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THE AYLMER AIRMAN



VOL. 2, No. 16

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

OCTOBER 1st, 1943

Aylmer Bombers Win Again

Fifth Victory Loan



COMMANDER A. C. S. IRWIN
R.N.V.R.

A veteran of two wars, sailor, pilot, sportsman and businessman, Commander Irwin comes to Aylmer, direct from the Second Sea Lord's Office in the British Admiralty, London.

Beginning a varied military career, Commander Irwin attended Royal Military College, Sandhurst, in 1915; joined the Royal Irish Rifles in February 1916. Recognizing the error of his way he transferred to the Royal Flying Corps in August of the same year. Taking to the air like a duck to water, he soloed in two hours and ten minutes, was sent to 57 Squadron in France with a total of sixteen hours and twenty minutes flying time. In 57 Squadron he flew D.H.4 bombers until wounded in August, 1917.

On recovery from his wounds he was posted to one of the original night fighter squadrons, flying Sopwith Pups and later Camels.

Between the two wars, the Commander engaged in the real estate business and was director of a number of illustrated newspapers, one of which is the well-known London Illustrated News. In his spare time he journeyed about England and the Continent in his private aeroplane. Off shore racing in the six-ton class, brought him a number of prize cups or "pots" as he calls them. Skiing in the winter and a little shooting in the off seasons filled in any further idle moments in a busy life.

In September 1939, hearing that the Fleet Air Arm would accept older pilots, Commander Irwin offered his services, and was commissioned Sept. 7th. As O.C. of a communications squadron he made several trips to the Mediterranean area. Forsaking a plane for a ship on one trip to Egypt, he was torpedoed in the North Atlantic and spent four days in a lifeboat before being picked up. The only

In December of last year an objective of \$25,900.00 was set for the third Victory Loan as the quota for this Station. On over-subscription of \$46,250.00 was realized which in itself was no mean feat.

In the Fourth Victory Loan in June of this year, an objective of \$30,000.00 was set which was more than trebled by a total subscription of \$97,700.00.

These accomplishments are only two of the many other records established by this Station in the course of its existence, and whether it be backing the Allies with Fighter Pilots, or Bonds, No. 14 has always been on top.

The current Victory Loan is the largest amount ever asked for, being \$1,200,000,000. At this critical stage of the war it is more essential than ever that every individual from the lowest to the highest rank have part in making the Loan a success.

It must be remembered that you are not being asked to give your money to the Government. You are being offered an opportunity to invest a portion of your earnings in the safest investment in the world.

Arrangements have been made that these bonds may be bought either for cash or on time-payment basis. Payments are deducted from your salary each month and the bonds held in safe keeping until such time as they have been fully paid for, at which time they will be turned over to you without delay.

A Dominion of Canada Bond is just another way of one having cash in his possession to the extent of the value of the bond, only that instead of a piece of currency to worry about, you are receiving three per cent. interest on your investment, which is double the amount of interest received in any Chartered Bank. In emergency the Bonds can be converted into capital, if so desired, by the individual holder.

Don't let us falter or fail to do our duty on the home front, when so many men and women are carrying on for us on the fighting front, until such time as we will be side by side with them.

comment the Commander offered about this experience was that it was "bl — — dy chilly."

The British Admiralty evidently decided Commander Irwin was too valuable a man to have floating around in the North Atlantic, and recalled him to service in the Second Sea Lord's Office, from which post he came to this unit, as Senior Naval Officer.

Exemplifying English charm at its best, Commander Irwin's lively sense of humour and his ability to make friends has already done much to make training Navy pilots a very agreeable task.



Trophy presented to Commanding Officer by W/C F. W. Hall from A.F.H.Q. Reading from left to right—W/C Ingram, C.O., F/L Lewis, LAC. Adams, LAC. Brownridge, LAC. McNeil, W/C Hall, F/L Norwood, O.C. R 1

Members of Course "83" show complete supremacy in Bombing competition. LAC's McNeil, Adams and Brownridge of this unit, stood first, second and fourth in the individual scoring to completely outclass all competitors. Only a severe twenty-yard penalty to Brownridge, prevented our boys from standing first, second and third in the competition, which included three men from each of the other schools, Kingston, Camp Borden and Dunnville. "Good Show Boys!"

The good and enthusiastic work of their Flying Instructors, both at R-1 and the Main Station, paid big dividends. The all-round co-operation of all concerned is what really did the job, especially the good work of the Instructors and Course "83" at R-1.

The bombing trophy was officially presented to F/L Norwood, O.C. of R1, by the Commanding Officer, W/C Ingram, and the Chief Flying Instructor, S/L James. These Officers show a keen interest in the monthly competition between this unit and graduation classes of the other single

engine Service Flying Schools.

The next competition is to be held at Dunnville some time late in October.

The team and individual standing is as follows:—

AYLMER	
Adams	12.8
Brownridge	20.23
McNeil	10.06
Team Average	14.56
KINGSTON	
Hayward	28.5
Alder	34.35
Gardiner	24.2
Team Average	29.01
CAMP BORDEN	
Terry	32.25
Simmons	61.2
Walsh	17.2
Team Average	36.88
DUNNVILLE	
Hosteller	38.3
Price	33.6
Graham	50.8
Team Average	40.9

The Aylmer Airman

Published every Fourth Friday at Aylmer under the authority of Wing Commander G. L. Ingram, Commanding Officer, Number 14 S.F.T.S.
 Louis F. Henry, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor, Editor
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 Sports—F/O. C. V. Box

AYLMER, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1st, 1943

Our last contribution to the editorial column of our Station paper was based on the subject of RUMOUR and its undermining effects on individuals, small groups or nations. With the advent of the Fleet Air Arm to our Station, and the wild and unfounded stories that were circulated by those not in a position to even pass comment, let alone judgment, the rumours were all cast upon the rocks and broken down to nothingness and once again became a mere bit of idle gossip.

Let us now turn our thoughts to another sphere, that of Co-operation.

It matters not a great deal what your job may be. It is only a successful operation by the co-operation of those with whom you come in contact in the fulfillment of your endeavour. Our Commanding Officer's remarks in his first contribution to the C.O.'s Corner, after taking over command was as follows. "At the outset of my command, I made a request to all ranks that each and everyone carry on just as they had been doing under Group Captain Irwin. I would like to take this opportunity of thanking all for the manner in which this has been done. I am sure that when Group Captain Irwin pays us a visit, and we trust this will be soon, he will find we are all taking the same pride in his Station, and that he will say, "Well Done!"

Whether in Flying training, in maintenance or in any other section of a Service Flying establishment, a certain syllabus is laid down and unless the work is done as specified, someone has fallen down. It is usually through lack of Co-operation by some individual or group that the plan has been defeated.

In a small way the Co-operation is required for the continuance of YOUR Station paper. There is no little work required to maintain the standards which have heretofore been set. May we ask that those of you who have failed us, through a little indifference, be a little more co-operative and set our objectives to make our monthly edition just as fine as the Station which it represents, and of which you are an integral part.

Consider the "Aussie" Hangar Echoes From R. 1.

Consider the Aussie . . . his habits are notable,

His stature impressive, his language unquotable,

He frowns on hard work, is irked by authority,

Yet fights like the devil when in the minority.

When news is imparted, he hungers for blues,

He says what he means, is a stranger to pews.

He smokes and does other things just as injurious,

He doesn't mind scraps, but seldom gets furious.

He leans and he lounges, he growls and he bludges,

He likes a "fair go" but never begrudges.

He talks about women and horses and beer,

He does work, but seldom remains in top gear.

Still, if you want a "cobber," a chum or a mate,

(A buddy or pal if you live in the States!)

I can recommend now, without fear or remorse,

Any "dinky-di" Aussie from any course.

—"Scoop"

This is typical of all Aussie Airmen, and those with whom we have come in contact at No. 14 are no exception. The above is a recopy from No. 5 S.F.T.S., Brantford Station Paper,

Well—well, they're back again I can hear you saying, so we'll just ignore you and go on with the mutterings of the passing parade of R-1.

At last one cannot hear the slap of many paint brushes and see the long line of airmen beating their way to the wash room so as to rid themselves of the memories of red, green and blue paint. Sigh, at last paint-up week is over. Hey, chum, and you turned meekly around in time for F/Sgt. Brown to present you with a bucket of paint and brush. Ask Cpl. Ashleigh, he knows.

Here I must put in a word of praise for our Celestial Domes, (Sr. N.C.O.'s to you guys), Flight Brown, Sgt. Koleada, Sgt. McCorkell and Cpl. McKay, for their good work in ironing out many problems and kinks that arose in getting our hangar cleaned up and our maintenance worked started. If upon entry to our hangar an aircraft strikes your eye, with about ten men pulling her apart, and Cpl. Thompson saying to the men, "Don't forget to do this—did you do that?"—why that's only a P.50 or P.100 going on.

Guard at the gate—"Halt, who goes there?"

AC2 Cummings—"You wouldn't recognize me anyway, I'm new here,"



Your efforts in Fire Prevention have paid big dividends to date. With that continued, we hope to keep the fire loss at this station as low as it is at the present time. The week of Oct. 3rd to the 9th, has been appointed as Fire Prevention Week for The Dominion of Canada. Here's a couple of figures to show you why. During the past ten years, four hundred and sixty-six thousand fires in Canada have destroyed property valued at more than two hundred and fifty-eight million dollars. Thanks for your co-operation.

Who's who in the fire section? Who's the member that's taking singing lessons and specializing on "I wish I had someone to love me." Wonder why all the girls that used to run past the fire hall have slowed down to walking now. Could it be the loose gravel or some other . . . ah . . . 'er . . . attraction.

Well, our far fetched Story teller, LAC. Bangay is back at T.T.S. with tonsil trouble. Wish you a speedy recovery, Les.

Bill O'Rourke, firefighter overseas sent home this "amazing" list of equipment to be carried by a firewatcher. It gets more spectacular as the list grows:

Respirator.
 Belt to go around waist, equipped with 10 hooks to support six full sandbags and four buckets of water.

Stirrup pump to be carried on the left shoulder.

Extension ladder to be carried over right shoulder.

Whistle to be carried in the mouth.

Long handled shovel to be tucked under left arm.

Two wet blankets to be carried on head.

Tin hat with turned up brim, to carry spare water. Spare sand to be carried in pockets.

Spare box of matches for lighting any incendiary bombs which fail to ignite.

Ship's anchor to drop in case watcher cannot stop after galloping to scene of fire.

Favorite Sayings in the Fire Hall

F/S Chessman: "What the H— is the matter with you guys?"

Sgt. Blair: "Come on you guys, don't sleep all your life." (How he hates to see a fellow idle).

Cpl. Andreas: "Now if I was running this section here's what I'd do."

LAC. Wright: "They brought another Cpl. in just when I was supposed to get my hooks."

LAC. Charlton: "Isn't that awful?"

LAC. McGibbon: "Why that grub is terrible."

LAC. Young: "Gee, I'm so tired."

LAC. Hayes: "Just you wait till I finish my drill course, mister!"

LAC. Bangay: "You know I was up to Ottawa, yes sir, I told them off."

LAC. Benson: "Why they were lovely, best I've had in a long time."

LAC. R1. Butler: "I'd just as soon stay at R.1."

LAC. Lind: "My posting is coming through next week, if it don't rain."

F/O Lanning: "What's wrong with that alarm system now?"

Library Corner

A warning was issued in our last copy of the Airman about those with books outstanding over the time limit would have their toes stepped on. Well, the axe fell, and long were the faces as the tardy, much to their own sorrow, brought in the overdue books, but like good little boys, took their punishment in the form of fines. Some of the offenders are still in the black list and the longer books are held the more it will cost when they are eventually returned.

We feel as your Library Committee, that in fairness to yourselves, as well as to the rest of the personnel on station, that it is your duty to return books in good time. As you are aware, roughly twenty new books were added to our steadily growing list last month and more will be added but only by proper use can these books be circulated to all and your co-operation is asked. This is a lending library for all, but not a lend lease situation for the duration, so please bear this in mind and tie that string around your finger and return books promptly in future.

Several new books have been added again this month a resume of some, and a list of the others, follow:

Forest in the Fort—by Harvey Allen, the author of Anthony Adverse. A historical novel and a threshold of great reading experience.

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn—An engagingly written story of a girl and her family as she grows up in the poverty streets of Brooklyn. A realistic fairly tale based on the author's own life, easy to read and spiced with humor.

Among other books from the Book of the Month Club, we have: O River Remember Me—Martha Ostenso.

Paris Underground—Ella Shiber. Care of Postmaster—Thomas St. George.

I Saw Two Englands—H. V. Morton.

It Can't Be Done—But the Bumble Bee Does It

According to the story of aerodynamics, and as may be readily demonstrated through wind tunnel experiments, the bumble bee is unable to fly. This is because the size, weight and shape of his body in relation to the total wing spread make it impossible. But the bumble bee, being ignorant of these scientific truths, goes ahead and flies anyway, and makes a little honey every day.

C. O.'s Corner

With this issue of our Station paper another class of first-class Airmen leave us. As the months go on and the gradual progress of the United Nations in wearing down the Axis Powers is being slowly but surely consummated, it is with pride that we of this Station look to the men who graduate as our contribution to ultimate victory.

Class "83" is no exception to the rule of fine classes that have gone before, and special mention should be made of their sterling exhibition in once again winning the bombing competition from other high-class schools.

Our slogan has been and will continue to be that each class of graduates will be equipped to carry on the fight to the enemy with the utmost of efficiency.

Wheresoever each man may be going, with him go the good wishes of us all.

—G. I. INGRAM,
 Wing Commander.

Buy War Savings Certificates

Headquarters Highlights

Tears were shed all over Headquarters the afternoon of September 17th, when our own WO2 Carter, left us to seek fame and glory at A.F.H.Q. The posting came as a surprise to all, as we expected nothing less than I.T.S. for little Mr. Carter. We can still see him sitting behind his desk in the Orderly Room, gazing through the window watching the aircraft, and building of our swimming pool, but alas, he left too soon to see the completion of the tennis courts.

Taking over WO2 Carter's duties is none other than F/Sgt. Steup, the Goose Bay kid, who already has proved that he has the ability to keep things humming around here.

And still another change in the set-up—Sgt. Coulter, although he hated the thought of leaving R-1, he was finally convinced into coming over here to take charge of Records. Perhaps sometime in the near future he will realize that, after all, it is best to live in a civilized country.

John Vara Sees New York

Cpl. Vara, the man who faithfully brings D.R.O.'s to you every day, took time off from his work to see the bright lights of New York. For a good afternoon's entertainment, come up to John's office, and have him tell you the exciting incidents—how he rode on the Steeplechase on Coney Island, his experiences swimming in a bathing suit which was two sizes too small, and how he climbed on the wrong bus and ended up at a Race Track instead of on the beach at Atlantic City. "What a trip," said John. "I'll never be the same again."

Aircrew for Gorman at Last

At last, LAC Gorman's dreams were realized, when his posting to I.T.S. came through. Jack, famous writer, actor, politician, cartoonist and C. R. clerk, is certainly missed by all of us, and without him C. R. just "ain't what it used to be." Good luck, Jack, we know you will make good, and find your future up above with the stars. P/O Gorman is going to sound mighty fine, we think.

Diamonds for Donelda

Have you noticed that you cannot enter the Admin Building these days without squinting just a little bit? The reason for it is our favorite Steno Donelda McKim, who had a beautiful diamond ring placed on her third finger, left hand by WO2 McLean of Navigation Flight. Every time an Anson crosses the sky, Donna jumps and exclaims, "I'm sure that's Mac up there!" We've heard that the wedding date is all set too, for Tuesday evening, October 12th, in St. Paul's Church—we'll be seeing you there.

LAC Crooker Returns from Leave

We're glad to see Al back with us, looking well and happy after spending fourteen days leave in Hamilton. He had a most enjoyable leave, but he was overheard remarking that it was good to be back home again.

Wally Finds Glamour at Switchboard

AC Wally Green of C.R. has found what he has been searching for all these days—his "little W.D.", and he didn't have to go far to find her. Pretty Mickey Smith and Wally are frequently seen together at Station affairs, and they have also been seen dining together at midnight in the Mess. At the last Station dance, neither one nor the other looked anywhere but in each other's eyes the whole evening. . . . Romance, perhaps?

All Ranks Dance Was Huge Success

Tuesday, September 29th, was the setting for what we hope will become a monthly feature on Station, when through the courtesy of the Commanding Officer, W/C Ingram, the first Station all ranks dance was held in the Station drill hall.

Approximately two thousand people were in attendance and to the rhythm of the Fingal Orchestra not an idle moment was experienced from the opening number until the finale. A special treat during the evening's fun was the work of F/L (Buff) Estes, of this Station, who sat in with the band to render many solo parts on both the Clarinet and the Sax. F/L Estes is at present posted to this Station from Trenton, in the exchange of Flying Instructors between the various stations in the Command. At Trenton "Buff" is the leader of their Station Orchestra, and with his vast experience with several of the Top Notch Bands from the United States, in which he played, including such great bands as Goodman and Shaw, little could be asked for in the way of showmanship.

Approximately one hundred civilian girls were guests from St.

Thomas, under the supervision of Miss Scarf and Miss McCoy, of the Y.W.C.A. of that city, and their efforts in securing these girls is greatly appreciated.

Not to be outshone by the civilian girls, our own WD's shone their brightest when, for the first time in Station activity, they were permitted to attend the function in civilian dress. This indeed was a treat for the girls and added to their enjoyment in no little way.

A special vote of thanks is extended to the Airmen's Wives' Club for their assistance in preparing the lunch in the afternoon, and also to the Officers' wives in the serving of the same at night. Special mention should also be given to the members of the Dance Committee for their fine work, and to Mrs. Stavert, our Y.W.C.A. Hostess and A/S/O Brown, our Messing Officer, in their supervising and help in this regard.

At the conclusion of the dance, loud was the praise of all for the success of the entire evening, and it is to be hoped that we may continue these outstanding Station features from time to time during the winter months.

Metal Shop Scraps

It seems that the countless rumors which have harassed our happy organization of late are beginning to bear fruit. Innumerable declarations by those in the know would have us transferred to anything from a fighter Squadron to an Arctic outpost. Fortunately most of these wild conjectures are heartily scoffed at, but a certain amount of the idle chatter appears to be far from groundless, particularly when we view of late, so many members of our own wavy navy. Not that we of Number 14 bear any malice toward our "brothers in arms." Indeed not, we are only too glad to extend the hand of welcome from what we consider to be the finest station in Canada. But whatever you do fellows, before we turn gray, kill that rumor!

Congratulations are in order to several members of the metal shop on groupings recently received. Among those whose duty it was to "set 'em up" are AC1's Dunn and Amyotte and LAC's Stone, Marler and Lander. All came through in fine style, some of the more active participants in the festivities being Amyotte, Belsheim and yours truly. Nor was Sgt. Trumley to be out done in the art of putting them away. Incidentally we hear that Sgt. Trumley now holds the position of Cardinal Puff among the senior N.C.O.'s, which as we hear it, is no mean feat.

The advent of the Bowling League is a sure sign that winter is practically upon us. There is certainly no lack of enthusiasm regarding this sport.

arm are legitimate and not yellow paint. Congratulations Oscar, and the aspirins are in the medical kit.

Rosalie, Cherry and Ruth, our three whizz-bang gas gals, want to know if anyone remembers the name of the woman in the Biblical story whose pitcher never ran dry. They want to get her recipe for their refuelling tenders. Who wouldn't want it when it comes to liquids. (Gas we mean). Well, since none of you can remember that far back to your childhood days and Sunday School classes, I guess you will just have to help us conserve what gas we have,



Well, I suppose on account of our not having anything to say last month, you will expect something super this time. Well, here 'tis.

Since last we wrote, three of our boys have become proud papas. Congrats' to Curly Cameron, Bill Vanderburgh and Mac McClean. Needless to say, our Sgt.-Major is as pleased as punch. Apparently that is our only hope of ever getting any more drivers. However in the meantime, we struggle bravely along, trying to keep everyone happy.

Have had two posting in and two out. (Not very often we get an even trade). LAC Maxwell went to Ottawa, and Nick Nichols came in. Corporal Dunwoodie was posted to Winnipeg, and Cpl. "Butch" Mercier replaced him. Nick Nickols is in hospital. Guess he just couldn't take coming to such a fine Station. Sorry he's ill, and we all hope he will be well again soon.

We welcome Butch and Nick, and hope they will come to like this crazy Section as much as we do. We also welcome LAC Mayer (R1), who has proven our theory that W.D.'s are really indispensable. He ought to know, he married one. Congratulations Mayer; you have chosen well. Only one draw-back, instead of one boss, you now have two. You won't have to worry about the one at St. Johns, Nfld, for awhile, but we hope you can soon bring her back to stay.

If when passing our Section, there seems to be a peculiar odor permeating the air, think nothing of it. It's just F/Sgt. (Sledge Hammer) Smeltzer has traded his hammer for a paint gun. He's on the spree right now and paints everybody and everything in sight. It's a pretty canary yellow and goes nice with our blues. Incidentally those new hooks on Elligson's

Flt.-Lt. McKnight Succeeds Flt.-Lt. Clarke as Station Padre

An old and good friend has left our midst and many were the regrets when the Command Chaplain called for other duties, Padre F/L (Dave) Clarke.

F/L Clarke had been with us for many months and was one of the most popular Officers with all Station personnel, and we are sure that wheresoever he may go he will be accepted with open arms. His present posting is to No. 1 I.T.S., Toronto, and amongst his many duties he will not only come in contact with the personnel of that Station, but also Christie Street Hospital, and other Units in and around Toronto.

Replacing Padre Clarke, is F/L "Ray" McKnight, who hails from Metropolitan Church, London, Ontario. F/L McKnight attended University of Toronto, graduating from Victoria College in 1932, and from Emmanuel College in 1935.

Padre McKnight joined the R.C.A.F. in July of this year and trained at Domane D'Eterel, Quebec. From here he was posted to No. 1 Training Command and thence to Trenton on two weeks temporary duty. Reporting back to Training Command he received his first permanent posting to No. 11 S.F.T.S., Aylmer.

Although only here for the past two weeks F/L McKnight has already established himself in the hearts of all with whom he has come in contact.

To F/L Clarke we say good-bye and good luck, and to our new Padre we say welcome to our Station and be assured that you will have the co-operation of all Officers and Men of this Unit alike.

Meteorological Mania

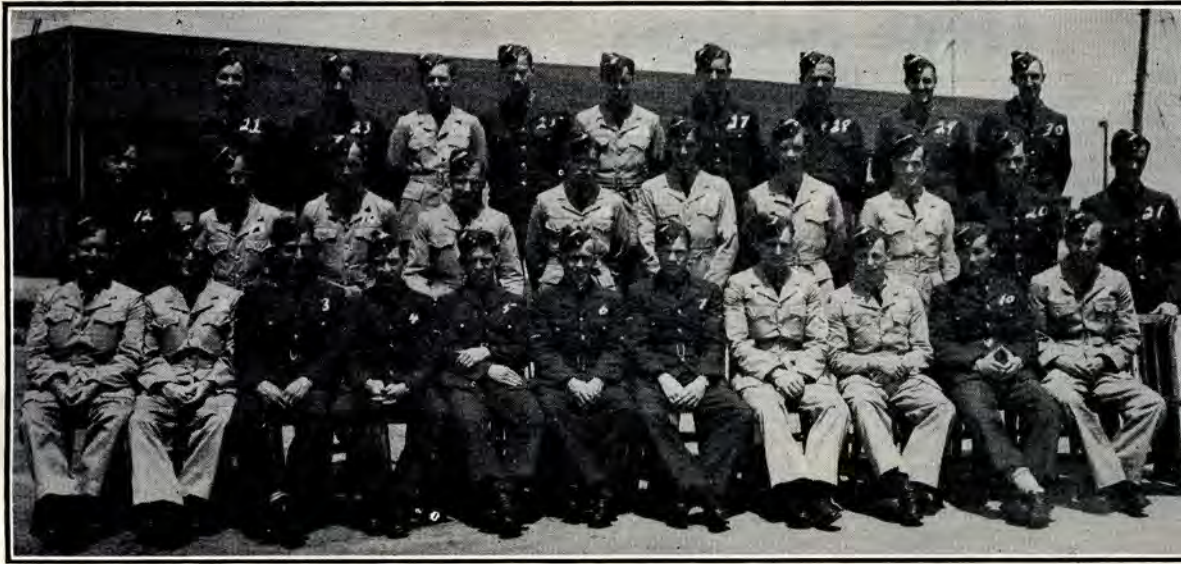
Keeps cool, ain't it? Or need I remind you? Matter of fact I like it this way myself—lots of nice, fresh, POLAR Continental Air, with good visibility, etc., etc. For the benefit of visitors from other climates perhaps I should feel it my meteorological duty to warn that "You ain't seen nothin' yet." This is still comparatively summer in our fair Dominion. But you'll get used to winter, I promise you. It comes thoroughly, but gradually.

The welcome mat on the Met. Office doorstep is out this month, for our new Met. man, Mr. W. A. Smith. Walter has already got acquainted with a number of the Station personnel—mainly by telephone—and is rapidly becoming familiar with the dainty Harvard and the lumbering Anson, not to mention the sort of dirty weather that so often occurs up Port Albert way. Quite a little shower, wasn't it, Walter? Incidentally, this makes two Smiths in the office. When you call Local 11 now your chances are better than 50-50 of hearing, "Met. Office, Smith here." Guess I'll have to change my name and make it unanimous.

LAC Russell Kelly is with us temporarily just now, helping to fill the gap in our staff of observers. At present he is struggling nobly in an endeavour to master numerous weather codes.

STOP THE PRESS: We just have word that a new Met. observer is due here about October 5th. That will bring us back to full strength again. Oh happy day!!

Course 83 "X" Group



1, Dean, S. L.; 2, Dickson, J. K.; 3, Faist, L. B.; 4, Forsyth, C. H.; 5, Hemmingway, F. E.; 6, Leonard, E. J.; 7, McFie, C. A.; 8, McKelvie, S.; 9, Marrs, D. C.; 10, Mawatari, W. C.; 11, Precious, H. L.; 12, Reid, R. G.; 13, Smith, B. J.; 14, Sweet, J. G.; 15, Thomas, G. J.; 16, Adams, J. G.; 17, Brownridge, D. A.; 18, Fraser, W. F.; 19, Grier, G. M.; 20, Hutchinson, R. C.; 21, Iles, R. B.; 22, McNeil, J. A.; 23, Powell, K. O.; 24, Rathbone, R. B.; 25, Standing, G. N.; 26, Stevens, J. M.; 27, Suckling, G. H.; 28, Summerhill, J. C. E.; 29, Valentine, J. C. E.; 30, Valentine, K. A.

Y.W.C.A. News

Planning a winter program of activities that will interest groups of Airwomen has been the concern of the "Y" Hostess the past month. While it is not yet complete we feel we have found the answer to at least a few recreational problems.

Now that the novelty of the uniform and being part of the great Active Service machine has somewhat lost its original glamour, many of the girls who swung so gallantly into the stride of military training and have done, in fact, are still doing, such a magnificent job, are showing a tendency to hark back to some of the more feminine activities of pre-enlistment days, such as knitting, embroidery, and needlepoint. A handicraft group is being organized at the Hostess House for those who enjoy creative work. This will offer an opportunity for the Airwomen to make their Christmas presents and individual greeting cards. Those interested should hand their names to the Hostess as soon as possible so that the group can start the first week in October.

The number of inquiries from Airwomen regarding trips to such large centres at Ottawa, Montreal, New York and Chicago, the things to see in these cities and available accommodation, have prompted the Hostess to start a travel file. She will welcome any information from those already having made such trips, to add to the file. As part of this service, the Y.W.C.A. hopes to arrange several illustrated travelogues during the winter months.

The days of unbuttered sandwiches at the Hostess House Canteen are over for a time, we hope. This does not mean that the hungry Airmen or Airwomen can order unlimited numbers of grilled sandwiches. These will have to be rationed in order to give everyone equal service, and remember boys and girls, Hostess House Canteen hours are from 1.30 to 9.30 p.m. (1330 to 2130 hrs.)

Women's Division

Once more as press time comes around we pick up our pen and dust away the cobwebs and search in vain for some juicy news. Maybe its just as well the search is in vain. To date we have to report the arrival of Cpl. B. Good, overseas, and we presume, Lestrangle and Owen. Nice going girls.

Wedding bells will be ringing shortly for Cpl. P. Johnson. We'll be ready with the rice, Johnny and we'll hope for double safety pins. Speaking of "lerve" and things we hear "Stuffie Duffy" has been in and out of "lerve" again, or is it in again, but we have to report this time to quote, "This time we are just good friends," unquote.

"Baggy" Barnhart, we are so sorry to hear, is laid up in Vancouver for several months with extenuating circumstances in the form of a distorted shoulder—hope you'll soon be back in fine fettle again, Bette.

To turn to higher heights, five lucky members of the W.D.'s spent a very enjoyable evening at the Baptist Mission meeting on Tuesday night. Thank you very much, and we are looking forward to more such evenings.

Now that swimming and ball season are at a close, badminton, basketball and, we hope, bowling, will be starting in full swing, so get ready to bend sister, bend.

The most wonderful and most amazing news we have had the pleasure to hear in a long time is the fact we will be once more able to trip the light fantastic in full regalia of civilian clothes on Tuesday night of the big station dance. We thank those responsible very heartily and feel sure that they will see the definite advantages in it—we hope.

Once more this brings us to the end of our fireside chat, so pleasant dreams—you've had it!

Note On Drill

Latest command for "Mark Time" is "Quick March, but don't go no place." This command is given while the left foot is coming to the ground, and as the right foot is still in the air.

G. I. S.

Well gang, here we are again with a few notes from G.I.S.

With the return of F/L Groulx and F/Sgt. Campbell from a course in Rockcliffe, G.I.S. is again running smoothly even if there is considerably more noise. One thing we can all agree on is that the girls are satisfied and happy, now that Flight Campbell is back.

F/L Groulx came back looking quite well. Of course we will say nothing of the hayfield on his upper lip. We take it for granted the climate was very good for "crops" where he was. Much to our surprise (or was it), he came in one morning minus the crop. Couldn't he take the ribbing.

Cpl. Spence has returned from his Annual Leave in Regina.

Again G.I.S. is being picked on and two more of its members, P/O Gelber and Sgt. James have been posted.

Noriene Campbell, (also known as Money-bags Campbell), Cpl. Thompson and Jean Holmes have left us for seven days leave which is to be spent in New York. Here's hoping they have a very good time, although we are wondering what some male members on the station will do without their daily words of wisdom and consolation.

We welcome our new members, P/O Whetstone, the Educational Officer, Sgt. Walker of the wireless section, Cpl. Jack Shuster, A/C Recognition instructor and AW. Joan Pelhan-Clinton, of the photo section.

The Fleet Air Arm have moved in and from what we hear they all agree that No. 14 is a great station with plenty of everything except the good old English Beer, however, they do say that our beer has quite a kick in it.

We welcome Commander Irwin of F.A.A., who is a true replica of Lord Mountbatten and has already been nicknamed "Monty."

Sgt. Turner would like to know why the F.A.A. does not understand the English language as they do not know the meaning of "skedooleys," which in the R.A.F. means "schedules." Why don't the R.A.F. and the F.A.A. get together on their English.

Never mind fellows, in spite of our "cracks" we wish you lots of luck.



This will be the last breakdown from Course 85 A Flight, as the final stages of The Air Training are being mopped up here at the main station.

Students (and even instructors) are beginning to think that Duffy must have a cute little chick tucked away somewhere. He's getting pretty droopy these days (more noticeable after a 48) and a set of big beautiful red circles around his eyes on parade on Monday morning—or could they be from studying for exams.

We have an undiscovered ace in our midst—yup—F/O Nickol is running fast out of competition. From observing his games it is still undecided whether the table is too short or whether he possesses a mean right arm—regardless—he is our undisputed champ (tsk, tsk.)

"A" Flight has Casey the "Wheel-less Wonder" who can think of nothing better to do while night flying than to "wheel" in a Harvard on its belly. And there is also the same doubt in No. 1 Hangar whether Casey is in ground crew or air crew; he spends most of his spare time keeping aircraft clean. He is quite a man with the brush and soap. Look-out Casey or the W. D.'s will be proposing.

Nightly in barracks we are enthralled with the "exploits" of the intrepid Aviator Stone. The Luftwaffe have been making high bids to keep George in Canada. God help Canada, if he stays.

After much hard work and many trials, we have finally found time to write for "Aylmer Airman," as we are now finishing off our course. We say goodbye to the Aussies, English, Canadians and Americans who we enjoyed while having them as students. Starting off the next course we will be going nautical like the other flights of the school. Our belief is that they too can be just as good students as the previous courses. Best of luck to the Navy. We hope you like our station and A Flight particularly.

We wish to welcome our new instructors, P/O Leckie, P/O Ellis, P/O Parkin and P/O Munroe.

Also a vote of thanks to P/O Butler for help on our Cross Countries. By the way, Butler, have you got that posting yet? With regret we say goodbye to our old instructors, F/O Frizzel and P/O Traplin who were posted. Jake is going to see if he can give them a sting with a mosquito. Traplin has gone to Rockcliffe, hoping to do a bit of converting. Best of luck to you both. Hope you will like your postings.

We wonder why McManes has trouble rising in the morning??? Could it be his love life. If so, we suggest he marry the girl. How about it Mac?

TOWARD A LONGER LIFE

If you feel you'd like to live Longer than your flying brothers To your cockpit you must give More attention than the others.

Should you feel your Aircraft falter Stagger airborne with a bound Tail trim you must quickly alter Don't forget it on the ground.

And taking off with throttle loose Your chances of survival Are better than a wingless goose But worse than your rival.

F. F. Pease, F/O



Y.M.C.A.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 3rd
 "STAGE DOOR CANTEN"
 Variety all Star Cast

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5th
 "NORTH TO THE KLONDIKE"
 Starring Broderick Crawford, Andy Devine and Lon Chaney Jr.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7th
 "CAT AND THE CANARY"
 Starring Bob Hope, Paulette Goddard and John Beal

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 10th
 "THE KANSAN"
 Starring Richard Dix and Jane Wyatt

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12th
 "NIGHTMARE"
 Starring Brian Donlevy and Diana Barrymore

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14th
 "BORDERLAND"
 Starring Bill Boyd and George Hayes

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 17th
 "FLYING WITH MUSIC"
 Starring George Givot and Marjorie Woodworth

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 19th
 "THE MORE THE MERRIER"
 Starring Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, Charles Coburn

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21st
 "MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY"
 Starring Richard Carlson, Martha O'Driscoll and Cecil Kellaway

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 24th
 "HANGMEN ALSO DIE"
 Starring Brian Donlevy and Anna Lee

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 26th
 "SABOTAGE SQUAD"
 Starring Bruce Bennett, Kay Harris and Ed. Morris

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28th
 "SO PROUDLY WE HAIL"
 Starring Claudette Colbert, Paulette Goddard and Veronica Lake



This month we welcome the Fleet Air Arm to B Flight. We also welcome F/L Estes, who is with us for a short time, from C.F.S., Trenton. He has already helped us out considerably.

Our attractive timekeeper is very conspicuous by her absence. Now we have nothing to take our mind off flying, compass swinging, etc. We miss her a lot, especially when we have to fill out great stacks of cards, L14's, etc., ourselves. However, with P/O MacDonald here it is probably just as well.

One of the instructors was quite surprised the other day to hear a voice from under the hood say, "Sir, I think I have bent the control column." It turned out that it had been inserted sideways. It probably was bent after that . . . around someone's neck.

Oh yes, we almost forgot F/O Burgess and F/O "Handsome Bob" Berkinshaw are back with us from R.I. It is good to have them back again. No doubt, now that they are married, they will be of much more use to us.

Course 83 "Y" Group



31, Baron, G.A.H.; 32, Carling-Jones, R. F.; 33, Christopher, L. P.; 34, Copley, A. P. M.; 35, Creaser, L. W.; 36, Daly, J. J.; 37, Dewfield, R. A.; 38, Evans, F. W.; 39, Fox, H. A.; 40, Hemingway, J. R.; 41, Holborn, J. G.; 42, Kennard, C. G. H.; 43, Locke, J.; 44, Ontario, L.; 45, Wilson, G. E.; 46, Franklin, S. J.; 47, Fraser, W. G.; 48, Greig, J. W.; Hann, C. W.; 50, Hannah, J. R.; 51, Hart, M. K.; 52, Kauk, R. H.; 53, Kolisnek, J.; 55, MacLean, O. H.; 56, Marsden, J. V.; 57, Rose, J. T.; 58, Ross, J. M.; 59, Wallace, L. M.; 60, Wolden, C.; 61, Corrigan, L. E.

Course 83



Well, our big day has finally arrived, but it it with a lot of mixed feelings, and not a few regrets, that we leave Aylmer.

It hardly seems more than a few days ago that we sat in the railway station in St. Thomas, waiting for the M.T. and wondering what our new station would be like. We soon found out however, and also found that we had a big job to handle and four short-months to do it in. The days and weeks really flew by with the many new things we had to tackle—the horrible Harvard—the Hispano Cannon—formations — instrument flying — to mention a few. We had a lot of fun between the hard work though. Soon we found ourselves gazing in awe at the first man in the gang to pass his Wings Test . . . and suddenly realizing that our own tests were due. Anyway out of a fog of tests and final exams, we suddenly emerged to find ourselves at R-1, here the last few weeks really whipped by.

The only event that marred our stay at Aylmer, was the death of two of our pals, Freck Mawatari and Murray Grier, who were killed in flying accidents early in the course. Wherever we are, we will always remember them.

In conclusion, we want to thank those miracle men, the instructors of "B" and "D" Flights, who nursed us through the course, and those at R-1 who "polished" us off, as well as the ground crew at both Stations.

Anyway, as we say good-bye to Aylmer, we hear it said that there are those on the Station who will never forget "83" . . . and "83" will certainly never forget Aylmer.

STATIC FROM THE WIRELESS SECTION

Cpl. McCaw has taken up horse-back riding! This gas rationing sure makes a fellow sore — in more places than one, so sayeth "Buck" McCaw.

Cutie—"You're just like the horizon."
 LAC—"How's that?"
 Cutie—"You never get any closer."

Topics suitable for publication in the Airman are certainly hard to dig up these days since our character F/O "Uncle Al" Early has departed to the far East. Summer-side P.E.I. to be exact. We were certainly sorry to see him go and we miss him very much. If he would only return all the stuff he "borrowed" we might not feel quite that way.

We welcome P/O Ed MK11 Berlet, who says "if we can't fly it we can Berl it—ouch!" Thanks for doing all those Three hour cross countries, Ed.

We extend congratulations to F/O Ed MK1 Luther and F/O Jack McKitrick on their recent promotions.

We are about to say goodbye to Course 85, who finished up in a blaze of navigation and tests. We hope they enjoy the course at R.I. and already we are looking forward to helping them celebrate at the "Wings Party" three weeks hence.

The other day a former member of "E" Flight mentioned that although he is now in a good flight, "E" for EFFICIENCY is still the best flight at No. 14 S.F.T.S.. That's really loyalty and it proves that he can recognize quality. Of course we expect remarks of rebuke and derision from the other flights that make up the station, but we attribute them only to envy.

F/L Lipsit is C.P.I. ((chief paint instructor) at E Flight and after checking out the other instructors on the "brush," the flight is now taking on a bright, cheery appearance. New furniture and a rug on the floor makes "E" also the best on the station in material things.

We all wanted to see an article or six about the self styled Casanova of our flight, our F/O McKitrick, but after deep and serious consultation we came to the conclusion that all the information we have on the above mentioned could, in no manner, way, shape or form, hope to pass the censors. Nuff sed!

F/O "Tiny" Taylor evidently needed protection and at the same time is promoting a "hands across

the border" policy when he made an appearance with a lovely member of the Women's Division of the U. S. Coast Guard Police.

By the time this appears in print our genial Deputy F/O McLeish will be back at work again, after spending his leave in his beloved West. Train travel is too slow for Mac, so he bundled the family into a T.C.A. plane for a flying trip to Kimberly and back. Hope you had a nice time, folks.

Attention All Girls!

Have you been out for a walk with F/O Collard yet? If not, why not? You haven't lived till this momentous event takes place, so put in your application soon. "Walking Bill" walks any time, any place.

In a few days the lads of the Royal Navy will occupy the students room in E Flight and we take this opportunity to extend a very hearty welcome and hope they enjoy their stay with us. We also congratulate them on their fortune to be assigned to "E" Flight. They might have had the misfortune to be assigned to "A" Flight. Horrors!!!!

Our time board is a very sorry place these days now that AW1. Slater has left us. We hope she was as sorry to leave as we were to see her go.

Young Bill is on the prowl again. Last week, warnings were sent to all the gals in the vicinity to be on the lookout for the wolf with the passion for onion sandwiches. Evidently the gals took them quite seriously too, especially one young lady working in a well known London Grill. Better luck next time Will!

Ed. MK1 (the little job) has become a firm believer in the principles of platonic friendship, at least he claims his bi-weekly trips to Toronto have absolutely no romantic significance. Well, we're from Missouri Ed, we know your type, you and your friend Nikle-Trickle (F/O McKitrick) have left a track of broken hearts behind you ever since you arrived,—so watch out girls!

DRAMATIC CLUB

Under the guidance of F/O "Stubby" Davies, the first meeting of our newly formed Dramatic Club met Wednesday evening with twenty members. Weekly meetings every Tuesday 1845 hours. Drop in and join our gathering.

Aylmer W. D.'s No. 1 Command Softball Champions Occupied Europe Marches On



Back row, left to right—Lucas, Dufty, Flt. Officer Webster, O.C. of W.D. Div.; F/Sgt. Angus, Coach; Conlin, Leland, White and Ricard. Front row—Sgt. Street, Thompson, Minter, Hebert, Hamilton, Campbell, Mann.



The versatility of the instructors in the flight is now being brought into full bloom with the introduction of the single engine pilots to the mysteries of the mighty Anson Bomber. Any additional gray hairs observed sprouting from the head of the Control Officer may be laid to this cause. Exhaustive research has determined that Ansons attempting to land downwind on the wrong runway at airspeeds of 35 or 110 almost invariably are sent around for a second attempt.

F/L (The Boss) MacKenzie is in an excellent mood at present, having rid himself of any accumulated spleen by knocking a hole in the wall for the new doorway. From his successful demolition job it may be assumed that he and his helper P/O Armstrong will set up as housewreckers after the war. Contracts will be accepted immediately following demobilization (with time out for an appropriate celebration).

Aside from these changes, life in the flight remains routine with final test season more or less at its peak.

One newcomer, P/O Vernon Pope has been added to the roster and after some tutelage in back seat landings he is now at work.

Consistent denials have fairly well corked up the rumor that the first student to fly in the front cockpit with him had to be carried to the aircraft and tied in, also that P/O Pope has been waking in the night and peering over the foot of the bed and shouting "Where's the damn runway?!"

The Ground Level

We've got a hole in the wall! Being the best flight in the line necessarily means having everything the other flights have and a little more. We've always had a little more, but just recently got

the final item they had but we hadn't. A hole in the wall!

It's full door size and gapes between plotting room and instructors rooms, for added improvement in appearance as well as convenience. No more do we have to "butt" our fags when we dash from the orderly room to go round and give the timekeeper H—. And no more will we see F/O Haylock clambering through a snap-shot size window to get at the time sheet. All's well.

We did have an uneasy moment when he heard F/S Lewis was away to Arnprior, God rest his soul, fearing it a blow to the precedence, but we honestly believe we'll beat F/S Lasky, our new boss man, into shape shortly. We often notice when mentioning a person who has left, that the teller is inclined to stress good points and skip the bad ones. That's the easy way but in the case of F/S Lewis we can truthfully say, "He behaved like a good kid."

We don't mean to poke fun at anybody, but that is just what we are going to do. An unknown tender driver was cruising down the tarmac recently when he noticed an equally unknown Flight Sergeant tearing madly along in his wake. When he finally stopped, the breathless F/S accosted him with, "Can't you see those red flags on the parked aircraft? After a brief look, "Yep," he answered, positively, and blissfully drove away about his business. Which doesn't mean to imply that somebody's idea didn't get around—but it does, doesn't it?

With the cold weather coming, it is noticeable that many a good lad and true, is gazing thoughtfully toward Maintenance Hangar. Can it be that? Yes, it can. Those half days off look pretty good but will they last through the cold weather?

These cold nights suggest too that our indoor sports will come into their glory. Then too, we have a lot of young Lotharios here who know only two indoor games, and they hate solitaire!

We're no fools!

Softball

During the last month, the Aylmer nine finished the season in, more or less, glory. A piece of hard luck kept them out of the Command playdowns. They, however, played in a knock-out tourney in Tillsonburg against the crack teams from this district and came out of the contest with top money. (Or should it be said—"Most of the top money"), as the tournament manager still owes the lads a few shekels. Since that contest the team has broken up. F/L McLeod has been posted along with Sgt. Booth, LAC Iles and F/Sgt. Kennedy, and so another baseball season has come to a close.

The Officers' Softball team journeyed to Fingal 3 weeks ago. F/O Frizelle pitched a grand game to win very handily. On the return match, with F/O Frizelle and F/L McLeod away on posting, the team lost badly. In the third and deciding game at Fingal, after being behind 11 to 4 in the last inning, the locals put on a hitting spree to score six runs, falling one run short of tying up the old ball game.

Inclement weather, together with night flying and other activities, has caused the Station League to fall into the doldrums. It has been decided however, that a single game knock-out tourney be held to declare a Station Champion. In the past week, Works and Bldgs. have defeated Headquarters, to meet Maintenance, G.I.S. or No. 2 Squadron Instructors in the semi-finals.

RUGGER

Kingston Navy team journeyed to Aylmer to defeat the latter team to the tune of 35 to 5. The Limestone City fifteen were much the heavier squad and led by W/C Irons, their 250-pound captain, had little difficulty in downing our lads. It was not, however, until the second half that the weight began to tell in the contest. As a matter of fact, with a little more practice and conditioning, the Aylmer squad would be hard to beat.

It is expected that further games will be played and it is possible that our squad will compete for the Command Championship.

The burgomaster of a little village near Givry, in Belgium, was taking his evening stroll. He had had a good meal, and a couple of bocks, and was puffing at a cigar which the local ortkommendant had given him during the day. As he walked he reflected that life was very pleasant. Three years ago when the Germans came he had been an insignificant tax-collector. Now, thanks to the Germans, he was mayor. Presently he stopped to look at the wheat field on his left, and thought to himself how pleased the Nazis would be with him when the wheat was safely collected.

Gradually he became aware of a noise behind him—a rustling sound. He turned round, but there was no one—only another wheat-field. Peering into the growing darkness he saw what looked like a black smudge. It was the head of a man—he peered closer—there were dozens of them. "What are they doing?" he pondered. "Good God! They are stealing the wheat. I must fetch the rural guard."

Creeping down the road until he was out of earshot he hurried straight to the guardroom, where two of the guards were asleep on the floor. He shook them. "Wake up, wake up! They are stealing the wheat." He felt braver now. "What is the matter?" they yawned. "It is them." "What are they doing?" "They are stealing the wheat." "Who is stealing the wheat?" "The whole village," replied the mayor. "There must be seventy at least." "Oh, well," they said: "What can we do? It is no use—just three of us."

The burgomaster considered. "Give me the telephone. I want Gendarmerie," he shouted impatiently. "Is that gendarmerie? I am the burgomaster. I want you to send some men straight away. The villagers are stealing the wheat. . . . Yes, I know I have a rural guard, but what can three do against so many?" The gendarme at the other end of the telephone put his hand over the receiver and signed his companion to be quiet. Then—"I'm very sorry, Monsieur the maire," he replied, "but all my men are out. I've no one to send."

The burgomaster slammed the receiver down. A minute later he asked for the Mons gendarmerie. But again the reply was that there was no one to send. He tried two more gendarmeries without success, until at last he found one which could spare him ten men.

After an hour's delay the reinforcements arrived, and thirteen men set out for the wheatfield. They approached silently, the mayor bringing up the rear, from which position he whispered instructions to his companions to surround the field. But as they spread out one rural guard called out with barely concealed triumph, "Look, Monsieur le maire, we are too late!"

It was true. Little remained but trampled stalks, from which the ears had been cut. There was nothing to do but dismiss the men and go home. As the burgomaster trudged through the village it seemed to him that he heard the same noise again—but this time it was more like laughter.

—Synopsised from *Le Pays Reels*, Brussels

Student—"I'm handling this plane pretty well, Instructor."

Instructor—"Yes, just keep it up."