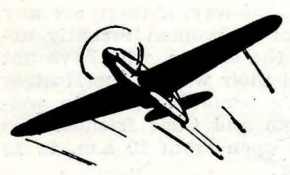


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Fire Prevention

Who's Who at Number 14

By F/O. A. E. Lanning, Officer i/c Fire Fighting Section

Fire Prevention is common sense, use common sense and you will prevent most fires.

On this Station we have:

1. A number of valuable Aircraft.
2. Thousands of gallons of gasoline.
3. Several gasoline tenders.
4. Numerous drums of oil, greases and cleaning solvents.
5. Various Buildings, Hangars, Workshops, Offices, Quarters and Heating Plants.
6. Thousands of cigarettes smoked daily, and in addition you have various pyrotechnics, ammunition and all the aircraft gasoline tanks filled or partly filled with gasoline.

From all this you will appreciate we get a Potential Fire Hazard of Major proportions.

What are we doing about it:

1. Buildings are adequately spaced to localize fire.
2. There is a good supply of water for Fire Fighting.
3. The Station is well equipped with First Aid Fire Fighting Equipment (Hand and Portable Fire Extinguishers).
4. There are modern fire trucks operated by well trained Fire Fighters.
5. A Reserve Fire Fighting Force in A and B Fire Piquets who are also trained in Fire Fighting.

The most common causes of Fire are:

1. Careless disposal of unextinguished cigarettes and matches.
2. Careless handling of gasoline.
3. Defects in heating systems.
4. Lack of care in the use and disposal of oily rags.
5. Defects in electric installations and apparatus.
6. Poor house keeping.

A recent group of 136 R.C.A.F. fires were classified as follows:

A. Smoking	45 fires
B. Heating	15 "
C. Electrical	15 "
D. Spontaneous Combustion	8 "
E. Grease	7 "
F. Rubbish	4 "
G. Miscellaneous	45 "

From the above figures it will be seen that Fire Prevention means:

1. Constant care in the disposal of cigarette butts and matches.
2. Watch for defects in all electric wiring and apparatus, whether in buildings or Aircraft.
3. Keep your Section clean at all times, particularly Workshops and lockups which are ordinarily expected to be dirty.
4. Keep your quarters clean.
5. Watch all heating plants for defects.
6. Use constant care in the handling of gasoline.
7. Keep oily rags and wipers in metal containers with lids on. Most important of all don't be

one of those I told you so Joe's. I mean the chump who after a fire or explosion, so freely tells you he knew this condition or that condition would start a fire and yet did not do a damned thing about it. Remember if you observe something that will cause a fire or might cause a fire get it fixed or report it to some one who can. In other words keep your house in order, remember as a member of the R.C.A.F. regardless of your rank, it is your personal responsibility to be ever on the alert for Fire Hazards and to eliminate them. Watch for accumulations of Excelsior, waste paper, or other waste material, keep catch basins in Hangars clear of gasoline and oil and see to it that you know how to operate all types of Fire extinguishers in case you need to use one.

It would be appropriate to include in this article, a warning about the danger of so-called safety solvents, known on this Station as Varsol or Turperline. Varsol is a petroleum solvent with a flash front of approximately 104 degrees Fahrenheit. At ordinary or room temperature it is comparatively safe if free from any foreign matter that will serve as a wick, e.g., a sliver of wood or a small piece of lint. With anything solid that will act as a wick in these safety solvents they are no safer than gasoline. So be just as cautious using it as you would be with gasoline. Varsol and Turperline are sold under various trade names, each Oil Company having its own name for it. A Rose by any other name is just as sweet and Varsol is just as dangerous whether it is called Varsol, Turperline, Cleaner solvents or what have you.

DONT'S

- Don't—Overflow gasoline from Aircraft gasoline tanks.
- Don't—Play with Fire Extinguishers.
- Don't—Throw matches in waste paper baskets.
- Don't—Allow gasoline and oil to accumulate in catch basins.
- Don't—Forget to locate exits in all buildings you have to use.
- Don't—Forget a gallon of gasoline has the exploding force of 85 pounds of dynamite.
- Don't—Forget gasoline expands to 9800 times its cubic capacity.
- Don't—Leave oily rags around.
- Don't—Neglect to read Station Standing Fire Orders.
- Don't—Stay in buildings when the Fire Siren Sounds.
- Don't—Fail to report a Fire Hazard to the Fire Section.
- Don't—Leave electric irons on when not in use.
- Don't—Fail to familiarize yourself with the locations of Fire Alarm boxes.



SQUADRON LEADER
C. A. JAMES

This month we introduce Squadron Leader C. A. James, Officer Commanding No. 1 Flying Training Squadron and Acting Chief Instructor during the absence of Squadron Leader K. G. Southam.

Clarence Archibald James was born on the 9th of December, 1912, at London, Ontario. His boyhood days were spent in and around the City of London where he attended Public and High Schools. Later he attended Queens University at Kingston, Ontario, and graduated from there in 1936.

Until joining the Royal Canadian Air Force he was employed in the Sales Department of Lawson and Jones Limited. Lithographers and Printers, of London, Ontario. During this time he started his flying career with the Kingston, London, and Toronto Flying Clubs, having 135 hours to his credit on Moth 60, Fleet, Taylor Cub and Taylor Craft. For the benefit of our younger readers who may not have seen much flying before the war, it cost the pilot from six to ten dollars per

And don't forget any kind of fire on this Station that destroys a building, or an Aircraft or interferes with the efficient Operation of this Station is something Hitler would pay thousands of dollars for or sacrifice many Nazi lives for. If through your neglect a fire occurs you are helping Hitler. Help Canada instead—

FATAL FOOLISHNESS For The W. D.'s

Philadelphia: A hairdresser shampooed a woman's hair with gasoline, then proceeded to curl it with

hour to fly at the various Flying Clubs, depending upon the type of Aircraft used.

Before the outbreak of hostilities it was proposed to organize an Auxiliary Squadron in London to be known as No. 114. In the early months of 1939 the organization was started and in September of the same year the personnel that had been taken on strength were placed on Active Service. Our present Squadron Leader applied and was recommended for appointment to commissioned rank in this Squadron but the application and recommendation was not acted upon until the 4th of January 1940 when he was appointed to the General List, Special Reserve, as Pilot Officer. Since then his career in the service has been one of steady advancement to his present rank. On appointment he was taken on the strength of No. 1 Training Command Headquarters, known then as Air Training Command, at Toronto and proceeded on Temporary Duty to the Border Cities Aero Club at Windsor, the Flying Clubs were then training the future instructors for the Empire Training Plan. He was posted to Trenton, 25th of March 1940; to No. 1 Initial Training School, Toronto, 15th April, 1940; to Camp Borden, 20th of May, 1940; back to Trenton, 7th of September, 1940; to No. 5 Service Flying Training School, Brantford, 25th of October, 1940; promoted to Flying Officer, 1st January, 1941; and then the outstanding event of his service career, on the 3rd of July, 1941 when No. 14 Service Flying Training School was opened, he was posted here. He was promoted to Flight Lieutenant on the 15th of October, 1941 and to Squadron Leader on the 1st of October, 1942. Besides the aircraft he learned to fly at the Flying Clubs he has since mastered the Harvard, Battle, Lockheed, Yale and Anson.

It seems that no handsome young officer can hold out from the designs of the fair sex for very long, so on the 14th day of September, 1940, at London, Ontario, the then Pilot Officer, C. A. James was married to Miss Mary Park, of that fair city. They have a son, not a year old as yet, but already, according to his proud father, showing signs of being a future Air Force officer.

a hot iron. The customer died.

Philadelphia: Two school teachers burned to death when they sprayed their furniture with gasoline to keep out moths while the house was closed during vacation. One of them apparently struck a match to see that all was well before leaving.

Atlanta: A woman whose cellar became infested with fleas sprayed the floor generously with gasoline. Later she lighted the hot water heater. The resulting blast not only

(Continued on Page 3)

The Aylmer Airman

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



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AYLMER, FRIDAY, JANUARY 22nd, 1943

Our Editor, whose benign editorials are brief enough for most people to read, is taking a course at Trenton at the moment, so the torch has been thrown to a humble substitute. Now that the deadline has been reached, the torch seems to have achieved a "scorched earth" effect on the substitute's powers of thought, but the copy man is insistent, so we must carry on.

Life on the Station is probably never normal, but it is not often that the hand of Nature so consistently frustrates our efforts. The weather for over a month has balked us at every turn. In spite of this we are turning out pilots and it is even said in mitigation of the evil that training in adverse weather conditions produces better pilots. Be that as it may, we still don't like it.

We often grouse about the way things are done in the Service, but it is impossible to be at a Service School and not be impressed by what has been accomplished. As we watch the lads being given their Wings we cannot help but think of the vast organization that lies behind that simple ceremony. A tremendous lot has been achieved, but our very grouses remind us that we must not rest content.

Frenchmen quarrelling in Africa over the future power in France, open our eyes to something else, as do our Canadian hog producers who already are lobbying to retain their privileged market after the war. This other thing is that in things great or small, self interest as a motive is a crippling thing. It also reminds us that neither machinery nor organization can win the day without the right spirit behind them. If we do not learn to think in terms of what is best for the whole world, there will be no peace after the war.

But we are getting ponderous. Having begun with the weather and progressed to world affairs, it is better to stop than to go on too long after you have stopped reading.

Merry-Go-Round Makes Big Hit

A high-light of our holiday entertainment was a visit to this station of the Merry-Go-Round Troupe from Toronto on Sunday night, December 20th. This troupe consists of an all-girl cast of high class entertainers which was greeted by an overflow audience of Officers, Airwomen and Airmen. A fast moving variety show, with every act bringing forth bursts of applause for encores and curtain calls. This group of girls are to be highly complimented in their efforts to entertain the troops at the various centres and do no little part in making the life of Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen much more pleasant when they are away from their homes and friends.

A return visit by these girls would be heartily welcomed by all on this station and a sincere wish is extended to them that they may continue to greater heights in the fine work they are doing.

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Station Library

Since the turn of the new year our Station Library has been re-organized and a host of new books added to our already extensive list. Books of all types are available to the personnel and no trouble should be experienced in selecting the kind of reading material desired. With the catalogueing anew of the books, a complete record will be kept of books outstanding. A time limit of two weeks is allowed on most of the books available with the exception of some of the newer popular books which will be confined to seven day possession after which a levy will be charged against whomsoever might neglect to return same within the time limit. Each book has been priced and anyone loosing a book or failing to return same will on posting or on demand be required to pay the price as set by your Library Committee.

It is felt that most of the books held over the allotted time or not returned is due to neglect and possible carelessness making it necessary to put these rules into effect. An effort on the part of all to help us to keep our Library intact by promptly returning books when finished would be greatly appreciated.



Y.M.C.A.

Movies

SATURDAY, January 23rd

"SON OF FURY"

Starring Tyrone Power and Gene Tierney

TUESDAY, January 26th

"BEWARE OF SPOOKS"

Comedy starring Joe E. Brown and Mary Carlisle

THURSDAY, January 28th

"FLIGHT LIEUTENANT"

Flying drama, starring Pat O'Brien, Glen Ford and Evelyn Keyes

SATURDAY, January 30th

"CADET GIRL"

Starring Carol Landis and George Montgomery

TUESDAY, February 2nd

"IT'S IN THE AIR"

Starring George Formby

THURSDAY, February 4th

"NICE GIRL"

Musical Comedy with Deanna Durbin and Franchot Tone

SATURDAY, February 6th

"MANHUNT"

Spy Picture featuring Joan Bennett and Walter Pidgeon

TUESDAY, February 9th

"TOO MANY BLONDES"

Starring Rudy Vallee, Helen Parish, Lon Chaney, Jr., and Eddie Quillan

THURSDAY, February 11th

"WIFE TAKES A FLYER"

Comedy with Joan Bennett and Franchot Tone

SATURDAY, February 13th

"RIGHT TO THE HEART"

Comedy with Brenda Joyce and Joseph Allen

TUESDAY, February 16th

"FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS"
Comedy Drama starring Marlene Dietrich, Bruce Cabot, Roland Young, Mischa Auer and Andy Devine

THURSDAY, February 18th

"FORTY THOUSAND
HORSEMEN"

Story of the Fighting Anzacs—Australian Light Horse in campaign of last war, starring Grant Taylor and Betty Bryant

Story of the Fighting Anzacs—Australian Light Horse in campaign of last war, starring Grant Taylor and Betty Bryant

Y. W. C. A. News

For the past week there has been a continual round of "hellos" and "good-byes" at the Hostess House as new groups of Airmen and Airwomen have arrived, and many whom we had come to regard as part of our family circle, have left to take up new duties overseas or in various parts of Canada. Although there was bound to be a sense of regret at parting from lads who had dropped in to see us almost daily for weeks and in some cases months, one could not help experiencing some of the enthusiasm and excitement the overseas postings brought to those who were on their way to the great adventure.

In spite of food rationing we had to splurge a bit. Those who came in to tell us they had been posted overseas were served fruit cake and coffee along with an unseen but tremendous portion of good wishes. Some of the envious ones, who happened to be basking in the warmth of our fireside at the time, begged a piece of fruit cake to dream on in the hope it might get them overseas posting too. How-

ever, we rather suspect it was the insatiable Air Force appetite, and not a yearning to get going, that prompted the appeal for the fruit cake. By-the-way, if there are any Airmen or Airwomen recently arrived on the station, who have not yet found their way to the Hostess House, we would be glad to welcome them and their friends. The House is open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. daily.

Among the activities at the Hostess House the past week was a birthday party for one of the Airmen who invited a group of his friends to share the roast chicken and cake his mother had sent him as a birthday gift. It would have done that mother's heart good if she could have seen the zest with which her son and his guests consumed her treat.

Those interested in forming a station Glee Club met at the Hostess House recently. Monday night was chosen for the weekly practice, and we hope the numbers attending will increase until the capacity of the little house has been reached. It is like the omnibus, there is always room for one more.

We have often been asked if we ever hear from those who have used the services of the Hostess house and later left the station. Our reply has usually been "sometimes." The last two weeks have proved the exception as the mail has brought us many such letters. These included one from "Buck" Ryan, R.A.F., who got his wings here in November and is now overseas; one from the mother of Bob Baughman, a graduate of the October class, who was our guest on two occasions while visiting her son; still another from the mother of Sgt.-Pilot Culp, a Texas member of the December class; and finally greetings from Pilot Officer Paul Barton who will be remembered by most of the station personnel for his low flying exploit over Oshawa. It is always a joy to get letters, especially when they come from those who might but do not forget.



To keep up with the times, the Flight, but for the censor, would have mentioned a word or so, enlightening readers on its new presentation (with apologies to Arsenic and Old Lace)—dressed in its new title "Red Flannel and Windy Days. Alas, this was not to be. However, you have heard of "one-way" Schofield. Give him a Yale, wave him a fond farewell and he takes bravely off, wondering where he is going to turn up next time. During wash-out days he is taking French lessons so that he can read the Yale fuel gauge and compass.

P/O DePuy has been teaching Cpl. Francis sequence 23. This follows the Soviet practice of tail ramming. It is going to come in very handy if his guns jam some day.

Next we ask "Watt" does a certain F/O hold against LAC. Moss? We think there was a conspiracy with F/O Saunders to do away with him on an instrument take-off, or has the tail trim setting been modified. So with ground staff motto, "We make 'em, you break 'em" ringing in our ears, we sign off for another month.

Fire Prevention

(Continued from Page 1)

killed her, but moved the house completely off its foundations.

St. Louis: A girl turned on the gas oven and then realized that she had forgotten to get a match. She walked across the room, got a match, struck it and bent over. The oven came up to meet her!

Farmington, Mo.: An infant was badly burned when his sister decided to warm his celluloid rattle over an oil lamp.

Minneapolis: A baby died when his crib was ignited by an electric hot plate placed under it to warm him.

M. T. Section

Springfield, Mo.: Two men were seriously burned when they poured gasoline over a hot automobile engine to clean it.

See The M. O. If You Have a Cold

Bristol, Ind.: A 20-year-old mother heating turpentine and lard on the stove to use as a cold remedy was killed when the turpentine ignited.

Look Cook!

St. Louis: A woman was badly burned when a bottle of lemon extract exploded as she poured it into a sauce, cooking on the stove.

Watch Your Butts

Believe it or not, they have 100 alarms a year caused by people who discard cigarette butts by dropping them down mail chutes in business buildings!

Truly, of all the bells in a fireman's life, the dumb-bell is the worst!

Where Is Your Nearest Fire Alarm

Joliet, Ill.: Wakened by his wife's scream, "The house is afire," a husband jumped out of bed and ran sixteen blocks to a fire house. In his dash he passed seven fire alarm boxes without noticing any. The house was burned to the ground.

Gasoline Again

Miami, Fla.: A father of three children, smoking as he cleaned their clothes in gasoline, ignited the clothes basket. In his excitement he seized a half-filled dishpan from the kitchen table and doused the flames. He is now the father of only one child—because the pan contained gasoline.

Poor Santa Claus

Ozark, Mo.: At a Parent-Teachers' Association entertainment a child, playing the role of a dwarf, was burned when his artificial whiskers caught fire from the candle held in his hand.

Do You Smoke In Bed

Neck and neck with this group come the Ancient and Honorable Society of Smokers in Bed. In a seven-day stretch in New York the engines rolled to no less than twenty-four fires started by these dumb-bells!

C. O.'s Corner

Course 65 leaves us with our usual best wishes that they may continue with the same success achieved here.

Your course has been made more arduous by the vagaries of weather. During your period of time at this Station you have been able to feel the sun-heated Zephyrs of the "banana belt" and cringe before sub-zero icy blasts.

As you leave us, it is the hope of the staff at this School that you will go on to greater things with the same enthusiasm you have shown here.

(G. N. IRWIN)

Group Captain.

G. I. S.

As we go to press we bid farewell to three members of G. I. S. F/L Mitchell's wish finally came true when he was posted to overseas duties and we feel that it is not only a loss to G.I.S., but also a loss to the station and as we bid farewell we all join in wishing him the best of luck in his new duties.

We have also lost Sgt. Tolfree, who was recently posted to Windsor. Good luck and success in your new work George.

We wonder what a certain W.D. in G.I.S. is going to do now that AC1 Hipgraves is posted to Mountainview, or maybe that has been arranged. What do you say Hip?

We take this opportunity to welcome our new C.G.I., F/L Trott, who comes to us from Hagersville where he was C.G.I. and while he has a large pair of shoes to fill we feel that he will fill them quite capably and we wish him the best of luck and can guarantee him the full support of the G.I.S. staff.

We would like to thank F/L Kress for his co-operation during the period in which we had no C.G.I.

The Bed Smokers' achievements are not without variety. In St. Louis an interne in a hospital dozed off in his room with a cigarette, setting fire to the bed. Aroused by the heat, he rushed to the window and sat on the sill with his smoking pants exposed to the fresh air until the original blaze finally set off an automatic alarm.

In Medford, Mass., a sleepy smoker leaped out of his blazing bed and dashed for the porch. He was found some time later in a closet, dead from suffocation—he hadn't paused long enough to distinguish between the porch door and the closet door which adjoined it.

Watch Those Hot Ashes and Electric Irons

Last winter, in New York, firemen responded to no less than 200 out-breaks caused by putting hot furnace ashes into wooden boxes. In one year they had 624 fires started by women who let cooking pots burn dry—and 783 others caused by women who went off and left their electric irons on.

Queer doings, eh? Well, they're just a few random samples from the bale of scrap books compiled in the last year by Paxton Mendelsohn, of Detroit, as Chairman of the Fire Casualties Committee of the National Fire Waste Council. This branch of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States decided last year to make a thoroughgoing study into the ways and means our Average Citizens employ to kill and maim themselves with fire. In the aggregate, the clippings present a grisly story distinguished chiefly by monotonous repetition. Everywhere people do the same fool things in the same fool way.

Very often, too, innocent bystanders suffer from these mental lapses. In Arkansas, for instance, a father tried to perk up a sluggish kitchen fire by pouring kerosene on it—and killed the entire family of six. This, of course, is one of the most popular single bits of foolishness contributing to our annual fire toll, despite years of warning.

Kerosene burns are terrible, painful injuries—so are the burns from gasoline, naphtha, alcohol and the like.

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CERTIFICATES REGULARLY

An Open Letter to the Commanding Officer: From Course 71-D Flight

Dear C. O.

Not havin' much schoolin', I ain't much good at writin', but I figured I ought to let you know just what yer gonna' be infer fer the next coupla' months. If you ain't grey now, you shure will be by next April.

This here new flight "D" is shure a doozer. Of the thurty guy's in the flites, we only got four nitwits and five morons. Oh! I fergot to mention the flight senior, he's a first class case for the booby hatch. Nuttin' corny about our bunch, no sir! We got plenty of spirit, too much in fact: what we can't use we kin allus drink. Also beefs! We got all we kin handle. If Ottawa knew how many beefs there was in our flite, they'd ration the whole flites out to relieve the shortage! And studies! Boyoboy, we studies like mad fiends. You should see Smith J. H. D. study the heavenly bodies. He uses that there stuff fer navigatin' between our barracks and the W.D.'s.

Say! You shoulda' seen us on New Year's. We wuz no sooner settled here comfortable like than they give us all passes over New Year's. That is, all except SPEAR. The time on a pass don't mean nuttin' to him, so they just quit giving him passes. Most everybody in the flite was gassed to the antler's, I guess. I lost count about midnite. Old McNAUGHTON had to carry McEWEN back to the station in a wheel barrow. You must know them too. They're real buddies. They stick as close together as two peas, even in the air. I saw McNAIR tryin' to count the heads on BORDEN. He's the gent who looks like Beau Brummel. McNair wasn't doin' bad either, 'cept them snakes an' pink elephants wuz tyin' knots in his backbone.

Talk about pilots! Gee! We got three of 'em in our flite. I guess HOWARD is jest about the best pi'ot you ever saw. He keeps tellin' us about the best circuits that's ever been made. Of course, I ain't never seen him fly, an' his instructor don't talk much, but any time you want, Howard'll sit down with you for a coupla hours an' tell you how he does it. An' then there's REED. I'll bet a cookie that this war'd be over if you just gave Reed his wings an' let him go. And OWENS! I don't know what he's doin' here. He won the battle of Britain, you know.

We're a pretty good bunch in the hangars—I think. We only paid out \$275.56 in rumbles so far. 'Course HANNIGAN'S goin' to hav'ta hock his grandmother, but if we kin find some one to buy JACOBS we might be able to save the old lady. I don't think no one wants Jacobs though. There's one instructor that jest loves to rumble the rumble out'a Hannigan. I don't know his name exactly, but I think it rhymes with Wismak. O'BRIEN feeds the kitty pretty good too. ROE ain't been rumbled yet, but the time ain't far off. I'm afraid, though that he's goin' to get an awful backache from standin' so straight at attention while the instructors are talkin' to him.

There are a coupla suggestions we'd like t'make, C.O. First, the widgets an' gremlins are pestering the life out'a BEST. He sez they keep hangin' weights on his eyelids in classes. Now, you know that ain't fair, is it? Them little devils

even knocked a zero off the hundred he got in navigation. Can't you please do somethin' about them? Also, please get TANNER two dozen more pillows so his feet will reach the rudder pedals. He has a awful time reachin' down for the control cables. Then there's farmer FARMER. He's a swell guy! But couldn't you just get him a Spitfire? Not a real one, you understand, he might hurt himself with that, but one that he could play with. And last of all, please get FOSTER an alarm clock so as I wouldn't hafta wake him up five or six times every morning.

I think maybe I ought to tell you about them Australians. Gosh! they're thick as flies around here. Porthos, Athos and Aramis had nuttin' on these here Aussis. It's all fer one an' everybody's agin 'em. But they're a great bunch of guys. I only wished it wuz as nice here as they tell us it is "down under." HENNING sez he'd like to be a C.O. too, but I keep tellin' him he can't put out no fires.

We got a fine bunch 'O athletes in th' flight. There's FORD and RICHINS. They kin lick the pants offa any stamp. An' ULM an' WRIGHT an' JONES an' ALLEN are the best darn tiddeldie winks players you ever saw. Boy! You should see SMITH G. N. tear down the house on his pogo stick. An' EYRES and PURSEY, them two daredevils kin play "round the world" on a yo-yo. I seen WHIT-HURST and WILLIAMS and REYNOLDS skipping rope th'other day. Couldn't we maybe have a team of rope skippers?

I'd like to get serious for a minute, though, C.O. We all like this station and we're going to do our level best to maintain the high standards that have been set here. We may come from different parts of the world, and we have a dozen or so nationalities mixed up in us, but there are two things we all have in common; we all hate the same guy and we are all pulling at the same rope. If you have any doubts about us, just look at your morning paper on Sept. 3, 1943. You'll see that 30 D.F.C.'s have been given out to "D" Flight.

Yours Sincerely,

P/O Willie Washout

P.S. Th' P/O is fer potential officer. (hint).

Maintenance Your Ground Crew

SO we're not good enough for you. WELL we'll stand alone, we're not afraid.

And why should we be, we're not conscripts, we volunteered.

We've had our training, we're mechanics now with a job to do.

And we'll keep 'em fit, and keep 'em flying. We'll see the battle through.

To you we're just a lot of scruffy airmen, we're scared to go up there,

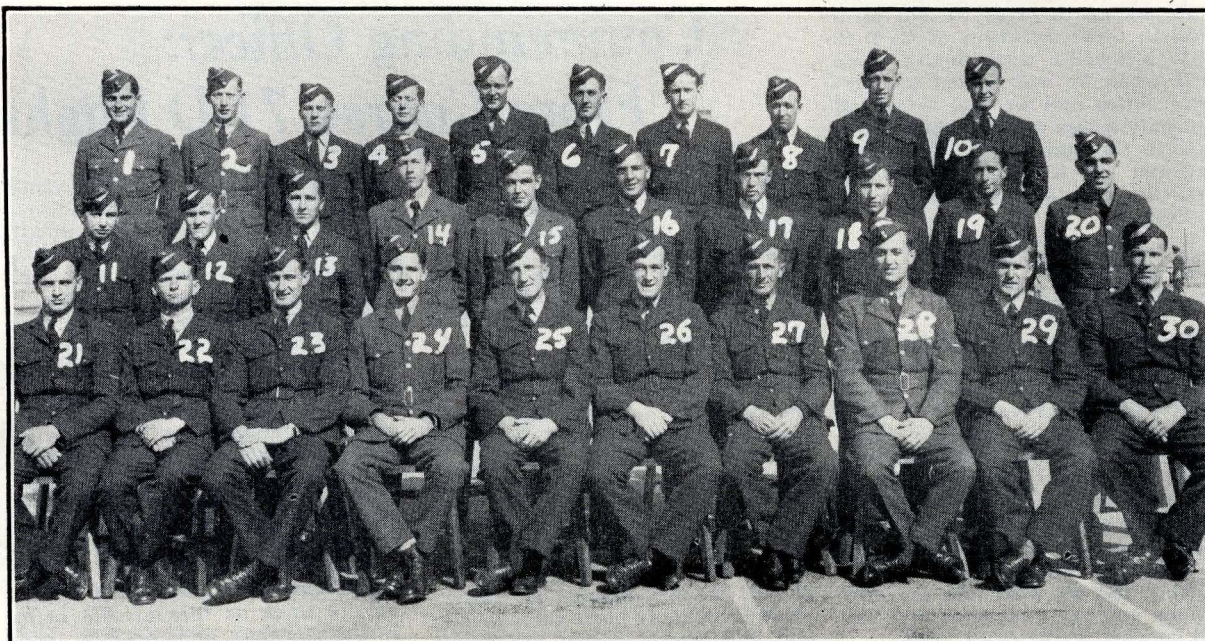
But call around some time and see us work, you'll say we're doing our share.

You never stop to think that maybe we'd like to fly just like you and you and you,

Just like you never stop to think how far you'd get without us, your ground crew.

A Number of These Will Graduate

Accounts Section



"X" GROUP

1, Alexander; 2, Aspevig; 3, Bentley; 4, Carey; 5, Chilcott; 6, English; 7, Howitt; 8, Irving; 9, Lacey; 10, Pye; 11, Reid; 12, Richards; 13, Anderson; 14, Bassett; 15, Bouton; 16, Cowell; 17, Guest; 18, Jack; 19, McDonald; 20, McHardy; 21, Rittman; 22, Roche; 23, Saisall; 24, Seggerson; 25, Sergeant; 26, Smith; 27, Wissing; 28, Good; 29, Hardy; 30, Blunden.



With the cold fronts and warm fronts and "over-running warm air" we've been having lately, down in Navigation Flight we are also running into patchy hangar flying, scattered rummy games and tent-tenths of "Red-dog" games at low altitude.

Having been audaciously challenged to a Volleyball game by the "Bomber" Command (Ansons) the "Free French Fighter" Command (Yales) firmly but severely trounced the aforesaid.

Sgts. Batt, Bentley and Henderson have left our cheery home at No. 14 for return to their beloved United Kingdom. Farewell and good luck.

We would like to know what happened to Sgt. Idles' Gremlin that he so carefully painted on his Aircraft to wipe the sleet off the windshield.

Congratulations to temporary F/O's French and Shanfield.

Things are still hopping around "Greaseball Corner" at dear old "Nav." We are going to lose a couple of good men. Yes Braithwaite and Curry are ready to sprout wings and our patron hangar (maintenance to you) is still taking our men from us.

Red Kay has been showing us the proper way to enter a building. He says if you can't get in through the door, don't use the door.

A familiar person has been reported back around No. 14 F/Sgt. Lewis has returned from Nova Scotia and has been "crackin' the whip, so to speak at No. 5." As yet he hasn't been able to find where his men hide when flying is washed out.

An Obituary for Effie. Died of acute hangar door-itis. Brr, rather breezy in here, let's go to bed. Bye now.

**BUY WAR SAVINGS
CERTIFICATES REGULARLY**

Gleanings From Women's Division

The past month has been full of many new experiences and adjustments for the airwomen on this station. Christmas and New Year's spent away from home and friends, in most cases for the first time, has been met and conquered with the spirit of the Air Force.

The first step was to decorate the barrack blocks in the festive colours and set up the traditional Christmas Tree. Both these things successfully accomplished, the girls then set about arranging a Christmas Draw Box which would contain a present for each one originating from some "unknown source."

Christmas Eve saw us all over in the Mess Hall enjoying our dinner very ably served up by the officers in their varied costumes. After "lights out," with the familiar festive music being both hummed and sung, the lights on the tree and the snow on the ground the general feeling was one of homesickness. However, with the dawning of Christmas Day itself, all this was forgotten in the hustle and bustle of opening presents and comparing notes. Later on in the day, being dunked head first in the snow could almost be put under the heading of "unique episodes."

The week in between Christmas and New Year's should be just referred to as a blank—it was for most of us anyway!

New Year's was a time of great festivity and cheer, climaxed by the Sergeant's Dance, at which all who attended welcomed in 1943 in the proper spirit, even to the clasping of hands and singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

With the settling down to general routine duties once again the festivities were eclipsed by the excitement of over-seas postings. So far, only one of the airwomen has been lucky enough to go. We wish you all the best Wallace and hope that many more of us will be joining you soon over there.



Resolved by single men of "A" Flight that matrimony has its compensations insofar as night flying is concerned (re night tests, early suppers and the graveyard shift). The boys in "A" Flight are unanimous in their opinion that the past weather has been awful and so test and checks pile one upon the other and 10-14 seems to be a thing of the past.

The 'Friendly' feud between "E" and "A" Flights has taken on the appearance of a pitched battle—x.

It would seem our competent time-keeper has aspirations to see the Other Side of the pond for she has applied for an Overseas posting. Could it be inspired by one Flying Instructor's recent departure for the Emerald Isle?

With sincere regrets we mention the loss of LAC. Weatherbee. He is remembered as an earnest and co-operative student for whom the Instructing Personnel held high hopes. The students feel the loss of a true airman and a jolly good friend.

Hello Schatte, Loney and that Shlick "Little Caesar" Mitchell. Goodbye F/O Hines—watch that needle and ball or the radio waves will be crooked.

"A" Flight Students

This is our first and last effort, hope it pleases.

We have a very picturesque group. There is our Flight Senior "Mather Fairhurst," always in a dither trying to make 5 look like 30 at P. T. The chief problem child "Gator" Osteen, between getting lost and loosing his memory, he is quite a boy, not forgetting his steady girl friend "Pretty Boy" Rhomer. We have a pathetic case in "Schrub" Schroeder. He thinks two can live as cheaply as one, as long as he is in the Air Force. Yes, Yes, we have Casanova Cajoran, nature's gift to next years crop. A nice guy is Pat Fenning a veteran of five years. He is still a little dizzy

Greetings for 1943 from the poor remains of the Accounts Section!

We are now a sadly depleted staff—positively a harem—practically all our men having been posted. The whole thing started at the top (we are very correct about these things down here) when F/Lt. Spiller was posted out to Tor Bay. We certainly miss you around, Sir, and wish you all the very best at your new station.

No one could even begin to think about such a prosaic little trifle as work when the rumours of overseas postings materialized into fact and Cpls. "Pappy" Murray and "Bing" Crosby left in a cloud of snow. The section was just beginning to come to when, the very next day, Cpls. Edgcombe and "Red" Merriman likewise left us. We were sorry to lose them all but hope to have a chance of joining them somewhere 'over there' ourselves soon. There's no harm in hoping—is there?

We also lost Cpls. "Wally" Kribs and "Tommy" Allan the previous week to stations in Canada—best of luck to you too, boys.

All this posting is no doubt the cause of those shining new hooks flashing about the office on the proud arms of Cpls. Saunders, Dovaston, Barnhart, Thompson and Good. This corporal business is great stuff in many ways, we find,—that extra pay and late pass every night is not to be sneezed at! Not at all! But oh!—the efforts involved for some few of us to be a shining "example to the airwomen" and keep our hair up! Especially on pay day "with the wind and the rain in one's hair.

We are still weak from loss of personnel—and work presses. Excuse us till next month while we carry on—unless we've gone overseas by then (we hope, but doubt!)

from the revolving doors in Detroit. You should all meet "long drawers" Ansley, the only man that is really warm. Girls try to meet Mather, our hip swinging Rhumba King. O'l lost Bover is now using his head to keep his earphones apart. Mr. 5 by 5 Wilson thinks he can reduce by climbing on top of the lockers—to sleep. The boys in the Flight have voted him the one most likely to exceed 300 pounds.

Now we are to the serious part of the Flight; Eddie (Up-side-down) Howland. For any further information on Eddie, ask any W. D. They all know.

It is amazing how our Vamp Vance gets along with a certain party. It seems they have come to an agreement to disagree as this goes to press. We will give him credit B. B. is nice.

Father King, has now sewn the legs back on his long undies. He has decided winter is here.

We wonder what attraction Eagle can hold for brother Binks.

Our two Strong Men—Cross and Glaholt.

Last, but not least of the Students is our Southern Gentleman Leach. Don't blame him for his actions folks, he looked into a certain W.D.'s dark brown eyes.

This is our last chance to express our good feeling toward that swell group of Gentlemen, our Instructors. They can take it. We should know.

Hold the phone, our time-keeper, that little bundle of heaven Julie almost broke down and told us her secret love.

Meteorological Mutterings

The office is rolling merrily along with scarcely as much as a hitch. No one ever seems to go anywhere or do anything worthy of the attention of the S.P.'s, the Civil Courts or even the gossip monger. A fine state of affairs if I may say so!

But, to repeat, the office is certainly going along in slick fashion. Slicker than a green bean in fact. There may be a reason for this. You may have noticed that in any organization the morale often depends upon that of its leading member. This writer has been delighted to note that the morale of the Meteorologist in Charge is, particularly of late, unsurpassed. He has something of an angelic way with him these days. Definitely an "out of the world" attitude. We rejoice with him! So far as we have been able to determine this trend has not progressed to the point where it in any way undermines his usefulness. We hope that it never will! As it is, it is a joy to behold and a pleasure to us all. Dots or no Dots we are proud of him and extend every wish that he may continue to uphold and augment the spirit of this office!

We have AW1 Ward away with the mumps. Although we haven't been hearing much, we have every faith in the staff over at T.T.S. They will bring her back to health and happiness again we feel certain. The only thing we feel let down on is the fact that we will probably not be able to get a picture of Mary at the height of her trials and tribulations. I have a feeling that with the mumps the Mighty Mite would look strangely like a chipmunk (sp) with his cheeks packed full of thorn apples. A little top heavy like. Even though this may seem unkind at this time, Mary, we wish you the best and speediest.

All the rest of us are doing our best to lead a normal life. And we expect to be able to do it now that we have the night flying finished with Class 67. It was getting a bit grim toward the end of the fifth week of struggling, but now we are at peace with the lords of the air from Flights A and E. But, adding another mournful note, we expect that a little later we will be getting behind with the Class 69 schedule, and then we will be right back where we have just come from. Only some of the personalities will be different. We will next be contending with the winged friends in C and F Flights. Normally they are all swell guys though!

"Quips From The Equips"

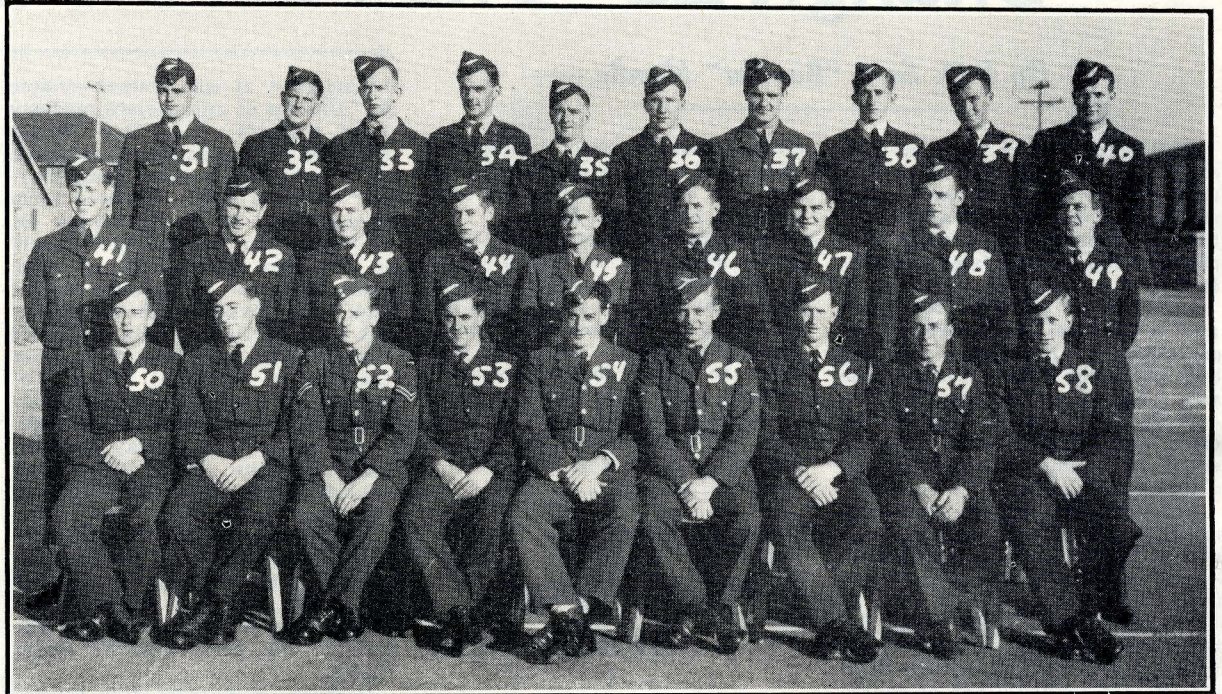
Here we are again, with Joyful wishes for a Happy New Year for everybody.

We were sorry to lose out on our reporter "Billie" Lake, who has gone to join the "Brains?" of the outfit in Ottawa.

Congratulations are due to Cpl. Camplin and Cpl. Broadbent on their well earned promotions. Good stuff Don and Aggie, keep up the good work.

The section is well settled now with their new "Boss" F/Lt. "Tony" Morrison, and we all hope the leg is better soon, Sir, and now everything is running smoothly contrary to any remarks that may have been made by those people known as Auditors (we have another nom-

Some of These to be "Winged"



"Y" GROUP

31, Colby; 32, Dixon; 33, Dober; 34, Dumaresq; 35, Evans; 36, Gaze; 37, Halstead; 38, Newth; 39, Stevens; 40, Carter; 41, Clouse; 42, Coventry; 43, Dexter; 44, Dutneall; 45, Griffin; 46, Hill; 47, Jack, R. S.; 48, Keans; 49, Long; 50, Preston; 51, Scarrott; 52, Sears; 53, Sheers; 54, White; 55, Livingstone; 56, McGilvray; 57, Clague; 58, Summons.



After the ribbing a certain P/O got in the last issue I think we ought to train our sights on some other unsuspecting - - - well, unsuspecting anyhow. We could start with a certain individual who clutters up the place with hair tonics and restorers until, well, if we had a barber's chair we really could do a good business, but maybe he wouldn't appreciate our remarks so we'd better find someone else.

Lets see; well, no, after the week end F/O White had I don't think he could stand up to it.

I suppose we could say something about the pool we have on P/O Jones as to where he is going to land when he sets out on a cross country, or why a certain student insists the main street of Springfield makes a better flare path than the one on the Aerodrome.

Another student, I don't divulge his name, but his initials are M-U-R-R-A-Y. claims the aircraft taxi much nicer with the flaps down. Shucks, rumbled again.

enclature for them that isn't in the Vocab.)

We welcome to our midst AC. Stevens, from No. 1 Manning Depot, (good old Pool) and AW. Jean Dickson, from No. 6 Manning Depot, and Cpl. Bannister our able clerk. We hope that their stay with us will be long, happy and prosperous.

We hear that some members of the Sgt.'s Mess have formed a "Purity League." How is the membership coming, Gunner?

It appears that our Sergeant-Major is President of the Mess now. We have been wondering how many cigarette coupons or box tops he had to save to get to such exalted heights. Heigh Joe.

We pat three of our staff on the back on their advancement. Gerry Dunn, Bert McCallum on their third, and Jack Darling, O.C. Maintenance Stores on his crown. We expect a little liquid refreshment soon from them.

Seriously though, being the most efficient flight on the station we don't get a chance to play around like other flights and so there isn't much we can say. We are glad night flying is over and maybe with a break in the weather old "E" Flight will take to the air again to set new records for our opposition to shoot at.

A certain W.O.2 in the flight has got so now every time the telephone rings he grabs it with glee and then his face falls and he walks slowly away saying something about, "I thought it was my overseas posting." "Maybe it'll come through to-morrow."

We would like to welcome a new instructor, P/O Smith. We hope you like it here Tom.

The posting of W.O.2 Pattison did come through on the next phone call after the previous paragraph was written. Good luck Pat.

Well seeing as how we can't seem to find anyone else to rib, I think we'd better stop wasting paper.

"E" Flight Students Nickels worth—the students of Good Old "E" for evasive Flight are right in their glory these days. The reason for this being the passing of a warm front.

This meteorological phenomenon gives "E" flight students another chance to show their undisputed ability at the age old art of snow-balling. In fact they are such good marksmen that the other flights won't even chance the opening of their windows lest they be beaned and properly. All this might sound like hoey (guff) to some people but we of "E" assure any hecklers a smart demonstration, especially to anyone who fails to believe what they have just read.

DENTAL CLINIC

The drills are humming smoothly in this little section under the able command of Captain "Charlie Hewitt" our O.C. of this division. We were all very sorry to lose our old friend Capt. Dick Dunlop, who goes to Three Rivers on course. Dick was one of the regulars on the Station and always had a cherry smile for everyone. In his place we welcome Capt. Reg. Morningstar. Good luck to you Dick, and welcome to you Reg.

Hospital News And Views

As our first contribution to the Aylmer Airman we are pleased to announce the arrival of—your wrong, our new S.M.O. Squadron Leader Boyd. We hope he will be as happy here as we are and be with us for quite some time, also to our two new Hospital assistants Welsh and Johnson, who are as cute as they are capable. We are going to miss Wally (Wallace) who was one of the lucky ones with an overseas posting. We wish her all the luck in the world and hope we meet her over there soon. We miss Bastin too, and hope she will be happy in her new work. Incidentally she reports that by comparing notes with other girls, Aylmer is the best station yet.

Hope AW1 Wyatt will be back soon as we miss her like the deuce. Cpl. Caldwell, who dispenses! has returned from furlough little the worse but minus the moustache. Any reason?

As usual everyone dashing hither and yon with odd shaped containers at the sound of the buzzer. Business is picking up and with only one bed left, it is a case of first come first served. We promise the same good (?) care for newcomers as we give our older patients. Just ask AC2 Sinclair—he is on our inventory list now—says home was never like this.

Next door neighbors are F/O McLeish and P/O Upstone who are afraid flying might be washed out while they are recuperating. That's their only worry. Can't the Met's do something about the weather. LAC. Butler is putting in an order for longer beds, he would like to straighten out once in a while without having to put his feet through the bars.

P/O Hyder is in our guest room, —on whose door the sign "No Visitors allowed"—didn't mean a D—thing. We are happy to say he had only a shiner and a scratch here and there when he left today. By the way he did not get those in here either.



Gear Growls from the M. T. Section

A DAY AT THE OFFICE

Scene—The Motor Transport Office

The phone rings. A Bright Young Thing dashes madly to answer it. "M.T. Section. No, I'm sorry we haven't a truck in at present but I'll send the first one over that comes in. Oh, you want it before ten o'clock. I'll do my best." Bright Young Thing hangs up the receiver, sighs and returns to her typing. Two minutes later, phone rings again.

"M. T. Section. Refuelling tender for "X" hangar? Sorry, but they don't return to the Section once they have checked out. Perhaps if you try down at the Gas Section—oh, you have! How about the tender from "Y" hangar—oh, it's down refuelling! In that case, I guess you'll have to wait until your own tender returns." B.Y.T. hangs up and resumes typing.

Head pops around corner of office door. "Could you tell me when the next run to R. 1. is? I was supposed to go out with the truck first thing this morning but," (he grins sheepishly) "I slept in and missed it." B.Y.T. quotes (for the umpteenth time that day) automatically, "Next scheduled run to R. 1. is at 12.30 but you had better be here at 12.25 as the truck leaves promptly at 12.30." Head smiles widely, says, "Thanks. I'll be here." Door slams upon his retreating form and quiet reigns once more.

Driver pops in. "Say, you know those parcels I had to pick up in town—well did you say to get them to Murphy's or Fenton's?" B.Y.T. tears her hair out by the roots, controls her temper and replies, "You were to pick them up at Reed's." Shakes her head and continues, "Never mind, I'll get the freight run to pick them up." Driver shrugs shoulders and wanders into drivers' room.

Phone rings again. "M. T. Section. You're what? You'll have to speak louder as I can't hear you. I see—you're stuck in a snow drift. Whereabouts are you? Yes, I know you're stuck in a drift but where is the drift? Oh, it's blown across the road. What I mean is, which road are you on and approximately how far from the station?" Receives a fairly coherent answer and tells driver to wait at the car until someone goes out to rescue same.

The familiar jangle of phone once more. "M. T. Section. Sorry we have no trucks in yet but—" Is interrupted by N.C.O. who says, "If we haven't got a truck, don't send one." B.Y.T. recites as before, "We'll send one over as soon as it comes back." Hangs up and waits for next call.

As space is limited—it is sufficient to say that this goes on until 1700 hrs., at which time the night crew takes over and B.Y.T. departs wearily to the barracks and collapses upon the nearest bunk.

A Word of Welcome

For a while we thought that our column would be without its usual welcomes and farewells but LAC. Morton arrived from the West in the nick of time and saved the day. May your stay with us be a happy one.

Maintenance Mutterings

In December, Maintenance Squadron held their first dance. Our Station Theatre was gaily decorated with Christmas decorations. On each side of the stage was a lighted Christmas tree with the orchestra under the direction of Mr. Doug Baker on the stage under a blaze of multi-colored foot and drop lights. At the other end of the hall, a large Union Jack hung from the projection booth.

In a previous issue of the "Airman" it was reported that after the Maintenance Smoker at the Cabin-in-the-Pines, Cpl. Berger went to bed with his hat on. Anyone believing this accident (????) may see our friend Berger in bed any night with his hat on. The reason, he claims, is because he catches cold sleeping with his window open.

Our Orderly Room Dictator Cpl. Farman has been up to some mischief. She is very much afraid of being reported in this column. I wonder if she has been making more dates to meet certain airmen at 5.45 a.m. in London and then not showing up and trying to blame the airman for ditching her?

Incidentally, what was Cpl. Davies, a married man with 13 children, doing making dates with Cpl. Farman for 5.45 in the morning??

We have noticed that our friend Cpl. Emmons is losing his "hankering to go places and do things" desire. Now come Freddie, are you trying to get under the barrier for Aircrew or has a certain W.D. in the Spark Plug Room got your number.

Although December did not produce flying hours, it sure gave "A" Flight a chance to keep Maintenance busy. They finally decided that as they couldn't do aerobatics with their FE Harvard that they would see if it would take off on its back. Results were Maintenance was asked to be a Junk Dealer, but we fooled them and made a first class job of repairing their poor little FEE FEE.

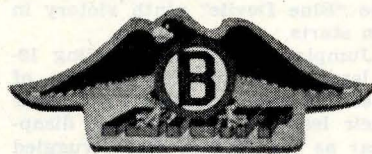
Although Maintenance Night Crew didn't have the usual amount of checks to do during December we were kept busy due to the untiring efforts of R. 1. sending in 50 and 100 hour checks with both main planes damaged and No. 1 Hangar running the aircraft through fences, etc., etc. Please, fellows, if you can't fly 'em leave them in the hangar and send us the ignition keys.

Your reporter has just been informed that LAC. Wilson has joined the league of brow-beaten, hen-pecked airmen. Pete says he would just as soon be in the dog house as in barracks. Who will take over for you, Pete, when you are on the night shift again?

We are finding out that when our Maintenance men get transferred to the Flights, they change their good Canadian Red blood for Pink Lemonade. One airman in particular went to No. 1 Hangar with a glint of do or die in his eye, but after a couple of months of going to London every night and twice on Sunday, he still hadn't "popped the question." Finally he

asked his brother-in-law-to-be to do it for him. Now Campbell, how could you forget the coaching you received up here in Maintenance. Bow your head in shame when in the presence of Maintenance personnel.

Congratulations to LAC. Leigh in the birth of a son. Another Rigger Stan?



Official communiques from the S/L at R. 1. (ex "B" Flight O/C) indicate that course 65, which was trained in ("B" FOR BEST) Flight, (and also some other Flight) lead us to believe that they are all "HOT" Pilots. The reason as any fool can plainly see is that they weren't given any flying training at R. 1. simply because the weather just didn't. (period). Now when they see a Harvard or even an unmentionable Yale they look like turnip termites (or an Instructor) which have the most peekoolyar feendish expreshuns.

Undoubtedly you have heard of the terrific shellacing our Station Basketball team underwent on their Liason tour of the U. S. A. Much better they should have sent "B" Flight with the indomitable Flight Commander "Legs and Arms" Clark, who loves to "baish in haidis" and then feel Oh So-o-o Sor-r-y. However the "Volunteer Basketball League carried on by F/O "Simon Legree" Box is not a bad idea for it lets the Aircrew know that they need instruction at something else besides flying.

A straw has been clutched by drowning men, as we welcome our new instructors F/L MacLean and P/O Raymond. Their help is sorely needed both financially and morally. (Financially meaning Knock rummy and morally meaning More Cokes).

The "Stork Club" which heretofore has been so ably patronized by this flight still has some unfinished business to attend to in the near future, so near in fact that F/O McLeish has seen fit to retire to the station hospital for a short rest before the second "Blitz Kreig" arrives about April.

Strictly Advertising — Our W.D. time-keeper, who wonders why she can't wear two unpaid hooks if she isn't costing the Government anymore, would simply love to meet our new "boys" and get the "gen" from them on living conditions in Australia.

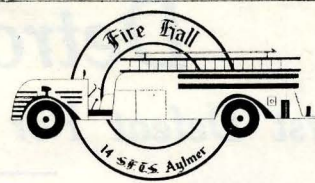
We are lodging a complaint to the effect that we can't understand why S/L's not over the age of 45 should be exempt from P.T. (Note Squadron Comm.)

And so with a cheery adieu from "B" Flight we take our leave wishing for Bigger, Better, Brighter, Longer and Wider weather checks.

Writ by hand,
In the year of our war 1943.



Hurrah, Hurree, Hurroo, Hurrum "C" Flight has a new supreme Flight Commander. Yes you guessed it, F/L Reid has had to take a step down to make way for his new boss, one David Evans Reid (born Jan. 10th). Congratulations to you Sir, and Mrs. Reid.



The Smoke Eaters of No. 14, S.F.T.S.

The long awaited has come true, for the fire fighters of the R.C.A.F. The first draft of fire fighters for overseas service was effective 11-1-43. What a turmoil there was in the fire hall that day; Cpl. Foster, Cpl. Gough, LAC. Davis, LAC. Boule, LAC. Dawson and LAC. McIntosh all posted. Cpl. Foster and Cpl. Gough will be sadly missed at Headquarters.

We already hear that our honorary fire fighter, Red Moffat, is looking for a posting overseas and as for the blonde civilian at Central Registry, we think she should join and go along with LAW. Moffat.

We heard church bells for LAC. Dawson while he was on embarkation leave.

Our Wee Irish friend, Willie McIntosh, is on his way to dear old Belfast, where he was born. It's okay Willie, if you can get the chickens and pigs out of the parlor.

How we'll miss that Western boy, Davis. He won't be punching cattle over there, and Boule will finally get over to his little C.W. A.C. Best of luck boys and we hope that we meet you over there in the near future.

The moans and groans that were heard from the boys left behind in the firehall were terrific. Never mind Flight, there will be a draft for Senior N.C.O.'s yet.

When our blonde headed kids Charlton and McGibbons go to R. 1. they will also have lots of time to think of postings across the pond.

The hall sure is empty with the postings and old Butler and Young in the hospital and Mort in Trenton. Step on it and get back boys, we sure need you.

We are glad to have this opportunity to thank the six P or O's who are helping us out. They surely are a good bunch of boys.

Personnel are all marvelling at the new station alarm system. Come in and see our Wall Street ticker tape coming across the wires. es.

All that howls around "C" Flight is not Harvards.

Welcome to the Flight, P/O Hyder. We are sorry that Harvard 2507 lead you astray. Hope the M.O. lets you out soon, we need your help badly (night flying has started).

LAC. MacCahill, the whole flight sympathizes with you being stuck over there in T.T.S. Let's see you back soon.

Congratulations to P/O Don Ryan for the long awaited commission, may the wings become wider and more plentiful. We understand this promotion will not diminish your volume on the 'Inter-com' or should we say, Holler-com.

"C" Flight's ace basketball player P/O Reid over exercised the other day and twisted an ankle. Could it be that night flying was about to start?

The great "snore-ous" Campbell, the only man that sleeps in "full-time" has been keeping up to his usual standard. No he isn't, he is improving.

Detroit Invasion Repulsed 47-17

First Defeat For Aylmer "Gremlins"

SAD STORY

After five successive wins, the "Gremlins" of No. 14 S.F.T.S. invaded the State of Michigan only to meet defeat twice at the hands of the powerful University of Detroit quintet and the equally high-scoring Lawrence Institute of Technology team, both among the top ranking aggregations of the State.

Titans Tough Crew

A 47-17 setback at the hands of the U. of D. "Titans" knocked the locals from the unbeaten class. In the first half of this contest the Titans ran up an 18-7 advantage and then following the intermission, Detroit started a scoring spree that the Gremlins were never able to match. The closest the Gremlins came to closing the gap was early in the second half when the score was 22-11, but frequent substitution by the Titans and lack of substitutes by the Gremlins proved the main weakness in the downfall of the latter. Capt. Art Stolkey and 6'7" centre, Lee Knorek, were high scorers for Detroit with nine points each, while centre Frank Wansbrough hit the hoop for eight points to lead the "Canucks." The final score of the game does not indicate the true trend of the contest, as the Gremlins until the Titans started their wild scoring spurge, were in the battle all the way. Inability to cash in on shots under the hoop while their opponents clicked from every spot on the floor gave Detroit its big advantage. The fact that Elmer McLeod, outstanding mainstay of the R.C.A.F. five saw little or no action in the game because of a badly sprained ankle did the Aylmer cause no good. McLeod, within the first five minutes of the game, went up for a rebound and sprained his ankle in the melee that followed and as a result was unable to continue play against the Titans and did not even dress for the second game the following night. Absence from the line-up of elongated Bill Taylor and smooth-working Keith Black, both on annual leave, also aided the Detroit cause.

R. C. A. F.

Reid, f	1	0	2
Duck, f	2	0	4
Wansbrough, c	4	0	8
McLeod, g	0	0	0
Wiseman, g	0	0	0
Martin, f	0	0	0
Fletcher, g	1	1	3
Tolfree, f	0	0	0
Totals	8	1	17

U. of D.

Mader, f	1	0	2
Stolkey, f	1	1	9
Knorek, c	4	1	9
Quinn, g	1	1	3
Kelly, g	0	0	0
Ward, f	3	0	6
Cavanaugh, f	0	1	1
Kemens, f	3	1	7
Wright, f	0	0	0
Mokeski, c	0	0	0
Schrieber, g	2	0	4
Bunnell, g	0	0	0
Delaney, g	1	0	2
Potts, g	2	0	4
Totals	20	7	47

Half-time Score; U. of D.—18; R.C.A.F.—7.

Officials: Leadbetter and Neville.

The "Gremlins" suffered their second defeat the following night by dropping a 76-42 decision to the

rangy, high-scoring Lawrence Institute of Technology team. It was the "Blue Devils" ninth victory in ten starts.

Jumping into a commanding 10-1 lead in the opening minutes of the first half, the Blue Devils saw their lead fade and almost disappear as the Aylmer club struggled doggedly to overcome lack of height as well as lack of substitutes and came back to erase this lead and trail by one point, 16-15 at the end of the first quarter. However Tech. turned on the heat again and by half time led 32-19. Throwing in a complete new team the Blue Devils continued on to their lopsided win as Chet Gabriel the Blue Devils 6'8" centre kept up his average by tossing in 15 points and Ashley Glenn, forward hooped 13 to follow his teammate in the scoring column. Al Reid, flashy Aylmer forward led the Gremlin attack with six baskets for twelve markers. An oddity of the game was the fact that Frank Wansbrough, the Gremlin centre and a former Lawrence Tech player was charged with six personal fouls but stayed in the game at the insistence of the Lawrence Tech team. He tallied nine points while vainly trying to hang onto the giant Gabriel, Detroit's top individual scoring star.

"Ticky" Duck with eight points to his credit played his best game of the season for the visiting R.C.A.F. club, as he piled in for rebounds under both hoops and was instrumental in scoring several other hoops on some nice passing plays. Tommy Martin more than held up his share in a substitute role as he threw in six markers for the Gremlins.

While the Lawrence quintet reportedly one of the highest scoring outfits in the States had too much power for the small Aylmer five, still lack of substitution again played the major role in the huge difference in the count between the two clubs. Tech. used 10 players to 7 for the Gremlins.

The manner in which the visiting Aylmer team was received by the Detroit crowds at the two contests, was a tribute to the sportsmanship of that city and of the two opposing schools, the University of Detroit and Lawrence Institute of Technology. The Gremlin players even in their rather pitiful attempt to match the opposing fives were cheered on repeatedly by the Detroit fans.

R.C.A.F.

Reid, f	6	0	12
Duck, f	3	2	8
Wansbrough, c	4	1	9
Wiseman, g	0	4	4
Fletcher, g	1	1	3
Martin, g	3	0	6
Tolfree, f	0	0	0
Totals	17	8	42

Lawrence Tech.

Hankins, f	3	1	7
Campbell, f	3	0	6
Oberstein, f	0	0	0
Appleblatt, f	6	0	12
Sturmer, f	1	1	3
Gabriel, c	7	1	15
Glenn, g	6	1	13
Jone, g	3	1	7
Keisling, g	0	0	0
Grable, g	2	5	9
Potts, g	2	0	4
Totals	33	10	78

Score at half; Lawrence — 32; R.C.A.F.—19.

Officials—Leadbetter and Stemmen.

Aylmer Five Whips Fingal

Paced by Taylor, their elongated centre, the Gremlins added another victory to their string of wins in the St. Thomas and District Basketball League on January 7th, by downing the Fingal Bombers in a ragged game played before a fair sized crowd at the B. & G. School by a 35-24 count. It was the second meeting of the season for these two clubs and the second win for the Gremlins.

Neither team had seen action since before the Christmas season and as a result the play was very sloppy, as both teams showed the lack of practice. The Bombers recently lost some of their better players by postings and as a result were not the same strong club that gave the Gremlins such a good opening game. By half time the Aylmer five held an advantage of 23-11.

Although the Gremlins won easily, it was one of the Bombers who stole the scoring spotlight as he tossed up long shots that swished through the hoop with monotonous regularity. Scoring all but one basket from the seventeen foot line, Nixon, the Bomber left forward, wound up with a grand total of sixteen points, while Taylor with 12 and Wansbrough with ten were the best that the Aylmer club could offer. Duck again showed up very well in the Aylmer cause and it looks like the former Windsor High School flash has finally found his eye.

Bowling League Standings

Group No. 1:

	P	W	L	T	P
G. I. S.	30	20	10	7	27
Metal Shop	30	19	11	7	26
Works & Bldgs.	27	13	14	4	17
Maintenance	27	10	17	4	14
Officers	30	10	20	2	12

Group No. 2:

Headquarters	30	24	6	8	32
Service Police	30	16	14	7	23
R. 1.	30	11	19	4	15
Equipment	27	11	16	2	13
Firehall	27	10	17	3	13
High Single—					
Rogers, Metal Shop					326
High Triple—					
Hilts, Headquarters					754

Metal Shop Scraps

Hello Again! Well here we are, all back on the job again after a very enjoyable holiday, during which I am told, (and I do mean told!) there were absolutely no priorities on "Good Cheer!" Oh well, it only comes once a year, that give us some three hundred odd days to recuperate.

We, of the Metal Shop, who pride ourselves on being amateur metallurgists, were very much interested of late in a very graphic example of metal elasticity. It seems that a certain eleven passenger bus which plies to and fro in this vicinity has been known (but often) to have a seating capacity of at least twenty-five persons. What we want to know is; does the bus actually expand to accommodate the excess tonnage or is it that we are the victims of "Cattle-car Com-

Works and Buildings

Here we are again with our meagre contribution to the Airman, sincerely hoping that the New Year will bring good luck and promotions to everyone.

Old Man Winter seems to enjoy causing havoc with our tractor operators. The boys no sooner "hit the hay" after an all night session of snow plowing than Flight Cookman arouses them to start at it again. Ata Boy Cookie, "Keep 'em Flying."

Flight Little is also having his troubles over the hauling of coal since the Barber Green broke down, but the Tarmac men do a swell job of shovelling until someone in the Control Tower withdraws them.

Two new Foremen of Works recently arrived in this section. They are Flight/Sgt. Beaupre, of Quebec and Cpl. Arnold, of Hamilton.

F/Sgt. Demone has recovered from the injuries he received in an automobile accident some weeks ago and we are glad to have him back with us.

Our congratulations to Bill Turnbull on obtaining his third hook. Now perhaps we might get our own office painted.

Our stenographer has been wondering how long they will keep a certain Air Force Officer in Egypt since he has won the D.F.C. Keep hoping Alice, that day isn't so far off.

We hope to have some news soon about R. 2 at Tillsonburg. Some of the grading has been finished and it looks as though there will be a building program within the next month or so. The new station is about eight miles north of Tillsonburg on Highway No. 19, even more isolated than No. 14. Anyone wanting posting should apply immediately.

We hope for a speedy recovery by Cpl. Moore, who is at present in hospital.

Ernie Coombe, our carpenter foreman has left us to work in Brantford. Ernie has been employed here for over two years and we wish him the best of luck in his new location.

Incidentally not only do we travel "en-masse," the schedule is lousy too. Come! Come! Are we men or midgets?

However, back to the brighter side; Sgt. Koleada convulsed the shop with a rather humorous tale t'other day. It seems that the Sergeant and his "better half" were returning by train after having visited friends in a nearby city. While Mrs. Koleada rested "in the arms of Morpheus," an elderly gentleman across the aisle leaned over to Sgt. Koleada, inquired: "Pardon me, but is that your Grand-daughter?" What did you do on your leave Mike, grow a beard?

By the way, Cpl. Savage, what do you keep in that little black book, or is it a military secret?

Speaking of groupings, several of the fellows from the shop are to be congratulated. They are Kit Rogers, Ray Nelson, Tommy Robinson, Gor Anjo, Joe Hoey and last, but not least, our own little Allan Stone.

"To err is human, to forgive divine," and if you think we don't all make mistakes, just ask Eves or Robinson. "Shucks," said Tommy, "I didn't want the darn 24 anyway!"