



AYLMER AIRMAN

VOL. 2, No. 15

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

SEPTEMBER 3rd, 1943

Members of "81" Course Win Bombing Competition at Camp Borden



Commanding Officer Presents Trophy

The picture shows from Left to Right:

F/L Lewis, F/L Norwood, O.C. R. 1; W/C Ingram, C.O.; Sgt. Newland; Sgt. Carruthers; LAC. Bradbury; LAC. Rowe; F/O. Lawler; F/O. Power; F/O. Sladen; F/L. Brown.

Three students from 81 Course, who were at R. 1. at the time, Sgt. Newland, Lac Bradbury and Lac Rowe proved their superiority by winning with a clean margin, the Bombing Competition held at Camp Borden on August 11, 1943.

The three students were taught their bombing by F/O Lawler, F/O Powers and F/O Sladen. Sgt. Carruthers looked after the ground instruction. Sgt. Newland and Lac. Rowe received their flying instruction in C Flight prior to their going to R. 1., while Lac Bradbury was an F Flight protege.

Sgt. Newland was overseas as wireless operator in the R.C.A.F. prior to his remustering to Aircrew pilot and Lac Rowe had seen service in New Guinea as an Australian Commando fighting the Japs.

Teams from R.A.F. School Kingston, R.C.A.F. Camp Borden and Dunnville, were also entered in the competition in which each of the three men on each team dropped 8 bombs at a target from a diving height of 900 feet. The distance each bomb was from the target was measured, added together and averaged for the individuals average errors. The team average error was established and compared with the other team scores. The scores are as follows:

Aylmer	22.3 yards
Camp Borden	26.1 yards
Kingston	32.5 yards
Dunnville	43 yards

This was the second time this competition was held. The first time it was at Kingston, the team from Camp Borden winning with an average of 26.5 yards. Kingston was second with an error of 28 yards; Aylmer, third with 30-yard error and Dunnville, fourth with a 43-yard error.

Distinguished Visitors at No. 14

No. 14 S.F.T.S. was fortunate in that it had many distinguished and unusual visitors on the evening of Tuesday, August 17th, when we were not only hosts to a very distinguished fighter pilot, F/Lt. Larry Chisholm, D.F.C. and Bar, but also had the rare opportunity of playing host to ten American pilots who landed thir Aircobras at this field when the weather closed in between here and Windsor.

F/Lt. Chisholm, a curly red-haired chap, who won many friends during his short visit to Aylmer, was trained at No. 1 S.F.T.S., Camp Borden some two years ago and proceedd immediately overseas. He did not serve against the enemy at once, but after spending nine months target towing, was posted along with an R.A.F. fighter squa-

dron to the Middle East, where he took part in the great campaign which finally drove Rommel out of Africa. F/Lt. Chisholm made no mention of any personal successes in aerial combat, but he certainly did not receive his D.F.C. and Bar for towing drogues. His reluctance to speak about his own exploits his dry and ready humour, and his stories of "Morgie," his flight commander, and their escapades in the air and on the ground, made him quickly popular with all who met him.

The same evening almost every one on the Station was out on the tarmac when ten P 39's, flown by American pilots, landed at our air-drome because of poor weather between here and Detroit. This same poor weather caused night flying

to be washed out but no one seemed to mind when the visitors, the thirty woud-be night flyers, and many other officers gathered about the mess to shorten up the time before the visitors departure. Aided by the weird and wonderful strains of F/O. Philips' bagpipes, and the droll stories of our fighter guest, the Americans were entertained royally. The following morning on leaving, they gave a fast low-flying salute and all who saw them decided it was a suitable finale to a very interesting evening.

Extracts From the Dental Clinic

Being our first effort to the Aylmer Airman please do not expect too much. To start off with, though, one member of our Dental staff

really deserves to have first mention in our column namely,—Sgt. Jack Gibson, who on August 18th became the proud papa of one bouncing baby boy. Wonder how soon Jack will be teaching him the ways and tricks of replacing that pearly smile on the different members of the armed forces?

After the great Field Day, it is quite apparent that the pull of our Senior Dental Officer, Capt. (Hopalong) Hewitt in the Tug-o-War, certainly didn't come even close to his standard of pulling in the Dental Clinic.

If the sleep of those in the Officers' Quarters is disturbed in the a.m. by a chug-chug, clackety-bang on the outside, know ye it is just Capt. Rollaston arriving on time for his daily toil in the Dental Clinic, in his limousine, known as "The Heap."

The Aylmer Airman

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AYLMER, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3rd, 1943

This small contribution is based on what has been commonly known as one of the worst enemies of the United Nations, (RUMOUR). News of uncertain origin apparently goes the rounds of all those inclined to the imaginative, and long before the time that such supposed inside information is grounded and put aside for what seems something more tangible, it has reached the proportions of gigantic heights and is beyond the conception of even the idealist who first began with a gentle hint to let someone in on what he or she thought a harmless bit of gossip.

We of this Station have been just as guilty of such harmful idle talk as others who start strange and weird stories that lead to the medium of propaganda spread through the enemy press by the wildest, most imaginative propagandist in history: Herr Goebbels. Rumours have gone from mouth to mouth as to our fate, and enlarged upon to such an extent, that until the final word is known, none of the idle talk can be given any cognizance whatsoever. Do our two great Leaders, The Honourable Mr. Churchill, or President Roosevelt, speak out of turn? The answer is a definite NO. Let us be guided by these great men in this light, and learn that the least said is the most easily mended, and in this way only shall we be able to get to the truth in the shortest manner.



Everybody says that the students and instructors of F Flight are full of wit. In any event, as the junior flight of the Station, we know that all eyes are focused on us, (something we'll have to get used to, since eternal adoration is the prize of fame.) We offer herein the results of a poll designed to sample our opinion of the Station. Needless to say many different viewpoints were expressed, most of them decidedly agreeable, a few indifferent, the remainder high treason.

FOOD: of those returning answers, 13% described the food as "tasty"; 10% gave the puzzling reply "flytox." The remainder did not care to commit themselves.

MOVIES: Imagine having shows

C. O.'s Corner

Time Marches On; and with time also goes another class of well trained Airmen from this Station. Through the months of training, from the opening of the Station, a class of graduates have been turned out with precision and regularity each better prepared to carry on than its predecessor. Class "81" is no exception to the rule, and to them I bid God-speed and good hunting. Special mention of Class 81 should be given in their winning of the Bombing Championship from three other excellent teams, and I feel that anyone in the Class could have taken his turn and been prepared to do just as good a job.

G. I. INGRAM,
Wing Commander

four times a week! The theater is always jammed too. The pictures are good on the whole, but it would help if we could have talkies once in a while.

SWIMMING POOL: Whether one has partaken of it's benefits once, or a dozen times, all the lads agree that the pool is one of the chief features of the Station. Not only is the pool itself attractive, but there are numerous females who, if you catch them at the right time, display, ah!!! attractiveness, too. Yes, indeed the swimming pool is one of our outstanding morale assets. (Note the "e").

INSTRUCTORS: The answers are varied: "indescribable," "duddy" "likeable," etc., etc. Some inclined to comment on the grounds that it would require thought (can this be "F" Flight?) and that the instructors would only get even from the rear cockpit. It is to be expected that longer association with the instructors will produce more specific and more colorful opinions.

GROUND SCHOOL: The general trend of opinion is that the curriculum is good and the instructors competent. We are all agreed, however that "citizen history" is the highlight on the weekly schedule. "Professor" Gelber races through German history like a Harvard over a cross country. (No, not low level!); and the interest of the class is as great as if the subject was "How to get overseas into a fighter Squadron."

W.D.'s: Here again time will produce more vivid reactions. Most of the lads are, as yet, to put it mildly, unused to working hand in hand with real live females. Their presence makes that much more enjoyable such routine jobs as eating, checking the weather, getting rumbled or log book errors, signing the F-17, and ah, yes! taking out a library book.

Don't you agree that we are indeed full of wit?

Man--The Master?

Men are what women marry. They have two hands, two feet, and sometimes two wives, but never more than one dollar or one idea at a time. Like Turkish cigarettes, they are all made of the same material; the only difference is some are better disguised.

Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes: Husbands, bachelors and widowers. A bachelor is an eligible mass of obstinacy entirely surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are of three types: PRIZES, SURPRISES AND CONSOLATION PRIZES. Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest forms of plastic art known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope and charity—mostly charity.

It is a psychological marvel that a small, tender, soft, violet-scented thing like a woman should enjoy kissing a big, awkward, stubby-chinned tobacco and bay-rum scented thing like a man.

If you flatter a man, you frighten him to death. If you don't, you bore him to death. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end. If you don't, he gets tired of you in the beginning.

If you believe him in everything, you cease to interest him. If you argue with him in everything, you cease to charm him. If you believe all he tells you, he thinks you are a fool. If you don't, he thinks you are a cynic.

If you wear gay colors, rouge and a startling hat, he hesitates to take you out. But if you wear a little brown beret and a tailored suit, he takes you out and stares all evening at women in gay colors, rouge and a startling hat.

If you join in the gaieties and approve of his drinking, he swears you are driving him to the devil. If you don't approve of his drinking and argue with him to give up his gaieties, he vows you are a snob and "nice."

If you are a clinging vine type, he doubts whether you have a brain. If you are a modern, advanced, independent woman, he doubts whether you have a heart.

If you are silly, he longs for a bright mate. If you are brilliant and intellectual, he longs for a playmate.

Man is just a worm in the dust. He comes along, wriggles around for awhile and finally some chicken gets him.

Works and Building

Since the big Sports Day at No. 14, there doesn't seem to be any one in this section who feels like exerting his brain long enough to write this, and so it seems it is up to me to do my best.

Cpl. Cuddy seems very sleepy and doesn't want to be bothered with anything, and certainly not work.

This section is really proud of that very graceful diver, Sgt. Major Henniger, who with F/Sgt. Steup, tried to get in the diving competition. F/Sgt. Cookman also did his share; he loved handing out the nickles to the kiddies, but can't understand why they gave him a megaphone. He insists he sounded better and louder without it. All in all, everyone thinks that the whole Sports Day turned out to be a huge success.

We welcome two newcomers to our section this month: LAC Bell, an Engineer, and AC1 Short, a carpenter. We also have had a few of our men posted: LAC. Hembroff, Cpl. Seeley and Cpl. Routledge, (Firemen at R1), LAC Farrow, a

Library Corner

At a meeting of the Library Committee recently it was decided to increase our circulation with the purchase of a number of new books. A trip was made to London by P/O. Gelber, Library Committee Secretary and LAC. Clinnett, another member of the Committee, when approximately twenty new volumes were purchased. These funds were made available through the medium of fines for overdue books accumulated over the past few months. While this fund is an excellent medium through which we may add from time to time to our library, it is still the wish of all concerned that books be returned on time that we may keep the better books circulating in more hands.

Some time ago a list of overdue books was published in DRO. with the names of the tardy included, much to the chagrin of some of the more sensitive. We merely wish to bring this to everyone's attention, as in the very near future another list of delinquents will appear in DRO. and the guilty finger may be pointing at you.

A review of a few of the new books appears below, with a full list of the books added this month for your information and pleasure.

BLACK OUT IN GRETLEY

By J. B. Priestley

Here is a spy story crammed with ruthless murders, tantalizing mysteries, surprising confessions and of course, a little love. One of the best stories of blacked-out Britain, told by England's best novelist.

THEY WERE EXPENDABLE

By White

The actual account of U. S. Motor Torpedo Squadron fighting in the horrors of Manila and Bataan, and the true record of MacArthur's amazing escape from that disastrous battlefield.

OTHER BOOKS INCLUDE:

Complete Works of Lewis Carroll. Complete Poems of Robt. Service. Summer Moonshine—P. G. Wodehouse.

Jeeves—P. G. Wodehouse.

3 Men in a Boat—Jerome K.

Jerome.

Experiment Perilous — Margaret Carpenter.

My Remarkable Uncle—Stephen Leacock.

Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town —Stephen Leacock.

The Yearling—Marjorie Kinnan

Rawlings.

Immortal Sergeant — John Brophy

The Pocket Book of Great Detectives—Introduced by Alfred Hitchcock.

The People's Mouths—A. F. Cross.

Three Decker—Thorne Smith.

The Bishop Jaegers—Thorne Smith.

Peace and Power—Lionel Gelber.

The Seventh Cross—Anna Seghers.

Sam Small Flies Again—Erie

Knight.

Preface to Peace—Wendell Wilkie

Herbert Hoover, Hugh Gibson, Henry A. Wallace, Sumner Welles.

fireman; Sgt. Geldart and Cpl. Basingthwaite, engineers. We hope that all kinds of good luck go with them to their new stations.

We are not going to mind Old Man Winter so much this year, as Verne Little and his men are installing a heating system in Works and Bricks. Our days of huddling around the stove are over.

There seems to be no let-up with jobs, whatever. F/Lt. Hewson is still busy hustling about the station, which reminds me that it is time I got back to work now. So long.

The C. I.'s Lament

Crack this cask to poor "C" Flight,
They fly their Harvards day and
night,
And shed a tear for "F" Flight too,
They try so hard to train aircrew.

Sometimes they both, with super
skill
Will pass a week, their Harvards
still
As yet unblemished by a dent,
Or even have a rudder rent.

But like the calm before the storm,
That often marks a summer morn,
Disaster strikes the unprepared,
And that is how the two flights
fared.

The Harvard is a docile craft,
When landing, pointed fore and aft,
It moves, its flight most swift,
And gently touches down sans drift.

But when the student, wretched
oaf,
When landing, starts to loaf,
And whistles in with drift and
speed,
And his instructor will not heed.

A sickening crunch is shortly heard,
And poor old Harvard, wretched
bird,
Adorns the airdrome like a duck,
Who's fallen to the hunter's luck.

And so, please, students, keep in
mind
To land the Harvard you will find
It must go straight along its path,
Or you'll incur the C.I.'s wrath.

Metal Shop Scraps

It becomes more and more difficult as the months roll by to endeavour to enlighten our fellow airmen regarding the personnel activities of the Metal Shop. Said activities being conspicuous only by their absence. Would that we could recapture those hilarious days of "fearless" Red Birmbaum; Andrew, "coming mother" Savage, and Cliff "dive bomber" Antle, not to mention others, who, although not so far distant, have sojourned elsewhere on the Station in pursuit of their daily tasks. Personalities such as "Bags Hardy" and "Oscar Koleada." What then is the reason for this morbid state of affairs? Can it be that this writer has lost his sense of humor? (Could be); or is it that the Metal Shop today has become an efficient business-like organization, with far less time for the good old horse-play? Many changes in the past month, (the word "many" is loosely used here), have transformed the Metal Shop into rather a formidable structure, complete with gates, barricade signs and frowning N.C.O.'s. Woe to him who usurps that sacred spot beyond the sign marked "Out of Bounds." LAC. Marler, who hails from the oasis on the Alcan Highway, Edmonton, Alberta, was seen walking briskly through the town of Aylmer in an easterly direction. When questioned concerning this nocturnal escapade, he replied that he was merely taking in the scenery. Is he kidding?

What is there about Publications that so intrigues Tommy Robinson? This will bear snooping—Er—I mean looking into.

We might suggest that the contrivance being manufactured in the shop at the present, under the supervision of F/Sgt. Locke, be put in mass production. It would no doubt prove a great boon to most of us in the near future.



Under the leadership of F/L MacKenzie, our new O.C., Navigation Flight is really logging this month. Our goal is one hundred hours for each instructor.

Quite a few changes have been made in the last month. F/O Shanfield is now over at G.I.S. F/O McAlpine is "cracking the whip" as O.C. of the Bomber Command. F/O French sure looks queer now that he is no longer wearing his little black band with the red letters. We notice that the O. O.'s now need an assistant. F/O Hanna has gone to R. 1. We hope he hurries back, as he owes 20 cents in rumbles.

We welcome to our Flight two new pilots, P/O Armstrong, whose duties seem to consist of Plotting Room Joe exclusively, and Sgt. Daler, who is flying mighty Ansons. We hope they enjoy their stay here.

Was that an earthquake that shook the Hangar? Oh, no. Just F/O McAlpine landing an Anson.

THE GROUND LEVEL

Oh, the strength that is in numbers! After much beefing, bickering, cajoling, threatening and verbal violence, we are strengthened by no less than seven new men. True, we lost two men in the same day to Maintenance, but new men are easier to lead, for a while. We old timers can now enjoy a fuller life in watching the new Joe's take hold. And we do mean take hold of brooms, mops, wax and Aircraft brushes.

The time has come. The dreaded time of the year that we must face each year—the long spell without Port Stanley's opportunities and woin' grounds. Open season and Wolfin' Deluxe is no more, and from here it looks as though howls in the night will be more profuse in number four hanger, than in any other section. A rag, a bone, a hunk of hair, but add the moonlit beach and the "jug of wine" or "crock", if you will, and it becomes an indispensable activity. Couldn't we have some Wartime measure to cover this, too?

There are a few things we would like to know! When comes this extravagant posting to points elsewhere? When does the Fleet Air Arm move in? When are we taking over the local E. F. T. S.'s? When will Duty Piquet be washed out? (The last one first, please). And,—oh yes, when is the war going to end?

Strange, how the men in this Flight strive to beat each other, in the Colloquial sense only, of course. For instance, Newman and Hank being taken by George on a used car deal. And almost the same thing on Buck by Basil. Basil's remark, "I don't care whether I sell it or not" was the bluff that did the trick.

Some things we'd like to impress upon you: The Splendor of our Throne Room. (For explanation you'll have to pay us a visit). The cleanliness of our twin-engine jobs in comparison to that of a recent visitor. The fellowship spirit of our men off duty, (we suggest you visit the Legion, St. Thomas), and the urgent need for fluid for Cpl. Hutchison's new lighter.

Now pass the Zombies!

R 1 Yarmouth Centre

Overheard from the Control Tower: "Listen Sir! That's the way we've always done it."

Well, we finally secured a couple of boys who like the O.S. (meaning "On Station"), and so if you visit our little Harem you'll find them strutting around quite happily. Too bad the service didn't provide a zipper, for the use of which would make an easier installation on the arm. Better you guys try to confine yourselves to the drome.

The R. 1. aircraft, formerly recognized by their dark color, (camouflage, of course) and red wheel plates, have undergone a radical change. If you see a flash of bright yellow in the sky, with a new fancy design on the wheel plates, that's an R1 Aircraft. The new design will probably head our next article in The Aylmer Airman.

Congratulations to F/O Anderson and F/O Lawrie, on their recent promotions.

Static from the wireless section: It is rumored that Sgt. Macleod, our ex. R.1. operator, is thoroughly enjoying his new posting as chief of the W.D. operators. Poor Don!

Al Bysouth, the Port Stanley Kid, has just returned from a hectic furlough on the west coast. Believe it or not, he's still serviceable.

Courses 81 and 87, together with a few distinguished visitors, risked their lives to view a demonstration of Low Dive and Low Level Bombing a fortnight ago at R1. It was very interesting and no casualties were reported.

The demonstration seems to have been well worth while, for it was only a few days later that three of our hopefuls wrested the Bombing Trophy from Camp Borden.

In spite of the fact that the entries from other schools were veterans of three weeks on the Armament Course, Sgt. Newland, LAC. Rowe and LAC. Bradbury took the trophy right from under their noses, after only two days of training.

The next competition will be held at our own bombing range, and we are looking to the lads in Course 83 to hold the Silver Bomb where it belongs—at good old R1, where it now proudly stands on the O.C.'s desk.

The night of Thursday, August 19th, was a merry one in the R1. Officers' Mess. The Commanding Officer honored us with his presence. The delicious food, the close harmony, the humor, (the C. O.'s contribution was much appreciated), and the liquid refreshments made it a night to be remembered. It was also the occasion for the presentations to each of the four R1 instructors who recently married. (They saw the light) of a coffee table and hassock. A very nice gesture on the part of the boys. The man who most recently took the plunge was F/L Pat Lewis. Congratulations Pat. We hear the wedding came off in grand style, and that you are to live in Toronto. Would you be interested in a posting to Malton?

Mrs. J. W. Watson Presents Dance Prizes

At our Monday dance, two W.D.'s were fortunate in winning lovely Oil Paintings. While Mrs. Watson has been confined to bed for the past two years she is ever thoughtful of the active forces, and does no little part in making the troops lives just a little more pleasant.

Maintenance Patter

Now that Sgt. "Barney" Ross has been posted, we have two new W.D.'s to bring to you the "Goods" on No. 5.

F/S "Bud" Philp seems to be able to handle himself quite well when it comes to fighting with the girls, even when he has a cast on his leg. Although you could ask Bud what W.D. has her name on the cast just up around the knee.

Taking Sgt Ross' place is a handsome young fellow, (single, and young), Sgt. Wright. We take this opportunity to welcome him to the gang, but we warn you now that "Mickey" and Krieger aren't easy to handle.

W.D. Preece "Muscles", was seen walking across the hangar with Vol. 1, 2, and 3, of Maintenance Lab. Instructions for the new writing room, it seems they're coming in rolls now. The paper is a new type of light weight bond used for Airmail, or urgent matters only.

We have a request to make of Cpl. Murrell who can be found behind the voice that can be heard even above the aircraft running up. First we want to know if he can whistle. Next, if he has finished the song he is going to dedicate to the girls of the Log Room.

Scribblings From Stores

It's the familiar cry of "Hail and Farewell" as we say our last fond farewells to old members of our staff, and bid a hearty welcome to new arrivals.

We were sorry to see "Major" Camplin of the famous "Periwinkle Dive," and Dunc. McLeod, of Barrack Stores, leave our midst, but we wish them both the best of luck and may we meet again sometime.

Greetings and salutations to Sgt. "Bob" Wright, of Audit Board fame, who has joined the Maintenance Stores Branch of Equipment, and from all reports, he seems to be working but diligently!!!

Our new (W.D.) E. A. Ruby Richards, is set up in Barrack Stores, and will be only too glad to issue with an extra blanket, a "down" pillow, or any other little thing that will make your "shut-eye" more blissful. (Now don't raid Barrack Stores 'cause I'm only kidding. Na—turally!!)

Meteorological Mania

In recent months certain authorities in Toronto have caused us many a headache, by virtue of the fact that they have seen fit to introduce numerous and frequent changes to the staff of our otherwise happy office. Girls come, and girls go, though we are sorry to say that there has been a preponderance of "go" during the last while, and not so much "come." However, it's an ill wind that doesn't blow some good to someone, and our friends in Toronto have at least kept us supplied with materials for our little contribution to The Airman.

While we are on the subject of postings and such, it would be very much in order to inform you, in case you have not already heard, that Duncan McLarty, interchangeably referred to as "Doc" or "Dunc" is leaving us very shortly. He has accepted an appointment to the Science staff of Western University, London. This will mean for him a return from Meteorology to Biology, his own special field.

**BUY WAR SAVINGS
CERTIFICATES**

Course 81 "X" Group



1, Demerling, R. M.; 2, Hann, J. H.; 3, Lee, F. A.; 4, McDonald, D. L.; 5, Miles, F. W.; 6, Newland, E. R.; 7, Oliver, H. J.; 8, Peck, D. L.; 9, Robinson, A. N.; 10, Robinson, R. W.; 11, Rowe, A. F.; 12, Tompson, I. L.; 13, Bertram, T. H.; 14, Bradbury, F. G.; 15, Bury, V. H.; 16, Schissler, J. M.; 17, Daniher, E. C.; 18, McCully J. K.; 19, McInnes, D. L.; 20, Newton, C. L.; 21, Steel, J. R.; 22, Sullivan, A. R.; 23, Sullivan, N.S.; 24, Sweeney, J. D.; 25, Watts, H.; 26, Douglass, K. R.



After the War is Over

(By Sammy "Booster" Mantle)

Well, here we are again. We're getting close to the end of our stay at No. 14, and examinations are our next great headache. Here's hoping we all get through with high marks.

We welcome P.O.'s MacDonald, MacIntyre and Whiteman, and Sgts. Parry and Collinson to "B" Flight. We were indeed sorry to see F/L McLean, F/O Trumley and P/O Curry posted, but I'm sure we'll get along splendidly with our new instructors.

Would the farmer living near Owen Sound, who found a pair of soiled gloves in his oatfield, please have same cleaned and returned to F/O. Simmonds. It seems "Noisy" on a cross-country hop recently due to the (shall we say bumpy weather), felt something was not right in his stomach. After a few vain efforts to hold on, without success, one of his gloves was promptly filled and tossed overboard, breakfast and all. Shortly after the second glove followed suit. What a pity to lose such a good pair of gloves;

We have warned a certain young lady in our vicinity to wear Tangee next time she goes out with LAC — as the laundry man is complaining of great red smears on the pillow slips.

LAC's Reid and MacFie have found a new location for Grimsby. On their last D.R. trip, they swore the town was 2½ miles out in Lake Erie. I guess the pilot steered the wrong course.

Congratulations to Don Antonio, who is proud Daddy of a bouncing baby girl. Nice goin', Papa!

The Station Field Day was a great success, and it really went over with a bang. "Bud" Dean got a kick out of the W.D.'s ball game. The announcer tried vainly all through the game to get Bud away from left field. Whatever was out there really had Bud in a trance. After sitting there the whole game, he didn't even know the score when the game was over.

After the war is over—after the fighting's done:

After the Huns are beaten—after the war is won:

Manys the weary Pilot—wishing the war was o'er;

Will likely be wishing it wasn't—after the war.

Yes, Sir: It won't be very long now until this old war is all over. My modesty, and the fact that Mr. Churchill wouldn't like the idea, forbids my giving the exact date, but I figure it will happen on or about my twenty-seventh anniversary as an F/O, which as you know, isn't very far distant. I shall, no doubt, be on duty watch that day, thereby being unable to leave the station. I shall have company, in all probability—there will be others unable to leave—for other reasons! It will be in the spring of the year, so I shall be home for Christmas, maybe! The war will end on Monday, as usual, after the C.O.'s parade. It will rain of course, it always does on Armistice Day. Everybody will be happy, no doubt on that particular day anyway. Some, however, will not feel quite so happy the day following. I shall probably be one of them. I hope! Then the question which will be uppermost in all our minds will be, "What are we gonna do now?" And that, my friends, is a sixty-four dollar question.

Being a two-timer myself; by that I mean a veteran of two wars; I should know the answers. I thought I did. Maybe I was wrong. Anyway, after the last "war to end all wars," I decided I'd like the peace and quiet of the farm. Being short of experience, also on funds, as was the custom with Flying Officers in those days, I settled, with the aid of the Soldiers Settlement Board, on a piece of land out in the Peace River Country. I thought that was very appropriate. It was peaceful enough alright and according to the best authority, a lovely spot in the sum-some kind soul found her. I

mer time. I wouldn't know about that—there were just three seasons whilst I was there, June, July and Winter!

I started in a small way, naturally, at first—a couple of horses, a couple of pigs, half a dozen cows, a number of chickens, a lot of earth and a little faith. It was a nice enough life, I guess. There were no neighbours to speak of; the horses weren't friendly at first—maybe I had cold hands or something—or probably they just didn't like city fellers. They had a nasty habit of kicking over the milk pail with persistent regularity, invariably after the pail was full. They meant well I guess, probably figured it would save me the trouble of churning the milk. We only fed it to the pigs anyway: too far to take it to town. So in that case we just had to bring the pigs to the milk; instead of the milk to the pigs. It probably tasted better to them, mixed with a little dirt anyway. Those pigs were with me a long time, figuratively speaking. I ate so much pork that winter, my hair began to look like the service end of a tooth brush.

On the other hand, the cows didn't stay very long, either figuratively or literally. I had trouble at first finding them at milking time. Cows are something like Flying Officers I guess, time doesn't mean very much to them. I have the same trouble trying to locate "Bill Taylor" of "E Flight" at washout time. Somebody said that if I tied a bell on the lead cow's neck the others would follow her home; which I did. If I tied a bell on the lead Harvard of "E Flight" I doubt very much if Bill would follow it home at 1700 hours. It didn't work with the cow either. Something went wrong some place, either the bell had the wrong tone or the cow didn't know anything about Navigation. Anyway she never showed up after that. Hope

would have gone searching for her, but just at that time one of my horses died of swamp fever, and the other passed away from loneliness. The walking was awfully tough up there. I had a steak the other day that made me think that perhaps someone located Annabelle just recently. Her name was Anna before I gave her the bell!

All I had left now was the chickens—and the faith.—So I concentrated on the chickens. Built a nice hen house for them; painted all white inside, curtains for the windows, new straw on the floor. Everything but hot and cold running water. I might have guessed though, that all creatures with wings are temperamental. They just wouldn't go near the darned place. They laid eggs on the roof of the barn and under the barn; on top of the house and underneath the house; the woodpile and anywhere at all was O.K. by them, except the hen house. And then, one by one, as females sometimes do, they wandered away and I guess the wolves got them. Which goes to prove that home environment isn't everything. Just like all females, the more you do for them, the less thanks you get. I'm speaking of female birds, of course. Haven't had much experience with any other "female of the species."

After that I got the urge to fly again—also thought I had better renew my F/O standing—so joined the Air Force again at Camp Borden. There were several other F/O's there at the time. I see some of them now and then. Mostly Air Marshalls now—the odd one is still a Group Captain tho. It wasn't very exciting in the Air Force in peacetime. I didn't stay very long—which is perhaps just as well.

After that I went into the show business—movies. But as usual, I chose the wrong end of it; accounting! The figures I worked with weren't nearly as interesting as some of the figures in the other end of the business.

I haven't decided what I'll do after this war yet; maybe I'll go on relief. I know a guy in peacetime who was on relief so long they made him Chief of the Welfare Dept. I often wonder if I made a mistake after the last war—but I don't know. Had I stuck to the farm I might have been thrown by a horse or kicked in the face by a cow, or something. On the other hand, if I had stayed in the Air Force, at best I could only be an Air Marshall, or an Angel.

Things will be different after this war—everybody says so. Just imagine a programme like this after the war:—

(1) Six months' pay upon discharge and a position secured and commensurate with your present status, etc., etc., etc. or—

(2) A commission in the permanent force, retaining your present rank, provided it isn't higher than P/O., and escalators in the Control Tower, or—

(3) A college education, free tuition with pay—Doctor, Lawyer, Engineer or D.A.P.M., or—

(4) The old soldiers home, swimming pool, theatre, lawn umbrellas and free beer, or—

(5) Well A feller can dream—Can't he?

While taking a stroll through camp one evening the C.O. was stopped by an Airman with the remark, "Gotta a match, Bub?" The answer was "Sure have," and on lighting it the Airman, much to his chagrin noticed to whom he was speaking. "Beg pardon, Sir, but I didn't know it was you when I addressed you." "That's O.K.," replied the C.O., "but don't ever speak iike that to an Instructor."



Y.M.C.A.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 5th
 "DR. RENAULT'S SECRET"
 Starring J. Carrol Naish and
 Lynne Roberts

TUESDAY, SEPT. 7th
 "ROAD TO MOROCCO"
 Starring Bing Crosby, Bob Hope
 and Dorothy Lamour

THURSDAY, SEPT. 9th
 "THE LITTLE FOXES"
 Starring Bette Davis and Herbert
 Marshall

SUNDAY, SEPT. 12th
 "OVER MY DEAD BODY"
 Starring Milton Berle and Mary
 Beth Hughes

TUESDAY, SEPT. 14th
 "THE ROUNDUP"
 Starring Richard Dix, Patricia
 Morison and Preston Foster

THURSDAY, SEPT. 16th
 "SEVEN MILES FROM
 ALCATRAZ"

SUNDAY, SEPT. 19th
 "CHETNIKS"

G. I. S.

Our luck did not hold and Air Force Headquarters posted Squadron Leader Kress to St. Marguerite, Quebec. We wish him all the luck possible. It is not necessary to put into words how much he will be missed in Ground Instructional School. Meanwhile Flight Lieutenant Brown is the Acting Chief Ground Instructor and all is running smoothly.

Things we would like to know . . . What is that shadow looming under F/Groulx's nose? Not a moustache!!! Could it be that F/O Shanfield and F/O Gray inspired him?

There was great commotion around Ground Instructional School when Sgt. Knisley was posted. The question stood, "Who would write up the Aylmer Airmen?" Sgt. Knisley has been writing the G.I.S. editorial for some time. Needless to add we were very sorry to see him go, but what is our loss is Mountain View's gain. The same is said for Sgt. Greenwood who was posted recently to Port Albert.

That splash of colour in the Photo Section signals that Sgt. Quartermain has returned from his course in Rockcliffe.

F/Sgt. Campbell wishes to inform all Station personnel that the thing that takes him to Ground Instructional School every morning is a CAR (tires too) Any similarity to this thing and one of our allied tanks is definitely coincidental.

We were favoured in G.I.S. with a visit by F/L Fletcher, one of our recent Navigation Instructors. F/L Fletcher celebrated his promotion to F/L with the donation of a Coke to all G.I.S. staff.

We welcome Sgt. Ellenton from Port Albert to the staff of our Armament Section . . . another addition is F/Sgt. MacDonald in the Wireless Section.

Now we know why A.W.I Campbell and Leland take such an interest in athletics. They have turned professional it appears, and between the two of them were awarded quite a share of the prize money on Field Day.

We say adios to F/O Shanfield, of Navigation Flight, who has been instructing in G.I.S. for the past three weeks. Also P/O Gelber, and

Course 81 "Y" Group



COURSE 81 "Y" GROUP

27, Bird, J. B.; 28, Cherrington, J. W.; 29, Cookes, S. L.; 30, Creed, E. R.; 31, Dodd, J. R.; 32, Huckins, A.B.; 33, Hughes, M. P.; 34, Laing, G. D.; 35, Long, W.; 36, Murphy, R. V.; 37, Pearce, L.; 38, Young, E. H.; 39, Blackadder, R. E.; 40, Bache, M. G.; 41, Bundy, A. S.; 42, Dick, J. L.; 43, Gibb, A. A.; 44, Guy, R.M.; 45, Lakey, T. M.; 46, Lee, A. E.; 47, Moffitt, D. E.; 48, Moth, J.M.L.; 49, Pickworth, A. D.; 50, Tiernan, G. J. A.; 51, Watson, K. J.; 52, Corrigan, A. W.; 53, Gaukroger, B. A.

Headquarters Highlights

Station Celebrity Takes Vacation

Miss Olga Klem, who for months now has thrilled all headquarters with her stirring, turbulent version of Cassandra, wife of Julius "Up an' Attem" "Rover Boy" Caesar, has retired to her home in British Columbia for a much deserved (?) sojourn among the snow capped mountains, trickling rivulets and mountain goats.

Having starred in five of Producer Al "Stogie" Crooker's successful productions, she graciously declined the offer of a sixth, telling reporters in her ultra-refined manner that "I gotta get some sleep before I go at that stuff again or I'll be dead beat."

In a later issue will appear more about this astounding young actress. But now we leave her in beautiful British Columbia, land of milk and honey and mountain goats. What will happen next? Will she drink in the beauty? Will she eat the honey? Will she milk the goats? Tune in next month—we don't know.

Congratulations to:

John Vara, originator of the new Catalina Dive. The dive, when properly executed, is a dead ringer for the huge aircraft levelling off and slushing into the drink. The drawback, however, is the red welt the perfect Catalina dive invariably produces upon one's stomach. Experts say that it will definitely be accepted as a standard dive by the Union of Depth Divers (who know every dive in town), which was originally founded by the Help to Sick Puppies Association, Local 66.

John was also an active participant in the "Shoes off" race on Wednesday, and was defeated by a narrow margin only because F/L

Sgt. Bloomfield have been posted to Malton and Mountain View respectively. We wish them the best on their new Stations.

We would like to know if Mountain View is trying to strengthen a weak staff at the expense of the Armament Section, No. 14 S.F.T.S., Aylmer, Ontario.

McMillan, of Maintenance, threw John's shoes so far away. John says he won't forget that race in a hurry. At least not until his Charlie Horse is better.

Seen in Passing

Major James, looking for spots in the Spot Dances shortly after Mrs. James presented him with a timely gift.

Olga Liberte matching shakes with Course 83. (Names withheld due to feminine hysterics).

Marg Fitzgerald and Don Hall (Fingal), at the show in St. Thomas, (Instead of at our Dance). Marg assures us it was because of "extenuating circumstances", (to quote Olga Klem).

Ronnie Gifford and Dorothy Harvey (brother and sister), winning by unanimous vote First Prize in the Jittersbug Contest. They may practice at home, but it's time well spent. Congratulations, kids, a great show!

Bathing Beauties Not Exposed (Because of 1914 Bathing Suits)

F/Sgt. Al Steup and Major Ed. Henniger staged a two-man riot Wednesday afternoon in the swimming pool. Clothed in bathing suits of 1914 vintage, (Al Steup wore his usual), they, with amazing dexterity, fell off the diving board on their heads, kicked and spluttered, providing more than enough laughs for everyone.

Dottie Ryan missed the introductory speech explaining that it was all in fun; took one look and remarked to Theda Norton, "My, hasn't Major Henniger's diving improved." Theda swears this is true. But what she doesn't swear is true, is all that gab you've been hearing about "her John" who is always going someplace after.

Gala Reopening

It seems that Major Carter has reopened the famous "Cafe Chamberle D'ordonance." Closed for extensive repairs to the Major's radio, the new clear tone and great volume is expected to more than triple the number of patrons to this popular rendezvous. (He hopes not).

Women's Division

As we go to press, our minds are a little befuddled and our hands shaky as result of the hectic Field Day, but we know our understanding readers being in the same condition, will forgive and bear with us, for a little incoherent chatter.

Speaking of said Field Day, our W.D.'s competed in everything but the Tug-of-War, and the well-chosen prizes certainly came in handy with a 48 coming up. At the moment, "Money-Bags" Campbell is the right girl to know. It was a lot of fun and everyone agrees that in the not too distant future, another Field Day would go very well.

We are glad to welcome S/O Willson and S/O Robertson to our Station. We hope you will enjoy your stay here.

Welcome also to all the new girls who have come to our Station since we last went to press, and we are sure you will all like your new sections.

Our Ball Team, after having won everything there is to be won around here, are going to Toronto to see what sort of trophies they have there. After that drastic ball game in St. Thomas, we are very glad to see Cpl. Thompson back on the job and spreading the charm around. Look after that lame wing of yours, Doreen.

Along with the excitement of Field Day came also the "Aylmer Quiz Event" over CBC, to which we listened with extreme interest and eventually with loud hurrahs as our team, composed of Cpl. Bette Barnhart, L.A.W. White, L.A.C. Bundy and Sgt. McCavin came out on top by a large margin. Congrats Quiz Kids, and may you also bring home the bacon when you defend the title with Fingal.

In our close-to-matrimony section, we have Pat Granger and Mary McFarlane both sporting new sparklers on the right finger of the left hand. Best of luck, to you both.

We were sorry to see A.W.I Campbell and A.W.I Scott leave us, but we hope they will be very happy among the girls in "civies."

That's all, there just isn't any more.

Station Field Day Brilliant Spectacle

"C" Flight



Left to Right, Top Row—Aussies and New Zealanders at Rugger; Formation Flying over sports field; W.D. Shoe race; Second Row—Sgt. Belanger in jackknife dive; W.O.2 Henniger and F/Sgt. Steup, Clowns; LAC. Wilson free style dive; Third Row—Pie-eating contest; Men's Sack race and W.D.'s sack race.

First Field Day

No. 14's first field day will long be remembered as the biggest and best event to have been staged on the Station. There was not a hitch anywhere in the program, and the 1200 odd guests, together with the Station personnel enjoyed themselves to the fullest. From the A.C. Duceys to the highest ranking officer, from the youngest tots to the most aged, came only words of praise and appreciation of the day's activities. Thanks and sincere appreciation is extended to the Committees which arranged the affair.

The afternoon's races saw LAW. Campbell win three events, and finish in the second spot in another. LAW. Leland and Minter also took prizes in the events with the result that the Girls' Softball team (now Command Champions), walked away with most of the loot.

F/Sgt. Angus bested S/L. Hendershot, (only tie in history), when he led the field home in the 'over 40' race. F/L Milne, Station Adjutant, finished just out of the money while our dashing Sgt.-Major James, dashed himself right out of the event by landing on his ear halfway down the course.

Big Sgt. Mike Koleada neglected to have his lunch and was so famished that he easily won the pie-eating contest, and the prize donated by the Civilian workers of the Station. It was a treat to see the LAW's trying to pack the custard into their tiny (?) mouths. Some of them had more custard on their faces than in their stomachs. They say it helps the complexion.

F/L. R. McMilian took off his shoes and ran off with the prize in the Men's Boot race. "Bob," at one time was a track man and still has a bit of the old spark left. The unsettled question, however, is whatever led him so quickly to

Aylmer W.D.'s No.1 Training Command Softball Champions

Hello Softball Fans! This is Your W.D. Sports Reporter Tuning In

We are no longer just a team from No. 14 S.F.T.S., but are newly crowned Champs of No. 1 Training Command Women's Division.

Our girls travelled to Toronto Saturday to annex the title by first defeating (S/O. Joy Bristow's) Mountain View nine by a score of 10 to 8 in the semi-finals, and to go on to humble the fast team from Jarvis in the finals to the tune of 8 to 5.

In both games our girls came from behind to win, and played the type of ball that was a treat to watch. The Campbell to Leland to Hebert combination in the infield was superb, with their double plays cutting down many likely looking scoring opportunities, while the outfield were also on their toes throughout both fixtures.

The battery of Hamilton and Mann worked very smoothly in both games, while Whitey at short, played her steady head-ups baseball throughout. Annette Ricard was the batting sensation with four

hits in four times at bat, while the rest of the team were meeting the offerings of the opposing pitchers with regularity.

A good turn-out of the faithful travelled to Toronto to witness the games, including Officers and other ranks, and cheered the girls to the echo on their splendid plays. The team Coach, F/Sgt. Harry Angus, deserves a great deal of credit for taking his team through to the championship, and has been a tower of strength throughout the season in bringing the team along to their exalted heights as Champions.

Th team were later treated to a lovely dinner and a get-together for the evening in the Royal York, where a good time was had by all attending.

The Team:

Pitcher—Mary Hamilton, Capt.
Catcher—Dot Mann.
First—Terry Hebert.
Second—Shorty Leland.
Short—Whitey, White.
Third—Noreen Campbell.
Left—Lyn Minter.
Center—Daisy Warner.
Right—Annette Ricard
Alternate Fielder—Evelyn Lucas.

back-stroke over F/Sgt. Little, and LAC. Miles. LAC. Adams, 83 Course, led LAC. Harrison 87 Course, and F/O Genge to the tape in the free style. LAC. Wilson 81 Course, and LAC. Allesbrook 85 Course, finished second and third to AC. Forrest, Servicing Squadron, in the breast stroke. Sgt. Belanger and LAC. Wilson were closely matched in the diving, with the former finally taking the first money. The W.D. contestants showed promise, with Dotty McLaglan, taking the breast

Once again "C" Flight welcomes a new course. We of the Flight extend our welcome and wish them lots of luck during their stay. May they succeed as well as their predecessors, Course 81, who during their first week at R1, gained further distinction by winning the recent Bombing Contest at Camp Borden. Congrats, fellows!! Incidentally lads, we are all looking forward with high expectations, and we do mean high, to that Wings Party.

Tickey Duck arrived back from leave, radiating a peculiar glow. He finally admitted after much questioning, that this was not attributable to sunning or night-clubbing. The fact is, he has just presented a certain beautiful young lady with an equally beautiful rock, which according to Tickey is the size of a grapefruit.

A new ray of sunshine, A.W. 1 Mitchel is efficiently managing the Time Sheets and is rapidly winning everyone, especially the New Zealanders with her engaging smile.

Whoops! there's a ground loop. Must go. Looks like one of ours.

P.S.—It was!

stroke; Cherry Batewell, the speed, and Cpl. Dadson, the back.

F/O's Sinclair, Phillips and Hines did a marvelous job of formation flying over the field and dropped the Lucky Draw tickets perfectly in the vicinity of the pool causing Airmen, youngsters and civilian adults to scamper into the M. T. compound and over the fields hither and yon scooping up as many tickets as possible.

Maintenance and an all-star soccer team from the rest of the Station met in a well-played contest, with the latter group winning by 4-2. Challenges are already about for a return game.

In the evening, after a very delicious cold plate lunch in the Airmen's Mess, prepared very excellently by A/S/O. Brown and her staffs, the W.D.'s took on Fingal in a softball game, and went down under a count of 6 to 2. Five runs gained in one inning was a great handicap to overcome.

The Aussies were trimmed by the New Zealand lads in rugby by a score of 8 to 6. What a murderous game! Lots of action and bruises resulted, but the two teams want a re-match for this week. They can have it.

The water fight caused a diversion from the usual, with Aylmer Brigade giving our lads a good soaking. F/Sgt. Chessman's men were green in experience but fought gamely.

With the surprise win by Servicing Squadron of the Tug-o-War event, the evening sports drew to a close. Major Harris' lads pulled off against R.1 and won handily.

F/L. Brown's pyrotechnic display drew the crowd to the drill hall area where F/Sgt. Johnny Campbell gave detailed explanation to proceedings.

The Fingal Orchestra swung into a rhythmic tempo and the dance began. It was a huge success. Sgt. Major Bottril as M.C., and Lou Henry as Director of activities, kept the dance swinging along in fine style to bring to a close a perfect day.

As space is limited for this copy of the Airmen, we will withhold until next issue our regular sports gossip on Station Softball League, and give you complete details in our next issue, when the League will be completed and the Station champions declared by way of play-downs.