

The Aylmer Airman

Published every Fourth Friday at Aylmer under the authority of Group Captain, G. E. Nash, Commanding Officer, Number 14 S.F.T.S.

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AYLMER, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25th, 1944

There are few of the influences which govern our lives which cannot be used in more than one manner. One of these is the urge which seizes us every now and again to alter and beautify our surroundings.

Bored and depressed by the rooms in which we live we get paints, papers and new drapes and go to work. We rearrange the furniture and put new varnish on the floors and when we are through we sit back to gaze on our accomplishments and find them good. The new atmosphere refreshes us and keeps us from sliding back into the doldrums until the time when the same urge grips us again. Then we get our tools and go at it once more. We call it re-decoration.

That ought not to be the end of it.

Why not brighten up our minds as well? Our mental boundaries form an enclosure from which we can never escape. We may go on leaves and forty-eights or go to any lengths we like to get away from ourselves, but the effort is foredoomed to failure. Whenever we look around, the walls are still there.

Might not an attack from within prove more successful? Get in some new furniture in the form of ideas; seek out new information to refurbish old settled opinions. Add a little window space to let in more light from the outside. Sweep away the cobwebs.

Read a new kind of book. Play a new kind of game. Get a new angle on the old problem. A small amount of ingenuity and determination can go a long way. Who can say what interesting things will come to light?

Many of us bore ourselves stiff if left alone, though we may have managed to convince ourselves that we are not boring to others. A little mental re-decoration should help us to get along better, both with ourselves and those who live and work with us. It's worth a try.

Wireless Section Whims

Those hooks on Senor Bush's arms are not belated Christmas decorations. They're the real McCoy, and the promotion was ushered in with a dry celebration.

It's funny how a mere W.M. with three stripes can fit right into a Wireless Section as if he had been in one before. His 'wim, wigor, and witality' is being injected into all who work near him.

We've heard so much about people from the Prairies, and the West Coast, that their qualities have been taken for granted, and we can't figure out why a certain W.D. corporal should question the strength and reliability of our own Coal Harbour Kid.

His familiarity with farm work marks him definitely as being the "strong, outdoor type."

Even the addition of three men to the Section fails to bring the general level of noise and humour up to where it was prior to R1's acquisition of our ace operator.

We hope you told your wife everything you could remember about your "48" in Detroit, Don.

Did you forget your glasses the night of the 'All Ranks' dance, Colin? You didn't seem to recognize your beautiful partner of the previous Saturday from London.

If anyone wants a reliable schedule of the incoming overseas mail, contact our Johnnie. She seems to be the recipient of half that comes over.

Anyone who gets an invitation out to supper, and then eats in the mess hall before he goes, can't think much of his hosts' meals, can he Max?

That tall, dark, handsome Englishman couldn't have been the responsible party for your being a day late in leaving for Ottawa, could he Terry?

Lucky girl, our Hammie. Two more Aussies on the station to choose from. Some colours, like Red, for instance, do catch the eye, doesn't "he"?

Does he get three nights a week off at Fingal, Bunny? Or are all those trips to St. Thomas made just for the thrill of passing R1?

No Johnny K., that piece of equipment is known as a TR9D, and not what you were calling it.

The new party line installed for inter-hangar communication is for business only, so it won't be as much fun eaves-dropping as it used to be back home, or will it? Other people's business is too often interesting to those not concerned.

Maintenance

There are few if any, more important sections on a flying station than Maintenance. If you don't believe it ask anyone in Maintenance. They are the boys who "keep 'em flying." It is they who effect such repairs as are needful to preserve the necessary degree of serviceability. It is they who restore to usefulness such aircraft and parts as have become ineffective or un-serviceable through accident or through ordinary "wear and tear" of everyday flying. In actual combat, when planes come limping home scarred with the marks of battle, it is the faithful and efficient work of groundcrew that puts them on the line again and into the air to ride the sky and clear the field of enemy resistance. Not even the best aircraft ever constructed can take the strain of battling the winds of heaven or of frustrating enemy action, without time out for the all important work of restoration accomplished by servicing and maintenance.

In a special sense, human beings are not unlike aircraft. No one is, either physically or spiritually, of such indestructible material, as to render unnecessary, periods of recreation and repair. We need a little convincing that this is true in the physical realm. Any attempt to remove that necessity would result in physical exhaustion and the inability to carry on the ordinary tasks of the day. But that same necessity of restoration and preservation though much less evident, is not less necessary in the realm of spiritual values and intellectual worth. It is no doubt a mark of insight into man's necessity that there was established a Sabbath Day in which man might find, not only physical rest, but spiritual refreshing. Manifestly, it is something more than the strength of tradition that has effected the prevalence of that observance. Even those who are not greatly concerned with its contribution to the nation's spiritual well being are yet keenly aware of the wisdom of preserving that tradition. It is because of that evident need of restoration and repair that men who lead even the busiest lives under the pressure of business or of wartime necessity, take time out to worship, to commune with The Eternal, and to put themselves in tune with the universe. It is because of that same need of restoration that we have libraries, reading and recreational facilities, opportunities for the cultivation of music and art, all means whereby the lives of individual may be lifted out of the daily round, the common talk, and whereby they may be restored in spirit to go out refreshed, in body and soul to the business of living usefully and well. Maintenance is a very important section in the individual's life.

If maintaining the spiritual vigour of life is important in the individual, it is not less important in society. True, we have a war to win and we fight it with the physical weapons in the hands of well trained men. But we fight it, presumably, because we have a civilization to save. What, therefore, shall a nation profit if it win a war and sacrifice its own soul. We have still need, as in the figure of speech of Nehemiah, to wield the sword in one hand and the trowel in the other. We must build a new and better order even as we destroy the old. Our fighting machine cannot go on forever without a reasonable degree of maintenance. Look to its needs.

—THE PADRE



Fire Dept. Echoes

Who was it one cold grey morning, who said: "Don't bang that door, you dope!"

Some say McBlair and some say Mac,
Some just call him a dizzy quack,
McEwen he was in by-gone days,
But just call Blair; put out the blaze.

We never read the comic strip in the morning paper. Cpl. Andreas makes sure we know all about them before we have a chance to.

Never ask Cpl. Yule to get you something special in London. (Something in a bottle for instance). He has a habit of leaving them in lockers.

LAC. Butler's dream is to drive the crash tender to Tillsonburg, all out. He nearly did one night.

LAC. Wright: "Leave that light on my bed, Geil. Who do you think your are anyway?"

Phew! Charlton's brought some Limburger cheese in again. From his dad's store of course.

LAC. Geil: "Give me the good old Manning Pool days."

If you wish the right angle on anything, just ask LAC. Hayes. He will give you full particulars.

Roy, (Raise a Pimple) Young went to R1,
For a rest cure he thought would be simple.

Instead of that, he's not getting fat.
Poor Roy Young, the dope, he's so simple.

We wish to know if McGibbon is getting subsistence allowance now. The night hawk?

LAC. Murchie. Gee! my big brother's at Aylmer now. I guess I'll remuster to Aircrew again.

Farewell to F/O Lanning. A great fire enthusiast. Good luck sir!

"E" Flight

We regret to announce that our current news reporter and man about town, Johnny Wismak is still recuperating in T.T.S. hospital, and is apparently unaware of our dire need for his practical genius and assistance. We hope this note will persuade you to get well John, and give those T.T.S. nursing sisters a break.

A hearty farewell to our pal, Billy Chandler, who has just left for North Battleford. Best of luck Bill, we miss you already. We warmly welcome Hal Miller, of St. Hubert's Flying School. We hope you will enjoy it here with us. You were most fortunate to be posted to the "Efficiency Flight" of the station, instead of our "none too happy" competitor at the other end of the line.

Our two courses, 97 and 98, are progressing quite satisfactorily in spite of adverse weather conditions lately, thanks to the hearty co-operation and hard work on the part of all concerned. May continued success be yours.

Quips from Equips

Again the cries of, "Who is going to write the hash for the "Aylmer Airman?" are resounding through the Equipment Section and so, because we are a good type, we have modestly consented to do our bit.

Because the Equipment Section hasn't been heard from for quite some time doesn't imply that it is dead (although there are those who would question that statement). Let us say, more charitably, that they have been terrifically busy and as usual laboring under great strain both mental and physical.

We had to bid fond farewells to AC1's Murray Gardner and Wynne Pixley on their postings to P.E.I. We're surely going to miss those two fellows but our very best wishes go with them. In losing Win and Murray, we acquired two new men, AC1's Bill Randall and Lionel Stretton. Bill is working with that demon Harold Miles and Lionel is down in the gas section with Bud Stevens, but we manage to get a glimpse of him every so often when he comes up into civilization. Then, too, Mr. Lanning was posted and for a time great consternation reigned in the Equipment Section because of the lack of a Fire Chief. Our Candidate was Cpl. Minter, our own blazing ball of fire, but the powers that be thought otherwise so—no Lynn running out after fires.

Since we were caught unawares, this little epic will have none of the finished form which usually accompanies our efforts so we'll in-

dulge in a few whims and musings—something like, we wonder if LAC. Gowan's girl friends are as beautiful as he says; if Sergeant Broadbent is really going home on leave without even a detour to Ottawa; if LAW's Dixon and Lawson will ever get up off their knees and fight; if, since those stalls were built in clothing stores, the personnel there feel like horses; if Major Alton ever gets tired of answering all our foolish questions; if LAW. Mann will ever go to parade of her own accord; if LAW. Stone ever answers herself when she carries on such animated conversations with herself; if the Equipment Section will ever be accepted by everyone as a hard-working section, if we, personally, will ever get caught up in our work (why, yes, Mr. Morrison, I'll be glad to come back to work tonight); if LAW. Kriger is really learning to play Badminton or is she "operating" on that sailor; if LAW. Smith will ever make herself known by loud screams, etc.; and finally, if LAW. Richards will ever get used to people coming in in the middle of the night demanding bedclothes?

One of our LAW's has had the misfortune to be in the hospital, and to you, Betty Butler, we send our best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Well, that's all, folks. G'bye for now and if you come to see us at any time, notice the industry of this section.

Works and Buildings

At last we have found time to compile some gossip from Works & Bricks. Things have been buzzing around here lately with new construction both at R.1 and at R.2. The Sterling Construction Company is building at R.1 and the C. & M. Unit is proceeding with the construction at R.2.

Due to the recent snowfall, our tractor operators have been working day and night to "keep 'em flying." The tractor operators are a hard working crew and during a period of relaxation in the airmen's canteen the following conversation was overheard:

Penrose: 'I'll have a coke!'

Graham: "I'll have a malted milk."

Raines and Poole: "We'll just have a glass of water as we are going to R.1. to plow snow. (We hope.)"

Cpl. Beaulé's face is lit up these days as he is the proud father of a bouncing baby boy. F/Sgt. Cookman's new truck is a thing of the past, due to an accident on No. 3 Highway recently.

This is an advertisement which we hope will be published in this paper free of charge.

FOR SALE: Wire-haired fox terrier pups (with papers). See F/Sgt. DeMone or Sgt. McGill.

Two weeks ago we bid adieu to WO2. Ed. Henniger and Cpl. "Red" Bentley on their postings to Prince Edward Island and Valleyfield, Quebec. We wish them both the very best of luck at their new stations. We welcome Cpl. "Jake" Walters to the carpenter shop and hope that he will enjoy his stay with us. Orders are now being taken by LAC. Short for Duncan Phyfe and high chairs.

A few days ago our heating expert, F/Sgt. Little was blessed with another baby daughter. (Father is doing nicely, thanks).

One of these days a certain sergeant painter hopes to come back to this station with a pair of wings on his chest and a flat hat on his head. We hope that this will not sever our friendship with him and hope that he will always remember us as his pals. We wish you the best of luck, Bill.

It is hoped that a two-way radio will soon be installed in the Jeep, so that we will be able to contact Mr. Hewson whenever necessary. He is very busy these days at R.1, R.2, and this station. AW1 Campbell, our new stenographer, is a very trusting soul (being from Vancouver) as she will lend the typewriter to any section requiring the use of same. Cpl. Cuddy will challenge anyone on the station to a game of cribbage at any time or anywhere. (P.S. When you play him, don't let him smoke his pipe or he will throw up a smoke screen and peg some points when you can't see the board.)

The electricians are very busy these days checking the fire alarm system, installing transformers (and fixing ironing cords). "Guy" Hendrick is sporting a new decoration on his arm and is waiting to pick up a few "I" cards when the occasions arise.

Don. McPherson has been promoted to Flight Sergeant and we know that the extra money will come in handy in the near future. (But remember, Don, two cannot live as cheap as one, regardless of who says they can.) Since Cliff. Arnold was promoted to Flight Sergeant, wolfing on the station is more apparent as the extra 30c a day allows him a wider range of action.

Our two dependable civvies, "Nip" and Lorne, hope to have all of the storm windows installed by the end of the heating season. Let's hope our supply of coal lasts until spring.



NAVIGATION FLIGHT

So many changes have occurred lately in the personnel and the status of personnel in the Navigation and Drogue flights that everyone is a little dizzy with it all.

First Jack Armstrong, recently made an Acting F/O, received the official stamp of approval and confidence in the form of his "Temporary." Then W/O. II (Woe-Two) McLean disappeared one bright day it came to light that he had gone to order himself a P/O's robes and trappings. You can't keep a good man down.

Then there descended upon us a great influx of people. P/O's Gord Ball, Ralph Shilton, Graham Grandy and W/O II Petchse. The latter being hotly pursued by the news that he, too, is now a P/O.

Hard on the heels of all this an unexpected posting to Borden dragged F/L Art Badland from our midst, the pain of the wrench being somewhat anaesthetized by appropriate amounts of alcohol and raucous voices raised in song.

F/O Ace Bayly has now been transplanted into the front office to replace Art as Deputy Flight Commander (his first D.F.C.!) and F/O Don Kermodé has been shifted into Ace's capable and industrious boots as O.C. Bomber Command. And just when Ace was all set to stack up a pile of twin time.

And so it goes in this changing world. Even Navigation Flight gets a shake-up now and again.

Finally the writer wishes to assure all inquisitive parties that (1) his wife does not beat him; (2) That he did not collide with a door in the dark; (3) that he has not engaged in and been bested at fisticuffs; (4) that the shiner he bears is the result of said orb having rudely encountered the heel of P/O Christopher during an impromptu game of rugby out in the snow.

(P.S.—I got witnesses.)

THE GROUND LEVEL

Get a banana of conventional size and shape, set two rulers at right angles on top of the mentioned fruit about two thirds from the end, then select an egg and prop it between the rulers directly above the banana. If this doesn't give you a good silhouette of our latest aircraft on the Station, you're out of luck, 'cause it's out of bounds to outsiders.

Since our last publication we have exchanged a few personnel to whom we'd like to say "hello" and "goodbye" and "on your way goon." Gone are Robbie Robert, Norm "Goon" Tourangeau, newlywed Watson and Windows Wetmore. Present but yet to be accounted for are Chipps, Smart, Dadd and High-Stack Belsheims replacement "Duke" Hammerton from Sea Island. But these things do happen regularly, so why make anything of it. We wonder though, if Woody will make a good Wag.

If a few of our stalwarts seemed weary-eyed and whaky a short time ago, it wasn't overwork or bad food at the airmen's mess, but the doins' suffered from celebrating Red Kay's nuptials. Such an occasion usually calls for the intermittent sixty day drunk. Weel, it started off with a splash and the bubbles are still breaking surface now and then. Both man and wife are fine. And Red has been on time for work every day since then . . . nearly!

Overheard at the guardhouse

was the classic reply to the annoying query, "Gotcher 'T' card?" As witnessed—"Exactly eleven months, three weeks, and two days ago, I was relieved of my wallet by some malignant footpad. It, photographs, personal papers, identification cards and incidental goods at the sentimental value of eighteen dollars and forty-three cents, in dollars, quarters, dimes, nickels and pennies, all legal tender. Since then I have applied four times to H.Q. orderly room, twice at Central Registry, three times to the station disciplinarian, twice to the D.A. P.M., and once to the C.O. Meanwhile I have been asked for my card exactly thirty-four times to date, this making thirty-five not counting the time at the L.C.B.O., and each time have delivered unto my prosecutor this speech with proper amendments. I am becoming fearfully annoyed. My name is the same as appears on that pass, and my number is unchangeable through lack of authority. Gentlemen, I wouldn't fool you for the world. I haven't got an "T" card. D— — t." Exit raving!

I'll meet you at the legend.

Educational Corner

Airmen, N.C.O.'s, W.D.'s and officers will have an excellent opportunity to obtain advice in any field of endeavor they may intend to embark upon after the cessation of hostilities, for this station will have six men come to the station who are the best in their field in this district to give advice on Vocational Guidance. Note this array of talent:

W. C. Miller—City Engineer, St. Thomas, President and present member of the Engineering Institute of Canada, who will advise the personnel interested in Civil Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Diesel Engineering, etc.

W. R. Cavanaugh—Principal Arthur Voaden Technical School, St. Thomas, who will advise those interested in Commercial Work, Allied Industrial trades such as electricity, machine shop, draughting, etc.

Mr. Pert—Manager of St. Thomas Public Utilities—Electrical Engineering.

Mr. Thomas—Principal of St. Thomas Collegiate Institute who will supply advice on Matriculation and professions, such as Medical, Nursing, Teaching, Dentistry, etc.

Mr. Freeman Thomas—Dominion Gov't. Agricultural Representative for Elgin County, who will handle advice on farming, farm courses, etc.

Mr. W. Burchall—St. Thomas-Journal, who will advise personnel interested in Journalism.

These men will be on the Station the first week in March and it is proposed to have a general meeting at which time each man will give an outline of his field. This general meeting will be followed by a personal interview with any one or a number of these men in the G.I.S. offices and lecture rooms.

These men will be brought to the Station in your interests. Don't fail to take advantage of this opportunity.

Rehabilitation. Since the publication of the Government's Rehabilitation program in the last issue of the "Aylmer Airman," booklets have been received which give a more complete coverage of this topic. These booklets are available in either French or English and may be had by calling at the Educational Office, G.I.S.

Movies—The movie programs shown on this Station on Friday evenings will show a marked improvement in March with the addition of one reel of Classical Music and a Walt Disney Short or other similar features.

Course "93" F. A. A.



1, Tunncliffe, T. J.; 2, Davey, M. J. H.; 3, Matthews, D. C.; Child, K.G.R.; 5, Jeffrey, N.M.; 6, Devlin, J.W.A.; 7, Davis, T. J.; 8, Newberry, P. R.; 9, Watts, J.; 10, Diddell, R. E.; 11, Grant, P. W.; 12, Legate, H. C.; 13, Halliwell, J.; 14, Staton, W. E.; 15, Birtle, J.; 16, Scott, G. E.; 17, Taylor, R. E. E.; 18, Corkill, J. A.; 19, Humphries, A. R.; 20, Marden, E. D.; 21, Jones, O. J.; 22, Sutton, M. P.; 23, Arnot, R. C.; 24, King, E. J. V.; 25, Campbell, A. M.; 26, Clelland, A.; 27, Fry, F. H. J.; 28, Cowle, E. W.; 29, Byrt, D. G.; 30, Knight, W. A.; 31, Oxby, D.; 32, Wright, G.; 33, Waddilove, E. R.; 34, Playford, A. J.; 35, Sinclair, A. M.; 36, Parker, R.W.A.; 37, Rouse, L.; 38, McCarthy, L. P.; 39, Wake, V. H.; 40, McEnery, H. M.; 41, Stratton, P. D. G.; 42, Heath, J. H. B.; 43, Kirkland, W.

Disorderly Room Details

As the "Nervous Centre" of Administrative overlordship, the Disorderly Room at R. 1 must be one of the most unique of its kind in the RCAF; unique in more ways than one as we shall show. We don't know about the more isolated posts; but even in this apparently settled part of the country one feels a peculiarly pleasant sense of isolation at R.1, that boisterous offspring of No. 14, now suffering the growing pains of expansion. Even when calls come through the "Jukebox" (affectionate term for our switchboard) which barring the mail truck and the occasional airplane is our only means of communication with the outside world, almost inaudible whispers come over the wires inquiring "Is that R.1—R.1?", and when you say "yes", there is an abashed silence as though the party at the other end had suddenly contacted the lost patrol.

Yes, there is a frontier atmosphere here and one has to be imbued with the pioneer spirit to be a member of the staff, especially the Disorderly Room staff. Of course, one cannot expect to find the same facilities as those enjoyed on a larger establishment. But, it must be admitted, there are unavoidable occasions when the Disorderly Room is apt to resemble a cross between a country general store and an election polling booth. Let no one suppose that the decorum expected of all Disorderly Rooms is absent at R.1. Far from it. Our Discp. Sgt. Frame, a severe and formidable gentleman, sees to that. His is a trying job. But to compensate for this the Sergeant, in quieter moments, may be seen absorbed at his desk, painstakingly cutting out paper designs. And while LAC. Sullivan frantically files papers, twiddles buttons on the "Jukebox" and hurries out to investigate the coke shortage; AC Lamont gleefully pecks out a couple of copies of the "Lyrical Lysander" before starting on Nominal Rolls. All this to the consternation of F/S Philp, who thinks the Disorderly Room is going "Sissy"!

But the mail has arrived. We brace ourselves. The truck driver, with cheeks aglow, hands over the precious bundle in a way which suggests that he has come through hell and high water and Indian in-

festated country to bring it to you. We tell him how much we appreciate his efforts and begin sorting while outside the locked door the wolves howl for the love notes. But wait, there is a fifth columnist in our midst. Unnoticed he has opened the door before the mail has been sorted. Suddenly all is lost. The Fort has fallen. A wave of blue and grey-blue surges through the door with a wild haloo that would put a Greek bayonet charge in the shade, and clashes, like a rip tide, over the room. A maelstrom of mail, passes, badminton bats and memorandums descends upon us. The Dunkirk style, the daily miracle takes place. Though sweat blurred eyes we see Petty Officer Wingrove standing behind the counter, stout legs braced, calmly surveying the scene of confusion as if he were watching the scuttling of the German High Seas Fleet. He slowly lights a cigarette and then takes the situation in hand. He speaks quietly to the men, sorts out the mail, and before we know it the hubbub dies down and the crowd dispenses. The Chief lights a cigarette, winks, makes for the door, says "I'll be in the barracks if I'm wanted." The Sergeant returns with his paper designs, Lamont resumes his typing and Sullivan has rounded up some cokes. F/S Philp nods with approval. Tranquility reigns as we settle back to genial isolation.

Course "93"

At last "the greatest catastrophe in British Naval History" is leaving Aylmer after a most enjoyable four months training. Although our ranks were somewhat decreased after our annual at R1, those remaining would like to express their deepest gratitude to all Instructors, both flying and ground school, and also the Naval staff for their great patience and labour spent in preparing us for active overseas service. To everyone, we wish to say "Thank You" and we wish you every success with future courses.

No doubt when we return Home we will shock our friends with such Canadian expressions as we have picked up over here. All have had a marvellous experience and no one regrets a minute of the time he has spent in this country. We are all sorry to be returning to 31. P.D. for it will, for many of

us, be our farewell to a great people and country.

It is with deepest regret that we have to record in our departing message that one of our number was killed in a flying accident. To the parents of the late Peter Stratton we convey our most heartfelt sympathies in their sad bereavement. To those who were his friends we need say nothing, for as we knew so shall we remember. To those involved in the same accident we extend our hopes of a speedy recovery.

On the brighter side, it is with great pleasure, that we learn of F/O Senn's posting to Overseas Service. He was one of our most popular instructors and we shall miss his version of the weather check. We wish him the very best and a "big bag."

We must not forget Petty Officer ("You've had your time—Rise and Shine") Wingrove, in our thanks for his unceasing efforts in our behalf whilst at R1.

The Straight "A. G."

From far and near you'll often hear of the pilot's skill and dare, But little is heard of the straight "A.G." or really why he is there; To be exact for a matter of fact he's the backbone of the crew, When you take account of the large amount of work he has to do.

He knows his job without a doubt, you really can't deny, At smashing the Hun with the Browning gun he's quite a handy guy; He's needed for returning when nights are dark as ink This boy's bearing guides the plane so safely o'er the brink.

And if a placket hits the plane and baling out begins, He knows he doesn't stand a chance, so he just sits and grins; And in his eyes before he dies is a glint of devil made-care, Then he meets his fate in a burning crate, somehow, sometime, somewhere.

So when again you see a plane go sailing o'er the blue Remember there's an "A.G." aboard, and thank God it isn't you; Then here's to the men of the RCAF, and here's to the men who fly, And here's to the men that are straight "A.G."—God bless all those who die.



Y.M.C.A.

MOVIES

COMING ATTRACTIONS

"HIS BUTLER'S SISTER"
Starring Deana Durbin, Franchot Tone and Pat O'Brien

GOVERNMENT GIRL
Starring Olivia DeHavilland, Sonny Tufts and Anne Shirley

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER
Starring Loretta Young, Brian Aherne and Gale Sondergaard

TOP MAN
Starring Donald O'Connor, Susanna Foster, Peggy Ryan and Lillian Gish

THE GAY SISTERS
Starring Barbara Stanwyck and Geo. Brent

FOREVER AND A DAY
Starring Brian Aherne, Robt Cummings, Charles Laughton and Ida Lupino

EDGE OF DARKNESS
Starring Ann Sheridan and Errol Flynn

GIRLS IN CHAINS
Starring Arlene Judge, Roger Clark and Robin Raymond

OKLAHOMA KID
Starring James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart

MR. LUCKY
Starring Cary Grant and Laraine Day

THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS
All Star Cast

Maintenance Wing

The Disorderly Room has lost two of W.D. Staff since the beginning of the year. Sgt. Dufty was posted back west and AW. Snider is spending her long hours of the day in T.T.S. Hospital. AW. Lewthraite is the new Clerk Steno.

The runner LAC. Duff won't run any more, at least he hopes not. He thinks flying will be much more exciting.

A new Wireless Mechanic, Sgt. Sleeth, has recently hailed in from Tofino, B.C.

A certain LAC. in the Wireless Section caused quite a commotion amongst the W.D.'s and it got so bad that in the end they went around with long faces and were not on speaking terms for a whole day.

We wish to say Goodbye to Sgt. P'ingal, who has been with Maintenance since July in 1941 and we all wish him the best of luck on his new station.

The arrival of a certain Clerk General into the log Book Room caused quite a few hearts to flutter, who at the same time wished they had wings to fly up to the Tool Crib rather than climb the stairs and find out her name.

The Mtc. W.D.'s received a "Brain Wave ? ? ? ?" which is going to serve two purposes, one is a chicken supper soon with LAW. Harding contributing most of the funds as yet.

A couple of 'Riggers' played Clerk General one night when Valentine's Day was near. Hard to believe these men, they have a line for every girl, and it is the same line, of course they were just Valentines this time.

Library Corner

Anything new? Yes, a new assortment again this month—really worthwhile and catering to every individual taste. One of Daphne DuMaurier's latest—“Hungry Hill”—is an absorbing story of Irish family life, moving quickly through a century, and will hold your interest throughout.

“Only the Stars are Neutral” by Quentin Reynolds, gives the inside story on a war correspondent's experiences in Russia, clearly expressed and making easy reading. Eric Knight's “Lassie Come Home” and Douglas' “Green Light” are books none should miss reading. And so we could go on—but here is the list of the remainder of our latest additions to the shelves:

- Mother Russia—Maurice Hindus
- A short History of Russia—B. H. Summer
- A Stranger and Afraid—Michael Hardt
- United We Stand—Basil Mathews
- Dress Rehearsal — Quentin Reynolds
- The Forgotten Ally—Pierre VanPassen
- Last Train from Berlin—Howard K. Smith
- The World is Yours—G. B. Lancaster
- The Story of Philosophy—Will Durant
- Man The Unknown—Alexis Carrel
- Todays Etiquette—Lillian Eichler
- Mary Queen of Scots—Stefan Zweig
- Hildreth—Harlow Estes
- The Glorious Adventure—Richard Haliburton
- Murder Out Yonder—Stewart H. Holbrook
- Rebecca—Daphne DuMaurier
- H. M. Pulham, Esq.—John P. Marquand
- At the Foot of the Rainbow—Gene Stratton Porter
- Spiderweb Trail—Eugene Cunningham
- Winter Wheat—Mildred Walker

G. I. S. Grumbles

Strangers stumbling through the portals of this “Fount of Knowledge” will enter on tiptoe lest they disturb the wisdom-laden air, but will be very much surprised when they trip over a varied assortment of paint cans, mops, and destructional equipment. For ye olde schoole is due for a slight face-lifting. Don't let this deter you Miss Ball, we welcome your cheerful person (and amendments!)

Certain postings from Photography left many broken hearts, and just when we were really getting to know their tastes (bottled).

Allow us to extend our welcome to WO.1 H. J. Noseworthy, who will add to the ranks of the armament section; head the ranks and discipline all the rest of the ranks (a rank statement.)

A certain navigation instructor has found that CAP's, AP's and “what have you” have drifted off track. Protests from publications reverberated through the corridors and it only required a heart stimulant (take a bow, Marion) and three bloodhounds to get things under control. P.S. The moral of this story can be found in the Record Files of Publications stores.

The Fleet Air Arm has secured a “bridgehead” in G.I.S. in the form of their new Ship Rec. Room, but the RCAF is counter-attacking with their new Intelligence Room. The Navy is “getting up steam,” but all the secret files and confidential documents are still in our hands.

Course “94” F. A. A.



1, Hook, C. S.; 2, Gibb, K. D.; 3, Davies, F. H.; 4, Draper, J.; 5, Jones, D. D.; 6, Curry, F. P.; 7, Baillie, D.; 8, Williamson, A.; 9, Tyndall, N. S. B.; 10, Bell, D. W. H.; 11, Hamblet, E. W.; 12, Gall, K. D.; 13, Ellis, C. K. D.; 14, Smith, G. H.; 15, McEvoy, A. R.; 16, Cox, T. A.; 17, Covell, G. A. B.; 18, Flindall, R. W. S.; 19, Wardle, R. G.; 20, Marks, F. E.; 21, Middleton, J. A.; 22, Cooper, A. G.; 23, Chessar, E.; 24, Lamont, A.; 25, Evans, H. P.; 26, Stirling, I. F.; 27, Atkinson, W.; 28, Robinson, B.; 29, Firth, A. G.; 30, Crabtree, D. R.; 31, Deakin, D. F.; 32, Timmins, J.; 33, Dickinson, J. P.; 34, Dessar, R.

94 Course Graduates

To the casual observer the RCAF truck which was seen travelling in the direction of R1 might have appeared at first glance to have contained nothing more than frozen corpses, but upon closer inspection would have revealed that those dark shapes were the distinguished 94 Course, enroute to R.1. However, after vigourously shovelling coal, and other energetic exertions, the thawing process has been completed, and the Course is now “Learning the ropes” at R1.

We cannot leave Aylmer without a small tinge of regret. We had so much to learn and so little time in which to learn it, and we greatly appreciate the fine co-operation of the whole Station, which made our task so much easier and more pleasant.

A word of thanks is due to the flying instructors, who risked life and limb, and showing infinite patience, taught us how to fly the Harvard which we accomplished in our own inimitable way, as the runways, wing-tips and worn brake shoes will testify.

We pause also to thank the ground crew who gave us their untiring co-operation, despite the weather. Also in passing we wish to thank the G.I.S. instructors for their tolerance, and to our “Chiefs” with their various methods of waking us up, varying from “eave, eave O,” to “come on let's have yer.”

During our stay at Aylmer we

learned many things not part of the syllabus of an S.F.T.S., e.g., how to polish floors, and how many bottles of coke an already overburdened A/LA can carry.

It is with considerable reserve that we embark upon a subject which must be close to the heart of all courses, past and present. We refer of course to the W.D.'s. These bright little ladies in blue, who have fed us, given us our mail and found the inevitable errors in our log books, have made our stay that much more interesting. Especially after duty.

However, we have left all this behind now, but some things still puzzle us, even after three months: (1) Where do all the cats come from outside the Mess Hall? (2) Who stops the projector in the theatre? (3) Who pulls the corners out of parachutes, and finally, (4) How do the Link Instructors stay on the beam, in spite of our efforts? No doubt these things will be explained during the passage of time, but they remain a mystery to us.

Now at R1 we are wondering where the ice rink has gone to. But no matter whatever else happens we follow our schedule, skedule! skedule!! and 60 of us sit waiting in a room that was originally designed for 10. One thing to be said for it keeps the floor clean. Well goodbye, Aylmer, good luck to you, and THANKS A LOT!

structors—the feeling was no reciprocated. When cockpit checks were handed out, Flight Lieutenant Barton flew BW207 over to the hospital for 200 aspirins, and thirty-five gallons of water. The rest of the afternoon was spent in the hangar, where to the blowing of Klaxons and lighting effects which somewhat resembled Piccadilly Circus back in '38. We learnt our cockpit drill. F/O Lynch, my own instructor, and a fine flyer, couldn't stand the strain of taking myself and A/LA Walden up on initiation flights so promptly went on a week's leave on the Monday—bad boy Lynchie!

The Labour organizer of the Flight—F/O Saunders—delights in looking at his reflection on the floor, so has them waxed about twice a week. A/LA. A. Walker—known to his friends as “Wings”—is said to have gone up to his instructor (F/O Livingstone) and said “Dr. Livingstone I presume?” And on asking the whereabouts of Stanley was told to go and get into 3040 immediately.

As soon as “F” Flight was informed of Course 99's arrival, they went back to the old routine of time-keeping, so as to make us feel “more at home,” and had that gorgeous WD. Known as Georgie, installed in the operations room. Sc keeping our motto in mind—“you make ‘em—we break ‘em” — I think we, to quote our instructors and A/LA Maguire, are in for an “incredibly jolly time.”

STATION BOWLING LEAGUE STANDING

	P.	W.	L.	P.	Tt.
Group No. 1—					
Riggers	30	16	14	5	21
Equipment	30	15	15	6	21
Metal Shop	30	16	14	4	20
Headquarters	30	13	17	5	18
Group No. 2—					
Officers	30	21	9	9	30
Fitters	30	14	16	5	19
Components	30	14	16	4	17
Quarters	30	12	18	2	14
Group No. 3—					
Army	30	22	8	9	30
R. 1, No. 1.....	30	19	11	7	26
Wks. & Blgs.....	30	15	15	4	19
R.1 No. 2.....	30	15	15	0	15



“F” FLIGHT

The most dramatic moment yet experienced by No. 14SFTS. was the unconditional arrival of that wonderful model organization—Course 99. As the bus came to a standstill at the gate a corporal tried to get on, and amidst shouts of “Get some sea time in Jack” was swamped by Lieutenant Mott's

luggage! The first bloke we saw was the chief, bless his heart. He's a delightful fellow really—one of his eyes are both alike. We were then fed; on ham, celery and what have you—the what have you being the best part of the meal. Lieutenant Mott—who had flown down by the way in an Anson, and who had done the Navigating, arrived here instead of landing up in Kincardine as is his favorite practice—probably had roast chicken; but ours not to reason why! (P.S.—For the information of our course ‘chum’, Lieutenant Mott is writing a poem entitled “Listowel Return” or “It's Quicker by Moth.”

On Sunday we were delighted and very happy to meet our new in-



"Dawn Flight"

Consternation is once more reigning in the Flight Room for Course 96 is beginning to have their Wings Check. Mute testimony to the state of mind of the students, are the broken coke bottles which are found lying around. These fall from nerveless fingers on hearing the dread words "Wings Check." For confirmation of this fact ask Coombs and Coates who have just gone through the mill.

Another cause for excitement is the night flying. The other night our worthy friend, Dean, took a dislike to the flare path and upon landing wiped it out. Needless to say this did not meet with the approval of his fellow students. Maybe this slight accident can be excused on the grounds that the students had recently returned from a forty eight, when it is a well known fact that all "whooped it up" during this period of so called rest and relaxation.

Course 95 will be leaving us in the very near future and we take this opportunity of wishing them every success on the final stage of their Course. The new Course will be welcomed into the fold and carefully guided through the various sequences. As a word of welcome to them we can say, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here!"

Despite the unavoidable absence of F/O "Silver" Stringer, the Flight has maintained its reputation for efficiency and is still being run on a paying basis. As he is favouring the fair city of Chicago with his patronage once again, everyone is really anxious to see the results of his visit and we sincerely hope that another Beaumauris excursion won't result.

The new innovation in the Briefing Room (to wit the Time-keeper)—Welcome to the Flight, Muriel—has taken quite a load of the responsibility from some of the broader shoulders of the Flight and Sam is not seen around the desk so often now frightening poor students away into the blue. He still isn't there himself of course.

Before we go any further we must welcome our new Flight Commander, F/O Pease and bid a fond farewell to U. B. who is now pulling and putting the tower into some semblance of order. Don't worry, Ted! You'll soon be permanently settled somewhere. The new Boss soon brought fame to the department in the shape of the billiard championship of the Officer's Mess—congratulations to him! And we are now getting some meaty dual on the green baize.

To bolster up the morale of the fairer members of the R.C.N., two of the student officers made the long trek to Galt in their ancient Chev for the night. At least it was intended as a one night stand, but the following day saw them pushing the remains of what was a good car a decade ago along the highways and byways of Ontario. Rumour has it that one member of the expedition was in favour of rolling it into a ditch, calling it a day—but the other half was made of sterner stuff and the car has now returned to Aylmer.

Love

Love is one game which is never called off on account of darkness.

Women's Division Chatter

Once more paper time rolls around and finds yours truly frantically grasping for a faint glimpse of inspiration re doings of past month.

First'y may we welcome A/S/O Cottet and hope she will like Aylmer and us.

We have said farewell to a number of sisters in uniform this past while, Cpl. Hamilton leaving to take on an even bigger job, and looking very chic as she said goodbye—Good Luck Johnny and I think we all kinda envy you—a woman's place and etc. A number of girls on contact training left for their courses but we hope to see at least a few of them land back here.

At the time of reading, Cpl. Black (nee Barnhart) will be once more with us—Welcome back Bette and our best wishes.

Tilsonburg and Springfield must have some definite attraction that at time Aylmer hasn't—three guesses won't be needed and by the good

time eight gals had t'other night, not mentioning any names but Equipment and Accounts were well represented, maybe they should start a bus service to said towns—sounds good—think I'll have some.

Rumours or are they rumours have floated as rumours do to this pen, re two of our Sgts. taking the big step—and Spring isn't even here yet—we hope its true and may we wish premature good wishes with more to follow.

The little microbes and bacteria are really working overtime these days it seems. Could it be we are in need of vitamins or just a holiday every three months—it's an idea anyway—kind of a good one, too, don't you think? Anyway at time of reading we hope hospital will be empty and all feeling fat and healthy again.

To-night is hoe-down night in Canteen, so hope to see you there and a good time is had by all.

More next month—'bye for now.

Metal Shop Scraps

The passing of another month brings to our attention more changes in the stalwart staff of our metal shop. Take for example the rather radical reduction in our ranks in the posting of LAC. Stone to Winnipeg, Man. We of the shop are happy for Al in that he is within hailing distance of home, but on the other hand we are very sorry to lose our "mighty midget" to the horrors of No. 8 Good luck Al; Cable will look after London for you, or vice versa!

Sgt. Trumbley's stay in the hospital is ended with the Sarge seemingly no worse for wear. Curly, it seems literally "boiled" but in the most peculiar places. However the time and place did not cause sa great comment as did the treatment. The Sarge sure has his periods!

LAC. Heaton, the man who made the headlines last month, if you'll remember, is back with us again. "The black sheep of old has come back to the fold." (Or hole as some so aptly put it!)

LAC. Pascal, who is becoming well known for his amorous adventures has a new wrinkle. It involves the purchasing of gardenias for the fairer sex, which, at half a rock per, constitutes an expensive week-end. All of which puts Phil in the role of a fox, a fox, we all know, being a wolf who sends flowers.

LAC. Stinson is either starting a curio shop or has dog house troubles. His daily accumulation of knick-knacks exceeds any production line!

It looks as though AC1. Hughes was finally able to send a copy of the Airman home to his wife.

Chalk up one more Frank Sinatra on our crooners roster. Referring of course to Gord Eve's rendition of "Shoo Sho Baby."

Witnessed the other day the odd spectacle of an airman being whistled at by a W.D. Look out fellows, it's Leap Year!

"He's a strange animal, this airman. He thinks, if you date him more than twice, you're trying to go steady. But if you date someone else, he thinks you're fickle. If you have a boy friend at home, but date anyway, you're faithless. If you don't have a boy friend at home, he thinks you haven't got anything on the ball."

—W.D. Doe, Mary



"A" FLIGHT

After reading the last issue of The Aylmer Airman, yes reading suprising as it may seem—contrary to the belief of "E" Flighters, it may appear that (reference top half, last page, last issue) the Active Service Men's Recreation Club in town has been duly publicized, and from last reports the personnel of this Station are doing their share.

P/O Inverarity (if you can't pronounce the name just call him Jim) a new arrival from No. 6SFTS., Dunnville to "A" Flight (lucky chap) is contemplating marriage (unlucky chap) and he desires an apartment. If there is anyone who knows of a place with the following specifications—six rooms and bathroom with shower, must be furnished, two steps and a jump from the Bus lines, heat, lights and water, plus telephone to be included in rent, which must be fairly reasonable, preferably around \$10.00 or \$12.50 per month, (all beds must be supplied with Simons spring-filled super deluxe mattresses,) let us know.

We wish to say hello to new arrivals to our happy home, and adieu to a couple of our old timers.

We are happy to have with us F/O Clouse (Jim) formerly of No. 13 SFTS., St. Hubert; P/O Patterson (Bob), who at the present time is enjoying a few days leave; Also Sgt. (Don Stranger), a newcomer working hard keeping up the efficiency in "A" Flight. (We hear Don you have purchased a new car.) "Beware of all W.D.'s."

We say goodbye to P/O (Ken) Ellis, who has been posted to North Battleford, Sask., and we hope you enjoy being with the Indians and Eskimos. Good luck, Ken. P/O (Mac) Leckie, formerly of "A" Flight, who has been at R1 for the past three months is also on his way West, and is very pleased to be going closer to home.

Since our new flight commander, F/O Henderson is on leave, F/O Nichol (Nick) has taken over and is doing a good job keeping up the efficiency of "A" Flight.

We wonder if P/O (Dave) Gray really goes to St. Thomas to play hockey. "You better not let your wife hear about such things."

P/O Gillion (Jack) seems to think he needs more "Education"—so, for the last couple of months he has been keeping in close contact with a certain young school teacher from Toronto. "Be careful Jack or all of "A" Flight will be married.

We wish to congratulate "Stan" Fraser who recently received his F/O. "Good work Stanley."

We wish our former Flight Commander F/L V. C. Aylett good luck on his expected posting. In the meantime he is spending half a day flying and half a day "genning up" on his Ship Recognition (which is a bind), and other important ground school subjects.

P/O (Charlie) Parkin spent a quiet leave in Hamilton and since returning is full of "vim, vigour and vitality" like all noble instructors of "A" Flight.

While talking to P/O Parkin, it appears he and P/O Fraser went down to Droque Flight to fly a mighty Lysander. They had much trouble taxiing and after running off the runway, writing their initials in the snow, they finally arrived back at the hangar. They claim the trouble was caused by faulty brakes. (We wonder.)

Since our new time-keeper AW. (Ann) Damm has arrived in "A" Flight, we find our F-17's, L-14's, Cards and Oil Dilutions have been kept up to an efficient standard.

Enough is said and we welcome any members of "E" Flight to come down to the south-east corner of No. 1 Hangar for any pointers they require to keep their Flight up to the efficiency of "A" Flight.

How Did They Manage?

In days of old when knights were bold

And they grew as hard as nails

When sailors climbed with a fear-free mind

To furl their stout ship's sails
When a blacksmith strong swung
all day long

'Neath his spreading chestnut tree.

They'd never heard—no never a word

Of vitamins A and B.

Tough pugilists with their knotted fists

Fought bouts that were long and good;

Men plowed their land with a sturdy hand

And hewed in their plot of wood. . . .

Brave fisher folk, wearing no mans yoke,

Won joust with an angry sea,
Though they never knew what it was to chew

On vitamins C. and D.

At a merry pace Greeks used to race

For two score miles or more,
And gladiators were no debators
O'er what their scrap was for;
They'd slash and pound till they got thumbs down

Or the head of their foe was cleft,
And I've heard no word that they ever heard

Of vitamins E. and F.

O, they must be good or they never would

Be used by the men who know
The reason why folk fail and die,
And whose diagnosis show
That their bodies plead for vitamin need,

But what gets me really down
Is that none can tell how we kept so well

Ere this Vitamin stuff was found.