



# THE AYLMER AIRMAN



VOL. 2, No. 11

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

MAY 14th, 1943

## Air Marshal Bishop Presents Wings To Graduating Airmen



AIR MARSHAL BISHOP

Wings will be presented today by Air Marshal W. A. Bishop, whose decorations are given as V.C., D.S.O. and Bar, M.C., D.F.C., Chevalier of the Legion of Honour and Croix de Guerre with Palm, which includes practically every decoration given by the Governments of Britain and France. His is the first picture in the book of air heroes which is given to each pilot with his Wings, and it will be both a privilege and an inspiration to be Winged by a man with such a record of courage and achievement.

The story has it that the Air Marshal once visited our C.O. in less formal circumstances when he made a forced landing on the C.O.'s farm, but there could be no happier occasion for a return visit than this, when Group Captain Irwin presents to him a new class of pilots of whom we are justly proud.

### Welcome!



S/L. L. INGRAM

As a replacement for S/L. Southam who has been posted to Hagersville, Aylmer was fortunate in getting S/L. Lew Ingram, as Chief Instructor. With possibly the widest range of flying experience of any man who has been on the Station, S/L. Ingram came to us from Trenton, where he had been O.C. of one of the visiting flights for some time.

S/L. Ingram is really an old-timer in the flying business, having begun away back in 1920, when he took flying lessons out West from his brother, a pilot of the last war. After learning to fly, the two of them then barnstormed all over the Western provinces for several years.

In the early thirties our present C. I. flew commercially in Northern Saskatchewan and Alberta for Mason and Campbell and then later on, he had his own aircraft and ran a flying school at Prince Albert. He joined the R.C.A.F. as a direct entry pilot in the fall of 1939, and his career has consisted of the usual round of Borden and Trenton, plus a sojourn at Claresholm, Alberta, where he was Squadron Commander. It is interesting to note that he was a member of the original visiting flight under S/L. Norman Peterson, in 1940, and has been on three others since. However with the posting to Aylmer it appears as if he has finally come to rest for some time.

Everyone on the Station joins with the writer in wishing S/L. Ingram success in his new job at No. 14 S.F.T.S.

### Farewell!



S/L. K. G. SOUTHAM

Another member of the No. 14 S.F.T.S. originals, and one of the most popular officers on this Station was lost to Hagersville, with the posting of Squadron Leader K. G. Southam to that unit recently. Squadron Leader Southam ably filled the post of Chief Instructor and anyone who had anything to do with him was genuinely sorry to see him leave.

Squadron Leader Southam enlisted back in the early days of the war, trained as a P/O at Camp Borden, and after taking an instruction course at C.F.S., Trenton, returned to instruct at the school where he received his Wings. His progress was extremely rapid, and when he was posted to Aylmer in July 1941, he left as Flight Commander at Camp Borden, to take over "D" Flight at Aylmer. A year ago, when S/L Bert Miller and F/L Bitsy Grant, O.C. and Examining Officer respectively of No. 2 Squadron, were posted overseas, F/L Southam then took charge of No. 2 Squadron. He was promoted to the rank of Squadron Leader in July 1942, and in September was made Chief Instructor, a post which he filled most capably until his posting last month.

Squadron Leader Southam was definitely one of the outstanding personalities on the Station during his term of duty here and the writer joins with a multitude of others here at Aylmer, who wish him the best of luck at his new job.

## Victory Loan Nets \$73,500 and Still Going Strong

As in previous loans No. 14 came through with flying colours in the Victory Loan Drive. With a quota of \$30,000, this figure was surpassed in the first few days. Up to Wednesday of this week the total stands as \$73,000 and subscriptions still coming.

It is obvious that the personnel are not only interested in turning out pilots whose fame is known the whole world over, but also in supplying the much needed funds to keep our men well supplied with essential tools and equipment to complete the job.

## From The W. D.'s

Hot off the press comes the item that our mighty molecule must no longer be addressed as "Sergeant." In future it's "Miss" Tomlin—complete with salute! Congratulations and the very best of luck wherever you are sent, Sgt!

Every month there are always comings and goings, and the past month has been particularly fruitful in this respect. As a matter of fact there have been so many comings that our reporter hasn't got around to knowing all their names yet! Poor show, we admit, but we like faces and we can give you this much information, boys—they share a common phone number i.e.—the Women's Canteen. Incidentally, you don't even have to phone there if you can't spare the nickel. Come on over in person any Wednesday or Saturday evening and see us for yourselves—but looking completely unrecognizable in sweaters and slacks and flowing hair-does. The girls look so different on these oc-

casions we are thinking of bringing out a new ruling for female personnel, when in sports clothes, to wear their "discs, identity" in a conspicuous place, so that identification may be readily established.

Monday evening is also a popular occasion for the W.D.'s. We all dash over on the stroke of 9 p.m. (sorry—2100 hrs.) so as not to miss a single boogie beat from Bud Philp's station-famous band!

They've got into a nasty little habit lately of posting all our pet postal clerks. Must be getting them mixed up with the mail! At this rate we'll soon have to have country-style mail boxes standing outside the barracks and sort out our own. Best of luck, Brownlee and Maher—we'll probably run into you somewhere again before this war is over but meanwhile, au revoir! They also picked out all our cutest G.D.'s to cheer the lonely hearts of the convalescents in Muskoka. We hated to see them go but can count the loss as our bit for the war effort—that, and Victory Bonds.

# The Aylmer Airman

Published every fourth Friday at Aylmer  
Ontario, under the authority of  
Group Captain G. N. Irwin  
Commanding Officer, Number 14 S.F.T.S.



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AYLMER, FRIDAY, MAY 14th, 1943

Sacrifice is a term we see very often in the newspapers these days. Reference is frequently made to ourselves as members of the armed forces.

It is a term most of us don't like very much. We know in our own hearts we do most things just because we want to.

We joined the Service because we wanted to beat the Nazis.

Also vital to beating the Nazis is money. Our country gives us an opportunity to help beat the Nazis in a way that makes good sense from a purely selfish point of view.

1. All of us will need money after the war, to get married, to buy a home, or a car, or perhaps simply to tide us over until we can get the type of job we want.

2. If a lot of us have some money after the war, with which to buy things, then jobs will be created to supply the things we want.

3. We will need those jobs.

4. Victory Bonds are as good as our country.

5. They can be turned into cash at any time in case of emergency.

6. They pay better interest than bank deposits.

7. They provide for our own and our country's future. Buying bonds is no sacrifice. It just makes good sense from a selfish point of view.

Buy Bonds now until it hurts to make things easier after the war. Tomorrow is the last day of the campaign.



Well we finally made it, and with the minimum of casualties! Even though as pilots, we make good ping-pong players. (F/O Sinclair doesn't believe this). We've finished the course.

We know the "F" Flight Rumble Fund won't exist without our generous contributions, but we suspect F/O Eakins will take a delight in cooking up something new for poor, underpaid, and overworked student pilots.

Our harrassed instructors have that "end of course" feeling. Their new festive spirits are shown by the appearance of a number of brightly coloured jockey caps in the flight room.

The students suspect the caps are a mark of a secret organization pledged to the lifework of introducing euthanasia for all student pilots.

We make apologies to our instructors for the trouble we have caused them during the course. The usual number of cracked oleos, cracked wingtips and nose-ups have occurred, each one meaning new gray hairs for some poor instructor. The three Browns are awarded the group prize for the course. They've cracked up, been lost, and generally caused more trouble than any other dozen students in the course. Individual prizes goes to an "F" Flight student (he wants to be a night fighter pilot.) Said student having shot up

an Anson containing No. 2 Squadron Examining Officer, cut it out of the circuit and then, while landing, ground looping and keeping the Anson buzzing around the circuit for an hour and a half until the flare path was cleared.

By the way, what Flight Commander recently taxied in with his flaps down? Things like that make us students very happy.

Our congratulations to F/O DePuy who recently became the father of a bouncing boy. While we are handing out bouquets our best wishes go with Barney Dan who's now on the way back to Australia to continue training. Barney lost his father recently and he'll be glad to get home. We're sorry to see him go, and we'll miss him and his songs. Good luck, Barney.

A certain instructor has asked us to get to the bottom of the rumour that our timekeeper's aunt is named George. All information received will be treated as strictly confidential.

Our heartiest thanks to the Ground staff boys, who've covered up our mistakes and co-operated wholeheartedly throughout the course. One thing we're sorry about—they didn't get a chance to use one of those 45 lb. extinguishers they haul around all day. Better luck with the next course, boys.

In conclusion, our best wishes to the new "F" Flight. May they be as happy here as we have been.

## Hobby Shop

Come to the Hobby Shop in the bombing building where there are work benches, tools and material for anyone who cares to build things. This shop open every night.



Some people are born lucky, and some of the more fortunate survive E.F.T.S., but of all those, the luckiest are the select few who are posted here. We, the new course, realized that after spending a few days on this station, and what could be better than a posting here in Spring. No washout weather we promised ourselves, but little we know of this part of the country, where spring is something to do with Cupid and W.D.'s and nothing to do with the MET Man and his instruments. There have ever been cries of "Oh, to be in England, now that spring is here," but these have been loudly hooted down.

That Spring is really here is evident by the gambolling of the Gremlins. Who else could have so neatly lifted Lamb's flaps ten feet off the deck after a bumpy pass at landing, or bent the runways so that unsuspecting "E" Flight aircraft run amuck to spoil a long run of accident free days.

By now we have all been introduced to that snarling beast, the Harvard, and to their tamers, our Instructors. With infinite patience and in soothing tones they pointed out the knobs and dials while we sat there feeling as lost as a piece of pork in a synagogue.

Some strangers were seen in the flight room a few days ago. They were in a dazed condition, muttering, "Watch your Airspeed." They turned out to be F/O Taylor's pupils on the ground for the first time.

By the time this is printed we will have said so long to Course 73, who are present grinding away at R1. We would like to wish them the best in all they undertake in the future. By the same token we would like to welcome our new class 79. It seems quite a change having a Canadian course again after our last several of "Aussies."

F/O Coward is our roving instructor for this course. His "Roving" takes in a lot of territory, including the cab of our gas truck. Showing any progress "Rover?"

We hope the Victory Loan drive doesn't curtail the visits our three Casanovas to Chicago. The stories they return with would brighten the most drab flight and even penetrate the dimness of "A". When the "hands across the border" attitude failed, Willie Collard decided to keep his arms around Susan. The true account of Johnny Wismaks' visit can be found in his Diary under the heading "P"—"P" for Phyllis. Wee Willie Taylor's ancestry has been traced back to a Tom-Cat. The reasoning is two-fold. Anyone who can drink a quart of Misiltoe Gin (a cross between bath-tub gin and needle-beer) must have nine lives. Besides he didn't open his eyes until nine days after his return. He says he was dreaming of Betty, but occasionally he was heard to murmur, "No, Never," we think he was rehearsing another visit with his entertainer friend.

Congratulations to Al McLeish on the new arrival. One thing, Mac, you will never have this one for a student, but you may get her for a timekeeper some day.

F/O Nesbitt was going to Chicago, but the "Powers That Be" decided the boys didn't need a chaparron,



Au-revoir to F/O "Dick" Duffey, who became tired of teaching students something they should have learned at E.F.T.S., so packing his bags set out for Windsor, to take over as O.C. of Link; also to F/Sgt. Field, who left shortly after for the new Instrument School at Mohawk. We received a letter from Gray, saying he actually flew the beam and heard the Dit, Daus, etc., from the air. What was your altitude at the inner marker, Gray?

Howdy to Sgts. Williams and Thomas, ex from Borden, who have been assigned to teach needle, ball and airspeed to "B" and "D" Flights.

I'll bet there is no living with F/Sgts. Shaughnessy and Patterson now, since they put up their crowns.

It is rumoured that F/O Fletcher Manager of G.I.S. softball team wants F/O Hendershott, better known as "Columbia Lou" to handle the first base chores. F/L Lawie also has that position in mind. Right now it's a toss up between the two.

Recently a student on his final Link test got tangled up with his P6 compass and did a "wrong-way Corrigan." What a pleasant thought if he set out to "block-bust" Berlin and instead flattened out Aylmer or something!

F/Sgt. Jack Sheppard is dreaming of a green valley far away where there are no Link Trainers, and "cokes" grow on trees.

We wonder why "Junior" seems to get the best service in the Sgts. Mess.

The "Link" at the top is taken from the original, carved out of a tree by our Master Craftsman and Woodworker F/O Don Awde.

## PLEASE!

Your Library Committee has been trying for some time to enhance the value of good literature with no little degree of success. There is however, still chronic carelessness on the part of a few with regard to bringing back books borrowed. In order to maintain the good service particularly with the new books it is very essential that you return same promptly so that others may share with you the pleasure of reading these new additions.

## C. O.'s Corner

I wish to express my most sincere thanks to all personnel for the splendid manner in which the Victory Bond Campaign was supported, and to all section and unit commanders who put so much effort into selling.

Many of you have had to dig deeply into your pockets and deprive yourselves of many pleasures. That you so readily accepted this fact is a tribute to the fighting spirit of all personnel on this unit.

Course 73 leaves us today. We hope you have enjoyed your stay here despite the arduous training period you have been through. Our best wishes go with you. Whatever your future tasks, good luck and success to all of you.

—G. N. IRWIN,  
Group Captain.



**Y.M.C.A.**

**MOVIES**

**SATURDAY, MAY 15th**

**WRANGLER'S ROOST"**

Starring Ray Corrigan, John King and Max Terhune

**TUESDAY, MAY 18th**

**"ACROSS THE PACIFIC"**

Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, Sidney Greenstreet

**THURSDAY, MAY 20th**

**"MANILLA CALLING"**

Action Drama with Lloyd Nolan and Carole Landis

**Other Films Booked but Dates not as yet Allocated:**

**"SERGEANT YORK"**

With Gary Copper, Walter Brennan and Joan Leslie

**"STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM"**

With Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and a host of other stars

**"EAST OF THE RIVER"**

Starring John Garfield and Branda Marshall

**"JUKE GIRL"**

Starring Ann Sheridan and Ronald Regan

**"NOW VOYAGER"**

Drama, Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains and Ronald Regan.

## Meteorological Mania

After tearing around frantically to scrape up a bit of news for the Airman, I find that for the most part there is disgustingly little of note that has happened of late in the way of news or scandal. However, what few things I have managed to collect may suffice.

To deal with the scandal angle first, it has been suggested that the current \$64 question in this office, and elsewhere perhaps, is as follows; What Corporal was it, and why, who left a recent dance half an hour before anyone else but arrived home half an hour after anyone else? Could there have been any 'major' reason for same?

It seems that men may come and men may go, but Bermuda lives on forever! This changing scene resulting from the posting in and out of aircrew, tarmacs, S.P.'s, etc., removes all monotony from the activities of the W.D.'s in the office. There are always new faces, new conquests to be made; and the sweet privilege of sad farewells does not present itself infrequently. But so far as one member of our staff is concerned, all that is left for the others. This one is ever faithful to the Bermuda Commando, to whom she is constantly sending parcels, letters, air mail, airgraphs, etc. It is a heart-warming sight to watch the Mighty Mite raptly devouring the contents of the latest letter, or batch of letters from said source!

For the benefit of one of the other girls I offer this little poem:

Rejoice!

Becoice

Joyce

Made ANOTHER choice

Of the voice.

How noice!

Well, seems someone wants the

## Metal Shop Scraps

"In spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," or could it be that several young men of our organization are actually interested in fabric work, nor are two of our more aspiring young Sergeants to be excluded from this group. By the way, Steve, what was the excuse you had? Something to do with fire extinguishers, I think. Hm-m-m, supposed to put out fires, aren't they?

A young man walked into the shop Monday morning, closely resembling LAC. Stone, but with those bags under his eyes, who could tell. It's a shame to spend half that "48" sleeping, isn't it A.E.?

With the coming of fine weather, it is to be noticed that Tommy Belshem has hardly any trouble with his "Cold Hands." At least they are to be found less and less in the region of his pockets, or is the change of weather the main reason, Tommy?

One of the latest additions to our staff is Sgt. Bill Trumbley, who incidentally has a son on the Station as an Instructor. Sgt. Trumbley "Curley" was formerly in the repair depot at Winnipeg, and if you have any notions that things are tough here, you should hear the tales he brings from there. Brother, this is heaven.

Our eminent Flight Sgt. has incorporated another new system in our establishment and despite the considerable controversy raised on the subject, it works! Although the plan has only been in operation a few days, considerable progress is already evident. Tell those R.D.'s to move over, here comes No. 14 S.F.T.S. Metal Shop.

Flt./Sgt. Locke wishes to extend to all personnel of the Metal Shop his heartfelt appreciation for the brilliant showing made by them in the Fourth Victory Loan campaign. Subscriptions received were far in excess of those estimated. Nice going fellows, let's Buy the Bonds to Buy the Bombs to Beat those Bums.

typewriter to type out a forecast, and it would never do to hold up the Weather Service, so I will discontinue this little dissertation till the next issue.

Knock, knock, may we come in? The boss thought he said all there was to say, but we don't hold him quite responsible these days. And why? !! Surely you know that the great day is drawing ever nearer. It looms up like a thunderhead, and like shafts of lightning the arrows from Cupid's bow are finding a vulnerable mark. We note great turbulence and instability. Vainly he tries to keep his mind on his work but it is continually being drawn toward a little apartment in Aylmer that is waiting for the touch of a woman's hand. Picture our O.C. in a frilly apron, tearing his hair as he tries to find a recipe in the Boston Cook Book for boiling water without burning. Some life, I'd say. To put it in his own terse style:—

The boss,

The boss

Is at a loss,

His mind does toss,

He's not like he wass.

Alaws!

Such is his condition at time of writing. We will report on our patient's progress again in the next issue, which will be very close to the fatal day.

## "No Accounting For It"

To bear out the heading of this article, the Account Section had a Route march to Springfield and back one fine, hot, dusty day—No accounting for it! Do we get a refund on our worn leather, or does the high percentage of health gained balance out the books?

Congratulations are in order on the birth of six new members: F/O Bury, late of Camp Borden, George Scott, Harold Olmstead, Frank Lacey, Bob Patterson, Jim Ranahan, George Pallascia and John Foley. Our family has grown to such huge proportions now that we are reminded constantly of the Old Woman in the Shoe—be it strings or laces that come to boot!

The old serpent "Trade Board" has risen it's ugly head again. Members of the staff striving for their pinnacle are reported to be "snooping for their grouping." Here's hoping that the "A's" have it this time.

An overheard conversation from a couple of our brighter members: The chairs and desks are all occupied, so you perch on the next light to me and we can finish our little talk, strictly business of course!

Rumour has it that we are all going to be out cutting grass, snipping flowers, etc., in the near future—be it pen or lawn-mower we push, the war is only going to last another 5 or 10 years anyway, so let's not collapse at this stage of the game.

Rumours, rumour and more rumours—something that the Air Force could never do without. Now it seems to be buzzing around that soon we will be having summer—there must be some truth to it judging from the display of sunburns around here. We have suggested a glass roof for the benefit of our sun-lovers, but then there are always people with bricks to spoil that idea.

In closing we would ask, pardon me, request, that the playful little gremlins who smear the ink, tear the pages and force us to make entries in red ink instead of black—



Well it comes time to say fond farewell to Course 75 and hello to a new batch of Instructor's Nightmares. (New Students.)

We can say for Course 75, that only through the good work at maintenance are we able to start the new course off with as many aircraft as they had.

We wish you Course 75 lots of luck and good flying, (you may need the luck) at R1, but after all, fellows, don't forget to put your wheels down when you land. We know that a wheels-up landing gets away from all worry of correcting for drift or ground looping, but it is pretty hard on the aircraft and we can guarantee that the C. I. doesn't like it.

All kidding aside, we wish you fellows lots of luck and hope that whatever branch of flying you choose to follow, you will do as good a job as you have done here at No. 14 S.F.T.S.

We take this opportunity of welcoming three new instructors to the Flight since the last issues of our station's paper, P/O's Genge, Harvie and May.

## Library Corner

On his recent visit to the Station it was very gratifying to hear the remarks of F/L Ritter, Senior Educational Officer, when he informed us that No. 14 has the finest equipped Library and Reading Room in the Command.

Since our Library re-organization a few months ago we have been able to add to our already large stock of reading material a good number of popular books of the year, a list of some of which is below:

ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY  
KLONDIKE MIKE  
FORTUNE'S FOOL  
TOMORROW IS OURS  
OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY  
THE STRANGE WOMAN  
A CONRAD ARGOSY  
GUADACANAL DIARY  
DICKEN'S DIGEST  
LET THE PEOPLE KNOW

### Assignment in Brittany

The author, Helen MacInnes, has scored with one of the best novels of espionage and adventure to be published in the present war.

Assignment in Brittany is a tale in the setting of Occupied France with Martin Hearne, of the British Intelligence Service in the leading role. His resemblance to a wounded French soldier named Corlay, who had escaped to England from Dunkirk, was so great that he was accepted in St. Deodat, Corlay's home town, by all with whom he came in contact, even to Madame Corlay and his fiancée, Anne Pinot.

The information he was able to pass on to the British was invaluable and the means of relaying same, as well as the many close calls he was compelled to take makes this one of the outstanding books of the year.

### A Conrad Argosy

This big book contains fifteen complete stories by one of the greatest Novelists of modern times. Conrad is the great writer of sea stories whose vivid descriptions make you see and hear and smell the sights and sound and odours of far-off lands and strange seas. You don't have to read the whole book; try any one of the stories. Recommended—"Typhoon."

### Klondike Mike

This, the true life story of big Mike Mahoney, spiced with the adventures and occasionally the undiluted language of the mining town, is rated one of the best books of the year.

Mike could neither read nor write but he could kick the bar off the eight foot pegs, and he never turned down a fight provided he was not hampered by rules or referee. His chief delight, however was to attempt some superhuman task such as toting a piano on his back up the Chilcoat Pass, or blazing a trail through the Alaskan wilderness.

Written by Merrill Denison in a most appealing style, this book is highly recommended.

### The Dickens Digest

If you are a Dickens lover you will appreciate these condensed versions of four of his most famous works. If you have been wary of tackling Dickens up till now, it is an ideal way to make his acquaintance because the famous characterizations lose nothing of their fascination and no incident of the plot is omitted.

## Y. W. C. A. News

The little Hostess House has emerged from the dinginess of a long hard winter into the fresh spic and spanness that resulted from the thorough spring cleaning it has been undergoing.

It is surprising how a little fresh paint, combined with soap suds and elbow grease has lifted the morale of the Hostesses, and increased the hospitable atmosphere of our "Y" House.

We discovered during the recent upheaval, that house-cleaning as a disciplinary measure, has everything else stopped. Just asked the two Airmen who did the painting. When accumulated coal dirt gets mixed up with the paint brush resulting in black streaks with every stroke, and the paint gets lumpy and goes on the walls in blobs, it takes discipline of a high order to refrain from throwing a few things or using strong language to express oneself.

We learned something about generous co-operation and team work too, when the young wife of one of the Instructors, who had been paying the weekly visit to the station hospital, came in to wait for the bus. She found the Hostesses up to their eyes re-making slip covers, cleaning and re-stuffing cushions in the midst of a clutter of furniture that she literally had to climb over. In a moment she had taken off her coat and was plying needle and thread efficiently. At 8.30 the next morning the enthusiastic volunteer arrived to carry on until the re-upholstering job was completed. The day following she returned with another young officer's wife and an armful of daffodils to make the Hostess House living-room look gay and spring-like. When we tried to tell her how grateful we were for her assistance, she said, "Oh, skip it. I've had fun and I really mean it."

We were glad to have so many visitors drop in last Saturday when the Station held open house. One of the pleasantest experiences of that afternoon came when we welcomed the mother and wife of a pilot student in training here.

"It is quite a comfort to me," said the mother, "to know there is a place like this where my boy and his wife can come and find friends, and enjoy a little bit of home life. I shall go back home with an easier feeling about them now that I have seen the station and this little house."

These are the kind of things that justify the establishment of Y. W. C. A. Hostess Houses, now numbering 39, in military training centres extending across Canada. They form the link between station activities, relatives and friends of the personnel and the surrounding community.

up because it has been found necessary to organize the donor lists by means of quotas assigned to the unit commanders. To have one-third of the ground personnel contributing regularly every nine weeks is the present objective, but it is hoped that a much larger proportion will be interested enough to volunteer to their section commanders. Air crew are permitted by regulations to give blood only if they are going to be on at least five days' leave immediately following.

Most of us so far have been unable to go overseas, but sending our blood is a very valuable way in which, with little inconvenience, and practically no discomfort, we can support those who are actually facing the enemy, and quite possibly save their lives.



COURSE 73 "X" GROUP

1, Atkinson, O. J. E.; 2, Burton, B. L.; 3, Carter, J. C.; 4, Carrington, S. J.; 5, Darley, D. G.; 6, Donnelly, C. A.; 7, Fullerton, H. M.; 8, Gore, J. A.; 9, Hart, M. W. N.; 10, Hawthorn, G. E.; 11, Reid, G. J. F.; 12, Sherry, B. G.; 13, Walden, R. B.; 14, Button, L. E.; 15, Howell, P. J.; 16, Cramer, A. A.; 17, Davies, R. E.; 18, Earle, R.; 19, Goddard, K. H.; 20, Hand, D.; 21, Higgins, T. K.; 22, Holmes, S. N.; 23, Hooliham, P. G. T.; 24, Munroe, D.; 25, Taylor, J. B.; 26, Weaver, J. F.; 27, Woodland, L. F. J.

# Human Blood Serum And The Red Cross

By Flight-Lieutenant H. A. Sims

As Blood Donors' Clinics have been operating on this Station fortnightly since the middle of February, and over 225 have attended so far, this article is being published to answer some of the many questions which are being asked. An attempt will be made, first, to explain the reasons for using blood, its method of preparation, and finally, the set-up of our Station Clinic.

## Shock and its Treatment by Blood and Blood Derivatives

As most of you doubtless know, the blood is pumped by the heart to all parts of the body through the arteries, which pass the blood on to microscopically fine tubes, the capillaries, where only extremely thin walls separate the blood from all tissues of the body. From the capillaries, the blood passes into the veins, by which it reaches the lungs and the heart again. This circulation, carrying oxygen and food to the tissues and removing waste products, is at the very basis of life.

In any serious injury, actual blood may be lost from wounds, and this can threaten life, but even more important, damage may be done to the delicate capillary walls, so that they leak, even in parts of the body far removed from the injury. The serum, which is the fluid part of the blood, passes in large quantities through the leaky capillary walls, leaving behind the solid blood cells, with inadequate fluid to carry them properly. The remaining blood is thus insufficient in volume and is so thick that the heart cannot pump it satisfactorily. This is the basis of shock, which is the major cause of death from war wounds.

For many years, blood transfusions have been used to replace actual blood loss, and also the fluid loss into the tissues which takes place in shock. It is still the best treatment for haemorrhage, but it is obvious that giving whole blood

for shock alone, adds, as well as fluids, more solids to blood which is already too thick. Furthermore, there are many technical difficulties to giving whole blood in the battlefield, viz: donors must be found, yet all the healthy men are already too busy; the blood must be grouped before use, because the wrong type will kill the patient, and grouping requires lab. facilities, and nearly an hour's work; even the actual collection and administration is slow and cumbersome. Blood banks are possible, but require refrigeration, and even at best, whole blood can be kept only a few weeks. None of these things are practicable much nearer to the scene of action than the base hospital, yet the earlier the transfusion is given, the better the chance of saving life. This leads us to dried blood serum.

## Dried Human Blood Serum

The development of this product has taken place chiefly since the outbreak of the present war, and much of the most valuable experimental work has been done in Canada. The present arrangement is as follows:

About 14 oz. of blood is drawn from the donor's vein by a needle and tube directly into a sterilized bottle, where it is allowed to clot. (It is here that the American dried plasma differs slightly. A solution is added which prevents clotting and the solids are removed, instead, by a whirling machine.) The clear yellow fluid serum separates from the clot, which contains the solid portions of the blood. In this form it is shipped to the Connaught Labs. for treatment. The serum is poured off. It is tested for purity, and is grouped. It is then pooled with other blood groups, and becomes, unlike whole blood, safe for use with patients of any group. This eliminates the most troublesome step from transfusion. After pooling, the serum is passed through extremely fine asbestos filters to remove any germs which may

have contaminated it. It is then frozen in dry ice, and the water is evaporated off in a vacuum chamber. Freezing prevents chemical change during the evaporation. After 72 hours in the vacuum, the serum is reduced to a fine dry sand-coloured powder, which will keep for years at ordinary temperatures, and which requires only sterile distilled water to prepare it for administration to a shocked patient in the battlefield. If fatty food is eaten before giving blood, fat particles will be present in the serum and will make it useless for preserving.

A 14 oz. donation of blood yields about 5½ oz. of serum. It requires on the average 1½-2 donations to make a bottle of dried serum. Frequently 2 or 3 bottles are needed for one seriously injured patient. It is reported that at the battle of El Alamein 8-10,000 patients were treated with serum. This would require the present output for 6 weeks of all the clinics in Canada. It can be seen that the number of persons regularly giving blood must be very greatly increased if a reserve is to be built up against the big battles which are likely to come in the next few months.

## Aylmer Station Clinic

A regular clinic is operated in St. Thomas with the services of a full-time trained technician, who organizes the equipment and handles the blood before shipment. The Aylmer Red Cross Society operates a branch clinic every Wednesday. Every second week the Aylmer clinic is held on the Station, for the convenience of the Air Force donors, who have so far supplied over half of the Aylmer output. The Service Medical personnel who help at the clinic do so as volunteers and the clinic has no other connection with the Air Force except its location.

Contrary to rumour, attendance of donors at the Clinic is entirely voluntary. The impression of compulsion has unfortunately grown



Here we are burning the midnight oil rushing for a deadline, but thanks to a timely reminder maybe we'll make it.

Well we do it! No longer can we be styled "Ye Free French Fighters," but instead must be relegated to flying a plain ordinary everyday, FE Harvard, (God bless 'em), and brand spankin new too. The feelings of all and sundry are quite unanimous, albeit our craft are quote, "Unspinnable, Unaerobatable and Unbeatable" unquote, but don't be surprised if one of these days, you happen to spot an aircraft greased in on its belly, it'll probably be one of our Instructors day-dreaming about "Yale" days. Still, maybe those Yales did have something, what it was nobody yet knows, so we'll leave it at that.

No doubt the fire fighting section is just recuperating from its recent close bout with Old Dependable Anson 8411. After just having rushed out nobly to a ground-loop our speedy fire truck was grandly racing toward its usual hangout, when it was suddenly diverted from its course by the unusual sight of smoke pouring out of the cabin of the aforementioned aircraft. The inside story is merely history. Just a matter of a small fire in the control panel, and thanks to Sgt. Dixon, our capable wireless section man whose quick action in pulling wires averted what might have been a serious situation. I am sure that thanks are noted for you by F/L Bradley and F/O Shanfield who were in the unenviable position of being up front.

Orange blossoms and Chapel bells will shortly be in order for our F/O Haylock. Well George, don't say we didn't warn you. Incidentally congratulations on the promotion. After all the Senior Officers gives the orders, even in the family. (Slight comment from your copy man—Guess Who the Senior Officer will be?)

Contrary to general literary masterpieces we are writing this paragraph on a sour note. It fills us with despondence to relate that three of our able mechanics are at present in the local infirmary on Hypo Lane, recovering from major, minor and complex unserviceabilities.

LAC Buckland was the first to go. It seems his foot came in contact with an immovable object and he is now sporting one big and one not so big pedal appendage. Norm Tourangeau decided that "Buck" looked so comfortable, decided to follow his lead, altercations with a prop proved effective.

While all the mayhem was in progress the ambulance made an emergency call on "Pete" Peterson whose condition is serious. At the same time LAC Woodhead, tired of Bomber Command night flying operations, nurses his wounds at home, which gives us all that tired, envious, helpless feeling. So end the obituaries.

Speaking of Night flying, we'd like to boast that our cross country Ansons are winging their way amongst the stars, and getting back. To other flights this may seem of no consequence, but in view of the general cantakerousness of these aircraft, we consider it quite an accomplishment.

And that should do!



COURSE 73 "Y" GROUP

28, Black, S. N.; 29, Crunkhorn, V. R.; 30, Foster, E. R.; 31, Huxtable, D. C.; 32, Leigh, K. E. N.; 33, Lysaght, H. J.; 34, Mallaby, J. B.; 35, Porter, J.; 36, Rowell, E. B.; 37, Staples, S. J.; 38, Toft, C.; 39, Turier, W. E.; 40, DeRome, P.; 41, Johnston, A. S.; 42, Mills, K. F.; 43, Morgan, E. W.; 44, Ordell, R.; 45, Pye, S. A.; 46, Yeomans, A.; 47, Williams, F. O.

## Works and Buildings



In the Spring a young man's fancy . . . or so it seems with Works and Buildings, as we have already had one wedding this month. LAC Bentley, to whom we offer congratulations, also to Sgt. Senior, a fireman, who will be getting married the last of this month. All we have to say is, watch the temperature and keep up a good head of steam.

While on the subject of congratulations, we wish to congratulate a number of new N.C.O.'s. LAC Beaulé, LAC Ford, and LAC McGill who were promoted to Cpls. and Sgt. Moore to Flight.

Spring is definitely here when F/Lt. Hewson gets out on the fairways (I mean runways) to do a little seeding, rolling, etc. Please help him out in this by staying off the grass.

We hear from Smiths Falls, that a certain F/Sgt. has purchased a new home, so any of the W.D.'s who would like to put in an application for the future Mrs. F/Sgt. will fill in a formal application, and leave with the Works & Bldgs. foreman, F/Sgt. Henniger. The line forms on the right, girls.

F/Sgt. DeMone is now out of his shell. He has seen his shadow for the first time this year. As a matter of fact he caused quite a commotion around W. & B. when he stepped out with a clean pair of overalls on. This calls for some kind of a celebration, a parade or flag-waving of some kind.

We have a new Sgt. Tractor Operator with red hair who is quite a lad. He is also a motorcycle enthusiast, so if anybody would like to learn to ride one please get in touch with Sgt. Miller.

LAC Slim Hendricks has seen the light, we hope, but it is very dim as yet. He has only been to the Canteen 3 times in 3 days. Not bad, eh!

A certain W.D. who used to visit us quite often is conspicuous with her absence since a Tractor Operator has gone on leave. Although she dishes out gas she doesn't seem to have enough to get around lately. I wonder why?

We welcome back our civilian Electrician, Stacey, who has been



HEADLINES—"B" Flight achieves well over their objective in Fourth Victory Loan. F/O Bishop solos Hurricane at Bagotville (flying W/O for all other aircraft.)

Monday is to be a gala day—We are welcoming back P/O Noisy Simmonds who has been spreading the seeds of hard work among the "C" Flight troupe and instilling in them some of the "B" Flight esprit-de-corp. Also we can take this occasion to welcome P/O Seagram, (no relation to the house of the same name who produced and Plate & Gold Cup" or "V.O. & 83.") Plate & Gold Cup" or "V.O. & 83."

Interview:—LAW Anne Edge, has brightened our flight rooms to "nth" degree since returning from a week-end, face radiant like a brand new or even an old washout flag, and a sparkling addition of "grand-rock" third finger left hand. Due however to the foresight of our esteemed "Powers that be" at A.F.H.Q., we are not likely to lose "Our Annie" to the maelstrom of matrimony.

Parting Shot—We are beginning to wonder if this five o'clock washout is a pipe dream, or if it will ever be the real McCoy.

away sick for some time, so please take it easy on those light bulbs as he is not up to scratch yet.

We are losing one of our Sgt. Electricians, James Johnston, who is being posted to Toronto. It is a very good thing too, as this man is a wolf and the women around here are wise to him so farther fields are greener. P.S.—We hate to see him go.

We have lost a number of good men this last month. Cpl. Elliott who was posted to Brandon; LAC Poste to Halifax; LAC Rixon to Vancouver, and LAC McCann, to Toronto. We wish these men success in their new jobs and the Best of Luck from all this Section.

Cpl. Arnold still doing very little but attempting to write this column and not doing a very good job. You will hear from me later.

**BUY WAR BONDS  
PROVIDE FOR THE FUTURE**

As our diet is chiefly fire hazards we take his opportunity of passing along to our friends on the station a little timely advice on the dangers in particular, as to the handling of gasoline and what constitutes danger in connection with the handling of it.

We hear frequently that gasoline is an explosive compound. We must remember that one of the fundamental laws in connection with the use of gasoline is that it will not burn in the liquid state; it can only burn in a gaseous state. In connection with that, we are also protected somewhat by nature, in that we must have a definite proportion of air and gasoline vapour in order to have a flammable mixture. This ratio runs from six to sixteen pounds of air for each pound of gasoline, beyond that, either below or above there is little chance of obtaining ignition from a mixture. So, while we must look upon it as a more or less dangerous compound, it is quite safe to handle provided we use reasonable care.

Briefly let's make a little comparison between the force of gasoline vapour mixed with air and other explosive mixtures. Gasoline has a thermal value of about twenty-one to twenty-two B.T.U.'s per pound, that defines the force that may be had from a combustible or explosive mixture. Compare that with T.N.T., and we find that T.N.T. is only about one half of that of gasoline. Compare it with dynamite, and dynamite is only a little less than one third of the explosive value of gasoline, and black powder is only about one-fifth.

These few words of caution, we hope, will benefit someone some day.

Keep up the good work boys. Let's keep this a fireless Fire Dept.

A few words from our Fire Chief to be passed on to you about smoking in the theatre. You've all read about what happened in other places, don't let it happen here. 'Nuff Sed!



We are all (Instructors and Students) pleased to see our esteemed and elongated Flight Commander, F/L Aylett, back on the job again. He says "hospital life ain't so hot, but the 30 days leave was almost worth it." Now that our organization is again complete, we will continue to be THE Flight at No. 14 S.F.T.S. Any competitors (laughingly so called), are hereby told they must get in and crack down if they wish to be anywhere near the top. We all suggest facing East early each morning and bowing three times, uttering solemnly the Holy "Allah Allah"; you know me Al. This perhaps will help.

We wish to know what has happened during recent weeks in the life of F/O Frizelle to cause him to take to the mud the other day while landing. We understand you were doing the flying, Jake. Gosh, life must be tough.

F/O Henderson has been doing a lot of solo checks of late and says, "I'm getting Uh! Uh! sick and tired of this dangerous life." F/O Schatte quite agrees and refuses "Dug" the loan of his aircraft any more since ye olde aileron was bent as is the lowly hoe.

The new course apparently is getting settled down on the station. By all reports they seem to like it. The Instructors they have found, are very nice fellows, and that goes for all the rest on the station, including the W.D.'s. And how! Judging by the attitude the fellows have taken they ought to get along pretty well here, I hope so anyway, seeing I'm one of them.

It seems rather funny to have the new class come in all Canadians, after the last six classes being mostly Australians.



## GEAR GROWLS FROM THE M. T. SECTION

Hail and Farewell—With this issue we welcome our new Major, WO1 Ing. May your stay with us be a long one, and a pleasant one, Sir. It could be there will be a new day "a Don—Ing" in the Section!

We bid farewell to WO2 Lascelles, who though with us but a few months, made many friends and may you continue to do so, Major. Also among the departing members for far-distant posts, were Cpl. Pitzler (Carl to all and sundry); S. J. "Scotty" Campbell, and Harold Bancroft, who will be reporting at "Y" Depot Halifax, very shortly. During the month we also lost three newcomers to the M.T.—AC's Webb, Lamarsh and Seymour, who report to Halifax for a reposting.

To Trenton for a course went AC's Maxwell and Vandenburg. Here's wishing you every success on the course, Max and Van.

We hope that Gordon Major will soon be out of TTS hospital, and back on the job again.

## Quips From Equipment

"MOVING"

Well here we are, in our new Suburban Hom, a new sub-division, sewers, electric light, telephones, water, cold only (damned cold in fact when it comes in through the walls and under the doors). Roads (use at your own risk). It was quite a feat, the section moving off at 14 hours, supported by sturdy reinforcements from Maintenance, M. T. and W. & B., Trailers, Cletracs, etc., while Dental and Medical Corps acted as forward observation. The advance continued according to plan until 17 hours and was resumed with renewed vigor at 18 hours. The only casualty was W. O. 2 Bottrill, who was caught in a jam trying to get into the new building through the small door. He forgot H.Q. put the large doors in especially for him. Sgt. Dunn passed out at 18 hours when he saw how all his nuts and bolts had got mixed up by the young officer in charge of loading, ably assisted by Maintenance.

Our new neighbours were spurred on to provide light refreshment (very light) at 20 hours and our objective was reached at 23 hours. Support troops (W. & B.) were rushed into the breach at daylight to assist in pumping out the water from our new position and some of the girls were nearly drowned in Lake Beauport.

Weather conditions were intense and frost bites, exposure to sub-zero weather cut down the effectiveness of the move. The support troops (W. & B.) responded nobly with a little (very little) heat and the new position was consolidated and outside of Aircraft soap for Servicing Squadron, there has been no break in the Super-Service, Equipment Section has always maintained.

We have not had many customers since we moved but expect a lot of old customers back when they find where in "L" the new equipment building is.

P.S.—The glassed-in enclosure is not an aquarium. It is the new office and orderly room.

Two of our staff have departed for the West to open up a new Station, and from our knowledge of them will make a real job of it, and we wish our best to LAC. Reid and "Major Brown" who both move a little closer to home, the very best of luck to you both. We miss Brownie 'cause he was our monthly "Reporter."

Two new W.D.'s have arrived here and have taken over as assistants to Sgt. Dunn and F/Sgt. Beauport. "Little Audrey" Ball is the one, and "Dotty" Beeston is the other. We hope that their stay will be long and prosperous. Perhaps this is the reason why the male personnel of clothing stores come regularly to clear their mail basket nowadays. It was like drawing teeth to get them here previously.

F/Lt. Morrison suffered from Larngitis trying to make himself heard through the glass partition, but has installed a modification to take care of the defect, now every time the orderly room door opens he gets breeze of it.

At this time we take a more serious turn of mind and extend to all those people who dug in and helped, our thanks for their fine co-operation which at some future date we will endeavour to reciprocate in kind, and we really have a fine set-up over here and are improving it all the time. So come over and see us some time and buy a "Coc." (Don't be mad though if you hit a blank.)

## Have You Met The Sodium Filled Exhaust Valve?

By S/L H. C. Shaw

Exhaust valves used on internal combustion engines are subjected to very high temperatures, particularly in aeroplane engines operated at fairly high compression. In order to dissipate this heat as rapidly as possible from the head of the valve some medium with the ability to conduct heat rapidly must be used, otherwise destruction of the valve seat will result and replacement will be necessary.

In order to accomplish this the valve is made with a hollow chamber which is filled to 70% of its capacity with metallic sodium. The end of the stem is then plugged, which seals the cavity containing the sodium. Since sodium melts at about 208 degrees centigrade it becomes a liquid at engine operating temperatures and in this state has about 6 times the heat conducting ability of steel. The heat at the valve head is therefore, conducted rapidly down the stem and away from the head, thus extending the life of the valve. The slopping of the liquid up and down inside the valve stem also helps to carry the heat away from the valve head. When an exhaust valve of this type becomes unserviceable it is necessary to get rid of it by either dropping it into about 100 feet of water, or by burying it, where it is very unlikely to be found again.

If for any reason the valve stem is cut with a wet hack-saw blade an explosion is likely to occur due to the fact that when sodium is united with water, hydrogen is released and heat is generated, therefore, since hydrogen is highly inflammable an explosion may occur. If the valve stem is subjected to extreme heat similar to that applied with a blow torch, or if the valve is thrown into a furnace the temperature of the sodium is likely to be raised to a point where it becomes a vapor, causing high internal pressure, also if the valve stem is heated to the melting point, the hydrogen generated may explode with terrific force.

Great care should, therefore, be taken to see that sodium filled valves are not destroyed by the use of heat or by sawing with a wet hack-saw blade. This type of valve should not be thrown into the metal scrap pile since scrap metal will finally be melted in a furnace and damage to the furnace or to personnel may result.

It should be noted that practically all exhaust valves used on aeroplane engines are sodium filled valves and that they are also used on some motor truck engines. Therefore, if you are handling valves play safe and make sure that unserviceable sodium-filled valves are destroyed by careful burying or by dropping them into the lake. Do not leave them where anyone can pick them up to use for any purpose other than the use they were made for, they are perfectly safe for that.

### CAMERA CLUB

Camera Club meets each Wednesday, Ground School 1900 hours. Pres., Sgt. Quartermain; Sec.-Treas., Cpl. Rutherford; Chairman, F/L. Clarke. All interested contact Lou Henry your "Y" Supervisor.



"Y" Group—Well here we are in our seventh week and one would think that we would be able to fly Harvards by now, but we are afraid the Flight Commander is beginning to wonder. It wasn't mentioned before but we assure all and sundry that our Flight Commander and the Instructors are sure a swell bunch.

We think LAC Homuth has finally sorted out the levers in the cockpit, at least we all hope so. McDonald wants to know, if the armourer can issue rifles to kill a few of the Gremlins on the drome because he swears he saw two grab his brakes, while the rest pushed his tail in the air, putting him in an awful predicament, besides ruining a good prop.

The Flight is sorry to lose those that have had to leave us, and trust that those remaining will come through with flying colors.

How does a certain pupil get so many hours in? Could it be because he is so well in with our time-keeper, perhaps a budding romance?

We surely wish the weather man could bring us some decent weather.

There aren't many favorite expressions in this flight, except possibly:

F/O Brown—This Flight Room is untidy.

F/O Barton—? ? ?

Crewe—What's that?

WO2 McLean—Sit tight fellows.

## From The Sharps and Flats

Well gang, you have now what you have wanted for a long time, a Dance Band, and by the turn out on Monday nights it seems that that is what was needed and it is only by your support and appreciation of these dances that we are able to carry on. The management of the Band have quite a hard time getting players and keeping them, as the postings on a Station of this nature are numerous. At our last dance, our red-headed saxophone player, "Red" Snell, had to put up his sax to learn another instrument and if he is as capable on it as he is the sax, he should be able to play quite a tune for "Jerry."

Our genial leader "Bud" Philp has promised that he will supply you with the latest hits as he has done in the past. By the way girls, how do you like the unique method Sgt. "Barney" Ross keeps time with his chewing gum. It's one of "Barney's" own inventions too, and have you noticed the lad that hides behind the tuba (commonly known to the band as "Onions" Taylor.) He's quite the lad if you get a good look at him.

We have a spare trumpet waiting for somebody who would like to turn out with the band, and we could also use two good saxophone players.

Well gang, this all for now but we'll be back again to introduce some more members of the band to you, and, as our theme song says "We'll Meet Again."

PROVIDE FOR THE FUTURE  
BUY WAR BONDS