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VOL. 2 No. 19

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

DECEMBER 23rd, 1943

# NAVAL OFFICERS FORMERLY P. O. W.'S.

## Lieutenants Jackson and Horne Describe Experiences While Prisoners of War



LIEUT. (A) H. H. JACKSON



PAYMASTER LIEUT. R. HORNE

It has come to our attention that two of our Fleet Air Arm personnel have in the past spent some time in prisoner of war camps. We present herewith the stories of Lieutenant (A) H. H. Jackson and Paymaster Lieutenant R. Horne, who were the guests by compulsion of the Vichy and Japanese governments respectively.

The fact that neither of these men has any tales of cruelty, torture and bloodshed to offer in connection with his experiences will, we hope, be of some comfort to any readers who have relatives undergoing a similar experience.

**T**WO and a quarter years in Vichy prison camps after being shot down into the sea in flames by the anti-aircraft guns of the great French warship Richelieu, is the record of Lieutenant (A) H. H. Jackson. His itinerary covers Africa from Freetown in the south to the little native town of Koulikoro in the north, and his experiences have led to many interesting contacts and incidents.

A native of Sussex, England, Lieutenant (A) Jackson was in Dakar for some time as a pilot of Swordfish aircraft, flying from the aircraft carrier Hermes, which was in that port shortly before Vichy came to take up the shabby reins of government. From there, when the situation became precarious, the Hermes was taken to Cape Town and six of her aircraft, with Lieutenant Jackson in one of them, was flown to Freetown, there to operate from a land base in patrols of the coast as far north as Conakry.

Because of his special knowledge of the port of Dakar, he was then sent to the Ark Royal with two other aircraft to proceed to Dakar in the attempt which was made to secure its surrender to De Gaulle. And it was at Dakar that his troubles began.

A squadron was detailed to bomb gun positions on the island of Goree, and one of the aircraft broke a tailwheel, so that Lieutenant Jackson was assigned to fly his aircraft in its place.

At the last moment the target was changed to the French battleship, Richelieu, and during the attack she threw up a shower of ack-ack so effective that two of the attacking squadron were shot down, and another was downed by fighter aircraft.

One of the two shot down by anti-aircraft guns was Lieuten-

ant Jackson's aircraft, which caught fire and had to be forced landed in the sea about two miles off the coast, and its occupants took to the water in their Mae Wests—their dinghy having burned.

After twenty minutes in the water they were picked up by a French flying boat, a big affair with a crew of eight, which was taxiing about using its guns on low flying British aircraft, and from that time Lieut. Jackson was a prisoner of war.

Their clothes dried, and with cigarettes and a tot of cognac each, they were taken ashore in Dakar, questioned, and eventually taken to an old fort about three miles from the town, where they were met by a guard of honour of native troops under a French sergeant and lodged in cells.

Fifteen minutes later a group of French officers arrived, closed the door tightly behind them and surprised the prisoners with the greeting of "Vive De Gaulle!" After introductions all round the French officers had lunch with the prisoners and later brought in their wives and introduced them as well. Any hopes that the prisoners may have held for assistance to escape, however, were not brightened.

Having managed to get word to a French officer in the Engineers in Dakar, a man whom he had come to know during his previous stay there in the Hermes, Lieut. Jackson received a visit from him and asked him to obtain for them a few necessities such as tooth-brushes, soap, a razor and mosquito netting. Later the officer returned with a suitcase containing such things as he could produce.

For nine days they remained in the fort, allowed out for exercise and fed by the French army mess, then one day they were enjoying the luxury of a shower when they were rushed away to an awaiting police van, guarded by black Senegalese, and hustled away to another cell, later to be taken to Rufisque, where they were joined by a group of French political prisoners suspected of De Gaulism.

Rather scantily fed on bread and sardines they were cheered by

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### PAYMASTER LIEUT. R. HORNE

**T**HE year 1939 was an eventful one for Paymaster Lieutenant R. Horne. In that year he joined the British Navy and in that same year he found himself in a Jap prison camp, which is a considerable change to come into any man's life.

In Shanghai in the office of Naval Intelligence Lieutenant Horne was made a prisoner when the Japanese took Shanghai and remained in Japanese camps for nine months. His story, suprisingly enough, is quite devoid of ornamental atrocities or brutalities.

Lieutenant Horne is a native of Windsor, Ontario, and had gone to the Orient over ten years ago where he remained in civil life until Japanese activity in 1939 led him to feel that his talents might be useful to the British Navy, after which he became a part of Naval Intelligence in Shanghai.

When the Japanese moved in there was no fight, because there was nothing with which to fight. The one British gunboat at Shanghai moved out into the open water and, refusing an ultimatum to surrender, was sunk by Japanese bombs. The gunboat U.S.S. Wake surrendered and that was the end of any resistance.

From the 8th until the 29th of December Lieutenant Horne was interned with others in the Consulate grounds under the watchful eye of the Japanese Consular guards. The conduct of these guards, he says, was exemplary.

During the next six months he was confined in a makeshift prison camp in the city. Here they were well treated by the officers of the Jap army, although one gathers that some of the smaller fry in the Jap forces were rather less than nice.

Although technically prisoners the men were allowed out occasionally in pairs to inspect their vacated homes and apartments. Wives of consular officials who had elected to remain with the consular group were permitted to do so, and other wives who chose to remain in their homes were allowed their freedom, though probably under Japanese

surveillance to some degree.

Any prisoners who required medical treatment or hospitalization were treated at the Japanese Naval Hospital, and those needing dental care were looked after as well.

The food in this camp left something to be desired, but it was supplemented by food removed from the U.S.S. Wake, and parcels from friends and wives, so that there really was not a great deal of which to complain.

After six months they were moved to a regular prison camp at Wosung, where things were definitely more prison-like.

Living conditions at the beginning were not good, but improved. This camp had a walking space where prisoners took exercise, playing grounds, and farms where those who were interested could find an outlet for their energies. It even sported a chicken farm where the men with a yen for poultry could enjoy themselves.

At this camp only one parcel per month could be received by each prisoner, and these were sent in by the British and American Associations in the city.

The Americans in the camp had charge of the cooking of the food and there was a hospital with an operating theatre in which the medical men among the prisoners worked with medicines and materials provided on request (when available) by the Japanese officers in charge. There were arrangements also for attending to any dental work which had to be done.

The camp housed 1550 prisoners, who lived healthy, if not entirely happy, existences. Some regimentation forced on them was unpleasant, such as the custom of some of the guards of forcing the prisoners to go out and walk in the sun,

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# 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, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23rd, 1943

Since the advent of the men of the Fleet Air Arm, the R.C.A.F. personnel on the Station have begun to realize more acutely the variety of accents which can emerge from the United Kingdom.

People who previously encountered these accents mainly through the medium of the silver screen, and who have found George Formby, Gracie Fields, and earnest renditions of the fate of "Little Albert" intensely amusing, or who have admired the cultured voice of George Arliss or Charles Laughton, have suddenly been struck with the realization that when that sort of thing is put into one end of a Harvard intercom' it comes out at the other end in a jumble of sound which they search in vain for a meaning.

No doubt, too, the accent of the average Canadian proves unintelligible on occasions to the Fleet Air Arm men when put through the same treatment. Furthermore, seemingly mild departures from the patter book may well increase the confusion. If, at the completion of a more or less successful forced landing practice, a British student is told to "pour on the coal" it is quite likely that he will become a little nonplussed and wonder whether his trusty Harvard has been converted suddenly to some form of steam propulsion.

There is no easy remedy for the difficulties when they appear and no one can be blamed for speaking in the manner in which the people around him have spoken for as long as he can remember.

It remains, then, to make the best of the situation. Keeping in mind the necessary shortcomings of intercommunication the only solution to the problem is to stress clear diction, and, if one is accustomed to speak rapidly, to slow it down so that the words march along like well-trained troops, rather than a motley mob all trying to board a street car at the same time.

As long as the accent is to be on accents, a moderate amount of care will lessen the difficulties for everyone concerned.

## First Aid

The recent study and activity in First Aid Training by some of our Officers and Senior N.C.O.'s, has brought the following bit of poetic advice from the sister of F/O 'Stubb' Davies, Marian Davies, a nurse in training at St. Paul's Hospital, Vancouver, B.C.

Sergeant; if you should see me lying

On the ground and maybe dying,  
Let me go; run bright and free;  
Don't attempt to bandage me.

While there's life there's hope, so  
I plea—

Don't apply a tourniquet.

Do not give for my salvation,

'Artificial Respiration.'

Do not stretch my bones and joints;

Do not press my pressure points.

If queer symptoms you should see,

Please don't experiment on me.

If I'm suffering from shock,

If you MUST keep busy, pray,

Please go take a walk around the

block.

Please help to keep the crowds

away.

So, whatever my condition,

'Phone at once for a physician.

Let me lie; I'll take a chance,

Waiting for the ambulance;

From 'First Aid' I beg release,

Sergeant, let me die in peace.

## Y. M. C. A. Movies

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 26th

SPECIAL BOOKING

"CORVETTE K225"

Starring Randolph Scott, Ella Raines and Andy Devine

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 28th

"NIGHT PLANE FROM CHUNKING"

Starring Robert Preston and Ellen Drew

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30th

SPECIAL BOOKING

"CONEY ISLAND"

Technicolor, starring Betty Grable, Geo. Montgomery and Cesar Romero

OTHER COMING ATTRACTIONS  
DATES NOT AS YET SET

"THE DEVIL AND MISS JONES"

Comedy Melodrama, starring Jean Arthur, Robert Cummings and Charles Coburn

"BOMBARDIER"

War Drama, starring Pat O'Brien

THURSDAY, JAN. 27th

"LONDON LIFE TROUPERS"

Keep this night open for an excellent variety show with most of the stars from last years show and a host of new ones.

## Christmas 1943

It is nearly two thousand years since to use the poetic and figurative language of the King James version, the Angel Chorus sang Of Glory to God and of Peace on Earth and Good Will toward men. It was as if the hopeful spirits of those who had lived and struggled through the bleak darkness of sin and hatred and suspicion, had seen a glorious light, and that now at last there was born into this grim world of men, one who would show and lead the way to blessing and to peace. It was as if the unseen forces of the universe were proclaiming a new era of harmony and understanding in human relation.

The beginning of a new era it was. That the coming of the Christ Child on that first Christmas, and the subsequent impact of His spirit and personality on all human life, unleashed vast forces for good, no one, with understanding, would deny. It was, indeed, as if the Eternal God, in a special sense, had interjected his power and personality into the human realm. No wonder that the universe glowed with the glory of a new life and that it rang with new joy and hope.

On the other hand, no one will deny that the world has fallen far short of the reasonable expectation of those who shared that first hope. Our evidence is all too plentiful and convincing. We are approaching the fifth Christmas when the heinous shrieks and murderous thunderings of warfare distort the harmony of the Christmas song; when the creative energies of man, are turned toward destruction, and when suspicion and hate is willfully engendered, that men may become hardened to kill. We are witnessing, even in so-called christian lands, a wholesale disregard of spiritual values. We are made aware of strong forces, willfully or unwittingly, aiding and abetting the defeat of God's Divine Will toward fullness of life for all mankind. In a large measure the world has failed in the realization of the hope which seemed then to justify the heavenly song.

Strangely enough however, no one has ever seriously challenged the efficacy of the Christian ideal, or the leavening power for good of the spirit of Christ. Even those who display the least concern about the practice of the Christian principle, recognize in Christ's way the only real salvation, the only abiding solution of the world's grievous ills. It is not, manifestly, christianity that has failed, nor the christian way that has been found wanting but rather human-kind who has lacked both the conviction and courage, to say nothing of the wisdom, to build individual and national life upon the solid foundation of the principles and spirit of Christ.

Just now, that failure is especially manifest. Christmas 1943 cannot be without its dark blot of despair and suffering, of tragedy and frustration. Neither is it without its ray of hope. For amid the fierce exigencies of war, the spirit of the Christ stands out in even greater relief. Against the disharmony of world conflict, the peaceful music of the spheres rings out more sweet. Out of the bleak darkness of a fateful night the Star of Bethlehem shines with more convincing light.

Hope dies hard in the human soul. After many centuries of the prophet's dream unrealized, we can still hope, and we can still build on the ruins of the days that are gone. We are not slaves bound by the chains of the past. We are yet

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## G. I. S.

You too can be the life of the party—get the right Christmas spirit (spirits) and find out. G. I. S. bubbles with celebrations. Is it the pending G. I. S. party? Is it Bob Spence's Birthday? Is it Taffy Jones Anniversary? No, this time it is just Christmas. This spirit even carries the staff into so much overtime! It is nothing to see the lights burning brightly long after hours in G.I.S.—especially in the Intelligence Library—isn't that right, Mr. Groulx?

Along with this whiff, or is it sniff, of Christmas, come many familiar sayings, now listed among the great classics. "Anyone going to St. Thomas?" "Get me four cokes, Mary," might be heard anytime. An old relic to be handed down from generation to generation is Joe Bomb Sight Leventhal's "Is it colder in the winter or in the country?" Cinch-clinch Shuster can be heard to say: "Tm off women for life!" (Anyone seen my picture in the Toronto Star?) While modest Bob Spence adds: "I may look innocent, but so do pyrotechnics!" F/L Brown's voice is heard ringing down the halls, as he holds forth on the telephone, "° ? ! £ ° ? ? they can't do this!" Need I say who keeps G.I.S. in order with, "I'll peg him."

Gala decorations, too, adorn the walls of certain offices here. Pay a visit to the Regulating Office and see for yourself the unique way the Petty Officers display "The A/C of the day." F/L Groulx too goes in for a "pin-up" girl, but it's not P/O Whetstone's fault that she remains. They're afeudin' but she's still adornin' the Navigation Office. It's surprising, though, how well these Educational Officers are educated—along certain lines.

G.I.S. welcomes the new C.G.I., S/L Roberts, to our midst, and we wish him as much success as F/L Brown had. Two F/Sgt's. too come to join our happy home. F/Sgt. Kightley to the Armament Section, and F/Sgt. Johnson to the Wireless Section. We say farewell to our last G.D., Bill Kimberley—Oh, how we miss him!

Even with all this Christmas confusion, urgent calls come through from R. 1. for a certain Cpl. in the photography section. What a shine he's taken to this W.D., you'll never know.

## C. O.'s Corner

With the arrival of the Christmas Season and the advent of the New Year, I would like to wish each and every member of No. 14 S.F.T.S. a most Merry Christmas and a Very Happy and Successful New Year.

I would also like to thank one and all, for the manner in which they have done their part in the past year. 1943 has been a most difficult one for this Station, and the fact that these difficulties have been successfully surmounted, is solely due to your co-operation and excellent work. In no small way, you have contributed toward bringing closer that day when Christmas may indeed be celebrated in "Peace on Earth and Good Will Toward All."

To the graduating Classes 89 and 90, my heartiest congratulations, and the best of luck.

—G. L. INGRAM,  
Wing Commander

## Lieut. Jackson

(Continued from Page One)

the friendly gesture of a lady who insisted on brewing a special pot of tea for the British prisoners because she had heard that they were very fond of it.

From Rufisque they were taken by train to Thies. On the train trip the British prisoners did not know where they were going, but the French prisoners, who knew the country, decided that the railway passed through the native town of Tambacunda, about thirty kilometers from the Gambian frontier. One of them, formerly French administrator of Tambacunda, decided that they might have a chance for escape.

At the station before Tambacunda he managed to get off the train and telephone ahead to the village chief, not mentioning his status as a prisoner, and asking him to have a car meet him at the station when he arrived.

The station platform at Tambacunda was jammed with a native reception committee and the car was waiting, but with only enough gasoline for fifteen kilometers, which would leave them another fifteen kilometers to walk through the African bush. The French former administrator of Tambacunda decided that he was too old to risk it, but two others decided to try. Once the gasoline was exhausted they went on on foot until one collapsed. The other reached the border but was dragged back by a Vichy patrol.

From Tambacunda the prisoners were taken to Bamako and on to Koulikoro on the Niger River. There they were placed in a two-storey barrack block surrounded by a barbed wire enclosure, in the French garrison post.

One British Sub-Lieutenant arrived here late, having been taken from hospital and shipped to the camp clad only in pyjamas and in his bare feet. On the way someone at a station during his four day train trip had taken pity on him and presented him with a pair of old pants and a battered hat.

At Koulikoro an acute shortage of razor blades occurred, and the men were forced to permit their beards to grow. One of the newer arrivals at the camp was a Canadian, named Milthorp, from a Swedish merchantman. After Lieut. Jackson's beard had grown out, this man looked at him oddly and said that he was sure he had seen him before. Sure enough it appeared that they had met during the days when Lieut. Jackson had been raising a beard on board the Hermes in the harbour at Dakar. Milthorp is now back in Winnipeg and the two still exchange letters.

After six months of becoming more and more crowded in the barrack block due to new arrivals, the prisoners were all moved to newly-built mud huts nearby, and here conditions took a considerable change for the worse. Sanitary arrangements were shockingly inadequate and all they could obtain for water was river water from the Niger made slightly less dangerous by the addition of permanganate. Illness became more frequent.

Then exchanges began to be arranged quietly and unofficially. Finally one man who claimed to have considerable influence in England and had promised to arrange for the exchange of the remaining prisoners was himself exchanged and returned to England, where he made an ill-advised broadcast of his experiences, angering the French authorities and causing them to refuse to arrange any further exchanges whatever.

Another eighteen months went by with a dismal winter in which the tropical winds lashed the mud walls from the weather side of the



As another Airman contribution time rolls around we are again besieged for copy and so to keep the wolf; in the person of our worth "Y" Supervisor, from the door; we again take our pen in hand to keep that patient and long suffering gentleman from the portals of a comfortably padded cell.

Since the last bond drive, we are patting ourselves on the back as having more experienced Ly-sander pilots in the flight than any other flight on the station. Of course this is not to mention a trip to Montreal and a night in the Mount Royal—what a trip—what a night—what a hangover.

Recently one of our members was awarded the "Highly Derogatory Order of the Irremovable Finger" and since that time it is interesting to note that the rest of the Instructors now do their sleeping in the proper place and not when strapped in a Harvard. Tough luck Bert.

Night flying time is with us again and the mystery of bumpy day-time landings which miraculously become smooth at night is still unexplained. Perhaps we should get the "See Eye" to inaugurate a new sequence for clear hood dual called Blindfold Landings and thus rid him of ground loop worries.

Greetings are due to P/O Sweet and Fitzpatrick who have recently been attached to our flight. We greet them with wide open arms for since P/O Langille has gone to R.I. our Flight Commander has taken to plucking gray hairs and muttering in his beard about all those students and no instructors. No doubt it is like old home week for P/O Sweet coming to No. 14, as his service flying was completed at this station with Course 83.

And so we close with everyone in "F" Flight wishing everyone else the merriest of Christmases and the happiest of New Years.

huts and the downpours brought great gobs of mud down from the ceilings. Outside termites had infested the verandahs and the unfortunate prisoners had to choose between mud and wet inside and bugs and wet outside.

To top it off they were informed that they would now have to pay for their food out of their own money, and also for all the food they had eaten up to that time. It was not an unmixed blessing, however, for it made it possible for them to demand the right to dispense with the services of a French sergeant chef who had been charging double prices for meals of rice and meat.

Eventually the great day came when they were informed that the French governor-general had turned to the side of Giraud and that they were about to be freed.

Five days by train, then by army lorry and ship to Bathurst and Freetown got them to a ship for England where, on arrival, only Lieutenant Jackson and one other of the six who returned, were able to report at the Admiralty. Shortly afterwards he was sent to hospital at Chatham and underwent an operation, but the trouble which had developed finally led to his being grounded and sent to Canada to lecture to Fleet Air Arm students for six months. Next April he returns to hospital and hopes that this time he may emerge fit enough to return to flying duties.

## The Pill Box

by "Aspirin"

The entire hospital staff is reeling and in a slightly dazed condition these days. And who wouldn't be that way after the shock we have received? After months of p'eadng and planning and conniving, word has been received that our hospital addition is at last on its way—or so we hope. At least rumour has it that the contract has been let. We'll believe it when we see this magnificent structure completed.

We would like to know why a certain LAW. in the hospital Orderly Room makes such a frantic dash for the 5 o'clock St. Thomas bus every night?

It is hoped that L.A.W. Harris enjoyed her compassionate "48." We think she did when we hear her singing "I'll string along with you" with such a dreamy look in her eyes.

If you phone the hospital at 10.00 hours and get no answer, you will know the Orderly Room staff is out enjoying Sgt. Caldwell's culinary efforts.

Has L.A.W. Welch forgotten her Peterborough P/O? We just wonder, you know. It may be that badminton and a certain F/L—amnesia.

Its really tough when you lose a "48" because you forgot to remove that "passion rose" cutex. We know a certain L.A.W. who can tell you what it feels like.

Greetings to the newcomers of our staff—AC1. Edgley and AW2. Erickson.

We would also like to extend our congratulations and best wishes to all members of the first Fleet Air Arm graduating class.

Merry Christmas everybody !!!



B FLIGHT

Best news of the week was the arrival of two more instructors who will ease the pace set by this smoothly operating unit. The first a former "B" Flight member, Warrant Officer "Ed" Edwards who has just completed a sojourn at R.I. The second, Pilot Officer "Keith" Somers, recently posted here, hails from Tillsonburg and seems to know more people on the Station than the Adjutant himself. A hearty welcome is extended them both.

An elegant piece of construction has recently been completed in the "Briefing room." It is a modernistic time desk beautifully proportioned and designed with such ingenuity as to greatly facilitate the maze of clerical work which is now fifty percent of flying. It has been found that a student who is fast with a pencil can now complete the office work which is required before taking to the air in something less than 6 minutes, whereas previously, anything up to quarter of an hour was considered average and still is in some Flights, we are told.

Visitors wishing to view this outstanding creation are extended a cordial welcome and may purchase the plans for a very nominal fee.

Farewell to course 90, Welcome to courses 95 and 96. They come and they go. From matelot to matelot.

## Y. W. C. A. News

By the time the ink gets dry on this issue of the Aymer Airmen, the Hostess House will have decked itself out in all the glitter and greens of the festive season. It will be the third Christmas to be celebrated around our fireside, and we are planning to make it a merry one for those of the personnel who will be spending it on the station.

This year hospitality will be dispensed by Mrs. M. B. Sandison of the Y.W.C.A. War Services Committee, Toronto, who will take over while your Hostesses are on leave.

For days we have been sharing the thrill of their Christmas shopping with the Airwomen who dash in after a hectic round of the Aymer shops to show us the "Honey of a Vase" they bought for mother, or that leather shaving kit they are going to give the boy friend. Or perhaps it is one of the Fleet Air Arm boys who chuckles as he displays six precious chocolate bars he wangled from a local merchant to send to the family in England, because they can't get them over there, you know.

Then there is the matter of the S. P., who asked us to hide the parcel that arrived all plastered with "Do not open until Christmas" stamps. He was afraid he might be tempted to investigate its contents before the 25th.

For months we have been saving wrapping paper and string against the present urgent demand until the "Y" Hostesses are a veritable pair of "Parcel Packing Mamas."

To the new course of Fleet Air Arm the Y.W.C.A. extends a hearty greeting and an invitation to make the Hostess House home during their stay here, and to the rest of the station personnel the best of everything this season and the New Year have stored up for them.

Merry Christmas to all

And to 1943 Cheerio.

## Metal Shop Scraps

As I sit and gaze with rapt wonderment upon the bevy of busy? beavers we so quaintly term as Tin-bashers, striving with diligent designs upon that one gruckome phrase forever uppermost in their minds: "serviceability," this humble mind is assailed by a kaleidoscope of jumbled thoughts.

Probably the foremost of these is the approach of the Yuletide season with its gay decorations, its lit up trees—and a'rmens! A good deal of good cheer will be conspicuous this year by its absence, besides, where can you get the stuff!

Flt./Sgt. Locke has returned from his sight-seeing tour with the usual glowing tales of grandeur and I might add the usual: "there'll be some changes made!" However, his good natured belittling was to no avail, since another member of the party had informed us that the comparison with other units proved nothing less than the highest of praise. The Flight it seems had horrible visions of swelled heads.

Professor Pascal will give expert advice on the facts of life, absolutely free of charge at any hour of the day or night. Advice to the love-learn is as yet Tom Hughes' department.

Our hearts go out to the fact of AC2 LeBarre, who, by the williest means poss'b'e got out of that "Joe" job only to land right smack into another.

Our only advice to LAC. Amyotte this month is to stay out of taxis. Those acquainted with the dire results of that last ride will bear me out. Nature in the raw is seldom mild C. V.!

## Course 89 "F.A.A."



1, Bale, R. W.; 2, Bennett, T. R.; 3, Bradford, D. W.; 4, Brewer, J. H.; 5, Brook, R.; 6, Brown, M. J.; 7, Daley, F.; 8, Dewing, P. J.; 9, Drew, D.; 10, Hepworth, I. C.; 11, Howe, P. F.; 12, Jones, G. J.; 13, Kirkpatrick, J. F.; 14, Leppard, K. A.; 15, McKane, N. B.; 16, Pywell, J. D.; 17, Rees, H.; 18, Woodhouse, R. W. A.; 19, Ashton, R. D. M.; 20, Bradley, A. B.; 21, Brett, A. W. M.; 22, Fyles, A.; 23, Hill, E. G.; 24, Houghton, I.; 25, Howard, E.; 26, Johnson, A. L.; 27, Marriott, S.; 28, Marsden, A. D.; 29, Owen, A.; 30, Parker, A. W.; 31, Pickup, C.; 32, Pithy, C.; 33, Rickard, C. D.; 34, Wood, J. M.

## Course 89 Lament From Shangri-la

Remorse has set in with Course 89, tears are welling in their eyes, their heads are fat and heavy for they are doomed to leave the land of plenty and return to hearth and home. When they were first told that Aylmer was to be their home of learning, they viewed it with deep concern, such a place was unknown to the Fleet Air Arm, but a few short days in this haven set their minds at rest. The fair W. D.'s were far too kind to them, not solely because Katie told them to be kind to the poor sailors we like to think, (hang your head in shame Cpl. Davies), but now many a heart is heavy in their mess, the post office is as silent as a morgue and the wireless section is no longer filled with bedlam—poor Johnnie. But remember girls there are plenty more pebbles on the beach.

It was not only the shewolves that set out to make us welcome, the ground school without syllabus or knowledge of what we were expected to know, set out in their own delightful way to teach us what was considered necessary for hopeful aviators. In fact we almost enjoyed learning it. The only missing link seemed to be a Canadian-English dictionary. I may state here, we have one compiled for the use of Sgt. Schuster and the succeeding courses.

Headquarters for a considerable time was perturbed to find the station invaded by ignorant nautics with many peculiar habits, in fact for a long time we were not even borne on the station books, but again with their easy co-operation the situation was soon clarified and every little flaw that arose smoothed over. Administration is one hell of a job, especially when you are dealing with uncivilized seafaring types, but good humour and plenty of give and take won the day.

Let us not forget the poor instructors, think of having to teach ham fist'd sailors more used to pulling an oar, how to fly the strange beast called Harvard. To top it all they had escaped from Tigers with tail skids. Many are the gray hairs that have sprouted in the last few months. Still per-

severance got the better of the day and sprightly Harvards could be seen gracefully hopping down the runways under the skillful guidance of the boys in blue—in twelve short weeks miracles were accomplished only to be marred by a certain elated student landing on the wrong three points on his last solo flight at the main station. (Since then he has been given much meaty dual to and from R.I.)

Then the great day came and we invaded Yarmouth Centre to learn how to fight the mighty Harvard against any foe, be they range crew, Lysanders or old Uncle Tom Cobley and all. Our education was not neglected, all the more accomplished feats of an aviator were taught, how to fall out of motor cars or should I say automobiles, without getting hurt, how to make toast and coffee, how to get from Coke and Smoke to towline in two minutes, how to bog off, how to taxi at maximum allowable speed, in fact everything. Here St. Thomas became an open book to us for a short time, then all the doors were mysteriously shut, I wonder why that is . . . . To us, R.I. became a delightful informal home, we miss Sid's pretty ditties and we regret deeply having to leave.

In one respect we have failed miserably, that is to find a tailor clever enough to sew together the few remaining shreds of Lieut. Janes working uniform. He still has to put on the back and then the arms. Now it will only last him another five years instead of twelve.

Now we are leaving, D flight can get into the London Hotel with comparative safety, they will no longer live in fear of being thrown out by their landladies, and we must not forget to say goodbye to the policeman who is still coming to see us in the morning. We hate to go.

We have to go, skies are grey, clouds are right down on the deck even though it's C.A.V.U. at Tillsonburg. Seriously we hate to leave 14 S.F.T.S. and thank you all from the C.O. right down to the lowliest G.D. for making our stay here so enjoyable.



At long last after many months of silence, we of "D" Flight have managed to hit the headlines.

This month is rather a bad month for us as we are saying goodbye to F/O Lawler and F/O Cockburn, two of our tried and true instructors, for they have received the call from the powers that be for overseas. So we say all the best to you both, and may we be with you shortly. By the way, "One Round," see that you don't run into any trouble trying to navigate the mighty Anson bomber over the ocean and as for you, Red, see that you take plenty of socks and underwear across the pond with you.

We bid farewell to our first Course of F.A.A., Course 89, and needless to say we are sorry to see them go despite the fact that many harsh words were used over the intercom between the instructor and student. We enjoyed our first tussle with the F.A.A., so best of luck in the near future, and may all your troubles be little ones.

Course 90 is struggling away at R1 by now, and flying in between washing the odd aircraft. We shall say more about you in the next issue, but in the meantime see that you work (?) as well over there as you did for us.

We seem to be doing nothing but bidding fond (?) farewells, so let us vary the procedure and welcome our two new Courses 95 and 96. Let us see you carry on the good work of your predecessors and uphold the good name of the F.A.A.

By the way does anyone know what happens when an aircraft is levelled out too high and stalls one wing. Something tells me it must be those Gremlins again. 'Nough said, eh V.B.?

Just before we go to press we would like to take this opportunity to welcome two new instructors to the Flight. Yes it is none other than P/O Hathaway and Sgt. Whipps, so take off your coats gentlemen and prepare for some really meaty work. All jokes aside though chaps, we're glad to see you and may your stay be a pleasant one. Incidentally Sgt. Whipps is a good type Aussie, need I say more.

## Library Corner

There are over 225 books on the library shelves and therefore there are books to suit the desires and tastes of every individual on the station. Make it a point to read at least one book per month during these coming cold winter nights. An invitation is especially directed to the Officer personnel to make greater use of the library facilities.

"History of Canadian Art," by McInnes, is an especially timely addition due to the presence of the Y.M.C.A. Canadian Art Exhibition on this station. Personnel are urged to read this latest edition and then to see the art exhibition. You will enjoy greater appreciation.

"The Epic of America," by James Truslow Adams.

This edition is a graphic comprehensive narrative interpreting the American people, the influences which have shaped their character, the contaminations to which they were exposed, and the spirit which has brought them through crisis in the past, and must be trusted to preserve them in the future. This narrative has received critical reception but has enjoyed large sales. Read what is being read.

"I Saw Two Englands" by H. V. Morton.

Here are two views of England. One, the England of Kentish hop fields and rolling Sussex Downs; the other, England at war with the Censor Office, Army Training Centres, busy war factories, and all that goes to change a peaceful country into a huge war machine.

It is a book of comparisons; the peaceful Village Inn and the rushing plane factory; the calm of Canterbury Cathedral and the roar of a war plant. The quiet English scene on what was once the bloody battlefield of Senlac, and the once quiet English countryside now an Air Force Training Station.

About the author, H. V. Morton is well known for such magnificent books as "In Search of England," and "In the Steps of St. Pauls." Like Halliburton, he is a traveller, but instead of seeking adventure and excitement, he portrays the quiet, peaceful scenes that are really a country's soul.

This is a really good book by a really good author, and we heartily recommend it for your enjoyment.

## The Hobby Club

The Hobby Club is now settled in its new quarters, occupying the room directly behind the D.A.P.M.'s office in the guard house. The new quarters are spacious, bright and heated and the members of this group feel very fortunate to have such a place to work in.

At the present time many of the lads are working late nights putting the finishing touches to the Christmas gifts they have been making in addition to the work being done in the model aircraft now under construction.

The shop is well equipped with the necessary tools for such work and in the near future we hope to add a power jig saw and lathe to this collection.

Any member of the Station personnel is cordially invited to make use of this set-up whenever and as much as they wish. If you have a hobby use this place to work at it. If you haven't a hobby, but are interested, drop in and pay us a call and we will help you get started. During the winter there are many long evenings and doing work of this nature will be a pleasant and useful way to pass the time.

## "E" Flight

Welcome to P/O Leo Carter, a new addition to E flight. We're g'ad to have you Leo and hope you won't be flying that tow-line much longer.

I wish sometime we could get a column away without a farewell note but once again we must bid goodbye to a veteran "E" Flighter. "So long" to F/O "Mac" McLeish and we hope he has all the success in the world on his G. R. course.

The students and instructors of "E" Flight take this opportunity to wish everyone at Aylmer a very, very Merry Christmas and a New Year abundant with health, happiness and success.

In the holiday season our brotherly love is increased to such an extent that we wish not only the above to the members of "A" Flight, but in addition we hope the New Year brings a little more success in providing competition.

## "Der Fuehrer Rules Him Too"

A sailor lad was muttering  
"I'll show them tower Blokes,  
I'll do a job—a damn good job,  
I'll even outdo Oakes."

The See Eye said our Flight O. C.,  
Is quite a skillful lad,  
Before he goes, I'll make him say,  
"That Beaumont bloke's not bad."

Now Hoibut got himself a prop  
And Oakes a prop and wing  
I'll take that Harvard up right now  
And smash the whole damn thing.

The R. 1. day was over but  
A searching glance reveals  
Another ship is coming in  
But where in Hell's his wheels.

The sparks they flew as the kite  
sat down  
The ship was torn asunder  
The wheels instead of hanging  
down  
Were neatly tucked in under.

Those Berlin boys in Germany  
Just laughed and danced with glee  
When they heard the news of Beau-  
mont's job  
On that ship from Hangar Three.

Der Fuehrer, in the Beer Hall said,  
Of Herr Beaumont I am proud  
Let's gif three rousing Aryan  
cheers,  
Heil! Sieg! and make them loud.

Beaumont's job was loudly cheered  
It was a real hum-dinger  
He's a cinch to get the Order of  
The Irremovable Finger.

## Christmas 1943

(Continued from Page 2)

free men, borne up and on by the  
dreams of what yet shall be.

Dreams are born again at Christ-  
mas time; dreams of a splendid  
new world wherein there shall be  
fruitful peace and good-will among  
all men. Surely it's not an idle  
dream or an impossible goal. It  
can be realized. It must be. It may  
begin anew, here and everywhere,  
at this Christmas time, where the  
Christ Child of Bethlehem, the  
Divine Harbinger of Peace and  
Good Will, finds rebirth in the  
hearts of all men, and become the  
motivating force and the directing  
principle in their thinking and  
planning for the future.

May it be even so. May the An-  
gel's song find it's harmony echoed  
in our hearts, and at this Christ-  
mastide, even as said Tiny Tim,  
"God bless us every one."

## Course 90 "F. A. A."



1, Carrier, K. W.; 2, Allen, G. S.; 3, Rushbrook, A. H.; 4, Talbot, P. W.; 5, Roach, T. E.; 6, Maitland, J. R.; 7, Scott, J. K. H.; 8, Lem, E.; 9, Leary, G. C. G.; 10, Bogle, D.; 11, Walker, D.; 12, Brownrigg, W. S. M.; 13, Bolden, W. N. L.; 14, Pursey, C. D. A.; 15, Lambert, P.; 16, Marriott, J. A.; 17, Lambert, S. B.; 18, Birtles, C. J.; 19, May, D. P.; 20, Boyes, E. C.; 21, Windsor, V. W.; 22, Greening, J. J.; 23, Jones, J. E.; 24, Cane, P.; 25, Wright, N. L.; 26, Haynes, F. L.; 27, Hickson, H. R.; 28, Jane, L. W.; 29, Carter, D. F.; 30, Mason, S.; 31, Trotter, A. T.; 32, Capstick, J.; 33, Perry, H. J.; 34, Twine, S. R.; 35, Carney, J. G. C.

## W. D. Chatter

First and foremost, we wish to welcome our new officer, Flt./O Burton. We sincerely hope you will like it here Ma'am although we realize coming from Pat Bay, the contrast mostly in weather of course, is going to be rather great, but we will all hold a seance for Ole Man Winter to pull in his icicles—maybe he will do it for you if not us—Ah, such wishful thinking.

Congratulations are in order—wait a minute—I haven't said what for yet. O.K. for our Vi, O.C. of I. & R. Section and Dufty, N.C.O. in charge Mtce. Orderly Room, who are now partaking of meals in the Sgts. Mess. Yes, you guessed it—they are now carrying the weight of a third hook. Lynne Minter, sometimes known as "Lil" to various personnel, has been busy sewing (am I kidding) on those two hooks. Nice going girls and keep up the good work.

All those who have worn an O.S. on their sleeve and groped around madly at approximately 1030 hrs. in washroom, in and under beds, shouting frantically hither and yon only to find said airwoman has been sleeping peacefully for hours and none too happy about having someone blurt into her sleeping face—"Are you Mary Smith and are you in?" are very happy indeed to have such ordeal washed out. Now those dreams go undisturbed and a happy O.S. saves much wear and tear on shoe leather, nerves and sleep.

The Airwomen's Canteen, of late the building where one enters and exits so fast a definite draft is left behind, has big doings in the offing. At the time of reading we hope you've all decided the W.D. Canteen is one-heap-good-place to spend um good time was haddum by all. The hoedown on Wednesday night and Bingo party on Saturday night proves it, doesn't it—Unanimously agreed by all, we hope.

At this point I will hope my 250 words are up and excuse for padding. If any news is missed please excuse due to penner being out of circulation for a wee spell. A very Merry Christmas to all and hope the New Year finds D.A.P.S. giving you the posting you want and just any little thing your heart desires.

See you in '44. Tempusfugit.



## Navigation Flight

With a posting immediately threatening to come through for him it has become a toss-up whether the posting or the estate of matrimony is going to catch up with F/O Lawson first. We know for a fact that all the necessary questions have been answered in the affirmative but there is a sort of inexplicable (we say that deliberately, having met the young lady) vacillation extant which is gumming up the works.

Either way we feel sure there is going to be an F/O of cherubic mien kicking himself violently about the English countryside—either for not getting married at all, or else because he didn't do it long ago.

A couple of changes are evident in the personnel of the Flight now. F/O George Haylock gallops back and forth between the flight and G.I.S. trying to give the lads the gen in the classrooms and then get them up in the air before they have forgotten what he told them. And now the R-1 has delivered up F/O "Ace" Bayly to the machinations of Navigation Flight once more, and Ace is re-acclimatizing himself to the cockpit of a Harvard.

The coming of Christmas and the appearance of the new flux-gate compass in the U.S. (which is said to make accurate navigation by magnetic means possible to within 300 miles of the North Pole) leads us by the natural association of ideas to wonder why no one has consulted Saint Nick on the problem. He must either have the pukka gen or a bunch of radio reindeer that can come home on the loop.

## Ground Level

Quick business deals are smoothly put across and with all round profit by Hutch these days. For a slight consideration he bought a brand spankin' new Mohawk aerodyne, complete as per schedule less 21c/882, systems, undercarriage, re-

tracting. With flashing buttons gleaming dully in the radiance of his proud smile, he remained owner for all of twenty minutes. Then a discreet telephone call and the deal was put across netting him five thousand percent on his original investment. That should do a little Christmas shopping.

Unfortunately we're not all so sharp, as witness "Carl," who got hosed into a deal regarding an antique model Chrysler. We can only guess how dearly he paid for his lesson by experience, but we can see for ourselves what a beating he's taking to keep it operating. Apparently there are a good many airmen in Carl's barrack room who aren't particular how they leave this world for when Carl goes out there's always a queue at his bed.

An oft repeated lesson has been learned once more by the daring aces of the tractor. Regularly it would be shown by trial and error that tractor plus bars would not comfortably pass under the cross-beams at the centre of the hangar. Now it has been proven that it is rather uncomfortable, for the driver especially, to try and ride beneath Lizzie's wing.

Let's not try Ansons!

In our last edition we praised Lecomte for coming through in fine style. Now he has been outdone at his own doings. After three phone cal's Alan McDonald dashed away the other day and after only three hours and fifty minutes off duty turned up with a baby girl and a Simon's Panetela. To him we award the fur lined doins' for meritorious service beyond the call of duty.

How can ya' tell?

## R 1 Daily Rumors

Cpl. Ashleigh (Maintenance)—  
"Come on fellows, or I'll put you on charge."

Sgt. Dassylva (M.T. Section)—  
"Ah! Here's a place to lie down."

LAC. Clark (Stores)—"Can I help it? It's on Demand."

AC1. Wright (Armament)—just back from Goose Bay—"Is she a blonde or a brunette?"

"You look sweet enough to eat," the Airman whispered soft and low. "I am," she said quite hungrily. "Where do you want to go?"

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## Lieut. Horne

(Continued from Page One)

whether or not they wished to do so. Those who did not mind the sun had no objections to offer, but to the ones who suffered from the sun this exercise was frequently a genuine hardship.

No one was forced to work, and the work done by those who did work was far from arduous. One gathers that no prisoner needed to work more than he wished.

Prison dress was as little as possible. The Japanese demanded that they wear sandals to avoid contraction of diseases from germs with which the earth of China is infested. These sandals, the briefest of shorts, and a huge straw hat against the sun constituted the favourite dress of the inmates. When Lieutenant Horne left, the whole lot were looking fit and well.

In this camp he remained from June to August, and in that month he was repatriated to England. He is unaware of how his repatriation came about, but thinks it was probably an exchange of some sort. He was brought by a Japanese ship to Laurenzo Marques, in Portuguese East Africa, from where he was taken in a British ship to England.

Last year he was stationed in England in the Patrol Service Depot at Lowestoft, and later was pleased to be sent to Canada, home for the first time in more than ten years. Here at 14 S.F.T.S. he acts as secretary to Commander Stringer.

Lieutenant Horne's story is remarkable that it deals with members of a race widely publicised as notoriously brutal and cruel. It is a relief to hear of none of those things in his account, for to those of us to whom it is desperately important there can be some hope that Canadians now in the hands of the Japanese may have some chance of returning therefrom without having suffered too seriously from the experience.

## Link Trainer

Every day, in every way, the Link trainer becomes more and more like its counter-part, the aircraft. A few months ago by the addition of the wind drift device, it became possible for a student to plot and fly a cross country flight in a manner similar to that used in actual aircraft. The path of the flight is traced by the recorder on a map drawn to the proper scale so that when the exercise is completed the track has been drawn on the map. At present all the trainers are being equipped with undercarriage, pitch and flap controls so that during the night circuit, across country and beam exercises, the proper procedures can be carried out. Now in addition to his regular duties, the Instructor will have to check in the flashing lights and horn buzzing.

During the past few weeks there have been a few changes in the Link flight staff. F/O Duffy has returned after a course at Mohawk, and a short stay at Centralia. Sgts. Dempster and Madgwick, who have recently been posted here, are new graduates of the Beam School at Mohawk. The other new member, Sgt. Pepper, comes to us from No. 7 E.F.T.S., Windsor. We welcome these newcomers and feel sure they will enjoy their stay at Aylmer.

Sgt. Williams, the musical member of the staff, is kept busy with the recently formed station orchestra which he conducts. This orchestra holds a practice session daily and under George's able leadership is rapidly rounding into form.



Once again "A" Flight says adieu to the superior half of a course of students. To course "91," A Flight division, we want to wish all the best of luck and remind them of a few of times old sayings.

1. Thank the Lord you had a chance to be in A Flight and fly; and not in E Flight and flop.

2. R.I. is not operational and you are supposed to taxi with your tail on the ground while you're there.

3. You'll live longer and more happily, if you refrain from aerobatics at low altitudes, also that hedge hopping while in training is unauthorized.

4. The floors at R.I. aren't dirty, they are just built that way and you don't have to wax them unless F/L Norwood comes after you with an axe.

5. Armament schedules are easy to comply with, no rush and the target always exactly where it should be.

6. Shut off the intercom when you get tired of listening to that "Old Dope" in the back seat, he won't mind.

Although F/L Aylett is definitely an unusual person, he still can remember A/LA Whitton's "unusual" primary instrument turn.

F/O Henderson flew target aircraft recently and hasn't been the same since. He understands A/LA Parker wanted the aircraft number on film.—He failed, only getting one number of the four.

F/O Barclay may not be tall, but he can handle the large whip. "Get on target, Andrew." (P.S. have you noticed our clean aircraft lately?)

F/O Nichol was wondering if they had changed the syllabus when we got a flapless landing at night. Eh, what! Williamson?

F/O Simmonds doesn't mind formation flying, but he claims these continuous turns over Alma College get him dizzy.

P/O Fraser doesn't complain—too much.

P/O Pavkin just had to give up, the students drove him nuts—well at least he lost some of his wisdom. (In the form of a tooth.)

P/O Ellis wants to know how he can make his students' logbooks and board balance when they can't make them balance themselves.

## "Our Bill"

Our P/O Bill who was quite ill  
With an ailment of the nose  
Said he'd find out, when he got  
back,  
If the new See Eye wrote prose.

He did his best to prove his point  
His method was quite neat  
The other lads did quite a job  
But Chandler's has them beat.

With an I.T.O. he did his job  
So the student could not see  
As P/O Bill gave him control  
With a fiendish smile of glee.

When the circuit's big, we waste  
much time  
You pilots all know that  
But Bill took off, came down again  
In fifteen seconds flat.

So please don't disappoint our Bill  
For Heaven only knows  
He did it all to just find out  
If the new See Eye writes prose.

## R.1 Daily Rumors

(Continued from Page Five)

"I want to get to No. 14 S.F.T.S." said the dulcet tones of a lonely miss.

"Person-to-person call?" inquired the operator.

"Not necessarily," sighed the girl. "Anybody in the Station will do, I guess."

The old sailor was relating his experiences of life on a desert island. "Yes," said he, "I was alone and without shelter in a dreadful storm, but I managed to make up a good bed in a cave."

Listener: "How did you make your bed?"

Sailor: "Well—the rain came down in sheets and after that there was a blanket of fog."

An Englishman asked the British Ministry of Labor and National Service for permission to start work every morning at eight instead of seven. He didn't want to be a slacker, he said, but he needed the extra hour to "get the baby up to granny's." Asked why his wife could not take care of the baby, he explained that she had to get to her job in an aircraft factory at six. As for granny, when asked why she could not come and pick up the baby earlier, the man replied, "Granny doesn't get off the night shift herself until seven."



For several issues the "Aylmer Airman" has been negative of any record of the resounding activities of "C" Flight. Now, however, the situation has been somewhat alleviated by the appearance of a number of "Bell-bottomed Britishers." For the purpose of this tally Scots are included.

The constant brilliancy of this flight has been brought to an unprecedentedly high level by the arrival of two classes of airmen, Naval 93 and 94, which despite certain neolithic elements, have covered themselves with, among other things—glory. Lest our readers should imagine us to be boasting to any degree, we offer as proof the fact that the Flight Shield, having made a morale tour of several other flights, has finally returned to rest with its rightful owners, namely, "C" Flight. This is due in no small measure, to the close co-operation of all concerned. Not the least of these the untiring efforts of our ground staff.

Far be it from us, however, to claim perfection. We are forced to admit the following:—

A—One aircraft inadvertently inverted on landing. (A nice way of saying "nosed over.")

B—One Naval Airman forced down at Dunnville. (Since returned to base.)

We pause in our satirical scribbles to take this opportunity of extending the most hearty congratulations to F/O Hyder on his recent award, of which more will appear elsewhere.

In conclusion we offer some maniacal musings on the part of recent additions to the ranks of Airmen in this flight.

### AYLMER ARRIVAL

Happy, he who enters here  
These portals of delight  
Scorn not these barracks dark  
and drear

That loom upon the night.  
For there your dwelling place shall be

For many a fateful moon  
Kneel now, and breath an Airman's prayer,  
It shall be needed soon.

Pace staunchly from these temples fair,  
Behold with awe-struck eyes  
Yon jaundiced monsters, stark and bare

Dictators of the skies.  
Wherein are multiplicities  
And myriad dials confuse the sight.  
Home of these eccentricities,  
One aircraft, Harvard, of "C"  
Flight.

## Educational Office

Each Friday at 2000 hrs. in the Station Theatre this office is operating an Educational Films Night showing usually travel films and war information films, with a short a/c recognition film. It is hoped that more of the station personnel will take advantage of this 2 hour program during the winter months. Give it a trial and we are certain you will be back in your favourite seat the next week..

**For the benefit of R.I.**—Classes for remustering to aircrew personnel have commenced in Mathematics, and A/C Recognition. The educational services of the main station have now opened a branch office at R.I., which will be open from Monday to Thursday inclusive from 0800 hrs. to 1200 hrs. All personnel desirous of taking correspondence courses, remustering, or general information concerning education, are urged to interview Sergeant K. G. Glass.

Discussion groups and Progress of War classes will also be held in the M.T. reading room for members of the F.A.A., who are interested and are not engaged in flying duties.

It is hoped in the very near future to open a branch library at R.I., which will be open four mornings per week under the Educational Sergeant. More on this in the next issue.

**Rehabilitation.** Many inquiries have been made at this office concerning rehabilitation. It is proposed in future issues of the Aylmer Airman to cover at least one point in each issue concerning this all important subject. Space will not permit publication of more than one item per issue, so watch this corner and let us make No. 14 S.F.T.S. personnel the most highly informed station on this subject in No. 1 T. C.

## Maintenance Wing

Well here is Mother Goose again welcoming every stranger under her warm WING, and it's not only strength-increase, but also strangers on the station, such Americans.

An American Air Corps pilot flying a P-40 (Kittyhawk) out of Selfridge Field, Michigan, apparently became lost in the snow-storm last Friday, December 10th, and due to some mechanical failures of his ship was forced to make a crash-landing on the farm of Andrew Wilkie, west of Harrietsville, where he was forced to spend the night in a tent. Although the plane was badly damaged the pilot fortunately received just a shaking-up. A demolition crew from Selfridge came to his rescue the following day to salvage the wreckage.

The pilot visited the Orderly Room and it sure was hard to keep the W.D.'s working. Those Yanks get everything.