



# THE AYLMER AIRMAN



VOL. 2, No. 10

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

APRIL 16th, 1943

## Epic In Commemoration of a Great and Valiant Battle

Written Whilst the Author Lay Abed Recovering from a Grievous Wound

By Flight-Lieutenant "Sox" Kress

Editor's Note: The following poem as the title indicates, was written in commemoration of the last floor hockey game between the Officers and N.C.O.'s. It was composed whilst the author was confined to bed with a cracked ankle.

How often in the written word  
That comes within our ken  
We've read with pride of valiant deeds  
By diverse sporting men.  
How Rustum knocked young Sohrab down  
Upon the blood-stained sand;  
How David smacked the Philistine  
One sling-shot in his hand.

From times remote as these above  
Till now our present day,  
The bard and minstrel each has writ  
Of triumph in the fray.  
And all have praised the man or team  
Who, odds against them high,  
Have allied to a noble cause  
And carried colours high.

On such a theme are these our words  
Though picture poor they paint  
Of N.C.O.'s and Officers  
Who fought without restraint  
Upon a floor of concrete hard  
With hickory staves for arms.  
While diverse ranks on every side  
In loud voice roared alarms.

The background of this epic clash  
Need scarcely now be told;  
For had not Major James's men  
Proclaimed in accents bold,  
"No hockey team has ever lived  
Nor yet will see the day  
When it can face the awful blitz  
The N.C.O.'s essay."

Had not the Unit's D.R.O.'s  
Flung out the challenge bare,  
"Let officers come do their worse;  
Come battle! Do they dare?"  
And some were in commissioned  
Who looked on with alarm  
As Major James drove on his men  
His bull-whip under arm.

And confidence serene, 'tis said,  
Reinged in the Sergeants' Mess;  
Flight Henniger and Cookman too  
Were flashing much largesse.  
And rumours spread about the camp  
As fast as prairie fire,  
That they were betting ten to one  
And, if needs be, higher.

So, when the fateful Tuesday night  
Had seen the crowd arrive,  
Some doubted that the officers  
Would leave that game alive.  
And, truth to tell, as many watched

The pre-game warm-up through,  
It seemed the Sergeants might well make  
The prophecies come true.

For Philp played in goal with ease  
And all shots turned aside  
And Quartermain ranged like a bull  
The china shop inside.  
And Lawson, Turnbull, Jones and all  
Ranged o'er the slippery floor  
While Major James in faultless white  
Foresaw the rumoured score.

And now the C.O. took his place,  
His whistle in his hand;  
An air of great expectancy  
Pervaded all the stand.  
The puck was dropped, the game was on,  
Then came a mighty roar,  
With ease that marked a super squad  
The Sergeants team did score.

"Reports are true," the bleachers cried,  
"They're true without a doubt!  
The N.C.O.'s will win this game  
In just a common rout!"  
But just, as in life's darkest hours,  
The lowest spirits soar  
So now when all looked ultra grim  
The officers did score.

And now into the fray were rushed  
Reserves on either side;  
With eager pace and feature grim  
To stem or turn the tide.  
Big Captain Hewitt, book on hip,  
Beat off each lightning thrust  
"Give me two guns and mustang wild,  
We'll beat these guys or bust."

And now a long shot whistles through  
And finds the open net;  
The officers are out in front  
A one-goal lead beget.  
What takes it now to write at length  
Of what each team does do;  
Suffice to say that two-thirds through  
The score was four to two.

The crowd who'd come to see the rout  
Now saw their favourites lag.  
And e'en the hopes of Major James  
Did obviously sag.  
Though now with threat, and curse,  
and jibe,  
His team he did deride  
"Twas plain the valiant look without  
A breaking heart did hide.  
And now the last and final frame

## The Antics of August

I am one of the fellows who made the world safe for democracy. What a crazy thing that was. I fought and I fought—but I had to go anyway. I was called in class "A". The next time I want to be class "B". Be here when they go and be here when they come back. I remember when I registered. I went up to a desk and the man in charge was my milkman. He said, "What's your name?" I said, "You know my name." "What's your name?" he barked. So I told him August Childe. He said, "Are you an alien?" "No, I feel fine." He asked where I was born and I said, Pittsburgh. Then he asked me, "When did you first see the light of day?" I said, "When we moved to Philadelphia." He asked me how old I was, so I told him, 23 the first of September. He said, "the first of September you'll be in France and that will be the last of August."

The day I went to camp I guess they didn't think I'd live long. The first fellow wrote on my card, "Flying Corps 'e'". I went a little farther and some fellow said, "Look what the wind's blowing in." Wind nothing, the draft's doing it. On the second day they put these clothes on me. What an outfit! Soon as you're in it you think you can fight anybody. They have two sizes—too small and too large. The pants are so tight I can't sit down. The shoes are so big I turned around three times and they didn't move. The raincoat they gave me!

(Continued on Page 6)

Saw Sergeants take the floor;  
McEwen lead his stalwarts on  
In vain attempt to score.  
Like rain drops which in summer heat  
Upon the roof of steel,  
So ineffective did it seem  
As backwards they did reel.

And now McLeod and Trumley led  
Their cohorts in the drive,  
Nor did they stop until their score  
Had reached the total five.  
They romped with ease through N.C.O.'s  
Who seemed struck down with fear  
And begged Coach James in quavering tones,  
"O take us out of here."

And now, my friends, the story's told  
Of how the battle went.  
Nor will we more before your eyes  
The details grim present.  
Enough to say that crepe is hung  
Upon the Sergeants' door  
And gloom prevails where once was heard  
Flight Cookman's strident roar.

And if a moral should be drawn  
From what above you've read,  
Reflect upon the bird who sang  
And soon was shot down dead.  
For had he not from off the road  
Reaped his usual diet,  
And so if moral you would draw  
You, my friends, supply it.

## Who's Who at Number 14



SQUADRON LEADER  
O. H. A. SIMS

On June 4th, 1917, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Sims. They called him Haig, and he has been known by that name ever since. After spending a few years getting older, Haig started his educational career. Upper Canada College and Lakefield gave him his knowledge and he has put that learning to good use.

After getting his full of Reading, Riting and Rithmetic, Haig embarked on a financial venture that lasted until the outbreak of the war. From 1936 until 1938 he was a soul of integrity with the Bank of Toronto. This training in how people saved money proved too much for him, so he left that time honoured institution to try and take money away from people. Harris Co. Ltd., claimed his attention and for a year he was clerk in a bond house.

In January 1940, he left for Kitchener, Ont., to take his elementary flying training. This course presented no difficulties as he was already a fully qualified pilot. After his E.F.T.S., he took his Service Flying at Camp Borden, where, in a class of forty pupils he was the only above average pilot. From Camp Borden he went to Trenton for F.I.S., and finally started his instructional duties at No. 5 S.F.T.S. Haig stayed at Brantford for about seven months and then reported to this unit as Flight Commander.

In September, 1941, he received a well-deserved promotion to Flight Lieutenant. From Flight Commander at the main station he moved to being O.C., Yarmouth Centre, and for some months has been guiding that station through trying times. During the fall of 1942 Haig was again promoted. He now holds the rank of Squadron Leader, and if the war is not over soon will go considerably higher.

# The Aylmer Airman

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AYLMER, FRIDAY, APRIL 16th, 1943

Discipline is a word which rejoices the hearts of old retired Colonels and Discips, but to the rest of us it appears in a less rosy light. Sparing the rod may spoil the child, but as long as we are the child, we are all for it.

There is a happy attitude about the whole thing on this station of which we are justly proud. The iron rod of military discipline is kept in the background and in its place an attitude of co-operation is encouraged. The discipline exists, but it is allowed to an unusual extent, to take the form of self-discipline springing from individual initiative.

Self-discipline arising from loyalty to a common cause and aimed at a corporate objective, is the highest form of discipline there is. Whatever our rank or job, we have the opportunity to put the best of ourselves into it—let us see to it that it is our best.

We would like to go on in this lyrical vein, but even the editorial pen must submit to the discipline of space, so we will just have to leave you to meditate on this solitary gem.

## Y. W. C. A. News

Spring was never more welcome at the Hostess House than it is this year. What with the hardest winter in twenty years, and a furnace that smokes overtime, the prospect of once more being able to get out and do a little gardening is certainly a joyous something to look forward to.

One thing that has been very gratifying, now that the warmer days are here, is the increased number of Airmen and Airwomen who drop in at the sign of the blue triangle. These include hospital patients who are just beginning to get around after days and even weeks of illness; girls who are taking their 48's on the Station and find that spending most of the time in the homey atmosphere of the Hostess House gives them that needed change from barrack block life; groups who like to sing and gather round the piano nearly every Friday night when the Station takes on the aspect of a deserted village; and student pilots who come in at odd hours to study before they have exams.

Occasionally it is brought home to the hostess that many of the personnel never find out they can come to the Hostess House until they are leaving the Station. One instance of this was the case of the airman whose wings were presented to him in hospital several weeks ago. In leaving the Station some one suggested that he go to the Hostess House to wait for his bus instead of standing in the cold.

"Why didn't I know about this place long ago?" he asked. "It certainly would have been a haven for me a lot of times."

There seems to be the impression among the Airmen that the Hostess House is for Airwomen only. Our slogan is "A friendly place to meet", and that goes for Airmen, Airwomen and their friends alike.

We have had an unusual number of requests for rooms and apartments the past month that has



As you all know "Washout" ex "B" Flight compatriot gave birth to twelve bundles of canine cuteness, and as usual, everything was done in the smooth, efficient "B" Flight way.

The students of Course 71 left the instructors a small memento, in the form of a lovely radio, which is highly appreciated by all concerned.

We enjoyed immensely the display the Control Tower put on during a recent spell of sudden bad weather. As usual, this department can always be counted on for a laugh and to add to the general confusion.

The happiest instructor in "B" Flight is F/O Langmuir, who is now 'overseas' (if you get what we mean), but his place is ably taken by F/S Edwards, who came to us from a 'miserable' Hurricane Squadron on the coast. Oh yes, F/S Mitchell finally got his doings and we are still looking for refreshments.

"Noisy" Simmonds, oh yes, he is now a glorious P/O, he wants to know if any one heard about the Australian who married a white woman (all for the benefit of P/O Jeff Curry).

Well, everybody agrees we have touched on everything we know, which is very little, but we would like someone to plead with the rain-god to send us a washout day, say around Friday so we can enjoy our hangover after the Wings party.

We also like this 8-5 set-up and as F/O Bishop says, 'It gives me time to get to St. Thomas and get a beer.'

greatly taxed our Rooms Registry. To those still seeking such accommodation, we are glad to report that about the first of May there will be several desirable places available.



Y.M.C.A.

## Movies

SATURDAY, APRIL 17th

"BROADWAY"

Starring George Raft and Pat O'Brien

TUESDAY, APRIL 20th

"HOLD BACK THE DAWN"

Starring Charles Boyer, Olivia DeHavilland and Paulette Goddard

THURSDAY, APRIL 22nd

"WHISPERING GHOSTS"

Starring Milton Berle and Brenda Joyce

SATURDAY, APRIL 24th

"SANDY GETS HER MAN"

Starring Baby Sandy, Stuart Erwin, William Frawley, Edward Brophy and Una Merkel

TUESDAY, APRIL 27th

"KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE"

Starring Mary Martin, Don Ameche Rochester and Oscar Levant

THURSDAY, APRIL 29th

"PIED PIPER"

Starring Monty Woolley, Roddy MacDowell and Ann Baxter

SATURDAY, MAY 1st

"FRISCO LIL"

Starring Kent Taylor and Irene Hervey

TUESDAY, MAY 4th

"PALM BEACH STORY"

Starring Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrae and Rudy Vallee

THURSDAY, MAY 6th

"FOOTLIGHT SERENADE"

Starring John Payne, Betty Grable and Victor Mature

SATURDAY, MAY 8th

"GHOSTS OF FRANKENSTEIN"

Starring Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Ralph Bellamy, Lon Chaney Jr. and Lionel Atwill

TUESDAY, MAY 11th

"SWEATER GIRL"

Starring Eddie Bracken, Nils Asther and June Preisser

THURSDAY, MAY 13th

"BERLIN CORRESPONDENT"

Starring Virginia Gilmore and Dana Andrews

## C. O.'s Corner

Course 71 leaves Aylmer today proudly wearing the pilot's badge. You have worked hard over an extensive period to attain your present status. Your training has been long and difficult, but you have come through.

You go now to join your predecessors in a service which has won great renown throughout the world. Much remains to be learned before you reach the high standard required today for operational pilots and instructors. The path ahead will not be easy, but we feel sure from watching you work here from day to day that you will persevere and add to the high traditions of the service.

From Aylmer you go to various jobs and places all over the world. Wherever you go our heartiest good wishes go with you.

—G. N. IRWIN,  
Group Captain



For the first time since the reign of 73 Course, "A" Flight has snatched sufficient time away from its all important flying duties, to elevate the standard of the "Aylmer Airmen." Lack of material has not kept us out, but rather our concentration on work.

Much has been happening of late. It was with envious regret that we bade farewell to "Tony" Martin, who was posted overseas to a more pleasant job, and one which will make fewer demands on his nerves than instructing.

Promotions have been falling thick and heavy on instructors since Course 73 arrived. Is it coincidence, or cause and effect? Everyone was pleased to see Mr. Nichol soar from the ranks to Pilot Officer. It should be any day now Mr. Nichol, but you haven't started yet, and we don't mean vociferously! More recently, the 49th star on the Yankee flag—Mr. Schatte—changed his narrow band for a wide one. We have only the same complaint as above. Also, last, but definitely not least, a crown should be sitting above Stg. Archer's hooks any minute now. You watch, and we expect him to do the buying then. Maybe the hooks will soon disappear.

From the aristocracy, we now descend to the plebes. What do I mean? There is another entry besides link in the back of one student's log book, much to the chagrin of its owner; dammit, and it's not in blue ink either. The students have stopped shaking hands with each other, now that night flying has finished (temporarily) and no longer is heard "Glad to have known you" before each battle with death in the darkness. Apart from one or two victories by the evil gremlins it went off O.K.

One gremlin switched the selector levers of the hydraulic system in one instructor's plane, so causing him to taxi in with his flaps down, to the obvious enjoyment of his colleagues. The same gremlin—but that is another story. Repute has it that it was a Fifinella who changed one lad's altimeter over a large town, causing him to be at a wrong altitude. Sid always was one for the girls—you devil you!

With the cessation of Wings Tests and Instrument tests, the strained faces and haggard eyes of the students are gradually being replaced by happier smiles. One student was unfortunate enough to make his wings test landing while his instructor was waiting to take off. His haggard look was about 10 minutes slower disappearing. Now little remains but to wish ourselves luck in the Ground School Final; boy it's going to be needed.

Readers will no doubt regret to learn that this is in the nature of a swan song, as well as a debut, for we soon proceed to R1. On the whole, with one or two or maybe more exceptions, our stay here has been a happy one. The incoming course are fortunate, in that our fair timekeeper has been broken in to student ways, and in the fact that the instructors should be patient with anything after us.

Finally, we must wish good luck to "Jake" Frizelle, on the occasion of his approaching marriage. Next Saturday he goes into the mighty spin, so he is one guy who should be easy to get along with, for a while. All the best "Jake."



Heartiest congratulations to our new Pilot Officers, Kermodé and Lawson.

At press time F/O Bayly is proud to announce the arrival of a baby girl. We have high hopes that the father will recover shortly.

The "International Order of the Flying Wolf" has been bestowed upon two of our dashing young pilots, F/O French and P/O Haylock for their meritorious conduct in giving the Nursing Sisters at St. Thomas their first flip in a service aircraft. We are at a loss as to where the Sisters acquired the nerve to take their lives in their own hands.

Felicitations to P/O Haylock on his forthcoming marriage—next month.

Who knows anything about the little black bag that F/O McAlpine carries with him now and then? Suitcase to you!

In any efficient, smooth running unit, such as Navigation, trivial incidents appear spectacular. Among the wheel-change and oil-leak gang considerable amusement was derived from Red drinking coke and netting three days in the digger. We now are in a quandry as to which is the loser of the two embibing evils.

Imagine the chagrin of F/S Lewis, when on admonishing an AC2 to smarten up and play ball, the Joe forthwith went out on a busy tarmac and solicited a second party to a game of catch.

Those who aspire to drive a tractor will find the new "Verboten" list a fitting guide. It was evidently inspired by a tractor snapper roll at No. 1 Hangar. Some of our wing clipped drivers will now appreciate the vigilance of our N.C.O.'s.

Flash asked a Joe what kind of a card game an Acey-Duecy was.

Wherever men congregate you find a representative of Navigation, as was the Maintenance smoker to do honour to the departure of S/L Moodie. Since we are Anson Men we emphasize "Good Luck Bill," you will need it at Centralia.

As a unit of Servicing Squadron we feel fortunate in having F/O Howse technical officer, replace F/O Candlish, posted overseas.

## Farewell Party

On Tuesday, March 30th, the Cabin-in-the-Pines was the scene of another Maintenance Squadron Smokers, as a farewell party for S/L Moody. The affair was a huge success, and from what we saw the following morning showed, no doubt, in our minds that the Temperance Act was not in effect that night. It is rumoured that one man was sober, but no one seems to know who he was. We think, perhaps, it was the bus driver.

Entertainment was supplied by LAC Genest from Maintenance Wireless Section who did a grand job. The sing-song kept the town of Aylmer awake half the night and the boys on their way made sure the town didn't get much sleep.

Our only regret is that S/L Shaw had not arrived at that time to see his men at their best.



The Station lost another of our old-timers last month with the posting of S/L Bill Moody to Centralia. Bill, as most of us knew him, was O.C. of Maintenance and largely responsible for the high degree of efficiency obtained by that unit. He came to us from Uplands, a Flying Officer, away back in the happy days of July 1941, when the aircraft consisted of gleaming new Harvards and Maintenance work on these beautiful new birds was almost a pleasure. However, ground loops, normal wear and tear, and the grim day when Yales were put on the establishment, all added to the problem of F/O Moody, then 2nd in command of Maintenance. Early in 1942 his efforts received official recognition and Bill added another stripe to his sleeve. Later in the year, when F/L Scott, O.C. of Maintenance, was posted to Ottawa, Bill became boss of No. 4 hangar, a position which netted him a promotion to Squadron Leader in 1943. He held down the job until his recent posting to Centralia, where it is certain that he will achieve the same success in charge of the great twin engine monosters as he has obtained at this Station.

## An Airman's Dream

'Twas midnight in the barracks,  
And peace reigned everywhere,  
Contented snores of Airmen  
Drifted gently through the air.

An AC2 was dreaming,  
In his little trundel bed,  
He dreamed the C.O. came to him  
And this is what he said.

He said, "My boy, I am so proud,  
To take you by your hand,  
And it gives me great enjoyment  
By your side to stand."

And then, upon his manly breast  
The C.O. placed some wings,  
That glittered in the sunlight,  
They were most gorgeous things.

And then the C.O. said, "My boy,  
It gives me the greatest pleasure  
To pin upon your breast this day  
These wings, I know you'll treasure."

But wait; the boy awakens,  
He sits up with a start,  
He hears the snores of comrades,  
Like Morpheus plays his harp.

And then he realizes,  
That it's a dream not true,  
He's not a Pilot Officer,  
But a simple AC2.

—"Niky" Nechiporenko.



### Promotions:—

As the saying goes "better late than never." Our congratulations go out to two new Corporals—Eddie Gaudet and a former member of our Section, Jimmie Babineau, who is now at Goose Bay. Best of luck boys, and more power to you.

### Wedding Bells:—

Best wishes and congratulations are in order for Cpl. Lathangue, who recently took the big jump. We all wish you and Mrs. Lathangue every happiness, Sid.

### Postings:—

LAC's Annes, Frickey and Hartman were recently posted overseas and with them go our best wishes.

### We Are Sorry to Hear:—

That Oscar Elligson is in the hospital and hope that he will soon be out and back with us once again.

### Overheard at the M.T.:—

WO. II Lascelles—Get cracking, eh!!!

F/Sgt. Smeltzer—Ross!!!

Sgt. Dassylva—I've got 8 brooms and 2 shovels in the stock room. Where's Shub?

Cpl's. Winans—Any runs to London today?

Lefebvre—Comes the revolution.

Lathangue—Have you 'D. I.'d' your truck.

Gaudet—Has anyone seen my car?

Rutherford—Holy Doodle.

LAC's Campbell—My truck is U.S. again.

Searle—Yes, I know—call at Tower's.

Elligson—Well-l-l now, I'll tell you.

Langan—That ain't sunburn.

Huston—Have you heard this one.

Cowley—Must write a letter.

Morton—Just call me Shorty.

Bancroft—Now, out in Saskatoon. . . .

LAW's Cutcliffe—What do you think they did today?

MacGregor—Just whatever you think best now, Major.

Bakewell—Goofer flies.

Boyd—Oh, what I said!!

Ganyo—But I like cowboy music.

## The Antics of August

(Continued from Page 1)

It strained the rain. I passed an Officer all dressed up with a funny belt and all that stuff. He said, calling after me, "Don't you notice my uniform when you pass?" I said, "Yes, what are you kicking about, look what they gave me."

Oh, it was nice—five below one morning they called us out for an underwear inspection. You talk about scenery—red flannels, B.V.D'S and all kinds. The union suit I had would fit Tony Galento. The Lieutenant lined us up and told us to stand up. I said, "I am up, sir. It's this underwear makes you think I'm sitting down." He got mad and he put me out digging a ditch. A little while later he passed me and said, "Don't throw that dirt here." I said, "Where am I going to put it?" He said, "Dig another hole

and put it there."

Three days later we sailed for France. Marching down the pier I had more luck. I had a Sergeant who stuttered and it took him so long to say, "Halt" that 27 of us marched overboard. They pulled me out and lined us up on the pier, and the Captain came by and said, "Fall in." I said, "I have been in, sir."

I was on the boat for 12 days—seasick for 12 days. Nothing going down and everything coming up. Leaned over the rail all the time. In the middle of one of my best leans the Captain rushed up and said, "What company are you in?" I said, "I'm all by myself." He asked me if the Brigadier was up yet. I said, "If I swallowed it, it's up." Talk about dumb people. I said to one of the fellows, "I guess we dropped anchor." He replied, "I knew they'd lose it, it's been hanging over the boat since we left New York."

When we landed in France, we were immediately sent to the trenches. After three nights in the trench, the cannons started to roar and the shells started to pass. I was shaking patriotism. I tried to hide behind the trees, but there weren't enough for the Officers. The Captain came around and said, "Five o'clock we go over the top!" I said, "I'd like a furlough." He said, "Haven't you any red blood in you?" I said, "Yes, but I don't want to lose it." Five o'clock we went over the top. 10,000 Austrians came at us. The way they looked at me you'd think it was I who started the war. Our Captain called, "Fire at Will!" But I didn't know any of their names. I guess the fellow behind me thought I was Will. He fired his gun and shot me in the excitement.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By Marjory Mix

Dear Marjory:—

I am a W.D. Two men want to marry me. One is rich, and can give me everything I desire. The other is an Officer in the R.C.A.F. If I marry No. 1, whom I don't love, I shall have plenty of money. If I marry the Officer I shall have to live on the Government allowance. That's bad; as I have always been accustomed to having the very best of everything. I am very perplexed.

Signed, W. D. Dough.

Dear W. D. Dough:—

You are very fortunate to have had the best of everything—but I can assure you that money isn't everything. It cannot buy love; it cannot buy children; it cannot buy happiness. You might marry your rich suitor and he might lose all his wealth, then you would be right behind the eight ball. Better stick with the poor Officer. After the war is over, if you are not too old by then, you can help him to make money, but be careful how you go about it. A friend of mine had a wife who was fond of money. He couldn't get it fast enough, so he tried to make some of his own. That is—he tried to make little bills into big ones. Now he's making big stones into little ones.

Sincerely,

Marjory Mix.

BUY WAR SAVING  
CERTIFICATES REGULARLY

## Some of These to be "Winged"



COURSE 71 "X" GROUP

1, Best, R.S.; 2, Borden, G.; 3, Eyres, E. A.; 4, Foster, T.; 5, Howard, L. N.; 6, Jacobs, A. L.; 7, Jones, I. H.; 8, O'Brien, A. W.; 9, Purssey, I.G.S.; 10, Reed, J. S.; Reynolds, A.; 12, Smith, G. N.; 13, Smith, J. H. D.; 14, Ulm, J. A.; 15, Wright, B. R.; 16, Clegg, F. P.; 17, Codner, R. V.; 18, Ditchburn, F. G.; 19, Errey, T. V.; 20, Kelly, S. J.; 21, McDougall, G. A.; 22, Morgan, W.O.; 23, Morrison, R. B.; 24, Porter, C. G.; 25, Rosenberg, J.; 26, Schadel, F. R. F.; 27, Scruton, D. L.; 28, Smith, W. H.; 29, Tawse, M. H.; 30, Theodore, N. G.

### Maintenance Patter

The going of S/L Moody to Centralia from Maintenance Section, takes a personage, we're happy to say, will be a great advantage to Centralia. S/L Moody's posting came suddenly, but the record achieved by him while in charge was excellent. We all hope for a happy landing, and the entire personnel wish him success on his new job.

The new arrival of S/L Shaw from 6RD. Trenton, brings us an experienced member, whom we're sure will receive the utmost co-operation. The record achieved by S/L Shaw in Trenton, (via the grapevine) tells us we're the benefactors of both a popular C.E.C. and O.C. combined. May best wishes be extended from all Maintenance personnel.

Another popular member from Maintenance was Mr. Candlish, his posting overseas takes Mr. Howes into Servicing Squadron and we're sure that with WO2 Harris as understudy, Mr. Howes should at least be musically happy on the new job.

#### New Arrivals and Postings

WO2 Carter, known to us at the "Little Colonel," took over Maintenance Orderly Room and although he is new to many of us, in all probability should prove to be the right man for the job. His posting from Rockcliffe is to our advantage, although LAC Crooker has turned in a fine job in the interim. Let's hope the "Colonel" gives the lads a break, in the way of 48-hour passes, (longer and more 48-hour passes) that's the most interesting to the gang we think.

Another new arrival of late, Sgt. Ross to Equipment Section in Maintenance, brings us from the B.C. coast, both a versatile and hustling young man. The inventories were handed him immediately, upon which we saw Sgt. Ross receive, and then run up the apron in the direction of London. He told us in confidence. As only he could say it, quote, "I shouldn't have

### Headquarters Lowdown on The Highbrows

Spring brings a lot of beautiful things,—robins, green grass, and the Headquarters "Sick Parade." We of Headquarters feel rather peeved when people fail to stand at attention when we march by—surely they must feel the awe and dignity of such a procession. Another sign of Spring is the brightly-coloured yellow and green paint being slapped on the walls. Could it be that April Fool's Day and the arrival of the paint the same day was just a coincidence?

We have a budding genius in Flight Sergeant Philp, better known in musical circles as "The Great Philposky." The selection of musical scores is now the main interest of this young musician, and per-

stood up from bed today." The transferring from Orderly Room Maintenance to Equipment Section of Cpl. Farnam is a loss to the gang here, as the little lady in question was always on the "beam," and her cheery good morning was a fine gesture to many of us this past year. Good luck to Cpl. Farnam, and keep up the good work.

The move of F/S Venne from the Log Room to No. 1 Hangar, gives them an experienced member who's good record in the Log Room will be hard to replace. Sgt. LaPlante taking over, with Cpl. Berger should, we feel, keep the smooth combination intact, and turn them out steadily as always. To the predecessor and to Flight Venne, Good luck, and keep 'em flying.

#### Posting of Maintenance "Joes"

The cream of the crop so to speak, is being taken from Maintenance as the boys rush for the Orderly Room each time a posting overseas is mentioned. We're contemplating a toll-gate at the entrance to F/L McMillan's office. It's a great spirit "our boys" have, and we do wish, to those who make the sacrifice, our blessings and godspeed for a quick victory.

haps running as second interest is the selection of blonde W.D. singing talent.

The popular subject of meals is no longer being discussed by the duty clerk of the day. When asked at 12 o'clock that familiar question, "What's on the menu?" he launched a lengthy description of stew-dinner topped by a lemon-and-sawdust dessert, we were interrupted by the sudden appearance of our messing officer. Hereafter, we at Headquarters will just wait and be surprised.

Betty Mann, our new Vancouverite in C.R., is a very patriotic girl. For a slight nominal charge, she will gladly donate her arm for anyone else's inoculations. After receiving several inoculations, she discovered that she was taking them for another Mann stationed somewhere out West — Western hospitality, we call it.

The entire R.A.A.F. is being moved to R.1 as far as one member of C.R. is concerned. She is carrying on well the work of Julie Hiscock, who was posted recently to A.F.H.Q. Julie loved her "students." P.S.—Julie was originally from Vancouver, too.

If our station orchestra is still looking for talent, we might recommend the stirring love songs as sung by our tenor (?) Flight Sergeant Jones. We have real talent here, and are just waiting for a place to put it where it can be protected.

Frances Moffat should have been here yesterday, April 6th, when we had that Fire Drill. No one liked fires and the Fire Section better than Moffat.

Lines of communication from Headquarters to the rest of the station are being seriously interrupted by several civilians and W.D.'s who would rather practice Commando tactics on the new runner at Headquarters than let him do his running—better cut it out girls, or he'll start running and never stop. That's all.

### Provide For The Future--Buy War Bonds

### Control Tower

With our Chief Instructor, Squadron Leader K. G. Southam, the Editor in Chief of that great little paper the "Aylmer Airmen" away we realized that it would be a pretty poor show if we didn't contribute a little something from the Control Tower. Well, we realized it and we contributed but they just couldn't find room for it in the last issue. Now the Consulting Editor, F/L F. H. McNeil has asked us for a small write-up again assuring us that we will see our efforts in print.

It's funny how a musical theme can become so popular around the Control Tower. Someone whistles a tune the first thing in the morning and the C. I. whistles it all the rest of the day with a few encores from the Squadron O.C.'s and the Orderly Room. "Seems to me I've Heard That Song Before."

The Income Tax situation seems to be causing considerable concern amongst some of the eligible young men in the Tower. They are seen frequently with their heads together estimating how much money they would have if they had a wife. One newly appointed Flight Sergeant from the Orderly Room was heard proposing to four girls in one afternoon. What would happen if they all accepted Flight? You'd certainly be in the money, but what else?

One day last week the C. I. was having a little session in his office when he noticed an aircraft speeding by as if on its way to the proverbial fire. Immediately F/L McNeil, who was in on the session, called the flight giving orders to cancel the "48" of the pilot concerned. The pilot turned out to be none other than his assistant, F/L McLeod. Was his face red!

After taking our hats off to F/L Gain on the arrival of his second son, we thought we were through inhaling that terrific aroma that comes from cigars that are literally thrown around on such occasions, then what happens—we inherit a new Sergeant (Ashdown) in the Orderly Room and find that he smokes them continually. Guess we'll start passing the hat and see what we can do about a nice respectable pipe.

Sure and it does one good to see the gleam that comes into the eyes of S/L James when anyone asks about his son (1 yr. old) "Tiger" James.

### Recruit Amazes Examining Board

We learn something every day. Perhaps some of our readers can learn something from the following item which we reproduce from the Hamilton Spectator of March 9, 1943.

Winnipeg, March 9. — (BUP)—The young recruit, a university graduate, was appearing before the army examination board.

The first "Intelligence" question was: "What is an adjutant?"

Came the reply: "An adjutant is a large bird of uncouth appearance. It has an almost bald head, a tremendous capacity for eating, and acts as a public scavenger. It can swallow a cat with ease."

The examining officer almost fainted.

A subsequent investigation, however, proved that the recruit was correct. His was an almost word-by-word definition as laid down in the National and Everyman's Encyclopedia.

## Equipment Section

We expect to hear more from Cpl. Hindle concerning the U. S. Army Air Corps.

A quiet, but efficient member, LAC Bent, has joined the equipment staff at Halifax. Our best wishes go with him.

"Jacky" Jacques is like a fish out of water. From AC2 to Com., we trust she will not find the adjustment too difficult.

Several members are ready to plant "Victory" gardens this year. It's heard that LAC Reid is to experiment on a super Alfalfa seed.

The Equipment Section are now domiciled in the new double decker, and are quite enthusiastic over the southern exposure. Sun bathing on the fire escape may become popular.

P.T. becoming the order of the day, the instructor should inquire from SOME members for new twists for calsthenic contortions.

With a member from down under Pat Farnum was observed to cut a birthday cake and wash same down with cocoa cola in the Women's canteen.

Sergeant Dunn may have news per proud "Papa" soon. He does not miss any telegram coming into the section.

Our amiable male steno, Coporal Bannister, has been transferred to Halifax. Happy days.

LAC Brown was observed making a close inspection of the new bunk house, and fellow members are wondering what "Hermit" pranks he is up to.

A new type of footwear is believed ordered for LAC Anjo, possibly known as snubber scuffers.

Do not say you can't come to the sports when you have no pants, when you mean you have no "Shorts."

"Sprinter" Minter says she is ready to take charge of the Girls' Baseball league this year.

Yes, call and see me, boots, socks, etc., only I am now in Barrack Stores, per LAC McLeod.

F/Sgt. Beaupre has his corner picked out in the new equipment store, but hasn't mentioned his color scheme yet.

## Greetings From Overseas

The following is a part of a letter received by one of our Airmen from Padre Smith recently.

"Dear Earl—

It was very thoughtful of you to drop me a line from dear Old Aylmer. Very little word has come to me from there, so your letter was very much appreciated. I didn't get around to see all the people to whom I wanted to say goodbye.

You will have grown to like your new Padre by this time. We have a nice bunch of lads here—from all parts of Canada. I am with a night fighter squadron, but go out from here to visit some of our Canadian boys who are on bomber stations.

I have run into quite a few people from No. 14, such as S/L Hiltz, S/L Miller, F/O Quinn, F/O Rust, LAC Couling, LAC Lyttle, and so on. All speak highly of the old place and of Course, of Group Captain Irwin.

Remember me to the folk at Aylmer, and say hello to Lou Henry for me. I hope the new rations are not keeping you too thin. We get along very well as far as eats are concerned.

Hope you both are keeping real well. Kindest regards.

Sincerely,  
(Sgd.) B. P. SMYTH."

## A Number of These to Graduate



COURSE 71 "Y" GROUP

31, Coates, S. D.; 32, Farmer, K. E.; 33, Frew T.; 34, Horton, G. H.; 35, Hiscock, R. J.; 36, Matthews, A. W.; 37, Mayne, A. C.; 38, Pennant, J. A.; 39, Pogson, F. E.; 40, Rabbetts, L. G.; 41, Simpson, J. A.; 42, Vance, T. E.; 43, Vintner, J. F.; 44, Watkins, K. M.; 45, Allen P. B.; 46, Hannigan, L. V.; 47, Henning, R. C.; 48, McEwen, A. H.; 49, McNair, G. E.; 50, McNaughton, P. M.; 51, Owens, T. J.; 52, Richins, D. R. G.; 53, Roe, A. T.; 54, Spear, J. D.; 55, Tanner, E. F.; 56, Whitehurst, D. A.; 57, Williams, W. D.; 58, Woodland, L. F. J.; 59, Ford, T. H.



The deadline is noon, and Lou Henry is on our tail, so here it is!

We'd like to take this opportunity of welcoming our Aussie friend, Sgt. Roy Burns, who is already doing a darn good job. But just in case he gets too hot with those bones, we have some Aussie-Exterminator ready.

Congratulations are also in order for LAC Twynam, who found a new method of landing a Harvard—minus the undercarriage.

And here's news! Sgt. Brown of Course 75 believes that the shortest distance from Goderich to Aylmer is via Brantford and Sarnia. If you must use the iron compass (railroads), Brown, please find the right one.

We wonder why F/O Hyder loves these low-level, cross-countries so much. Could it be that he passes over Linwood, on this exercise?

P/O Ryan is really keen these days. In fact, he is giving up a "48" just to see that things go alright in "C" Flight. Slow down, Don.

F/O Campbell is grounded for a cold, but S/L James has his own ideas. What he can't understand is, why he isn't grounded for the same reason.

It might be of interest to some of the boys in the Officers' Mess to know that S/L James has some new daily Flying Reports, which make darn good score sheets for this new game—baseball. Yes, sir, they're already ruled off, says F/L Reid.

Before closing, let us say to Course 75, "Keep up the good work, boys."

Well, the knock-rummy deck is safely hidden and all is in order for the C.O.'s visit, so we'll say cheerio 'til next month.



Well, we finally made it. Here we are in Service School. After being met at the St. Thomas station by an R.C.A.F. Station Wagon—a staked bodied one—and being fed a chicken dinner, we were as happy as pigeons.

We're down at the bottom of the heap again, but that's the airforce. Then—jackpot—the Aussies. They were in the throes of learning the Canadian language, (pet example—Whatchasay, eh! Mac?) The Canucks met the Aussies, the Aussies met the Canucks—we all met the Instructors: and the battle was on. The great adventure had begun.

By now we have had a good look at the station, and find it agreeable—the food, the barracks, forty eights, movies and W.D.'s all to our satisfaction. By now we know each other and we all fear the Irishman Clark wanting to know, "What do I do then?" Kirton is making his usual pre-solo ground loop; Dewar is in the mud; Harding is investigating Hagersville, and the Sarg is taxiing into Flight Looeys.

You should hear the criticisms the Aussies have of Canada. They can't understand our Canadian accent; (Catsoup—tomato sauce?) The climate (Spring?—It's like winter in Australia,) and especially basketball rules. To them basketball has all the fine points of mayhem. All in all, they are a good mob, and they'll do well here, and that I hope, goes for all of us.

### AN ODE TO AN ALLEGED HOCKEY PLAYER

There was a young man named "Sox"  
As a hockey player, he was the tops,  
With a team of the Majors'  
He wanted to wager,  
But almost finished up in a box,

## Equipment Blues

Wax, Rope, Toilet Paper, Soap, Brooms, Mops, Shovels, Dope, Distillate, Oleo Legs, Batteries, Rope, Wrenches, Files, Mud, Hope.

Beds, Brushes, Grease, Oil, Nuts, Bolts, Bottles, Foil, Glycol, Paint, Rags, Toil, Rakes, Forks, Oh! What soil.

Tunics, Trousers, Buttons, Caps, Chevrons, Rubbers, Coco-Mats, Cups, Saucers, Chairs, Taps, Bombs, Drouges, Baskets, Flaps.

Cameras, Guns, Azimuth Brackets, Airscrews, Wheels, Engine Tappets, Tail Planes, Rudders, Tires, Jackets, When they Rev' Up what a racket!

Section Eighteen, Reference Seven, Wonder what Vocab they have in Heaven, E. Twenty Sixes seven copies, Forty Eights in old Jalopies.

Fifty Sixes in copies four, Seems a shame there isn't more, Still we wonder what's the score, When three times six is twenty-four.

Tables folding Kitchen Large, Makes me think of little Marge, Bedsteads Airmen Double Folding Sleep suspended from the mold-ing.

Parades, Watches, Week-end passes, It's our turn to see the lasses. If we weren't so isolated— Then we'd soon become elated.

When you really are in trouble, Even tho' it's just a bubble See the old Equipment Section You'll be met with fond affection.

—J. L. McK.

Buy War Bonds  
Provide for the Future

# Headquarters Squadron Station Bowling Champions

The Station Bowling League finished the season with Headquarters again taking the championship.

The League throughout the season in both groups was one of the most keenly fought battles in the history of sport since the station opened. In the First series, Headquarters led their group throughout, while Ground School were in the lead in Group 2, closely followed by the other teams.

The final half of the schedule was even more tightly contested than the first half inasmuch as there was no jockeying for top honours all the way with Metal Shop finishing on top in group number two closely followed by Works and Buildings and Maintenance, Ground School fading badly in the stretch. Headquarters were able to maintain the group leadership in group number one, with Service Police coming strong.

In the First round of the play-downs Maintenance defeated the strong Metal Shop team with Works and Buildings taking Ground School in their group, while in Group One, Headquarters defeated Equipment, and Service Police were victors over R1. In the semi-finals, Headquarters defeated Service Police and Maintenance

again came through with flying colours to defeat Works and Buildings.

The finals between Headquarters and Maintenance brought forth without doubt, the best battle of the entire season, when after three games, total points to count on the round, Headquarters were victors and again Station Champions, by the small margin of two points.

The individual scoring honours for the season went to men from teams who did not figure in the finals, but were both from runners up, with Sgt. Slim Moulder annexing the high triple with a grand score of 792 points, and Sgt. Steve Hardy, the high single of 339. These awards were for bowling in the regular scheduled games, play-off game highs not counting.

## Jerks and Quirks

Two days Orderly Officer is the penalty received by those officers who miss P.T. Wednesday nights. Delinquent Sergeants are put on week-end duty watch.

F/Sgt. Campbell received a great ovation on his appearance at P.T. two weeks ago. His waistline has been neglected till now.

Three Senior N.C.O.'s have signified their desire to take P.T. in the early morning. So far that's all it has amounted to—desire.

No matter whether a man takes P.T. or dodges it, he gets exercise. The work and contortions that his brain goes through in seeking an excuse ensures one that the general intelligence of the personnel of the Station is going to be raised noticeably.

There is every indication that the Station may have a swimming pool this summer. Plans are underway. The labour for the excavation will be done voluntarily with everyone, officers and N.C.O.'s being given the opportunity to wield a shovel. What a sight that will be!

It is hoped that the Sports field will be enlarged within the next week. Four softball diamonds will be made so that the Station League can get all of its games off in a single night.

The Aussies have a new lease on life since the arrival of rigger equipment F/O Stringer had his charges out a week ago ramping on the Station sward like so many bulls in as many china shops. The amazing part in the play of that game, as seen by Canadian boys, is the finesse and genteel attitude of our cousins from "down under."

The idea of P.T. in these after hours period is not to attempt to put a man in tip-top physical condition. It has a three-fold reason. First, it should help him realize that his condition is extremely poor, and that he should, on his own initiative, seek more exercise. Secondly, the games should give him a relaxation different from which he gets at a movie or in the barrack room. And thirdly, he gets to know more intimately his fellow men, for it is in games that a man is truly known.

## Floor Hockey

The officer's Floor Hockey Team came roaring into action, Tuesday night, determined to erase the memory of a 4-0 shut-out they suffered at the hands of the Sr. N.C.O.'s, two weeks previously. Bolstered with new recruits on their forward lines, they went all out to give the hard fighting N.C.O.'s a 5-2 trouncing.

The game was a crowd pleaser even though it lacked the heavy body checking that featured the first game.

The work of both goalies in the nets was outstanding. Both were called upon to make some exceptional saves, which brought the crowd to its feet more than once.

Only one casualty marred the game, F/Lt. Kress suffered an injured ankle during one of his dynamic rushes.

It is the hope of this reporter that the summer season will see more of this type of entertainment for the station.

## Out of the Mouths of Babes

A census taker is a man who goes from house to house increasing the population.

A conservative is a kind of greenhouse where you look at the moon.

A monologue is a conversation between two people, such as husband and wife.

Strategy is when you don't let the enemy know that you are out of ammunition, but keep on firing.

Buddha lived a normal life with a wife and family, and when he was thirty, left home in search of happiness.

A calf is a calf until it has a calf and then it's a cow.

Shakespeare was born in the year 1564, supposedly on his birthday.

The two genders are masculine and feminine. The masculine is divided into temperate and intemperate, and the feminine into frigid and torrid.

"Tennyson betrayed women very

## London Life Troupe Outstanding

Thursday, April first, was not April Fool's Day as far as this Station was concerned, when the London Life Show visited us for their final appearance of the season. This group of players has always been top notch in the entertainment world but on this particular occasion outshone any of their previous engagements. The orchestra led by Don Wright, scintillating with trumpet solos, was never better, while Doris Martin and Lorraine Varden were cheered to the echo by the large audience. The dance routines by the chorus were a sight to behold with not a mis-step at any time. The skits also were well received.

The night was all too short as far as the audience was concerned and it is to be hoped that conditions over which we have no control will not jeopardize stations in future from hearing and seeing such outstanding artists another season, through lack of transportation facilities.

After the show, lunch was served in the Officers' Mess after which the weary troupers returned to London by bus to take up their various duties the next morning in the offices of the London Life Insurance Co., sponsors of the group.

## Station Softball

At a meeting of representatives of the various sections on the station a 10 team league was organized. R1. was asked to enter a team playing half its games at the Main Station.

The schedule will consist of two series with the four top team in each series meeting at the end of the season for the Station championship.

If you are interested in playing ball this summer, contact the men who are in charge of your section.

H.Q., Equipment and Stores—F/S Jones.

Wrks. and Bldgs., and M.T.—Sgt. Turnbull.

Service Police, Postal Corps., Mess Halls—Sgt. Moulder.

No. 1 Squadron Instructor and Students—F/O Frizelle (A Flight).

No. 2 Squadron Instructor and Students—F/L McLeod (Control Tower).

Maintenance—W.O. Bailey and LAC. Crooker.

Servicing—F/S Smith and Cpl. Taylor.

Metal Shop—Sgt. Hardy.

G. I. S.—F/O Fletcher.

R1.—F/O Jenvey.

successfully.

What kind of a noun is trousers? An uncommon noun because it is singular at the top and plural at the bottom.

Abraham Lincoln wrote the Gettysburg address while travelling from Washington to Gettysburg on the back of an envelope.

They give William IV a lovely funeral. It took six men to carry the beer.

The soil of Prussia was so poor that the people had to work hard to stay on top.

**BUY WAR SAVINGS  
CERTIFICATES REGULARLY**

## Metal Shop Scraps

Although we of the Metal Shop are happy to welcome S/L Shaw as our new O.C., we are greatly grieved at the loss of S/L Moodie. We think all Maintenance as well as the Metal Shop will agree, there was none better. However our loss is Centralia's gain. If we were made of "sterner stuff" we might say: "Good Luck, Bill," except for the fact that a similar occurrence on the part of our Sgt. Payler caused that young man no end of embarrassment.

Probably the greatest blow of all was the loss of Cpl. Savage. It came as somewhat of a shock, especially to those, that had been on a week-end pass, to return and discover that Andy had already left for Moncton, N.B. Hope you like your new job, Andy. We're sure you'll be as well liked there as you were at No. 14.

It seems congratulations are in order for several members of our organization. Flt. Sgt. Locke on his crown; Cpl. Hooley and LAC's Smith and Eves. All promotions have been well "WET" with the exception of one. We trust that it will come shortly.

Kit Rogers is back from his two weeks furlough, in his case more appropriately called "honeymoon," and brought back with him a humorous tale regarding his wedding night. It seems the bride and bridegroom upon entering their room at the Royal York, discovered to their dismay that the room contained furnishing definitely not in accord with their ideas on marital bliss, twin beds, no less. The irate husband promptly called the desk clerk to inquire "the meaning of the outrage." He was politely informed by the clerk that such accommodations were all that the hotel had to offer at present, unless Mr. Rogers would prefer the bridal suite, to the tune of \$39.50 per day. Mr. Rogers promptly hung up. We'll bet it was the bridegroom's turn to blush.

Did you ever see a dream walking? Of course not, the idea is positively absurd. Did you see F/S Locke rolling a hoop? That's absurd too, but yet, it actually happened. Furthermore, he's good at it.

What's this we hear about Sgt. Hardy's passion for Quebec Heaters? Could it be, in his happy state of mind he mistook the contours of the heater for something shall we say, more alluring. Tell us more Mac!

Sgt. Koleada, formerly of the Metal shop, has been seen currently appearing in an Aylmer stage production called "Mystery at Midnight." Sgt. Koleada, more appropriately billed at Mr. M. Koleada, played the role of Oscar, the strong man. Sgt. Oscar—er, we mean Sgt. Koleada, did a neat portrayal of the role. Just the man for the part, we'd say.

Tommy Belshim's pet beef of late, has to do with flying pay. According to Tommy, who, incidentally has been with us for some time, it seems the Metal Shop which it is generally agreed, does more than its share toward serviceability, has been sadly neglected in regard to "flips" and the resulting "six-bits per." Maybe you got something there, Tom! Remember the old saying, "the wheel that squeaks the loudest gets the most oil."