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THE
AYLMER AIRMAN



VOL. 2 No. 22

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

MARCH 24th, 1944

Red Cross Drive Meets With Excellent Results

Mobile Unit

Since the inception of the Red Cross Blood Donors clinic on this Unit thirteen months ago, a Mobile Unit under the supervision of Miss L. Ronson, R.N., has visited the Station every two weeks. To date 1275 donations has been the record established for an average of 98.08 per month.

A great amount of organization is necessary for the maintenance and continuance of this great work and the Red Cross is certainly doing an excellent job in its efforts throughout the country.

Local Residents Help

A word of mention should be given to the assistance of local residents in providing the personnel with which to operate the Clinic. Mrs. Morley Putnam, R.N., wife of one of the Airmen on the Unit is responsible for the organization of nurses and attendants to make the clinic possible and it is due to her untiring efforts that the Clinic has been maintained with such a degree of efficiency.

The administration of the Clinic on Station is under direct supervision of L. Henry, YMCA. Supervisor.

F/Sgt. Arnold Gives Tenth Donation

As a means of co-operation from the Station Personnel, it is worthy of note that on Wednesday, March 1st, F/Sgt. Arnold, Works and Buildings Foreman, gave his tenth donation. Other members of the Station are also donors at regular intervals, and it is indeed gratifying to receive the response upon canvass that is accorded from all ranks.

F/Sgt. Arnold was born May 5th, 1913, at Dudley, Worchester, England, and prior to his enlistment was a draftsman from 1930 to 1942. He joined the RCAF, at No. 10 Recruiting Depot in Hamilton, and from there went to No. 1 M.D., Toronto, in August 1942. From this point he was posted to No. 14 SPTS., in January of the following year.

On December 1st, 1942, LAC Arnold received his first promotion to the rank of Corporal. On the first of July, 1943, he was again promoted to the rank of Sergeant, and on February 1st, 1944, received the coveted crown which signifies the rank of Flight Sergeant.

Flight Cliff is very popular with all the Station personnel and especially so with those with whom he works in the Works and Building Section. He is always one of the boys and when we say one of the boys, we mean just that: Single, etc., etc., etc.

Knowing Cliff as we do, it is not at all surprising to us that his promotion to the rank of Flight Sergeant came through so rapidly, as his aggressive nature in all matters, including blood donations, is paramount at all times.



Reading from left to right—Mrs. M. Putnam, R.N., L. Henry, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor; Miss L. Ronson, R.N.; F/Sgt. C. Arnold "Donor"; F/L Sims, Senior Medical Officer and Mrs. R. Lemon

Blood Plasma Used Locally

While the blood donor Clinic primarily set-up for blood shipment to the various war fronts where it is used extensively, is indispensable, it is also being well utilized on the home front. On two occasions in the past few months where accidents have occurred to Station personnel, it was only by the use of blood plasma obtained from such Clinics as are held right in our midst that the lives of men were saved. When instances such as these are brought to us so close to home, it is concrete evidence of what an urgent and great necessity it is for all of us to do our part in supplying sufficient to look after the needs of those fighting for us in distant lands.

Station Objective Doubled

In the drive for funds for the Red Cross, a call for Ten Million dollars was issued. Once again, as has been the case before, the objective set for this unit has been over subscribed by more than double.

We take this opportunity of thanking all personnel concerned for their wonderful response, not only to the Blood Clinic, but also to the Red Cross appeal in general.

FOUNDER OF RED CROSS

Henri Dunant, founder of the Red Cross, died in poverty at Zurich in 1910, at the age of 82. Few men have lived more fully or to better purpose. He expended his entire personal fortune and many years of his life to bring to fruition his great humanitarian idea which resulted in the birth of the Red Cross. Switzerland, his native land, looks upon him as one of its greatest sons. Though no monument in stone exists to honor his memory, he has left behind him a tremendous spiritual monument in the world-wide Red Cross organization that has spanned the political frontiers of sixty-three countries, comments the Canadian Red Cross Despatch. Countless people all over the world have cause to bless the memory of this great man and the organization he created, which today is busier than ever before.

Since the writing of this article we find that F/L Sims, whose picture appears in the blood donor group, has received a posting out of Canada, and F/L Lunan, our other Medical Officer has also received a posting to Windsor EFTS. Best wishes are extended to both these Officers in their new posts.

Bombs and Guns

The thirty some odd members of the Armament staff were pleased to see the return of "Herbie," O.C. of Armament. During his leave of absence, people were detoured from the Control Tower to G.I.S. to have W.O.1 Noseworthy straighten out their troubles. But many were reluctant to leave the Tower because of the allure provided under the ever protective wing of F/S Campbell. (Blessed Propinquity).

Sgt. "Cinch Clinch" Shuster seems strangely subdued on his return from what he claims to be the worlds largest city (New York). The immensity of the place apparently had him in its clutches. Congratulations are extended to Cpl. "Bombsight" on his rapid and complete (he hopes) recovery.

We must of course treat with respect the honourable intentions of Sgt. Ellenton (she calls him "Frankie"). We might add, however, that it is with a sigh of relief, that many of us are witnessing the culmination of this courtship and hope they finish as strongly as they started.

The remainder of the armament personnel are hereby forewarned that in the future their conduct will be under the microscopic eye and subject to the vitrolic remarks of this column.

Buy War Savings Certificates

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.

F/O. F. F. Pease, Editor

F/O V. A. Pope, Associate Editor

Louis F. Henry, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor, Associate Editor

Photography—Sgt. W. G. Brannon

Sports—WO. 2 F. A. James

AYLMER, FRIDAY, MARCH 24th, 1944

WHY ? ?

Two chums of yours aren't here today,
No longer will they fly;

Two accidents robbed us of them.
Why did they happen? WHY?

It's a mighty simple thing to ask,
That simple question, "WHY?"
One thing is sure and you'll agree,
Those lads didn't have to die.

A little time—a little thought,
Just use your brains we ask.
You'll find you'll be more happy
And you'll have an easy task.

An easy task to win your wings,
Those Navy wings of gold.
You'll keep yourself in one whole piece
And gracefully grow old.

Co-operate and think it out
And make a simple vow:
We'll stop those needless accidents,
And stop them here and now.

Common sense is a wonderful thing,
On that you will agree.
Those accidents will stop for good—
Just try it out and see!

What the Modern Bomb Can Do

With ever-increasing frequency the newspapers and radio continue to tell us how many thousands of pounds of bombs are being dropped almost daily on our enemies. Because of the thought that comparatively few people know just what all kinds and sizes of bombs can do, we quote herewith a series of facts gleaned from the January issue of "Rod and Gun," under the title, "Modern Bombs and Their Effects," by C. S. Landis.

1—Armour piercing bombs, for use against battleships, airplane carriers and heavy fortifications, are made in 600, 800, 900, 1000, 1400 and 1600 pound sizes.

2—Semi-armour piercing bombs, of 500 and 1000 pound weight, if dropped from sufficient height, can penetrate respectively the heaviest tank and the sides or decks of all seacraft, except cruisers and battleships.

3—General purpose bombs are made usually in five sizes, 100, 250, 500, 1,000 and 2,000 pounds.

4—The 100 lb. bomb can demolish an average two-storey dwelling, a locomotive, a heavy gun installation, or any machinery at a distance of ten feet from point of impact.

5—The 250 lb. bomb can destroy the walls and floors of all types of buildings, except steel frame skyscrapers, and can sink or severely damage all seacraft except cruisers and battleships. It can also tear up and cut railway tracks.

6—The 500-pounder can collapse steel railway bridges, subway pas-

sages and up to 25 yards of concrete docks. One such bomb can penetrate and completely demolish any known size of tank.

7—The 1,000 pound lb. bomb can demolish the piers of heavy bridges and can penetrate several floors of a modern steel skyscraper.

8—The 2,000 pound bomb can sink or put out of action cruisers and battleships, even if striking as far as 12 yards off. It completely demolishes heavy fortifications and thoroughly disintegrates all tanks if on a fair hit.

9—For sinking submarines, with no greater than 5-inch protective armoured sides, 325 and 650 pound bombs are usually employed.

10—Very large block buster bombs are made with rather thin cases to cause explosive waves to deflect laterally through the air and the ground, causing buildings to collapse at considerable distances.

Thus, when we read in the papers or hear on the radio that the Allies have dropped bomb loads from 1000 planes on a single target or groups of targets, we can be fairly certain that there has been lots of destruction down below, if they have been properly aimed.

—Courtesy The Sky Writer

Beyond Him

After a very thorough examination, the Medical Officer eyed the tall and very thin recruit in silence. "Well, doctor," said the recruit at last, "how do I stand?"

"Goodness knows," replied the M.O. "It's a miracle."

Maintenance Wing Whispers

Lately all in Maintenance have been very busy, but still as busy as they are, they still seem to have a little time for gossip and sayings such as:

Have you ever heard any of these greetings when passing through Maintenance Hangar, "What's new Chic," or perhaps "You'll do." Of course if you have ever sat in our smoke room you may have heard, "On your feet men and give us a push." Maybe you have also heard someone ask "What's the score on the a/c Corporal . . .?"

Welcome to Mtce. WO2 Grubb and Flight Sergeant Foster. We hope you will like this station as much as your last one, in fact a little more. Don't worry too much, Flight, we'll find some work for you before long.

To what does a certain "Rigger" Corporal owe his success with the W.D.'s? Yes literally, all of them. In fact a certain equipment assistant and he were once seen eating from the same plate.

You know how parents are always turning up at the most inopportune times. Well recently, one of our W.D.'s had to break a heavy date in Galt to keep one with the maternal parent. Poor broken-hearted boys.

On February 29th, five fair damsels (well fair anyway), led by Cpl. Kennedy descended in a drooling horde upon the Wireless Shop and proposed marriage to a certain man, enmasse, and singly, in order of rank. The boys in the shop, who have kindly offered to manage the affairs for this potential polygamist are undecided as to whether they should buy five dresses or five marriage licenses.

Well informed circles claim that if a certain W.D. had been among those competing the matter would have been settled promptly.

However a very good use of February 29th was made by the W.D.'s in No. 5 Hangar as they did not give up, for that same night we wonder how they enjoyed footing the bill. . . . At least one of the Sadie's or should we say Helen can say she got her man?? Wonder when the wedding bells will ring for the happy couple?

LAW. Whitelaw treated all her friends lushly Mar. 1st, by passing round a huge box of chocolate, but then we know that Doe could afford to be generous with them, after all they didn't cost her anything. Guilty conscience, Doe?

Who is that most efficient Sergeant who is on a Red Week-end and yet when he is on a 48 that is when everything runs more smoothly.

Who is the small chump who has such enormous tendencies when under the influence? In fact he was seen at our last big dance playing Post Office with all the girls.

The Equipment Assistant trade must be quite dull, nothing but vouchers all day for one of the W.D. Equipment Assistants is either planning to remuster to a "painter" or else is practicing up for future experience. Nothing like being a "Jack-of-all trades," eh Marg?

What goes on in the W.D.'s gossip corner twice daily? Now and then one is seen coming out very peeved at some one or other. My, My, girls, how you talk.

Apparently Cpl. Doyle doesn't believe in Santa Claus, or he would not have tried to put him on charge for trying to quench his thirst in the Airmen's Canteen.

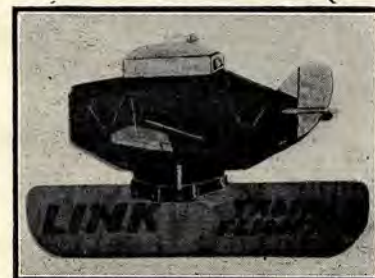
Apparently the boys in the Wireless Section haven't grown tired of one another yet, since they have been invading the Legion Hall on Wednesday nights in columns of bunches.

Apparently the Legion Hall is the only spot that an outsider can keep pace with certain members of our gang. A certain parachute packer is said to have come to grief after a session with the sparks in the wet canteen.

Our mascot, Johnnie, has fewer men to beat up in her spare time since three of our boys put up their "Canadas" and departed. We will miss Johnnie Kozoriz, Bob Snively and Wilf. Steinman.

Verdun Wreford has been banging in reveille passes quite frequently of late. The boys in the barracks swear that he gives vent to deep throated meows in his sleep. After seeing Dr. Jekyll and The Wolf-Man, we view with interest the development of our potential Tomcat-man.

In conclusion The Wireless shop hereby challenges any section on the station to turn out a larger number of men at the Legion Hall on any Wednesday night of their own choosing. The hospitality there is the best North of the Mason-Dixon line, and there are EATS!



LINK TRAINER

F/L. Chas. Lawie, OC. of Link Trainer at No. 14 since the beginning of time, finally left us to go on course at No. 1 I.F.S., Mohawk. Good luck, Charlie, regardless of age and your long absence from studies, we feel certain you will take that very tough three months course in your stride.

F/O. Don Awde has assumed Command of Link Trainer as of March 11/44. The boys are with you, Don. The Section is clicking along in great style and will continue to do so.

We welcome two new instructors, Sgt. Downs and Sgt. (Airgunner) Austin. Both are doing good work. Good luck boys, keep it up.

F/O Dick Duffey is back with us again. He keeps disappearing and turning up like the proverbial penny. However, we are mighty glad to have him back, even though he is somewhat strict and insistent.

A Word of Encouragement to Students

The course at this Station is long and tedious, however, anything worth having, is hard to get.

You have our sympathy and earnest co-operation. We deeply regret having to work evenings, but due to necessity, the schedule for night work from now on will be from 1800 to 2100 hours, instead of from 1800 to 2200 hours as in the past. Do not forget, night work is equally tough for the instructor.

Long hours result in part, from time lost because of students being late and failing to show up as per schedule.

If you are on schedule, but are unable to appear because of a Joe job, notify your Flight Commander sufficiently far enough ahead of time to enable him to arrange a substitute.

Know when you are on schedule. With lost time eliminated completely, it might be possible to arrange an even better schedule.



Y.M.C.A.

MOVIES

COMING ATTRACTIONS

REUNION IN FRANCE
Starring Joan Crawford, John Wayne and Phillip Don

GIRL IN CHAINS
Starring Arline Judge, Roger Clark and Robin Raymond

THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS
All Star Cast

MEXICAN SPITFIRE AT SEA
Starring Lupe Velez, Leon Errol and Buddy Rogers

AIR FORCE
Starring John Garfield, Gig Young and Harry Carey

MR. LUCKY
Starring Cary Grant and Laraine Day

PRINCESS O'ROURKE
Starring Olivia DeHavilland and Robert Cummings

ACTION IN NORTH ATLANTIC
Starring Humphrey Bogart, Raymond Massey and Alan Hale

NORTHERN PURSUIT
Starring Errol Flynn, Julie Bishop and Helmut Dantine

APRIL 11th
STAGE SHOW
London Little Theatre

Meteorological Mania

Get your over-ripe fruit and vegetables ready, folks, here comes the weatherman out of hiding! With spring and better weather (we hope) just around the corner, this should be the safest time of year to make a public appearance, though it won't be long now before people will be complaining bitterly that it is too hot! You just can't win in this business.

Last month we bid farewell to Walter Smith, better known as 'Smitty Mark II', when he left us in search of more Meteorological knowledge by way of a further course in Toronto. He reports that they are having it handed to them in large quantities down there. After finishing the course he expects to be posted to the West Coast somewhere. Best of luck, Smitty! Sorry to see you go.

In his place we welcome Doug. Shales, fresh from an actuary's desk and a Met. course in Toronto. Doug is already showing himself to be a potential wizard at the art of probabilities, possibilities and maybes.

Also we have another new member on the staff, a more recent arrival, Carman Eckmier, AC1. Carman too has just come from a Met. course in Toronto, but has previously been on the Met. staff at Rivers, Manitoba. Welcome to Aylmer, Carman.

May we take this opportunity to add our best wishes for good luck and good hunting to those already extended from other sources to Courses 95 and 96. It was a pleasure to pass on to you what we know about Cumulonimbi, Odiabatic Lapse Rates, etc. And that in spite of a regrettable tendency on the part of several to obtain less than the required 50% on the final examination. So long, fellows.

We have been sitting here for almost fifteen minutes concentrating on an opening sentence, which, according to all good English books, should be a general analysis of what is to follow. However, as you can see, we got absolutely nothing accomplished, so we'll just say "Hello" to everyone and let it go at that.

Just after we went to press last time, we gained Section Officer Fraser, but lost LAW. Beeton (alias "Red"). Miss Fraser has come from St. Thomas to join our happy throng and we sincerely welcome her, hoping that her stay with us will be a very long and happy one. But with the good things there is always a little bad and this is the case of the posting of Dottie. We all miss her dreadfully, but hope she likes it in Ottawa. Now we have no one with whom to sing duets.

Then, too, our Equipment Section has taken on a new glory in that our Senior Equipment Officer is now a Squadron Leader. Congratulations, S/Ldr. Morrison.

Now that the rumours of this station closing down have been given the official touch, which always means so much, we are all filled with the thoughts of, "Where do we go from here?" If the majority of the people around here had their way, the Equipment Section en masse would be posted to Vancouver or vicinity. Who knows? Any-

thing is liable to happen. We know, however, that the place wouldn't be quite the same without our own Quiz Kid, Bill Gowan, who manages to liven up the section every day in some small way. But, for that matter, everyone gives us a little sunshine at one time or another. At the present moment, Bill Randall wanders around in a blue Kimona-affair which is happily referred to as smock, blue, Airmen for the use of—ostensibly to save his uniform. But the way in which he slinks around gives us the impression that he is either practising for the Rugby team or third from the left in the chorus line.

LAW's Mann, Kriger and Harding are keeping us posted on the doings of the sailors with all putting in quite a bit of night work. And now that Corporal Doyle no longer comes over here as much as he did, that little friendship is cooling down.

Our bowling team has surpassed itself and come out on top of their group. Flight Beaupre must really be a shark, because he copped "high singles." Nice going, Chuck.

Spring is just around the corner, or so the rumour has it, and perhaps that explains this languid feeling we have at the present time. However, whatever it is, it isn't good because we can think of nothing else to say. Good-bye, people, please come and see us soon—but not too soon.

W. D. Chatter "Dawn" Flight

As once more press time comes around the hour of the month, so'se to speak would appear to be the girls' basketball play-offs in Toronto. Yes—we doo'd it again, or if scrutinized closely would read, we almost doo'd it again. The final score was 23-17, but all agreed unanimously it was a swell game, and if ever we meet Trenton again on the field of combat, the score will be more than reversed. O'kay—so we can dream.

Although this is still the month of March, it retails all the earmarks of June, with the number of nuptials shortly forthcoming. At this rate we should reserve a column for matches, hatches and despatches, where we could narrate in a flowery detail, all about the bride wearing red and etc. However maybe we can report on that later, until then, may we all extend our congratulations to the prospective grooms, and sincere best wishes to Eva Street, Dorothy Wideman and Mary Sneddon.

During the current month the old-timers once more held a reunion dinner, celebrating two years on the Station—too bad girls—can't look forward to another one in '45—but maybe it can be an even better celebration by that time.

Time's running short, and so am I, so will be charitable and call this it till next month.

One of Them

Wife—"Did you see those men staring at that girl as she boarded that train?"

Husband—"What men?"

LAC.—Which would you advise me to marry, a brilliant woman or a beautiful woman?"

W.D.—"You wouldn't have a chance with either. A brilliant woman would know better, and a beautiful woman could do better."

Navigation Flight

The Ground Level

Outwardly there is no change in appearance here but you should see the seething activity that goes on behind these big green doors. Since becoming our own Servicing and Repair Squadron we have heard very little from the other hangars, but we know that things here are rapidly smoothing out and building toward an efficient unit. Under the sanction and leadership of F/L Howes, the H.A.F. is setting an enviable example.

Toward the safety and peace of mind of friends and near inhabitants, Carl had made the magnificent gesture of disposing of his dearly beloved "Big Six." No more do we hear his grumbling roars about blank-blank axles, and incompetent springs. No more will the C.O. on his tour have to walk around him in the middle of the barrack room, changing a dash—dash tire, on an equally dash-dash rim, that is—no more until he comes home with another imposition on our friendship, whose vintage will most probably be even more ancient than the Ottawa street cars. She was known in her day as "Old Furious" the "Eart-shaker," "Boiler Room" and "H.M. C.S. Unthinkable," in addition to her previously mentioned alias. The pedigree says "Chrysler" but that was a long time ago.

In the centre of the tarmac we see a rider suddenly bucked from his yellow-hued bronc, "Massey" by name. At first we thought Massey intended to roll over on her rider but the big brute lurched back on all fours and headed away riderless. Quick footwork however, got her rider back to grab her reins and bring her up short before the killer could dash her head against the nearby buildings. Both rider and iron horse are unhurt but both are very low. The tale is told, but the ridicule lives on.

Bowling interests seem to run pretty high hereabouts, especially with at least four teams in this Flight. Normal conversation among them at off times go something like this—"Say we need thirty pins to beat the officers." "How's the check coming, Freddie?" "Nearly done." And them with only two handciaps too. I raise! "Go ahead log room, number either here. Year, we better practice a bit tonight. Oh—I call. Let's see em'! D'ja get that rocker box on, Robby?"

C. O.'s Corner

Since the last issue of our Station Paper, news has come through the press and over the air, of the possibility of closing some twenty-eight air stations in Canada.

This Station was included in the list published, and while I am not at liberty to discuss the subject at the present, I might advise that just as soon as anything definite can be given out to the personnel, I will not hesitate to do so.

While I will feel very sorry to leave the community of Aylmer, where the people have been so kind to us, the fact still remains that the closing of so many Stations is a bright light on the horizon and it would indicate the beginning of the end of the Axis Powers in the not too distant future.

To the graduating classes "95" and "96" I offer my congratulations, and wish them Godspeed and happy landings in their future endeavours.

—G. E. NASH,
Group Captain

Course "95" F. A. A.



1, Buckler, K. H.; 2, Camp, P.G.; 3, Campbell, I. R.; 4, M/S Vyner, C. D.; 5, S/L Kennedy, B.; 6, S/L Buckley, F. C.; 7, S/L Kelly, H. E.; 8, S/L Hepton, A. T.; 9, Carter, G. M.; 10, Cross, D. V.; 11, Davison, J. H.; 12, Duthout, J. W.; 13, Eastwood, C. R.; 14, Fitzgerald, W.J.; 15, Hobbs, J. D.; 16, Kirkby, E. L.; 17, Lees, L. B.; 18, Logie, F.; 19, McDonough, S.; 20, Miller, E.; 21, Mills, P.; 22, Moors, R. F.; 23, Mowat, J. D.; 24, Nelson, P. H.; 25, Ogden, E.; 26, Pearn, D.; 27, Peebles, W. M. B.; 28, Primrose, J.; 29, Ramsbottom, S. H.; 30, Read, R.; 31, Reid, A. V.; 32, Rogers, D. J.; 33, Rylatt, W.; 34, Saxby, B. D.; 35, Sherriff, E. C.; 36, Snape, A. R.; 37, Whitlam, W. C.; 38, Wilkins, R. M.

Course "95" Says Farewell

As Course 95 passes into the abyss of the past, we of "B" Flight make our solo appearance in the Aylmer Airman. Our readers have met "D" Flight in previous issues. However, an ancient scribe once quoted 'Last, but not least.' It is 'pusser' routine to say that we have enjoyed our stay at No. 14. But I think also it would not be overstepping the bonds of propriety to say that we hope in some way that the characters of "95" have brought in some small way, a measure of enjoyment to compensate for the grief and worry that accompanies such a group. For what is life without a few laughs?

To thank everybody individually would be an impossibility, and to thank everybody as a group, would be a task of herculean effort, as Messrs. Webster, Funk, Wagnalls, etc., did not incorporate sufficient superlatives in their masterful works to enable us to completely show our appreciation and gratitude for the time and effort spent on us by all concerned. However, there are a few who deserve mention in the annals of time, for the part they have played. To 'Coach' Wilson, "F" for Freddie and their staffs who valiantly attempted to teach us the fundamentals of mastering a Harvard, we say "Thanks a million!" The examining officers who rode with us in a vain effort to determine our flying ability, deserve a larger wreath of roses than Count Fleet or Whirlaway. F/L Norwood and F/L Lewis, along with the indomitable group of instructors at R1, who introduced us to the mysteries of bombing and gunnery, rate a salute of 21 guns for their effort.

Let us not forget the G.I.S. staff, who through twelve weeks of grunt and groan, tried to convince us that we wouldn't have to be Einsteins to pass those exams—since they were set by Kingston—Little did they know! And finally to the Naval Regulating Staff, both at the main dome and R-1, who guided us through our daily routine, we say 'Splice the Main Brace', and may we meet again when they hoist the Gin Pevellont or 'pipe up' spirits.

And to the above mentioned

characters, we certainly have our share—including the Canadian representatives. Lieutenants, please note—who have spent most of their time convincing not only the English representatives, but also those characters from 'Down Under', that Canada after all is not a bad place to live in. We certainly hope they have enjoyed their stay. Our "Snotty" has stood up under the strain and has emerged (?) as an embryo pilot in spite of repeated interference from Ottawa. In the course of time, we have managed to become quite well acquainted with the boys of the RNZNVR. They are a swell bunch of fellows and we wish them bon voyage and good luck. Two of their numbers took advantage of their leave between courses, to take a look at our fair country. We hope they enjoyed it and feel that they will be wonderful ambassadors of good-will when they return to the beautiful country of which they are so justly proud.

As to Mother England's sons—not the bird you think—we have had the opportunity to know and understand them, while at the time maintaining the spirit of friendly rivalry. We hope that some day they will be able to return and enjoy our country under more favourable circumstances.

There have been some highlights in our course which have brought us many lighter moments. For example, there was the time when our erstwhile friend A/LA Moore reclined in the arms of Morpheus during an armament lecture; or will we ever forget the first time an instructor popped into the flight room and asked in a very cheerful voice, "Who can drive a car?"—and after the mighty response, someone was borrowed off to taxi an aircraft down from maintenance. However that bait only works once.

Then there was the time that yours truly went up on a height test and after due time elapsed, came down through a complete overcast at Port Dover. After finally arriving back, there were various notices on the board of such nature as "Dear Mrs. Buckley, the Air Ministry regrets to inform you that . . ."

No doubt there are many incidents by which our instructors will long remember us—for instance, I don't think Lt. Kelly or F/L Brown will forget the former's wings check, or will F/O Burgess forget two Lieutenants, Hepton and Buckley by name, who placed a certain notice on the instructor's notice board. Moments like this enlighten the grind and relieve the strain.

To the whole Course, we say good luck in the future, and special congratulations are in order to Lieutenant Kennedy who made such a fine showing in leading the Course in ground school. Keep up the good work!

Once again we wish to convey our gratitude and appreciation for all that has been done for us. Let us all realize that we are far from being the finished product—polished and ready to go into combat duty. However, we look back on our stay at Aylmer as one of worthwhile learning, and sincerely hope that Will Shakespeare's "Love's Labour Lost", was not dedicated to us. Once again, "Thanks a million!"

Metal Shop Scraps

Having edited this gabfest for nigh on two years and in that time having slandered the good names of most of our inanimate inmates, I think it high time I too enjoyed a portion of this potent publicity. This is my story:

Like most other children I was born! Picking things up rapidly I learned almost immediately to dress myself, in fact, at the age of six months, I was my own pin-up boy. Graduating from high school at the age of two I was chosen to address my fellow scholars and faculty. The speech was short and to the point, opening my mouth I uttered, "GOO!" Three years later, at the age of five or was it five years later at the age of three, at Oxford

University, I duplicated this feat of oratory with an impressive "Goo Goo!" And so my life progressed from the adolescent to the addled essence of manhood.

I took off my hat to no man, consequently I acquired some pretty interesting haircuts. In due time I was married. My wife's name was "Mary," a name which I myself invented. After my bride had carried me across the threshold I immediately began to dictate the terms of our marriage. "I will do the housework, the laundry, the dishes, the marketing, in fact, "I" will do everything." This arrangement worked to perfection, my wife being a welder, until one day I received a telephone call from her. She was in the city hospital. I listened in astonishment. "What," I exclaimed, "Seven and a half pounds?" "How many times have I to tell you that in this family "I" do everything?"

But enough of that! According to the latest turn of events, LAC. Ferron and LAC. Heaton will spend some time abroad, all expenses paid. LAC. Hughes missed out on said excursion by the skin of his teeth, or was it his teeth? Lots of luck fellows on your new assignment.

Latest topic of conversation is the coming Workshop party. The term "affair" is used rather loosely by Phil Pascal, who, incidentally seems to be in the drivers seat. Careful on those curves, Phil!



"F" FLIGHT

Now that the century course has passed successfully,—or passed, through the tender stages and has dug itself well into the grind with a fantastically high number of hours, F/Lt. Barton returns to find everything running smoothly, due to the efficiency of one, F/O Saunders, who so ably "took control" while the latter was away from the flight. One of the engine experts is believed to have had a slight bit of trouble with the Link, and told the instructor just what several of the Instruments were probably made for. The situation is believed to be such that the instructor now has his "hands" quite full. Another interesting member, may be seen in the gym twice nightly doing his "Stuff" while the P.T.I. stands by saying "It's agin' the Law (Newtons).

Possibly this month's special award will go to the student who started after doing a complete Tarmac Check on an Instrument "Take Off," without noticing the absence of the stick, when at last he noticed this peculiar emptiness, he reached out smartly and pulled his control column from its housing and restored it to the generally accepted position. The Air Speed by this time was reputed to be 60 m.p.h.

Unfortunately all the hopes and desires of our instructors were shattered the other day when a "Buzz" went swiftly about the flights, that their pleasurable instructing days might come to an end in a few months.

Optimism is high at the moment and imagination is running wild, just try sitting in an armchair in "F" Flight and imagine you are taking off in a Liberator. It sounds a bit fantastic, but it can be done. (Only in "F" Flight).

Library Corner

With this edition your Library Committee is pleased to announce the addition to the Library of one of the best books on the various methods of living ever written, namely, "The Importance of Living," by that eminent Chinese Philosopher, Lin Yutang. Unlike many such books, this one is written in plain simple language and consequently makes very interesting, easy reading. With China being one of our Allies, this book is well worth reading for it gives an excellent comparison between the Eastern way of living and thinking and our Western ways. Among the many subjects discussed are Humour, Customs, Women East and West, etc., etc. We feel sure that this book will be one of the most popular books in the library.

Other recent additions to your Library include:

- The Corporal of the Guard (a novel)—Raymond.
- M. T. B. Captain (a sea yarn)—Walker.
- James Wilson Morrice (a Biography)—Buchanan.
- Der Fuehrer—Hitler's rise to power—Heiden.
- Near—East—Beaton.
- Romance of Canada—Burt.
- A Potrait of Canada — Stembridge.
- Canada 1944—Official Handbook.
- Man-power Mobilization for Peace.
- Psychology for the Fighting Man.
- Literary England— Scherman Wilcox.

Educational Topics

Attention of all Station Personnel is called to the very important meeting to be held Wednesday evening, March 29th in G.I.S. on the topic of Vocational Guidance. A general meeting will open the gathering, then individual advice will be given by the following men to any airmen wishing it.

Agriculture—Mr. F. S. Thomas, B.S.A., Agricultural Representative from St. Thomas.

Arts, University Courses—Mr. N. Thomas, B.A., St. Thomas Collegiate Institute.

Industrial Courses—Mr. W. R. Cavanaugh, St. Thomas Collegiate Institute.

Electrical and Mechanical Engineering—Mr. J. W. Peart, B.A. Sc., Arthur Voaden Technical School, St. Thomas.

Civil, Mining and Chemical Engineering—Mr. W. C. Miller, B.Sc., City Engineer, St. Thomas.

This is a golden opportunity for personnel at No. 14 SFTS. to procure information concerning post war opportunities in these fields, and individual guidance in planning their future. It is hoped there will be a large turn out.

Attention again is directed to the Discussion Group which meets in Room 3, G.I.S., each Tuesday at 2015 hours. It is based on the CBC broadcast "Of Things to Come" and is under the leadership of LAC. M. Goody. All ranks are welcome. Booklets concerning each meeting can be obtained on request from the Education Office.

The official publication "What Shall I Do When the War Ends" is now on hand at this office, and anyone may obtain a copy by calling for it.

An English girl quotes a Canadian Airman's love-making: "Purse your lips, Gorgeous, I'm coming in on the beam."

Course "96" F. A. A.



1, I. Poole; 2, R. Portchmouth; 3, G. Pruden; 4, E. Richards; 5, R. Silver; 6, G. H. Smith; 7, W. Squires; 8, K. Stubbs; 9, M. Thornton; 10, L. Todd; 11, D. Tracey; 12, E. Dean; 13, A. Dooley; 14, P. Duffy; 15, W. Miller; 16, A. Mitchell; 17, D. Moate; 18, W. Morgan; 19, K. Morley; 21, P. Oliver; 22, D. Parsons; 23, M. Payne; 24, P. Peel; 25, J. Boulwood; 26, W. Brazier; 27, A. Childs; 28, M. Coates; 29, J. G. Coombs; 30, S/L. Bennett, M. V. M.; 31, S/L. Bevin, B.; 32, S/L. Collins, A. T.; 32, N. Cowley; 34, E. Crawford; 35, D. Crofts; 36, I. Crosbie; 37, R. Darby.

Station Bowling League

After a very tight race in all three groups in the Station Bowling League, the semi-finals have been disposed of and the winners of the three groups go into the finals which should develop into a real dog-fight.

The standing at the end of the season saw Equipment ahead in their group by only two points over Metal Shop. In the semi-finals, Equipment after a rather shaky start, came through to win the right to go on into the finals.

Second place was the keenly contested spot in group No. 2, with the last night in the regular schedule deciding who would go into the semi-finals against the Officers' team. Lou Wurfel's Components with a larger handicap than their opponents, Brownie's Fitters, won out by the small margin of one point, but were swamped by the Officers' team in the semi-finals, due to the exceptional bowling of F/L "Dunc" McKechnie's super-night with a high triple of 883. Lucky for Beaupre, of Equipment, and Cox, of Officers', that the play-offs scores did not rob them of their high single and triple in the

regular series, or they both would have "HAD IT."

After leading Group Number 3, all through the season, Army team put up one of their poorest performances of the season and lost out in the semi-finals to the strong R-1 team.

Don't sell any of these boys short in the finals, as it will be a round-robin affair with total pins to count. Officers' team is in pretty high spirits with their semi-final exhibition, but when they run up against such competition as Nikky Nacaratto and Miller, and their gang from R-1, or Chuck Beaupre and his never-say-die Equipment outfit, there may be a few long faces before the final ball goes down the gutter or pick that head pin on a double strike.

In the regular season the high single of 323 was won by Chuck Beaupre of Equipment, with F/O Lorne Cox knocking off the high triple with a score of 871. Nikky Nacaratto of R-1, possibly the most consistent bowler in the league, took down the high average for the season with a score of 216.

"E" Flight

Once again we bid farewell to a Course from "E" Flight. We hope the boys of "97" work as hard and do as good a job as they did when in "E" Flight.

Sorry to see F/O Jack McKitrick leave us for R1. Our loss is their gain.

We notice that Jack Bradley returned to "A" Flight. After his observations and training in "E" Flight, he'll probably put "A" Flight back on its feet temporarily.

We were quite shocked when A/LA Ockleford walked in and calmly stated that he had the mumps. Needless to say he was shooed out fast but we hope he makes a speedy recovery. Also glad to see A/LA Ward back on the job after his recent illness.

A Three Line Poem

A wheels-up job not long ago
(This is the second time)
That is why MacInnes was
Put back to Ninety-nine!

Some of the recent additions to the Instructional Staff include P/O "Towline" Stienstra and P/O "The Sweeper" Garland, also F/O "Hal" Miller. A hearty welcome is extended these fellows into "E" Flight.

See Ay Vee You

After nights and nights of rain and snow

That really worried our flight
Came a nice bright day with promise in store

Of some dandy weather that night.

The Tower men were called that day

in conference with our Lew
"Tonight's our night to fly," he said
"The night's See Ay Vee You."

Murray Reid and Herb and Ted
Were shaken to the ears,
They had to fly and that was grim
Instead of sipping beers.

The orders came out and our boys stood 'round,

'Twas amazed they were at the sight,

When they saw the names—those mighty names
of the Weather Patrol that night.

The Tower men were out in force
It was truly a sight to see

We immediately called the Met to find

Just how the night would be.

The Met man spoke with confidence

And certainly that is rare,
"See Ay Vee You and a full bright moon

With plenty of light to spare!"

So when it comes to pick a spot
Just leave it to our crew

What does he want the night to be?

A-ha! See Ay Vee You.



S L HENDERSHOT POSTED

Stop Press News! As we go to press, word has been received that our very capable Sr. Admin. Officer, S/L Hendershot has received a posting to No. 1. Full particulars are not available as to the posting, but we know it will be a happy reunion with "Hendy" and Air Commodore Irwin, our first C.O., working together once again.

Defaulter's Gossip Corner!

"A" Flight
"B" Flight
Hostess House
"M. T."

New Intelligence Library in Ground School



The New Intelligence Room in G.I.S. seats thirty-five. The Room is decorated so that display is the main feature. The very latest secret and confidential "gen" is catalogued and arranged so that everything is easily accessible. The Daily Duty Intelligence Officer is in charge from 0830 to 2130 hours from Monday to Friday.

Spring is Here

Spring's here—almost—we hope! Before another edition of this peerless periodical rolls off the press to throw its vast weight into the fields of Canadian culture and human progress, new life and gentle tints of green will have begun to burst through, to relieve the harsh, uninteresting drab of fading winter. And spring is inevitably a season of renewed vigour and hope. Not just because "In the spring a young man's fancy—etc. . . etc." There is definitely something revitalizing about the upsurging of new life across the whole face of nature, and unless we are inhumanly impervious to atmosphere, we do meet the day with a new spring in our step. (And that is not a pun!)

But there is another and even more important influence of the oncoming season. It will mean that more of our recreational moments will be spent in the open. There will be an opportunity of getting closer to nature and therefore closer to the heart of reality. William Wordsworth wrote lines, true of most of us.

"The world is too much with us;
late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste
our powers;
Little we see in nature that is
ours—
—For this, for everything we are
out of tune."

There has grown up around us in these days, so much that is unreal and without worth and for many this unreality has so possessed us that we are grievously out of tune with the universe. We have need to get in tune, to set our dials where we may hear again the music of the spheres and detect the throbbing pulse of Reality close to the heart of Nature. It may be only in the song of a bird or in the softly tinted beauty of the wayside flower that we hear the voice or see the imprint of Creative Power. Thus it was for Bliss Carmen.

I took a day to search for God,
and found Him not,
But as I trod by rocky ledge, by
woods untamed,
Just where one scarlet lily flamed,
I saw His footprint in the sod.

Then suddenly, all unaware,
Far off in the deep shadows, where
A solitary thrush
Sang through the holy twilight
hush—
I heard His voice upon the air.

Nature may be that and more to us, as we feel the soft caress of spring-tide zephyrs, behold the beauty of foliage and flowers, hear the waking chorus of the feathered choir and are restored in spirit as we see the face of Nature restored to beauty and to peace.

The Padre.

G. I. S.

Some say: "It's a hospital," "It's a morgue," "It looks like a kitchen", but to us it is still the G. I. S. we know so well, even if it has a smart new grey face lift.

The concert given by the Station Orchestra at the commencement of a recent Meteorology Final Exam, was greatly appreciated by the trainees and the invigilating officers. Some thought may be given to starting all finals in this manner if the results of the exams show the improvement which is expected from the experience.

We would like to know who is learning the most under instruction—Kay, or F/O Hunt! At any time you might see these two hitting the birdie in the Drill Hall.

If you happen to see F/O Gray tearing off to Timbuctoo, don't be alarmed, the inventory has just been too much for him.

Farewell to Eileen Wilson who was so suddenly posted to St. Hubert. Joy Alwood is also missed in G.I.S. while she is on Annual Leave at her home.

The latest Aylmer Airman flash—Effective May 1, Sgt. Shuster is going to grow a mustache—reporting date May 3—he says.

"C" Flight

"C" Flight once again returns to the pages of the Aylmer Airman with another literary epic—much to the distress of the editorial staff.

We extend greetings to three new instructors who have joined our happy hangar—F/O's Jackson, Wells and P/O Snook—no relation to "Baby."

Our well beloved and up to the present grossly underworked deputy Flight Commander is now enjoying a brief sojourn in Canada's northland with his happy bride—and we were under the impression that Ducks went South for the winter.

During the past few days a decrease in "C" flight accidents has been readily apparent—we have found the solution—no flying, no accidents.

"C" Flights usual carefree atmosphere has been tempered this week by a note of sorrow—A/LA Lewis' unfortunate accident is now common news—instructors and students join in extending our deepest sympathy to his parents and friends.



THE FIRE SECTION

We of the fire section have been unusually busy lately, yes even to the extent of two of the four on shift, working; this unusual activity has had the tendency to give the place a touch of life. No longer does LAC. Young lay in bed on his day off, No Sir, he now rises, makes his bed and then lays down again. It looks as though "Play Boy McGibbon" has been playing too much lately as we notice his health is failing. The return of

LAC. "Buck" Butler from R.I. caused a good deal of commotion, for now control of the barracks who has been posted Overseas; LAC. Charlton loses out to him.

Although busy, the firemen still take time (most of the day) to mourn the loss of LAC. Hayes, who went to R.I.; LAC. Higgins who has been posted Overseas; LAC. "Danny" Wright, now of Christie Street Hospital, Toronto; LAC. McNeil, who became discontented and last but not least AC1. Grasby, who just moved.

Sgt. Blair still thinks he is the biggest wolf of the section, while we wonder why Cpl. Yule keeps looking out the window. Cpl. Andreas still thinks a lot of people would not believe that "Buck" Butler's pointer dog stood pointing for three months before "Buck" found him and called him off.

Well, after two years of hard trying the firemen have been granted their M.T.6's. After three years on the station our section Daddy has found out how the water finds its way out of the crash truck.

To our new Officer we say, if we are a headache, we did it intentionally. To LAC. Geil we say nothing as he does all the talking.



WORKS AND BUILDINGS

In the spring a young man's fancy turns to love and all that stuff, but to Works and Buildings it means lots of work for clean up around the Station. While the love bug nibbles help us by putting your paper, etc., in the garbage containers that are plentifully scattered around the camp.

The construction and maintenance unit painters are again on the Station getting ready for the spring cleanup. Barrack blocks and other buildings are having their faces lifted so that by the time the station is vacated everything will be ready for the lucky staff that will be taking over.

LAW. Campbell is away on fourteen days leave to the sunny shores of B.C., or am I kidding!!

Guess we can start to put away our snow cleaning equipment for this year and "Cooky" can go into retirement as is his custom during the summer months.

Our energetic paint Sergeant, Bill Turnbull, is awaiting a posting to I.T.S. Bill is remustering to aircrew and expects his call anytime. Won't that be a party when all the NCO's that are up for muster get their notice. Turnbull, Hardy, Mutton, Dunn, etc., etc. I think I'll pass that one up as I don't think I could stand the gaff.

Rather short of news this issue, but will save it for next time. As "Chief" Hewson would say, "What? Isn't that done yet? I'll get two men right on the job this afternoon."

April 24th, 1944
Victory Loan
\$1,200,000,000