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# AYLMER AIRMAN

VOL. 2, No. 3

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

SEPTEMBER 25th, 1942

## Who's Who at Number Fourteen

It is the intention of your editorial staff to introduce to our readers each month, one of the outstanding personnel of the Station in order that they may become better acquainted. It is only right that we should start with our Commanding Officer, Group Captain George Norman Irwin.



George Norman Irwin first saw the light of day at Grafton, Ontario, on the 27th of February, 1903. He graduated from the Oshawa High School in 1922. During his term there he started his military training, being Commanding Officer of the Cadet Battalion at that time. His first job, after leaving school, was with General Motors Corporation at Oshawa, Ontario, but the wonders of nature and the call of the open spaces, was greater than that of manufacturing motor vehicles, so in 1926 he became proprietor and manager of Red Wing Orchards, at Whitby,

Ontario. In the same year he married Miss Ethel Kathleen McLaughlin. They are now the proud parents of three sons and a daughter. Our Commanding Officer became interested in flying and started his flying career with the Toronto Flying Club in the early 1920's. He was one of those few pioneers in civilian flying in Canada, who could see the future in store for aviation, and formed flying clubs in various cities and towns across Canada. After purchase of his private aircraft, he did considerable commercial flying—barnstorming and passenger carrying—and before joining the Royal Canadian Air Force in 1933, had nearly 900 flying hours to his credit. Despite the time spent in flying, he was a very efficient lacrosse player, but has now settled down to less strenuous hobbies, such as Radio, Photography, Fishing and Hunting.

**Originally With the 110th**  
Some of the highlights of his Air Force career are as follows: Appointed to the rank of Flying Officer in No. 10 (City of Toronto) (Army Co-operation) Squadron. (The designation of this Squadron was later changed to No. 110), July 26, 1933; Attended Summer Training with No. 110 Squadron at Camp Borden during the summers of 1935, 1936, 1937, and 1938. Presented with his "Wings" in December 1936; Promoted to the rank of Flight Lieutenant, and received the Coronation Medal from His Majesty King George VI, 1937; No. 110 Squadron formed part of the Air Force Detachment at Niagara Falls, Ontario, on the occasion of the visit of Their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, on June 7, 1939; Attended Summer Training at Trenton, Ontario, in June 1939; Called out for Active

Service on September 3, 1939, and later the same month, opened one of the first Recruiting Centres at Ottawa; Promoted to the rank of Squadron Leader in January 1940, and the following month posted to Camp Borden; Appointed Commanding Officer of No. 1 "M" Depot in March 1940; Promoted to the rank of Wing Commander, May 1, 1941; arrived at No. 14 S.F.T.S. on Temporary Duty on June 19, 1941, and on July 3rd, was posted to No. 14 S.F.T.S. as Commanding Officer; Promoted to the rank of Group Captain on June 1, 1942.

While with No. 110 Squadron, Group Captain Irwin qualified to fly among others, the following service aircraft, Tiger Moth, Avro 621, Avro 626, Atlas and Fleet. While at No. 14 S.F.T.S. he has mastered the Harvard.

**"Esprit de Corps"**  
No. 14 S.F.T.S. has earned an enviable reputation among the stations of this and other Commands. All personnel are very proud of that reputation. This along with the "Esprit de Corps" that exists is largely due to the spirit of co-operation that our Commanding Officer has, by his personal example and practical and sound judgment been able to instil in all personnel under his command. The result being that no one wants to be posted away from No. 14 S.F.T.S.

We know that the time will come when those in the seats of the night at Headquarters, will further recognize his sterling qualities and promote him to higher rank and greater responsibilities, thus taking him to other and greater fields, but can we be accused of being selfish if we express a wish that the fatal day will not arrive for many more months?

Little has been said or written of the Auxiliary Squadrons of the Royal Canadian Air Force, but such men have they produced.

## Good Neighbours

We at No. 14 S.F.T.S. are very fortunate and greatly privileged in having exceptionally good neighbours among the people of Aylmer and the surrounding district.

**Generous Citizens**  
A couple of lovely rooms have been provided as an Active Service Club where personnel, both men and women, may spend pleasant afternoons and evenings when visiting the town. A small canteen with chocolate bars, cigarettes, etc. is maintained for the convenience of visitors, who may also indulge in sandwiches and a beverage at a reasonable charge. The ladies in attendance, who come from W.A.'s, Institutes, Lodges, and so on, are always ready and willing to sew on buttons and insignia, or darn a pair of socks. Sunday evening is the high light of the week, when the lads and lassies gather to join in a sing-song and to partake of the free eats generously provided by the ladies in charge.

**Provide Building**  
The local branch of the Canadian Legion has made its commodious building available to all personnel every day of the week. Here the weary may find rest and the restless an outlet for pent-up energies. Every week movies and dances are provided for members of His Majesty's Forces free of charge.

Very pleasant memories have been carried away by many who have been stationed here, of delightful evenings spent as guests of the Aylmer Rotary Club down at the Cabin-in-the-Pines, and elsewhere. This is an added bit of hospitality which the business men of the town most graciously have taken upon themselves.

Then, too, a great many homes have been thrown open for the entertainment of our personnel on Sundays and quite frequently during the week. A multitude of young men and women have thoroughly enjoyed home cooked meals served in a home-like atmosphere, which has helped to lessen the feeling of homesickness, to which even the most hardboiled are prone to fall victim.

**Donate Plots**  
We have been unfortunate enough to lose in flying accidents some whose homes were far off in other lands. A generous public-minded citizen, Mr. "Ray" Lemon, has most thoughtfully provided a last resting place for three of such in the beautiful Aylmer Cemetery. He has made provision for the erection of monuments, and has arranged for the perpetual care of the graves. Emulating his action, the Cemetery Committee has generously laid aside a section of the cemetery which, we understand, will be known as "The Air Force Plot."

In these, and in many other ways the citizens of Aylmer and district have been and still are good neighbours to us at No. 14 S.F.T.S. We would like to say "Thank you" to these good people, and to suggest to all personnel that they at all times endeavour to be good neighbours to them!

## WHY MAINTENANCE?

THE question is sometimes asked by people outside the service, "Why is the high ratio of ground crew to flying personnel necessary?" When their motor car ceases to function it may be pushed off the highway and repaired. They do not realize that there are no sides of highways upstairs. Aircraft must not cease to function up there. In order to avoid this, a log book is kept of every aero engine and airframe. After a given number of flying hours each aircraft receives a minor check; after another number of hours a major check; and after another number of hours a complete engine change. This together with the daily inspections, oiling and refueling, repairs and modifications, requires the services of skilled tradesmen as aero engine mechanics, airframe mechanics, instrument-repairers, electricians, wireless electrical mechanics, fabric workers, equipment assistants, battery attendants and metal repairers, as well as many standard tradesmen and general duty personnel for servicing. It might not be divulging restricted information to state that during the month of August over 9,000

hours of flying time were completed at No. 14 S.F.T.S., and this was by no means the peak. This in part answers the question.

Periodic inspections become routine and monotonous, and coupled with the human element, there is danger of something being overlooked; therefore, maintenance schedules are drawn up itemizing every part to be inspected. This form is signed by the mechanic who does the inspection, checked by the corporal in charge of the crew, double-checked by a sergeant, and finally declared airworthy by a flight-sergeant or warrant officer. At technical schools, approved methods of locking turn-buckles, controls, etc., are taught. These schools and technical officers spare no effort to impress on their students and tradesmen, the importance of the smallest detail.

A service school where flying is carried on extensively, does not confine its training to pilots alone. Standard tradesmen are posted to service schools who must acquire their grouping qualifications through contact training.

"C" group tradesmen are posted from technical schools and must

have practical experience and further training in order to advance. Results of the last No. 1 Training Command Trade Test Board sitting, at this unit, shows forty-four tradesmen, with no previous training, advancing to higher groups. In order to assist these junior tradesmen, night classes are arranged. Syllabi are drawn up, precis scrounged, and lectures prepared. Aero engine mechanics and airframe mechanics attend these lectures two nights weekly. Through these classes it is hoped to establish a record of advancement which other units and command will set as an objective.

We get no wings or other symbol, in recognition of ability, in fact, we are commonly referred to as grease-balls, but we do get personal satisfaction in conscientiously carrying out the duties of maintaining and servicing His Majesty's aircraft. Fledglings and personnel in most cases, assume that maintenance have carried out their duties and take with confidence that everything is ship-shape. Past performances justify such confidence, and rest assured, it is not misplaced.



## 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, SEPTEMBER 25th, 1942

### Co-operation

A Station such as ours can only be run successfully with the co-operation of all personnel. Newcomers cannot help but observe that co-operation is the prevalent spirit here. Our Commanding Officer expects every man and every woman to know his or her duty, and to do it. To do it, moreover, without the use of unnecessary compulsion.

We are working together in a great enterprise. All of us are cogs or wheels in a vast machine—some large, some small, some, it may be, eccentric! Each of us has his or her own part to play. If it isn't done, and done properly and well, the machine doesn't run as smoothly or as effectively as it should.

To do the job well and properly, it is necessary that we be at our best physically, mentally, spiritually. The "powers that be" have provided facilities to enable us to be healthy in all these ways. May we see to it that we co-operate with them and with one another by making fullest use of the provisions they have made. We may be sure that the Sports Officer, the Librarians and the Padres will appreciate our co-operation.

### Remembrance and Request

Our former Editor, F/O. G. A. L. Gibson, in a recent letter, tells us that he is settling down at Ottawa and thoroughly enjoying his new job. He would like an occasional flip in a Harvard and hopes to persuade some former Aylmerites to take him up. There appears to be quite an Aylmer Colony in Ottawa now, with S/L Langford, F/L Scott, F/O Neill, F/O Gibson and others working there. They are proud to have come from the "best Station in Canada."

He seems to be quite worried about our financial state; though not nearly as much as we are. Which leads us to say that our advertisers make it possible for us to keep on publishing our paper. We would ask you to make it possible for us to keep our advertisers by patronizing them.

### POST OFFICE

Believe it or not folks, we are beginning our column this month in a serious mood. Recently we have been receiving a large quantity of mail addressed so poorly that we have to be combination postal clerks and private detectives to find the proper addressee. Therefore, we have gathered together "Nine Postal Pointers" which we think will help you and we definitely know it will help us if you follow them.

1. Address your mail fully, clearly and without misleading abbreviations.
2. Place your return address in the upper left hand corner.
3. Never enclose coins or other hard object in letters.
4. Send remittances by Post Office Money Order or Postal Note.
5. Properly pack parcels.
6. Prepay postage fully.
7. Place the stamps in the upper right hand corner.
8. Register valuable articles.
9. Give your correspondents your correct Post Office address.

Now for a quick glance into the gossip world. Since last month we have lost ACI Trimble and ACI Oldham to No. 6 I.T.S., Toronto, and in their place we have two pos-

tal clerks of the fair sex. They are AW (that's the way they did it in Dunnville) Ellis, and AW (I am no longer a school teacher) Carley.

When you hear those groans coming from the Post Office it is just a sign that some other victim has been caught by Sgt. Wood's new rumble fund. In fact the sergeant's new theme song is "I got coins that jingle, jangle, jingle."

### LOWNEY'S CARAVAN PRESENTS FAST MOVING SHOW

Lowney's Caravan, headliners of the stage, screen and radio, played to a full house at No. 14 S.F.T.S., on Friday, Sept. 4th, providing one of the best evening's entertainment ever presented at the school, and kept the appreciative audience at fever pitch for a full two hours.

The show was ably managed by Mr. Gordon Forsyth, and led by the very capable master of ceremonies, Joe Carr, who acted with Jimmy Cagney, and is widely known as a radio entertainer with his impersonations of "Adolphie" and "Benito" in the series "Carry on Canada".

Claire House the one man band, who seemingly plays dozens of instruments, including a saxophone, trumpet, jews harp, bassoon and violin, is one of the highlights of



Y.M.C.A.

### Movies

TUESDAY, SEPT. 29

"GANGSTER'S BOY"

Starring Jackie Cooper and Robert Warwick.

THURSDAY, OCT. 1

"BEAU GESTE"

Starring Garry Cooper, Ray Milland, Robert Preston and Susan Hayward.

SATURDAY, OCT. 3

"FLYING CADETS"

Starring William Gargan and Peggy Moran.

TUESDAY, OCT. 6

"TEXAS"

William Holden, Clare Trevor, Glenn Ford and E. Buchanan.

THURSDAY, OCT. 8

"STAR MAKER"

Bing Crosby, Louise Campbell, Ned Sparks.

SATURDAY, OCT. 10

"SUN NEVER SETS"

Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Basil Rathbone, Virginia Field.

TUESDAY, OCT. 13

"YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH"

Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth, Robt. Benchley, John Hubbard.

THURSDAY, OCT. 15

"ONE NIGHT IN LISBON"

Madeline Carro'l, Fred McMurray, Billie Burke.

SATURDAY, OCT. 17

"MEET BOSTON BLACKIE"

Chester Morris, Rochelle Hudson.

TUESDAY, OCT. 20

"LEGION OF LOST FLYERS"

Richard Arlen, Andy Devine and Anna Nagel.

THURSDAY, OCT. 22

"MYSTERY SEA RAIDER"

Henry Wilcoxon, Carole Landis, Onslow Stevens.

### SERVICE POLICE

Many changes have taken place within these grey walls in the past month. It was with deep regret that we bade farewell to F/O West, whose capable hand had guided the Service Police in the past few months. Perhaps that hand was a little hard on our cigarettes, but we have missed him a great deal, and wish him all the luck in the world at his new station.

At this time also we wish to welcome F/O Pickford, our new D.A. P.M., who came to us from Centralia. Mr. Pickford, at present is spending a very enjoyable leave (we hope), some where in the U.S.A.

the show, and kept the audience enthralled with his versatile talents. Rex Slocombe, reputedly one of the best sleight-of-hand artists on the continent, was acknowledged a show in himself. Not taking a back seat in things musical Rex played his accordion for the sing-song session.

Many an airman's heart was lost to the leading lily, blonde and lovely June Barrett, and to the little Spanish dancer, Senorita Conchita Tirana, who did not outshine the pretty and well-trained rhythmic and acrobatic dancers.

The show, sponsored by the Lowney Chocolate Company, and produced by Harry "Red" Foster, as an aid to Canada's war effort, has been touring Army and Air Force camps throughout Ontario and Quebec, and have been enthusiastically received wherever they've gone. From the comment gathered after the show it was most evident that they will always be heartily welcomed at No. 14 S.F.T.S.

### Y. W. C. A. NEWS

"What, no problems?" exclaimed our liaison officer when she dropped in at the Hostess House the other day.

This time we were all set to tell her that her guess was wrong as the hostess' brow has become one deep furrow as the result of apartment hunting for the married airmen with children; wondering if we get the Hostess House furnace set up before Old Man Winter arrives; trying to condense two bushels of Corporal Leonard's tomatoes into two pints of tomato juice (that is all we have room for in our supplies cupboard); keeping one jump ahead of the flies and so on ad infinitum.

When we tried to give the liaison officer a verbal picture of our difficulties she smiled. "Is that all?" "You're fortunate," she said. Realizing that we were not going to get any sympathy, we began enumerating some of the nice things that had happened since her last visit. Among these were the receipt of letters from some of the airmen who used to be part of our big Hostess House family before they left the Station. A very special one came the other day tucked in a tiny white box, containing a piece of wedding cake. Many of the personnel will recall Elsie Rose, now Mrs. G. Freeman, of Winnipeg, whose marriage to Cpl. Freeman took place in the Western city, Sept. 7th. She was the girl with the soft molasses taffy curls, remember? Well, anyway, her letter closed with "I'd sure love to hear from you." Evidently the Hostess House meant so much to that ex-airwoman she does not want to lose touch with it. So she gets a letter once we get over the tomato juice problem and get a few more roofs over the heads of several desperate airmen and their bairns.

Another interesting letter came from Cpl. Sturme, who described her efforts at interior decorating the room she and LAW Webster share at Rockcliffe. Bless their hearts, these girls of ours may wear mannish uniforms, but they are homemakers under their tunics after all.

Too bad the farewell supper party the girls planned for LAW Roy at the Hostess House, had to be held without the guest of honour. We hope the pictures taken by the amateur photographers who snapped the party before it broke up, will turn out alright so that they can be forwarded to the absent airwoman.

### AYLMER FAIR

Oct. 1st, 2nd, 3rd

The personnel of this Station is heartily invited to attend the Aylmer Fair, which is one of the largest of the county exhibitions in this province.

### C. O.'s Corner

Course 57 leaves us today upon completion of their Service Flying Training at this Station. While you have been here, we have watched your continued success in the work of your course and your active participation in the activities of the Station.

As you proceed to your new posts in the Service, we will continue to observe your accomplishments in those fields to which you may be sent. You will know that the best wishes of the officers and airmen of No. 14 S.F.T.S. go with you as you leave us.

GROUP CAPTAIN G. N. IRWIN,  
Commanding Officer

**Control Answering**

Flight calling Control — —  
Control answering — —  
What time is flying washed out? Whose aircraft just groundlooped? What!! "E" Flight again!! Getting monotonous, isn't it? Are you there Control?

Sure, we're here—been here so long we've worn out seven wash-out flags, six aldis lamps, two pair of pants and our welcome. We've seen twelve new crews come and go. They're scattered all the way from R 1 (good old R 1) to Newfoundland, and the Far East. Our erstwhile friend and assistant, Harry Shackleton, is in Newfoundland teaching the natives knock-rummy. Newfoundland, liquor at five cents a glass—cigarettes at nine cents a large package—no leaves—no income tax—no women—What a life!

Another control "Joe," Paskiewitz, is somewhere in Scotland,

while Whittam and Mearns are in the Middle East—probably selling pictures of Pharaoh's Tomb to the Egyptians, and spending their 48's with some Cleopatra on the Nile. Others are pilots and air gunners in the making. Here in Canada our old standbys, Coop Gibson, Laird and Barnes are in Trenton learning or unlearning about aerodrome control. Our new crew of Graham, Purdym Pettapiece, Glassman, Oehon, Plum and Williams are doing fine—Welcome Boys—Glad to have you with us.

The tower itself is undergoing alterations at present. The windows are being put on the bias to prevent sun glare—the idea being to give the control "joes" an even suntan instead of a red nose—at least that's one idea. The other is to eliminate the optical illusion of Harvards landing on three runways simultaneously (sometimes it's no illusion.)

Last Sunday was Visitors' Day—

quite an assembly of the fair sex. P/O Borland put on an impromptu show for the crowd—made a crash landing on the infield with his undercarriage unlocked. It was better than some landings we've seen with the undercarriage locked—Good show, Borland.

Never a dull moment—one of our gay young W/O's just treated us to a grand display of aerobatics—on the ground—sort of cross between a falling leaf—wing over, and broncho busting—and under the hood too. Funny, you can do that same thing on a Link Trainer and it doesn't look the same at all—they fly better under the ground anyway.

The MET section—(Vaughan's Vocabulary Academy) next floor down is sporting four new lady "weathermen"—so in the future, boys—if the forecast says "rain"—rain it is—regardless. Some of the boys have really begun to take an interest in the weather conditions

—even yours truly has been known to take a peek at the good old "Strata-cu" since the ladies arrived. We always had a hankering to be a meteorologist, but we can't pronounce the darn word.

We were just about to fill in our questionnaire—stating we are happy in the service, etc., etc., when we have to move over to Shangri-La, commonly known as R 1. It seems there are two Shangri-La's — one connected with Jimmy Doolittle and one connected with "Deacon" Doolittle—both places have one thing in common—they are both a long way from Tokyo. Speaking of R. 1 reminds me—heard of a chap being sent to a certain R. 1 during the last war. It appears they forgot to tell him the war was over—guess he's still there—poor fellow,—waiting for the ships that never came in—still a F/O no doubt—wondering when his promotion is coming through. He's lucky. They told us the War was over—and we believed them!!

**AYLMER'S GREATER FAIR**

**FREE!**  
**\$150**  
**IN CASH**

**\$50.00 Each Night**  
**10 Prizes \$5.00 Each**  
**Each of \$5.00 Night**

**HOW TO WIN**

**BUY A MEMBERSHIP TICKET FOR \$1.00**

**And You Get 6 Free Coupons on the Drawing of the Prizes**

The Membership Ticket entitles the holder to enter the grounds at any time during the Fair. It is also good to drive your car in on the grounds at any time.

Write your name and address on the coupons and deposit them in a box which will be conveniently located on the grounds in front of the Secretary's office which is in the Grandstand.

**30 CHANCES TO WIN**  
**\$30.00**

**You must have a Membership Ticket to get in on the Draw**

Membership Tickets can be purchased from the Directors of the Fair, or at the **EXPRESS PRINTING OFFICE**

**3 Big Days 3 Big Nights**  
**Thursday Friday Saturday**  
**October 1 - 2 - 3**  
**Elgin County's Greatest Fair Something Doing all the Time**

**Adam's Great Rodeo**

Claimed to be the Best of It's Kind in the World

Full of Thrills and Spills  
100 Cowboys and Ccwgirls

High Jumping Horses — Race Horses

Chariot Races with 16 Wild Horses

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Mexican Bull Fights

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**Wallace Bros. Shows**

Featuring 18 of the Newest and Most Modern Shows and Rides  
Also Merry-Go-Round and Miniature Auto Ride for the Children

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**3 FERRIS WHEELS**  
**NEW RIDES NEW GAMES**  
**NEW SHOWS**

All Shows and Rides on School Children's Day Reduced for Kiddies to 5c  
**Fun For OLD And Young**

## A Number of These to be "Winged"



1, Atkins; 2, Carroll; 3, Chads; 4, Collo; 5, Disney; 6, Freeman; 7, Gurski; 8, Hagan; 9, Henderson; 10, Kenny; 11, Martin; 12, Neal; 13, Tomlinson; 14, Upshall; 15, Bowman; 16, Ettles; 17, Evans; 18, Gillespie; 19, Higginbotham; 20, Hitchcock; 21, Johnson; 22, Patterson; 23, Riley; 24, Straile; 25, Swift; 26, Redpath; 27, Walker; 28, Whitworth.



We have so many instructors these days that there is not enough aircraft or students to go around. With this in mind, maybe some of our surplus "back-seat drivers" will be able to get away from it all. There is some talk of overseas postings, and we figure it's a real break for us.

We hear that the people of Vichy, France, have a new battle-cry, something like: "Lift up your heart for Barclay is on the way." They had better lock up all the girls too.

Jonesy has just bought himself a pair of field glasses so he can check the outer starboard engine on his Sunderland.

Yarnell's been tramping on his head and knocking L— out of it lately to get it more operational in appearance. That may fool some people, but— — —

Incidentally, any of you guys who are tired of it all, just read some of Yarnell's poetry and then commit suicide.

Our illustrious F/C Aylett hopes to get posted. Well alright, alright—Don't rush. We know the Lancaster is plenty big, but hold on, Vic, we'll let you know when the right size came along. Maybe you could get in it if they put an extra gun turret over the pilot's seat. It would fool the Japs, too.

Maybe you've heard— That F/O Jones had twins when he found Campbell hadn't control.

That one student had an hour's taxiing practice one dark night. Upon returning, he revisited No. 5 hangar and reported the Navigation lights unserviceable. He said that they seemed to follow him around.

That one student took a spanner with him on his wings check, and that the examining officer dazedly watched him check the alignment of the oleos. This student as a further part of his Tarmac check, asked the officer if he had a cold.

Do the instructors swallow the line-shooting—or are the Yanks on the wrong track.

Before leaving "A" Flight for R1, we of Course 59, would like to thank our Flight Commander, and our instructors, for their work and patience. To them all credit is due. Our thanks too, to the boys on the tarmac (it's not fun washing Yales). We remember Sgt. McClusky too, if only for the planes we washed.

### "Sayings in the Flight"

Where's Strum?  
Kennon'll tell you.  
I'll shoot you for a nickel.  
Of course, I'm a natural flyer.  
Yes, sir, I was blown off the track near Detroit.  
Where are the Yale men?

### Navigation Flight

It is with deep regret that Navigation Flight records the loss of Flying Officer J. Mosher. He was one of our most popular officers, an experienced and skilled instructor, and his loss is a very severe one to all who knew him.

Some of the Harvard "experts" may scoff at our "flying greenhouses"—but it's our turn to laugh when we see one of our student navigators step out in a decidedly "green" condition. No — that's not how the Anson gets its nickname—but that back seat can apparently do something to a stomach. For more complete details, we may refer you to three student navigators in the past week.

But you know, if it wasn't for Navigation Flight more than one of us would find himself in Christopher Columbus' famous predicament!

When he was outward bound, he didn't know where he was going; when he got there, he didn't know where he was; and when he returned he didn't know where he had been.

Rumour has it that Flying Officer McAlpine will be keeping a very important date—Saturday, September 26th. We understand it's a Windsor girl, and that after several false starts, this will really be the day. The best wishes of all the Navigation Flight go with you, "Mac", and to the new Mrs. McAlpine.

After the above date, F/O McAlpine will have to give up the new game he was taught recently—or improve considerably. Else the

household money will be sadly depleted.

Bad weather was the reason for a couple of days holiday in Toronto for Flying Officer Wiltsie—and Anson.

Speaking of holidays, we hope that S/P Idle's holiday at Niagara Falls had nothing to do with his two weeks' stay in the hospital on his return. Glad to see you back, Sarg.

And also, if you happen to see S/P White, ask him about his holiday. It will be some story—it will have to be!

We expect to see the benefit of Sergeant Reveler's impromptu bugle practices in No. 5 Hangar reflected in the playing of the band on an early C.O.'s parade.

The ground crew of Navigation Flight welcome Corporal Vollmer, from Maintenance, and regretfully say farewell to Corporal Hainstock, who goes to Maintenance.

Add one more parachute story:— Local newspapers retold a story a few weeks ago of a flyer across the Border who had to make an emergency jump, but didn't have his parachute harness on. He jumped, with the chute in his hands, climbed into his harness in the air, pulled the rip-cord, and landed safely.

After that you'll probably believe the story of the airman who fell out of an aircraft at 5,000 feet, without a chute, and landed safely—on a circus tent.

**BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES**

### Works and Buildings

Well, it's hard to say in a few lines all that's going on around Works and Buildings of late.

At last we are getting our Compound paved so that we can relieve the M.T. Section of some of our equipment.

Alas, a sad bit of news. The new big water tank which that "High Stepper" Mobile Unit is building out beside the recreation field, is not going to be built like a swimming pool, but will have a concrete top which makes mighty tough diving.

We extend our hopes for best of luck to Finlay and "Socho" on their recent postings. This place will never be quite the same without them.

We'll, what's this? I glance from the window and see "Cookie" standing silent and motionless beside the road. Well, now, that's something, because I heard this morning that he was like the proverbial Bear with the sore tooth.

Terrible news! We are informed that the Headquarters Parades are catching up with us, as D. R. O.'s state, that "Bulldozer Henniger" is in charge this week and "Itchy" Demone is "hooked" for the week following.

While I still have the floor I wish to deny the current rumour that all W. & B. personnel take three days on a 48. This is definitely not true. Looks like Sabotage! After all, "there is such a thing as Temporary Duty," says Healey.

MAKE THIS STORE YOUR  
**HEADQUARTERS**

When in St. Thomas

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G. I. S. News

Some of These to Graduate Today

"HIS DAY"

Today I glimpsed on the face of a boy  
The look of a heart o'erflowing with joy  
Transcending all other expressions of bliss,  
Outshining a maid as she thrills at a kiss.

A shipwrecked man at the sight of a meal,  
An angler viewing his well-filled creel;  
A blind man first regaining his sight,  
Or Frankenstein's monster when he saw the light:

A bride as she gazed at her wedding ring,  
A dying man hearing the angels sing,  
The smile of a kid in a candy store  
Or a greaseball's face as the motors roar:

A soldier going home on his leave,  
A murderer when he gets a reprieve,  
The look of a runner first in a race,  
Or a fledgling lawyer winning a case:

'Twas a lad who envied not rulers or kings  
As he glanced at his breast at glistening wings.  
I gazed in awe at his joyous face  
I'd given my all to stand in his place.

But yet I knew down deep in my heart  
To gain him his wings, I'd done my part;  
I'd given him a lift o'er many a stile,  
So I reckon I own just a bit of his smile.

—Bill Shaw.

Hardly a day passes but what we see the names of the boys who learned the secrets of the sky-trails at our School, mentioned in the newspapers. Alas, too often, they are listed as missing or killed after air operations, but often we



29, Baughman, R.; 30, Baughman, W.; 31, Benn; 32, Bradbury; 33, Cordick; 34, Darling; 35, Dean; 36, Elliott; 37, Hill; 38, Kemp; 39, MacDonald; 40, Moselev; 41, Newman; 42, Perkin; 43, Shepherd; 45, Blackman; 46, Bowser; 47, Burns; 48, Carney; 49, Cornforth; 50, Douglas; 51, Gall; 52, Joynt; 53, Linsell; 54, McGee; 55, Philips; 56, Riggs; 57, Robinson.

see them mentioned as carrying out some particularly hazardous task. Our boys are out in Lybia, Burma, India, and of course in Old Britain and are doing their share in this great struggle. Sgt. O. Snell, of the firm of Dickinson and Snell Incorporated, was responsible for saving his Flight Commander's life just recently, and then had to bail out in the Channel after subduing the flames which enveloped his Spitfire five times. Sgt. S. M. Scott, who was a member of our first course, was mentioned for a fine piece of work in destroying a barge in the Mediterranean. Dixie Alexander of the same gang, is holding his end up in the American Eagle Squadron somewhere in England. His wife in the meantime, carries on with her work at the telephone exchange in Aylmer. Our boys are just getting into the thick of it and we can expect more news of their heroism and daring, any day in the near future.

Who is the certain F/Sgt. in G.I.S. that has been bitten by the Love Bug? Does he wear those dark glasses for his hay fever or so no one can see that certain glint in his eye. There is also a W. D. although not in this section, who waits for the sound of his footsteps. I guess she has been bitten too. They certainly would make a charming couple. "Why not ask her, Flight?" She could ask him, I guess, if she were not too bashful. Oh! Think of a beautiful moonlight night, walking hand in hand back from Aylmer. What a chance was passed up! Ask her the fatal question—WILL YOU BE MINE?



Well, here we are again, more by the persistence and insistence of Lorna, our demure little timekeeper (best on the station incidentally), who has been reminding us all morning that today is the deadline for our contribution from "D" Flight—so here goes.

Anyone wishing to challenge Lorna as No. 1 timekeeper, see LAC Eastwood, who is S.O.J.T. K. (Station Official Judge of Time Keepers) anytime after sundown (he has a Ford coupe.) Judge's decision to be final.

The boys in Course 61 are thinking seriously of buying a couple of Vacuum cleaners to take the drill hall dust out of their clothes, as well as themselves. However, we understand that sometime in the near (we hope) future we'll be moving back to 14A.

We wish to apologize for a gross misstatement in the last issue. We said that the boys do sign the pilot's orders, but some of the boys find that the amendments also are darned expensive if you forget them.

We close with a contribution from Pierre la France:  
We leff dat place call He Eff T Hess,  
Never to come back again.

To come to place call Hess Eff T Hess,

To fly da great big hairplane.  
We tink she's too hard to fly  
But tell da hinstructor I tink I try.  
We larn da ting call cockpit check,  
He say if we don't, he brake our neck.

We fly wit him for 'bout six day.  
Den he say, you're O.K.  
We talk to hoursself and say I try,  
Even do hour stomach she's full of butterfly.

We try remember all hinstructor say,  
So we can fly annoder day.  
We make da ting called bump and circuit,  
An try to bump hairplane, but not to hurt it.

We get hairplane down on de runway  
And den tink we fly annoder day.  
We fly and fly and fly a lot,  
And say I tink we good peelot.  
Den one day dat ting call cross wind she com

And we tak off to have som fun.  
We make de landing on da ground  
What's wrong de darn ting turn roun and roun.

We close our eye and pray and pray,  
Mebbie we fly som odder day.  
So now we know we not peelot  
And do we haf to larn a lot.  
So now we work and try and try  
And some day mebbie we larn to fly.

BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

**GRANADA**  
—ST. THOMAS—  
**Watch For These Great Hits**

OCT. 1st, 2nd and 3rd  
**"SABOTEUR"**  
—Starring—  
Robt. Cummings — Priscilla Lane

OCT. 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th  
**"In This Our Life"**  
—Starring—  
Bette Davis, Olivia deHavilland, George Brent

OCT. 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th  
GEORGE FORMBY in  
**Turned Out Nice Again**

OCT. 26th to 31st  
**"Eagle Squadron"**  
—Starring—  
Robert Cummings, Diana Barrymore

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

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

Course 57---R 1

As Course 57 draws its last dying breath, preparing to sink into happy oblivion (no reference to Canadian beer), we, of the R.A.F. have been asked to write down a few impressions of Canada.

Undoubtedly, the greatest impressions were created by unfamiliar sights, such as flashing neon signs and large juicy stakes. Soon we had time to notice the pretty girls who asked what V.R. meant. During the winter we stifled indoors and froze outside, and looked forward expectantly to the summer. We are still waiting for it. In fact, Canadian weather has made us feel quite proud of our own much abused climate. The gleam in our eye for each 48 is perhaps the best tribute that we can pay to Canadian hospitality which was very much appreciated.

We "BLOKES" all hope that the postings will carry us back to the only land where green grass grows. But in all sincerity, the last eight months do look like maturing into a very happy memory.

Atkins—Where's my hat?  
Blacker—My prototype—George Sanders.

Bowman—This is red 2—Can't anybody hear me?

Campbell—I'm always in trouble, chee.

Collo—Say Sarge, will you mark me present?

Chads—Now, with my education.

Carroll—Hey, who will I put on barrack fatigue?

Hagan—Just call me Hoagan.

Gillespie—Now, my first wife . . .

Kenny—Meet you at Mooney's bar.

Disney—I won't get a commission.

Ettles—I loaned all my money, now I'm broke.

Evans—Eight, skate and donate.  
Henderson—(CENSORED).

Freeman—What're we doing tonight, Freddie?

Hitchcock—Get 'im Snakes.

Riley—Hey, Higgle, who did it?

Higginbotham—That's my bud-die.

Swift—Flies—Flies, close the g—??!?!-?! door.

Patterson—Concentrate on the sights.

Redpath—I'm not short. I just walk a lot.

Upshall—Those things ain't safe.

Neal—The truck's here, everybody out.

Tomlinson—All sergeants should be—What am I saying?

Walker—Och, mon! Wheer are ye goin' laddie?

Robert—Hail, all hail, Arnprior.

Whitworth—What shall we do— or go for a walk?

Martin—I don't know what I'd do without me.

P/O Preston—Room, Attention. That's better.

P/O Shanfield—Whoops, we bounced. D—n those cross winds anyway.

F/O Lewis—Open formation there, open formation.

WO Richter—Now you're crack-ing!

WO Ryan—I've turned over a new leaf.

P/O Langmuir—The brakes must have stuck.

F/L Sims—Within 2 seconds of E. T. A.

F/L Norwood—I want you to work like Stink.

P/O Burgess—Bring it right down to the deck.

Cpl. Mansfield—This is my little corner, leave me alone.

F/Sgt. Heap—D—n, I'm orderly Sgt. all week-end.

Sgt. Woodley—Yea, only 13 a/c serviceable today.

THE SMOKE EATERS UNION LOCAL No. 14

Here we are again, and for the third time we have said "Goodbye" to our C.O. of the fire section; this time Flying Officer S. J. West, who has recently been posted to Centralia. We send him our best wishes and lots of luck on his new station. We welcome F/O Pickford to our station, and we wish him the best of luck. May his stay be a long one.

We are wondering why Dave has been visiting London quite frequently lately on his 48's. What's the attraction Dave?

Say Ross, how do you get a slip from the M.O. for sore feet, and yet they don't bother you standing on them all day at the race track?

Well Flight, you will just have to take your car to a garage and give it a good treat to a grease job.

Say Mac, what are you going to do with the sack of potatoes and cabbages? Have you got a booth at the Aylmer Fair?

Goodbye Cpl. Nakay posted to Uplands. Now he will be near his little nurse.

Do we hear wedding bells ringing? Nick is sorry to say goodbye to the goon girl of St. Thomas. The Quiz kid of Aylmer departs.—Exit.

Hello, Cpl. Gough, hailing from Uplands (Fair exchange—no robbery). We expect to hear a lot from this chappie.

Is our LAC Fire Fighter (B) Grouper I/C of R1, still flying one wing low? And how low?

Where does LAC Charlton eat in Chatham? Is he taking cooking lessons? Or fire-fighting on the roof of the fire escape of the Chatham Shirt Factory?

Welcome to LAC. Lind and LAC.

Dawson. Both busy bees from Dunnville.

Why does Cpl. Foster always want to take the fire piquet report over to W.O.1 Carver's office every morning? Good morning, Ginger!

Ask Flight Cheesman how the MOON shines in the fire hall work shop. Why did he blush? We hear that he likes apples.

Welcome to that money changing genius AC1 McGibbon, from Windsor, who is helping the boys in the fire hall with their finances.

Has AC1 Boule had his knee cap removed as yet? Ask the M.O.

We of the fire department are glad to see "S.A." Cpl. E. J. McEwen has one leg up out of the ditch. Never mind, Shorty, you'll grow.

LAC. Wright wishes to sell his sealed beam headlights, and will throw in a good "DELUXE" 490 Chevrolet.

We hear Cpl. Gough had a swell time "Waltzing Matilda" with an "83", also wading in the mud on arrival on the station.

Heard Around Nav. Flight

F/L Bradley—Let's have a meeting.

F/O McAlpine—Let's wait till next month dear.

F/O McKenzie—Was I at the Hotel London last night?

F/O Wiltzie—I remember the day when . . .

P/O Osborn—Who has some pennies?

W/O Moody—That—! aircraft is u/s.

F/S Lawson—Oh you redhead!

Sgt. Brooks—Flukey, what aircraft did I just fly?

Sgt. Reveller—Get some Black-out hours.

New Zealanders—Can I fly a Yile to-day?

Fluke—Sir, you have a rumble.

To All Graduating Pilots--- Congratulations--Very Good Luck to You

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ACTUAL FACTORS

**Airmen's Mess**

We, of the Food Department, would like to raise our voices to let it be known that, although we all have plenty of work to do, we still enjoy life, and we love our work! We feel assured by all the healthy, happy faces on the Station, that the "Three Squares" we offer daily, must be nutritious. What's more the boys like it, because they eat it. This was proved on Sunday. We aren't asleep! After the men were told "No seconds," we noticed quite a few faces in the "line-up" a second time (trying to look hungry), having a second turkey dinner. Does the tall slim girl from Barrack Stores hope to keep her figure, and still make so many visits to the steam table?

The Aussies certainly like grapefruit juice. I wonder what is in it? Also one Aussie in particular, has been misinformed about the supper hour. He is hovering about the steam table at 1600 hours every day, and has to wait for fifteen minutes.

What strange man calls one of our Corporal cooks each day at noon?

Casualties in the kitchen too—a regular epidemic of burns, scalds and cuts, since our Flight became official "First Aid Man!"

We do like to be popular—but after having a very enjoyable dance with an airman, how would you like to discover that he only wants to bribe you into giving him two eggs for breakfast. Then when in town, having a few hours of fun, in order to get away from it all, you hear "H'ya Cookie, what's for breakfast?"

We have been feeding a Mobile Unit of hard-working men. Now we have discovered that there are more than twenty-five in the Unit—but only twenty-five have muddy boots!

We envy our Messing Officer who entertains the Orderly Officers, each day at noon. However, she says it isn't any life living in "a gold-fish bowl," since the big window was installed which views the kitchen.

Teubert has tried to introduce individualism into the Air Force by wearing her cook's cap a different way each day.

The Messwomen try to develop all their talents. We have one who is very interested in music. Is it the music itself, or the piano player?

Our Messwomen have a real task trying to satisfy the Corporals, and W.D.'s in general. At all times they uphold the spirit of the rest of the Kitchen Staff—

"KEEP SMILING"

**PATRONIZE  
OUR ADVERTISERS**

**The Women's Division**

Since the coming of the W. D. to the Station many changes have taken place. We have been shifted around, etc. But work goes on just the same. We particularly want to put in a good word for the G. D.'s. These gals are all their trade implies and believe me, it is not everyone who is able to fill in any place at any time. This is an honorable trade and one to be proud of whether you are a runner, working in the Flights, or working in the Messes.

**Heard Around the Barracks:**

Moffatt—Oh, my nerves—MacGregor—Just whatever you think Corporal.

Thompson—This is the first time I've ever worn nail polish, honest, Corporal.

Dovaston—Oh, Corporal Dear! Balsillie—Gosh, my hair was up this morning!

McLagan—Nobody ever said anything before.

Murphy—So help me ma'am.

Good—I say old thing, it's alright you know.

Hindle—Gee, all the other Stations have two late passes.

Morris—Laroproc I tnac Teg Ym Yek Ni Eht Kcool. Ho Raed.

Cowen—Tuhs, Pu, Sirrom.

Kenny—Who'll carry the mail to

Dead Man's Gulch?

Brouillet—How'd I get four rumbles, Corporal?

Savage—Going out with a man again?

Moir—Let's join the Man-hater's club.

Cutcliffe—You can't beat the M.T. Saunders—O. K. Take it easy.

Cpl. Jacobs—Oh, no—

Cpl. Erskine—Well, I always thought.

Cpl. Marcotte—Have you met my dog, Bismark?

**KITCHEN GOSSIP FROM THE  
OFFICERS' MESS**

Why is Sgt. McGarry wearing such a pleasant smile these days? Oh, haven't you heard, he's had two new fly swatters given him.

Is it true that LAC Perry has lost his appetite through the failure of his porcelain business?

Why was L.A.W. Widdowson so smart on C.O.'s parade the other Monday morning? We'd like to know.

Speaking of C.O.'s parade, we've looked everywhere for Cpl. Peers.

We wonder why L.A.W. Green always blushes when "Special" is mentioned.

Last week we lost Christian, Cochran and Houston, and this week it is McGrath; we know these girls won't forget No. 14, so how about wishing them the best of luck on their new stations?

**SPORT FLASHES FROM THE W.D.'s.** . . . Still unable to overcome the T.T.S. hold on the softball game, No. 14's W.D.'s dropped another to the St. Thomas School last Wednesday by 11-8 . . . This score, though, is much closer than either of the other two games played with T.T.S. . . . No. 14 threw a scare into the T.T.S. team when they grabbed the lead in the second inning and held on to it until the sixth, when T.T.S. pushed across three runs to take the lead and the game . . . AW2 Hamilton of the Met. Section started on the mound for the locals, and was relieved in the last two innings by AW Kenny, of Headquarters. . . . Both girls tossed up nice games, but the T.T.S. sluggers have a way of getting to any pitcher who happens to oppose them, and so No. 14 minus the playing ability of Cochran, stellar third sacker, and Hutchinson, sensational outfielder dropped a fairly well-played contest . . . When the Drill hall again becomes serviceable, you can expect to see it invaded by the W.D.'s, who are anxious to get their indoor sports programme underway. . . . Basketball, Badminton and roller skating will then be the sports to get the call.

**Security Guard**

**"THE HITLESS WONDERS"**

A new baseball team representing our Security Guard, played and won their initial game on September 15th.

Introducing the line-up:

Catcher, Andrew H. Brown—(Small but dynamite).

Pitcher, Walter Brown—The good Brown.

First Base, (Robert Baldy) Clifford—I need a hair cut.

Second Base—Wesley Dawson—What's the attraction in London?

Third Base, Charlie Brockman—Shoe Shine boy.

Shortstop, Alex Gorman—I wrote this.

Centre Field, Roy Graham—Affectionately called "Stinky."

Left Field, Our own F/Sgt. Oliver—This rifle needs cleaning.

The following represents the balance of the Guard:

Freddie Harlow—No relation of Jean, but he is a blonde.

Roy Ayres—Toronto's Beau Brummel.

Frank Barron—Halt! Whom am I?

Thos. Gamey—Suffers from sleeping sickness.

William Haliburton—Boy! What a dancer!

Ken Hardon—Just a worry wart.

Harry Bennett—Should make a good pilot.

Billie Ashby—A jolly good fellow.

William Craib—A 'steadying influence (Our Pater).

Reg. Harris—Nicknamed "Schnozzola."

Bruce Pluto Armstrong—Fresh from the farm.

John Ferguson—Has a contagious grin.

A Security Guard goes stir crazy upon reading the sign, "STANDING ROOM ONLY."

Song titles illustrated a la baseball:

Sgt. Perkins sings—"After the ball was over," after hitting a home run.

Sgt. "Coach" Buchan sings—"Why are you making those eyes at me for," after sending a runner home only to be thrown out at the plate.

**BUY WAR  
SAVINGS CERTIFICATES**

**WE GIVE BABIES  
A WEIGH**

For the convenience of Airmen's Wives we have installed

**BABY SCALES**

Bring Baby in to be Weighed  
It Costs Nothing

**Roy Morris**

**DRUG STORE**

Next Selrite Store

**Maintenance  
Tool Crib**



**BEFORE**



**AFTER**

**WOMEN!**

You should have seen ROSS fairly BRISTOL as she said: "Get the CAR MICHAEL." But she DREW such a crowd that she had to LEGGETT down town.

THE AYLMEY AIRMAN'S  
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**Meating Place**

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FRESH MEATS AND  
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No. 14 S.F.T.S. to visit our  
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**ALL LINES OF BEAUTY  
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*Delicious  
Nourishing  
Appetizing*

**"Barclay"**

Our Flight was gay and happy too,  
Each one had strong heart, stout  
and true.

We flew the spacious heavens of  
blue,

Then Barclay came!

We were so free and glad to work,  
We talked of spins and rolls and  
torque,

And Roger Hines had thought of  
stork,

Then Barclay came!

And some were right and some  
were wrong

And some were short and some  
were long.

Our faces never drooped so long,  
'Till Barclay came!

The students have been known to  
tell

Of those grand days when all was  
well,

But lately they've gone all to—  
Since Barclay came!

And some of us are apt to think  
Of men who smoke and men who  
drink.

But now we think of men in clink  
Since Barclay came!

But let us look to that dear day—  
When we'll be free and we'll be gay,  
And to that end, we'll pray and  
pray,

That Barclay goes!

**News and Nonsense  
at R-1**

Our genial O. C., Haig Sims, is  
enjoying a well-earned seven-day  
leave. Good hunting Haig!

"Christmas Tree" Langmuir has  
a new heart throb. It appears the  
last one left him stranded in the  
garage. Better luck this time, Ken!

F/L. Norwood is holding the Fort  
during the O. C.'s absence—doing  
a good job, too.

Welcome to our new adjutant,  
P/O. Swanton. Hope you'll like  
our happy family. Don't mind if  
we call you "Joe." We're very in-  
formal! Our last adjutant's name  
was "Joe." It really was. He was  
a good guy. Used to hitch-hike on  
the back of motor bikes—just to be  
different!!!

Sammy "No Complaints" Mantle  
is relieving "Let George do it"  
Green, on Control. George wants to  
know who wrote the book, "Live  
Alone and Like it." He intends to  
invite them to R.1 for the week-  
end, after graduation! I'll bet it  
was a woman author, George.

You need a little solitude after a  
day in the R.1 Tower. The R/T  
makes the place about as lonesome  
as the Exhibition Midway!

The weather is getting the boys  
down these days—uncertain night  
flying conditions playing havoc with  
lovely "dates." It's getting so you  
can't even believe the Met. section  
any more. The "gals" in St. Thom-  
as and London are very disappoint-  
ed in you, Mr. Vaughan. You  
should send the fog early in the  
evening so the boys can keep their  
dates!

"Schoolboy Rowe" Richter, the  
spitball artist from Brantford, is  
still in there pitching. This time  
its horeshoes. Ever hear about the  
time "Rick" pitched four ring-  
ers? Must have thrown the horse  
with the shoes on it!

Lac. Laird and Lac. Heughan  
have tossed their flares in the air  
and left on T. D. to Trenton for an  
Aerodrome Control Course. Good  
luck lads and we all hope you profit  
by this course in the future.

**Daffynitions**

Evasive Action—Mrs. Miniver's  
son, Vern.

Mrs. Miniver—An R.A.F. picture  
with an American slant. (A must  
see picture).

Hitler—An error of Adolph's guar-  
dians in that two lonely cousins  
mated and reared the monster of  
Frankenstein, gave it flesh, a black  
moustache and a twist of hair, a  
bottle of ketchup for blood, the  
brain of a maniac, charged with a  
combination of lust, greed, agita-  
tion, and a nervous disorder which  
causes a continuous movement of  
the lips in a babbling, choking and  
coughing of words called German,  
the right arm to an extended posi-  
tion, and the raising of the chin to  
the sky, then forcing a resurrec-  
tion, and naming said corpse:—  
Ado:ph—which is derived from

the Old High German word Adol-  
phus, meaning Noble Wolf, i.e.  
Noble Hero, turning him loose on  
finding their experiment a complete  
failure, causing half a nation to  
take up arms to capture him but  
our noble wolf eluded the posse and  
as Hitler was forever extending his  
right arm so often, that, it became  
a regular habit of the followers he  
swayed into his confidence, which  
was a sort of gesture of greeting  
and a stab in the back; but not  
contented with himself or his fol-  
lowers decided he needed a com-  
panion on his right to replace that  
swinging right arm, took in his  
stride one who he called his friend  
and known throughout as:—

Mussolini—also another mistake,  
whose christian name was:—

Ben—probably derived from the  
Hebrew word, Benjamin, meaning  
"Son of the Right Hand." But hav-  
ing a flock of fickle followers, an  
extended arm and a son of the  
right hand, and evading the posse,  
Hitler couldn't obtain enough sun-  
shine required by a normal human,  
changed his ways and wanted to  
combine his methods with the mode  
of living of other nations, so decid-  
ing that sunshine was one of the  
necessaries, signed a contract with  
the Devil who was to supply sun-  
shine, and as the price was profit-  
able and had advantages, the Devil  
sent his most cunning of agents,  
one called:—

Hirohito—truly a mistake, but as  
he had the face of a Laughing Sun,  
was taken into Der Feurher's  
(meaning der fewer der feurhers  
we have der fewer der people will  
have to suffer) confidence. This in  
itself proves that Hitler makes mis-  
takes, but overlooks them, even Hi-  
rohito's christian name:—

Michinomiya—which is derived  
from that Nipponese word, Nippon,  
or reminding one of a dog biting  
with large snarling teeth, puckered  
up face, slanting eyeballs and a  
crooked installed brain, which is a  
safe guess he comes from no good.  
So the chase is on.

**THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW  
AT R.1**

What time 1700 hours means to  
the paymaster, especially on Fri-  
day just before that welcome 48?

When Sgt. (Doc.) Blair is gonna  
stick strictly to Medical duties?

When the Coca Cola machine is  
gonna be filled?

When the boys are gonna have  
their own pencils and nickels?

When is Lac. Cameron and F/Sgt.  
Heap gonna get their own smokes  
and lights, or else have their for-  
mer employers in civil life send  
them some?

When a certain certain is gonna  
settle down?

When is Sgt. Woodley gonna con-  
vince himself he can't sing?

When is R.1 going to have re-  
creation facilities? We have a  
small margin of equipment.

When the M.T. section at the  
Main Drome is gonna bring down  
our mail, D.R.O.'s and stuff, etc.?

**Instructors' Lament  
Mk. II**

(With Apologies to Walter Foss)

Let me have a plane at a Service  
School,  
Where the student-pilots fly,  
The lads who are good, and the  
lads who are bad,

But their mentality—my, oh my!  
I would not sit in a Hudson's seat,  
Where the Pratt and Whitneys  
whine,

Let me have a plane at a Service  
School,  
Where the landings jar your spine.

I see from my plane at a Service  
School,

Where instructors seldom smile,  
The boys leaving here for opera-  
tional sphere,

Not us, not yet for a while.  
No more do we dream of a Stuka's  
last scream,

As we're climbing up for a spin,  
For I see from my plane at a Ser-  
vice School,  
The monkey's forgotten his trim.

I have found from my time at a  
Service School,

Where to dream of action is grand,  
That our command and joint train-  
ing plan,

Are working hand in hand.  
And I'm afraid that the day will  
come,

When no longer a P/O I'll scorn,  
For another ten years at a Service  
School,  
My arm, a thin stripe, may adorn.

So why should I leave a Service  
School,

Where promotion is bloody well  
nil,

For if I left for Ferry Command,  
I'd have to pay my bar bill

So why should I leave a Service  
School,  
Where Harvards and Yales are  
based,

I'll stick to the racket of circuits  
and bumps,  
Till my whiskers are down to my  
waist.

—WO2 Al Early.

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E. Flight crew-room became strangely barren halfway through the month. Something was missing. For a while we were puzzled—then it all came back. We had lost our timekeeper.

Yes, AW1 Roy, much we suspect, to the regret of WO Early, has left us for other and fresher fields. If that description fits Montreal. She is there to take a wireless course. Good luck, Blanche.

Before she left she divulged the information, surprising to us, that the timekeeper's job is apparently highly prized among the WD personnel. She did add that this was solely because of the "glamour of the airplanes," but of course that was just to spare her blushes, on second thought however, perhaps the attraction is more the authority gained to impose rumbles on us.

Anyway, whatever the reason, we await with interest the coming of a new timekeeper. It is believed that LAC Muir is secretly hoping a certain blonde in the M.T. section will secure the post.

Meanwhile we have a male timekeeper, which might not be as decorative, but has certain definite advantages. F/O Webb, our new Flight Commander, is now able to express himself freely without the necessity of cooling off his face outside the window when eloquence—or vituperation outruns his discretion.

Painting and general renovation has been much to the fore. Does it herald a new wave of rumbles for funds—we wonder. Leading the way, F/O Webb has proved that he can wield a crafty brush. With marked (if strange) enthusiasm, certain members of "Y" section did volunteer to help. Perhaps, the fact that they were a bit tardy rising for night flying, the night previously had something to do with it.

Talking of rumbles—we see that a list of crimes includes the mysterious one of "smoking in the hangar." Little Willie wants to know if smoke issues from the ears during this process. Further investigation has proved the impartiality of this rumble scheme. Wing commanders, we see, have been rumbled by intrepid sergeants.

Maybe it's none of our business, but was that ground loop one Sunday afternoon a practical demonstration of "going for a Burton."

We welcome another newcomer to our midst—WO Pattison.

Incidentally, who said only an autogyro could climb vertically?

### Link Trainer Musings

Since early July of last year, when your Link Trainers took off from Gananoque, and made a three-point landing at Aylmer, our Link training has continued without interruption to run up a total of thousands of flying hours.

In all this flying time there have been a number of crash landings, uncontrolled spins, skidding and slipping turns, etc., etc., and although the altimeter sometimes dropped pretty fast to five hundred feet underground, the pilot was always able to climb out with the plane and himself still intact. The Instructors usually have a word to say about these unorthodox manoeuvres—words better left unprinted.

When No. 14 S.F.T.S. was officially opened a year ago, we had Course 32 well on their way in instrument flying. Although at that time we could only boast of four Trainers, a temporary Link room, seven instructors and two maintenance men.

Now, after fourteen months of operation, we find ourselves in a new building, specially designed and built for Link training, doubled our trainer strength and a personnel of thirteen Instructors and three maintenance men.

Postings have deleted our ranks to such an extent, that there are only two of the original Instructors left, F/L Lawie and F/O Bennett. Flying Officers Awde, Duffy, Hendershott and Sgt. Himmelman have spent over nine months with us now and have over fifteen hundred hours of instructing to their credit.

Of the newcomers, although they have been with us for some time, we take pleasure in welcoming F/O Farquharson, who brings to this Station from No. 6 S.F.T.S., Dunnville, thirteen months of successful administrative and instructive Link training. Sgt. Naylor and Sgt. Shaughnessy, from I.T.S., Toronto. Sgt. Sheppard, who has spent a year on Link at Windsor's elementary and last week, three new instructors from I.T.S., Toronto, Sgt. Stewartson, Patterson and Lungren were united with our happy gang.

We sincerely welcome these new instructors and hope their stay on our Station will be a pleasant one. To those who have left, we can only say, the best of luck.

The first Instructor to depart was F/O Carroll, who was posted to the Maritimes; F/O Mendez to Capital Hill; Sgt. Woodruff back to his native land and the U. S. Marines; F/O Peterson to the Link room at Rockcliffe; F/O Howes left a month ago to instruct student Link Instructors at I.T.S., Toronto; F/O Gibson assign-

### "Jacko"

(A Tribute)

Jacko was young,  
Full of vigor and life;  
Beaming and smiling  
'Mid a world of strife.

Taking pride in his work,  
He flew along;  
A smile on his lips,  
In his heart, a song.

The sky was a highway,  
His steed, a plane;  
How Smiling Jacko  
Loved the game!

With precision and courage  
He raced through the skies,  
Teaching his students  
To do likewise.

Navigation he taught them,  
By day and by night,  
How to wend their way  
Without error, or fright.

Each morning he'd don  
Helmet, goggles and chute,  
Enter his plane  
With a joyful whoop,  
And taxi out for the take-off.

When all was clear,  
He'd give her the gun,  
Tail up, nose toward the sun,  
Then, into the air  
Like a bird on wing,  
'Twas a beautiful sight,  
'Twould make a heart sing.

Jacko's still up there,  
A haven he's found,  
Ever watchful when  
We leave the ground  
Till our ships return,  
And we're safe and sound.

He'll be there to guide us  
Mile after mile;  
We may hear his whisper,  
Even see his smile,  
As he urges us on  
To things worthwhile.

—D.R.D.



### WIAT'S HOLDING US BACK?

The Senior Flight once again brings its news to you, broadcasting—or rather, writing—from the Drill Hall into which we moved "just for a week-end" some two and a half weeks ago. By now we have become quite accustomed to seeing the garbage truck roll merrily by our beds at seven a.m., while others foolish enough to live in barrack blocks, look on with envy as we sit up in bed and expose our brawny chests and striped pyjamas to the W.D.'s on parade outside our front door.

A check for aircraft serviceability must be made before each flight takes place. This order came into force recently after a certain notorious member of our Flight attempted a spectacular takeoff, without wheels. We regret that this was not his first attempt to bring himself before the public eye.

A well-known Officer in our Flight, reputed to have only two pairs of shoes, insists that, in order to keep at least one pair clean, solo cross countries are not to be undertaken at night, especially on the swampy ground at R.I. Use your compass, eh?

Stay with us, Southeast! So pleaded (in vain) a well-known lecturer from G. I. S., as Morpheus threatened to carry away one of our bright boys. Wake up, Doug and read your future in the stars; or was it the moon?

Things at the Flight still go on in the same old way, although Wings Check and forthcoming examinations have caused some little excitement. The Professor complains bitterly that he has been caught napping, having read the complete examination course only four times. Yogi sits and meditates on his bed of nails; or is he pining for his father, who is reputed to be in gaol? The henpecked husband still helps with the time sheets and consoles those who fly on the ground during Wings Tests.

Gallons of good Australian blood were taken and sealed in small test tubes the other day. It is rumoured that, on an average, the alcoholic content was somewhat higher than that of the liquid in the P 6 compass. But Wasserman to do, if he can't drink?

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"NO REST FOR THE WICKED" is an old and well known saying. Right now it could be very easily applied to "C" Flight. Course 63 arrived and for some peculiar reason brought a flock of bad weather with them. As a result we started off in low gear, then second and just now are we beginning to operate in high.

The Course is more or less cosmopolitan—some from R.A.F.—some Americans and some Canadians. WO2 Campbell has developed an English accent already. Rose has complained that she is experiencing difficulty in understanding him.

Oh yes, Nipper Naftel took the fatal step a few days ago. Congratulations to you and to the very lucky young spouse. F/L Reid is quite happy about it because now he isn't the only married man in the Flight.

P/O Gerald Duck, our newest addition to the instructional staff has only been here a few days; however we feel certain that he will do a good job and hope he likes it at No. 14 S.F.T.S.

F/Sgt. Stanton is walking on air wearing a grin a mile wide—from what we hear, his wife presented him with a 9 lb. baby boy.

P/O Bert Buell—sometimes called the "Professor" has been making numerous trips to Detroit. As yet he hasn't made a statement to the press; however we have our own ideas on this matter.

We wish to take this opportunity to congratulate our new Squadron Commander, F/L James. Although an old timer on the station, he is a newcomer to No. 1 Squadron.

Rose-O-Day goes on two-weeks well deserved leave today. We will miss her. However she has promised to behave herself while she is away and keep a diary for our perusal on her return.

**THE INSTRUCTOR**

If you see a man who looks as though he's lost a life-long friend,  
And you know by his expression that he's ready for the end,  
If his eyes have lost their glister and his back begins to bend,  
He's an instructor.

When the lines of pain and anguish are upon his furrowed brow,  
When he's anxious to express himself but doesn't know just how,  
He's a wreck of what he might have been, a shell you will allow,  
He's an instructor.

When his lips move as in sorrow, and his sanity you doubt,  
And you catch among his mutterings some expression like "wash out,"  
If his laugh is forced and hollow, and his voice a toneless shout,  
He's an instructor.

If you mention there's a war on and he smiles a mirthless smile,  
When someone speaks of overseas his fists are clenched the while,  
And you wonder why he's bitter in his own peculiar style,  
He's an instructor.

If his eyes are clouded over and you find you wonder why,  
And then suddenly you realize you've almost made him cry,  
But he leaves you for the circuit with a shrug and then a sigh,  
He's an instructor.  
—F/O Metzler,



**Station Soccer Team**

Front Row, left to right—F/Sgt. Shaw, LAC. Spreadbury, Sgt. McGarry; Coach, LAC. Carney, LAC. Gibson, Sgt. Bell. Back Row, left to right—Mr. Rolland, Manager; P/O McAuley, LAC. Green, LAC. Walker, LAC. Corbett, LAC. Davis, LAC. McVicar, LAC. Prouting, F/O. Lanning.

**Quips From The Equip**

Pull up your chairs, boys and girls, and gather round to listen to a line thrown by the past masters at the game, the Equip. Assts.—and how well everyone knows too—"No boots today," "No, nothing in stores to fit you"; "No, we haven't got your parts yet, wired for them today, no reply," oh yes, how well we know with what proficiency the Equip. Assts. can rave and rant about nothing, and sound so convincing.

The heart of the station—the Equip Section—is turning over in great style these days—not only the work is meant when that phrase is used, but also in regards to personnel—Cpl. Meloche came to us from Lachine, and proved himself to be a real fine fellow; stayed around for about three weeks and then packed up his grips and left for Malton. Good luck, Corp. in your new position. Best of luck also goes to LAC's Harry Miles, Bert McCallum, Dead-Pan Morris and Casinova Grand

on their recent departure for Arrprior to help run—and probably take over that station. Rumour has it that Cpl. Assim (Mtce) and LAC Harry Dunnette (the jitterbug of the station), are substituting for Bert McCallum and Harry Miles, both of whom are returning to help out at this unit. If that is correct, and it is very strongly backed up in official circles, we shall miss the jitting of Harry and the long lines of "This is the way we do it in No. 1 Training Command H.Q.'s" strung by the boy who knew the answers—in respect of telephone numbers—Alex. Assim. Carry on in your able way boys, and give the boys with lettuce on their hats, and celery twined round their arms a good impression of this grand little station down here.

Lynn Bothwell has left to settle down on a career much more varied than the one she was engaged in down here. Ray Henderson, an Aircrew Lad on the station, is taking Lynn "for better or for worse" in the very near future. Congrats are also in order to Mac MacDonald upon taking unto himself a wife . . . nice girl too, Mac. She has the stamp of approval from the entire section.

Dry?? . . . admittedly the column is dry this month. Ottawa takes away the only persons in the section who can put two words together without leaving a bad taste in the reader's mouth, and leaves behind, as all the station knows, a group as quiet—at times—as the sound effects in a Hopalong Cassidy movie. So long for now, maybe next month we can dig up somebody with a little literary ability to fill this space.

**MET. SECTION**

Well, it happened. We've been expecting it for some time now, but the end came rather suddenly. You guessed it, the W.D.'s are here. In one foul swoop four of them descended upon us Saturday, with out any warning whatever. They are AW.2's Archibald, Hamilton, McPherson and Ward. Welcome gals! You'd be surprised how many more pilots drop in for weather reports now. And already we are hearing whispered hints of 'curtains', etc.

The postings of the W.D.'s here will mean that the airmen who have been with us will likely be posted away before long. AC.2 Belisle Roger to us, has remustered to aircrew. As for the rest—it was nice knowing you, boys. Drop us a line when you get to Alaska, the Yukon, Labrador, etc. Don't bother to mention the weather. We'll get that in the weather reports that you send out.

We are glad to welcome "Doc" McLarty back from two weeks of leave. Ken Harry, who was taking his place temporarily, has gone back to Toronto.

The summaries on the weather maps seem to be getting a little more attention lately. It's positively astounding how people will read silly little remarks about a "doozer of a High," who wouldn't pay any attention to respectable comments about an "extensive high pressure area." The only trouble now is that the season for fresh corn is almost over. After that you'll have to be satisfied with the kind that comes in a can.

Well folks, as the weather man would put it, there is a probability that it is possible—if and provided that nothing further develops in the meantime—that we have used up all the space to which we are entitled for this issue. So, so long!

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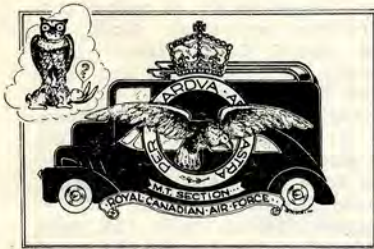
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**GEAR GROWLS FROM THE M. T. SECTION**

This month we bid farewell to two of our members—"Shep" Shepard, and "Strick." Shep has left us for the glitter of all that gold, rather we should say brass, at Headquarters in Ottawa. Strick will soon be on his way across the big pond. Best of luck to you both, boys.

A little bird whispered in our ear that Stan Cheyne has that certain gleam in his eye when we mention the West and a little Western lass. Is that true, Stan?

A word of welcome to two more newcomers—Harold Rancroft and Eddie Gaudet. We were told to warn you to be careful, or else your names might appear in this column in the near future.

Sgt. Hardman is back on days once more and has the gals all gasping and a-flutter when he appears. Could it be those wonderful blue eyes, Mort?

Who said that Albert Poole is afraid of W.O. 1's. According to all reports it is vice-versa.

It has been suggested that we call Mac McManus "Crash." The reason—because he loves the crash tender so well that he just can't seem to tear himself away from it.

Why does Cherry haunt the Post Office?

At last it has happened !!! Work has finally begun on the new compound and many a sigh of relief was heard in the M. T. Section at the news.

Congratulations are in order to Flight-Sgt. Smeltzer, upon his well-earned promotion. Nice work, Flight.

As a parting message, we would like to warn Gwen Boyd that the next time she sees an aircraft approaching, to make for the nearest

**Metal Shop Scraps**

Well, what d'ya know? Who'da thunk a month could roll around so fast? Won't be long until we can take the moth balls out of our greatcoat pockets and put them in our khaki drill (as if any self-respecting moth would eat the stuff!) Who was it said quote: "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" The answer is YES. For those who are not yet familiar with our Canadian winters we give this warning: there are three kinds of weather: COLD, very COLD, and BR-R-R!

We haven't a great deal of news to offer this month. A reporter's lot is a sad one. We are shunned as though we were lepers, choice bits of gossip are treated as military secrets in our presence. Our own Cpl. Locke has returned from a brief stay in the Station Hospital, where he was the victim of a severe case of influenza. By the way, E.B., what was that medical term the M.O. used to describe a condition of yours? Was your face red? Incidentally, Cpl. Locke has heard the call of the West, but fortunately the call has gone unheeded. Could it be that you like it here Corp? Well, anyway, don't we all?

He was a dapper young man, but at the age of two he stopped wearing them. (Some pun). We refer to none other than that star athlete of the Metal Shop, Cpl. Steve Hardy, who, we were told, the other day, has a kind face (or was it a "kind of a face?"). Anyway, Steve also spent a couple of days in the hospital, with a slight infection in his foot. I understand, Couldn't be Athlete's Foot could it Steve? (ha, ha.)

TID-BITS—"Little man you've had a busy day." What would we do without fellows like Savage and Stone to crawl into the rear end of a Harvard fuselage to do a D630. . . . What is an E100? That's what even a sergeant needs to get that carrier welded. . . . Borrowed some paint from another section the other day and on opening found something closely resembling one of the six delicious flavours. How do you apply it, Flight, or do you eat it? . . . Greetings to our latest addition to the staff, Cpl. Ray Johnson, who has been transferred to us from Polsen, Man. His home is in Toronto—hm-m-m!

Well that about winds up this piece of journalistic junk except to mention about a certain corporal, who, when asked by his school teacher if he wished to leave the room, replied, "I ain't standing here hitch-hiking, sis!"

Air Raid Shelter and to take the Jeep with her.

P.S.—We are just saying good-bye to Crash McManus as this goes to press. He is going to join Strick as another M. T. going over to beat the Axis. Best of luck, Mac.

We have just been informed that Oscar Elligson, our night hawk, who claims that the sun hurts his eyes when he sees it, it going to tie the matrimonial knot sometime in October. Our best wishes go to you and the bride-to-be.

**Station Headquarters Orderly Room**

No calamities have occurred at Headquarters Orderly Room, the nerve centre of the station, which would upset the even tenure of its routine. The daily handling of numerous postings has produced the only excitement during the last few weeks. Daily anxiety is plainly marked on the faces of Corporal Lihou's Central Registry staff as the mail is being opened, but gives way to expressions of relief as the D.A.P.S. letters indicate that the personnel of that section will remain intact for at least another twenty-four hours.

Contrary to the belief of some, the building now being erected, which will mar the landscape facing the Administration Building, is not to be a swimming pool. It is however a water reservoir, so the fact is not far from the story. Neither is the building, fast nearing completion, to the south of Barrack 37A to be married quarters for the many romances that have started on the station since the arrival of the Women's Division.

Miss Barnecott has returned from leave, thus allowing the other half of the Stenographic Staff to have a holiday. Miss McKim has received a Civil Service promotion and can no longer be considered a 'low grade' stenographer. The promotion may have been a reward for the very good job she recently did as court stenographer.

AW Kennedy displays quite an interest in Aircrew, so nice to see such a loving, sisterly attitude. The same may be said of AW Norton with regard to the Sergeants who attended the last dance.

The sweetest girl in all the Aylmer district is a very good description of AW Wright. She deals in sugar coupons. Her personal disposition is by no means sour in spite of her well filled time.

We would like to know if the Adjutant has bought so much as a single, solitary bottle of Coco Cola since he assumed office. Sympathy should be extended to the unsuspecting Junior Administrative Officers posted here for short periods, and to the hard working N.C.O.'s who keep the Adjutant's thirst quenched.

Our Station Disciplinarian has long been warning us about the evils of gambling. Now it is the evils of smoking in the vestibules of the theatre building.

LAC. (Nurmi) Clarke is no longer just a "runner" since his staff has been increased, he is now a labor supervisor.

Air Force Headquarters rules that no longer must the phrase "I concur" be used on form 211. This will be a hardship for the Commanding Officer. Where will he look for just such a handy phrase? Perhaps he will look to the Editorial Staff of this paper. One of those "re-write" men who change our contributions around so that we do not even recognize them ourselves, should be able to come to his assistance.



Aylmer! . . . Two weeks ago that was a place we all dreamed about—sorta like Utopia with great roaring birds circling about, of which someday we might ourselves be masters. We know now it's real, and in our minds No. 14 S.F.T.S. is tops.

Hangar-flying, of course, is the main topic while on the ground, and the slipstream of some of the boys is quite amusing to listen to. LAC Bennett seems to be the top man in aerobatics, as he is the only one who hits his own slipstream while doing a slow roll. The inter-coms are making madmen out of a lot of peace-loving fellows. LAC. Bryce relates, he did a climbing turn instead of a counting turn and what Instructor F/O Watt said then, was very plainly heard.

Wonder why LAC. Unsworth is broke so soon after pay day? Could it be those Irish dominoes, Bob?

The rumble club seems to be doing a profitable business, which proves that forgetfulness can be rather expensive as well as dangerous.

Wonder if Flight Commander F/O McNeil's face was red when he asked a mechanic to rumble the fellow that left the inter-com switch on and found it was himself who was rumbled?

LAC. Conway was rumbled for not turning around before doing a steep turn in the Link trainer, so now he wants to fly it to Buffalo over the week-end for practice.

The weatherman has been giving us grand weather for ducks lately. He seems to be happy when he can keep pilots on the ground, or afford us an excellent opportunity to get lost. But if our fullest co-operation and attention is given to our instructors, who are the best, we'll get those wings in spite of the weather man.

By the way, ask LAC. Goodrick what "relax" means. It seems that a certain instructor took him aside and taught him the meaning of the word, and now everything is going fine just as long as he remembers the meaning of that important word.

We hear that LAC. Bickerton finds more to attract him to Toronto on week-ends than just home, sweet home. Watch your step there, Roy.

Guess that's all from "F" Flight for this month, but you'll be hearing from us.

One of the Women's Division personnel, employed at Station Headquarters, enjoys the company of the Fire Section so much that the "Smoke Eaters" are considering making her an Honorary Fire Fighter. With that red hair she is much more likely to start a fire than to stop one.

**Capitol Theatre AYLMEER Phone 408**

**COMING ATTRACTIONS**

- Sept. 28-29th—"No Greater Sin"
- Sept. 30-Oct. 1—"Maisie Gets Her Man"—Ann Sothern, Red Skelton.
- Oct. 2nd - 3rd—"Are Husbands Necessary?" — Ray Milland.
- Oct. 5th - 6th—"Tortilla Flat" Spencer Tracy, Hedy Lamarr.
- Oct. 7th - 8th—"You Belong To Me"—Barbara Stanwyck.
- Oct. 2th - 13th—"My Gal Sal" Rita Hayworth.

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# SPORTS ROUND-UP

By F. E. W.

Bits of this and that . . .

Guests of the Hamilton Rifle Club at a meet in that city, the No. 14 S.F.T.S. Rifle team captured third place in aggregate scores among the thirteen teams that were entered and came in second among the military teams in the contest. . . . P/O Pieri, Cpl. Bell, of Maintenance, and LAC Patterson, of Course 57, made up the personnel of the No. 14 team. . . . Well done, fellows, and we'll be expecting a lot from you in future contests of this nature.

The Officers' Softball team finally won their long postponed grudge game with the G.I.S. nine, when Jack Frizelle tossed up a nice 7-3 win for the Station League finalists. . . . Of course, the score might have read quite a bit higher if G.I.S. would have been able to retire the heavy slugging Officers' in the last half of the seventh, but darkness caused the score to be reverted to 7-3, as it read before the final slaughter. . . . this game had been hanging on the fire for more than three weeks, and was the climax to a wild argument put up by the G.I.S. management after the Officers' victory in the first meeting of the two teams and strengthened by the G.I.S. win in the second encounter. . . . But the G.I.S. team and management were quick to admit that the team that beat them in the rubber game was the better team. . . . With Osborn and McLeod playing their usual flawless game, and with a newcomer in the line-up, Black, giving a fine exhibition of how to play second base, "Sox" Kress' Officers' softball team looked the best they have been this season. . . . Already there is talk of the forthcoming basketball Station League and G.I.S., last season's champs, contending that they will gain revenge on the Officers for the softball setbacks.

What will No. 14 do for a softball team next year? . . . A good percentage of the potent danger of the club will be missing—with "Stricky" Strickland finally getting his long awaited overseas posting. . . . The Station owes the same "Stricky" a vote of thanks for the long line of victories on the softball diamond that he has brought to us in the last two seasons, and I know that we all wish him the very best of luck in his new posting.

Perhaps by the next time, we will be able to announce to you the local tennis and horseshoe champs,

as the tournaments in both these sports are well under way now. . . . Some of the Aussies should be able to show us how the game of tennis should be played, as it is one of Australia's favorite games, and as for the horseshoes, we'll place our money on the fire section to come through; everyone knows that horseshoes is one of the fireman's most constant hobbies and there haven't been any fires on No. 14 to interfere with the practice of any of this section.

With five of last season's basketball team still on the Station, it looks as though No. 14 will again be a strong contender for the district title. . . . But most of the fellows are not willing to stop there, there has been talk of entering the O.B.A. and giving those teams a taste of No. 14's playing ability. . . . Elmer McLeod, Archie Fletcher, Geo. Hewitt, Frank Wansbrough, and Geo. Tolfree make up the quintet of holdovers from the 1941-42 quintet, and with these five men as a nucleus of this year's team, it certainly looks like a banner season. Station team practices will get underway in short order and all basketball players or would-be players are asked to report for practice and perhaps land a spot on the outfit.

Behind the brilliant pitching of Small, the Woodstock Army Softball team gained an 8-0 win over No. 14's representatives at the local diamond last week. . . . The Woodstock pitcher had the boys biting at his deliveries for the third strike one after the other. . . . And the visitors were aided by some bad fielding on the part of the No. 14 nine. . . . But the ever reliable Steve Hardy at short, and "Doc" Savage in the outfield, played their usual consistent game, even after a couple of weeks lay-off due to the poor weather and lack of competition. . . . By the looks of things the softball season is just about to draw to a close. . . . the only thing we are all waiting for is to see who is determined the champ of the Station knockout tournament now progressing. . . . This, too, has been held up by the weather to a great extent, but a winner is sure to be announced in the next issue.

Hail the new Champions!. . . . A circus catch in deep left field by Dose, of No. 2 Squadron, halted a determined ninth inning rally by the Officers' nine and gave No. 2 the Station Softball League championship in two straight wins over the Officers in the finals. . . . The

Security Guard under the tutelage of Bucky Buchan held this title last year, but were not in the running this year. . . . On top of a closely fought first game, 4-3, No. 2 had to go all out to cop the second encounter, 13-11, as at the end of the seventh, No. 2 held a commanding 13-6 lead, only to see the Officers push across five runs in the ninth, climaxed by Charlie Box's triple with the sacks full, and ended by Dose's great catch of Jack Frizelle's long fly, which had it gone over Dose's head would have been an easy home-run, and would have scored Box ahead of him to knot the count and force the game into extra innings. . . . The new champs are every bit true champs, as they waltzed through the whole season with but one loss to mar their otherwise perfect record, so we say congratulations to No. 2 Squadron, and the best of luck in the bigger game that most of you will be on the way to, when this reaches the press.

Invading Pinafore Park, St. Thomas, on Labour Day, No. 14 S. F. T. S.'s Track and Field team came back with most of the honours for the day, as the local team captured two firsts in the individual events, and a first and second in the team events. . . . LAC Westbury, an Australian, of Course 59, hung up a mark of 21' 10" in the running broad jump, and took the 100 yd. dash in the fast time of 10.9. . . . This time is even faster when you consider that Westbury, minus preparation, ran the event in running shoes instead of track shoes. . . . Two first for Westbury! . . . The relay team, composed of Flt. Sgt. McClung, AC Coates, AC Chance and AC Smith, came second to T.T.S. in the 440. . . . But the climax of the entire meet came with the No. 14 victory over T.T.S. in the tug-of-war. . . . The team consisted of Flt./Sgt. Henniger, Sgt. Gazell, LAC Howes, LAC Campbell, Cpl. Gunson, Cpl. Bedard, Cpl. Koleada, and LAC Semkow. . . .

Fingal bowed to No. 14 rather easily in the semi-final, while the T.T.S. entry, drawn from their 75 husky S.P.'s, sat back and waited for the killing. . . . But No. 14 wasn't that easy, and although they had just finished one pull, they won the first of the best of three tugs from the T.T.S. team, dropped the second, and then in champion fashion took the third and deciding tug to win the event. . . . Each and every lad on the track and field team is to be congratulated on this exceptionally fine showing, even though there was no time for practice prior to the meet.

## THE GESTAPO

We are still wondering how "Hopalong" Campbell managed to get that overgrown leave of his. Sammy and Harry, our routin, tootin, two-gun men did a very fine job with the pisto's at the Hamilton shooting meet.

And the boys who accompanied the tug-of-war team to T.T.S. sorta pulled the Tech. team around the lot a bit. A fine job, fellows.

The Service Police now boast a mascot in their recent purchase of "Pat," the little brown four-legged guardian of law and order. Beware! Beware! Or a leg you might be losing.

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