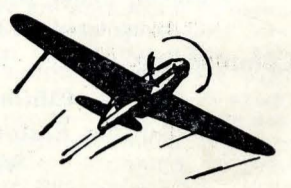
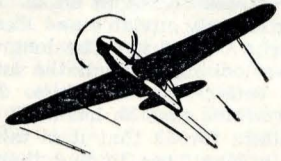


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THE AYLMER AIRMAN



VOL. 2, No. 8

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

FEBRUARY 19th, 1943

Who's Who at Number 14



SQUADRON LEADER
C. L. GABBETT

This month we introduce an officer who is considered one of the best friends of every officer and airman on the Station, our Senior Accountant Officer, Squadron Leader C. L. Gabbett. Twice a month, without fail, he appears on parade with a bag full of Bank of Canada notes, which he distributes with great care to each and every one on parade. His parades are by far the most popular and best attended of any held on the Station, not even excluding the mess parades. Then many times during the interval between his parades, many an airman, and sometimes an officer, makes his way to his office with a long story, sometimes good and sometimes otherwise, as to why he should get an advance, and no one has ever been known to go away disappointed.

Cyril Lancelot Gabbett was born at Chatham, England, of Irish parents, on the 14th day of March, 1898. He spent most of his boyhood days in Ireland and attended school in Dublin, graduating from Trinity College, Dublin, in 1916.

His first job was with the Bank of Ireland in Dublin where he was cashier from 1916 to 1926.

A Wealth of Experience

On the 17th day of March, 1924, he was married to Miss Nora Gertrude Mann at Portstewart, County Derry, Ireland. Thus having added to his responsibilities and having learned that two could not live as cheaply as one, he began to look around for greater opportunities, and as far away fields always look greener, he chose Toronto, the Queen City of Ontario, the banner province of this Great Dominion. There he found the opportunities that he was looking for and obtained a position with Lyman Bros., Wholesale Druggists, and Dalton Bros., Manufacturers, where he had charge of Factory Costs, Production, Equipment and Inventory

Maintenance. In 1938 he purchased an interest in Specialty Manufacturers and was a partner and Manager until his appointment to a commission in the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Joins R. C. A. F.

On the 28th of February, 1940, he was appointed to the Non-Flying List, Equipment Branch and reported to Technical Training School on the 4th of March. After completing training at St. Thomas he was posted to R.C.A.F. Station, Dartmouth, N.S., on the 27th April 1940, and to Headquarters, Eastern Air Command on the 1st December, 1940. While at Eastern Air Command he visited nearly all the Stations in the Command, while on various duties. The censors will not permit us to name the Stations. During this time he was transferred from the Equipment Branch to the Accounts Branch when the Accounts Branch of the Non-Flying list Officers was first organized. His ability as an accountant and auditor was soon recognized and on the 15th day May, 1941, Flying Officer Gabbett was promoted to the rank of Flight Lieutenant, and on the first of January, 1942, to Squadron Leader.

In the service career of every officer there is always one outstanding event. In that of Squadron Leader Gabbett, the date, 25th May, 1942, was a real red letter day, he was posted to No. 14 S. F. T. S. at Aylmer. Since then he has become very popular with all ranks and has filled the position of Senior Accountant Officer to the satisfaction of all concerned; so if you any financial troubles, anything from a small advance of pay, to filling out your income tax papers, don't go to the Chaplain, he's broke too, come to the Accounts Section and Squadron Leader Gabbett or one of his staff will be at your service.

G. I. S. Gossip

Since taking over the duties of Chief Ground Instructor, F/L Trott has been very much "on the job." From early morning till late at night this human dynamo has been dispatching painters, carpenters, and interior decorators until the Ground School is well on its way towards having its face lifted.

Congratulations to Sergeant-Major, Dutrizac. Nice going Vic! Also to an ex-member of G. I. S. staff "Bud" Philp, who is sporting a brand new crown over the three hooks.

The photo section lost an active personality since LAC. Wansbrough "The Pepsi Kid," was posted to a course at Rockcliffe.

The bowling quintet of G. I. S. has suffered a slump lately but is still in there pitching. When the finals are reached we hope to be again in our stride.

To the Aussies!

The term "Aussie" is a familiar one to Canadians. Our soldiers, returning from the last war brought back innumerable stories of their fierce fighting qualities, their happy-go-lucky acceptance of dirt and death and the ladies of Paris. Canadians have always had respect for their own fighting qualities, and feel for the Aussies the brotherhood of men who have fought and caroused together.

In this war the Canadian armies have been forced to stay idle in Britain; the Aussies have won fame in the magnificent victories of the Battle of Egypt. In Canada, and especially on this Station, Canadians feel proud to share in the training of fighting men so widely respected throughout the world.

Today as Yesterday

The last war proved that within the British Commonwealth of Nations we have what the world has so long sought—a group of Nations bonded together by their common respect for freedom, decency, and the principle that no man is another's slave. The present war has proved again that when any man or nation arises to challenge our commonly-held principles we rise together—probably a little slowly, but with gathering force and determination—to maintain our way of life.

You Aussies reading Canadian newspapers, may have noted what almost, at times, amounts to a blood feud between Eastern Canada and Western Canada or French Canada and English Canada. It is quite often the case amongst people even in different provinces of the same country, that small differences in religion, social customs and temperament give rise to minor irritations. The Western Canadian looks upon the Eastern Canadian as a conservative, mean, money-grubber. The Eastern Canadian looks upon the man from the Prairie as a rough, outspoken windbag, utterly lacking in social graces. How much more so, then, must these things be true of your attitude to us, coming 3,000 miles from bathing in the warm surf of the eastern Australian seaboard to the frozen wastes of Canada. Reassurances from Canadians that we do have a summer when flowers bloom and grasses grow must smack at times, of nothing more than propaganda from the national tourist bureau.

It's a Hard Job

To become a pilot is not easy for the average man. Most of us have spent our days with our feet solidly planted on Mother Earth, and we do not feel at all happy floating around in thin air. To learn to fly with ease, a man must feel physically fit and at peace in his mind. Coming to Canada, you are at a disadvantage; our food is different, and naturally your stomachs rebel; unlike Canadians, you cannot get

the rest and relaxation that comes from spending leaves with your families and your friends; you shiver and curse at our frigid climate; at times you must have a feeling of genuine exasperation at the foreigner in the back seat of a Harvard, who speaks with such an outlandish accent, and mixes up his a's and i's. As most flying instructors realize, understanding instructions through a Harvard "intercom" is not a simple matter—how much more difficult it must be for you.

We have respected you in the past for reports of your valour in battle, but now we have come to know you more intimately, admire and respect you more than ever. We respect you for your easy-going adaptability in strange surroundings. Your keenness as student pilots. We like you for your sense of humour and your sense of fun. We respect you for the way you take your disappointments. We like your song "Waltzing Matilda."

So if you get a feeling that Australia would be a swell place to be so don't forget, your amongst friends up here.

Our Poor Poor Instructors

Not a day goes by that we don't surprise
A group of really remarkable guys,
Who would like to praise us to the skies
For the things we ought to do—but don't.

When the snow on the grass is three feet deep,
And the guy at the controls is half asleep,
And the tail goes up and the nose goes deep,
The instructors all begin to weep
And gnash their teeth because they've failed.

You can't expect a bunch of dopes,
Who're as green as grass, to know the ropes.
Especially when you've got to pick
Your way through a skull that's two inches thick.

Camp Borden isn't so far away,
But flying alone on a misty day,
It's like a needle in the hay.
So why blame us when we lose our way
And land at Dunnville?

So, this is a warning loud and clear,
To any instructor who'll lend an ear.
If the price of your health is not very dear,
And you want to be grey in less than a year—
Come on over to "D" flight!!!

Signed
P/O Willie Washout.

The Aylmer Airman

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Y.M.C.A.

- SATURDAY, Feb. 20th**
 "YANK IN THE R.A.F."
 Starring Tyrone Power and Betty Grable
- TUESDAY, Feb. 23rd**
 "THIS ABOVE ALL"
 Starring Tyrone Power and Joan Fontaine
- THURSDAY, Feb. 25th**
 "SWEETHEART OF THE FLEET"
 Comedy, starring Jinx Falkenburg, Joan Davis and Joan Woodbury
- SATURDAY, Feb. 27th**
 "HENRY AND DIZZY"
 Starring Jimmy Lydon, Mary Anderson, John Littel and Vaughan Glaser
- TUESDAY, March 2nd**
 "SILVER QUEEN"
 Starring George Brent and Priscilla Lane
- SATURDAY, March 6th**
 "TORPEDO BOAT"
 Starring Richard Arlen, Jean Parker, Phillip Terry, Mary Carlisle and Dick Purcel
- TUESDAY, March 9th**
 "YOUNG & WILLING"
 Starring William Holden, Robert Benchley and Susan Hayward
- SATURDAY, March 13th**
 "WAKE ISLAND"
 Starring Brian Donlevy, Robert Present and MacDonald Carey
- TUESDAY, March 16th**
 "TO BE OR NOT TO BE"
 Starring Jack Benny and Carole Lombard

Post Office

The Postman seems to all of us the most entirely enviable and likeable creature there is. The longer he pauses looking through the letters the better we like him. It probably means that he has such a lot of letters for us that it is taking him a long time to find them all, and of course the more letters there are the more joy there must be.

That is the miracle with the Post Man, he brings bad news, good news and indifferent news but we can only remember him by the good news. Like the sundial he records only the sunny hours. He is the hope that springs eternal in human breasts. He greets us probably with a handful of bills and other things that we would be pleased to do without, but nothing affects our faith in him. If he misses us we are grateful that he has not brought us ill news. We suspect that something pleasant has unaccountably gone askew. When we have ceased to want to hear the Postman's cheery greeting we may conclude that we have seen the best of the day and that the demon of disillusion has us in its thrall.

Things We Wonder About

We wonder why LAW. Bruneau is so anxious to spend all her 48's down in a little suburb of Toronto. Could be that man again.

We wonder why LAW. Thibault writes so many letters to a certain Maritime Province. Could be an Aussie—and we know it is.

We wonder why LAW. Ellis' thoughts wander down in the direction of Ottawa so much. Could be a certain Sgt. at a certain little town near there.

We wonder why Pte. Church likes to work on a certain wicket. Oh we forgot to tell you it is the W.D. wicket.

We wonder what is the secret of Cpl. Clarkson's success. He gets more mail than any other two men in camp.

We wonder if Sgt. Booth actually knows how many Postal Clerks he has at one time. Never mind Sgt., there will be postings some of these days.

We wonder why LAW. Sullivan flashes that very lovely smile when she gets mail from a certain place.

We wonder where LAW. Brownlee was a certain night in the second week of February. If you are not good we will tell, Brownie.

We wonder why Cpl. Lee is so anxious to get that overseas posting? It would be a very lovely trip and besides she might meet an old friend over there. Who knows?

We wonder why Sgt. Wood likes to go to Windsor. Is it the wine, women or song? Sometimes we wonder.

C.O.'s Corner

Owing to an extension of two weeks for Course 67 we are unable to extend our congratulations to the graduating class. We will however extend our apologies to the class for not getting them completed on time. It is unfortunate but understandable. Weather such as we have had during the past two months is not the usual thing for this part of the world.

With hard work on your part and by your instructors you will leave on your new date with flying colors.

—G. N. IRWIN,
 Group Captain

During the past two months there has been a terrific rush to try and put in flying time. The combination of bad weather, extra work for the instructors and loss of forty-eights has probably got every one fairly well "browned off."

There is one thought that must remain in every mind at times like this. There is a war on and we are determined to see that we are on the right side when it is over. Things go along pretty smoothly as a rule but, when we do find the odd period of being short handed in the instructor staff and courses are well behind schedule, we can still buckle down and keep 'em rolling just the same. That is the spirit of No. 14.

Y.W.C.A. News

Thermos bottles of hot tea for Airwomen with the snuffles, have shuttled back and forth from the Hostess House to the barrack blocks ever since that miserable ground hog got a glimpse of his shadow and decided to "ho'le-in" for another six weeks. What with the blizzarding of the temperamental elements and the blitz put on by a whole squadron of flu germs, the hostesses at the little house that bears the sign of the blue triangle have wondered if they better take a V.A.D. refresher course and dispense mustard plasters and gargles instead of toasted cheese sandwiches and coffee. By-the-way we would remind those who borrow our thermos bottles, that they are not let out on a lease-lend basis. If they remain away for a couple of weeks at a time, and we have to get several of the W.D.'s to round them up, it simply means that some of their fellow Airwomen have to go without the comfort of a hot drink when they need it most.

It is the variety of requests that come to the "Y" hostess that keep her from going stale on the job. The newest one was from a certain sergeant who wants to send his mother a birthday box. Not knowing her size that would enable him to send her the more personal gift, he finely compromised on towels. But though they were particularly nice towels, they seemed to lack the expression of his affection which he wished the gift to convey.

"If I could only get something worked on the towels that meant something to her," he confided to the hostess.

"You could have her initials put on in a scroll stitch," was suggested. Then a smile reminiscent of boyhood days gradually lighted his face.

"Could you possibly work MOM on the borders?" he asked.

We thought we could and we have. Presently a box of bath towels bearing that affectionate appellation will be wending its way to a little home in the west. What if we did have to burn the midnight Hydro to get them done in time, it was a change from sewing on

buttons, stripes and wings, and somehow it gave us almost as much satisfaction.

Before we use up all the space the editor allots to this feature of station activities, we want to put in a word for the Glee Club. It has been meeting at the Hostess House every Monday night for the past month. We feel that the attendance would be trebled if those of the personnel who are interested in music and love to sing, realized what a splendid opportunity to indulge or increase this interest the Glee Club affords. More women's voices are needed, both soprano and alto and they do not have to be trained ones. Let us see if we cannot build up a strong choral unit that will be available for both church services or station entertainments.



THE DAILY LIFE OF A REFUELLING TENDER

The daily life of a refuelling tender and its driver begins at 0745 hours. The first step to be taken by the driver is the Daily Inspection of said vehicle. This usually takes from fifteen minutes to a half hour depending on how many others are ahead of one in the possession of the necessary equipment to carry out a D.I. as it is known to all and sundry. Upon completion of the D.I. the tender is then taken to the Gas Section (after this Section has called up for the tenders at least three times), where it is filled with gasoline; driver issued with a gasoline daily issue sheet and several new instructions regarding the issuing of gasoline.

Driver carries on to the hangar detailed to him, where he waits until the aircraft begin to come in. At first they come back slowly, one by one. Then, as the gasoline supply becomes less, dozens of aircraft

appear from nowhere. Driver is momentarily stunned at the sight but carries on valiantly until the supply of gasoline disappears completely. This usually happens in the midst of refuelling an aircraft wanted immediately, leaving both tanks partially filled. The driver leaves to refuel the tender, causing many headaches and "kind" thoughts to arise in the minds of the powers-that-be in the flights. After a delay of at least five hours, during which the slow tedious process of refuelling has taken place, the tender returns and everybody is happy. That is, nearly everybody is happy, with a few exceptions, those who have had to wait until their aircraft could be filled, losing many precious moments of flying time.

Then there are the occasions (very rare, of course) when one of the tenders is made unserviceable due to a mechanical defect of some sort. This usually brings a storm of protest from the other drivers and their flights. When such an occurrence takes place, a form of hysteria known as Gastruckitis arises. Driver of another tender is hastily summoned to the stricken flight, from where he is brought back to his own hangar in double-quick time in order to refuel two or three aircraft which managed to sneak in behind him as he departed for the other hangar.

During the course of a heavy flying day, the gasoline supply vanishes two or three times in rapid succession. By strange coincidence, the remaining tender or tenders as the case may be, also run out of gas leaving the 'drome in an uproar. Peace is restored upon the return of a solitary tender.

All For a Quarter of a Cent Metal Shop Scraps Works and Buildings

(By Sammy "Booster" Mantle)

Solomon evidently never heard of Knock Rummy, because he said there were only two things he didn't understand—one had to do with a serpent upon a rock—and the other was concerning a man and a maid. Knock Rummy would have made it three things old Solomon didn't comprehend.

There doesn't seem to be any excuse for the game—nobody knows how, when, or why it came into being—but, I've got a sneaking suspicion that certain officers at 14 S.F.T.S. had something to do with it—to mention names would be betraying a military secret—and its bad manners to point.

It's a game of skill. It requires about the same amount of skill as falling off a chair backwards. Eleven is the given number of cards dealt to each player—if you can count up to eleven, you're in. I don't know why I play, I guess its because I can "knock"—and still be a "booster" (sounds like Padre Smythe.)

Four people usually sit in at a game—three of them play at a time—the fourth one just comes along for the ride. The dealer sits out on his deal each time—sit isn't exactly the word for it—he usually makes it his business to "help" the other three, by looking at their hands—giving them advice—occasionally ordering their I.P.A.—or turning the Radio on to the Happy Gang—that helps them to forget the cards that have been played.

Gangster Names

There are several types of players e.g.—There's Five Thumbs Harry—Wise Guy Gordie—Close to the chest, Freddie—Hoper Picker Lou—Commuter Archie—Whiner Sam—and the Bewildered Visitor.

The guy with Five Thumbs—our amazing Harry—usually has two prospective players under each thumb—he has his cards arranged so that each one faces a different quadrantal point of the compass—and then some—each direction is supposed to denote possible or probable "player"—or an A No. 1. Stinker—to look at his hand you'd think he was holding two full decks.

Cheating Ain't Fair

Then there's the Wise Guy—or Peeping Tom—he usually manages accidentally to draw two cards off the top—so he gets a look at his own card—and the one you're going to get. Towards the end of the deck—he invariably "drops" his cigarette ash on the table—and in blowing it off, HE ACCIDENTALLY uncovers the other three piles—for which he apologizes, most profusely.

Now comes "Close to the chest Freddie" the "Scupperer." His motto is—"Never kick a man when he is down, just jump on him with both feet. He waits until you pick up a player on his hand, and knock—then he discards the next card to it and you are left with a score that looks like your regimental number!—a friendly sort of chap!

Then comes "Hoper Picker Lou," the optimist. He has a Queen in his hand—so he picks up the king you wanted—puts them together—and hopes for a jack—that gives the king you are holding as much chance of playing, as King Victor Immanuel!

Now you have commuter Archie Always Rushing Away,—the guy who lives off the station—he can only play until 6 o'clock P.M. not A.M.—he invariably wins the deal—after he has run it up to a quadruple and caught two of the guys flat-footed—the phone rings—it's wifey calling—come home right

away—the potato salad is getting cold! His exit isn't exactly warmly received!

Next we have with us Whining Sam—the losing man—his luck is always bad—never had such cards—night after night—he usually manages to "Scupper" the rest on a quintuple and upon doing so he grabs the pencil so fast to add up the score—stabs himself with it—and thereby has a good excuse to quit before you can get even!

Beginners Luck, Oh Yeah!

Last but not least—we come to the "Bewildered Visitor" or fall guy!—He just wants to get acquainted—he's lonely.—It doesn't take him long to get to know the fellows—but by the time he gets acquainted with the Mess rules governing knock rummy, which are as complicated and flexible as K.R. Air—he is minus his temporary duty pay—and it is time to go to bed.

And now comes the pay-off calculating the final score!—This is really the best part of the game—You arrive at the final score by a simple process of subtraction, addition, multiplication—and Algebra. First you subtract the smallest number—then you multiply by four—then divide by four—then take away the number you first thought of—and there you have the answer! Just as simple as all that!

The stakes are a quarter of a cent a point—we'll say for instance you have a score of one hundred on the sheet—you just say to yourself—that's twenty cents—I'm down—but, you'd be amazed at what happens to that twenty-five cents after the above formula gets through with it.—I don't know how it works out—but it comes out right every time—for some people!—

Oh well—as George always says—Unlucky at cards—lucky in love!!!



"F" Flight scores again—That is the knell which keeps ringing in everyone's ears as a glance out the window discloses in the far distance a Harvard in a position in which it should not be—especially on the ground. So quickly our stalwart ground crew—supplemented by a few hangers-on from Maintenance mount our trusty Fordson and away to do that duty in which they have had so much practice—many times running a photo finish with the big red truck which hangs out at the control tower.

The Juke Box thunders, "Hello "F" Flight—Who is in A/C No. 3214? (which incidentally is an E Flight A/C) and some instructor wails "My Student." Whereupon he immediately becomes the brunt of such jibes as—"Is that a new way to land or is that the inverted approach and Landing?" "Who checked him out?" "Like Instructor like Pupil," etc.

As night flying progresses everyone is developing cats eyes and seeing the runway right under their wheels when if they only thought a minute they would know it was twenty feet down. So—bang, crash, crunch, and another Harvard goes U. S.

Dear Sirs:—

It is my regret to inform you that the jar of Miracle Salve you sent me has had little or no effect on my upper lip. I am still obliged to shave same every two weeks, at which time I usually proceed home on a 48 hours pass. Unless satisfaction is received I will have to abandon the project.

Signed—(Sgt. S. J. H.)

We might suggest skipping one 48 Steve, maybe four weeks would give you time enough to make that "cookie-duster" resemble something besides the neighbor's victory garden. Although the above epistle is strictly a product of your reporter's imagination, it is based on fact never-the-less. Nor is he alone in attempting to adorn the upper lip, Joe Hooey and Vern Smith are also cutting down on the use of razor blades. (I should talk.)

Perhaps, some of you will remember our article some months back, on Tailspin, the Station's pet canine. You will remember the pups were born under the Metal Shop and the diligent "worm-like" endeavors on the part of Sgt. Locke in retrieving the Young'uns. This time, however, she has chosen the Link Trainer building, and we doubt if even Sgt. Locke could remove the pups through the tiny aperture she chose to enter.

The "Scoop of the Month" deals with none other than Kit Rogers, who, we are told, leaves this weekend on a 14 day furlough. And what for, you ask? Why to get married no less! Nice going Kit. Despite the merciless ribbing being dished out, we all congratulate you and wish you lots of luck.

Our latest sport news has to do with bowling. It seems we have finally reached the peak—first place—but to stay there, that's the problem. If this past week's game with Maintenance is any indication we'll be coming down a game, but fast! It's do or die now fellows and most of all stay out of the canteen on Wednesday nights. (Sgt. Hardy, Note).

This just about winds up this scandal for another month except to say, that is you're planning on going anywhere on your next 48, don't go to Detroit. Look what happened to LAC. Stone.

"Gremlin Pete"

This is the story of Gremlin Pete, With pointed shoes upon his feet, He uses them, for such queer things, As punching holes in Harvard wings.

Now I'll mention Widget Bill Who never ever can stand still He runs and jumps and skips and plays While thinking of mischief for future days.

Next is Flipperty-gibbet Sal Who really hasn't a single pal Because she takes an intense delight In dancing on the gyro late at night.

And last is Finfinella Grace With a look of joy upon her face. For she knows quite well as she sips the gas. That a real forced landing is coming to pass.

So take good heed of what I tell, Watch yourself or you'll go to H/;—

Here we are once again to make our appearance in the Aylmer Airman, even though our office has been all upside down in the past two weeks. After working in every other section on the station we are gradually getting some of our own walls painted. Beginning to look pretty nice too.

We have lost one of our old originals in the person of LAC. Stan Cheyne, who has been posted to Gander. Good Luck, Stan, and we know that there won't be any more snow there than there has been here during the past month. Congratulations to Sgt. Lauzon who is now called "Flight."

Cheerio Mike

There is weeping and wailing in the section since we have lost our "Big Boss," P/O Hogarth, who has been transferred to Trenton to carry on with his Admin. Course. Good luck, Sir. As "Mike" says after the last big snowstorm, whatever would we have done without that "Latrino."

One new arrival—Welcome, Cpl. Arnold, who, by the way, is unmarried and a very efficient draughtsman. We may now have some drawings in the Section that even "you" can read.

Flight-Sgt. Cookman has moved his office to the West Garage, north-east corner. What's the matter, Cookie? Were the "Rumbles" getting too heavy?

One Big Turn-over in the Section this month—the Jeep. Result—2 broken ribs. Glad to have you back even though you are all broken up Sir.



Congratulations to our new Flight Commander, F/O Lipsitt, and our new Deputy, F/O Early. Watch ole "E" for "Energetic" flight go, now that we are under new management. (Adv't.)

Our basketball star, wee Willie Taylor, made a miraculous recovery from his illness. In fact he had it timed to perfection. Got back in flying shape the morning the team left for Detroit. Have a good trip, Bill!

"E" Flight welcomes two new instructors. P/O Wismak formerly of "D" Flight and F/O McLeish of "B" Flight.

Our "Washout day darts tournament" got off to a good start with dark horse F/O Early sneaking up from behind to trim our star F/O Lipsitt in the first of the eliminations.

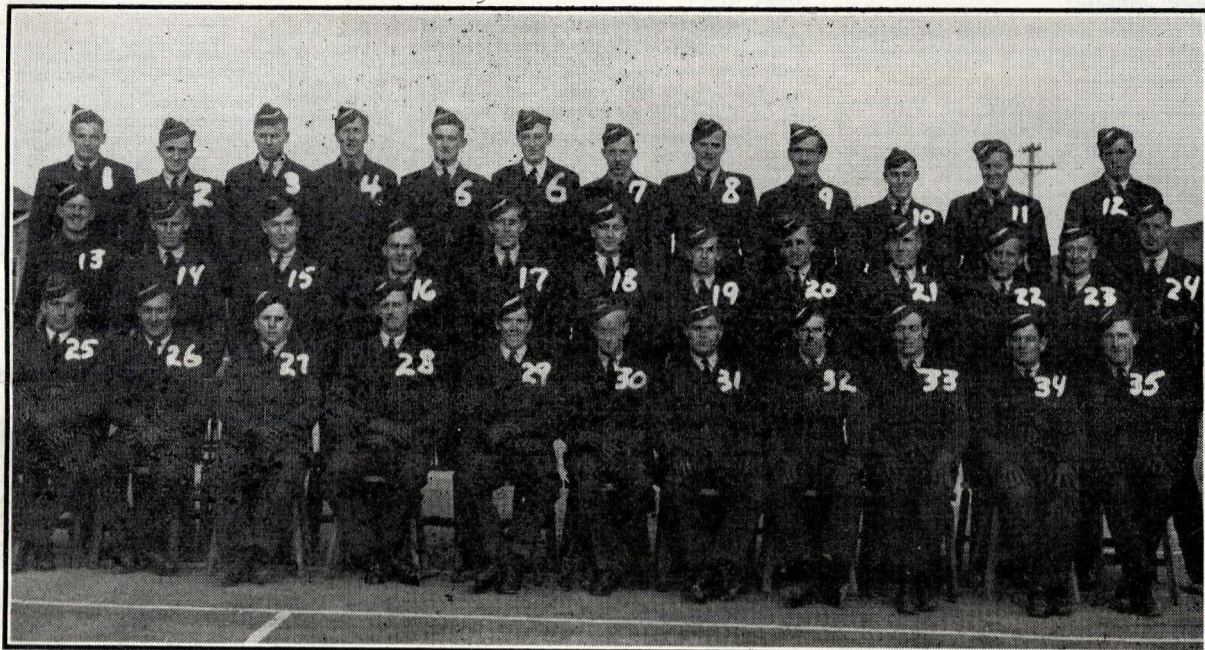
A certain F/O, just posted from this flight, has left, by accident, a bottle of hair restorer with us. How much are we offered?

Our permanent Orderly Officer, P/O Coward, says he's going to feel so lonely for something to do after the 18th he may even ask for a few extra days. (Oh yeah.)

Since F/O Early has decided to take unto himself a spouse, we take this opportunity of expressing our wishes for his matrimonial bliss.

The instructors welcome Course 73 to No. 14. Since we must have pupils, and they seem to be as good as anyone can expect, we may just as well make them feel good about it.

A Number of These Will Graduate



COURSE 67 "Y" GROUP

1, Archer; 2, Burnett; 3, Bunning; 4, Joyce; 5, Kirkland; 6, McCallum; 7, Notley; 8, Owen; 8, Palmer, 10, Peters; 11, Philip; 12, Ross; 13, Sandiland; 14, Syrett; 15, Taylor; 16, Tyrell; 17, Wasson; 18, Wise; 19, Box; 20, Cumming; 21, Doery; 22, Fletcher; 23, Goldie; 24, Gunson; 25, Harris; 6, Houghton; 27, Humphrey; 28, Jackson; 29, Leonard; 30, Manning; 31, Murray; 32, Powell; 33, Pyle; 34, Robinson; 36, Vidler.

Link Trainer

After an absence of several months the scribes of the Link section have banded together and dug up a bit of news.

Realizing that No. 14 is not the only air force station in Canada, it is inevitable that our staff should be constantly changing and during the past months we have taken some diamonds in the rough, made them into polished instructors only to lose them again. But to balance things we have received new instructors with varying degrees of lustre.

With tears in our eyes and a heavy heart we tell of our departed ones. F/O Jim Bennett, one of the "Old Originals" left for Centralia, where he has been promoted to O.C. of Link and by all reports he is doing a splendid job. F/O Verne Davis, who was Educational Officer for a while, is now at I.T.S. Toronto. Verne will be more contented now that he can live once more with his family. F/O Jack Farquharson (The Billiard Shark) has been posted on special duties to Capitol Hill. One of our former instructors, F/O Del Howes has returned from I.T.S. Toronto but is now acting in the capacity of Maintenance Officer and to judge by the smiles on his face we assume that he is happier, "where he is than where he was." Of the N.C.O.'s F/Sgt. Himmelman left last week for the new I.F.S. at Mohawk. Good luck Himmey, show them how we do it at Aylmer.

Sgt. Naylor is now at Dunnville. Al just got married recently and left his wife in Toronto. He should be happier now that he is closer home.

The following N.C.O.'s have now taken up residence here and seem to like it quite well. F/Sgt. Field came all the way from Elementary School at Moosejaw. Sgt. Waymouth from Windsor and Sgt. "Moose" Moszynski from Oshawa.

We had planned on telling the world how the flying instructors are doing in their Link Trainer time but that can wait until next month.

Equipment Section

Flight Lieutenant Morrison we observe has now discarded the Hospital "Staff," we mean we are all pleased to note he is using a cane. Confidence and nature we trust will aid a speedy recovery.

Flying Officer Lanning has mastered "Viscosity."

Our W.O.2 G. S. "Jefferson" Bottrill, sent a message to his Equipment Assistants. He expresses confidence in their ability to perform activities smoothly during his absence. Group appreciates high estimation, and awaits his return of "Happy Days."

Will Hays prohibits sweater girl photos. Expect drill hall to be "No Admittance" while W.D.'s perform calisthenics, streamlined sweaters so we hear.

Some of the boys' wives are far distant, but from boxes of cookies, their women do not forget. How about it Bent and MacLeod?

LAC. Miles seems "miles" in the clouds, especially as the time is drawing nigh for the "Nuptials." We extend from the Group happy felicitations as the splicing will have been accomplished as you read this.

Cpl. Hindle is happy. Her 48 was last week, as she was home to see "Daddy."

LAC. Reed and Smith are now supporting Maintenance. For incoming and outgoing shipments, director Anjo seems happy in his niche.

The Equipment Section is pleased to express the efficient and quiet manner Flight Sergeant Beaupre has in directing his Group.

Cpl. Camplin must have a winning way with the girls. It took him two hours to open valentines received.

Rumour has it a Sergeant may soon wear carpet slippers, avoiding tacks. Possibly of walking baby at 3 a.m.

Wish you were here to help with my airplane kits. So young aircraft builder Bobby Brown writes his Dad.



I've just been told that I was expected to shoot a bit of breeze for The Airman, so here goes. It seems that the cleaning bug for the I.G.'s visit hasn't missed us either. Clothing stores don't appreciate our efforts at window washing, do they Cpl. Volmar? They will be issuing pre-shrunk shirts for a while.

Visitors to No. 5 hangar may be surprised to see our Blue Room to say the least about the artists wandering around all painted up.

A few of our Staff Pilots have been wandering around with long faces this past week. Cheer up lads "Flash" will be back soon.

Our serviceability is 100% due to the recent storm.

C.T.B. came back from a forty eight feeling rather tough. It seems as though it takes him a week to recuperate from a 48 and a week to get set for his next one.

Reports to hand say that P/O Haylock may leave navigation if he passes his Fire truck drivers test.

According to Aeronautical Engineers a Bee cannot fly due to the fact that his wing surface is insufficient in proportion to his body. The Bee, ignorant of all this technical data, flies merrily on his way and makes a bit of honey each day.

By next issue Kay will be with us again and may have some suggestions for our column. Until then so-long.

Have You Heard This One?

The Gestapo: "What's the idea of all the speed?"

Airwoman: "My brakes won't work and I want to get home before I have an accident."

BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES REGULARLY

Advice to the Lovelorn . . . Have You a Personal Problem?

Write to "Marjory Mix" c/o Aylmer Airman

Dear Marjory:—

I am a Sergeant in the R.C.A.F. and am in love with a W.D., but she doesn't seem to reciprocate. She evidently prefers LAC's because she goes out with one most of the time. I don't know what to do about it. What would you suggest?

Sergeant So and So.

Dear Sgt. So and So:—

You have quite a problem on your hands Sergeant. Women are unpredictable. You never can account for their tastes—some like LAC's—others go for Sergeants—and a few prefer Officers! After all Sergeant—she is "on the spot" so to speak. You are superior to her in rank—she probably figures it might be embarrassing to have to refuse an order from a superior. I'd advise you to wait until she also becomes a Sergeant—then if you can't wait—just try giving the Sgt.-Major a "hot foot"—after which, you will no doubt be an LAC. yourself!!!

Dear Marjory:—

I am an Officer in the R.C.A.F., stationed a long way from home. Recently I met a young married woman who is also very lonesome. It all started out innocently enough—just platonic friendship—now I find I am falling in love with her, and she with me. What shall I do?
F/O Wolf.

Dear F/O Wolf:—

The Good Book says . . . "Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself"—It does not however mention his wife. I know what I would do, if I were in your place. I'd bale out whilst the baling is good. Yes sir—these eternal triangles are bad medicine. They are about as safe as taxiing around a runway triangle with your tail up against the traffic. You're sure to hit a snag sooner or later and it could be just as devastating as a steel bladed prop. Better get interested in Knock Rummy or some other elevating pastime. It's much safer and less expensive and besides—her husband might be a big fellow.

Dear Marjory:—

I am a W.D., in the R.C.A.F.—in love with a handsome young Corporal. He's very good and kind to me and wants to marry me. I'm afraid to say yes—because he has the reputation of being wild—and he drinks a lot. He says it will be different after we are married. I don't know what to do.
Worried W.D.

Dear Worried W.D.:—

That's what they all say. It's going to be different! It probably will—the only difference being—it gets worse usually. If he won't settle down before you're married, don't marry, and you won't have to settle up afterwards. Love is a dream, but marriage is an eye opener. You can apply a twitch to a wild horse's nose, but you can't do that to a wild man. You say he drinks a lot—that's bad. By the way, could you find out where he gets the stuff these days, and let us know!!!

Meteorological Mania

As life rolls by we have it punctuated month by month by the appearance of the three-cornered little man requesting copy for the current issue of the "Airman." One might think that he would rapidly become the most thoroughly unpopular man on the station—but it is not so, for his winning way is his saving grace. He makes it seem a veritable pleasure to oblige with our quota of bilge!

On this occasion we find ourselves in the happy condition of having at least one important announcement to make in our column. A new member has been added to the "Guess and Duck" staff in the person of Donald O. Smith. It is a great comfort to us to know that we are now less badly outnumbered when it comes to these conferences on the whether or not of night flying, etc. You may not have come to know Don very well as yet but you will find him a regular guy as soon as he chooses to come out of hiding. Right now he is laying low, under instruction as it were. As soon as he has acquired a sufficiently elusive manner, learned some of the rudimentary evasive actions and has developed an ability to be considered wise by saying very little he is going to launch out on his own. But we don't think it would be fair to "throw him to the wolves" without passing on at least part of our accumulated learnings. He already is proficient in the use of such meteorological terms as, "possibly," "probably," "variable amounts," and "hmmmm!"

We have had another "blessed event" in the Met. Office since we last went to press! Our little Mary Agnes is now Corporal Hamilton. Our best wishes, egad. We have it on good authority that the rumor which has it that she wears hooks on her pajamas seems to be entirely without foundation.

Our friend "Mighty Mite" Ward is back safely after her bout with the mumps at T.T.S. Hospital and is already striking fear and consternation into the hearts of men. The other morning our good friend and neighbour, Mr. Doolittle, stood transfixed at the foot of the tower stairs watching a pair of undraped limbs flashing out from under a great coat as their fair possessor hurried down the stair past him. Fortunately we were able to assure him that what he saw was Mary hastening on her way to the W.D. P.T. class!

At the very moment Jeanette Archibald is on leave in Kitchener but in spite of the fact that it is such dreadful weather for getting about we have no special worries. No news is good news in this case for we have every good faith in the S.P. staff. If all were not well with Archie they would detect it immediately and submit an appropriate report forthwith!

Mac from Moncton had her routine broken lately by a trip to her native heath. She is back into the old rut now, however, and is carrying on with her welfare work. She does quite a bit of work maintaining the morale of lonely boys at I.T.S. Unfortunately, so some people think, she has been forced to limit her human efforts to candidates from the Control Tower. I expect it is better not to spread your honey too thinly these days. More power to you, Mac!

Teev still carries on in his own inimitable style and Howard continues in a glorious state of suspended animation or something. Candidly, I don't know how he manages

Some of These to be "Winged"



COURSE 67 "X" GROUP

36, Ansley; 37, Bauer; 38, Binks; 39, Cross; 40, Cojeran; 41, Fairhurst; 42, Fenning; 43, Glaholt; 44, Howland; 45, King; 46, Leach; 47, Mather; 48, Osteen; 49, Rohmer; 50, Vance; 51, Weatherby; 52, Wilson; 53, Bain; 54, Ball; 55, Bevis; 56, Clough; 57, Garside; 58, Hall; 59, Hamilton; 60, Harding; 61, Heywood; 62, Hutsell; 63, Jones; 64, MacDonald; 65, McKitrick; 66, Nunziato; 67, Schurman; 68, Vandenbrande; 69, Wallace; 70, Yochim.

to walk around with his toes at least three inches off the floor! As for your humble servant, it keeps me busy storing up enough energy and outright wit to produce this monthly literary gem.

I guess that accounts for us all; but in closing we wish, as mediators between all you guys and Mr. Weatherman himself, to pass along our respects to the members of Class 67. Probably we have never done so much dirt to any one class as to theirs. Nothing personal, you understand. Just the lean, uplifted forefinger of fate. We simply want to say that, since it had to be, we are glad to have had this lot of right fine lads around for the extra "fortnight."

"Jist on Accounta"

Another month has rolled around only to find us with our eminent red-head, B. Good taking residence in the white walled hotel at T.T.S. It seems she has the malady commonly referred to as the chicken pox. Hurry up and get rid of those spots Babs cause we need you.

A'as! with the lack of travelling facilities it seems the trips taken to the fair city of Detroit, (you know that place, where you spend your restful 48's) are definitely off. This leaves our unholy four, D. Thompson, B. Barnhart, P. Johnson and D. Davoston to prowl and howl in St. Thomas or London. Mothers had better keep their sons home for the month of February.

Have you heard the latest about our blonde bomber, Tompson, who spent the night on the bar-room floor? Really though, it was just because they were snow bound!

Who has been receiving strange telephone calls and has really developed quite a blush, only of course when a certain party is on the other end. How about it B. E.

It seems we have a modern pin-up girl—Sandy Saunders. In case you are interested, Works and Bricks will oblige with a certain photo—bathing suit and all. She really runs competition to the fair screen sirens.

The Post Office has received regular business lately. Is it the let-

"The Gestapo"

For the past month the Service Police have been ably assisted in their duties by the Security Guard N.C.O.'s. And as the boys leave for Trenton to take their course in Service Police, we bid them adieu and wish them the best of luck wherever they go.

Cpl. Lamb is this month's proud parent, the daddy of a bouncing baby boy. Have a cigar fellows.

Congratulations are in order for F/O Davies on his new promotion. In the recent drive for blood donations our D.A.P.M. developed a system of acquiring Donors, which in the writer's opinion would be known as "Conscription."

Heard Around The Guard House
Cpl. LeLacheur—"Where is F/S Gazel?"

Cpl. Bedard—"On Temporary Duty."

Sgt. Clay: "Will you guys quit pushing me around."

Cpl. Lamb: "How about an extra 48? After all, you don't become a father every day."

ters from home or the certain fair haired chap with the big blue eyes—for further information refer to M. E. Mohnston.

Our Aussie admirer, Duffy has suddenly changed her luck. What has wrought this sudden change, or who is this lad from across the sea? The States are becoming closer to her heart, not bad either I might add.

Henley—a regular man-hater—ahem!—except of course that BEST man who is the exception to the rule. Is it 73 Course which has completed the switch—we wonder!

Our two Flights who used to bemoan the fact of women striding in their domain have decided that they could use a lot more of them now. No kidding we are rushed—for work I mean!

Who was the person who furnished Johnnie, P.M with the roses—while having her rest at Westminster. Is Mont Joli calling Johnnie?

With this last quotation we will sign off—but we will return with more tid-bits next month.

"An Air-force Termite."

Maintenance Groans

Aircrews, aircrews, and more aircrews. Who has got a spare aircrew in their pocket? If the Flights don't soon learn to fly aircraft the proper way, we shall have to petition the Government to open up an aircrew factory right here on the station.

Congratulations to Flight Lieutenant McMillan on his promotion, also to the new N.C.O.'s. We are still waiting for F/L McMillan to christen that second ring.

From all reports it seems that WO1. Bailey and his pin boys are making a belated start in winning bowling matches. It seems he has an underhand method of pre-game warming up.

Once more Maintenance is acting as dealer in junk and this time it really is junk. We are quite willing to repair any damage the boys do, but we don't like the idea of making aircraft out of jig-saw puzzles.

Sgt. Dankwardt is buying a set of books on sleight of hand tricks. After thoroughly digesting the contents he feels confident he can solve the disappearance of clocks, crystals, etc., from crashed aircraft.

Our orderly room dictator seems to be dodging your reporter this past month, so we can only presume that she has been up to something??? Was it in Detroit, Cpl.?

What has Flight Sergeant Venne got that we haven't? For a little yellow he sure has got "it." One of his log-room girls doesn't say two words a week. Something really rare when a silent woman appears.

You won't know No. 4 Hangar when the cleaners get done with it. Floors washed, windows washed, ceilings painted, red, white, green, yellow, silver, blue and gold striping all over the walls. The only thing left to paint is the hot air from the heating system (and possibly some of the N.C.O.'s) and we'll have that done before another month.



He'llo Folks, how are you all? Since the last issue of the Airman our dear old Pop F/Sgt. Chessman has been to E.F.T.S., Trenton and back. What did you say Flight? Was it three weeks or three years you were there?

Sergeant, May I have a sick report? "Boy," I got my sick leave, that is the best tune of all in the firehall these days. Butler has become part of the hospital. Are you going to remuster Len?

Young has finally returned from F.T.S. What a rest he has had, now he parades in with his little diet slip to the Messing Officer.

Then we have our newcomers, Bangay, Benson, Hayes from Arn-prior and Sgt. Andres from Goose Bay. We haven't seen much of Benson and Sgt. Andres as they are on the roll call at T. T. S. hospital.

Cpl. Thorpe that "wizard" who repairs fire extinguishers has arrived from Toronto. Our workshop is just a beehive of industry these days as he straightens out our damaged equipment.

Welcome to the Dept. boys, we hope your stay will be long and cheerful.

That man with the seal beam headlight for sale has left for his course at Trenton. Good luck D. A. Wright.

Has my transfer come through yet? How that western kid Lind longs for the prairies. Every time the phone rings he is right there on the jump.

Our honorary member "RED" nearly had heart failure when the posting came in for the W.D. overseas. Never mind Red you will get over to see the Cpl. some of these years.

Did you see the new hooks in the Dept. Sgt. McEwen and Cpl. Mortlock. Congratulations and best of luck boys.

Good-bye for now folks and remember an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Prevent those fires by clearing up all fire hazards. Watch those cigarette butts and remember what happened at St. Johns and Cocomat Grove.



Snow, Rain, Sleet, Wind, Fog Icy runways, Cross winds, drifts, nothing stops us. Course 69 are leaving us to complete their training at R1. These students will undoubtedly cause a few more gray hairs at R1, but after all what are a few gray hairs to an Instructor. Thanks very much for your splendid cooperation particularly the way you supported the Rumble Club. Overend—Fiever & we Leave er. Bellamy—She's a bit alright. Benbow—Goo-oo-oo-oo! I'm shooting through. Zolumoff—Six & Seven eighths. McElhone—Don't tilt it Broad. McCahill—Who Do'ed it? Ashdown—I'll do you Carter. Heferen—Settle down Eh! Robertson—Let down the cone of fire. Field—Holy Smokey. Lees—Hey Noo. Fountain—Slam No trumps. Boulton—Let's go, eh fellows.

Headquarters Orderly Room

Good news is often followed by bad news. Such was the case when Sgt.-Major Stan Joel received his well merited appointment to W.O.1. WITHIN A FEW DAYS HE was posted to a staff position at No. 1 Y Depot which of course was the bad news. His extensive knowledge of his trade, his administrative ability and popularity will long be remembered.

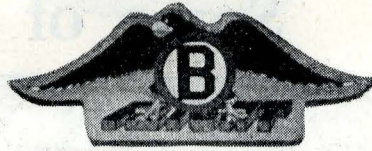
The visit of the I.C. could not create more excitement than that precipitated by AW. Kenny who was posted overseas a few days ago. Within a few minutes of being informed, Kenny chases around the station, at the double with her clearances in her hand, down to the quarters to collect her c'othing, back to the Orderly Room for transportation, and then —out of sight. Good luck Kenny—hope you have taken out time to breathe. By the time she has visited her native Alberta, and found another shore she will have traversed about 8000 miles—all in one month. Join the Air Force and see the world is her motto.

W.O.2 Carter, recently from overseas will take the Sgt.-Major's place. LAW. Hiscock from the Training Wing occupies Kenny's position. Sgt. Philips from G.I.S. is also a new member of the H. Q. staff. To all we bid a welcome as keen as our regret at the departures.

No folks—we are not responsible for 48's. We share your disappointment, being unable ourselves to keep our respective trysts outside of London . . . remember please, 48's are just a privilege—or maybe you have been told before.

The accident that occurred at headquarters was rather serious, no doubt to the Major. After such careful planning and organization IN CONNECTION WITH the coke machine, to think that six full bottles could be withdrawn is remarkable. It will probably never happen again. Too many sleepless nights for the Major would never do.

Broad—They're all mad about me. Miller—Poor Show. Carter—That's easy. MacDonald—I ain't kidding. Laugher—Oh, You'll never make it. Horsefield—Get out Jeep. Minihan—I've been touched off. Mudie—I've got a foolish feeling coming on. Gallagher—We'll have a showdown. Cowie—You son of a gun. Alison—Who answered someone's name? Edwards—Hi Butch. Slater—You Know? Turner—Grim show. Rendall—Roses & Radishes. McLaurin—Sure 'Nough? Austin—Come on Little Joe. F/L Reid—More Instrument time! F/O Campbell—Rumble, rumble! F/O Buell—Where's Robertson? F/O Reid—Shoot that basket. F/O Ryan—Your not driving a truck. P/O Newton—Get crackin' eh. P/O Hyder—O.C. of Blinkers. P/O McAllister—When do I get a 48? WO1. Fuhrman—Better you should do this. WO2. Padfield—The R.A.F. ruined me. LAW. Nadeau—Look in the rumble book.



How about a little gossip from the "Best" Flight. Eh! Of course there is no need to say which flight that is it should by now be obvious to all.

Our timekeeper is getting around the flight with a cheerful face now! We are glad to know that her affairs of the heart seemed to be patched up again. We hope to be invited to the big ceremony shortly.

Ditchburn keeps rather late hours these nights. He woke us all up at 3.30 a.m. the other morning having set his plane down very nicely at Chatham.

We hope to welcome Morrison back to-day. He has been spending a nice mid-week leave at Weland. These cross countries sure lead you into funny places.

The rumble book is doing a good job these days. The funds are rising quickly. We look like buying a Harvard any day now.

F/O Bishop hasn't been so cheerful during the last week. He'll soon be using his toes counting how many times his overseas posting has been cancelled.

Wilfred seems to be doing quite well with the W.D.'s. It's to be hoped he doesn't break too many hearts.

I have been asked to put in a special request that Sid limits his meals to about five a day. I believe there is a limit to the capacity of a Harvard cockpit.

Bunny has just arrived back from a week in hospital. He reckons he had the flu, but we think he just needed a holiday.

Well cheerio for the time being and in closing "B" Flight would like to wish all the boys getting their wings all the best for the future.



Dear Aylmer Airman:

Ngt too much has happened since the last time we chronicled our odyssey. We've seen a graduating class go and we are that much-closer to those coveted wings. Our time is not far off.

We were sorry to see Mr. Wismak P/O forsake us for "E" flight, but we have P/O Spencer who seems we'll be able to fill his shoes. I think HANNIGAN must have driven Mr. Wismak away; No one else is hideous enough.

We've had some nose overs, which weren't very bad. The government is going to have to order some more props for "D" flight, though, if this keeps up.

These past few weeks have seen the beginnings of cross-countries for us. A couple of the boys made transcontinental flights out of their cross countries, but they got back safely enough.

I wish someone would give Lorna (our time-keeper) some new perfume. Every time I sign the L-14 I get a whiff of that "Surrender" and break out in a cold sweat. Or is it so cold?

Love,
Willie Washout.

Bowling League News

As the season draws to a close with only another three weeks to go the Bowling League is developing into quite a race. With two groups playing each Wednesday and Thursday night it would appear that the various entrants were jockeying for position.

In group number one the real battle seems to be between Metal Shop and Ground School with Metal shop at the moment with a one point advantage over G.I.S., who had led the pack all through the schedule. However the prediction from those who know is watch Works and Bricks, who are in third place, only three points behind G.I.S., whom they play this week and a four point win here would be all that is needed to displace G.I.S. from their precarious second place berth and if the Officer's repeat their last week's effort by taking Metal Shop it's anybody's money.

Group Number two up to the present has been domineered by the hard hitting Headquarters five with a wide margin over the rest of the contenders. However a black horse has turned up in the Service Police crowd and these two teams match up this week. Should Service Police take the headquarters this week it might just mean the difference of a displacement in this group before the final bell. A few more nights from Sgt. Slim Moulder like his last effort when he came within two points of Kit Rogers high single with a 324 game and dislodging John Hilts from his high triple record with a grand score of 792 for three games and its a toss up who will take the group championship.

Headquarters are present station champions and hold the shield for last season. They have claimed right along that the trophy would be a permanent fixture in their possession but unfortunately for them they have lost two of their good men via the posting route and with the improvement shown by the other teams in the league, there could quite easily be an upset in the ultimate winner of the shield before the last ball is tossed in the finals. The two groups will declare winners with first and third teams and second and fourth teams playing sudden death games, the winners of this round to play off to declare group winner and in turn the winner of each group will play off for the coveted shield now held by Headquarters.

NO. 14 S. F. T. S., R. C. A. F.

BOWLING LEAGUE

Standing

Group No. 1:	P	W	L	T	P
Metal Shop	39	23	16	8	31
G. I. S.	39	23	16	7	30
Works & Bldgs.	36	21	15	6	27
Maintenance	39	16	23	7	23
Officers	39	13	26	3	16
Group No. 2:	P	W	L	T	P
Headquarters	39	29	10	10	39
Service Police	39	24	15	9	33
Equipment	36	17	19	5	22
R.1.	39	13	26	5	18
Firehall	39	13	26	3	16
High Single, Rogers, Metal Shop	—326.				
High Triple, Moulder, Service Police	—792.				

"Buy Victory Bonds"