



AYLMER AIRMAN



VOL. 2, No. 12

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

JUNE 11th, 1943

Fourth Victory Loan More Than Trebled

Presenting Wings

An important visitor to our Station today is Captain James Crang, D.F.C., well-known businessman of Toronto. Captain Crang flew with the Royal Flying Corps in the last war, and although he is not with the R.C.A.F. in this show, he still has a very active interest in flying and is contributing his flying experience to the work at No. 4 A O. S. at Crumlin. We welcome Captain Crang as he comes today to present their Wings to Course 75.

Discipline Generally

WO. 2 James, F.A.

The writer has been requested to contribute an article on Discipline. At once you will say "What do you want with discipline in this paper, don't we get enough of it when we are on parade?" My answer is yes, on Parade, but how about when you are off Parade? That is where the rub comes.

The average airman thinks that when five o'clock rolls around he can do and behave as he sees fit. That is where he is wrong. The same standard of discipline must be maintained off parade as on parade if he wants to be a credit to the Service, and after all it is the Service first and foremost.

Some airmen are of the opinion that the word discipline means punishment. They are wrong. It is only when breaches of discipline occur that punishment enters. Discipline is evident in all walks of life. It would be impossible for our railways, steamship lines, etc., to function as smoothly as they do if discipline was not maintained.

There are two subjects I would like to touch on regarding discipline. They are dress and paying compliments. Uniformity in dress is a prime requisite of discipline. Do not deviate from standard patterns, if you do you are masquerading. Neatly dressed airmen give an air of efficiency. Slovenly dressed airmen, an air of delinquency. Brass like Joseph's Coat has many colours when unshone, unpolished boots are an abomination unto a Unit. A lazy airman who is continually dodging the column does not realize that he is working harder and at the same time throwing extra work on a comrade.

Now we come to the matter of
(Continued on Page 2)



With an objective of \$30,000 to shoot at in the Fourth Victory Loan, once again, No. 14 came to the fore with a total subscription record of \$97,700. With support such as this it is little wonder we are all proud to be a part of the establishment where wholehearted support and co-operation is always the keynote.

Who's Who at 14

Our Adjutant's birth so shook the gay nineties that a new era dawned and the twentieth century quickly came into being. Grey County's newest citizen impatiently moved through years and schools until 1915 found him deserting the fields of finance for a soldier's uniform. As a member of the 147th Greys Battalion he proceeded overseas and eventually landed in France with the 102nd Battalion.

He was able to duck everything from fatigues to shrapnel until September 1918, when wounds caused his removal to England for convalescence. His ultimate return to Canada found him seeking new fields of endeavour. The construction business had the benefit of his labours for sometime until he threw in his lot with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. From that organization he departed in August 1941, to help win a second World War.

As an Administrative Officer in the R.C.A.F. he has seen service at No. 1 "M" Depot, St. Hubert, Tren-



F/L N. D. MILNE
Station Adjutant

ton, and since February 15th, 1942, at No. 14 S.F.T.S., Aylmer.

On this Station he has successfully and successfully administered to the needs of Maintenance, Control Tower and now the entire Station. As technical adjutant in the Maintenance Wing, his duties embraced everything from issuing sleeping-out passes to the serious contemplation of the Fall of Stalingrad as delineated by F/S Bell. His experience as Control Tower Adjutant, and then at Station headquarters prepared him for the assumption of his present duties as Station Adjutant. That he is capable of adequately carrying out the multifarious duties entailed has already been demonstrated. Recognition of his worth came on May 1st, when he became Flight Lieutenant Milne.

The new adjutant is married and his wife and two sons reside in Toronto. Now in Collegiate, the boys are interested in matters military and one belongs to the Air Cadets.

For relaxation from duties off the Station, F/L Milne resorts to rod and gun; on the Station he finds human prey in diurnal, nocturnal, and eternal knock-rummy games.

The Aylmer Airman

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

Editor—F/L. F. H. McNeil

Associate Editors:

F/L. D. R. L. Clarke Lou F. Henry, Y.M.C.A.

W.O. A. E. Carver

Photography—Sgt. L. C. Quartermain

Sports—F/O. C. V. Box

AYLMER, FRIDAY, JUNE 11th, 1943

PER ARDUA AD ASTRA

"Through Adversity to the Stars"

Sometimes the Veterans of the mud and toughness of the last war are inclined to remark that our rather comfortable living on these Stations is more high life than adversity.

We must admit that it is. The Authorities have seen to it that we are decently looked after and our Station funds have added here and there a touch of genuine comfort. This, in our opinion, is as it should be, for on this side of the water unnecessary ugliness and discomfort would not contribute to our efficiency.

This is not to say that we expect a soft life in the Service. We have volunteered for service anywhere and we want to do a thorough job. There has been no lack of hardiness in our boys as they go into action, nor will there be when our turn comes. We are willing to take plenty of adversity and it is our intention that it will lead to greater things in the future.

Discipline

(Continued from Page 1)

saluting. What is difficult about it? How much energy do you expend by raising the right hand smartly up to the forehead. I will tell you: not a hundredth part of what you use when shaking the dice in a game of African Golf. Did you ever think of it, that way? An Officer salutes on an average, thirty times to your one. I could go on enumerating do's and don'ts, but as you have all attended lectures on this subject it should not be necessary. A good airman seeking promotion must learn to discipline himself before trying to discipline others. Beware of the chronic "Moaner." He is the airman who spends so much time moaning that he is without time to do his work efficiently, thus he gets nowhere fast.

Although this article needs no clarification I should like to point out that discipline is essential in any large organization such as the one of which we are a part. Discipline should NEVER be regarded as a means of suppressing individual effort but rather as the only effective way of directing it into the proper channels in order that it may be used to the benefit of all, instead of the improvement of a few. Where it is necessary that large numbers of men of differing

C. O.'s Corner

Course "75" leaves us today with a record of which to be proud. We know that each member is anxious to do his duty, and with this thought in mind has strived to make a success of his training with us. We hope on the other hand that they are as sorry to leave as we are to see them go.

The best wishes of all on the Station go with them, and there is no doubt in our minds but that they will make a good account of themselves in the future as has been the case in the past.

—G. N. IRWIN,
Group Captain

Navigation Ground Crew

Old Sol has finally asserted himself and seems to be shining forth in greater fury with each passing day, hence our trusty heroes are spending more time outdoors soaking up nature's benefits and catching tadpoles, etc. Oh, yes, occasionally they work on the line.

The Red "dooins" is spending a wonderful leave in London according to reports, so keep kicking the gong around, Kay old man, and best wishes. The same to Corporal Hutchinson and Steamer Lehman, who are vacationing in more distant pastures.

Gert Chambers had a most horrible experience recently. Our playful tractor got finicky and kicked him right in front of his 48. Poor Bert is now reclining at T.T.S., and provides an excuse for the fellows to visit St. Thomas.

A great big orchid to Gordie Jewell who just returned from Windsor, the proud father of a baby girl. Both doing well.

tastes and habits live in very close contact, it should be obvious to every sensible person that certain rules and regulations must be made by which all must abide.

Good discipline of the type described in this article has bred in the British Isles a pride and determination among the people there which has in turn developed a morale which the Hun cannot break. It is intended on this station to develop a similar discipline. Trainees should take great pride in their station and their training and seize every opportunity to improve either or both. The outward appearances of this discipline are neatness and cleanliness of both men and the station; ready and cheerful obedience of orders given by a superior officer; and an easy but respectful attitude towards all senior ranks. When such discipline is part of the atmosphere of a station, punishment becomes unnecessary and everyone concerned leads a happier and freer life.



A Generous Gift

In recent weeks we have been observing our C.O. heading up evening work parties which went forth on mysterious forays as the sun went down and returned somewhat muddled, but triumphant with truckloads of shrubbery. Investigation into this matter by our reporters has revealed the interesting news that, although the shrubs were not paid for, the transaction was above board. It seems that the shrubs, over five hundred in number, and of many varieties, are the generous gift of Mr. Spencer McConnell, who has a large and well-stocked Nursery at Port Burwell. Mr. McConnell, who is President, not only of the local Red Cross, but of the Rotary Club as well, has taken a great interest in No. 14 since its opening. His is the hand that has guided us in the planning and laying out of our grounds as they have been transformed from acres of mud (or dust) to pleasant lawns set off by numerous shrubs and hopeful young trees. We have good cause to be pleased with the increasingly attractive appearance of No. 14, and we extend our thanks now to Mr. McConnell for his generosity, and to Group Captain Irwin and his assistants for their unselfish labours in our behalf.



Lovely weather, isn't it? Yes, but not for flying. A typical day in the Flight can be described as follows.

F/O Haylock perched on a window sill day dreaming. F/L Bradley is discussing world conditions, after the war. F/S Brooks looks pretty grim these days. Wonder why? It takes a newcomer like P/O Bradley to give him a good beating at ping-pong. P/O Lawson is catching up on his Toronto correspondence these wet days with the able (?) assistance of P/O Kermode, the boy from sunny Vancouver. F/O Shanfield is beginning to wish he was a hairdresser again. You can tell by the look in his eye. F/O French, the egg candler king, is satisfied to sit on his parachute dreaming of sunnier days. F/O Bayly looks kind of lonesome. For the Students? We wonder. F/L McKenzie is gloating over two whole hours of instrument time this month. Good show.

The New Intelligence Library

A long, long time ago, someone got the bright idea that the information which was being sent to us from the various Operational Units, Test Flights, etc., might be of some value to other than the elect few, such as Chief Instructors, Squadron Commanders and other "brain trusters."

All this information which was being sent to the various stations was of the greatest importance, but was not being distributed to the personnel for whom it was primarily intended, that is, the pilots who were, or would eventually be going Overseas. This roughly was the reason for the starting of an Intelligence Library. A place where all information could be gathered, where pupils and instructors would have access to same.

No. 14 S.F.T.S., has as usual, outdone any and all in the way of setting up the best and finest Intelligence Library, and mere words cannot describe this room. Briefly it is situated in the Ground School in what was the Engine Lecture Room, and the concrete floor and bare walls have been transformed into something which can compare only to a Library in the finest Club in the land. A deep rug of rich colour covers the entire floor. Chesterfields and easy chairs with reading lamps make it possible to read in restful comfort. Cupboards are set into one wall and all books and magazines and articles are indexed so that there is no difficulty in picking out the desired publication. Well-framed pictures of aircraft are hung on the walls and the windows will eventually be draped with appropriate curtains. Taken by and large, we are very proud of our Intelligence Library.

Any pilots, either pupils or Instructors, who expect they will have the opportunity of proceeding Overseas, will find excellent Life Insurance by spending a few hours in this Intelligence Library. Any Instructor who wishes to improve himself will also find a wealth of information which can be used in his every day work.

The Library is open from 1830 hours to 2130 hours Monday through Friday, when the Station Senior Duty Officer is in charge. At any other time access can be gained to the Library by application to the Chief Ground Instructor.



Things are sure brightening up in the Fire Section these days. Red paint is flowing freely, some of it even got on the ladders, where it was meant for.

It is true that one of the Fire Fighters is raising cats as an added attraction. Don't rush girls, there are two left yet, and there may be more in the not too distant future.

An old refrain can be heard floating out from the Fire Hall on the near summer breeze, it has become extremely popular since last wings parade. "Old Soldiers Never Die," we wonder if they do, and how long we have to suffer before that happens.

We wonder why all these kinks, some in the neck, some in the back, there must be reason for them. Let's know the truth of it, boys.



Y.M.C.A.

MOVIES

SUNDAY, JUNE 13th

JOAN OF PARIS

Starring Michele Morgan and Paul Henreid

TUESDAY, JUNE 15th

JUKE GIRL

Starring Ann Sheridan and Ronald Regan

THURSDAY, JUNE 17th

THE DEVIL WITH HITLER

Starring Marjorie Woodworth and Alan Mowbrae

—and—

BROOKLYN ORCHID

Starring Marjorie Woodworth, Joe Sawyer and William Bendix

SUNDAY, JUNE 20th

ARMY SURGEON

Starring James Ellison, Jane Wyatt and Kent Taylor

TUESDAY, JUNE 22nd

NOW VOYAGER

Starring Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claud Rains and Gladys Cooper

THURSDAY, JUNE 24th

I MARRIED A WITCH

Starring Frederic March and Veronica Lake

SUNDAY, JUNE 27th

WINGS AND THE WOMAN

Starring Robert Newton and Anna Neagle

SPECIAL MOVIE RELEASE

"PRELUDE TO WAR"

Monday, June 14th, will bring to the Station for Matinee and Evening shows an exceptional movie "Prelude To War," the Authentic Story of World Aggression, featuring "The Worlds' Three Most Infamous Gangsters."

"Prelude To War" is being heralded as one of the most powerful films ever to be produced. A full-length feature, it is a searing indictment of the Axis Partners, and shows throughout its trenchant scenes and commentary just what we are fighting for.

This Film was produced by the Special Services Division of the U.S. War Department. It has been an essential part of the basic training of all service men of the U.S. Army and over six million Army, Navy, Marine and Coast Guardsmen have already seen it and praised it to the skies.

Through means of newreel files, captured German, Italian and Japanese films, as well as carefully documented and reconstructed scenes, the picture lays bare ten years of unprovoked aggression. Lieutenant - Colonel Frank Capra, famous Hollywood producer, was in charge of production and made it his duty to see that the film was both highly informative and accurate throughout.

All Commands are being instructed to watch for the arrival of "Prelude To War" at their camps or stations, and to extend to War Service Supervisors every co-operation so that largest possible audiences will be assured,

This co-operation has been forthcoming on our station as usual to the fullest extent and capacity audiences are assured for both shows. Two shorts will also be shown, "R.C.A.F. Sing Song and Dizzy Detectives" and "Minstrel Days."

MATINEE 1500 hrs; Evening 2000 hrs. Please note late starting time for evening show. (NOTE—BEGINNING MONDAY, JUNE 14, ALL REGULAR MOVIES WILL BEGIN AT 2100 HOURS (9.00 p.m.) SO AS NOT TO INTERFERE WITH OUTDOOR SPORTS).

Quips from the Equips

It seems our new headquarters has its compensations even though we are getting in a stock of red flannels for the coming winter, during our recent "heat wave" our many customers and friends informed us their visit to our Section was "The pause that refreshed."

Our pet Sgt. Major now leaves but definitely on the dot, since the "Little Woman" has taken up residence in Aylmer. It is reported that he is reducing by working a Victory Garden, but crops will tell.

At one time, F/Sgt. Beaupre used to be good for a "touch," but now he has difficulty in scraping together the large sum of five cents for a coke which destroys the theory that two can live as cheaply as one. (ATTENTION PROSPECTIVE MATRIMONIALISTS!!!)

Into every news column inevitably creeps that "spice of life"—romance. Which reminds us, "Major" Camplin is definitely refraining from over-indulgence in "Spirits of Bacchus,"—keeps those pants pressed but sharp and is using the most aromatic after-shave lotion which all leads to frequent trips to see Helen in Aylmer.

The "mystery" romance that has everybody in Equipment guessing: Our I. & R. Corporal and Sgt. "Puddle"—got to hand it to them—they are working "under cover."

Oh, cruel fate has dealt another blow, and my bucket is almost overflowing as I write of the recent posting of F/Sgt. Jones to Goose Bay, but remember Gwyneth Jean, no partings . . . no meeting.

Take a tip from LAC Anjo, fella, it's nice to have a five-foot, blue-eyed blonde waiting for you in Toronto every "48," but when she has a mania for playing the horses—well—you can see the point.

Corporal Farnam enjoyed her seven days leave in New York immensely, but while in camp, she still croons "Oh How I Miss You Tonight," since Course 73 graduated.

We are hoping that LAW Minter gets the chance to view the peach blossoms in the Niagara district.

It has been noticed that ALL the Equipment Section is now able to attend Drill Parades.

We welcome back to residence in Aylmer, Sgt. and Mrs. Dunn and "Butch" who is a newcomer to the district, and reports have it he tells his objections at about 3 a.m.

Anyone needing "Advice to the Lovelorn," please get in touch with LAW Brouillet, our "Garbo" of the Section, who should have plenty of advice to give.

Tips to Works and Buildings

F/O Lanning has hidden talent as a painter (well hidden!!). And that climaxes our ramblings for this issue, folks, but we'll be back with more developments (?) next issue.



Where, oh Where, is the Poet who wrote: "What is so rare as a day in June?" Bet he didn't come from Aylmer.

Well, the bees haven't anything on us. This section is really buzzing with activity. So far as we are concerned though, we think on hot days like this a siesta is the most essential part of the day's programme.

Everyone looks nice in their summer issue, but as Dan Cowley says, "the rain makes everything beautiful." You should see our girls.

We are sorry to lose Sgt. Dassyla to R. 1. There aren't any WAAF's there, Joe. We hope he is back by the time this goes to press. With F/Sgt. Cookie (who is here as much as in his own section), and the Sgt. both gone, who is going to roar at us and make us feel we belong to the truck and trailer transport? We are beginning to wonder how this section ever ran without "Shorty" Morton. He's really doing a swell job since he arrived. Sea Island lost a good man when Shorty was S.O.S.

I can hear Gwen Boyd in the stock room, grumbling about dusters and the Coke Machine. Says Gwen, "Why does everything happen to me, am I grounded or something? I knew all my activities weren't according to K.R. Air, but I didn't know I had been found out." Cherry and Rosalie are still very happy roaring around in their Canary colored chariots. Ruth—"Just whatever you think best now, Major" MacGregor, is lovingly and tenderly guarding our new flower beds. Incidentally our pansies are to be admired against a green background, not a blue one; besides the stems are too short for a corsage. That happy smile on Mary's face is due to the fact that she has been soldered to the stake truck on the Freight run, or hadn't you noticed.

Our new WO1 "Mr. Ing." was happy enough when he first came here, now his smile has that sort of fixed look.

Hope Flight (sledge-hammer) Smeltzer is enjoying his leave. We miss him, but he is having a much deserved holiday. "Chunky," our attractive blue-eyed Corporal, is having a little difficulty with her "noon-hour" headache, Cpl. Jr., who takes over when "Vi" goes to lunch, but maybe the fresh air and these London trips will straighten him out: if the Cpl. can't.

Almost a year has passed since two of our boys, Jimmy Batineau and Johnny Crew went to Goose Bay; we send them our best regards, also Major Ethier, who went to join them. By the way, Major, what kind of an animal have you adopted to take the place of Butch the Owl? Another hello to our former co-workers at Gander. Greetings to George "Mortimer" Hardman, our little curly-haired, blue-eyed "hushman." Watch out for those big mosquitoes, Mort. It is rumored like "bombers" in Tofino. Also to "Shep" at Ottawa. Have you whitewashed the Parliament Buildings yet?

Congrats to "Curly" Cameron, on the arrival of a bundle from heaven.

Glad to see that Cpl. Pee Wee is none the worse for his trip to the big city. Bet Toronto seemed like New York after being hidden in Aylmer, eh Eddie?

Landseair Club, Toronto

(By Carl Eayrs)

Are you thinking of going to Toronto on leave, soon?

If so there's some people waiting there to see you!

Yes, you brother!

If you go in by train from any part of the country, to spend a leave there, you'll arrive at the Union Station. And that's where these people'll get you. When you go upstairs from the lower concourse you'll find a big central information bureau "under the clock" and—take our tip—just make for it and you'll find the people waiting to see you we mentioned up above. Who are they? They're the girls of Information Please Service and no matter what hour of the day you arrive by train they'll be waiting to see you. And can they answer questions? Baby! They're members of the Landseair Club and other voluntary girl workers—all patriotically out to help you fellows in uniform—and they'll tell you everything from where to get a shave and a shower, to where you'll find that nurse you were sweet on last time you were "in dock" down there.

They've spent months in compiling the "Book of Answers" and they'll give you the answer to anything you'll want to know! Where to go to sleep and eat (if it's a service club or a hotel, they'll give you the rates and find out if you can get in) where to enjoy yourself with free tickets to theatres, sports, movies, where to go and eat, what places of entertainment are open Sundays, where you can get a free swim or indulge in free sports, where you can get quick service on that creased suit.

Just don't think that any of your questions, however queer or out of the way they may seem to you, will remain unanswered if you just put them up to the smart Information Please Service girls you'll see at the Information Bureau or floating round the main rotunda dressed in their snappy blue uniforms with red shoulder straps and smart tri-cornered hats. Quite a lot of them speak French too, brother, if that's your language. Seven days a week from 7 a.m. till midnight they're there to serve you. They want to serve you and they'll be disappointed if you don't take your questions and worries to them.

This Information Please Service has been organized and will be maintained by the Landseair Club under the direct supervision of Mrs. J. A. R. Mason, and at the instigation of the Citizens Committee for Troops in Training who you all know in connection with the free entertainment you get in your camp, the sports equipment they secure for you Winter and Summer, Spring and Fall, the legal advice service they provide for your dependents and many other services.

Don't forget Information Please Service when you hit the Union Station, Toronto. Its plans for your welfare may well make for a happier and brighter leave while you're down there.

Oh yes, since a recent copy of "Wings Abroad" the post office has decided to buy more mail bags to accommodate certain mail going abroad. Know anything about it, Rosie?

This could go on an on, indefinitely, but rather than have to pay for extra space, your rusty reporter will say Au-revoir and remember to conserve gas and wear and tear on the drivers.

Course 75 "X" Group



1, Asher, H. D.; 2, Brown, T. G.; 3, Flinders, G. W.; 5, Jones, F. R.; 6, Lahaie, J. J. C.; 7, Lapp, R. R.; 8, Lieberman, L. N.; 9, Manske, B. H.; 10, Moore, W. H.; 11, Norrish, D. A.; 13, Rideout, R. W.; 14, Rowe, W. L.; 15, Williamson, H. F.; 16, James, E. L.; 17, Bardsley, K. W.; 18, Beckett, B. J. S.; 19, Brown, D. J. M.; 20, Brown, L. A.; 21, Clarey, C. M.; 22, Clifton, O. E.; 23, Coen, J. R.; 24, Collier, K. R.; 25, Don, B.; 26, Grant, J. A.; 27, Hancock, C. J.; 28, Hobbs, W.A.G.; 29, Kennedy, C. S.; 30, Langley, J. H.; 31, Morris, P. H.; 33, Wilson, V. G.

Highlights from Shangri-La

R 1 Yarmouth

We seem to have lost the services of our ace reporter, but we are all wishing him a speedy return to our midst. Hurry up, Sammy, we miss that old "Isn't It Amazing."

By the way, folks, have you heard the saddest tale of all. Our tall, handsome instructor all ready to get married June 12th, is down with the Mumps. Tough going, Bob!

This married stuff seems to be in the air. Don Burgess is just waiting impatiently for a posting before making the leap. Bud Upstone was all ready to jump as well, when along came a posting. We understand the gal won, so the posting can wait. Congratulations, Bud, we all wish you the very best.

As you will probably notice, we have decided to use a new method with regards to Orderly Officer. We do it in bunches now. It all arose from the general absence of Officers at our O.C.'s Monday morning romp. Personally, I think it might have been worth it.

We wonder why one particular instructor is so anxious to spend his 48's in Detroit. Could it be? Yes, knowing the man, it could. There seems to be great quantities of mail from Detroit since the boys made their trip to that fair city.

We feel that a little dual on the ways and methods of landing a Harvard could not come amiss around here. Of course we might be wrong, but by the showing of a couple of instructors it just can't be. Once during a rainstorm, and again on a beautiful day we witnessed rare exhibitions of still rarer flying. No names mentioned but which instructor logged more times on weather checks during May than on actual exercises.

We welcome F/L Lewis back from Mountain View. It's good to have you back, Pat.

Of Course 75, we have very little to say. We know they can play cards, pitch horseshoes and play ball. Probably if we get a few nice days we'll find they can fly as well.

75 Course R 1

Hello, Galbay! Hello Galbay! This is Course 75 calling. Are you receiving us? Are you receiving us? We wish to report that our allotted training period at Aylmer is coming quickly to a close, in some respects much too soon for most of us. It seems that only yesterday we viewed the horrible monster "The Harvard," with great concern and mounting apprehension. However, under the paternal care of our instructors from "C" and "F" Flights, it wasn't long before the "Solo Check" which precedes that mad realization of an ambition to fly solo. With dogged persistence we were led up the path of sequences which included Cross Country hops and night flying, first dual and then solo. Imagine us flying a Harvard solo and in the night, too!

The months sped by and before any of us realized our plight, that fateful day had arrived, the day of our "Wings Check!" With mixed emotions, gnawing fears and quaking knees, that last obstacle was finally mounted and we were shipped off to our present home, R. 1.

Life here has been more than pleasant. We found our instructors to be a right bunch of pilots. The atmosphere is excellent and the late pass privileges just about perfect. "Praise the Lord and Dump the Ammunition" has been our theme song, at least it was on that one day of summer we had some time ago.

And now, we must bid adieu fair Aylmer, and truly it is with great reluctance we do so. We have found you most congenial, amiable and instructive. Please remember in future when you meet a member of Class 75, you have met a friend.

Before fading out of the picture, we have one suggestion which we hope our Flight Commanders will heed, even if it is with the proverbial grain of salt. Why not as a crowning sequence include a low-level formation at night under the hood with gyros caged? "Over to you — Over."

Headquarters Highlights

It's been a long time since we've had our word in the paper, and since then so many things have happened that we would be able to fill every page without difficulty, but however, we'll limit this to one column and give someone else a chance.

Exactly two weeks ago, LAC Jack Gorman returned from North Bay with a number of grey hairs at the temples, a good two inches added to his height, and the soles of his shoes well-worn from pacing the floor—yes, you guessed it—he became a father. Papa Gorman is still trying to decide whom Junior resembles mostly, himself, or Tyrone Power. Don't tell anyone, but we're secretly hoping it's the latter.

Cpl. Norma "Carefree" Wright, ex-editor of D.R.O.'s, has left us for Guelph where she is taking a course in Code and Ciphers. We really miss you, Norma, and those priceless imitations of WO1 Carver that only you could give.

It was cokes for everyone in the Orderly Room the other day when Theda Norton received something new in the way of a 21st birthday present—namely, her 3rd hook. Congratulations, Theda, you deserve it.

"Onward to Goose Bay" was the cry of Flt. Sgt. Ken Jones, who departed June 2nd. We've heard that the Indians have already moved a few miles farther away from that station—maybe they heard of this posting before we did. Seriously, Ken, we're sorry to see you go, and hope that we'll see you again in the very near future.

Taking the place of F/Sgt. Jones in the Orderly Room is WO2 Carter, from Maintenance. We hope you will enjoy your work up here as much as we do, Sir.

Have you heard of the recently formed Dramatic Club in C. R.? If not, you soon will hear of the violent love scenes as portrayed by "Gorgeous Gorman." LAC. Crooker, aided by a typewriter cover, is the Camera-man, and Sgt. Norm. Lihou, the Director. The first scene usually opens with "Je vous aime beaucoup," or words to that effect, and ends up in plain English, see-

ing Gorman's knowledge of French is definitely limited.

WO1 Carver was the "Hero of the Day" in the opinion of a number of W.D.'s, Wednesday morning, June 2nd, whilst he, on active service in the Drill Hall, did so strike a rat until it was dead. Nice work, Sir. . . .

Metal Shop Scraps

A few more optimistic Airmen and Airwomen have been noticed of late, attired in the conventional summer garb. Are we then, to assume that Spring is here? We skeptics would be inclined to keep our fingers crossed were it not for the extensive scenic developments achieved around Metal Shop under the guidance of F/Sgt. Locke. Innumerable jaunts (we knot not where) by the Flight and LAC Putnam, have produced several varieties of flowers, shrubs and trees, which only require the help of Nature to become the garden spot of Canada.

Robinson is back from his leave spent in that Utopia of all Utopias, that Paradise lost, that Shangri-la, (to hear him tell it) Vancouver. He is not alone in his praise, Vern Smith and Tommy Belshem are also great enthusiasts in regard to this mountain retreat, and by the way, they do wear shoes out there. The boys were laying bets that Tommy Robinson would come back a married man, however we were destined to disappointment. "I merely got engaged."

Gordon Eves, that boy from the Golden West, who has gained quite a reputation for being quiet and unspoken, has become somewhat of a play boy. If reveille passes any indication, Gord is hitting the "hot spots," mainly at Port Stanley on an average of twice a week. My, how you have changed, Gordon.

Overheard:—

Sgt. Hardy—"Yep, they're real alright."

LAS Stinson—"Ow-w-w, (the howl of the wolf.)"

AC2 Marler—"Now the way we did it."

F/Sgt. Locke—"There's a war on y'know."

Sgt. Trumley—"Anybody got a comb?"

Alexander The Swoose

This story concerns the twists and the turns

Of an aeroplane known as the Swoose.

A famous machine and a crossbreed between

The Swan and the Canada Goose.

'Praps never before in the history of war,

Has a bomber made such a name For itself and the crew who flew it and knew

Every inch of its all-metal frame.

They demolished the Huns with his thirteen guns

The Eyties and Japanese too, And the B-seventeens in the Philippines

Were led by the Swoose's crew.

In Macassar's Strait they flaunted fate

And when the yellow man fled, Alexander the Swoose was loose as a goose

And his fuselage pumped full of lead.

When Corregidor fell they rang the bell

And hit for Australia's shore. But more you will hear of their checkered career

For they're back to fight some more.



Once more a month has rolled by bringing us nearer to the eagerly awaited season of Summer. Since last issue "D" Flight has shown more signs of progress and we now bring you some of these points of interest.

Firstly the "Chief" in Command and Governor of our humble domain, formerly F/O, has proved his sense of responsibility and received ring No. 2, thus making him F/L Brown. Heartiest congratulations, Sir, and lots of luck.

Secondly, we wish to welcome P/O Hughes to the staff of grey haired men and hope perfect rest and contentment will be his byword during his stay in "D" Flight. Happy landings, Mr. Hughes.

We students do not profess to be promoters of marriage, but we would like a solution to the problem presented by a certain WO2 in our small circle. After last Saturday night's effort with such a beautiful Detroit lady, we cannot understand how such a golden opportunity should be passed by. There are many of us single, Sir, who are ready, willing and able.

We haven't heard much lately of the exploits of the Australian Instructor and his char-actors. Must be saving up for his leave after his four headaches pass on.

Speaking of marriage, I must not omit the fact that one of our gathering has, in his own words, grasped the only rope to eternal safety. He must be in love. He is that smiling high flyer Ted Eagles. Good luck Ted! I still think we have the laugh though; just think of the size of our pay envelope. However, best wishes to you both.

Special mention should be made of the sister to us all and a little ray of sunshine, especially after instrument flying, when she taps you on the shoulder and says "fifteen cents, please, for not caging the gyros in the rear cockpit." Guess who? Yes, that very engaging lassie, Lorna, who slaves over the time sheets. Never mind Lorna, we will leave a photo for you, so our fair name will be forever in your memory.

Unfortunately I have to record the entering of LAC Murray into hospital in Toronto. Hurry and get back, Johnny, we need you back. I'm broke.

Elementary Gardening is another of our accomplishments in "D" Flight. There should be another visitors' day that we might display our wares.

A bulletin has just come in that another one of the group will soon be saying "I Will." Yes, it's LAC Kirton. Congrats, and good luck, George.

I give up—what do you think? Another knot to be tied June 5th, none other than F/O Black is going to show the world he is game. If this continues it will become an epidemic. Good luck to you too, Sir.

Camera Club News

It is becoming more apparent as time goes on that the newly formed Camera Club will be one of our outstanding hobby groups on the Station. Our dark room is nearly completed and plans are being made for special contests amongst the members. Meetings each Wednesday.

Course 75 "Y" Group



34, Betz, K.; 35, Caisley, J. B.; 36, Chapman, L. S.; 37, Copland, D. A.; 38, DeSalis, J. D.; 39, Henry, D. A.; 40, Lawrence, G. W.; 41, Lochrie, J. S.; 42, McNulty, P. J.; 43, Olley, W. J.; 44, Durand, A. C.; 45, Tams, D. V.; 46, Tunnodine, G.; 47, Twynam, E. P.; 49, Winfield, D. K.; 50, MacKerras, D. J.; 51, Allen, L. M.; 52, Allen, J. A.; 53, Andrews, R. J.; 54, Bell, C. E.; 55, Burnett, J. M.; 56, Dawe, H. J.; 57, Fitzgerald, E. U.; 58, Flannery, D. T.; 59, Frost, W. A. E.; 60, Jubbs, J.; 61, McGee, F. P.; 62, McNeill, L. C.; 63, Musselman, H. J.; 64, Shore, T. A.; 65, Taylor, W. J.

Library Corner

As a regular feature in our Station paper, we again present for your pleasure, the new books added to the Library during the past month. As Members of different book clubs we are able to add to our collection each month the better type of reading material as judged by experts in this field.

Along with this list a short review on some of the books will be featured from time to time.

- VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER
- ONE WORLD
- ON BEING A REAL PERSON
- OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA
- CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY
- THE MEDITERRANEAN SAGA OF A SEA

Victory Through Air Power

This should appeal to the serious reader with an interest in the influence aviation is having on modern military tactics.

DeSeversky was one of the first to recognize that the Aeroplane is a new weapon that is altering, in a startling manner, our methods of warfare. His attempts to sell his own pursuit aircraft to several of the European Military Powers before World War Two placed him in an unusually good position to study the strength and weakness of the airforce organizations and of the aircraft of these Countries. In the light of these experiences he presents the case for Air Power, in a thoroughly expert, yet highly readable manner.

On Being a Real Person

The writer of this readable psychological study is well known on this continent as a Counsellor in personal problems. This book will help you to understand what goes on inside yourself and how life forces can be harmonized. It is no novel, but it is intensely interesting and not too hard to read. Those who saw the condensation of this book in the Readers Digest will be glad to have the opportunity now to read the complete book.

Maintenance Patter

The first part of June brought the usual seasonal weather this part of Ontario receives, two seasons in fact, rain and winter, nevertheless, we're glad to see our Workshops Personnel planting bulbs, etc., we'll probably have Aylmer residents in seeing (Luther Burbank) Locke about the holes left in their lawns, downtown. We might add the cleanup all around is benefitting at that, a stroll through hangar No. 5 our new location (if we live long enough) shows us a new tool crib being constructed, this place is also known as ("Sgt. Ross's Worrying Shack,") also a component room where all aircraft parts are to be kept. A new Jacobs L. 6 M.B. Engine for instructional purposes is an interesting item for all concerned, and a Wasp S. 3 H. I. has just been brought in, facilitating complete understanding for all. The new feature of our Night Shift being done away with, actually makes the Hanger a perfect production line. The boys keeping one eye on the new barometer, and one eye on the N.C.O., if you see what we mean! The barrack blocks, housing Maintenance Crews, has been painted a sky blue, all we're asking is that someone donate pink curtains and then the boys take up knitting, "Whoosh!"

Our new Tiger Moth bedded-down in Hangar 4, brings many an envious glance, but she's tied down until the occasion arises, then, with Mr. McMillan at the stick, we'll all be on hand for a clean take-off and chocks for the landing. We might add its Mr. McMillan's pride and joy.

The arrival of F/O Cox, from Saskatoon, brings us a new Engineering Officer, who, by the looks of things, seems right on the bit, so to speak. F/O Cox came up from the ranks, and has had lengthy experience with No. 5 B. R. Squadron in Dartmouth, and other stations in the training establishment. The boys from Maintenance hanger wish him success on his new appointment.

The going away of Flt. Sgt. Bell, "Mac" as all the Station knew him,



Course "75" have now completed their stay with us and are on their way to far-off fields, we hope they will be green. We hope also that they will keep us posted as to their whereabouts and wish them "Good Hunting."

Our "Kangaroo Kid" is rapidly becoming acquainted with Canadian customs. Roy claims that the London Hotel comes up to Australian standards as a good place to spend a week-end.

After approximately one year in "C" Flight, Gladys Nadeau—"Rose O' Day"—has left us to put the Airwomen's Canteen on a paying basis. If she handles it like she did our rumble club, they will really make money.

We welcome AW2 Harris, and feel confident she will develop into an efficient time-keeper.

Course "81" are coming along like the usual "C" Flight students. We are arranging a reversed compass for "Corrigan" when he starts cross countries. As yet we haven't figured a way to keep "Bird" away from the South Pole.

Our Squadron Commander was seen recently carrying a baseball bat. As a result F/O "Bob" Campbell stays in the air all the time. We don't know what will happen when the two meet.

will leave a position indeed difficult for anyone to take over. Mac was more than one of the 'Boys' actually a swell fellow, who never at anytime refused a helping hand to anyone, and at the same time was a conscientious, and hard worker, knowing when and what to do, at the right time. The entire Maintenance Gang wish him bon voyage and good luck on the new job. We wonder who was left Mac's DATE BOOK?

And last, but not least comes the news of all aircraft on the Station being painted, one of the better suggestions, heard in a long while. The Maintenance as a whole, have, and are still, beating all and sundry to the punch.

Y.W.C.A. News

And speaking of the weather (does anyone speak of anything else these days?) did you notice the be-trousered hostess gracefully dodging the rain drops while she, not so gracefully, spaded gobs of goo? One thing is certain, the Hostess House Victory garden has a splendid crop of over-developed fish worms that have been hibernating among the clods. Anyone knowing a good fishing hole might tip it off to the hostesses so that they can have a nice juicy trout with their chef's salad now hopefully in prospect in those neat little beds back of the H. H. There was a good deal of belittling of the valiant efforts of said hostesses, especially by the helpful (?) neighbors who mind the barrier. Just the same its a safe guess those lads will be the first customers to come over with their mouths watering to sample the "home grown" tomato sandwiches, or pull a new carrot.

It is still a problem to find apartments for all the newlyweds. They claim there is always a heap of money in small towns. We wish some kind gentleman with philanthropic leanings would erect a new apartment building right on Aylmer's main street and dedicate it to airmen's families only. We used that word philanthropic because from all the sad tales we've heard from landlords and landladies there just isn't any profit in renting. As Aylmer is now listed as one of Canada's congested areas, we think we do pretty well to locate over seventy-five per cent. of our applicants in homes.

Addicts of the grilled sandwiches a la Hostess House who have lived in fear that the butter ration would give out, might be interested to know that we have learned a trick or two that has improved said sandwiches, if anything. Even a diminishing butter supply hasn't fazed us yet.

Oh, and have you noticed our weeping willow waving among the dandelion forest? We plunked it in the middle of the lawn, and one of the officers asked why we wanted it in just that certain place, we replied, "So that we can have tea in the shade." He took a quizzical look at the sapling and in a rather dejected voice said, "The war should last that long."

By the way, we want to take this opportunity to extend a welcome to the Airmen and Airwomen who have come to the Station since the last issue of The Airman. That fence around the Hostess House is misleading and newcomers seem a bit shy of it. We suggest that they read the signboard at the gate.

G. I. S.

G. I. S. returns to the columns of the Aylmer Airman with current news. Most of the data in this article centres around personnel, so we shall begin with that Department which stresses Map Reading, etc.

It appears that a very definite problem has been under consideration for quite some time. A certain F/Lt. and F/Sgt. have been in deep consultation and the former has finally concluded that it is possible to go through a glass door without first opening it. The same gentleman may be heard crooning a favourite melody, "Deep in The Heart of Texas," as he feeds his newly acquired bloodhound. It is also rumoured that the F/Sgt. had difficulty in remembering the time when he visited the fair city of St. Thomas.

F/O Fletcher has been posted to No. 4 A. O. S., Crumlin, and the

Mother Pins Wings on Son



A unique ceremony took place at No. 3 S.F.T.S., Currie, Alberta, on April 30th, when Cpl. Mrs. N. Pettigrew, of No. 14 S.F.T.S., Aylmer, Ontario, journeyed West to pin the wings on her son, LAC R. W. Pettigrew. LAC Pettigrew was one of the honour graduates in his class and now holds the rank of Pilot Officer in the Royal Canadian Air Force.

It is believed officially that this is the first time a graduating Airman has been presented with Wings by his mother who is also a member of the Service.

Mrs. Pettigrew was a member of the W.A.A.C. in the First Great War having served for a year in France with her Unit. Another son, Dexter, is at present with the R.C.A.F. overseas.

sporting folk will miss the active participation of the popular "Archie." We are sure that you will all join with us in wishing him the best of luck in his new "sphere" of duty. In passing, we note that F/O Schofield seems to be having difficulty with his pipe since the departure of his co-worker, could it be that he required a bit of coaching?

We welcome two new instructors to our midst. F/O McAlpine has taken on the Navigation instruction for Course 81, Sgt. Tal-free, who left us last January, has returned from Windsor and Rock-cliffe to present the new syllabus on Aircraft Recognition. Welcome back, George.

The new Intelligence Library has been completed and is open to all Aircrew and Flying Personnel. The Senior Duty Officers will guard the keys and have an excellent opportunity to absorb authentic information, first hand.

Congratulations are in order for Sgt. Bloomfield. At last, our calm and collected "Murray", has succumbed to the calls of fair cupid. "Calling the Officers' Softball Team"—prepare for a resumption of last year's tussles. We are giving fair warning that our team will be there when the opening ball is thrown. Our new pitcher (a first-rate southpaw?) will bear watching.

Farewell for now. If you require advice on Detroit consult the photographers! Cheerio!

Stop the press news! F/O Schofield is now a daddy. A girl. Congratulations, Fred.

Control Calling

Everything is under control now—except the weather. We can't prevent it, but since we acquired our "Sinus" we can predict it. Instead of consulting the MET Section, they consult us.

The Juke Box is working again. It's a bit noisy though; when anybody calls we can't tell whether it's the C. I., Crash tender, or just a Harvard revving up, so we take it for granted it must be "F" Flight. Just be patient boys, we push all the buttons eventually.

We say goodbye and good luck to Murray, Preese and Thomson, who have gone to I. T. S., also to Two-Gun Benton, who has been on the Control car for seven days. We have to hand it to the "Oswego Kid," he gave them all he had. Red, Green and White, he never hit a thing. Reminded us of that time we went duck hunting.

We say hello and welcome to LAC DeTomasco and F/O Hustwitt. Sid came to us from the Great North Trading route. He never saw a woman or a fresh vegetable for six months prior to coming here. He says he sure did miss his lettuce and tomatoes. We can sympathize with you, Sid, we went to Shangri-la, you know.

Just recently got out of hospital, practically our whole staff was there. Must be the altitude. The fellow in the next bed to me had corysneezia, that's bad. The one across had Malamumpsia, that's catchy too, and I had N.Y.D. I think that means Not Yet Dead or something. It was nice in there though, lots of company. The nursing assistants came in every few minutes with a thermometer, a pill or an instrument of torture. They gave me what they called Nose Drops. I don't know why they were so named, most of them either trickled into my right eye, left ear or mouth. They were awfully good to me there, but I'm sure glad to get out. It's nice to be able to sleep in until 6.30 a.m. again.

It's a tough job being a booster.

Meteorological Mania

It would seem that the affable Mr. Henry is always out for blood. Sometimes literally so as o/c of the blood-letting section and this time figuratively as the strong arm man for the current AIRMAN. A very sanguine character indeed!

This has been and will be a month of sad partings and catastrophic occurrences, a few of which we will cryptically relate. . . . Mary "mighty Mite" Ward has left us for Y Depot where she expects to chew her nails waiting for an overseas posting. We miss her. We miss her radio. Best of luck, Mary. . . . Another fair member of our staff ran amuck lately and left at least one barked shin in her wake. It is still considered safe to approach the Met. Office on official business, however. . . . Mr. Cupid is still hovering about the place even though his daily shaft has long since been driven home. Sometime, somewhere along about the end of the month the inimitable Mr. Vaughan is about to embark upon the turbulent sea of matrimony. He is a bit worried about this "turbulent sea" business, but he has only to study the other male members of the office to realize that it is nothing more than a figure of speech. He seems to be going through with it anyway, for even as I write he is busy with the feathering of the love nest. We all are giving him complete support, and join in wishing him every joy. In anticipation, Howard, heartiest of congratulations.



Congratulations to F/O Smith on the arrival of young AC2 Smith. He can now concentrate on that garden in town.

We wonder how F/O Blackie Trumley made out while forced down in Brantford without his pants. From now on we imagine he will fly with trousers on.

We were sorry to lose "Mitch" to R1, even if only for a few weeks. It seems "B" Flight has to help everyone out.

The M. O. said P/O Anderson was run down on arriving at the hospital with a very bad throat. We told you so, Andy.

F/O Maffre requests a twin engine posting when he goes overseas. The "Scramble" of fighter pilots is much too disturbing and hurried. Eight o'clock isn't so awfully early either Jerry.

Our O/C duties will be once more taken up by F/O Wilson as F/L MacLean has been temporarily posted to Moncton, N.B.

As well as having an Instructor that looks like a sailor (P/O Curry), our hangar has to lie in about a foot of water.

BUY WAR SAVING
CERTIFICATES REGULARLY