

LONDON ROOM
Box # 144



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14 S. F. T. S., AYLMER, ONT.

OCTOBER 20th, 1943

Air Force Cross Awarded Squadron Leader James

Who's Who at No. 14



S/L. C. A. JAMES

An announcement from Air Force Headquarters that nine men serving at Commonwealth Air Training Schools had been awarded the Air Force Cross, included the name of Squadron Leader C. A. James, Chief Flying Instructor of No. 14, S.F.T.S., Aylmer.

Sqdn. Leader James has been at this Station almost since its inception and as everyone will agree, is one of the most popular Officers here.

These awards are granted for efficiency and long suffering in the face of a job which requires the greatest of skill and tenacity in the development of aircrew.

Sqdn. Leader James' Air Force career has recently been punctuated by having been chosen for special duty with Ferry Command which took him on a trip to North Africa. Included in this trip we are lead to believe, was a most enjoyable stop over in South Palm Beach, Florida.

We feel sure that a unanimous vote of congratulations is in order.

Hobby Club

Exceptional interest in being shown every night in the Hobby Shop and some of the finest model aircraft are being built by handymen of the Station. Under the guidance of F/O Don Awde, an expert in woodcraft, this will before long be one of the feature off-duty pastimes of a great many. Drop in and join us in our Christmas present building.

R.C.A.F.'s 50 Station Mags. Read by 47,000 Airmen in Canada

You mightn't know it, but when you grab your latest issue of The Aylmer Airman you exercise your membership privileges in a special Air Force fraternity—the 47,000 officers, airmen and airwomen who read the R.C.A.F.'s station papers and magazines.

Hard-plugging editors of the R.C.A.F.'s more than 50 station papers and magazines get a big hand in a special two-page feature in the November issue of WINGS, which gives the low-down on all angles of the unit publishing business—from scoops, to finances to labor problems, or how can the editor get a 48.

Says WINGS: "Probably few station paper readers have any idea the amount of off duty time that is spent over typewriters, drawing boards and galley proofs to provide them with entertainment on paper. Editors with a real nose for news often scoop the local papers. They have to cudgel section reporters to keep 'em writing copy, wrangle with the printer to get the issue out on time and draft a gang of newsboys to sell it when it appears."

Special pictures with the feature show the headline men of many stations at work on their journalistic Joe jobs.

Lt. (E) L. W. Jane, R.N., first joined the Navy in 1936 as a cadet and served for a year on H.M.S. Frobisher, during which time he learned the duties of a "snottie" and visited the West Indies and Norwegian ports. Next the great throes of the engine room overtook him and he spent four years at the Royal Naval Engineering College, situated at Plymouth. Having learned the intricacies of the bowels of His Majesty's men-of-war he joined H.M.S. Sheffield as a watchkeeping officer.

The ship was then operating in the Red and her first affair of considerable note was the bombardment of Genoa. Soon after that they were engaged in convoy work, ferrying aircraft to Malta until the Bismark came to sea, then she was the shadowing force engaged in keeping contact between Bismark and the Ark Royal, who was then operating torpedo bombers. A few days later after sinking one of the Bismark's supply vessels she went back to England for refit.

The next year was spent in the icy regions operating with the northern patrol and on convoy duties to Murmansk. Whilst embarking on one of these convoy runs, the ship hit a mine off Iceland and due to the efficiency of the damage control parties led by Lt. Jane, the ship was brought back to port and refitted.

Her next duty was to help convoy the North African landing and act as close support during the initial period and then return to Russian convoy work, when she was in action on New Year's Day, 1943, with a German pocket battleship and 8-inch gun cruiser and sank a German destroyer.

After a few months more on Northern patrol, Lt. Jane left the ship for more active life in the game of flying. Eventually he will become an Aero-Engineer Officer in charge of Maintenance at Fleet Air Arm bases.

Lt. F. L. Haynes, R.N., joined the service in 1940 and after serving three months as a cadet went to sea as a 'snottie' in H.M.S. Warspite, which was then in the Red. The ship took part in the attack on Taranto, the bombardment of Valona in Albania, the bombardment of Bardia and was present off Pantelleria, when H.M.S. Illustrious was badly damaged by an attack. Escaping unscathed from many an attack, the ship played a leading role in the battle of Cape Matapan against a fleeing Italian fleet. Later she was damaged by Stukas off Crete and forced to go to Bremerton, Washington, by way of Indian and Pacific Oceans for refit.

Here the ship was bereft of his valuable service and he joined H.M.S. Wyvern, a destroyer, then in Portsmouth, England. She was engaged in the exceedingly dull but important work of convoying on the West African coast. He left this monotonous life in April, 1942 and proceeded to H.M.S. Excellent for courses. He was later selected for combined operations and took charge of a division of small landing craft. He then went to North Africa and his craft was one of the first to touch the shores of Oran, and continued a ferry service of personnel and equipment for four exciting days. In the return journey his convoy was nearly attacked by submarines.

(Continued on Page 3)



Lt. (E) L. W. Jane, R.N.

Lt. (E) K. R. Hickson, R.N.

Lt. F. L. Haynes, R.N.

The Aylmer Airman

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AYLMER, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29th, 1943

What a difference one's point of view can make!

In the air the other day a student asked us why it should be that woodlots on the farms in this part of Ontario appear to have arranged themselves to form long parallel lines which extend as much as fifty miles in some regions.

Roaring along at 3800 feet indicated altitude and busy with a problem in navigation, we were stumped by the question. Then we forgot about navigation for a moment and thought about farming.

The roads here in Southern Ontario are usually straight and parallel to each other, and the farms lie back-to-back between them. The first settlers built their houses near the roads, cleared the ground near the roads and the houses first, and worked from there toward the back of their farms. Finally they left woodlots for themselves at the back. So where the roads are parallel the woodlots lie in long lines half-way between them.

Any farmer could have answered that student's question in a flash because the answer would be obvious to him, but it was impossible for us until we had broken our mind away from the world of track errors and course alterations, and approached the problem from the farmer's point of view.

There lies the secret. . . .

To understand unfamiliar problems, one must first see the other fellow's viewpoint. When mechanic and pilot, G. I. S. and F.I.S., Squadron Leader and AC. 2 see one another's varied points of view, then the wheels that roll out pilots to fight Jerry are kept well oiled.

The consideration of viewpoints—whether we seek grounds for praise or punishment—can help us win the war more quickly and keep it won much longer.

A Happy Landing C. O.'s Corner

Those who fly aircraft, will know better than the writer, how essential it is to preserve balance, and if a "happy landing" is to be achieved, how necessary it is to come in "on the level." They will know too, that to fly a craft successfully it must be properly trimmed, and then manipulated in accordance with certain accented rules of aeronautics. Disregard of such rules sets the stage for a disastrous crack up.

There is a respect in which everyone becomes a pilot. Every responsible individual is the pilot of his or her craft of life, and everyone, without exception, hopes to fly that craft successfully and to achieve a happy landing.

True happiness and successful living are among the reasonable expectations of every individual; nor are they beyond the reach of anyone, equipped with normal mental and physical faculties. But, among the certain requisites of a happy and meaningful existence are these: First—a sense of purpose and a knowledge of achievement; Second—a recognition of life's true values and the giving of one's best for their attainment; Third—the trimming of one's attitude to life and the maintaining of a reasonable balance amid the varying pressures of influence and example.

Today and always, you are a pilot. Look to your controls. Preserve a healthy balance, Adhere to

At the moment most of us are rightly spending every ounce of energy in raising all available money for investing in bonds. Such investments not only secure the independence of Victory, but personal independence. Speaking of independence brings up another thought—those long, cold winter nights. If we all get together and support the efforts of those organizing recreation and entertainment on the Station, we can be independent of busses, trains and the more expensive, but not better entertainment, to be had elsewhere. Let's keep No. 14 S.F.T.S. a place we would rather go "to" than "from."

To class 85 graduating today goes the best wishes of us all and may their future be as bright as their work during their stay with us.

—G. L. INGRAM,
Group Captain

In Sympathy

We were extremely sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. G. E. Creighton in Halifax. W/C Creighton is an ex-member of No. 14, G.I.S. staff and was our first Chief Ground School Instructor for many months.

your guiding principles and may yours, each day, be a happy landing.

The Padre.



MAINTENANCE WING

WHISPERS

Manpower

Ground crew are the fellows in the Air Force that keep 'em flying. They fix the airframes, repair the engines, fill them with gas and oil, and tuck the pilot in before each flight—that's what you think—let me give you the low down right from Engineering Officer S/L Ab-out-nutts.

The S/L is speaking: "F/O See-gar, how many men have we on strength today?"

F/O See-gar: "Total strength today, 250, Sir."

S/L A-o-n: "But we don't seem to have that many men in the hangars."

F/O S.: "No, Sir, we only have about 150 on duty today."

S/L A-o-n: "Well, where the x!z? are the other 100?"

F/O S.: "Well, Sir, let me see, there is 42 on Annual Leave, 29 in the Hospital, 10 men doing Barrack Duty, 2 men as orderly sergeants, 1 man bar caterer, 6 men A.W.L., 5 men on charge for being A.W.L., and 5 men that missed the bus this morning. That makes about 100, Sir."

S/L A-o-n: "Oh!—But I don't think we have 150 men out there, what's the answer to that?"

F/O S.: "Well, Sir, there's 38 men on P.T. this morning."

S/L A-o-n: "You don't say!—But what about the boys on Farm leave?"

F/O S.: "Oh, yes, Sir. There is 23 away for that, mostly at "Little Town," Alberta. Gee! they must be awful short of men out there,—wonder what the girls do?"

S/L A-o-n: "Well thank the %&!\$ we have a few men left."

F/O S.: "There is another item, Sir. There is a clothing parade today that will take about 30 men out for an hour or two."

S/L A-o-n: "Aren't we lucky there are still a few left!"

F/O S.: "Well, Sir, there is a Pay Parade today, and we will have to send 50 men to Wings Parade. The W.D.'s are all on P.T. for two hours. Three men have been called home to take their wives to the hospital. One man wants special leave to go home to Vancouver—I believe his Aunt just died—and there are a few men going away this afternoon with the ball team. Outside of that, Sir, everything is O.K."

S/L A-o-n: "Did you mention something about a Wings Parade?"

F/O S.: "Yes, Sir!"

S/L A-o-n: "Then I suppose they will want 35 men for the band."

F/O S.: "Yes, Sir, they will, and since you mentioned it, this is the week-end for all members of the band to get their special 72 hour passes."

S/L A-o-n: "Do you suppose we could get some more men posted in to help out with this all important work?"

F/O S.: "I don't know, Sir, but I'm told there is a posting OUT for 15 tomorrow."

S/L A-o-n: Answering the telephone, about this time. "No! we can't supply 30 men to wash the flag pole, get some W.D.'s" Hangs up.

F/O S.: "Getting back to the subject, Sir, we will have to send a party to look after that aircraft on display in the Arena at St. Johns. Then, there is the two men that fell in the lake on Fire Piquet

last night, they won't be out for awhile. Also the men on Duty Piquet forgot their duty and went to the dance instead, they will be busy elsewhere for a few days. Generally speaking, Sir, I would say that our men are very busy at the present time."

S/L A-o-n: "Yes, serviceability should hit a new high this week. By the way, I understand we are going to do more P.T. and Drill soon, and Commando Training, won't that be great! Then, when the boys get hold of a torque wrench or feeler gauge they sure will feel fine. Trade improvement classes should go over big, climbing ditches and sneaking up on the canteen."

F/O S.: "Sir, perhaps I should mention, that we should have a tool-kit inspection soon."

S/L A-o-n: "Yes, that's right. Another thing, I wonder if the boys need a little more time to drink 'cokes' in the mornings and afternoons. Perhaps we should let a few of them off for duck shooting. I've often wondered if we should set aside a period each week so that the boys can make out 48 hour and reveille passes, as well as Border Crossing applications."

F/O S.: "Sir, perhaps we could arrange to give everyone the afternoon off on Mondays to give the boys a chance to rest up."

S/L Ab-out-nutts: "See-gar, I've come to the conclusion that we service our 100 flying machines, inspect them, repair them, gas them, oil them, clean them, push them down, pick them up (in pieces), put them together again, take them out and put them back at night, all with the help of about ONE man. Talk about conservation of manpower! I'd like to see anyone beat that. Say, what time is it? Boy! I've got to get out of here, it's my week-end for a 48."

F/O S.: "Yes, Sir."



The unfortunate instructors of "D" Flight were shaken to the core when they received the first invasion of the "Nautics" way back in September. By now they have accustomed themselves to the use of Navy jargon, port, starboard and the like; and apart from the growth of a few more grey hairs, they are none the worse for this experience. In return the boys in blue have settled down to drinking coke, chewing gum, and eating vast quantities of ice cream.

It seems strangely ironic that the smallest instructor should have the largest student, how he manages to see anything from the rear cockpit is still a mystery. The other instructors, apart from the after effects of one or two nocturnal excursions, seem to have no more than the usual difficulty in driving sense into completely solid heads. The corner chair in the instructors' room is still obscured at certain periods of the month by an exceedingly long pair of legs and the book of the month.

The profit from the many rumbles inflicted upon the unfortunate students has caused the Flight Commander to set up business as painter and decorator. Make your flight rooms more attractive, —tenders for painting, decorating and plumbing, will be submitted on application. In fact if the rumbles continue at the present rate there may be a new Chesterfield of more substantial construction for the room before the first F. A. A. course goes to R-1.

Fifth Victory Loan Over Quota in First Ten Days

Going strong is possibly the best expression to use when we speak of the current Victory Loan drive as far as No. 14 is concerned. To date the subscriptions have been coming in steadily and at present our quota has been exceeded by a considerable margin. We are highly elated over this fact but as is our usual custom nothing can be too well done and merely that the quota as far as Victory Loan Headquarters has been reached, does not deter us in our endeavour to do better.

While the amount already subscribed is very creditable, we are considerably below the totals reached in previous loans. Let us urge those of you who have not already subscribed, to do so immediately, and to those who have already done so, let us increase our subscription to the utmost. Each loan that has come out, the total of this Station has exceeded the previous one. Do not let it be said that we cannot do it this time. Let our slogan be 200% or else.

Wireless Briefs and Grievs

It's been quite awhile since the Wireless Section has given out with news of its members, but from here on we plan to do better.

From the looks of Sgt. Dickson's upper lip, a moustache is being born. Do you think it will tickle the Mrs. Joe?

AC1 Bysouth and a member of the clockmakers union went to a town north of here for a forty-eight. Apparently they had a good time because on returning, they were heard saying, "Gee, we had a wonderful time, has anyone got an aspirin?"

Flt.-Sgt. Deucey and Corp. Dowdall don't have to worry about the floor being clean. "Johnny" Johnson keeps it clean by walking around on her knees. Stand up, Johnny, the air up here is swell!

On most stations the wireless section clan together—here it is different. A. W. "Ham" Hamelin met four lads on the street in St. Thomas and snubbed them all. Of course, it might be love, seeing no one but the Aussie lad she was with.

We hope that the bright lights of the big city will not affect Max Fransblow too much. What are you going to do when the Mrs. gets here?

Yes, what we dread so much, has happened: Cookie has been awarded a tool-box. Before, we had Cpl. Dowdall's everlasting cry, "Who's been into my tool-kit?" Now he has help, as Cookie's lock combination is known by everyone. Better get a new lock.

What has Detroit got that other cities haven't? Ask Manning and Wreford. Kozoriz thinks Detroit ok too, but why go to Detroit, when you can go to Montreal?

Yes, Doug Bowsher can really guess the right time. He can go down to No. 1 hangar (without a watch, mind you!) and be right back on time for break period.

Poor "Weppey!" She prayed hard but it wasn't in vain, as we see that certain curly-haired boy friend was marked off the Newfy posting. We are afraid though that "Bunny" is going to do an awful lot of praying and soon, for that Aussie lad will soon have his wings and "fly" away. Too bad!

Control Tower Tid-Bits

The staff in the Control Tower were sorry to see AW1 Savage (Hummingbird) leave on Wednesday morning for Dorval. Hummingbird was quite expert at arranging flowers on a certain desk in the Control Tower, as well as doing a splendid job of keeping the Log Book on that same desk in order. All kidding aside, we'll really miss you Lorna. Best of luck at your new Station.

We fully expect to see the Orderly Room turned into a nursery one of these days, both F/L Treleaven and F/L Reid mention their sons so frequently we wouldn't be surprised to see Jimmy and David going on cross-countries under dual instruction with John David, F/O Barton's son.

At this stage of the campaign we want to congratulate the Flights for the fine show in the 5th Victory loan. We noticed that some have reached their objective and others have exceeded it.

Corporal Davies is hard at work these nights knitting gloves supposedly for her brother in the Air Force, but what we want to know is why are you knitting them in navy blue. Come clean, Mike.

There's an empty chair in the Log Room facing No. 2 Hangar now since AW1 Warren has been moved to Equipment, Lonesome Red? Oh, by the way, how are you fixed for socks and underwear?

The words and grammar in the Accident Report may seem a little peculiar at times, and though Gladys worries herself grey over it, the fact remains that it is exactly as the composer intends it to be, the composer being none other than our C.I. S/L James. There are certainly a lot of new words coined.

The Black Watch in the Control Tower

F/L DOOLITTLE is still manufacturing the high-grade cigarette and making very good progress, too.

F/O LLOYD—Congratulations on your new personality.

CPL. BARNES doesn't seem to think much of Tillsonburg anymore after a couple of nights ago, and we all don't blame.

SGT. GIBSON'S baby is getting pretty showy taking second prize in the Baby Show at Aylmer Fair. Gibby is making arrangements already to send her to Hollywood.

Well the P.T. has really come again and do the boys ever like it. Let's all go tomorrow, fellows.

A Few Curious "Ads."

"Lost, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a curiously carved ivory head."

"House wanted, suitable for small family that has been recently papered and painted."

"Tenders invited for the erection of a school large enough to accommodate 2,000 scholars four stories high."

"Young man wanted to take charge of horses with a religious turn of mind."

"Nurse wanted in a small gentleman's family."

"For sale, a pony suitable for a lady without vicious habits and quiet in harness."

"Wanted, a mahogany child's chair."

Who's Who at No. 14

(Continued from Page 1)

He was then appointed to H.M.S. Activity, an escort carrier, in which he served for three months, but the call of the air was too great and he joined the Fleet Air Arm to become a pilot.

While waiting for a suitable course he volunteered to take a tank landing craft to Gibraltar.

He started with a convoy, but when part way there the main circulating pump of the port engine failed and he had to drop behind. On the morning of May 6th, as progress was slow, he decided to heave to and have the pump repaired. About that time however, he sighted an R.A.F. barrage balloon low in the water to the east and as he could steer in an easterly direction with the starboard engine he made towards it in the hopes of recovering it. The balloon burst into flames and fell on the water, but he kept on his course with the intention of salvaging the fabric. While he was manoeuvring to close what was left of the balloon, the lookout reported a submarine on the surface about a mile and a half astern. Said Lieut. Haynes: "I immediately went to action stations and tried to keep my stern towards the sub. She was small and carried a gun, probably 4" before the conning tower and an Oerlikon abaft it. The challenge was made but the Sub replied with the letter "S" in morse and quickly withdrew on the surface at the same time opening fire. I opened fire with both pom-poms, but the sub was soon out of effective range. Meanwhile I ordered full speed on the starboard engine. The first shell fell about 20 feet astern of the craft. Fortunately she worked around to the west, leaving me to try to escape to the east which was excellent, because it was the only direction in which I could steer. At first I steered in a direct line between her and the sun, but all her shells, about 50 in all fell fairly close. It was remarkable shooting. I took avoiding action by putting the wheel hard over toward whichever side the last shot fell. In the lulls I steered straight away from her. This shelling continued for about

90 minutes, by which time the range had opened until she was at last seen on the horizon. By dint of great exertions on the part of the engine-room staff and F.E.O. the port engine was ready shortly after. Thus we were able to increase from about six to nine knots, and later to resume our course."

Lt. (E) K. R. Hickson, R.N., entered the service as a Cadet in 1936 and joined the cadet train ship, H.M.S. Frobisher for a period of one year, learning the duties of an Officer and assimilating service routine. In response to the clamourings of a mathematical brain, he joined the Royal Naval Engineering College at Plymouth for a period of four years to learn how to drive the engines of a warship. He went to sea as a Watchkeeping Engineer in H.M.S. Mauritius. The ship operated for six months from Freetown, during which time she destroyed an enemy "U" boat. After refitting at Capetown, the ship proceeded to the Indian Ocean hunting raiders and Vichy convoys, during which period four Vichy French ships were captured and taken to port, Lt. Hickson being the Engineer Officer of the boarding party.

The ship docked at Singapore for refit, but owing to labor trouble ashore Lt. Hickson went ashore to command a sawmill and a brick works. The advent of the Japs necessitated H.M.S. Mauritius to withdraw in haste with most of the ship in pieces. Lt. Hickson was responsible for this departure and was mentioned in dispatches for his timely efforts in carrying out a difficult job.

The ship proceeded to Plymouth to complete refit and then returned to the Indian Ocean where she played an important part in the operations leading to the capture of Madagascar. A period of convoy work followed during which two "U" boats were destroyed at night on the surface.

Lt. Hickson was then appointed to H.M.S. Daedalus to undergo a course in aviation, and in due course was posted to this station for training.

Women's Division

As once more press time comes around we are really in no mood for levity, as we have just said good-bye to our Commanding Officer, and one swell person, Flight Officer Webster. Goodbye Ma'am, good luck and we will certainly miss you.

We have had quite a number of very pleasing postings (outside of Miss Webster's), Cherry Bakewell, and Rosy Cutcliffe, hailing for overseas, (Say hello to the gals for us, ay?) and Lorna Savage and Helen Simpson going home to Montreal and Vancouver, respectively. We lost our "Leaky Laura" to Headquarters and hope she will like it more as time goes on.

At the time of reading, our big masquerade will be a thing of the past, but right now the thought on everyone's mind is—"Ah, what to wear!" Of course it is all very secret, with fond hopes of being able to be incognito for part of the evening anyway. We are all looking forward to a good time, but of course with the W.D.'s putting it on it can't help but be a great success. (Are you still with me.)

It comes to our ears that these people who will scrounge down to New York on leave, do get involv-

ed. Besides having a friendly chat with the customs officials, who were almost inviting them for cocktails at Alcatraz, they tip toe into a lovely Cathedral and pose, oh so conscientiously for a time exposure—Ah—beautiful setting—beautiful picture—but the catch—no film in the camera, but then that's the Photographic Section for you. To all this they still say, here's to bigger and better leaves in New York.

Our basketball has started in full swing, and the odd night we've really had a good turn out, but come on girls, don't scare off. It's really quite a mild game, even though already Vi Broadbent has had to buy a new pair of specs. (but you really needed a new pair anyway didn't you Vi? No? Oh. O.K.) Terry Hebert thinks they are wearing their teeth through the lips this season, as during a friendly game of badminton, her partner took her for the bird. Silly, isn't it, with nothing in common but the same difference.

Well at this point I will say once more, "You've had it." See you at the Masquerade. Better wear a red carnation in the right button-hole. Okay? O.K.

Course 85 "X" Group



1, Brookes, L. S.; 2, Campbell, H. T.; 3, Cowley, R. A.; 4, Evans, A. R.; 5, Fischer, E. W.; 6, Crossman, D. C.; 7, Gunst, R. A.; 8, Harrison, W. R.; 9, MacDonald, D.M.; 10, Marshall, G. W.; 11, Norrie, R. F. S.; 12, Pennells, E. T.; 13, Stone, G. J.; 14, White, N. P. V.; 15, Wilson, A.; 16, Beddie, W. K.; 17, Bucknall, J. N.; 18, Daley, L. M.; 19, Flynn, T. J. S.; 20, Hall, R. J.; 21, Hamilton, J. H.; 22, Morstmann, R. L.; 23, Houghton, J. R.; 24, Lee, F. A.; 25, Cpl. McCarvill, E. C.; 26, Osborne, W. W.; 27, Pendleburg, W. J.; 28, Stranger, D. G.; 29, Woodley, R. J.; 30, Bird, A. F.

Student Trim That Aircraft

The correct and frequent use of trimming controls is perhaps the most important phase of instrument flying. Mastery of this phase will be greatly facilitated if the student grasps the principles underlying the use of tabs early in his training. He will then regard these controls not as an invention of the Devil, but rather as an aid to his flying, a method of capturing a certain pressure on the control column without relying on the inconstant pressure of the human hand. He must of course, realize that at no time should the trimming controls be utilized in preference to the control column while reaching an initial attitude.

Since the left hand is free at all times except when changing pitch, boost, etc., great benefit will be derived from keeping it constantly on the elevator trim while instrument flying, unless of course a blind approach is being executed, in which case it would be on the throttle. In this way the hand is always there, ready to move and its presence will speed the habit of instinctively trimming the aircraft for every change of attitude.

Let us examine one of many manoeuvres in which the trimmers play an important part if it is to be executed in the easiest and most accurate way. Since the aircraft is constantly changing its attitude, a close look at what is actually happening will tend to simplify the problem of trimmer adjustment. Take for instance levelling out after a climb. At the moment of levelling out the airspeed is 110 m.p.h., and at such, the angle of attack is necessarily high in order to maintain a constant height. As the speed of the aircraft builds up, a corresponding decrease in the angle of attack is necessary in order to stop the altimeter. It would not be expedient to alter the elevator trim at the moment of levelling off since it is already set for the climb, but during the period of speed build up, level flight will be greatly facilitated by a few forward adjustments of the elevator trim. Right rudder trim has of course been used during the climb and this must be taken off as soon after levelling out as possible.

One of the most common difficulties experienced by students is that

of losing or gaining 50 to 100 feet while attempting to fly straight and level. Most of them gain, probably due to tenseness on the control column and having gained, it is difficult to get down to the desired level. The reason for this will be obvious if an analysis is made of what actually happens to the aeroplane during the attempt to lose height. In losing height, no matter how small the amount, an attendant increase in speed accompanies it and since the lift increases as the square of the speed it is apparent that there will be a strong tendency for the nose to come up. This it is generally allowed to do and thus a repetition of the procedure is necessary. If however, the elevator trim is used in conjunction with the control column this difficulty will be readily overcome.

The sum total of all this is that the trimmers must be used constantly and for the smallest changes of attitude. They are especially important when starting a climb or levelling out from a climb. Here the rudder trim is essential, for it is in the climb that the greatest effect of torque is experienced. This is due to low airspeed, reduced lateral stability and increased boost. The aircraft tends to turn to the left unless right rudder trim is applied. In the levelling off, increasing lateral stability, and the effect of the airflow over the rudder tab due to increasing speed, both tend to turn the aircraft to the right, unless the right rudder trim, adjusted for the climb, is taken off.

Making Water Safe

A tourist was asking a lot of questions about Yarmouth Centre, and the oldest inhabitant was giving the answers:

Tourist—And how about the water supply—what precautions do you take against infection?

Old-timer—Well, first of all we boils it, sir.

Tourist—Good.

Old-timer—And then we filters it.

Tourist—Fine.

Old-timer—And then we chlorinates it.

Tourist—Great.

Old-timer—And then, sir, we drinks beer.



As the time approaches for our students to leave for R.I., there comes to F Flight the usual flurry of checking logbooks, time-boards, etc., to ascertain if everyone has his formation flying instrument triangles and navigation exercises all complete, and many are the moans when student "X" finds his clear hood dual two hours short of the Syllabus, thus necessitating more work for his Instructor, who has at that exact moment placed his weary frame in a chair for a few minutes of hard earned rest and a feeling of complacency which comes upon completion of a course.

It is with regret that we bid farewell to Course 87, when they leave our patient arms for R.I., but it is also with some pride that we will see them take their place in the world of aviation, and perchance, in the dim corridors of the future, when we, as Instructors, will fly no more, can follow their progress and derive a certain satisfaction from the thought that we had some little part in shaping their destiny.

As it is always so with progress, we bid farewell to the last course of Airforce trainees on the station and look forward to the first course of Fleet Air Arm with which we will come into contact.

"The Airforce is gone—Long Live the Fleet Air Arm."

We wish to welcome into the folds of "E" Flight F/O Lynch, who has lately returned from his tour of operational duties at and around Kiska, and P/O's Langille, Cruickshank, Timco and Smithers, who have come to us full of vim, pep and pater, eager to get into the wide blue yonder and try their hand at instruction.

And so we draw to a close this slight epistle from "E" Flight with the words:

The son of heaven wants more territory,

All right, we'll give him H—.



It is with sincere regret that we bid farewell to F/O Bill Collard and F/O Geoff. Coward, two "E" Flight veterans. We hope that Geoff will put an additional sting in those "Mosquitoes," and that Bill has all the success overseas that we know he will have.

A hearty welcome is extended to a new instructor in "E" Flight. "Howdy," and congratulations on being posted to the best flight on the station, P/O Bill Chandler.

This is the farewell issue for the boys of "E" Flight in Course 85. We enjoyed having you here, fellows, and we all sincerely hope you are all extremely successful in whatever future role you will undertake. Our best wishes go with you all. Happy Landings.

The Instructors of "E" Flight. F/L Bradley, former O.C. of Navigation Flight, decided that he was tired of Knock Rummy and wanting to better himself, he became a flying instructor. Welcome to "E" Flight "Brad," glad you're with us.

With a resounding bang, the Navy "hove to" and dropped anchor in "E" Flight. It's quite a change to see the sailors in the "prow" end of "E" Flight Harvards and we extend them a hearty welcome and hope their stay in "E" Flight will be a most pleasant one.

At the present writing, the instructors of "E" Flight are a bit "Circuit Happy," having done nothing else "but" for the last four weeks. F/O McKitrick is starting to wonder whether we have runways here, not having been on them lately. Not to be outdone, Bill Taylor tries desperately to emulate Jack by doing 72% ground loops. Near as we can make it out it sounds like "I've had it!" "I've had it!" Our Deputy F/O McLeish stomps in with the phrase "I got that guy's number, wait'll I see him!"

"OUR SKILLFUL INSTRUCTOR, HOIBUT

OR

"JUST SEQUENCE THREE"

While rolling down the taxi strip
As happy as can be,
An inspiration came to mind,
"I'll show him Sequence Three!"

"I'll show him, so the Tower sees,
How skillful that I am,
Put on the brakes and stop the ship,
Not so Hard, Oh D—n!"

"Here I am away up here
Just standing on the nose,
Without a doubt next week I'll be
Chief Star of Archie's prose.

"Why did I fly? Why did I fly?
Oh woe, Oh woe is me,
I can roll and loop and spin with skill
But d—n that Sequence Three."

Now, Hoibut is a skillful lad
Let that be understood,
When he shows the lads just how
it's done,
He really does it good.

How many times have all you guys
Put on the brakes to stop,
"Numerous times," you say with glee,
"But never on the prop!"

Aha, your skill is not the best
On that you must agree,
Our Hoibut can, and will, and did!
He's skilled on Sequence Three.



Y.M.C.A

Movies

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 31

"CALABOOSE"

Starring Noah Beery Jr., and Mary Brian and

"YANKS AHOY"

Starring Wm. Tracy, Joe Sawyer and Marjorie Woodworth

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 2

"REVELLE WITH BEVERLY"

Starring Ann Miller, William Wright, Bob Crosby and His Band

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4

"LET'S FACE IT"

Starring Bob Hope and Betty Hutton

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 7

"CASABLANCA"

Starring Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman and Paul Henreid

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 9

"HOUSE ACROSS THE BAY"

Starring Walter Pidgeon and Joan Bennett

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11

"TRUE TO LIFE"

Starring Franchot Tone, Mary Martin and Dick Powell

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 14

"GENTLEMAN JIM"

Starring Errol Flynn, Alexis Smith and Jack Carson

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 16

"TWEEDSMUIR REVIEW"

KEEP THIS NIGHT OPEN FOR OUR FIRST STAGE SHOW OF SEASON "TWEEDSMUIR REVIEW," BRINGING WITH THEM OLD FRIENDS AND NEW IN THEIR UP TO THE MINUTE VARIETY SHOW.

Lines From England

I have seen England green with spring,
And white with orchards blossoming,
England blithe and golden gay
With cowslips on an April day.
England beauty garlanded
And crowned with roses white and red.
England rich and great with sheaves,
And yellow fruit in tawny leaves,
England folded, field and bush,
In the hoar frost's dazzling flush.

I have seen England dour with grief,
And red with wounds beyond belief;
England grimed and battle sweat;
Hard pressed and grim and sore beset:
England blackened to the bone,
Ringed with fire, betrayed, alone,
But standing with her courage whole
Before the frontiers of the soul,
Enduring all that men may be
Unbound, unafraid and free.

Two Englands in my day have been
England burning, England green.
But God shall show a third to me—
England proud with victory.

—(Reprinted from Towers Review)

Course 85 "Y" Group



31, Binstead, F. W.; 32, Bloy, A. J.; 33, Casey, R. T.; 34, Dean, H.; 35, Duffey, C. E.; 36, Elliott, F. B.; 37, Geer, J. H. G.; 38, Haddon, O. C.; 39, Harvey, W. R.; 40, Kingsley, R. G.; 41, Levy, A. N.; 42, Quigley, J.; 43, Tait, B. S.; 44, Wright, J. W.; 45, Allsebrook, J. H.; 46, Carrier, J. N. R.; 47, Davies, K. R.; 48, Glaster, W. A.; 49, Hamilton, W. J.; 50, Hodges, E. L.; 51, Manton, P. V.; 52, McAuliff, J. F.; 53, Melles, R. R.; 54, Moyle, C. N.; 55, Osterman, J. F.; 56, Stanley, P.; 57, Turner, A. G.; 58, Webb, J. G.; 59, Woodman, B. W.

Metal Shop Scraps

The familiar cry, "Shut the Door!" is symbolic of this cool October weather. We certainly don't envy the horde of Hitler's hoodlums that are now facing another Russian winter, and also, in all probability in the Alpine passes of Northern Italy. We, with our warm barracks, our warm shops, and warm clothing, should remember how fortunate we are, remember it in dollars and cents. Lend and Save for Victory.

The amusing and portentous sign in front of the airmen's mess, heralding the start of the Fifth Victory Loan drive to No. 14 S.F.T.S., is the brain-child of none other than F/Sgt. Locke with artistic interpretations by staff artist Daly. F/Sgt. Locke, the Simon Legree of workshops, is well known for his constructive ability, alas, too well!

The love-lives of some of our aspiring young romances would put DeMaupassant himself to shame. Take the case of Gordon Eves for example, who has been seen of late in St. Thomas in the company of a certain charming "School Marm," and the rather descriptive letter in that fair city. Then there's that little matter concerning LAC. "love 'em and leave 'em" Marler and the rather descriptive letter from the girl friend of a girl friend, containing somewhat amorous entreaties on behalf of the former. Must be the blonde hair that gets 'em!

It seems that LAC. Stone left for a dance in Aylmer recently in very high spirits, only to return in a somewhat dejected state. None of the armed forces were responsible for his dilemma apparently. No indeed! The humiliation was due chiefly to interference by a certain dapper civilian. "That is the last straw," says Al! Congratulations to Ralph Stinson on his second wedding anniversary. Ralph, it is rumored, is good for at least two more!

Music lovers the world over will look with some apprehension upon the debut of two of our would be vocalists: AC1. Amyotte with his rendition of "Wabash Cannon Ball," and Ford Eves' interpretation of "Piston Packin' Mama!" Although stimulant is usually required in the case of the former, the latter's contribution is usually spontaneous.

Chaos From Time Room at R.1.

Often as I gaze up and down the tarmac and see the students and instructors hanging onto their precious time-cards, and watch the Joe's half-frozen timekeepers, marking in the time, I smile a smile of contentment that our woes and tribulations of the old system are gone (forever I hope) but, let me give you a flash back to those old days. Let's imagine a small room, 15 or more students, and a sprinkling of Instructors, a P.A. system to the tower, or as we call it our "Juke box"; a desk and an over-worked, befuddled time-keeper. We open the door and behold: Juke-box speaks, "73 going out, No. 2 coming in." Time-keeper reaches for L.14. Student rushes up: "that blank, A/C has gone U/S, how about another A/C? I have to be on the range in another 15 minutes." Duty Pilot, "Oh, time-keeper, I just put up student No. 14 in place of student 25, and have these students finished their trips yet?" The timekeeper does get the time into the L 14's, and reaches for the F 17's, finds students mumbling. "Wonder what my progressive total for the day is? Mind if I see the other sheets?" Sgt. comes in with "Well, will you ground 3067 and fly only 37953 hrs?" Time-keeper looks at him and stares and nods his head; at this point Cpl. Mansfield is hollering in his ear, "Tell Mr. Norwood when he comes down that he is to etc., etc." The Juke box speaks up, "Time-keeper would you please have some one change the tee to No. 1 runway to the east." Time-keeper turns to the F 17's to find students trying to sign in and out at the same time. At this point we will take our leave with the ringing cry of the Juke Box ringing in our ears, "79 in, 65 out." Hallelujah, these days are gone forever!

LAC. Grogan—"Gosh, isn't a Canteen a great place on a rainy night?"

LAC. Sinasac—"You said it! Stay outside and get wet and come inside and get soaked."

At the Airport—The cunning blonde in the bobby socks, whispered to the pretty brunette in the peasant blouse: "He's AWOL—a wolf on the loose."

Library Corner

Again this month your Library Committee have been fortunate not only in being able to add several new books through our subscriptions to book of the month club, etc., but by donations of several other books from individuals.

F/O Len Hannan, on receiving his overseas posting, was kind enough to turn over to us several good books in his possession, while another gift of several good books was received from Rev. R. R. Hare, Springfield.

A preview of some and the list of others added, follows:—

CITIZEN TOM PAINE—By Howard Fast.

One of the year's outstanding novels of one of the greatest of those who founded the Republic. Born in poverty in England, he was helped to America by Franklin, where he became an editor in Philadelphia, then the capital.

As the story of Citizen Paine unfolds itself, few will dispute the fact that along with this novel and others by the same author namely: The Unvanquished, and The Last Frontier, Howard Fast has made a name for himself as one of the few major American novelists.

"SIGNED WITH THEIR HONOUR"—By James Aldridge.

An outstanding book, a serial version of which appeared in Colliers under the title of "Flight to the Sun." James Aldridge in writing this tale of John Quale, a flying officer of Eighty Squadron in Libya, has brought more human interest to the eyes of readers than we have had the pleasure of reading in some time. It is a tale of love, dog fights in the air, and retreat by land and by sea, the characters therein being Greeks, Brits and Australians. A must on our reading list of good books.

THOMASHEEN JAMES—MAN-OF-NO-WORK—By Maurice Walsh.

CIMARRON—By Edna Ferber.

THE FINAL COUNT—By Sapper.

THE DAY OF THE BEAST—By Zane Grey.

SORRELL & SON—By Warwick Deeping.

THE WORLD'S BEST HUMOROUS ANECDOTES—By Lawson.

THINGS TO COME—By Murray.

THE EXILE OF THE LARIAT—By Honore Willise.



The chime of wedding bells has been heard in Nav. Flight, shaking the already undermined confidence of at least one bachelor member of the Flight, who has been trembling on the brink of matrimony for some time. (Or why does F/O Lawson come back from 48's looking pale and worried?)

The bells rang for WO2 Mac MacLean and Donelda McKim, who is now Mrs. MacLean, on the evening of October twelfth, at United Church, Aylmer, and the knot was really tied in style. After the ceremony they were hoisted on a huge yellow truck and driven around like visiting royalty, amid the cheers of the populace.

At F/L McKenzie's home a party went into full swing before the ceremony in honor of the groom. A wedding gift from the Flight had been presented previously.

Though the guest of honor could not linger, the party did and entered a second and advanced stage of enthusiasm after its adjournment to F/O McAlpine's home. There the good time continued until the wee sma' hours.

Another newcomer to the Flight is P/O "Nick" Nichols, but by no means new to the Station. Commencing his career here in ground crew way back when the Station was begun, he remustered to aircrew and returned for his Service Flying training and once again is back again as Instructor, showing his eager charges how to get from place to place and be constantly aware of the identity of both places.

Like a lamb to the slaughter F/O Brooks meekly ambled off last week to have his tonsils removed. With his newly re-claimed pipes there should be no question of his being heard over the intercom.

F/O Len Hannan and F/S Larry Idle have at last received that thing of which men dream—an Overseas Posting—and departed with expressions of glee and amid a chorus of good wishes enroute for Berlin, they hope.

The Ground Level

There is a strong tendency to conjecture in our Flight this month. No one seems to know for sure what's coming off, but every man will unhesitatingly tell you 'the dope.' There seems to be big things in the offing but according to the current popular opinion they're overdue. Who do we gig for that? If you don't know what we mean, good! No rumours then can be traced to us.

Chances of bogging off for a little harmless revelry and returning a little late and a little tight, have been scandalously corked. With this new permanent pass system how's a guy gonna get away with even one day's AWOL, (ay-well.) And again if we're carousin' around a certain local stamping ground and vigilant S.P.'s decide to disconnect our source of supply, do we have to come all the way back to get a pass to show them it's a legal binge? We're confused.

Since "Robbie" isn't very bright usually, you'll appreciate his smart quip with "Poky":

Robbie: "What time is the pyro-fireworks display?"

Poky: "Nineteen forty-five."

Bobbie: "Watinell. The war'll be over by 1944."

Because we think there is enough talk of Bond buying for one issue we won't bother to mention that

we are laying odds we'll beat all other Flights or sections for subscriptions, and buying another bond with our winnings, of course.

One of our NCO's has suffered a sizeable depreciation in the eyes of the gang. Apparently anybody who can't see anything as big as a hangar door shouldn't be telling us what to do. At least the worst we have done is to slam the doors on our fingers.

It was with great hesitancy that one of our stalwarts signed up for his war loan. At first he very nearly refused, but a little sales talk revealed that he really wanted to subscribe but hadn't nerve enough. Can you imagine, all because he didn't want it known that his second name is "Gascogne." All that hides behind these initials, were it known, would cause chuckles to be heard round the world.

If an Anson weighs around three tons and it's approximate endurance is four hours, how much flying time can I collect in a month if I'm twins?

Works and Buildings

The winter winds are howling, Air Force Command is growling, About the great amount of coal We're using.

We are no William Shakespeare, but the idea we are trying to get across to all Air Force Personnel is to keep the windows and doors of your barracks and hangars closed at all times. If not, I am afraid the coal will not last for the winter. Like many other things our coal supply for this year has been rationed.

Cpl. Tom McGill has been posted on T.D. to Toronto. We hope it won't be for long. We have a new Tractor Operator posted in from No. 1 Equipment Depot, LAC. Boissonault. We hope you will find our station living up to the reputation it has. We will say good-bye to one of our Tractor Operators, Bruce Clark, who is going to Goose Bay. Aylmer's loss is Goose Bay's gain. Best of luck from all the boys.

The Tractor Operators, under the supervision of F/Sgt. Cookman are getting all their equipment in shape for their battle against Old Man Winter with his snow and ice. F/Sgt. Little is having his troubles with the heating system and coal delivery, but he will do his darndest to see that every building has lots of heat this winter. Carpenters under Sgt. MacPherson are as busy as the proverbial beaver with the Commando Course, new Camera Storage in No. 1 Hangar and renovating R. 1 Barracks. The Electricians, as usual, are making light of every job that comes their way. Our Plumbers and Painters are still arguing about who does the work. We don't know, but think it is a toss up between the two of them. The Office Staff, under Cpl. Cuddy, are doing their usual job and doing it well. Especially the odd crossword puzzle, eh Gord? Mr. Hewson is all out for Victory, he now has on his battle dress. Major Henniger has been under the weather this past week. It seems he was too Scotch to give up even one tooth. Sgt. Arnold is still doing his well-known wolfing. Oh well, Cliff, go ahead and have your little fun.

There is a little Romance in the air between a Sgt. Carpenter and a certain W. D. Sgt. attached to the Orderly Room at Headquarters. We hear that she even picks out his pyjamas and what a lovely shade of green. We won't mention any names though. We'll be back next month.

Future Housewives Show Their Ability to Budget

This little article will prove to the unbelieving just what can be done on a very little if caution and sane management is used. We are all aware that before entering our neighbors boundaries it is permissible to have only \$5.00 for emergencies. After careful consideration, a group of people undertook a trip to faraway fields, being fully cognizant of the restrictions and handicaps the trip would entail. Briefly this is how it was done.

Tickets were bought to destination at starting point of trip. First night spent in Women's Active Service Club at fifty cents per night for extra special service including bed and breakfast. The first point to leave, after crossing the border, found our heroines with \$3.00 per person left. Not much, but yet enough as you will find out. Where

to eat? A lovely place, the U.S.O., meals for free. What shows to see? Only the best, free tickets for same. Great hosts, these American people. Good dates? Well, need you ask? General scrounge? No! never that. (Or am I mistaken.)

It is however Customary for Customs to check Customers. They did. What did they find? Unbelievable proof of what has gone on before. \$1.85 still to the good when back home after one hectic week of travel.

Will our heroines make good housewives? The answer is beyond all question of doubt. Five days for five bucks and money still in ones pocket. Girls, the day of miracles is not over. When do you go again??? I'd like to try my luck too.

That Upper Bunk

They told me all about the service, It's Rules and Regulations. They told me too about the Laws That govern all the nations.

I learned about the K.R. Air The DRO's in all its parts But they didn't tell me about the thing That nearly broke my heart.

I never minded Duty Watch, nor Scrubbing floors on Thursdays, My buttons shone, my shoes were blacked, I didn't mind the odd ways.

My rising hour was ten past six, I breakfasted at seven, To work I went all smiles and vim, Then into bed at eleven.

But here it is: the unknown thing The which I wot not of, When into bed I had to go I found I had a lot of—

Old bones that creaked and stiffened up, A shorter reach than needed, My legs were not quite long enough, My groans went all unheeded.

I tugged and grabbed with all my might, Each night I had to do it, And ever since I've had to climb And maybe I don't rue it!

My legs are covered o'er with bruises, My arms are stretching long, I'm learning ways to the attack But still I get it wrong.

They tell me, "Do it this way, Marg," They show me how 'tis easy, But when I perch upon the end I get a trifle queasy.

I've tried the chair attack and then Some one swipes the chair, I've tried the "Boost" approach To be lifted into there.

I've tried them all, the jump and leap, (I've limbered up a lot), It's P.T., Drill and Parade to me But still I've won it not.

That Upper Bunk is far away, It taxes body and brain, For when I get there safe and sound

I HAVE TO GET DOWN AGAIN.

—By W309443, M. T. Deacon, No. 6 S.F.T.S., R.C.A.F., Dunnville, Ontario.

R-1 Shangri-la!

Course "85"

The general air of happiness and relief issuing from our maintenance boys means just one thing—Course 85 is leaving. Now we rather think that crap games will take the place of majors and minors in maintenance hangar.

The distinguished "Acts" responsible for putting maintenance's nose to the grindstone this past four months are many.

Perhaps chief amongst these 'Acts' is Webb, who thinks that the correct way to do a wheels "up" landing is to half roll the A/C onto it's back on the approach and make the landing with wheels pointed "adastra."

Casey, of course, lands with his wheels up at night, partly because it shortens the landing run and the horn provides a soothing musical accompaniment on his approach.

Whilst on the subject of forced landings, we are ashamed to admit that Allsebrook was filled with a great fear, the reason for which we finally managed to get from him. It was that the landowner might not sign form R.C.A.F. T-2.

Then we have LAC. Duffey, who made the scientific discovery whilst crossing the shore line on a gunnery exercise, that his altimeter recorded a change of height equal to the cliff's height at that place. Also he spends much of his spare time searching for the switch to the rough air which his instructor uses in the Harvard whilst flying instruments.

We had plenty of fun at R-1 with Gunnery Bombing R.T. and "low" low circuits. On hearing these words low circuits, friend Stone says: "Why I do my circuits so low that I have to climb to lower the wheels, and so tight that I land on my own slipstream."

With regard to keeping the aircraft clean and pushing them out of the hangars in the mornings, the Ground Crew did a good job.

The Aussies in the course took great delight in the first snowfall that we had the other week, for some of them, this was the first they had ever seen, but they, together with the R.A.F. Kiwi's, are anxious to get out of Canada before things get organized.

We must express our appreciation and wonder at the way we have been abused and bullied through the course to the end of our service training, and our wings. Considering the material at their disposal, the personnel of No. 14 S.F.T.S. have done a wonderful job with Course 85, and indeed we all appreciate it.