



# "Farewell to 87" Station Show Outstanding Success

The evening of Wednesday, November 24th, proved once again that the motto "Through Adversity to the Stars" is not just a figure of speech. A crowd of over six hundred personnel packed the Station Theatre on that night to enjoy and applaud for two and one-half hours, No. 14 S.F.T.S.'s own station show; from a fast and stirring beginning to a gay and colorful ending.

The entire performance was a masterpiece of production and co-operation, so perfect was the planning of the programme, and it would be difficult to say that any one part of the show was outstanding. Each individual act and artist was a show in itself, combined to make a production that will be remembered as one of the outstanding events in the history of No. 14 S.F.T.S.

Reviewing the show briefly for a moment, it was easy to see that the thought uppermost in the minds of each and every individual connected with the production was to give a performance that would be worthy of the tremendous ovations that they hoped for and

did receive. One very pleasant feature was the fact that, having announced that the show would start at 20:00 hours sharp, it DID start at 20:00 hours sharp—and kept moving!

When one considers that the Station Orchestra under the able direction of Sgt. Geo. Williams, has only been practicing for a little over three weeks, their opening overture and ensuing numbers are certainly worthy of special mention. There is no doubt that the solo artists rank high in the field of amateurs, and the performances of the group productions—The Glee Club; The W.D. Symphony Orchestra (?); and the cast of the one-act play, "The Bathroom Door"—displayed skill and talent which any Air Force Station would be proud to have. The finale, "Captains of the Clouds," featuring Flying Officer Jack Lloyd, supported by the entire ensemble, was not only a fitting climax to such a grand show, but was indeed a smart salute in "Farewell to 87."

There is no doubt that the thanks of the Commanding Officer, Wing Commander G. I. In-

gram, which he expressed at the completion of the show, were the thanks of everyone who had the privilege of seeing this fine production.

Flying Officer S. F. Davies and Corporal Earl Wilson—producers and directors of the entire production—have asked the staff of the Aymer Airman, to take this opportunity of thanking each and every one who assisted them so much in every way to make this show possible. They point out that these thanks are not only for the artists, actors and actresses, but for the carpenters, electricians, stage hands, make-up artists, and the boys in the orchestra. They are also for the co-operation of the Officers' Mess for the loan of their piano and furniture, the Station Workshops and Works and Buildings Department for materials and time, and to the Airmen's Canteen for the small amount of financing that was necessary.

In return, the thanks of the entire Station go to those two men for their untiring efforts and hard work to make "Farewell to 87" what it was—a great success.

tor at the Leicestershire Aero Club, where he remained for three and a half years. After this he went to the DeHavilland School of Flying (13 E.F.T.S., White Waltham), with whom he remained for three and a quarter years.

In 1937 he appeared on the list of the Reserve of Air Force Officers as a Squadron Leader, and in the following year he received an A-1 category at Central Flying School.

Eager to get back into the service he welcomed the opportunity to join the Royal Navy (Air Branch) as a Lieutenant-Commander in January of 1939.

Via a deck landing course on H.M.S. Courageous, a seaplane and catapult course at Lee-on-Solent, and an observer training squadron he eventually found his way to the great carrier, H.M.S. Ark Royal, as a Lieutenant-Commander Flying. On her broad flight deck he laboured under the title of Deck Landing Control Officer—where he supervised the handling and launching of aircraft and, when aircraft were landing, took his place with the signal paddles and jockeyed them onto the deck in one piece or waved them around again. On that ship he served from October, 1940 to November, 1941.

Following the operation against the Bismarck, Lieutenant-Commander Stringer received the Order of the British Empire. He has little to say of the details that led to the awards but we may draw our own conclusions when we learn that the aircraft which took part in that action were launched in a gale of wind such that they could hardly be held on the deck, and that they were brought in to land on a deck which was heaving as much as fifty-six feet. It suffices to note that the only accidents in landing were three damaged undercarriages.

After the sinking of the Ark Royal he was chosen to come to Canada and look after the training of the Fleet Air Arm men. A choice which may have been influenced by his experience as an instructor in his civilian days, he admits.

From February, 1942, until October, 1943, he was at 31 S.F.T.S., Kingston, and at the end of that time he came to us at Aylmer. During his period of service at Kingston he became an Acting Commander (A) and, in December, 1942, a Commander (A).

The only hobby to which Commander Stringer confesses is that of photography. At present he confines himself to coloured motion pictures, having become interested in it and purchased his equipment since he came to Canada. Previously he was an amateur still photographer but the loss of his camera and all his negatives with the Ark Royal put an end to that.

No. 14 S.F.T.S. offers Commander Stringer a hearty welcome. We know we shall benefit by getting to know him better, and we hope he may enjoy getting to know all of us.

## Who's Who at No. 14

An impressive career lies behind Commander Stringer, who has come to us as guardian of the Fleet Air Arm men on the Station. Varied service has proven his versatility, for he has served in the Army, the Air Force and the Navy, during the past twenty-five years.

Being cosmopolitan, he chose to be born in Bangkok, Siam—a choice which might have been influenced by the fact that his father was British Consul there at the time. Only, being born in the British legation saved him from legally being a Siamese.

Later, when five years old, he went to Mexico, but he turned up eventually in England to study, and was there when the Great War I began.

When the Royal Flying Corps was organized, it caught his fancy and the only thing they found about him which was unacceptable, was his age. While he waited to grow older he attended the Royal Military College at Sandhurst.

Meanwhile the war refused to wait, and they finished it up just in time to have him move into Germany as one of the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment. In this regiment he saw service in Germany, Silesia and Ireland.

Finally, when the passage of time had corrected the fault originally found in him, he realized his first

wish and was accepted by the Royal Air Force in 1924.

The seven years which followed saw him at the controls of several different contemporary aircraft in various parts of the British Empire. He began flying at 5 F.T.S., Lealand, and made the acquaintance, eventually of the Avro 504 K, the Bristol Fighter, and the D. H. 9a day bomber. From there he proceeded to 39 Squadron at Grant-ham, and then to the R.A.F. Depot at Oxbridge. Then he began an itinerary which resembles a Cook's tour.

The first port of call was with 30 Squadron in Kirkuk (Khurdist-an) and Baghdad, flying D. H. 9a's. From here he proceeded to join 8 Squadron in Aden and Somaliland, putting the fear of justice into warring tribesmen with the help of Bristol fighters, D.H. 9a's and Fairey III F's.

From operations against the Yem-en, an Arab state north of Aden, he emerged with the D.F.C., and returned to England, where at Bircham, Newton and Andover he was introduced to his first twin engine bomber, the Sidestrand.

This ended his service for a time and he went on the lists of the Royal Air Force Reserve in 1931 and moved into civil aviation, performing various taxi and joy-riding jobs and then becoming an instruc-



COMMANDER STRINGER, G.N.P.

### Hobby Club

A change of location of our Hobby Club is taking place at the present time and in future will be housed in the Works and Buildings Section. Watch D.R.O. for notice of opening when move has been completed.

# 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.

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AYLMER, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26th, 1943

Many decades ago a certain curious and scientifically minded individual sat watching a dead frog dangling in the breeze, suspended from a string. His was a mood fraught with speculation as to the cause of the spasmodic twitching in the creature's legs.

History relates that this was the dawn of a great development in "electricity," the name then chosen for whatever impulse was behind the twitching. Then, as the years rolled by, more men with curious and scientific minds and equally curious names, discovered peculiarities about this invisible and elusive motivating force which added greatly to its already mystifying complexity. There were men like Mr. Volt and Monsieur Ampere, there was even a man called Ohm, and another called Erg, though just whether he applies in this particular case is not seen to the writer.

At any rate, the net result of all this experimentation was the acquisition of sufficient knowledge to develop the electric motor, the magneto and the generator. These were in turn embodied in such things as bus lines and electric railways. There are two such services in this vicinity, both of which have provided the populace with uncertain transportation for many years. The bus line in particular serves the surrounding country well and on a still day the hesitant stuttering of its vehicles can be heard for miles around. It is believed that at least one of its fleet is equipped with a magneto cast out by Mr. Erg during its early experimental stages.

The bus line sports a few modern types too, there are some of pre-war vintage and one or two were manufactured in the late twenties, but many are the airmen who have enjoyed the unique experience of riding in one of the old originals. Stories of incidents enroute can be corroborated by some of the oldest inhabitants who claim that the serviceability of these more ancient mechanical contraptions has improved but little during the last generation. They fondly talk of one which is noted for its singular disposition. It is commonly known as "Leaping Lena," and is regarded by the rest rather as a poor relative (probably Grandmother.) "Leaping Lena" was thus named for reasons which are at once obvious to the unsuspecting passenger aboard her for the first and probably last time. The poor thing suffers from a temperamental clutch and has been known to become airborne for a full city block as a result of its violent engagement. Passengers who are unwillingly propelled past their desired destination in this fashion are not required, however, to pay additional fare.

It is not intended to criticise the bus line in any way, but rather to express appreciation for the dogged determinations displayed by their drivers in providing the service, and it is only to be hoped that when the owners decide that "Lena" has coughed up her final dying chugs, they will convey her battered remains to a museum where they may be preserved in the interests of mechanical posterity.

## Coming Events

On Tuesday, Nov. 30th, "Ishbel Mutch," talented concert, opera and radio singer will bring to this Station her much talked of program. The program includes music from the classics and lighter music. The classical numbers are chosen from familiar repertoire, e.g., Pace Pace by Verdi, Madame Butterfly-Puccini; Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C Sharp Minor; Debussy's Claire De Lune, etc. The program then turns to Folk Songs, Negro Spi-

rituals, and finally selections from light operas. Included also is Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue.

Accompanying Miss Mutch will be LAC Clifford Poole at the piano. Clifford Poole is a young Canadian musician who is really going places. Prior to his entering the Service, his recitals in the larger cities were exceedingly popular, and Miss Mutch was exceedingly fortunate in getting such an outstanding accompanist.



### "A" FLIGHT

It was with grave misgivings that we of the instructional staff approached our budding sailors, one wash-out day, for a contribution to this worthy paper. Without further comment, we present their uncensored edition.

Once upon a time in the land of Aylmer West, There lived a Flight Commander.—Aylett by name. Life was peaceful and calm for this gentleman until one day in early October. On that day a storm swept through No. 1 Hangar and stopped right in A Flight Crew Room. From the inner depths of the Orderly Room came the strains of "Someone's Rocking My Dream Boat," and then the flight commander appeared to view with horror his present from the Navy. Then one by one the instructors emerged, having set aside the landing compass (and cards) to be given their share of the trouble. Trouble is right, for inside a week these gallant gentlemen of the skies were transformed into grey haired, weary eyed individuals without a hope in the world.

F/O Henderson was the first victim of the cruel assault. His pupil of 91 Course, not to be outdone by his brothers of E Flight, insisted on performing two wizard ground loops (sans prang) to say nothing of a left hand circuit at R1. At that, fearing for his personal safety, F/O Shatte got hep to the jive and went off to "ops." We wish him bon voyage in his new sphere and feel sure that he is knocking Jerry for six at least. He just got out in time though. Driven absolutely to distraction by his pupil from Bristol. F/O Barclay had to report sick and he is still in the hospital. It's amazing the number of instructors we lose that way.

P/O Leckie proved to be a man of steel throughout the weary hours of one Saturday afternoon when the weather closed in. Even with one pupil spending the night in Brantford and another "the bad penny" he only needed a nail file to smooth off the bones of his knuckles.

However, the Navy is not the only thing which can bring instructors to their knees. After the last Wings Ball the Visibility was definitely clouded beneath a beautifully clear sky. Indeed, one of the instructors complained that Gremlins were hammering his eyeballs and twisting his train of thought.

This ends the Naval contribution and we hope that none of the instructors will wind up polishing a fine head of skin after another month of our treatment.

And now for the staff comments. We were all very glad that the weather was good to dear old E Flight last week-end. They sure needed it. Now they should only be about two weeks behind schedule instead of four. One of these years, with constant practise and perserverance, they should be able to compete with A Flight, not only in Flying time but possibly in general efficiency too. (Possibly, but not probably.)

We are pleased to note that the other day when the fair ferry pilots taxied out to take off in their Cornells their last parting glances were directed toward A Flight (no connection with the duty flight sign of course). The appearance

of our place of business has been greatly enhanced lately by the acquisition of an instructor, who, in an endeavor to show his affection for the Flight Commander, has constructed some very fine articles of wood.

By Virtue of much sweat and toil on the part of our flying instructors, our sailors have finally "Weighed Anchor" and got under way. (All but that piece of lead which is still firmly implanted). In fact one Navigation instructor of high position has such implicit faith in the results of his work that he takes the opportunity to catch up on his sleep while on a dual cross country.

## Metal Shop Scraps

A glance around the Metal Shop these days reveals many changes, but not of the usual structural nature however. It seems D.A.P.S. has other plans for some of our more eminent "tin bashers," with the result that many of the old familiar faces have been replaced by strange ones, and I do mean strange.

Take for example, the posting of LAC Dunn to Airforce Headquarters, no doubt to confer with the Prime Minister on problems of a political nature, or LAC Marler to the 168th Squadron, Rockcliffe, which, he writes, is a veritable Utopia. "Taint the way we heard it! LAC Lander's posting also to Rockcliffe, came as a stunning blow—to Lander. It seems "Tiny" had very good connections in Detroit, and Ottawa literally speaking, is going a little too far. As Lander himself expressed it, "definitely not kosher." All of us miss Tommy Robinson, the Metal Shop's potential, who has taken up new residence at Scoudouc, N.B. Although Tommy's nostrils will again be assailed by the tang of salt sea air, this, however, will be small consolation, his home you see, is in Vancouver. The burning question in our minds is "who, when and where?"

It seems that the splendid bowling record of last winter by the Metal Shop is not going to be repeated this year. Take for example the score by "yours truly" of 333 for three games!

Where did LAW. Woolley pick up that habit of addressing each and all as "dear?" Careful, Jean, complications may set in!

With the advent of Amyotte's LAC, we see him coming to work more and more dressed, literally in a "White Collar." To what do you owe your success C. V.?

"Beneath the spreading chestnut tree the village Smithy stands."—Quiz of the month:—Was his name Payler?

The latest addition to the shop's "Killer-Dillers," Tom Hughes, of Toronto, who thrills us with accounts of his amorous exploits!

AC2 Ferron just missed an overseas draft. "It's Bermuda or Bust," says Ferron!

## C. O.'s Corner

This week marks the graduation of Course "87" and the completion of the change-over to training Fleet Air Arm pupils. It is very gratifying to me to see the way every one has pitched in to help in the extra work involved, and I am certain that with this spirit it will not be long until we are in full swing with everything running smoothly, and most of our troubles ironed out. To Course "87" my congratulations, and best wishes for their future.

—G. L. INGRAM,  
Wing Commander

## The Cotter Pin

The scene is a hangar at station "X" along tobacco road. Two mechanics talking—

Joe: "Say, Bill. How much do you suppose one of these aeroplanes cost?"

Bill: "Oh, I don't know, about \$50,000, I guess."

Joe: "Gosh! That's a pile of dough, isn't it!"

Bill: "Well, don't worry. You won't be buying one this month. Not after last night."

Joe: "Well, I guess we'd better get busy and fix this one. No use letting it sit on the ground, if it costs that much! Climbs into the cockpit. "Hand me a cotter-pin, Bill."

Bill: "What for?"

Joe: "I need one to lock this nut on the control column, then we're all set; she's ready to fly."

Bill: "Returning from the tool-crib. "We haven't got one."

Joe: "I thought you demanded some last week."

Bill: "I did, but they haven't come in yet."

Joe: "Are you sure you made out a demand on stores for some?"

Bill: "Sure I did. Wait till I get the copy." He comes back with the paper. "Here it is—E42 No. 22004, one hundred 1/8" cotter-pins 1 1/4" long, urgent. Signed by F/L "I-hope-we-gittem" and countersigned by S/L "Watta-hope." There you are. That was made out a week ago."

Joe: "Yeah, well slide over to the equipment section and see if they are in yet."

Bill: "O.K." He wipes off his hands and walks over to the equipment section where Pete, the equipment assistant is just finishing a "coke."

"Say, Pete, how about those 1/8" cotter-pins?"

Pete: "What cotter-pins?"

Bill: "The pins we demanded last week."

Pete: "Wadda you mean? You didn't demand any cotter-pins here."

Bill: "Sure I did. Look, here's the copy of the demand. What about that?"

Pete: "Wait till I see." He looks through various piles of papers, a couple of books and several cubby-holes. "I can't find a demand for cotter-pins here."

Bill: "Well, hang it all, I've got to have one to get an aircraft up in the air. What am I going to do?"

Pete: "I don't know. We haven't got them here. You'll just have to put in another demand."

Bill: "Well, of all the—, O.K. I'll make out another demand and bring it over." He goes back to the hangar, makes out another demand and takes it back to stores after getting F/L "I-hope-we-gittem" to sign it. Bill then goes back to the hangar to see Joe.

Joe: "Well, what about those cotter-pins?"

Bill: "They haven't any at stores and we can't find the demand so I just made another out. I hope it works this time."

Joe: "Well, what about the plane?"

Bill: "It'll just have to wait. You know that all fastening devices have to be locked and don't forget that I have to sign out for this check, so she'll just have to sit here."

Joe: "O.K. Let's push her back to the end of the hangar and let her wait for the cotter-pin."

Bill: "Why don't we go up town and buy some cotter-pins at the hardware store and get the thing fixed?"

Joe: "No Sir, You know we have

to have "authority" to get any equipment from anywhere except the equipment section."

Bill: "O.K. But I know a little place up town that has lots of them. Well let's push her out of the way."

Joe: "Come on, Bill, it's time for P.T. anyway." A few hours later F/L "I-hope-we-gittem" sees the plane sitting at the back of the hangar and calls Joe over. What's the matter with this machine, Joe?"

Joe: "Oh! We're short a cotter-pin, Sir!"

F/L: "Have we demanded some?"

Joe: "Yes, Sir. We've demanded twice but they are not here yet."

F/L: "Well, why aren't they here?"

Joe: "Search me, Sir. Maybe the equipment section might know."

F/L: "I'll go and see." He goes over to the equipment section where the Senior Equipment Officer is talking over the telephone to F/O Pree Edit at the equipment depot.

S.E.O.: "What about our demand for the cotter-pins? Oh, I see—nil stock. Yes—you say that anyway we have to get authority to get them. Yes—we need them to get an aeroplane in the air—Yes—well who has to give the authority? Yes—O.K. I'll speak to the Maintenance people and get them to write for authority. Oh! You want a report from us on how many we will require for the next ten years. O.K. I'll send it along tomorrow—Yes—I suppose the Audit Board will want a reason—Is there an A.F.R.O. on this item? Yes—I'll see that we don't ask for too many—yes—I expect the surplus board next week—well, if we explain why we need these cotter-pins will you arrange with H.Q. to get contracts out as soon as possible—O.K.—we will send hasteners along from time to time—yes—you think we should re-demand along with explanation—O.K.—you think there may be a shipment from Australia soon—yes—well thanks very much. Good-bye." He hangs up the receiver.

F/L: "I-hope-we-gittem." "Is that about our cotter-pins?"

S.E.O.: "Yes. You have to send in a letter giving reasons why you need the pins."

F/L: "O.K. I'll write a letter explaining—maybe we need them to pick our teeth."

S.E.O.: "How many do you need for the next ten years?"

F/L: "Well, we've replaced about ten in the last year, so I guess if we say about a million that will be enough."

S.E.O.: "O.K. I'll see that we get them as soon as possible."

F/L: "I-hope-we-gittem" goes back to see Joe at the hangar. "Joe, have you any friends over at station 'Y'?"

Joe: "Yes, Sir. I know a couple of Sergeants over there."

F/L: "Well, I want you to go over there to-morrow and pay a friendly call, spend the evening with your friends in the mess and when they are in good humour just ask them off hand if you can get the loan of one cotter-pin. I think maybe if you use the right approach you might get one. If you do, just call me on the 'phone and I'll fly right over to get you. Don't bring the subject up too soon or they might get wise. Tell them that we'll see that they get treated right next time they come over here to borrow the crane."

Joe: "All right, Sir. I'll do my best."

Two days later the cotter-pin arrived. Joe, back in the hangar:

"O.K. Bill, let's put this pin in place and get rid of this machine." He walks to the back of the hangar. "Say, Bill, where's the plane?"

Bill: "You mean the one we needed the cotter-pin for?"

Joe: "Yeah."

Bill: "Oh—that—well, the port wing is on that other machine over there, the tires went out to fix another plane last night, the engine is being put in that job there, the instruments have been replaced by U.S. ones and the tail is being used somewhere else. I think the fuselage is still O.K. Gosh! Maybe we should write the whole thing off now."

Joe: "Well, next week I'm going on leave so you figure it out."

## Stores 'N Stuff

It seems this is our "Comeback Issue" after a two months absence, so "Move it over" 'cause here comes that little ole' dirt load. Inside the last month we have said fond farewells to two of our beloved N.C.O.'s; first, Mrs. Smith's little fat boy, "Herb"—our Major Equipment man, and secondly, Corporal Gwynneth Jean Hindle, of the Small Tools Dept. These two people have been with us practically since time was, and we miss them somethin' awful. So to Cpl. Smith in Dartmouth and Cpl. Hindle at Centralia, we say Good luck, kids—we know you'll do the same kind of a job there as you've always done here.

As you read this, another of our members, LAW. Broulett, will be on the strength of the E.F.T.S., at Davidson, Sask.—another ole' timer strays from the fold. 'Bye now, Josephine, we'll be thinking of you as we croon "Out on the Lone Prairee-ee."

By this time, no doubt, you will have "run into" (figureatively speaking) our new Sgt.-Major—W.O. 1 "Danny Boy" Alton, by name, who has really gone over the top with all the equips—we think he's quite wonderful, 'specially when he nonchalantly spouts "In A.F.E.A.O.'s Q.17/2, Section 3, Para. 5 (b), it says . . ." which leaves us amazed at the Major's mental prowess. Welcome also to AW1. "Mary Jane" Lawson, who has come all the way from Calgary, Alta. to continue her equipping at Aylmer.

The newest, most intense romance entails a couple of red-heads which naturally constitutes a hot item in any news column. "Dotty" and "Jack" are the characters. You can see them "twosoming" in St. Thomas regularly.

Cpl. Vi Broadbent is still upholding that "platonic" friendship in Ottawa—this "platonic" business is a bit confusing, though, 'cause Vi sings "All or Nothing At All," during the day, and at night is caught reading a little blue book: title: "Experience"!!!—it just doesn't add up.

"Casanova" Balsdon is still breaking hearts, so a word of warning, girls—if you're asked out on a date by said gentleman, be sure to have that "pally" attitude and "keep the moon out of your eyes" 'cause it's futile.

Any W.D. wishing to make a reservation for a special seat on the St. Thomas bus Saturday night, please see LAC. Miles—satisfaction guaranteed!!!

As alteration job is underway in our main stores Building, do come over and see the new arrangement, but "seeing as how" we don't encourage social calls, you'd better come equipped with an E.42 or a tool kit. That's all now folks—You've had it!!!

## Account Section

### JIST ON ACCOUNTA

As this issue goes to press, old Man Winter has set in for our endurance and therefore we do not feel very flowery.

It seems Cpl. "Dovey" Dovaston has been communing with nature of late—little pigs, calves and chickens. Oh, it's a good healthy life, but what we do not understand is "Why all this coming down to earth all of a sudden like. "Come, come, Dove, do tell."

Our eminent blonde bomber, Cpl. D. Thompson is back again from among the missing. There will be no more strenuous exercise for a good long time, eh, Tommy? It's grand to have her with us again, especially when it's dim, for the lights of her (Blonde) hair lend a shining light to the atmosphere.

Please take note of Patches Pat Henley, LAW. Henley to you. Remember the pirate, "Long John Silver"—well, right now, Pat could pass for his twin sister. All she needs is a peg leg. Honestly, Pat, snow can be awfully hard especially when it is packed by a man. Better be careful of that light fluffy stuff. Hope you get rid of that eye patch soon, so we can look into both of those brown eyes again.

Cpl. Fay Price is sporting a lovely diamond—all obtained on a recent forty-eight. The wedding bells will again take their toll in December or is it the first of January? We wouldn't mind it so much if we were not obliged to lose her in the bargain. Best of luck and good wishes for the future from all of us.

S.O.S. Badly needed, one Sergeant to fill—if that is at all possible, the place which looks forlorn and empty, of our Sergeant Ken North. We sure do miss you and durn those B.C. Postings. The best of luck, Ken, and we can only hope the replacement will be as grand to work with as you were.

Harold Bedstead Olmsted doesn't pack very much on a forty-eight spent in Hamilton. The odd part, though, is that upon his return from the same, he needs a porter to help him with his bags. All day Monday they are very heavy, and Tuesdays usually find him back once again to his clear-headed, wide-awake self again. What a relief!

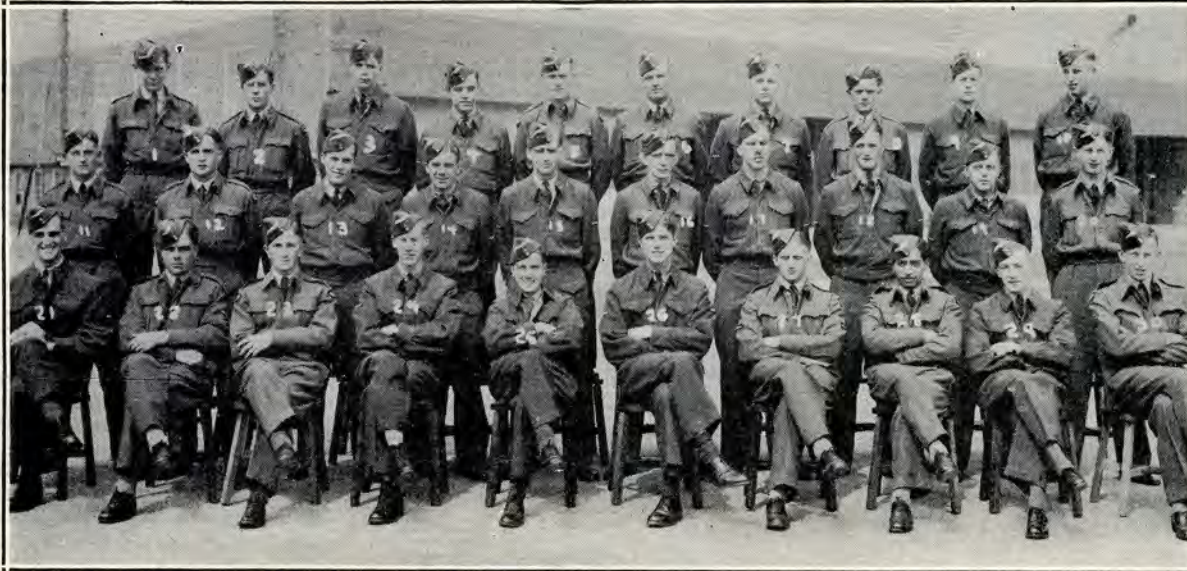
You've heard the song, "Pistol Packin' Mama." Well, here in the Accounts Section, we have "Pistol Packing" F/S Berube. No fooling, he really has an arsenal. Not that we have to be stood over with a shot gun either. Our William Tell is going to great heights with his shooting ability—come around and see his Score Sheets. We are really proud of him and a little leary when he packs his shotgun to work.

Flash! Our Blonde Bomber has returned to the white walled hotel at T.T.S. again. Goodness, Tommy, hurry back and stay a little longer with us, eh!

## London Little Theatre

Another must on our nights to keep open will be Tuesday, December 7th, when the London Little Theatre group will visit the Station with a high-class variety show. This group has played the various Stations for the past three years, and it is with a great deal of pleasure we look forward to their appearance here this season.

## Course 87 "X" Group



1, Amsden, J. P.; 2, Brown, E. C.; 3, Campbell, J.; 4, Coleman, W. .; 5, Davison, E. M.; 6, Jeffrey, D. J.; 7, McAllister, W. D. C.; 8, Porter, I. A.; 9, Redpath, J. G.; 10, Riddell, D. B.; 11, Shannon, D. R.; 12, Smith, T. W.; 13, Wearing, J. R.; 14, Worrall, J.; 15, Wrightman, L.S.; 16, Barrett, E. J.; 17, Broderick, V. G.; 18, Christensen, C. S.; 19, Cox, F. G.; 20, Cox, M. D.; 21, Deane, W. A. 22, Gledhill, A. W. C.; 23, Green, N. J.; 24, Hallford, F. M.; 25, Hartle, J. B.; 26, Kirk, J. J.; 27, Stanton, R. A.; 28, Tepaa, W.; 29, Whitley, J. B.; 30, Whitworth, E. A.

## The Crime of Low Flying

Frequently one encounters notice of a court martial conducted for the purpose of trying someone who has been accused of flying one of His Majesty's aircraft at a dangerously low level, or of flying in such negligent manner as to cause actual damage to the aircraft and endanger the lives of passengers. As one reads of the sentence imposed, one is made aware that low flying may be a serious offence and the penalty extremely severe.

There is no penalty administered by court martial however, to the individual who is guilty of low flying in the craft of life, that is, not unless it is so low as to contravene legal requirements. But it is a crime none the less. Our greatest failures in life are found, not in what we do, but in what we neglect to do. Our greatest condemnation is, not in what we fail to achieve, but in what we refuse to attempt. It is not inability that condemns an individual in the eyes of just judgment, but the absence of ideals and ambition which refuses to try anything better.

That is a part of the crime of low flying in this craft of life, that one's attainment should be so

meagre, that one should be content to aim so low, to achieve so much less than one's possibilities.

But that is not all. It is also true that in this business of living, one cannot indulge in low flying without endangering the well-being of others. We can never isolate human behaviour. When we are content to act upon low ideals, or meagre motives we cannot avoid bringing unworthy influence to bear upon our associates. That is the second and greater crime of low flying.

Finally, there is a penalty, not couched in legal terms perhaps, but none the less real. It may be the penalty of being temporarily or permanently "grounded." Persistent low flying or low living, not only dulls our awareness of the distinction between good or ill, but it eventually renders us incapable of rising to the heights we would attain, or of responding to the dictates of our better judgments.

A word of wisdom to the wise: aim high, keep a steady hand on the controls. Avoid the penalty of "low flying."

—The Padre

## G. I. S.

Since our last entry in the Aylmer Airman, people have come and people have gone—but F/Sgt. Campbell remains forever—except on Thursdays.

One of the new W.D.'s, Kay Ursuliak, (still on her knees) keeps the Orderly Room orderly. At present Kay is home on leave in the windy west. Kay replaces Loraine Leland, whose departure is mourned by all in G.I.S. Another new arrival is Joy Alwood to the Photography Section, who, for you talent hunter's information, was quite an artist prior to enlistment. It seems she won a scholarship for Banff Art School. Departing for her photographic course at Rockcliffe, AW2 Pellam-Clinton left a lot of good friends who wish her luck. Recently transferred from Equipment, May Nelson now reigns queen of publications.

Another interesting character

who has arrived in G.I.S. is Lieut. Jackson, R.N. He enlisted in the R.A.F. in 1937 and transferred to the Fleet Air Arm in 1939. He was on the H.M.S. "Hermes," an aircraft carrier, in the South Atlantic when taken prisoner. From September 1940 to December 1942 he was a prisoner of war in French West Africa. After being released, he spent some time in an English Hospital, but now this quiet Englishman instructs Naval Subjects.

Yeoman of Signals Mawson comes to us from H.M. Signals School, England. After some ten years at sea, having been in the south of France on a French Destroyer at the beginning of the war, attacked by German Cruiser "Hipper" on Christmas Day '41, seen the scuttling of Italian Merchant Ships at Gibraltar, having brought back "Quislings" from Iceland, having been to Spitzbergen, the North African campaign, Russia, Malta, "yeo" can see for yourself, this five-foot of energy—Mawson has a

the then popular slogan—"Temper dash with discretion," so in view of the vastly superior numbers, he resorted to evasive action. Just what this evasive action was, Don didn't disclose, but he succeeded in escaping all but one which doubtless exceeded its fellows in hostility, for it flew right at his windscreen and was quite badly killed. Greatly hampered by a smear of blood and feathers on his windscreen, Don successfully manoeuvred his ship back to base.

Now here again we feel that such resource, such coolness and presence of mind in the face of great danger, should not go unsung.

### Caterpillar Club

Flying Officer (Eric) Wilson, O/C "B" Flight hit the silk some little time ago following an unfortunate mid-air collision. We are proud to announce that the Irving Chute Co. have elected him a member of the Caterpillar Club. Eric's impressions of the descent are to be found on another page, but we are sure that, given a chance he would willingly have dispensed with the whole affair.

### Matelots Message

Students in the flight this week came forth with a suggestion that, as standard equipment in the Harvard, there should be fitted a phonograph with a record of some golden voiced W.D. or Dottie Lamour continuously chanting Needle, Ball, and Airspeed, in an effort to get results. On second thought they say it might make the "love sick matelots" go even more mooney when near the ground and thus provide the C. I. with unlimited material for his fable column.

Their farewell poem:  
Our stay at Aylmer is finished  
And the boys the girls once knew  
Will unfold their wings like "Hine-gals"

And bog off into the blue.

manual of interesting experiences to tell.

We would like to end with the \$69 question. Double or Nothing? Why does a certain W.D. linger so long when bringing publications to G.I.S.? Could the fatal attraction a certain instructor has for women have anything to do with it?



### "B" FLIGHT

#### Their Deeds Were Unsung

One thing that is getting the boys down is the lack of recognition of the sterling deeds that they have recently accomplished. Yes, flights have been successfully completed in the face of unusual circumstances. (To say nothing of positions. Editors note.)

Pilots of course are loath to talk of their experiences, but here are a couple, the details of which have been gently pried from these modest heroes.

Pilot Officer McIntyre had a student up on aerobatics. The student was sick. Said Mac, "The aroma was awful, a nauseating cloud of what closely resembled mustard gas wafted slowly through from the back cockpit. I immediately took emergency action, a sort of pseudo 18a (action in the event of gas). I shut off the cockpit heat, I opened the coup top wide to let the smell go out. I pulled the fire extinguisher in case it was the inflammable kind. I was just able to make the Airport and in a dazed condition, executed a perfect landing on one point, which was shortly followed, however, by the other two."

Now we beg to submit that this type of talent which can invent an entirely new sequence in the face of such trying circumstances and follow it through to a successful conclusion, is worthy of prompt recognition.

The other account concerns Flying Officer Burgess and we feel it should not go unheeded. Don was night flying when he encountered a flock of hostile birds cruising in loose formation at 1000'. Don remembered his early training and

## F Flight Fantasies

Reef in the mainsail, haul in the anchor and pull up your socks, because here we come again with another installment of the happenings and musings of the north end of Three Hangar.

Having just recently taken in two new courses, we feel that once more we are qualified to speak of the circuits as home and to feel slightly put out about it when we are ill treated there. However, one can only hope that he can be fortunate in finding a spot from where he can make his approach and arrival.

We are frequently at loss for words but the thing that takes the cake is to add a rudder in the direction of a ground loop and endeavor to stop the turn. We can hardly believe however, that the general idea is to put our trusty—unserviceable for the duration but there is no quicker way.

Although the jump from Tiger Moths and tail skids to Harvards with both is admittedly a big one, we have the highest commendation for the lads who have so successfully and safely accomplished it. As a whole the ALA's are a group of eager lads who will try their best to give satisfaction to the Knight of the Road who happens to be their instructor.

And so with these wanderings we close our epistle with the words, "There is so much bad in the best of us, and so much good in the worst of us, that it hardly behooves any of us to talk about the rest of us."


**Y.M.C.A.**
**Movies**
**SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 28th**
**"WATCH ON THE RHINE"**

Starring Charles Boyer, Joan Fontaine and Alexis Smith

**TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 30th**
**"FOR ME AND MY GAL"**

Starring Judy Garland, Gene Kelly and George Murphy

**THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2nd**
**"SQUADRON LEADER X"**

Starring Eric Portman and Ann Dvorak

**SUNDAY, DECEMBER 5th**
**"MURDER ON THE WATER-FRONT"**

Starring Warren Douglas and Joan Winfield

**TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7th**
**"JOHNNY COME LATELY"**

Starring James Cagney and Grace George

**THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9th**
**"MILLIONAIRES IN PRISON"**

Starring Lee Tracey, Linda Hayes and Raymond Walburn

**SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12th**
**"BACKGROUND TO DANGER"**

Starring George Raft and Brenda Marshall

**TUESDAY, DECEMBER 14th**
**"CHINA"**

Starring Alan Ladd and Wm. Bendix

**THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16th**
**"CINDERELLA SWINGS IT"**

Starring Guy Kibbee and Gloria Warren

**SUNDAY, DECEMBER 19th**
**"MISSION TO MOSCOW"**

Starring Walter Huston and Ann Harding

**TUESDAY, DECEMBER 21st**
**"STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM"**

Musical Comedy, starring Bing Crosby, Bobe Hope, Dorothy Lamour

**THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23rd**
**"THE DEVIL AND MISS JONES"**

Starring Jean Arthur, Robt. Cummings and Charles Coburn

**SUNDAY, DECEMBER 26th**
**"CORVETTE K 225"**

Starring Randolph Scott, Ella Rains and Andy Devine

**You See! It's Simple**

Seeking information on what factor or combination of factors contribute to cold weather, a reporter called the office of the Airport weather bureau a few days ago.

"What makes a winter cold?" he asked.

There was a moment of contemplative silence, then came the inspired reply:

"Low Temperatures."

**Some Doubt**

LAC.: "I guess you've been out with worse looking fellows than I am, haven't you?"

W.D.: No answer.

LAC.: "I say, I guess you've been out with worse looking fellows than I am, haven't you?"

W.D.: "I heard you the first time. I was just trying to think."

# Course 85 "Y" Group



31, Armour, E. W.; 32, Barton, W.; 33, Boland, R. E.; 34, Brown, C. E.; 35, Bunting, J. R.; 36, Douglas, M.M.; 37, McCavin, W. S.; 38, McQueen, R. J.; 39, Noakes, O. L.; 40, Powis, S. R.; 41, Spiers, R. D.; 42, Steven, R. C.; 43, Syrett, J. H.; 44, Wheeler, W. C.; 45, Kelly, K. G.; 46, Bamford, R. A.; 47, Blyth, F. W.; 48, Bouskill, G. W.; 49, Cross, H. A.; 50, Cummings, J. B.; 51, Gallivan, J. C.; 52, Harmon, J. D. P.; 53, Holland, R. A.; 54, Jameson, L. B.; 55, Morrison, J. H.; 56, Roberts, G. W.; 57, Taylor, D. R.; 58, Trezise, C. O.; 59, Wigle, C. H.

## Graduating Class Comments

Some time ago, an Air Force wit, blinded, no doubt, by an overpowering sense of frustration and inferiority, dubbed our personell "R1 Riff Raff." The miserable author has probably long since had it from many directions and high altitudes.

To add to the humiliation, may we point out that R-1 at present accommodates the most brilliant fliers ever to uncage a No. 14 gyro. Canadians prevail, for a change; but there is a strong New Zealand minority. Australia (of "never fail ya" fame), Great Britain, and the good old U.S.A., are also notably represented.

The list of distinguished individuals is long—sixty-one names. Among those deserving special mention are LAC's M. D. Cox and Campbell, the class leaders, and "Father" Bunting, our patient, hard-working class senior.

Generally referred to as the "last course" of R.C.A.F. at No. 14, it gives new meaning to the traditional practice of saving the best until last.

For the benefit of the ignorant, R-1 is that collection of spacious buildings and miscellaneous aircraft located on your left as you dash for St. Thomas in a frantic effort to get ahead of other thirsty souls.

While here, a pilot becomes truly proficient, no doubt, in all elementary sequences, plus advanced and highly technical exercises such as curves of pursuit, advanced deflection, quarter attacks, bogging off, and washing aircraft. This last exercise, dear friends, is fundamental to efficient pilot training. It requires special equipment; and by no other means can our superiors develop in us such desirable pilot attributes as strong arms, immunity to water spray and pungent soapy smells, and a rich colloquial vocabulary.

The instructor's acquire new skills, too. Each of these supermen is thoroughly versed in "How To Get From Coke and Smoke to No. 4 Towline in Three Minutes Flat." The technique is singly an efficient use of one's time. While sprinting to the aircraft, our instructor dons helmet, using left hand, fills out time card with his right, and fastens his chute harness

with his teeth. Eight small bombs and one small student are picked up on the run. On the take-off and climb, the harness is fastened, oil diluted, and, if time permits, the engine is started and run up. Upon levelling off (i.e., moving stick forward two inches with the chin or an elbow is available), a tarmac check is carried out. When the target area is reached, the next twenty minutes are spent looking for the towline who fell asleep and wound up in the down-wind leg at Fingal. (P.S. He went home when a Bolingbroke lowered its wheels.)

R-1 is a liberal education for ground crew, too, ("Natch me bones!") Night and day they tear apart and reconstruct. Each morning, the aircraft are gingerly wheeled out,—are beaten and tortured by a fresh inquisitor every half-hour—all day long. And every night they are wheeled back in, the parts still in reasonably close formation, each aircraft still a reasonably accurate facsimile of a Mark II Harvard. Hail, all hail to the ground crew—who work miracles as easily and often as the rest of us take a breath.

Our respects go finally to our senior officers, F/L Norwood, F/L Lewis, and F/O O'Dell. We have probably been as memorable an experience for them as they have been for us.

See you at Wing's Parade!

## R.1 Control Tower Topics

One again the author of this little missil has been initiated into "The Brotherhood of Shangri-la. To wit, the loss of one's pay by the well known "African Dominos." The first time I was initiated, it was by means of the "Proverbial Pasteboards." Well, live and learn is an old proverb and boy, am I learning.

We, have just, said good-bye to one of the best known men on the station and we hated to see him go. He was one of the best liked men in our section. He always made you feel good, with his sparkling smile and pleasing personality. So

with a hearty farewell and our fond wishes for your continued good luck, we say, so-long to LAC. "Red" Cameron.

We have in our tower the most wonderful two-way radio that you ever saw. We can pick up, almost anything on it. We call the control car in the field and ask him why he is giving us the green light and this is what we get:

"Ludwig 39, calling Galbay 2, my position London, setting course for R.1., over to you."

Boy, isn't that nice, you call some one in the field and get an answer from somebody else. The guy in the field? OH! he never did get our message, something wrong with the radio, no doubt.

As we go to press with this paper we are preparing to say good-bye to the last course of R.C.A.F., (pupil pilots) to go through this school and our wishes for their good luck go with them.

Welcome to Shangri-la, F.A.A. and may your stay with us be a happy one.

### SHANGRI-LA

Girl: "You are my dearest; I love you with all my heart; your eyes, your lips,—why I'd give my life to kiss you!"

Airman: "Maybe it can be arranged."

"How did Sarge come to get all those splinters in his tongue?"

"He dropped a mickey on the floor."

Have you heard the parachute's theme song? "It don't mean a thing if you don't pull that string."

Susie: "What's the age limit for sailors?"

Lizzie: "Listen, dearie, a sailor at any age is the limit."

Our tastes change as we mature. Little girls like painted dolls; little boys like soldiers. When they grow up, the girls like the soldiers and the boys like the painted dolls.

Medical Officer (after examining a mountaineer volunteer for service)—"Sorry, we can't take you. You have flat feet, and they couldn't take it. You wouldn't be able to walk five miles with those feet."

Mountaineer: "That's too bad, 'cause I just walked 115 miles to get here, and I shore do hate to walk back again."

1st LAC.: "Why don't you like girls?"

2nd LAC.: "They are too biased, always bias this and bias that."

## Library Corner

The Library received a windfall of books during the month, no less than 112 additions being made to the library shelves. These additional books now brings the library book population to 2003 editions.

The Canadian Committee at Ottawa supplies stations with R.A.F. or R.N. personnel with books on Canada so that 35 new books on Canada have been added to the shelves, which should be of particular interest to the Fleet Air Arm.

The W.D. personnel have not been forgotten by the library committee, approximately 21 books having been added for the particular interest of the W.D.'s.

The Canadian Legion has supplied us with 35 new editions, too numerous to list, but embodying music, fiction, psychology and travel. Enquire concerning these from the Librarian.

Two members of the Library Committee went to London to purchase the following books through the London Public Library. Also included in the list are books added through our subscriptions to the various books of the month clubs.

Daylight on Saturday—J. B. Priestly.

Beach Patrol—Kerk Rogers.

War and Peace—Count Leo Tolstoy.

Under a Lucky Star—Roy Chapman Andrews.

Mission to Moscow—Joseph E. Davies.

The Prodigal Parents—Sinclair Lewis.

Big Rock Candy Mountain—Wallace Stegner.

Hardcase—Luke Short.

The Man From G-2—VanWyck Mason.

Raw Gold—James B. Hendryx.

Trouble Rides the Wing—B. M. Bower.

Rim of the Desert—Ernest Haycox.

Centennial Summer—Albert E. Idell.

Kathrine—Hans Habe.

Which Kind of Revolution—W. D. Herridge.

Blood of the North—James B. Hendryx.

The Moon is Down—John Steinbeck.

The Fort—Storm Jameson.

The Way of All Flesh—Butler.

The Seven Who Were Hanged—Andreyer.

Wuthering Heights—Bronte.

Jane Eyre—Bronte.

Battle is the Pay Off—Ingersoll.

The Little Locksmith—Hathaway.

The Gilbert & Sullivan Operas—Indigo—Weston.

I Saw Two Englands—Morton.

## Tweedsmuir Group Visit No. 14

Tuesday, Nov. 16th was a night to be long remembered by an overflow crowd at the Station theatre when the Tweedsmuir Branch of the Legion entertained with one of the finest shows to be presented on this Station.

From the opening number until the final curtain every act was a standout. The show was fast moving at all times and kept the audience tense throughout the entire program.

This was the beginning of our winter program of travelling entertainers and Tweedsmuir certainly set a mark for the other troupes to come to shoot at, and we will all be looking forward to their reappearance early in the New Year.



## NAVIGATION FLIGHT

A new day has dawned in the Navigation Flight hangar. The casual visitor now views the unfamiliar outlines of several mammoth contraptions, devilishly striped, and resembling nothing more than a bloated dragonfly with club feet—Lysanders.

Men may be seen swarming over the carcasses, like ants over a defunct sparrow, disappearing into holes they have gnawed in the cadavers to inspect the condition of the vital organs. Now and again one will emerge with a precious morsel and dash off growling to his lair somewhere within the maw of the maintenance hangar. From within the gaunt skeleton grunts, groans and curses echo dully.

The acceptance checks are being completed.

All in all the Lizzies seem to be welcome. At least they do provide a diversion for those who are unfamiliar with them, for they can and do spend hours scrambling over them poking and pulling and twisting the multiplicity of gadgets with which they are provided.

And what a joy they will be to pilots who always have to remind themselves twice to lower the undercarriage!

Pity is expressed however, for the poor unfortunate who must ride the back seat! the man who never knows where he is going, and must content himself by having a look at where he has been.

F/O Davies for some time has been going about with a preoccupied expression, muttering to himself about cues and costumes and scenery; his mind much more in tune with exits and entrances than take-offs and landings. As impresario of the "Farewell to 87" show, he has been a man with a heavy burden who hoped to thereby produce light entertainment. After the applause he heard last Wednesday evening he must realize he need not have worried! Broadway next, Stubby!

Two more new arrivals in the Flight must be noted, namely P/O Ward and P/O Ted Neumann. The former is now at work in bomber command, and the latter is in fighter command, pushing small boys around the various cross-countries in Harvard. Welcome fellers!

At long last F/O Earl McAlpine has received the overseas posting which was his ambition, and has left us to try to talk someone into letting him into a Photographic Recce Unit so he can fly over and take close-ups of Hitler having the jitters. A good party in the mess speeded him on his way.

The boys in the flight rejoice in his good luck, but regret that it means we have to say good-bye to him. Good hunting, Earl, happy landings and safe home!

## The Ground Level

Come rain and snow and winter winds, our Heroes of the Screwdriver will brave the blasted blast, mounted on Tenders, gasoline, aircraft refuelling, and Tractors flight, aircraft handling, individually equipped with parkas, waterproof warm. Just how much they'll enjoy shimmying up Lizzy's legs with a gas hose in one hairy paw, will be imparted to us by bursts

at classic English.

Can anybody use a p.w. checker-board? It isn't ours. It has black and white squares all over one side which should readily recall it to your mind if it ever belong to you. Right now it's posted to fill the establishment of F/S Laskey's kitchen stove.

Absolute knowledge have I none, but my aunt's washerwoman's sister's son heard a policeman on his beat say to a labourer on the street that he had a letter just last week written in the finest Greek by a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo who said the negroes in Cuba knew of a coloured man in a Texas town who got it straight from a circus clown that a man in Klondike heard the news from a gang of South American Jews of somebody in Borneo who knew a man who claimed to know a swell society female fake whose mother-in-law would undertake to prove that her husband's sister's niece had stated in a printed piece that she had a husband who had a friend who knew when the war was going to end.

(Borrowed from MacLeod's "Slipstream" and T.T.S "Aircraftsman." Author unknown, bless 'im).

Then there's the one about the "Lady With The Two Left Feet"—but I'm sure you've heard that one.

Houdini couldn't compete with Ali-Baba Lecomte who pulled a neat trick last month. If you can take two afternoons off and come back with a baby girl we will write about you too. Menard says he didn't pull it out of a hat either. Mother and daughter are doing well, while father sweats it out with Central Registry and Accounts.



## "E" FLIGHT

The "See Eye" wrote a little poem About our sailor lad; The thought behind it all was good, And the rhyme itself not bad.

Alas, alack, to no avail, It didn't faze the lad; He thought the thought behind it good, And the rhyme itself not bad.

He said "I'm going to do my best To help him win this war," "The Harvard is a sturdy craft; I'll smash that hangar door."

Now I've seen worse and dumber things, But I don't remember when, And despite all Archie's prose and rhyme, Our Oaksie scored again.

We firmly believe in the theory of all for one and so forth, but we must at some time face the actual facts. To inspire competition it was decided to have two flights compete against each other. It was truly "A" Flight's misfortune to be pitted against the best Flight on the Station.

It finally got to the point where "A" Flight couldn't possibly afford a suitable competition, so the "See Eye" said with emphasis, "We'll have to split that super organization, "E" Flight. So five veteran "E" fighters were posted away. However our replacements have filled their boots most ably and here we are again, "NO COMPETITION."

To the C.I.: "If it would help matters any, Sir, we'll send over two

or three of our boys occasionally to show "A" Flight the light."

Again we bid farewell to two "E" Flight veterans, F/O "Tiny" Taylor, and F/O "The Nez" Nesbitt, have left us to take up a different role in the war. Taylor is off to Greenwood to strap on one of those Mosquitoes, while Nesbitt is going to school again at Summerside, P.E.I. (G.R.) We are truly sorry to see these fellow go, and we wish them all the success in the world.

Congratulations are in order. It's Flight Sergeant Collinson, now. Keep going, Tom.

Welcome to Mike Timco, who, after spending a month in "F" Flight finally made the grade and is now "E" Flight.

One of our sailor boys decided to write a poem about "Taylor and Taylor." F/O Taylor (6'6") and A/LA Taylor (5' even).

"The Long and the Short of It" Now there's a certain A/LA whose name I will not mention.

Who was haunted at his Flying School by that awful word "suspension."

He couldn't turn, he couldn't loop, he couldn't even spin, And when it came to landing, he said, "I fair give in."

Now his instructor was a chap, who was both meek and mild, But when he'd flown with this young man, he nearly had a child! Perhaps you'll say, "Well, that's not bad, Instructors on the whole are mad!"

But this one went a step too far, for just the other day, He started singing opera in a funny sort of way, And then again I'm not sure he's not completely crazy, For he stuck petals in his hair and swore he was a daisy.

But now his days are numbered, for he's been standing on one hand Explaining to the C.F.I., the save on leathers grand. So now they've sent him overseas to get some peace and rest, For compared with teaching "Shortie", a tour of "Ops" is best.

Now the moral to this saga is to try with all your might, And when you're told, "Go in and land," don't prang the ruddy kite.

## Station Bowling League Standing

The Station Bowling League is moving along at a fast clip with three groups composing the twelve team league. We are nearing the end of the first half of the schedule and some of the slow starters are beginning to come into their own after a poor start. Watch for fireworks in the second half when the handicaps will have a greater bearing in games won and lost. Don't sell any of the teams short as anything may happen from here in.

Group No. 1	P	W	L	Tls.	Pts.
Riggers	15	11	4	4	15
Metal Shop	15	7	8	2	9
Headquarters	15	6	9	2	8
Equipment	15	6	9	2	8

Group No. 2—	P	W	L	Tls.	Pts.
Officers	15	11	4	5	16
Flitters	15	8	7	3	11
Components	15	5	10	1	6
Quarters	15	6	9	1	7

Group No. 3—	P	W	L	Tls.	Pts.
R. 1	12	11	1	4	15
Works & Bldg.	9	6	3	2	8
G. I. S.	9	4	5	1	5
	12	0	12	0	0