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

AUGUST 28th, 1942

Problems in High Altitude Flying

By F/O M. D. Lunan

THE advantages of high altitude to the military aviator are obvious. It is regarded by some as one of the most important single factors in aerial warfare. The late Sir Frederick Banting expressed this view by saying in effect, that those who get up the highest, the soonest, and stay there the longest would win the war.

Present day aeronautical research is rapidly developing planes in which the limiting factor is the human element. It is, as it were, a race between machine and man, participated in by both ourselves and the enemy.

In ascending to a high altitude there is a progressive fall in barometric pressure as the air becomes more rarified. At ground level air pressure is 14.7 lbs. per square inch and it falls to half this value at 18,000 feet, to one-third at 28,000 feet, and one-sixth at 42,000 feet.

The low barometric pressure of high altitudes affects the body in the following ways:

1. It reduces the amount of oxygen available for breathing. The rate at which one breathes depends, for practical purposes, upon the amount of oxygen and carbon dioxide in the blood. Exercise increases the amount of carbon dioxide in the blood, hence we breathe harder. This rids the body of the excess of this gas and simultaneously supplies the increased amount of oxygen also required. At altitudes beyond 10000-15000 feet, however, there is a definite lack in the available oxygen supply. This results in an increased rate and depth of respiration. For this reason the delicate balance between the amount of the two gases in the blood is upset, and the mechanism controlling our breathing is put out of gear.

It may then be noticed that the breathing assumes a peculiar form in order to satisfy both these controlling factors, being first rapid and deep, gradually tapering until there is no desire to breathe for perhaps a minute, the process repeating itself in a cyclic manner. It is obvious that the remedy is to supply more oxygen and it is usual to do this in flights of any duration over 10000 feet, to be safe. This however, is not infallible, and it is obvious that there is a limit to the process as the atmosphere becomes more rarified, so that at 35-40 thousand feet breathing even 100 per cent. oxygen does not suffice.

There are two methods of overcoming this rarefaction of air at high altitudes; one is by use of pressure cabins in aeroplanes, the other by using pressure suits. In contrast to a pressure of some 14 lbs. per square inch at ground level, the pressure at 40000 feet is only 2.5 lbs. If the plane is hermetically sealed—that is, air tight—the pressure may be increased by 2 or 3 lbs. quite easily, and relieve any

symptoms of distress. This has been proven in commercial aviation, but in military aircraft it is difficult to say how air tight the craft could be made after being hit by a cannon shell.

It is known that the Italians have been working on the problem of pressure suits, and the world's altitude record of 53900 feet was made using a pressure suit. There are disadvantages however; one of them is claustrophobia. The present-day suits are so bulky that great difficulty is experienced in extricating oneself quickly from the close confines of say, a gun turret. Due to the circular form of the sleeves, trousers and trunk when the suit is under pressure, there is a splinting effect, so that movements are difficult to make.

2. The low barometric pressure of high altitudes also produces a condition known as "Decompression Sickness." It is caused by the expansion of gases within the body. In order to understand them it is necessary to remember some fundamentals concerning the behaviour of gases, that they increase in volume as the pressure is decreased, and that a gas will go into solution under pressure, but will come out when pressure is decreased, forming bubbles. These two things occur.

Thus there is expansion of gases in the intestine producing abdominal distension, usually noticed at altitudes above 25000 feet, seldom causing more than slight discomfort or cramps. Relief is usually obtained in time.

The formation of bubbles may occur in various parts of the body. The bubbles are composed of nitrogen and tend to form in the blood and body tissues as the outside air pressure falls. Actual bubble formation doesn't occur in the blood, as they are eliminated through the lungs. This is true in even the fastest interceptor type of aircraft which can climb to 35000 feet in about 15 minutes. In the body tissues, however, the bubbles tend to become trapped in certain parts, the commonest being around joints, but rarely occurring under 30000 feet. Using the X-ray, the bubble formation is quite visible.

As a result joint pain is by far the most important symptom of Decompression Sickness, tending to occur and become more severe at altitudes above 30000 feet, or as the duration is increased. The joints most frequently affected are, in descending order of frequency, the shoulder, knee, wrist, elbow, ankle and hip. Occasionally the pain is definitely localized in the substance of a muscle, or along the course of a nerve. The pain usually begins as an indefinite feeling of stiffness, and later becomes a dull aching pain. Movement of the limb almost always aggravates it, but in rare instances a sudden movement may relieve it. In-

creasing the altitude always makes the pain worse, as does the duration of the flight at a given altitude. Gradually the pain spreads until perhaps the whole limb is involved.

Pilots should understand that it is unwise to endure such pain unnecessarily, as it is a forerunner of nausea, sweating, weakness and eventual unconsciousness. Descent of 500-1,000 feet will relieve a moderately severe attack. As in everything else, there are individual variations so that some are affected at lower altitudes than others. Thus crews manning high altitude bombers should be selected accordingly in order that the plane will not have to descend to a relatively low altitude due to illness of one of its members. However, almost anyone will be affected sooner or later if the flights are frequent enough, at sufficiently high altitudes and for sufficiently long periods.

There are other less common developments, which may occur. There may be an itch or burning sensation of the skin, or there may be development of a rash. On flights above 35,000 feet for more than an hour's duration there may occur a feeling of tightness in the chest or at the base of the neck. Physical exertion is an aggravating factor, and eventually the subject finds it impossible to take a deep breath.

There is one other aspect to consider in consequence of a lowered barometric pressure. This, one of the most important, involves the middle ear, which may become the site of an "aerotitis media." This latter state may be developed by any flyer, and each should have some knowledge of the structure and peculiarities of an ear, in order that he may avoid temporary incapacity and grounding as a result of damage to his ears.

When sound reaches the outer ear, it travels through the ear canal to the ear drum at the inner end of the canal. The ear drum is a thin translucent membrane which takes up the sound vibrations and transmits them by a system of levers through the middle ear. The drum therefore separates the air in the middle ear cavity from the outside air of the atmosphere. As the pressure varies outside the drum so must the pressure inside, or the drum will bulge in one or other direction, as the case may be. To meet this situation, a tube, the Eustachian tube, connects the middle ear to the outside atmosphere by way of the throat. This tube possesses certain peculiarities due to its valve-like action. During ascent, air escapes through it so that pressure on the two sides of the drum may remain equal. This requires no conscious effort. However, during descent, the tube must be voluntarily opened at intervals of 500-1000 feet to allow air to enter the middle ear and equalize the pressure. Failure to do so often enough, may result in a relatively normal ear becoming blocked, so that when an effort is made to clear the ear, it meets with little or no success. The ear then begins to pain, the hearing is impaired,

THE EDITOR GOES



FLYING OFFICER GIBSON

Flying Officer G. A. L. Gibson weakly voiced his own farewell in our last issue. Since then we have regretfully learned that his temporary posting has become permanent.

"Gibby" will be missed around the station. Who will criticize our poor attempts at billiards? Who is going to correct us when the Mess radio is playing too loudly? Who will take his place in our Glee Club? Above all, who will equal him in editing our Aylmer Airman?

We are prone to think that his present posting is due in no little measure to the excellent piece of work he did with our station paper. It certainly has been a credit to him, as well as to the station, since he took it over at the beginning of 1942.

He set himself high standards when he assumed control, though let it be admitted that he sometimes had to lower them in order to fill the pages and get the paper out! Many things may appear in this and in subsequent issues that would not have passed his eagle eye or suited his literary taste. If such be the case, it will only serve to show how fortunate we were in being privileged to have "Gibby" as our editor for some eight issues.

We wish him every success in his new job at Ottawa, and hope he will find time in the near future to exercise his unique talents and contribute something to our station paper. Goodbye and Good Luck, Gibby!

there may be dizziness and ringing in the ear. If the drum is examined with a light, it will be found to be invaginated and the stress it is under will have caused it to lose its clear translucency and to have become red and inflamed. Had the ear been cleared frequently during descent, by swallowing, or tensing the throat muscles, it may not have occurred, and it may be necessary to reascend to a higher altitude,

(Continued on Page 4)



The Aylmer Airman

Published every fourth Friday at Aylmer,

Ontario, under the authority of

Group Captain G. N. Irwin

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

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AYLMER, FRIDAY, AUGUST 28th, 1942

STATION SPIRIT

There is a fairly definite feeling among us that Number Fourteen is one of the best stations in the Dominion, and the vast majority of the personnel, we believe, are proud to belong to it. But, and here's the rub, we could wish for a more healthy and vociferous demonstration of their pride. The other evening two competitive games were in progress simultaneously on our playing field. Both games were well worth watching. And yet only a mere handful of spectators were present at each.

This shouldn't be. When the lads and lassies play in these games they do so as our representatives. And the very least that we can do is to get out there to cheer them on.

When the teams go visiting, it is impossible for many non-players to accompany them due to the lack of transportation facilities. But there's nothing to prevent the majority of us from rallying around our teams when they play at home, save lack of interest, which means lack of station spirit.

What we are trying to say is this: FOR THE SAKE OF OUR AYLMEER MATER SUPPORT THOSE WHO TAKE PART IN SPORTS FOR US.

YOUR PAPER

Editors come, and editors go, but your paper, The Aylmer Airman, still goes on. Let it be borne in mind, however, that it only can go on as contributions of articles, news, poems, cartoons, and so on, are received from the personnel of this station.

The editor edits: he doesn't invent, nor can he perform miracles. So whoever your editor may be—and in these days of change and chance, of postings and partings, it may be anyone—endeavour to do your part to keep the paper going by contributing yourself and by encouraging others to contribute. YOUR PAPER NEEDS YOUR HELP!

That popular officer of Works and Buildings, Flight Lieutenant Hewson, was asked what he thought would be a good name for our station paper, now that we have airwomen as well as airmen among the personnel. His suggestion was that we call it the "Aylmer Airwen"—the "Aylmer Irwin." Not bad, eh!

The C.O.'s Corner

The past month has seen great changes made in our personnel. The loss of familiar faces like W/C Overbury, S/L Creighton, F/L Scott, F/L Treleven, F/O Gibson and Captain Patterson is to be much regretted. Nevertheless such moves are to be expected and it remains for us to carry on in the manner which has become traditional for our Station.

In extending congratulations to Course 55, we further regret the loss of soccer players like McAuley and Corbett and softball artists like Schiller and Ettles. However, it is realized that Course 55 will proceed to the next part of their training with the same keen spirit of interest which you exhibited here.

With the thought of your work here in mind, we extend to you the best wishes of No. 14 S.F.T.S., Aylmer.

G. N. IRWIN, Group Captain
Commanding Officer.

REBELLION

I said I would be patient
Not critical of life,
Despite the things it does to one
When agonizing strife
Seethes from the four corners of
the earth.
I said I would be tolerant,
Judge not my fellow man,
And I have tried—God knows I
have,
To live up to this plan
And keep a sense of peace about
my hearth.

But how can one be patient
And tolerant today,
When all the things worth living
for
Are smashed, or swept away
So ruthlessly by greedy hordes?
How countenance the deeds of
hands
That drip with human blood,
Or keep from criticizing those
Who might have stemmed the flood
Of crime unloosed by evil over-
lords?

Yet well I know the only hope
Of future happiness,
The only way to straighten out
This grim chaotic mess,
And bring back the security of
peace,
Is not alone with thousands
Of planes, or ships, or guns,
Nor yet with vast battalions
Of British mothers' sons,
But faith in Him who makes all
wars to cease.

B. L. S.



Y.M.C.A.

Movies

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29th

'NAVAL ACADEMY'

Starring, Freddie Bartholomew,
Jimmy Lydon and Billy Cook.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st

'AMAZING MR. WILLIAMS'

Starring, Joan Blondell, Melvyn
Douglas.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th

'SWING SISTER, SWING'

Starring, Ken Murray and Johnny
Downs.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th

'APPOINTMENT FOR LOVE'

Starring, Margaret Sullivan and
Charles Boyer.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12th

'PENNY SERENADE'

Starring, Irene Dunne, Cary Grant
and Beulah Bondi

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15th

'SWING THAT CHEER'

Starring, Tom Brown, Robert Wil-
cox and Andy Devine.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19th

'BANK DICK'

Starring, W. C. Fields, F. Pangborn
and Una Merkel.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22nd

'DOCTOR TAKES A WIFE'

Starring, Loretta Young, Ray Mil-
land and Gail Patrick.

Y. W. C. A. NEWS

Not since the remodeling of the "Y" Hostess House, has there been the opportunity to express through the columns of "The Aylmer Airman," our appreciation of the many nice things that have been done by our friends to help us make the Hostess House a more efficient and happier meeting place for the Airwomen and Airmen of this station and their friends.

One contributing factor to pleasanter evenings has been the generous gift of a radio. No longer do we have to listen to one station whether or not we like the program. The little radio we had, apparently lost its ability to reach out into the air waves and bring in the Jack Bennys, Fibber McGees or Tommy Dorseys. All we seemed to get were commercial's setting forth the merits of pills, soaps and soft drinks. Only those who have gone through the agony of a soap melodrama ending in a petition to straightway go out and buy two packages of flakes that give the whitest wash, can appreciate what it would do to a group of young people dying to get a dance program.

Another gift of a substantial cheque from the Officers' Wives Auxiliary, which was originally intended as a contribution toward the purchase of the radio, will now enable us to get a vacuum cleaner. From the amount of dust we have coughed through the past week, nothing could be more deeply appreciated, unless it is a little oil on the road.

Our garden, another gift, is producing luscious tomatoes just now. For the information of the camp personnel we might add that we carefully gather the same each day before sundown as a precaution against the snitcher looking for the odd midnight snack. It is the only

way we can meet the demand for toast-wiches.

Sometimes the thought that the Hostess House is just another sandwich is a positive relief to have an "Aussie" order "tie and tist" with the emphasis on the "i". We have gotten so we can detect that coffee look the minute an airman shows his face inside our door, and we strongly suspect that the grapevine method is employed when we are rash enough to make a chocolate cake. The sniff, sniff of Walt Disney's Pluto, has become a habit with certain regulars who greet us with "What's cooking, Ma?" Some of the lads have even threatened to raid the ice box and make their own "Dagwoods" on bean nights and fish days. To listen to the general conversation in the Hostess House lounge almost any evening, one would think that food was the only subject worth discussing. "Food I have eaten, and Food I would like to eat," is a favorite topic of an American student pilot, who tells us our salad is almost as good as one he got in Chicago the last time he was home. We know there are those on the station who think the hostess is pretty hard hearted when she says: "No salad plates today," or "we are fresh out of peaches and cream." Food is not the chief aim and object of the Hostess House, but it seems very hard to impress that upon a hungry airman. We have found from repeated trials, that enumerating all the other services we are prepared to give, has no effect when the stomach knaws.

We are particularly grateful for the help the airwomen have given us when we have been rushed. They have come to our aid on several occasions. We have also discovered that some of the Airmen can dry dishes with the same thoroughness they employ in polishing their buttons. We let them do it, too. It gives them an interest in the upkeep of the little house and a feeling that it belongs to them. That is the attitude we would like to encourage.

HAVE YOU

ever been a Radio Announcer, Script Writer, Production Manager, Actor, Artist?

DO YOU

Sing, or Play a Musical Instrument?

CAN YOU

take part in a radio program in any way?

In view of plans now being completed for two national series and a number of local programs over radio stations on behalf of the R.C.A.F., it is essential that the names of personnel who have had previous radio experience be readily available. Also that others who are capable of taking part in a radio program be known to us.

If you are qualified, please leave your name and experience with Flight Lieutenant Smyth, Airmen's Reading Room.

Obedient

The new sailor was sent aloft one night with strict orders to report all lights—all lights, it was emphasized. As soon as he hit the crow's nest he sang out:

"Light ho, sir, two points off the starboard bow."

The officer screwed the glass to his eye and scanned the horizon. Not being able to raise anything, he asked:

"Can you make her out?"

"Yes, Sir!"

"Report her."

"She's the moon, sir."

"And It Came To Pass"

Part Two

(Continued From July 31st Issue)

CHAPTER THREE

1. From then on for many moons every servant of the "Wing" worked hard and was happy. Many departed and many arrived.

2. Many messages did arrive for the "Wing" from the staff of the Minister. His servants called clerks did care for many of these messages for him, but others went to one called adjutant and some even went to the "Great One" himself.

3. Those who were taught to fly departed at regular intervals and travelled many miles over land and sea to fight the evil one and earned great honors in battle, for themselves, and for the School.

4. Many will return some day, but others will not.

5. Then came the time to celebrate a great festival, the birth date of the Prince of Peace.

6. Many of the servants of the "Wing" departed for their homes but many remained at the School.

7. When the great day arrived the "Wing" went among his servants and did see that they were all well fed with good things to eat, and again the "Wing" was greatly pleased.

8. And on the first day of the New Year there were Officers and Sergeants at the School and they did visit one another and drink ale and make merry to welcome the New Year.

9. Once more all settled down, each servant to his task, and all was well until another message did arrive.

10. The School, which until this day had been inhabited by men only was to be invaded by the female of the species.

11. Joy was in the hearts of many, but despair was in the hearts of others.

12. Great preparations were made. More buildings did arise from the ground.

13. Those living in twenty did take up their beds and walk to thirty-seven.

14. The day in March arrived. Scores of females led by one called Sparrow, did brush aside the defences at the main gate and march into the School, taking possession of numerous buildings and sections

to the dismay of many therein.

15. But before many suns had risen and set, the females had earned the respect and admiration of those at the School and all was quiet and peaceful until more messages did arrive from the Minister.

CHAPTER FOUR

1. Two great men were to visit the School.

2. One was a special servant of the Minister, called Croil, and an Inspector General of the high and exalted rank of Air Vice-Marshall.

3. The other was a favored servant of the great King, of the rank of Earl and Governor General of the Dominion. He was to be accompanied by a Gracious Lady, a Princess called Alice, and of the rank of Air Commandant. She was to visit the females who had now been at the School for many weeks.

4. The Inspector General, the Air Vice Marshall, he named Croil was to arrive first. The date was set in the month of May.

5. Everything was made ready, reports were written, lawns were trimmed, buildings were painted, the already clean and tidy School was made cleaner still. Not a blade of grass was out of place.

6. The great day arrived, the "Great One," the Inspector General, he of the rank of Air Vice-Marshall, did arrive, and with him came many others, among them an Air Commodore called Brookes.

7. In the morning of the day they inspected many places around the School and were pleased with what they saw.

8. In the afternoon of the day a great storm came out of the southwest and did spoil the parade for the Inspector General.

9. Nevertheless the General was very pleased with his visit and did make a report to his "Superior Officer," the Minister, he of National Defence for Air.

10. And the Minister was greatly pleased with the report and did cause a message to be sent to the one called "Wing," telling him that no longer would he be called "Wing," but from this day his rank should be called "Group," and so shall it be until for his good works he is elevated to still higher rank.

11. And the Minister did also cause a message to be sent to the Air Commodore called Brookes, telling him that henceforth his rank should be that of Air Vice-Marshall, even as that of the Inspector General.

12. The day set for the other visit was in the month of June.

13. The day arrived. The sun did shine and warm all whom it did shine upon.

14. In the afternoon of the day many men and women did await on the parade ground for the arrival of the Governor General and the Princess.

15. They arrived accompanied by many others, among them the now Air Vice-Marshall called Brookes. The drums and trumpets did play and they were made welcome.

16. The Governor did inspect the men and the Princess did inspect the women.

17. They were much pleased with what they saw and did say so and went away happy.

18. The Air Vice-Marshall was also very much pleased and did tell the "Group" that he was pleased.

19. This pleased the "Group" very much and he did thank his servants for their good work and peace again reigned over the School.

CHAPTER FIVE

1. The peace that reigned over the School was not to last for long.

2. Still another message had arrived from the staff of the Minister.

3. This time it was not men, nor women, who were arriving in blue uniforms, but children, those called Air Cadets from the Royal City of Windsor.

4. On a day in the month of July they were to arrive.

5. The "Group," the "Great One," was dismayed—men, women, Officers, of High Rank, yes; but children, what task would next be imposed upon him?

6. Then a great inspiration came upon him. He sent for his servant, one called Handford, of the rank of Flying Officer, and appointed him to be "Father" unto all the children while at the School.

7. Again all was quiet and orderly. The servants of the "Group" were happy and contented at their work.

8. The machines called Harvards were flying through the air.

9. The pilots were gaining wisdom and experience in the art of flying.

10. The "Group," the "Great One," filled his pipe with "Presbyterian Mixture," leaned back in his



Greetings and salutations to No. 14 S.F.T.S. from "D" Flight Course 61.

Our arrival on this station was heralded with a sort of a rumbling which most of the boys did not understand. That was three weeks ago and now the boys DO sign Pilots' Orders, Flight Orders, etc. All kidding aside, we do consider ourselves very lucky to be posted to the best S.F.T.S. in Canada and only hope that our stay here will be as pleasant for all with whom we come in contact, as it will be for us. One of the first Senior N.C.O.'s that we met on this station claimed that he was on the water wagon. One wonders if he was as bad before as after, or have the effects not worn off yet?

Well folks, we are still quite new here. There doesn't seem to be very much to say. However, this will at least serve to introduce us and you haven't heard the last of us.—See you next time.

Any grumbling coming from our Instructor's room is the voice of F/O (Warhoop) Ward. Influenza is keeping him down on the ground these days, and as we'd all like peace and quiet around the Flight would the M.O. please have him flying again. Our Flight Commander is becoming very popular with the W.D.'s, especially the softball team. The girls need a player like you on their team Mr. McLeod. Could you arrange it? All instructors welcome the swell bunch of boys of Course 61 and hope to get better acquainted in the near future.

arm-chair, blew great clouds of fragrant smoke into the atmosphere and listened to his servants sending messages to each other in the air by another mysterious device called "radio."

11. And so should it be.

**WE ARE GLAD TO
SERVE THOSE WHO
ARE SERVING
FOR US**

Our Service Department is equipped to repair all makes of cars. We suggest regular check-ups on your car to keep it going and make it last longer.

Our Service Station Attendant has a Tire Paint which will make your tires last longer—helps to keep them from checking, preventing weather wear.

Ask the man at our Gasoline pumps about this Service. He will inspect your Tires Free of Charge!

FRANK L. TRUMAN

Chevrolet & Oldsmobile Sales and Service

PHONE 72, AYLMEY, ONT.



ROY M. MORRIS

Hello Gang!
Drop In and See my
New Drug Store

Next SELRITE Store
Drugs, Stationary, Tobaccos, Films
— Photo Finishing —
CANADIAN NATIONAL
Telegraphs—Tickets—Money Orders

Roy Morris
Druggist
at Your Service

A NUMBER OF THESE GRADUATE TO-DAY



1, Adams; 2, Alder; 3, Blacker; 4, Bryne; 5, Cottrill; 6, Grant; 7, Hill; 8, Kent; 9, MacAuley; 10, McGrattan; 11, Morgan; 12, Podgurski; 13, Potts; 14, Reed; 15, Williams; 16, Ballachey; 17, Bridges; 18, Cox; 19, Fountain; 20, Freeman; 21, Gibson; 22, Hulshouser; 23, Nelson; 24, Palin; 25, Rogers; 26, Sims; 27, West; 28, Yule; 29, Dose; 30, Corbett.

A Braw Wee Land

(As Seen by One of the Boys)

Scotland is a braw wee land in the north of England. It has water all around it and whiskey all over it.

The population is about four and a half million, including Andrew Carnegie. It has a peculiar language of its own, and if one can pronounce it coherently it is sure proof of sobriety. The country has considerable wealth, but very little of it ever finds its way out.

Gold has been discovered in certain districts—in the pockets of the natives. The best known exports of Scotland are Harry Lauder and Scotch whisky, though sufficient of the latter is retained in the country to satisfy the demands of home consumption.

The national dress of the people is the kilt, which is a kind of petticoat. In a pattern it resembles a chess-board, though in cold weather the wearer finds it more like a draught board. It was invented because the natives were unable to find trousers big enough to get their feet through.

Bag-pipes provide the only music of the country. It is a wind instrument which when blown produces something similar to a tune. On many occasions during the last war the Scotch regiments marched to death listening to the strains of the bagpipes, and in many cases it was doubted whether it was the enemy or the music which caused the heavy casualties.

Scotland has produced many great men, among them being Robert Burns, believed to have been a poet. His most famous poems are "Scots We Have," and "Stop Your Tickling Jock."

The chief national characteristic is reckless expenditure.

"Agnes married a self-made man."

"Yes, but she compelled him to make extensive alterations."

"By Jove, Mac, you've holed in one!"

"Aweel, it saves wear and tear on ma wee ball."

AIRMEN!

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

Walker Stores
Limited
—AYLMER—



"C" Flight has finished its first year with its fourth course, and a pretty good job we think. Of the four courses, two went through their night flying without so much as a wing tip. Pretty good record what?

We would like to welcome P/O Phillips to "C" Flight. He has already shown us he is going to do a good job. We also wish to take this opportunity to welcome P/O Henderson, and to congratulate him on receiving his commission. Better stay away from those wires, though, Duke.

Well, seeing as how course 57 is leaving us soon, we will relinquish the rest of our space to them—and don't think that 57 varieties belong to Heinz alone, you should see the varieties we have.—

S/L Weaver—It was a weak oleo.
F/L Gain—Little Red Flying Hood.

F/L Rumble Reid—Where's my new bicycle?

WO2 Campbell—What are you doin' tonight, Honey?

WO2 Ryan—Little areoplane! Little areoplane! Little areoplane!
P/O Buell—Anything worrying you?

WO2 Clarke—Spin it in.

F/O Naftel—Let's do some tree trimming.

P/O Crozier—Henderson R. W. showed me.

P/O Henderson—You need a haircut.

P/O Phillips—What are these things, students?

P/O Maynard—Some operational low flying.

Rose—Sweetheart of the flight.

Atkins—"Jimmie Crickets."

Carrol—Where's Chads?

Chads—Let's have an argument.

Collo—Now, my friend, the Wing Commander.

Disney—Lights out! Lights out!



In our regular fashion we are welcoming new instructors to our midst. U.S.A. gives us Dave Borland, Ingersoll's contribution brings along Don Jenney, while Fresh and Friskie from Balmy Beach Football Club comes along Jack Frizelle.

Although P/O Bridges is part of our gang, he has spent very little time with us. The R.1 has him now for three months. Roger Hines is with him also. We hope that they return to us in good shape, especially Rog. Hines. We hear he is afraid to stay in the air for more than half an hour at a time. He's expecting to — Oh well, the truth will out—We'll soon be calling him Daddy.

"A" Flight's loss is "C" Flight's gain and Henderson is the reason. He's left us for that Shady Lot. We call it blarsted treason.

Freeman—Where's my 48?
Redpath—I'll trim you down to my size!

Martin—Let's go to the canteen.
Upshall—They're not safe to fly.

Henderson—I'm a precision pilot.

Kenny—Let's get a bottle.
Hagan—The fire eater.

Roberts—Of course, down in the States.

Blacker—I didn't know I was flying, Sir.

Neal—Shoot a buck.

Shepperd—Bob gave an awfully good show, what!

Darling—In name only.

Elliott—Don't give me a Yale.

Hill—Would you mind showing me that again, Sir.

MacDonald—We use American planes for elementary training.

Benn—Where's Mr. Clarke?

Kemp—How about you fellows cleaning this room up?

Perkins—Do you know where my log book is, Rose?

Cordick—I don't know why I lived to pull the wheels up.

Dean—Do we have to fly in the dark?

Newman—I noticed that, Sir, you know.

Boughman R. L.—He's no relation, Sir.

Boughman, W. A.—You better check on that.

Bradbury—I'm going up to battle with Ryan again.

"Per Harvard Ad Astra or Anson is as Anson Does."

The following correction appeared in a local newspaper: "We stated last week that Mr. John Doe was a 'defective' in the police force. This was a typographical error. Mr. Doe is really a detective in the police force."

"Men Who Fly"

In gratitude dedicated to the flying warriors of the United Nations

Fain would I write of men who fly
And bear the brunt of war's most fearsome pace,

Who throw themselves between us,
and the storm
And add a priceless lustre to our race.

Would that I had full ample words
to wield

And in some mighty ballad thus
proclaim

The praise of these knight errants
of the sky

And build a lasting tribute to their
name.

These noble, gallant heroes—men
who fly,

With smile upon their lips and face
aglow

That you and I may live to carry on
And build a world, that they may
never know.

These men, who on the threshold
of full life

For home and loved ones risk their
very all

That peace and justice may forever
reign

And all we hold most sacred may
not fall.

As wild geese do they fly through
starlit night

In arrow shape, that forms a vic-
tory Vee

Or, glide like seagulls on unerring
wing

In one unceasing watch o'er land
and sea.

They rise, these men—our flesh and
blood

Into the very screaming jaws of
hell

Unheeding, bare their breast to
meet the fire

And ne'er return until the cry
"All's well."

They do not question as they soar
on high

But, of their very best, most freely
give

That all that's true and noble still
survive

And universal Brotherhood may
live.

—T. B. Gleave.

PROBLEMS IN HIGH ALTITUDE
FLYING

(Continued from Page 1)

and begin the process anew.

There are, of course, other causes for "aerotitis media" over which the airman has no control, the commonest being a "head cold" or any other condition which blocks the Eustachian tube. These require their own specific treatment.

The foregoing is but a sample of some of the problems incurred in operational flying. By their solution it is hoped to provide the most ideal equipment, to select the most suitable personnel, and to instruct them so that they may maintain their air superiority.

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AYLMER - ONTARIO



"We note with Awe" department that F/O White, taking the lead in Christian unselfishness, has volunteered? for a three day tour of duty as O. O.—White of you, Sir."

That the LAC. "Corrigan" Smith prefers Brantford to Aylmer for landing purposes. "The Runway," says LAC. Smith, is much longer anyway. Besides, a solo is in our syllabus. (Take a map next time, Smitty).

That Sgt.-Major (A1) Early considers the Control Tower staff is putting on too much weight, so he makes them bend down to see him when he signals washouts these days.

That LAC. Murphy is taking a course in tree surgery specializing in "Pruning." (P/O?)

That Instructors can sleep in any position—on Fyles, Desks, etc.

That LAC. Isard now escorts consolidated B24's along the lake shore of our solo area.

That LAC. Eise comes from Missouri.

That LAC. Muir gets up early these days.

That no one has been rumbled for swearing. The cotton wool in Blanche's ears has nothing to do with it.

That F Flight isn't ashamed.

That Neollman, Leskow, Davidson, Erickson, King and Adams, are getting permanently gray from showing us how to put on the parking brake.

That LAC. Rundle has suggested that our rumble fund be applied to Canada's National Debt and the balance be used to provide a pasture for the old and faithful Harvards.

That LAC. Wickens can now blush, and it is sunburn, not our timekeeper, he says. Besides he always wanted to go to Montreal, he says.

That LAC. Gordon has a boil and what a boil! We understand he sits down very gently these days. Further information may be had from the W.A.A.F. Corporal on Hypo Street.

That P/O Coward is buying a violin to go with that haircut.

That F/O Lipsit's pipe is the despair of all LAC's soloing with a map in the Instructor's room. We understand it has a central heating system. A recent survey shows that it is a toss-up as to who smokes who.

That AW1. Roy claims she has the shape to drive 2200 horses wild. "Like it says in the poster."

That LAC. Robinson maintains he has never liked to swing a compass, because he always gets dizzy on swings. (Dizzy liked it too!)

"Once heard in the Flight Room."

F/O Webb: Do you have any trouble with these inter-coms?—Rolling your R's for instance? LAC. Werner: "No Sir, I just roll mine when I walk with a parachute."

LAC. Bailey: "Oh, I know you. I took you to dinner last night." AW1. Blanche: "Sir! Since when does that constitute an introduction?"

P/O Collard, checking his altimeter during a flip—"How high are you?" LAC. Duncan, "Five foot seven, sir."

F/L James—(Over the inter-com.) Change the pitch, change the pitch. LAC. Burnel—"Such language, sir."

LAC. Blinkhorn—"Why don't you put that broom where it belongs?"

LAC. Graham—"How can I, when I can't reach you from here?"

LAC. Eise—"What youse English speak ain't English!" LAC. Priddle: "And what you Americans drink ain't Scotch!"

Flt.-Sgt. Bill Shaw's definition of an Anson—"A collection of aeroplane parts flying formation."

Open Question Department

Why is the sunscreen from the P.T.R.S. left in the Harvard when it interferes with the student's vision when landing?

Why are those inter-coms. so noisy?

Why are Yales?

Why do parachutes disappear from our locker so pleasantly?

Why do those zippers on our helmets snag just when our Instructors are waiting for us in the planes?

Why have instructors not all got white hair?

Why are students allowed to live after asking fool questions?

"E" Flight has another new course, R.A.F. and Canadians. Do they, the students, worry as much about themselves as we, the instructors do?

Sighs of relief—F/L James is back from Dorval, where for two weeks he clicked his heels and looked at A/1 Aircraft unserviceability—reached an all time high on the 13th—one serviceable Harvard and two Yales.

The usual welcome is extended to our new Instructors as well as Students, namely P/O Collard Ex of "D" Flight and P/O Nesbitt, Ex of Trenton.

The timekeeper is still taking a beating—verbally, from Instructors, ground crew and students—justly so for all the rumbles she has been passing out lately.

W.O.2 Early must be broke. He looks as though he's been sleeping lately. F/O Bob "Baritone" Brown is on two weeks leave, probably enjoying the quiet, (no Harvards to whine), breaking into his fitful slumbers.

She—"Honey, you kiss like a robot."

He (hurt)—"Mechanically?"

She—"No, as though you had electricity in you."

Shulman: "Real beauty is rare. Though I know hundreds of women, there are only two I consider beautiful."

Junie: "And who is the other?"

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SOME OF THESE TO BE "WINGED"

- 34, Andrews; 35, Barrasso; 36, Chevers; 37, Donaldson; 38, Drysdale; 39, Gerdes; 40, Gray; 41, Green; 42, Kramer; 43, McKay; 44, Miller; 45, Paterson; 46, Rosenthal; 47 Sharpe; 48, Warhurst; 49, Williams, J.; 50, Bacon; 51, Blackmore; 52, Collins; 53, Dwyer; 54, Hipgrave; 55, Hull; 56, Hunter; 57, Loades; 58, McLellan; 59, Middleton; 60, Schiller; 61, Soltau; 62, Stewart; 63, Syddall; 64, Vatcher; 65, Windibank.



Due to the fact that we're pretty well snowed under with all the wings checks and finals coming this week and next, this monthly insight into the lives of the Cream of the Station, F Flight, almost didn't make press. But in order to keep the circulation of the AIRMAN up, we have obliged our many fans with this little gem of graphic greatness.

One of our instructors is setting all sorts of records over at R.1 by emulating the Kaiser in his own little way, "TIMBER."

Even a lightning bolt from the Maker couldn't phase three of our supermen. Only one suffered any ill effects and they lasted only two days.

Our No. 2 Squad softball team composed entirely of "F" flight men with the exception of a few has-beens from old "D" and "E" flights, is still slaughtering all opposition brave enough to face them and will undoubtedly be Station champs.

We miss our old C/O F/L Quint, demoted to No. 1 Squad, and heartily welcome our new Flight, F/O McNeil, promoted from "E" Flight, and our two new instructors, P/O Smith and P/O Saunders, whom we hope will soon be broken into the ways of the mighty.

"Models may come and models may go," but P/O Crawford's flying Models nose-dive forever.

Due to the phenomenal success of our winged knights of the air (we hope) no expense or labour-saving devices are being used to decorate our flight rooms. The labour is willingly volunteered by the students when they are found. Among the foremost of these notabilities are "On-time" Campbell and "Horizontal" Hitchcock. We regret that owing to an injury, one of our star ball players, Paul Johnson, has had to join the ranks of Course 59 and wish him a speedy recovery.

Well, that's all until next month, kiddies, by which time our outstanding men will undoubtedly have set all sorts of new records in every field of endeavor.

Station Headquarters Orderly Room

W.O.2 Joel and F/Sgt. Steup 'did' New York City in 48 hours last week-end. This included travelling time. Since their return they have been resting.

Marriage is having effect on Cpl. Lihou of Central Registry fame. His refusal to heed a certain Sergeant's advice has resulted in his reporting sick.

LAC. Clarke, chief runner and D.R.O. producer, was visited recently by a generous truck driver who left for Clarke's disposal more than half a million sheets of D.R.O. paper. We wonder if he checked the exact quantity.

Port Stanley seems to be the popular rendezvous for certain W.D. members of our staff at week-ends. They avoid detailed accounts of how they spend their week-ends. What or who, have they got hidden down there? Perhaps AW. Norton or Moffat could tell us.

There is quite a formidable Bridge Team on the Orderly Room staff. It is said the two members are never reluctant to impart instruction on the basis of five to ten toothpicks per hundred points.

An interesting and drastic innovation is taking place at Ottawa with the installation of a "Hollerith" Tabulating Machine. This will eventually mean the elimination of the present system of submitting nominal rolls by the month and quarter. This severely depleted Headquarters staff is heartened by this news.

Do you know LAC. Vara? No! You should! He is the chap with the perennial smile. He is an asset to Headquarters.

Remember LAC. Paskowitz, formerly employed in the Post Office, Control Tower and various other places, and was posted overseas early in the year? He has recently written several letters to one of our Editorial Staff. He is not happy in his present surroundings and would welcome a posting back to Aylmer. But who wouldn't!

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AYLMER — ONTARIO

Metal Shop Scraps

Well, here we are again, with our usual list of sense and nonsense! The absence of our column in the last issue of the "Airman" was due chiefly to the loss of our star reporter, Mortimer (Snerd). Birnbaum, known to all of us as "Red." We, of the Metal Shop miss Red a great deal, his stories and witticisms were a source of continued mirth. However, our loss is Summerside's gain. Whatever No. 1 G.R.S. is like, I'll bet it's a lot brighter place since Red got there.

The Metal Shop mourns along with Maintenance and other sections, the departure of Flight-Lieutenant Scott. Scott was a grand fellow and we wish him luck in his new venture. Nevertheless I'll bet he wishes he was back at good old No. 14 S.F.T.S.—yeah, I'll bet! Kidding aside though, we have a Station here to be proud of and Flight Lieutenant Scott has contributed in no small way to its success.

East Meets West! That's the situation in the Metal Shop of late. There are several new faces in the shop these days. All are graduates of that noble but very disagreeable institution known as T.T.S. It's a great place—to be out of! In the words of one of the great immortals: "I know, for I was there."

This is a good time to introduce our new "M.R.'s" to you. First of all there's "Kit" Rogers; he hails from the "Big Town" and I do mean Toronto. Three of our boys come from the west coast. There's Vern (Smitty) Smith and Tommy Robinson from Vancouver and Jim Burn from Revelstoke, B.C. Isn't that also the home of the famous Woodfus bird, Jim? You know, the one that flies backward so he can see where he's been? Al (Ride'em-cowboy) Cable hails from Calgary, Alberta. Are there still cowboys and "Injuns" out there, Al? "The Good Earth"—Saskatchewan, is also well represented. Ray Nelson, our fair haired boy of Nordic origin left his interest behind in the town of Norquay (or is it Norway?) Saskatchewan, while Gordon Eves (Has anyone seen Adam?) receives all his mail from Moose Jaw. Then there is Allenby (Allen to you!) Stone, who formerly resided in that metropolis in the heart of the Canadian dust bowl. Yes, you guessed it—Regina, Sask. Our latest addition to the staff is Bob Attridge, a machinist. Look out girls, here's personality plus! His home is Stratford, Ontario; almost a local boy.

SCOOP—What has Callander got that we haven't got? The other day "Tailspin," the Station's pet canine gave birth to quintuplets. We were high'y flattered at having her choose the Metal Shop as a maternity ward, but considerable difficulty was experienced in retrieving the pups from UNDER the shop floor. However, Cpl. Locke, braving a woman's and mother's wrath, and with the aid of a few loosened boards brought the offsprings into the outside world where in the north-west corner doorway the four surviving 'bundles' have been the object of considerable attention even from some of the higher officials of the Station.

SIDE-LIGHTS—W. J. C. Antle will lecture on the proper method of rivetting a Parker-Kalon screw—he's had experience. Cpl. Hardy—

Sectional News

STATION POST OFFICE

Hello everybody! This is the post-office gang reporting from our new home. Yes, we are finally in it and we are all proud as punch of it. Alterations in the interior are still going on. In fact each morning we go to work we wonder what new change in the building will greet us. But soon all these alterations will be completed and we think that No. 14 S.F.T.S. will have a post-office to rival in appearance (and we trust efficiency) any other station in Canada.

For some particular reason nobody seems in the mood to write about anything serious this month, so we will just reach far down in the mail bag and see what comes up.

What bright W.D. working in our post-office asked our esteemed Sgt. if F/S on a letter meant fire section. Never mind Blanche, we all have to learn.

We would like to know why Sgt. Wood (the blonde Casanova) makes those frequent visits to London. Could it be a certain telephone operator from Crumlin who haunts Wonderland, or is it that little waitress at the White Spot on Richmond Street.

Say boys, have you ever noticed how our W.D. postal clerks rush to give out the mail to our Aircrew, particularly the Aussies. Is it those shorts, or is it their accent, or is it? ? ? Maybe "Lee" could tell us.

Have we noticed a change in Harold (Grumble) Trimble lately or is it romance in Windsor that he is thinking of? Anyhow, he smiles occasionally now. The new job must agree with him, or maybe its because Oldham is smoking his own cigarettes now.

It was reported from a reliable source that our esteemable "Male" carrier by the name of Muscles (suit you Ted) was seen recently in the Ladies Dept. of one of the Aylmer stores while on his daily mail run to town. It was also reliably reported that "Muscles" mission while in same store was helping a W.D. of the station pick out an article of "feminine finery." Maybe he is getting a few shopping pointers for his future Hamilton life.

Sorry folks, but the mail bag is finally empty, we'll be seeing you next month.

"We had the game in the bag till the seventh inning." Cpl. Koleada—"Now look, fellas." B. A. Reed—"Where's that d—E.42."

WAR ON THE HOME FRONT—Joe Hooley is in the hospital with German Measles. We suspect sabotage! However, we expect him back with us very shortly. You can't keep a good man down, eh Joe?

BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

HURRICANE ALLEY

Greetings and salutations from the elite of No. 14. After a long absence your reporter returns with interesting tidbits of those long, famous inhabitants of Hurricane Alley.

Cupid's Bow has been twanging with great gusto these days among the various members of the Alley. Noteworthy among these "Bulls-eyes" are the cases of "Piggy" McCung and U.R.A. "McSwine" Lennox, those two daring heroes of the Battle of Britain. When the rumor was first spread around that these two erstwhile gentlemen were contemplating their entry into the sea of matrimony, some doubt was expressed by various members of the Alley as to the veracity of same, and even up to the eleventh hour there were still some dubious people. However, we are informed from a reliable news agency that no more will these two cause the feminine hearts of the surrounding district to flutter, nor anxious fathers to reach for their shotguns. Ah yes, too true, two cars, one looking like that one used by the Acme Ice Cream Salesman and another one looking very much "Our Car," were seen departing from one of the downtown churches in Toronto, covered with confetti and that famous delicacy known as rice.

Even "Mahatma" McWilliam has joined the ranks of the benedicts, and even as we go to press it is rumored that somewhere out in that suburb of St. Boniface, he is discussing with his little woman, the problem of who is going to be boss. (As if he didn't know!!!)

Readers of past articles will recall the prophecy of your local correspondent, that our own "Shovel-Mitts" Be'l, the fly-wheel of Maintenance Squadron and prominent drummer in Sgt.-Major "PHIL" Harris's Band, was scheduled to join that famous body of "two can live as cheap as one." This prophecy has now become a reality and rumor has it that he is booked to take the plunge the early part of October. Lately he has been wandering around with a distinct red welt on his neck and no doubt this is the noose beginning to tighten. No inkling of this coming wedlock can have reached the local gals yet. Methinks we will experience one of the greatest floods ever seen around these parts, from the great flow of tears that will pour from the eyes of these fair damsels, when they learn that he is no longer theirs!!!

Since the last edition of this column we have acquired a gentleman known as the "One Man Gang" to bolster our fighting machine, "Bull Dozer" Henninger. Built along the lines of a Mack Truck, he is a formidable weapon when the Alley stages one of their much talked of commando raids. His exploits are known from coast to coast and if any reader should doubt my word just ask him and he will tell you it is the truth.



FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT SCOTT

No. 14 S.F.T.S. has again suffered a definite loss in the posting of Flight-Lieutenant Lloyd S. Scott, who for the past fourteen months has filled the establishment post of Chief Technical Officer. F/L Scott was in peace time, an employee of the Bell Telephone Company and also had been a peace time member of the Auxiliary Air Force. At the outbreak of war he immediately enlisted for active service and came up the hard way, being granted his commission on May 31st, 1941.

F/L Scott arrived at No. 14 on June 16, 1941, before it was officially opened and thus was responsible for the setting up and organization of Maintenance Squadron. This responsibility he accepted and the work of organization was completed with an efficiency that proves A.F.H.Q. made no mistake in that appointment. In February 1942, Servicing Squadron was amalgamated with Maintenance Squadron forming Maintenance Wing and F/L Scott carried on as Chief Technical Officer. Few people realize the responsibility of this position. Almost one third of the station's personnel are employed in Maintenance wing. The value of Maintenance inventory is many times as great as that of all other sections on the station aggregated. It is Maintenance' responsibility to keep sufficient aircraft serviceable to carry out the required flying syllabus for student pilots. Quick thinking, good judgment, together with a complete knowledge of all phases of the work are necessary and F/L Scott proved to possess all of these. Many examples of this could be written about, but space will not permit the citing of all of these. But one of the more recent was the salvaging of an aircraft from Lake Erie which, had it not been for Lloyd's immediate action, might have been a problem.

His qualifications and good work have been recognized in his posting as Field Liaison Officer in that new department opened up by A.M.A.E. N. P. Lloyd has made many warm friends here and all wish him luck and godspeed in his new post.

F/L Scott will be succeeded by F/L W. E. Moody, who also was posted to No. 14 on June 16, 1941. Bill has been O.C. Maintenance Squadron and now assumes the duties of Chief Technical Officer and O.C. Maintenance Wing.

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Works and Buildings

This is our first appearance in the Aylmer Airman for some time, but judging from the phone calls each day, I'm sure we're not a forgotten section. So we thought it best to say a few words in our own defence without any interruptions.

While I am writing this we are minus our "Boss," commonly known as 'E. E.' He is away on leave—said something about a fishing trip. Best of luck Mr. Hewson, you deserve a holiday.

You've probably noticed how busy we've been the last few weeks. New buildings are springing up like mushrooms: Other Ranks Quarters, Equipment Stores, and the extension to G.I.S. Nevertheless your cupboards and shelves will be built eventually.

I suppose everyone has noticed the big smile on the face of Sgt. Vern Little since he came back from his leave? Well here it is. While he was away he was presented with a baby daughter. He tells us rather confidentially that we should see her, she sure is cute!

I'm sure you'll find it as hard as we do to keep track of our Clerk Accountants. Since Cpl. Pelletier, we have had LAC. Kranz, Cpl. Kribbs, and now Sgt. Healy within the last three months. We hope there won't be any more changes as it's hard to remember so many new names. It will end by our having to call everyone just plain "Joe."

I can't concentrate any longer as I hear Sgt. Cookman outside shouting at someone in the M.T. So until next month, Goodbye—

Control Tower

The last day, the last hour, and once again we find ourselves searching frantically for bits of news for "The Aylmer Airman." At this time it is not news, but of great importance to No. 14 S.F.T.S. On Wing Commander Overbury's posting to Moose Jaw, Sask., the Station has lost a man who really knew "his stuff," and the superlative supervision he gave to the flying personnel will be greatly missed. His vast experience in all phases of Air Force procedure, acquired through Service in many parts of the world, made him the keyman for answering tough ones, and we might add, to use his own pet expression, he put on a "damn good show." We wish our C. I. the best of luck on his new appointment.

For the second time we have said "good-byes" to the Examining Officer of No. 2 Squadron; this time to Flight Lieutenant (Handsome Errol) Treleaven, who has been posted to Summerside, P. E. I. Again we send Best Wishes and lots of luck, and hope that at P. E. I. more officers and other ranks will carry his brand of cigarettes.

The burning question as we go to press is: Who will be the Chief Instructor, who will be Examining Officer of No. 1 Squadron; who will be in No. 2 Squadron, in fact, Who's who?

Flight Lieutenant Doolittle, who repes in state at the top of the Control Tower, sends a special request to all Australians, to please desist in climbing up the ladder on the outside of the building.

Word has been received at the Met. Section that Al. Mason, ex-Meteorologist at No. 14 S.F.T.S., is now at the forecast office at Dorval.

Molly: "That reminds me of a good story—I wish I could think of it. Gee, I'm sorry!"

We welcome F/L James and F/L Gain and hope that they may be with us permanently.

Sectional News



"WORKS AND BUILDINGS," THE WORKING DEPARTMENT OF THE STATION - OH YES SIR! YES WE'LL FIX THE LEAK IN THE HANGER ROOF, BUT WE CAN'T FIX IT IN THE RAIN. YES SIR! OF COURSE SIR! BUT WHEN IT ISN'T RAINING, IT DOESN'T LEAK, SO WHAT'S THE USE OF FIXING IT? GOOD AFTER NOON SIR! NASTY STORM ISN'T IT SIR?"

YOU'LL SEE US AT HOME AGAIN NEXT MONTH.

G. I. S. News

The Brain Trust is functioning on every cylinder now for has not the "Adonis of Aylmer" returned to act as C.G.I., namely Flt-/Lieut. (Mendelssohn) Mitchell.

Flt./Sgt. (Mr. Jordan) Shaw is back on the job and there is no need for him to have a light in his room at night. The "Halo" around his head is sufficient illumination.

Our John Campbell of the Handsome Campbells, of St. Thomas, has received his well earned promotion much to the disgust of the members of the Sgt.'s Mess. One of that ilk was sufficient, but now there are

two Mustachioed Casanovas to view every day.

G.I.S. has growing pains for our building is being extended to take care of the multitudinous Aircrew who make our halls a bedlam as they dash madly from class room to class room.

Today's Fairy Story—There once was a Member of the Aircrew who said, "I do not deserve a Commission!"

Variety goods of interest to everyone. We want our customers to select their purchases with care and buy only what is necessary for their immediate needs. Money unnecessarily spent sabotages the war effort.

Gillette's Shaving Cream, a Generous size tube33c
 Gillette Razor Blades, pkg. of 5 blades25c
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AYLMER

Fire Hall

The Smoke Eaters' Corner

Here we are gain, those hardy hardworking boys from the fire hall. Small wonder we are getting thin (which of course, is as it should be), being a skeleton crew, most of the time. But annual leaves which are responsible are very acceptable so we don't complain much.

Wonder why the sudden epidemic of remusters to aircrew? Cpl. Sammy Foster; Cpl. "Nicky" Nakay and one wing low McIntosh. Then there are our penquins, who would fly if they could. Small wonder Flight is getting gray, but don't let all this give you ideas, we are really a contented, good-natured bunch of fire-eaters whose wants are very few. Here are some of the said "wants."

We want very much, "page the Power that be," to have our road completed so we can get our little red fire truck out in a hurry without having to install hinges in her chassis.

We want the boys in the hangars to please stop using our Pyrene for heavy artillery in their war on crickets.

We want—a set of good, new or used burglar tools, to loan out to our fair neighbours, the W.D.'s when they wish to open their lockers after locking up their keys.

What Cpl. couldn't navigate after a terrific night at the cook's party, also what LAC.?

All the lads on "B" Shift are wondering whether the lads on "A" shift are over their great event they had up in London a while ago, especially the airmen who received a rather funny addressed letter from London. What about it Mort?

Is that true that Charlton is excused from all parades except pay parade?

We want to know why Nicky goes so regularly to De'hi. Pardon us, Nicky, it's Ottawa now, isn't it?

POEM

McIntosh the ladies clamour for
 And Charlton knocks 'em cold,
 But BOULE when he gets in high
 Ha! is he ever bold,
 But the worst I think I ever heard
 Was Foster, Mortlock and Dave
 In London one afternoon
 Boy did they ever rave,
 But when it comes to Chessman
 Boy is he ever naive
 Yet Nakay with his North Carolina
 line

Is quite a man they say.
 But poor old McEwen has yet to
 find
 The method and the way.

FAMOUS SAYINGS

F/Sgt. Chessman—"Well, you go on the next course, Boule."

Cpl. McEwen—"Get cracking McIntosh!"

Cpl. Nakay—"Has my transfer come through yet?"

Cpl. Foster—"Was that redhead here again?"

LAC. Davis—"Who the censored got my mail?"

LAC. McIntosh—"You worry to much, McEwen."

LAC. Charlton—"He did eh!"

LAC. Mortlock—"Not talking."

AC2. Boule—"What's she look like."

F/O West—"Anybody got a cigarette."

FIRE ALARM

Any person discovering a fire will tell the switchboard operator there is a fire, then remain on the phone and give the exact location to the fire section.



Gear Growls From The M. T. Section

Well folks, we are back again with our old scandal sheet, as it is commonly known around the section, especially by our airworms and it is still puzzling some of them who writes this column. Some of them know and here's hoping the rest of them don't find out. In fact some of them are so boiled up that I understand that the W. D.'s from our section are also entering a column in this edition so the competition should be keen.

In our last edition we mentioned the fact that a certain W.D. was attempting to turn our driver's room into a beauty parlor. Well things have gone from bad to worse, she still uses the mirror every few minutes that she is in the room between trips. Another airwomen uses one corner of the desk as a manicure table. Another uses the opposite corner for writing her loved one while the rest sit around knitting, awaiting their turn at the mirror, etc. Then five o'clock rolls around and the driver's room becomes vacant except for the usual beauty parlor odor and red tipped cigarette butts. Yes folks, it was just this evening that a phone call came

through at 1701 hours for a certain airwoman and believe it or not there wasn't a single airwoman to be found, so I guess she just missed that date. In any case the airmen are just waiting for the day when flying is washed out and the W. O. is away. Then they are going to take over the driver's room, hide the mirrors, cover the clock and steal their watches then undertake the task of teaching them how to drive the gas trucks and the crash tender so as they can have a few more good trips before this war comes to an end.

Now comes a note with reference to the night crew. As your reporter walked into B.B. 13A the other morning, he happened to notice that all the night crew had two mattresses on their bunks and being very curious happened to ask "Strick", who was on night duty at the time, why all the night crew had two mattresses. Strick replied, quote, "Well, after spending fifteen hours a day on duty and eating those so-called meals at mid-night we are getting so thin that we have to put two mattresses on the bunks or we'd slip through the springs."

Before we go much further there are still a few questions which require an answer before very long. We would like Peg to explain the meaning of the following sentence, Hurray, flying is washed out this week-end-to-day at R1.

Why Mac has such an interest in the R.A.F. aircrew?

How did Boyd and Cookie happen to fall down the same cliff at the same time while a certain party was in progress?

Cheyne would like to know when Curly is going to answer some of his fan mail and ask them to send cigarettes, Curly doesn't smoke.

Why a certain officer gets sore when he is told that he can't have a station wagon unless it has been authorized by the proper sources.

We are wondering who submitted the plans for WO2 Ethier's self-built throne?

Before we close we wish to welcome A.W. Boyd and AC. Cowley to our section and hope they enjoy their stay here. We also wish to advise them to watch their step or they'll find their names appearing in this scandal sheet.

The young man went into the shop and said to the cashier: "I wish to pay the last instalment on the perambulator." The smiling cashier handed him his receipt and asked: "And how is the baby?" "Oh, I'm feeling fine, thank you," was the reply.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

THE GESTAPO

The Service Police, performing their duties quietly and efficiently under the direction of our D.A.P.M., occasionally break into the news. Sgt. (Ben) Gazel, our senior N.C.O., made the headlines recently, being the third member of the R.C.A.F. at this unit to make a "jump" from an aircraft. We all join in congratulating Ben on a fortunate escape from injury or worse. Sgt. (Slim) Moulder also is worthy of mention in this issue of "The Airman," having recently become the proud parent of a baby daughter. Congratulations "Pappy" and many happy returns of the day. Cpl. Mahaney also has tied the 'knot.' We wish him and his wife a very happy married life.

Cpl. (Tex) Bedard and certain other members of the S. P. are fond of music. A popular number with them could be, "In the Shadow of the Pines." Do you concur Sergeant Major?

Cpl. (Hopalong) Campbell, that great women killer from the Golden West, is looking very happy about his impending trip back to Sask. While Cpl. (Lolly) LeLachere gazes at photographs which were taken on his recent trip back to the Gateway of the North, and wishes with all his heart that he still had fourteen days' leave coming. As this goes to the press I can hear Tex stoutly maintaining that he is on the "Wagon" for ever and anon.

A PRISONER'S LAMENT

One day I was naughty,
But now I am sad,
For I learned the penalty
When Airmen are bad.

I've met lots of fellows
Whose crimes were much bigger;
It made little difference,
'Cause I'm in the Digger.

They gave me a cell
That really is cozy;
But my life, in the least
Is not very rosy.

Each morn they awake me
For a long day of toil,
With a kick in the ribs
And they holler, "Hey Boyle!"

My keepers are known
As the Service Police,
Who I will call friends
When me they release.

They are pretty good boys,
As far as boys go.
But—Why they enlisted
I never will know.

By LAC. BOYLE

QUIPS FROM THE EQUIPS

We all know how anxiously everyone has been waiting for the new Equipment Building. Well boys and gals your waiting days are over. We are advised that Technical Stores, Publications, and the good old I. & R. will be "at Home" in about three short weeks. Come and visit us—but remember No Issues Without a Voucher!

Congratulations are in order to our old friend Cpl. Ritchie, late of Publications, who managed to get sail on the sea of matrimony last month in Montreal. Smooth sailing Corporal!

Sergeant Bryant of Maintenance, deserves a pat on the back on receiving his third "hook." Keep 'em crackin' Sergeant!

And talking about the promotions being handed around. We are happy to report that one of the W.D. LAW'S is roaming around No. 6 Manning Depot in Toronto with the symbolic white band on her sleeve. A.S.O. Scheck, no less. We're all pulling for you, Peggy.

Things have certainly been popping around the Equip. Section lately. What with new buildings—(a new system to lessen the work of the hard pressed Accounts Section!!!) we all find ourselves in a slight daze. I think this is one of the main reasons why our new Equipment Officer, Flight Lieutenant Morrison, found himself wandering blithely around without his crutches the other day. We all hope his association with the Equipment Section of this Unit is a long, and not such an eventful one.

The welcome mat is also out to Sergeant Darling, now in charge of "B" Group, Technical Stores, who came all the way from Calgary to replace Sergeant Ford.

It looks like wedding bells on the station for one member of our group. Late in September LAW. Lynn Bothwell will remuster to the good old fashioned trade of wedded bliss.

Here are a few candid remarks: LAW. Vi Broadbent: "Major—about those weights!"

LAC. Rowland (innocently) "I wonder who the laziest man in the Equipment Section is?"

F/S Bottrill: (Just returned from leave five minutes before) "Major—about my next forty-eight."

Corporal Assim: "Clothing Stores was running smoothly until—"

Corporal Taylor: "Clothing Stores never did run until—"

AC. Dunnette: "I'm just "Joe" around here."

LAC. Camplin: (Just fresh in from Gander Bay) "Aylmer is very isolated, isn't it?"

And by the way we musn't forget Tailspin, and her new family. Does anybody want a pup?

Capitol Theatre

AYLMER
Phone 408

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Sept. 7th—8th—"Mr. V" Leslie Howard.

Sept. 9—10th — "Moontide" Jean Gabin, Ida Lupino.

Sept. 14th—15th—"Take A Letter Darling"—Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray.

Sept. 16th—17th — "To The Shores of Tripoli"—Maureen O'Hara, Randolph Scott.

Sept. 18th—19th — "Larceny Inc."—Edward G. Robinson.

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From R 1

Postings came thick and fast to R.1 this month.

We no sooner got F/L. Fred Green back from his course at Borden when we lost him again. It seems that Fred covered himself with such glory at Borden in Air-to-Air firing et al that "Operations on the East Coast" decided, "There is a man" so "Theirs is the man." Good hunting for the subs, Fred.

To take Fred's place, and most ably too, we are happy to welcome F/Lt. Haig Sims as O.C. of our family. His first week was a bit hectic till the A.O.C. (Air Officer? No!) returned from leave. What with Bombing Runs, Evasive Actions and Formation Sweeps. Oh well, everything has settled down to that steady, hum-drum seven hours per day per each, now and the course is well along.

During the second week of the month, a scheme for retaining instructors at the R.1 for 3 months was inaugurated. Apparently involving a shuffling of instructing personnel. Was it 15 or 16 ferry trips because of continual re-adjustments?

We were blessed with F/O Joe Canfield as Adjutant for two weeks. He has now departed for Trenton for the Admin. Course. Good luck, Joe. "It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

So far (there are only seven days left now) Course 55 have kept their noses clean re low flying, formation accidents and so on. They have been using, not losing, their heads. That is good.

Once again we would like to take this opportunity to congratulate the ground crew here for their splendid co-operation, untiring efforts—and chicken dinner.

"So build me a coffin of Pine for that Old Instructor of mine, when he cuts down that old Pine Tree."

"Hello Portland—(due to censorship board, number of aircraft cannot be revealed). Cut out that singing over the airways. We will proceed East of London to Pine Ridge Gulch and break formation. That is all. Confirm message. Over."

Slight pause for formalities. Then to the ears of F/O Lewis comes the sounds of A/C breaking formation and a bit of a dive and it happened. Yep. **TIMBER.** Then a long pause. P/O Langmuir looks at his student, LAC. Reed. LAC. Reed looks at P/O Langmuir. Then another pause. Pause some more. "That pine sure smells nice and fresh, Sir." Still more pause. F/O Lewis is still convinced he said Formation, not Pine-ation.

It's rumored about that they are thinking of making Low flying a bit lower to overcome difficulties which may arise from future occurrences and Pine Ridge Gulch citizens are happy about the whole thing. They say it had to come down anyway and sent in a request to do it again, but get it a little lower to the third branch next time, enclosing cheque for \$2.00 for work already done. (Who said there's a rubber shortage?)

Course 55 has a W.O.1 Carver among them in the person of LAC. Adams. We are looking forward to a performance such as given to a young airman and airwoman around Works and Bricks. What's all the W.D.'s looking and blushing for. W.O.1 Carver, pardon, LAC. Adams only seen one couple.

No, he didn't take Disciplinary action. No not Adams. He sized the situation up and with a heave of his manly chest, a wetting his mouth for a triumphant roar, said, Quote: "has she got a girl friend, WOW." Yep, that's Adams.

R.1 has seen a great many changes. F/Sgt. Heap and Sgt. Woodley invaded the premises of Cpl. Mansfield's dug out and have set up office. Reason for this—in order to be nearer C.O.'s office when called. The Instructors have taken over F/Sgt. Heap's old office. The Timekeeper will occupy the former Instructors room and every one seems happy about the whole thing.

Cpl. Dentry returned to camp with a large net but explained to the boys it was for his bunk, not for firing. He boasted successfully of not being bothered with flies for nearly 2 weeks (fortunately) when some of the livelier bunch caught some flies and you can still hear comments of the results around camp. However, he has found out the flies were planted. He now takes his revolver to bed with him. (How cruel). Operator S. P. Hoey reports no more flies around Dentry's bunk to-date.

R.1 experienced a bombing attack from Brantford this past month. 9 Ansons flew over and left among other things, a calling card very appropriately worded (they think) for the occasion. However, we had something cooked up for Brantford but found out we had no fuel for cooking. (Permission not granted).

Thursday evening, August 20th, 1942, the airmen of R.1 had a chicken dinner served in honour of welcome to our new O.C. F/Lt. Sims.

Appropriately 110 airmen or better were seated in the airmen's mess. Some of the boys are still racking their brains wondering how so many were seated and served at one time. Confidentially so are we. Well, we had a gay time anyway. After dinner, F/O Canfield, who acted as Master of Ceremonies, introduced the Guest of Honour F/Lt. Sims, who spoke briefly but very fittingly to the occasion.

Those responsible and deserving credit in making this Dinner a great success were chiefly Cpl. Cluett and his kitchen staff. Credit also to F/O Canfield and Cpl. Mansfield and the airmen alike, for their great co-operation, which is greatly appreciated and we all look forward to future dinners.

HEARD AROUND R 1

Course 55. ———Whatsa matter with you guys?

LAC. (Long leave) Smith, H.B. (shakingly). "Is that right, I'm posted?"

Sgt. Blair—"I've been working brother." (64 dollar questions of the month—Where?)

Cpl. Mansfield—"I've got nerves that jingle jangle jingle."

By the time you read this, Course 55 will have probably decided upon a place for their Wings Party and have received their wings. Good luck, good health and good hunting fellows.



W.O.2 Ken. Trumley for these last several days has been no help at all to the Flight. It seems that money invested in a company in Toronto is about to pay dividends. Even his Knock Rummy has gone all to pieces.

One week-end P/O Burgess was fortunate enough to get an aircraft to visit his home with a friend (blonde—tall—blue eyes—and—) in Montreal. He took our little blue-eyed timekeeper with him. They were a day late in getting back and now every once in a while she forgets where she is and calls in a voice dripping with honey,—"**OH BURGIE.**"

The last couple of weeks were rather eventful in "B" Flight. First, we lost F/Lt. O. A. H. Sims, and believe it or not we miss him almost as much as our old chesterfield that went out with the I. G. inspection. In his padded chair now sits F/O Clarke. To our new C.O. we wish the best of luck and although our time board looks a bit weak we are all for you.

We have three new instructors, F/S "Noisy" Simmons from "C" Flight and you don't need to feel sorry for us, for although he came from THAT flight he does a lot of work—when awake. P/O Smith, married, red hair, and western, is also new, as is P/O Berkinshaw, tall, dark and handsome. All three new men are welcomed with open arms in "B" flight and we toss them for "cokes" with loaded dice.

We, in this flight, are very proud of our mascot, "Washout," who is the only canine in captivity who enjoys the taste of old rags, boots, weather maps and fat beetles. She is more or less a live incinerator.

Hot words had passed between the two youngsters so rapidly that finally they both halted for want of ideas. Then one had a brain-wave.

"Garn!" he sneered. "Yer muvver takes in washing!"

"Course she does," retorted the other. "D'ye think she'd leave it out in the black-out for your muvver to pinch?"



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Parachute Patter

The first idea of parachutes, or a man-saving device from the air, is said to have originated around 1500, but it wasn't until Sebastian Lenormand of France made a descent in 1783 that the field of invention for parachutes really began.

The Greeks claimed to have a type of parachute, but there is little to verify their claim.

After Sebastian Lenormand we find J. P. Blanchard originating the idea of attaching a basket to a balloon, but his successor, Jacques Garnerin, in 1797 was the first to demonstrate the practicability of a parachute. The dome or case was made of white linen canvas 23 feet in diameter, with a wooden vent, and fastened by short pieces of tape. Below this was suspended a four-foot high basket.

No appreciable progress was made in the construction and theory of parachutes until 1912 when Captain Berry of the U.S.A., used a medium sized parachute stuffed in a conical cylinder and tied under the front end of the aeroplane skid.

During the first Great War German aviators used parachutes, but none too successfully, while the British used the "Guardian Angel" with some success. It was attached to the bottom of the fuselage by a heavy rope, which was run over the side of the plane and adjusted to the pilot.

After the war, in 1921, many experiments were made with a seat type parachute, carried easily by the pilot, which was soon recognized as extremely efficient. This led to the parachute of today with Service Seat, Quick Connector and Quick Release.

With modern warfare using an increasing number of paratroops, parachutes now play a vastly important part. In addition, parachutes are used for dropping food, water, ammunition, mines and flares. Parachutes today are made of fine white silk, and the majority are twenty-four feet in diameter, twenty-four gores, and 13 1/4 feet in length. They are still being made from the Japanese silk that was a frozen asset when the United States entered the war. But experiments are now being made to use artificial silk and nylon.

There are 12 continuous shroud lines which run through the canopy channel seams that are between the gores of the canopy. These shroud lines are attached to the D. rings of the harness, which is made of cotton and linen webbing capable of supporting 4500 pounds. On the waist belt is the quick release box which when turned and struck, releases the harness from the wearer.

R.C.A.F. regulations now require a re-pack once a month, which entails hanging chutes up in the well for about 48 hours to be thoroughly aired. When hanging up they present a colourful picture, with the bright orange red gores of the chutes, of which there are either four or six. These coloured gores are for detection purposes, forming

a red cross on the ground so that when the pilot lands on the snow or in wooded areas he is more easily located. They are used for training purposes only.

On the inspection fold careful watch is kept for strains, tears and loose stitches. Then comes the service folds, following the sequence of the number of gores. Next the shroud lines are folded in the pockets of the pack, and the canopy folded on top of them on the pack. This pack is made of khaki duck and is 13 inches by 15 inches, which gives one a fair idea of how meticulously and tightly a parachute must be packed.

Two airwomen are needed to close a pack, because a tightly packed chute is essential for rapid opening which should be less than two seconds. Pack elastics on the outside of a chute also hasten its opening. A chute is opened by the wearer pulling the rip-cord on the harness.

Although the girls have taken a good deal of razzing about chutes they pack, probably never opening, may we remind the boys that a certain Sergeant recently used his and it opened at 200 feet!

Although the parachute section is for packing chutes only, the airwomen do many odd jobs such as sewing flags and pennants, ear lugs on helmets, besides putting occasional hooks and wings on uniforms.

The odd tips dropped into the rumble box come in handy for that absolute necessity; a coke at break period.

The airwomen want all aircrew (instructors too) to take notice herewith, that pulling the rip-cord handle unnecessarily means a rumble of one dollar. Also, it would be very much appreciated if aircrew would please bring back their chutes on time, when their names appear in D.R.O's.

We have a good deal of fun. The airmen have taken us in very good naturedly and given us much benefit of their experience. Our Section is one of the best, and our Sergeant is tops.

Happy Landings to all the boys from the Parachute Girls!

THEY COME AND GO!

A depression has been hanging over No. 14 S.F.T.S. S/O Reed, our popular senior W.D. Officer has been posted to Camp Borden—our great loss, their gain. S/O Bristol of T.T.S. has been chosen to replace her, so to both officers we wish the best of luck. We will not say 'good-bye' to S/O Reed, because we hope to see her again real soon. To S/O Bristol—Welcome, we trust you will be happy here.

Accounts Offer Some Topical Tunes Without Rhyme or Reason

Income Tax 1942

Officers' wives have puddings and pies,
And soldiers' wives get skilly,
But on and after September one,
That first line is going to look silly.

K.R.O. Para. 1135

Knock rummy chits are placed in a box,
And don't come out until the seventh prox,
But on that date one readily believes,
He has been playing with Ali Baba and the forty thieves.

Laundry Blues

East is East, and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet.
Which exactly describes the state of the socks,
That came back in my wash this week.

Kitchen Privileges

They seek it here, they seek it there,
They seek that chicken everywhere.
It's not in the kitchen, it's nowhere in sight.
Has the M—O—taken it home for the night?

Nil Desperandum

Breathes there a man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said—'Why in H — — don't you sign these ? ! ! ? ! ? ! ? vouchers.'

Finance

There was a young man I confess,
Who forgot it was charged in the Mess.
The month soon rolled round
And his bill did astound,
And his Banker he failed to impress.

The above contribution requires a little explanation which follows: There was a young man I confess, Who forgot it was charged in the Mess.

The month soon rolled round
And his bill was much larger than he expected,
So he was financially bent and told his wife
He would do better next month.
And he did so much better, his bill was
Twice as large as the month before
So he had recourse to his Banker before meeting his wife
And his Banker he failed to impress. So his wife
Went to Reno on what was left—?
(To be continued next month)
Editor—"Not if I see it first."

M. T. Women's Gossip

To start this column, we shall begin by asking Cpl. Rutherford why that beautiful color comes when we say "pitter-pat?" How about an explanation, Cpl.?

Once more we extend a welcome to a newcomer—this time to AW2. Boyd, who recently arrived from No. 6 Manning Depot, Toronto. Here's hoping your stay with us will be a pleasant one, Gwen.

Why is it that Sgt. "Cliff-dweller" Cookman has all the girls screaming when he appears? Could it be that they don't like his "pigtales?" Orchids to Cherry, our champion scrounger. The little Bakewell does get around and by the way, how did you get that bump on the ankle, Cherry?

We would like to know if Peggy intends to take up the art of hair-cutting. Ask a certain air-crew for further particulars.

Ruth "Pigtails" MacGregor is still true to the air-crew. How do you do it. Ruth, with that "irresistible" Curly Moore around? Here's hoping that you don't have to scrub any more floors, Ruth. Naughty! naughty!

While on the subject of scrubbing, why did Cherry scrub those barrack windows so industriously? Has she gone domestic on us?

News of Ex-Members of the M. T. (W.D.)

Mark, is now a corporal and enjoying life at No. 2 S.F.T.S., Uplands. No doubt, it will soon be Sgt. Mark.

Watters is also a corporal and making the girls toe the mark at T. T. S.

Corny and Van have arrived safely at Gander, but we're still waiting to hear from them.

Added Notes

Lessons in tatting, knitting and fancy work may be had upon application to either Cpl. Elliott or LAC. Campbell.

Congratulations to Oscar Ellington upon his decision to become a permanent member of the night crew.

TO A FRIEND

I'm glad that you and I have met,
It means a heap to me,
I'd like to be the kind of friend
You'd like to have me be.
I like your smile, your kind of talk,
Just everything you do,
But most of all what I like best,
Is YOU.

To write you now and then,
To say
'How are you?'
'Isn't this a lovely day!'
To keep in touch with you
Through the years,
To share my joys, sorrows,
Laughs and tears.
To call you Friend,
In the grandest way,
Is what I'm asking of you
Today. AW2 Dufty.

SPRINGFIELD FAIR

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SPORTS ROUND-UP

By F. E. W.

SPORTS NOTES

Postings and more postings. The sports department awakened one morning a couple of weeks ago to find that our old friend F/O Stubbings, "STUBBY" as he was generally called had been posted to Trenton. Ken was a prime favorite in his job as Sports Officer and it was with regret that all interested in sports in general heard of his transfer.

This was not the only set back to the sporting fraternity as the following week our old faithful score keeper and general handy man around any line of sport, Captain Patterson was with us no more having been posted to Brantford. "CAPTAIN PAT" was a real fan and pal to all the personnel not only in the sporting field but on the station or off, wherever you might meet him, and went out of his way on many an occasion to give a helping hand. No. 14's loss is certainly Brantford's gain.

"Good luck to you both Stubby and Pat."

Introducing our new "SPORTS OFFICER" P/O Charlie Box. Charlie came on station fairly well known to a number of both Officers and Men and is surely making his presence felt in the short time he has been with us. An all round athlete himself, it is just second nature to fit into the picture as one of the gang. Plans are already being formed by Charlie and Lou, your Y Supervisor, for the winter's entertainment and sports. Watch D.R.O.'s for interesting events to happen.

T. T. S. WALKS OVER AYLMER

Trying but unable to "GUN 'EM IN" as he did against Fingal two nights previously, Bob Strickland, No. 14's No. 1 hurler, failed to last out the first inning as the T. T. S. nine hopped on him to gain a commanding lead which No. 14 never had the hitting power to overcome and as the result T. T. S. won handily 19 to 4. Lou Lucky, the T. T. S. pitcher, threw up a nice game for the Technical School and had the Aylmer team at his mercy throughout the entire game, as he toyed with the high lead his team presented him with. The fact that the T. T. S. team continued on into the R.C.A.F. Softball Play-offs in Toronto and emerged the winner in three straight victories should be somewhat of a consolation to our softball team—after all they lost out to the Ontario R.C.A.F. champions. And the same Lou Lucky was the main reason in the T. T. S. triumphs as he pitched all three games. Congratulations are due to T. T. S. on their victory—nice going fellows!

STATION LEAGUE FINALS

No. 2 Squadron Vs. Officers

The best game of the softball season was played as No. 2 Squadron nosed out the Officers by a four to three count in the first game of the finals.

Ettles on the mound for No. 2 Squadron loaded the bases on two different occasions, but when the chips were down turned on the pressure to retire the side. P/O Frizelle started the hurling for the Officers, his first attempt this year in the box and was replaced by the reliable Speed Ball Kress in the fourth inning as the air crew started to meet the offerings of Frizelle with two great regularity. The two hundred fans present had plenty to cheer about and laugh at, particularly was this so when P/O Lipsitt missed a hefty swing at bat which resulted in one split pair of pants much to his embarrassment and the delight of the crowd.

The battle sea-sawed with the Officers taking the lead in the third inning and No. 2 Squadron evened it up in their half. In the fourth the Officers went ahead another run only to have Kramer of No. 2 come through with a circuit clout to again tie up the count. In the fifth No. 2 took the lead only to have the Officers even the count in the sixth at three all. The Officers went out in short order in their half of the last innings. With one out in the No. 2's half Douglas with a homer to left centre won the game and gave No. 2 Squadron a one game advantage in the best out of three game series.

OFFICERS TRIM FINGAL

The Officers' Softball Team of No. 14 S.F.T.S. visited the Fingal Officers' and emerged with a convincing 12-8 victory behind the steady pitching of "Sox" Kress. Handled by "Pat" Patterson, the team showed hitting prowess unthought of in the local station league and it's fielding was particularly good in the pinches. A booming triple by W/C Finlay of Fingal was the only extra-base blow off Kress during the game. The fielding of "Giff" Mitchell and Elmer McLeod, as well as the extraordinary base-running of Harry Bales and the backstopping of Charlie Box, can hardly be overlooked in recording the highlights of the victory.

In the return game No. 14 S.F.T.S. led by Group Captain Irwin, banged out another one-sided victory. F/O Archie Fletcher was the leading light both at bat and in fielding his short stop position perfectly. The Officer's hurling ACE Speedball "SOX" Kress was absent on leave hence the win for No. 14.

STATION LEAGUE PLAYOFFS

The first two teams of each of the three groups swung into action on Monday, August 10th to decide the League finals. In the initial round Equipment played hosts to the Officers and the Metal Shop took on No. 2 Squadron.

From the first pitched ball, there was no doubt as to who was going to win the Equipment—Officers tilt. Backed by perfect fielding in which P/O Jack Frizzelle and F/O Aussie Osborne took the lead, P/O Bill Warrander hurled a brilliant six innings. F/O Maxie Lunan took over the mound duty for the next two innings and although he started cold managed to keep the eight run lead. Equipment had been weakened seriously by a number of postings within the last two weeks and just could not get going.

Metal Shop were taken unawares in the contest against No. 2 Squadron. With a three run lead going into the seventh innings No. 2 Squadron bunched hits and with the aid of an error eaked out an 8 to 7 win. The contest was a thriller from the start with Metal Shop having the edge in the play until that fatal last innings.

On Monday, August 17th, No. 2 Squadron came back to defeat the third group winners, Works and Bricks, by a 12 to 8 count, thus cutting Metal Shop out of a play off berth and winning the right to play in the finals against the Officers who very handily eliminated Equipment and No. 1 Squadron when they defeated the latter 15-9.

For five innings Sgt. Buchan, of Works and Bricks and Slim Dwyer's No. 2 Squadron hurler Ettles, duelled for advantage on the mound. Errors by Works and Bricks decided the issue and gave Dwyer's crew the decision.

The first two innings settled the Officers—Equipment—set-to when the big bats of "Slugger" Elmer McLeod and "What-a-man" Ted Bishop drove in six of the Officers runs. From there on it was a ding dong battle but the lead was too great to overcome.

SOCCER SHORTS

In five starts within the last month, the Station Soccer team has yet to be defeated, having won three and tied two games. In their two games with Wolsley Barracks London team, the army tied our boys here one to one, but in the return game the army went down four to two.

Two games have also been played with Fingal Bombers, who have a very fast forward line, and who, at Fingal, gave No. 14 a near scare when they had to come from behind to obtain a two to two draw. The following week the Bombers came to Aylmer and for two-thirds of the game had our team pretty well bottled up and were in the lead one to nothing. No. 14 in the last fifteen minutes played their best football of the current season, netting two goals to take the contest.

The fifth game of the current month was played at Queen's Park, London, against the Army stationed there, and it, too, was a very close affair, No. 14 coming out on the top end of a two to one score. Bob Corbett having been slightly injured in a previous game, was on the sidelines and greatly weakened our scoring strength.

Some new faces will be seen in the line-up of the Soccer Team after this month's Wings Parade, as a number of the old guard move on to a higher game.

PATRONIZE
OUR ADVERTISERS

SPORTS FLASHES FROM THE W. D.'s

The Aylmer Women's Softball team certainly "took a beating" at the hands of the hard hitting No. 14 W.D. nine—six home runs, 4 by No. 14 featured the high scoring game, as Saunders, Steele, White and Cochran connected for round trippers, to give us a 22-15 win—And Sullivan with her circus catches in centre field did more than her share in bringing victory to No. 14.—Friday, August 6, T. T. S. W.D.'s visited No. 14 and again handed the homester's a loss, to the tune of 14-4, but even then the game produced some exciting moments.—"Geo" Kenny, No. 14's stellar pitcher, has done yeoman work in the box, but errors by her teammates hasn't helped any.—She's a good pitcher and deserves plenty of credit for the showing thus far of the No. 14 W.D.'s—And the team will miss Hovey at second. She leaves soon to take an admin. course—go to it Hovey, and cover the course just as you so ably covered second!!—Now that the cooler weather will soon be upon us, the sound of the ball meeting bat will soon be no more and then the basketball court will get its share of the play, as well as badminton and other indoor sports. So rally round you W.D.'s and maybe No. 14 can produce a few more winners.

GOLF TOURNAMENT

The well known Cutten Fields in Guelph was the scene of the R.C.A.F. invitation golf tournament, sponsored by No. 4 Wireless School on July 28th last. This tournament was the first of an annual match between the various R.C.A.F. Stations in this Command, with a very handsome trophy to be held by the winning team.

Competing against more than a dozen R.C.A.F. teams, Aylmer's foursome consisted of Wing Commander Overbury, Sqr./Ldr. Ed. Weaver, F/L Ralph Hewson and Captain Dick Dunlop.

Although our team did not finish in the team prize money, the "Old Golf Maestro," Ralph Hewson brought honor to No. 14 by turning in the lowest net score of the tournament and winning for himself a very practical prize in the nature of a new club for his matched set.—Any would-be stars should apply to Ralph for instruction, as this was his first game this season and without any practice. Congratulations Ralph.

The trophy was presented to the team from Mount Hope after a bang-up banquet at which all the players were guests of the Club.

"Here's to more tournaments."

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"LOWNEY'S CARAVAN"

Great Two-Hour Variety Show to be Here
September 4th



Here is lovely June Barrett, one of the star performers of Lowney's Caravan

Headliners of stage, screen and radio who comprise the cast of Lowney's Caravan, a troupe of professional entertainers who have been providing free entertainment at air force stations and military camps throughout Ontario and Quebec, will present their show at No. 14, on September 4th.

Sponsored by the Lowney Chocolate Company as a contribution to Canada's war effort, the Caravan show was produced by Harry "Red" Foster, of Toronto, and will be presented under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. Auxiliary Services.

Since it started its tour on May 22, Lowney's Caravan has presented entertainment to Canadian troops in uniform six nights each week and has played to hundreds of thousands of sailors, soldiers and airmen.

Beautiful girls in gaily-coloured costumes, mystifying magic, music, clicking castanets and rollicking humour all combine to make the Caravan show two hours of sparkling entertainment.

The cast of the Caravan is studded with stars of stage, screen and radio. First there's Joe Carr, the master of ceremonies, who acted with Jimmy Cagney in "Captains of the Clouds." Mr. Carr is well known from coast to coast by his comic impersonations of "Adolphie" and "Benito" in the series of Carry On Canada, broadcasts produced by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

Clair Rouse, the one man band who plays no less than 17 instruments, is one of the real veterans of vaudeville on this continent. Clarinets, saxophones, trumpets, a jews harp, a bassoon and a variety of other instruments, of his own invention make Clair's act one of the highlights of the show.

Then there's Rex Slocombe, the magician, who has proved to thousands of Canadian boys in uniform that "the hand is quicker than the eye." There is no truth in the rumour, however, that Rex made the drill at No. 6 Repair Depot, R.C.A.F., disappear. Not only is Rex Slocombe Canada's outstanding magician, but his witty line of "patter" leaves his audience amused as well as bewildered and bewitched.

Lovely June Barrett, talented songstress, and Senorita Conchita Triana, the lithe Spanish dancer whose nimble feet and clinking castanets beat out a terrific tempo, and many other talented performers are among the cast.

Station League Softball

A final hectic week of softball in the station league finally settled the play-off positions in the three groups. An upset by G.I.S. of the highly favored Officers' nine came on top of a disappointing let-down for the same G.I.S. squad when the Officers turned right around and trounced the lofty No. 2 Squadron, to hand that team it's one and only defeat. By winning, the Officers took over undisputed possession of second place, ousting the G.I.S. entry from the play-offs. In the other groups, Metal Shop and No. 1 Squadron easily copped play-off berths in Group 1, while Works and Buildings and Equipment had things their own way in winding up the regular season in a tie for the top rung of the ladder of Group 3.

The Final Standings:

	W	L	Pts.
Group 1.			
Metal Shop	5	1	10
No. 1 Squadron	4	2	8
Headquarters	2	4	4
Maintenance N.C.O.'s	1	5	2
Group 2.			
No. 2 Squadron	5	1	10
Officers	4	2	8
G.I.S.	3	3	6
Fitters	0	6	0
Group 3.			
Works & Buildings	4	2	8
Equipment	4	2	8
Servicing	1	5	2
Riggers	0	6	0

No. 14 Tops

Fingal Nine

Giving their top performance of the season in a brilliant 5-3 victory over Fingal B. & G. in a do-or-die game, No. 14 remained in the running for the Inter-Station League Softball title. In a game in which either team could have emerged victorious, No. 14 S.F.T.S., behind the hard working Strickland in the box, spotted Fingal a run in the opening inning, only to tie it up in the third when Captain Steve Hardy's triple scored Bill Turnbull from second. In the opening half of the fifth, Turnbull went to first on an error and Hardy, with his third hit in the three trips, advanced Bill to third, stole second and both runners came home on Lionel Schiller's booming double down the third base line. This was Schiller's only hit of the game as he struck out in his other four trips to the platter as the Fingal "Buzz-ball" artist seemed to have his number, but it was an all-important hit as it gave No. 14 the lead it never relinquished. Both teams scored single tallies in the eighth and ninth innings but the Aylmer station team held out in spite of a determined rally put on by Fingal. The hitting of Steve Hardy against his old foe, Cox, the Fingal hurler, as well as that of Bill Turnbull and "Doc" Savage, along with the invincible fielding displayed by Turnbull, Savage and "Red" McClelland turned the tide of the game in our favor. And Strickland on the mound for No. 14 was at his best, causing the Bombers to pop up continually and collected eight strike outs to his credit.

Snips For Snipers

This last week a Rifle and Revolver Club has been formed on the station with fifty men signifying their intentions of trying to secure marksmanship medals and awards from the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association.

Periodic contests and trips to neighboring Gun Clubs are expected to begin in the very near future. A committee of High Calibre Marksmen has been formed to direct the club's activities and assure its future success.

Anyone wishing to take part in this pastime will contact the Secretary, F/Sgt. Berube, of Accounts, or will watch D.R.O. notices for shooting times on the ranges.

"Does the foreman know that the trench has fallen in?" asked the contractor. "Well, sir," replied the workman, "we're digging him out to tell him."

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