to queue up in all directions. We had become a bottle-neck. The problem had become acute. Should we unhinge the doors and depart even as we had come? Perhaps by so doing we could find a convenient window through which to throw the Table and carry it upstairs piecemeal. Our decision, of course, was the courageous one. We would advance. Blithely, then, and vigorous once more, we tore the Table apart and carried it, piece by piece, upstairs.

And then, leaving two of our party to build it anew, we departed, satisfied, into the rain.

## Topic of Interest

A notable fact regarding our airmen is that the great majority of them must have been born in or immediately after the last war. We used to be told in a hundred articles and speeches how disastrous that conflict was for the national physique and to what nervous and other ills the babies of the years 1914-18 would be subject. Yet I suppose the average age of pilots is somewhere about 24, which means that a large proportion of them must have been born in one or other of the war years; there would appear to be nothing conspicuously wrong with them.

—Janus in The Spectator, London

Are YOU doing your share toward conservation of stationery on the Station? If not, why not?

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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

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— COLD STORAGE —



### Three Aces

### Duco Is Born

The students and instructors in "F" Flight pay tribute to three young men who recently lost their lives in aircraft accidents, P/O. MacLean, L.A.C. Kirk and L.A.C. Welsh.

Following is a poem, written by three lads who have since lost their lives overseas. Dedicated to those of us who must pass on, that the ideals we cherish may live.

#### THE LAST LONG MILE

So you fought your battle and lost my lad,  
And you're battered and bleeding, too,  
Your hopes are dead, and your heart's like lead,  
And your Master is calling you.

Then you cry out in your grief and pain,  
For your youth which soon must die,  
The fight is through and it's up to you  
To laugh, though you want to cry.

But some one, a loser must be, they say,  
'Tis sad, but it's always true,  
Day after day, in the fight's hard way,  
Death has been waiting for you.

So don't be ashamed to cry in your pain,  
For you battled as best you could.  
There's none will blame, or scorn your name  
When you die as a real man should.

But life in itself is a battle you know,  
You fight it as best you can,  
You win or lose, as God may choose,  
For He governs the life of Man.

Although you've lost this fight, my lad,  
There's a greater battle won,  
You can walk with a smile, down that last long mile,  
Through the gates, to the rising sun.

Sgt. Pilot May Munro,  
Sgt. Gunner Williamson,  
Sgt. Observer Jim McDowall,

We, the instructors and students in Course "51" would like to wel-

### What a Life!



Don't be fooled by this aviator  
He isn't a bit of a woman-hater.  
If he'd only learn,  
he could win a friend—  
He has to perspire,  
but need not offend.

**Bath tonight with LIFEBOUY**  
The ONE soap especially made to prevent "B.O." (Body Odor)



F/Lt. Grant, F/Lt. Green, F/O. Ward

come P/O. Mudge and P/O. Pierri into our midst. You look to be two fine looking young men, and we know that you will give your best to make "F" Flight the first and best on the station.

And now for a word in lighter vein.

We are given to understand that Monkman and Barton aren't repasting at a private table with S.P.'s for nothing however; Monk has gone in for "guarding" in a big way down at the front end of the grounds. Many of the boys travelled incognito over the week-end apparently prepared for any emergency. Hotels about the country registered a miscellany of Bushes, Andersons, O'daes and McGinties from "F" Flight. Crash Keenan has established a record in deviating from the runways, but he's modest about it and that, gentlemen, goes a long way in flying. Davenport is fostering a moustache along with a substantial purchase of "cokes" for the instructors, to say nothing of his notorious "glib and oily art." P/O Pierie says his real future is in Toronto, and many of the boys have thrilled to his exhibition of rare skill on the controls after one of those "simply aesthetic" week-ends. We'd like to know where F/O. Metzler, the gentleman flier, and perpetuator of "Mary Lou," spends his spare time.

Flt./Sgt. Sinclair is still eyeing the gang for a bigger and better ping-pong player. In closing, a word about the capable leader of the gang, Flt./Lieut. Quint, an R.M.C. graduate, as well as a true blue Westerner. Hats off to that genuine Western hospitality.

The A.R.P. warden told a man to take cover. "I've got to pay for the war," he protested. "Can't I look at it?"—Tit-Bits, London.



This is to introduce infamous "C" flight which has been rounded up from Elementary Schools from Fort William on the west to Chatham on the east.

At last it seems we have come out of our retirement and have caused some comment lately. Most of the comment is about two red-blooded lads, namely L.A.C. Barton and Balduff, who due to momentary deficiencies of altitude, have been forced into retirement in the digger. L.A.C. Monkman, not to be outdone by this, proceeded to shoot up Listowel and he also got shot into the digger.

Two other episodes involving L.A.C. Stout, who force-landed very nicely upside down in a strange field and C.P.L. MacLean, who reversed this procedure by being forced to land wheels up in our field. Yes, it does seem "C" flight has come out of its retirement. Is it good or bad? Don't answer that question.

Is it true or false the boys from Windsor Elementary know so little about aero-engines that the C.G.I. from Windsor, is paying us a short visit. It must be true because in class the other day, even Flight Shaw, under the close scrutiny of Mr. Reynolds, the C.G.I. could not get any of the Windsor boys past a four dollar question.

This is the first in a series of instalments, the second will follow in an early issue.

Young Hunt has been replaced

Charles F. Kettering believed, like many others, that mass production could never reach its ultimate limits until the time required for painting cars was shortened. At first it took 37 days to finish a Cadillac automobile, most of it spent waiting for paint to dry. Paint experts believed they could shorten that to 34. One day, in a New York shop window, Kettering saw a pin tray. Asking about the finish, he learned that it was a lacquer made in New Jersey, but when he tried to buy a quart he found that such a quantity had never been made in one time.

They asked what he wanted with it.

"I want to paint an automobile door," he said.

"You couldn't do that," they told him.

"Why not?"

"It dries too damn fast!"

There he had two extremes. Patient work by technicians squeezed them together. Duco was born—a new product, a whole new set of opportunities.

—Nation's Business, Washington

by a new Flight Commander F/O Reid, a trifle anaemic after his bout with scarlet fever—but nevertheless in good spirits and quite capable of keeping "C" Flight on top—even to the instructors' instrument time.

We all miss our deputy flight-commander—poet par excellence—F/O. Freddie Pease, who had the misfortune to be injured in a skidding turn while low flying (or driving?) His return is hoped for in the near future. We miss you, Freddie, particularly as we write this darn column.

We welcome another handsome young Westerner (no reflections on you, Ben), P/O. John Crozier. Watch out girls—he is single, suave, sincere, smooth and savage. (Ask Shulemson.)

Why was our forced landing expert "Moisy" Simmonds shopping for a ring in Toronto recently? We all feel an explanation should be forthcoming. Perhaps he and "Nipper" will have a little news we can add to this column in the near future?

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**Wishing Well**

**Drinks**

### Sports Gossip

(By F.E.W.)

Just one more word about basketball before we forget that sport for another year . . . we couldn't finish out the year without congratulating Flying Officer Elmer McLeod for the swell games that he put up to help enable the London "Y" Aces to win the Canadian Intermediate "A" championship. . . . Elmer was an important cog in the London machine that won two straight over the Ottawa Glebe Collegiate Grads to bring London its first championship in ten years. . . . Nice going, Elmer! . . . And then there was the presentation of the cups won by the champion No. 14 S.F.T.S. quintet at the recent amateur night. . . . Wing Commander Irwin, a great sportsman, and an onlooker at every one of the team's league games, was on hand to give out the Tip Top Trophy and the Reach Trophy, symbolic of District and Central Ontario league titles, respectively.

It looks as though No. 14 will be able to give the other surrounding softball teams a run for their money this summer, the way that the team is shaping up . . . and Strickland hasn't lost any of the whip in the arm since last year . . . ask any of the other lads who have stood up and watched his fast one whizz by for the third strike. . . . a couple of Yankee air-crew, who have been chasing them in the outer gardens, look like cinches to grab off an outfield spot . . . and then there's a couple of good-looking lads from Windsor who have played a lot of softball in their day . . . Flying Officer Archie Fletcher, and AC Clem Forman, both former Windsor school teachers, should be able to handle a couple of the infield positions rather nicely.

Although the turnout for the Station lacrosse team has not been what it should be, the fellows that have, have been having a lot of fun out on the field . . . and you should have seen the Commanding Officer exhibiting his ability to dish it out, when he decided to have a little work-out last week . . . and don't think that he didn't have to take it either, as Cpl. Quartermain, our local "shutter bug," as well as Cpl. Lloyd Ferris handed out some rough punishment . . . how about some more



Pictured above is F/L Powis, W.B., of Equipment Section on this Station presenting the "Wings" to his son. The presentation took place at a recent graduation at No. 1 B. & G. School, Jarvis, Ont.

—Picture Courtesy of The Toronto Telegram

of you lacrosse addicts getting out for the outfit and see what can be done about turning out another championship squad . . . nothing like adding a couple more trophies to the collection!

It shouldn't be long now before the Station inner-section softball loop gets under way . . . the way that the various sections are boasting up their teams, it seems as though there will be a great tie for the top spot in the loop . . . they're all unbeatable according to the backers of the nines . . . a lot of the huts will be lining up teams for the schedule, which is due to get under way in a short time . . . teams representing G. I. S. and Headquarters will also be entered.

They say the Women's Division will be rounding up a softball team and contend that they will be able to give any team on the Station a battle for their money . . . the games should be well worth the

price of admission . . . (maybe it's a good thing that they can't charge!)

Belated congratulations are due to the R.C.A.F. hockey team which went on to win the Allan Cup after a highly successful season. Congratulations Ottawa R.C.A.F. from No. 14 S.F.T.S.

### The Paper Digs It Up!

By M. R. Birnbaum

Gossip — you know the kind I mean — is a funny thing. In principle, everyone is against it; and yet, we all love to hear about the 'unmentionable' oddities committed by so-and-so, or the peculiar privacies indulged in by Miss such-and-such.

" . . . The scandalous gossip crackled merrily on, like a burning faggot pile!" wrote Tolstoy in a very understanding passage from Anna Karenina. And certainly it is a merry pastime, this gossip — That is, if you're not concerned! But no matter how widespread the word is disseminated, gossip, so long as it remains out of print, is comparatively harmless and short-lived. Ah, but then, there's the pen! That mightiest and most ruthless of weapons . . . The printed word!

We are very fortunate that our Station, limited in size though it may be, is in possession of a truly fine newspaper. There's no doubt about it, the Aylmer Airmen is a honey. Its sectional columns are gems of gossipy pulchritude! No sooner is an issue out, than we dig our noses hastily into what section concerns our activities, both anxious to eat up all the scandalous doings of everybody else, and fearful of discovering the truth about ourselves! Yea man, the paper digs it up!

But why make any protest? What, after all, is gossip? One definition of it is . . . merrymaking of others at a meeting of friends. Surely (at least such is my philosophy) the digging up of 'faux pas' concerning our neighbors is absolutely fair. Human progress cannot be retarded by bringing to light the little faults and oddities we all commit. In fact, it is actually to the merit of progress that we unearth the minor failures and social errors of others, for we may thereby be saved the faulty experiences they have endured, and, at the same time, make the guilty parties more careful of possible repetition. In any case, so long as printer's ink is available, we are all liable at any time, to pick up a printed sheet, and horror of horrors — how did they ever find out! So we may as well be philosophical about it; gossip and printed palaver are here to stay.

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