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AYLMER AIRMAN



VOL. 2 No. 27

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

AUGUST 11th, 1944

FLIGHT ENGINEERS REPLACE FLYERS

Squadron Leaders Adams and Bishop Take Over As Engineering School

Flight Engineers



S/L G. ADAMS

On 1st of July the RCAF Flight Engineers School was formed at Aylmer. During June, two Halifax V aircraft had been flown from England, these have since been supplemented by two others and form the nucleus of the instructional equipment for the school.

At present only the Type Training phase is established, but other portions of the training will be moved in as accommodation becomes available and eventually the school will as No. 14 SFTS moves out, take over the whole station.

Thirteen instructors from the R.A.F. training school in England, who had considerable experience in this type of work, were posted in to start the instruction at the school. This staff was supplemented during the first two weeks of July by the staff of the Aeronautical Engineering School, Montreal, which was in the process of being disbanded. Thus a very strong in-

structional backbone was available to begin the training. Many other experienced NCO's have also been posted in for training as instructors.

Two large large classes of Flight Engineer Trainees were the first pupils at the new school. All previous entries have, on completion of preliminary technical and bombing and gunnery training, been posted to England, for training there.

The School, which is as yet the only one of its kind in Canada to give this training, will concentrate at first on the Halifax type, but others may be added later.

When the complete change over has been made No. 2 F.E.S. will be one of the finest schools of this type in the British Empire Training scheme. The nucleus of the instructing staff has been drawn from the best type of Engineers in their line, while the students are picked for ability in their various trades.



S/L H. E. BISHOP

S/L Adams, the Chief Technical Officer and present officer in command of the Flight Engineers' School, has had a long and varied service career.

Enlisting in 1920, at the age of sixteen, as an apprentice in the Royal Air Force Apprentice Scheme, he was trained at Cranwell and graduated as an LAC Carpenter-rigger.

He became a sergeant pilot in 1925, and completed a five-year tour of flying duties during which time he saw some foreign service in Iraq with the famous No. 55 Squadron at Bagdad. Returning to England, he transferred to fighter aircraft. In 1930, when his normal tour of flying duties was completed, he remustered to Metal rigger, since the RAF had, in the intervening period, changed over from wooden to metal aircraft construction, and finally became an instructor in Metal rigging at the RAF Technical Training School at Manston.

After some time there, he took a course as a fitter, Grade One, but in 1935 when the Italian crisis was disturbing the peace of Europe, he returned to full time flying duties and was assigned to a defence of London fighter squadron.

Having again completed a tour of flying, he returned to his trade as a fitter, grade one, but remained on the flying reserve. He was promoted to Warrant Officer at the outbreak of the present war, and went to France shortly afterwards with

a repair and salvage unit.

Commissioned during the last few days in France, he was eventually evacuated on the day of the French surrender and returned to England and took over a post as Station Engineering Officer of a heavy transport station, moving eventually to one of the largest Lancaster bombing stations in England, where he remained until the beginning of 1943.

He was then transferred to the RAF station at St. Athan, which was being developed at that time as a Flight Engineers School, and took charge of the Type Training phase of the training there. At the beginning of this year, after a visit from a Canadian staff officer to St. Athan, S/L Adams was sent to Canada as a liaison officer for Flight Engineer training, which has culminated in his present appointment as the Chief Technical Officer of the new Flight Engineers' School.

SQUADRON LEADER HARRY EDWARD BISHOP

Squadron Leader Harry Edward Bishop enlisted as a Fitter in April 1928, at the Winnipeg Air Station. For the next five years he was employed on forestry and photographic operations in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. When the Provincial Governments took over their own Natural Resources, the airmen employed on Civil Government Air

Operations work were returned to Royal Canadian Air Force training duty. S/L Bishop was posted to Trenton where he remained until 1936. In that year, he joined the old technical training organization at Camp Borden. He remained with the Technical Training School until September, 1939. At the outbreak of war S/L Bishop, then a Flight Sergeant, became attached to the newly organized Recruiting Centre at Windsor, Ontario, where he remained until November, 1939.

With the assembly at Toronto Manning Depot of the first few hundred enlisted tradesmen, most of the N.C.O.'s from the old technical training organization formed a board to trade test these airmen, as a result of which originated the first entry at St. Thomas, and a nucleus of semi-skilled tradesmen for immediate employment at Flying Training Schools where the need for such men was most pressing. S/L Bishop took charge of engine instruction at St. Thomas until the first group of technicians from the Royal Air Force arrived in this country. He operated the AEM trade test board at St. Thomas, from March, 1940, to January, 1941. S/L Bishop received his commission in May, 1941, and was posted from St. Thomas in July 1941, to Toronto Manning Depot as resident Trade Test Officer. When the Trade Selection Board was formed there, he combined the duties of Trade Test Officer with Senior

Technical Officer on the Trade Selection Board until March, 1943. His promotion to Flight Lieutenant came in February, 1942. From Toronto, S/L Bishop was posted to the Aeronautical Engineering School in Montreal as Chief Instructor. In July, 1943, he was appointed to the rank of Squadron Leader, and remained at Montreal as C. I. until May, 1944, at which time he assumed command of that school. With the closing of that Unit in July, 1944, S/L Bishop was posted to Aylmer, where he is in charge of type training at the Flight Engineer School.

S/L Bishop is married, and has a five-year-old daughter.

Hostess House

As this will probably be the last issue of the Aylmer Airmen while it is No. 14 SFTS, I would like to tell you how pleasant it has been to have met those of you who have availed yourselves of the privileges afforded by the Hostess House, and I hope you may eventually find a similar "Home Away from Home" in Kingston, or wherever you may be posted.

May I say "God Speed" to our Fleet Air Arm friends as they return to the Old Land.

CORA M. SCOTT,
Hostess.

The Aylmer Airman

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AYLMER, FRIDAY, AUGUST 11th, 1944

SPIRIT, COURAGE AND CO-OPERATION

Since the inception of the R.C.A.F. at No. 14 S.F.T.S., Spirit, Courage and Co-operation have been the tradition of this Unit from the Commanding Officer down through the ranks. When a job of work is to be done, it is done. No one backs up from the job at hand at any time and this has been exemplified whether it be hard labour or whether it be pleasure.

Fighting courage is what makes good men, and time and time again this has been proven. In the last issue of this paper the story was brought to light of the courage of our Chief Flying Instructor when his aircraft went out of control on a routine flight through failure of a vital part. The easy way out would have been to abandon the ship. However, this was the last thought that would ever occur to such an individual. After preparing his passenger to abandon the ship and seeing to his safety, he then went about the task of saving the aircraft at the risk of his own life.

That was a job of work by one individual.

Let us look again at fighting courage and team play. With the District Championship at stake our Ball Team refused to give up and came through with four runs in the last innings to cinch the title. This is only the result of complete training to duty no matter what the job may be and a spirit of never say die, no matter what the odds.

One could write many thousands of words of this spirit, which has been evident throughout the history of this unit. This spirit will be maintained and the traditions upheld when we move in entirety to our new home. To the group of men taking over here where we leave off, we leave with them this legacy, and are confident that they too, may have the same degree of efficiency and co-operation which has existed at all times heretofore.

"Quips From The Equips"

Hello, youse guys and gals. To quote Lewis Carroll, "the time has come," the Walrus said, "to talk of many things—of ships and shoes and sealing wax" and so on. We won't go into that, but we will try to give you some dope on the doings of the Equipment Section for the past month.

First off, we would like to welcome F/Sgt. Brown, Cpl. Birchall and LAW. Bryon from Rockcliffe, AW1. Feren from Toronto (the "I wanna go back" Kid); Cpl. Marshall from St. Catharines; Sgt. Muir from Centralia and LAC. Bombardier from Angus. Needless to say, we are very happy to see all you folks and after having only a skeleton staff here for so long, it's wonderful to see so many people again. Hope you enjoy it here.

Big news in the Equipment Section the past week has been the weiner roast, beach party or get-together that we had last Thursday night July 27, at Port Bruce. From all accounts everyone had a super time in swimming, eating and liquid refreshments. Some of the people even went so far as to come back with Poison Ivy. That accounts for all the scratching around here, and I'll bet all the time you thought it was bugs.

Of course, everyone is talking of Kingston but at the rate we are going around here, that's all it will amount to. Right now we are in the throes of stock-taking and sur-

plus equipment. We're also managing to keep No. 1 Equipment Depot happy by sending back a lot of spares.

Major Higgerty is our chief-looker-upper of lost equipment and wanders around with a dazed look about him. Never mind, Major, it could be worse. Oh Yeah? Who said that?

Sgt. Dunn must have read our last issue because he has improved considerably. Just keep up the good work, Gerry, and soon we'll have a surplus of pencils instead of a deficiency.

Harold Miles is a conscientious type. Since he has been on the Messing Committee, he has been begging us for complaints and now when we comply, he tells us we "beef." There ain't no justice.

Sgt. McCallum is losing his hair but fast. With all these aircraft coming and going, you can almost see it falling out, piece by piece. Remember the good old days, Mac, when you were NCO i/c Clothing Stores?

AW1. Nisbet has gone athletic on us—so much so that she went to London last week and helped bring home a second for the relay. Nice going, Joanie.

Oh, boy, today is Thursday and that means but one thing—SWIMMING. Well, we can almost feel the cool waters of Aylmer Tank closing in around us. Ah, it's wonderful, G'bye.

Meteorological Mania

These days in the met. office there is much ado about nothing methinks. What with our average of 1 and 5/16 visits daily by duty pilots fulfilling an obligation to at least call at the met. office the product of our industry is in little demand. In spite of the blitz which has been affecting the entire station we, to date, have escaped unscathed and for the information of the skeptical, it is, "Business as Usual" in the same old spot.

At this time of confusion, hope, dismay, and disappointment among members of No. 14 SFTS there has been no greater inroad upon our staff than the usual exodus at this time of year of "mets" on annual leave. To fill the gap when Cloudy Joe takes his annual leave we have with us none other than the congenial "Doc," officially Dr. Duncan Archibald McLarty, who is on summer vacation from U.W.O. Doc, is an old timer at No. 14, having served about 18 months here prior to Sept. '43.

At the moment we are expecting our annual visit of inspection. No one seems worried, however. We are always 100%—who said that? Nuff sed! Seems to me the dear fellow could have found more pleasant places to holiday.—Not audacity, just opinion.

In 18 months here this is my first opportunity to exercise my literary ability, or whatever you call it. I do not know, therefore, whether I am flattered, or 'joed.' This dear friend is therefore my debut and I regret to state, my swan song. Following two weeks leave I expect to make the first break in the office staff by shuffling off to Centralia, that place of places,—chickens and all, I hope. The folding of the tents and the stealing away I expect to leave to my Brethren of the Clouds, Vaughan and Shales. Hagersville will doubtless find themselves then handicapped by no all-inspiring Aylmer weather report for a forecast. Poor boys!

According to info from the seats of the mighty, we tentatively consider sending Mr. Vaughan to Kingston and Mr. Shales to Brantford. The RCAF has not gone out on a limb yet to make any conjectures, so our assistants still stir in suspense. However, like death and taxes they can at last be certain of a posting. Adieu.

Library Corner

"The Earth is the Lord's." A tale of the rise of Genghis Khan, by Taylor Caldwell. 1940 edition, published by the Literary Guild of America.

Houlon, an exceedingly beautiful Mongolian bride, stolen from her tribe, become the mother of an unusual child, Temujin, later to be known as Genghis Khan, Emperor of all Men, the Rider of Heaven, the Scourge of Creation.

Follow the barbaric hordes, nomads of the barren lands of the East, fighting, murdering, looting, loving, beating in ceaseless waves against the crumbling walls of the far-off Empire of Cathay.

Priests, lusting for the blood of human sacrifices, foretold strange mysteries at the birth of this strange child. When he became a leader, warriors died with his name on their lips, and women chose

rather to kill themselves than to become the brides of others.

This petty chieftain of a handful of ragged barbarians became the terrifying world-beater of his time. Utterly pitiless, he killed his uncle with his own hands, caused the suicide of his favourite brother and drove his mother hopelessly insane. Whole tribes were utterly destroyed so that the rest of his enemies would be terrified into surrender.

A story of wild excitement, cunning and Asiatic subtleties. Nevertheless, he wins much sympathy as he goes, alone and unafraid, disregarding his personal feelings as well as those of his most intimate friends, against a world in which the primitive values of life had been lost.

Intimate scenes of life and death, love and hate, birth and destruction, in the black yurts of the desert nomads are well depicted. Jamuga's farewell to his tribe as he goes to sacrifice himself to the Khan as a hostage on their behalf, knowing that a violent death by fire or strangulation awaited him. "Peace must be defended as resolutely as any other treasure. To establish justice and liberty and tranquility, men must sometimes take up arms to the very end, and give up their lives for their children."

When faced with the challenge of Christianity, Genghis Khan laughing contemptuously exclaimed: "I believe in force and in strength, in power and in conquest, in the stupidity of men and in their in-ability to think." As a result of this belief the earth was laid waste, walls of cities crumbled. Lamentation and despair, ruin and the riding of enormous dark hordes, their horses shod with death, their swords sheathed with fire, over-ran the world of his day. Now, he is almost a forgotten name, and his mighty Empire has vanished. Thus pass all tyrants.

Among the books recently added to the Library are:

"Guyfford of Weare"—by Jeffrey Farnol.

"See Here, Private Hargrove"—by M. Hargrove.

"Anger in the Sky"—by Susan Ertz.

"The Trail of the King's Men"—by Mabel Dunham.

"The Ship"—by C. S. Forrester.

"Flame of the Spur"—by Spring.

Recommended Reading

"Good Night, Sweet Prince"—by Gene Fowler.

"The Robe"—by Lloyd C. Douglas.

"The Unknown Country"—by Bruce Hutchison.

"Journey Among Warriors"—by Eve Curie.

"The Living Forest"—by Arthur Heming.

"3 Men in a Boat"—by Jerome K. Jerome.

"Out of the Night"—by Jean Valtin.

"Some Buried Caesar"—by Rex Stout.

"The Bride of San Luis Rey"—by Thornton Wilder.

"The Earth is the Lord's"—by Richard Caldwell.

Announcement

In addition to the technical books in the main library, there is also a specially selected collection of up-to-date books located in the Education Office in the G.I.S. Building. You are invited to make use of these technical books. The office is open daily, 0800 hrs. to 1200 hrs. and 1300 hrs. until 1700 hours.

Buy War Savings Stamps

No. 14 Again Wins Bombing Competition

For the second time in as many months the Bombing Trophy was presented to W/C Ingram at Dunnville following the competition between five Service Flying Schools.

The teams finished in the following order, No. 14 S.F.T.S., Aylmer, first, No. 31 S.F.T.S., Kingston; Second, No. 6 S.F.T.S.; Dunnville, third; No. 1 S.F.T.S. Borden 4th; and No. 2 S.F.T.S., Uplands, fifth.

The competition was very closely contested with only a scant margin of three and one half yards separating first and third places, the winning score being twenty-four yards. Although the percentage of error was greater than that of the previous month, competition was keener, with the last bomb dropped by A/LA Hersey being the deciding factor and making it two in a row for Aylmer.

The winning team consisted of F/O's May and Smithers, and A/LA's Jones and Hersey. F/O May again turned in an excellent performance, but it was the all-round good work of all R1 personnel including F/O's Smithers, Upstone and Berlette, instructors at this Unit in grooming the team for the final competition.

S/L Elliott, new Officer Commanding R1, and F/L Edwards are to be congratulated for their efforts in turning out this winning combination, and it is felt that the next graduating class have an excellent chance of being right up with the rest in next month's competition and hope to make it three in a row for No. 14.

The winning of this trophy is the fourth time Aylmer has annexed the crown in nine competitions and will be out to make it five out of ten a month hence.

G. I. S. "Gen"

There was, or will be great shouting, loud wails and gnashing of teeth for:

S/L Roberts when he went on Annual Leave.

WO1 Noseworthy when he gets posted to that inevitable spot, Kingston.

It is here noted that the Noseworthy-White-Buick 8 Combination have done their share in keeping the gals back home happy!

F/L Gray when he left for his new unit Malton, by one W.D. in Headquarters.

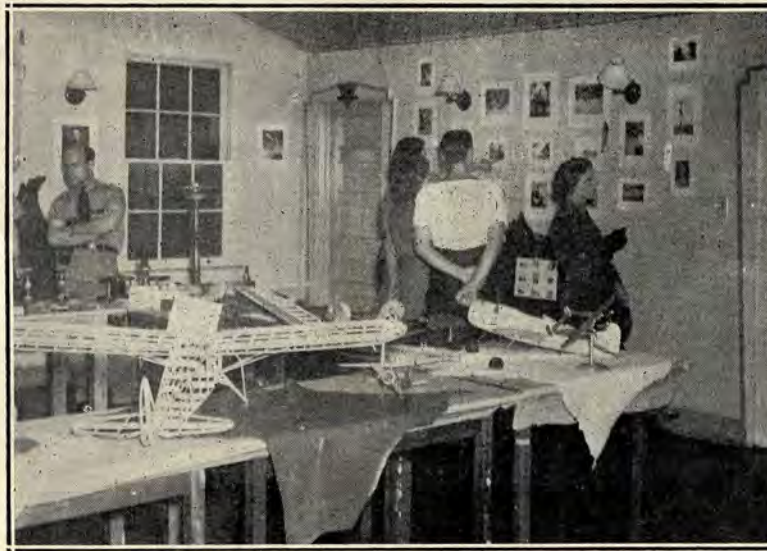
Cpl. Spence when he put the wrong end of a cigarette in his mouth after one evening in Port Stanley!

A certain Mosquito if it zooms down on the Station again. The Armament Section promises to shoot it down.

Cpl. Joe "Hard Night" Leventhal any morning. His ghostly white face following a pair of half-closed lids stealthily staggers around Ground School. He says people tell him he always has a good time, but he is still trying to prove it to himself.

Petty Officer "Limpy" Bazeley when he carried the battle of Aylmer, as far as London one fateful Saturday night.

Chief Miller when he left with WO2 James on a fishing (?) expedition in Muskoka District. As Freddie says: "Some people are always silly enough to bring fish poles!"



Handicraft Display

A well attended handicraft display was held in the Airmen's Reading Room in conjunction with the usual Music Appreciation Hour on Wednesday evening, July 28th.

Great interest in the various crafts was shown as entries from the various hobbies were put on exhibition including Leathercraft, Photography, Woodwork, Model Aircraft, painting and soap carving. The exhibition was an outstanding success and it is planned to hold larger and more varied crafts displays in the future. The demand for leather since the exhibition has been increased considerably and this craft along with photography is creating greater popularity as time goes on.

Civilian guests who attended the exhibition were Dr. Waring and Miss Armit of the C.L.E.S. from London, who acted as judges and donated prizes for the leathercraft display. Other guests were the wives of several of the Officers who also showed keen interest in the crafts.

The following is quoted from a letter of July 29th from the Canadian Legion Education Services, Civilian Assistant, Miss Armit:

"Dr. Waring and I enjoyed our visit to your station very much the other evening. Your Photography

and Handicraft Show was excellent—particularly in view of the short time that the groups have been functioning."

The Music Appreciation hour also received considerable publicity and was well attended following the handicraft display.

HANDICRAFT PRIZE WINNERS

LEATHERCRAFT—

- 1st—LAW Croteau.
- 2nd—Cpl. Clarkson.
- 3rd—LAW Sutton.

WOODWORKING—

- 1st—F/O Petché.
- 2nd—F/O. Petché.
- 3rd—LAC. Collins.

MODEL AIRCRAFT—

- 1st—Sgt. Laberge.
- 2nd—LAC. Taylor.
- 3rd—LAC. Sanders.

PHOTOGRAPHY—

- 1st—LAC. Gowan.
- 2nd—LAC. Gowan.
- 3rd—LAC. Loney.
- Consolation—Lac. Loney; Law. Alwood.

SPECIAL PRIZES:

- Group Snaps—Lac. Champoux.
- Soap Carving—Lac. Daly.
- Water Colors—Cpl. Vara.

Repair Squadron Dust

Owing to the fact that all reporters have been on leave there will be very little dust from Repair Squadron this month. However, we shall dust out our brains and see what we can dig up.

It seems that one of our most domesticated F/Sgt.'s is now batching it and enjoying it too, judging by his frequent trips to London, eh Flight??

This month we said Farewell again to Cpl. Irvine who is now presiding over "Pubs" in G.I.S. We wish to welcome back LAW. Jones who is with us once again in the Wireless Section, also AW1. Snider, who has just arrived back, after spending several months in the hospital.

The people in the photography section had better watch their step else they might lose their jobs. LAC. Loney of our section put on a good show of enlargements at the Photographic display recently and managed to win three prizes. Nice going, Bill,

The big question that is currently being asked by those returning from leave is "Who's going to Kingston and when?" Daily Routine Rumors of course have a different answer each day.

Our coke stand in the hangar has been moved and greatly improved. The new Canteen "Joe's" are carrying out their duties with great speed and efficiency and the boys seem to think that having two new faces each week adds a bit of spice to going in for a coke at "Break."

I guess the old story of absence makes the heart grow fonder still holds as one of not only ours, but the whole station's favorites recently posted has gone and done it. No one will forget the little ball of fire "Johnny" (Wireless Section) Johnston. She is now Mrs. Bowsher. Remember at our weekly dances the long and the short of it, in other words Doug and Johnny. A very pretty bride she was and no foolin'. Come back and see us all when you get a chance, eh squirt.

C.O.'s Corner

I have just received word this morning of the disposition of most of the remaining No. 14 personnel, and along with this news comes word of posting for myself.

I regret indeed that I will not have the pleasure of going along with the old staff who so ably served under me during my two terms as Commanding Officer on this unit, but it is my lot to have been posted as Commanding Officer to No. 16 S.F.T.S., Hagersville.

It has been a great pleasure indeed to have been back to No. 14 after having been here before. To those of you going on to Kingston, and to the ones remaining at Aylmer, I wish you the very best of luck.

To the graduating class I wish to express my sincere congratulations, and with you go the best wishes of all with whom you came in contact during your stay on this unit.

G. L. INGRAM,
Wing Commander

Hot Spots From The Speedways

We are very pleased to have with us once again our own "V1" Cpl. Rutherford, to take over her same desk in the corner, and we were all very sorry to lose a sister. (Cpl. Coghill), who had been with us for just a short period and departed for Dayton, Ohio, best wishes go with her.

It was a great loss to the M. T. Section and to No. 14 SFTS., to lose our Major Ing, and sure hope he has the opportunity to boss us around again in the very near future.

In the M.T. Section you see sights from near and far and the best of Luck and Health go with our boys, F/S Hewitt (Hewie), LAC Hoyer, AC1 (Jack) Duncan, and last but not least, the Great Lover, AC1 Billott. Beware you girls in the Far East when this man arrives.

It is our fondest hopes that you all have noticed the recent improvement around the Section. We think our lawn and flower garden is the tops. Most of the credit for beautifying our little show place goes to Cpl. "Oscar" Elligson and "Wee" Ginny Hewson.

Newcomers to the Station

Don't fail to take advantage of equipment and materials available in Leathercraft procured through Educational Officer, or for Camera Club and Hobby Shop facilities, see F/S Brannon of Photographic Section or your Y.M.C.A. Supervisor.

The Other Side

Soldiers who were invited to a party the other day, were talking on the telephone to home folks. "We gotta go to a party tonight," one said. "We really would rather go to the barracks and sleep—but we gotta keep up the civilian morale."

..AIRCRAFTINESS..

A Type of Publicity Which Can be Avoided—
AND SHOULD BE

It is our sad duty this week to pinch hit for the former writer of this column and at the same time revise a story of such supreme carelessness and stupidity that, had it been presented purely as a description of what not to do, it would have been considered by everyone as the height of your correspondent's imagination.

Tee Emm has their P/O Prune so we will assume that A/LA Dim Type was flying our Harvard. (Incidentally it wasn't an A/LA nor was it Dim Type, but it was a student and one of our Harvards—worse luck). Being a conscientious fellow he signed out in the L.14, filled in the F.17 and merrily flew away into the blue where he stooged beautifully over the tow line and waited his turn. Poor old Dim Type had in the neighbourhood of 100 hours on Harvards and was quite happy. It was Sunday afternoon and a nice one at that, God was in His Heaven, our Harvard was in the sky temporarily at least, and all was well with the world.

Unfortunately about twenty-five minutes after having taken off, as Dim Type was pulling out of an attack on the target aircraft, the engine which had been grinding merrily away on the right tank for almost two hours, suddenly decided to take a rest and therefore, quit. Our friend and former student immediately checked switches, mixture and gas supply, all to no avail. Switches were on, mixture at full rich, the right tank said 10 gals. He, therefore did not bother to check the fuel pressure, red light or switch to another tank but merely stuck his head in the cockpit and left it there, with the wheels in same head turning over with about as much zip as the now totally defunct engine, and waited for the ground to come up and hit him.

At about 1000 feet he decided that a forced landing was the order of the day so he made sure the

coupe top was securely closed, put his wheels down, selected the worst field in Western Ontario, and made a down-wind approach. Need we state that he overshot, barely touched down in the next field and even then could possibly have saved the aircraft and himself had he applied gentle right brake to pull away from a fence. However, our hero, when he does decide to do something does it 100 per cent.—jammed on both brakes and of course the poor old Harvard flopped over on its back on top of the fence and trapped Dim Type inside. Fortunately the aircraft did not catch on fire and our ex-student was able to crawl out of a hole in the coupe top big enough to accommodate a small gopher, with nothing more to show for his experience than a cut on his arm. But what had been done to the aircraft shouldn't even have happened to a robot bomb! How poor old Dim Type was able to walk away from that one we'll never be able to figure out, for he did everything wrong in the book, and a lot that isn't in.

There is, however, a moral to this story—Dim Type doesn't fly here any more. Obviously he should have been written off with the aircraft, so it was decided in the interests of public safety, to restrict his future aircrew efforts to that of passenger. We, therefore, close this discussion with the following mournful song:

Don't feel very sorry for our poor
Dim Type friend,
Who came very close to a sad,
sudden end,
For neglecting to switch to a
fresh tank of gas,
We hereby award him a slap on
the back.

(P.S.—It doesn't rhyme, or does it?)

W. D. Comment

Again we just get under the wire with our caustic comments about the goings on of our gals. Postings have cut quite a bunch of the regulars off strength of this unit, but these have been supplemented by the moving in of the new girls with the F.E.S. While we haven't really got acquainted with all of them yet, those whom we have met, are a darn fine bunch and we extend a hearty welcome to them even though it won't be long till we too will be on the trek to Kingston. (Or at least we hope so.)

The changing over and literally millions of postings has kept everyone in Headquarters over their heads with work, while other sections have been in about the same boat, particularly Equipment. However they had three new girls posted in last week to help their cause along, Cpl. Birchall, LAW Ferron and LAW Brian being the newcomers to this section.

Once again this month we have to report some changes in names of our gals who have gone and

done. Little Johnny Johnson, who has since been posted to Rockcliffe, is now Mrs. Bowsher, while Ginny Croteau took the jump while on her furlough. She is now Mrs. McAllister. Lots of you know the two new husbands, Doug Bowsher having pitched softball for the R1 team this summer in the Station League. While Mac McAllister did his service flying here with Class 87, and was the leading man in our Station stage show last November.

Our girls did an outstanding job at the track meet in London against teams from TTS, Fingal and Centralia, when they came down with first money with a good margin to spare. Congratulations, girls, for a good show.

It didn't take the three girls from Equipment long to get acquainted as the day they came on Station Equipment Section had their weiner roast, and Ferron (lucky girl), even got chummy with some poison ivy the first night and has been scratching ever since.

Padre's Corner

"Stone walls do not a prison make nor iron bars a cage"—Thus wrote the Bard by way of expressing poetically his conviction that mere physical surroundings do not constitute the bounds of the human spirit, nor fix the limits of human aspirations. Doubtless it is true in a great measure and unless the individual becomes subservient to physical circumstance, the spirit of the individual will rise up and recreate its environment. Some of that recreation of environment has taken place before our eyes and within recent months on this station.

The physical aspects of a military training station can become very severe and uninspiring; but a love of beauty will not be downed and will inevitably assert itself in some tangible form, to the great good of all and the improvement of its surroundings. That same love of the beautiful has been asserting itself most effectively on this station during these summer months. It is a source of tremendous satisfaction, as one moves about the station to observe the manner in which the face of the landscape has been made over by means of a little floriculture. It is equally a source of satisfaction to observe the care that is taken by personnel of the various

sections to preserve the brilliance of their flower beds and the general neatness of their premises.

The culture of flowers and lawns about the sections proves to be not only an indicator of general interest and morale; it is a stabilizer as well. Its effect is at least three-fold. It not only creates a favourable impression upon those who visit the station, officially or otherwise. Nor does it merely transform the physical appearance of the unit. It does something for those who devote their energies to its improvement. It is definitely a morale builder. It certainly provides a pick-up to one's spirits as one proceeds on duty about the station. Its effect on those who labour among the flowers and lawns is immeasurable. We cannot devote our energies to the creation of beauty without ourselves assimilating some of it. Nor can the careful culture of flowers be carried on without deriving a great measure of satisfaction therefrom.

To some sections in particular goes a great deal of credit for beautification and cheer that has been added to our station. More power to this worthy enterprise.

THE PADRE.

Music Appreciation Hour In Airmen's Reading Room



E For Efficiency

They've robbed us of instructors but we still carry on with a smile on our face—even if it is grim. Work has been heaped on us from every direction but we never complain, that is if the C.O. is around. Actually all the instructors deserve a great big kiss for the effort they have put forth. Now all we need is somebody to kiss them. All except F/O Luther of course, who has his already picked out.

We haven't been too badly off this week; P/O Kirkpatrick after shattering an ankle and having a jaw minced by the C.D.C. is serviceable about 43.2% of the time. If he only didn't need his earphones repaired so often. MAYBE he could do even more.

If you really want to see something, then look at the Peterboro jitterbug when he's all decked out. Kinda makes the ladies hearts beat

fast. We like his unique expressions all so appropriate.

Course leaving were a strange bunch. Little "Joe" (Treweweke) who could never hold the lead in a formation led in ground school very well. Alibi "Ike" (Thomson) the kid with the ready answer, deserved a better fate than the riding he took the last couple weeks. On the other hand Casey always wanted an eight-wheeler, but nobody ever gave him one. Speaking of one, we are educating a "C" flighter now, Johnny Snook (not as a Juke). The only trouble is Johnny got a Harvard not a Zero. He's a swell guy though and we'd like to keep him in "E" flight. Find it awfully hard to believe he ever was in "C". Course students better have a good wings party, since its the last for us in Aylmer.

Buy War Savings Stamps



Y.M.C.A.

MOVIES

COMING ATTRACTIONS

FOUR JILLS IN A JEEP
Starring Carole Landis, Kay Francis, Mitzi Mayfair and Martha Raye

BATAAN
Starring Robert Taylor, George Murphy and Thomas Mitchell

ANDY HARDY'S BLONDE TROUBLE
Starring Mickey Rooney and Bonita Granville

FOLLOW THE BOYS
All Star Cast

ABOVE SUSPICION
Starring Joan Crawford and Fred MacMurray

A GUY NAMED JOE
Starring Spencer Tracy, Irene Dunne and Van Johnson

ADVENTURES OF TARTU
Starring Robert Donat and Valerie Hobson

LADY TAKES A CHANCE
Starring Jean Arthur and John Wayne

ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY
Starring Pierre Aumont, Susan Peters and Richard Whorf

MADAME CURIE
Starring Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon

I DOOD IT
Starring Red Skelton and Eleanor Powell

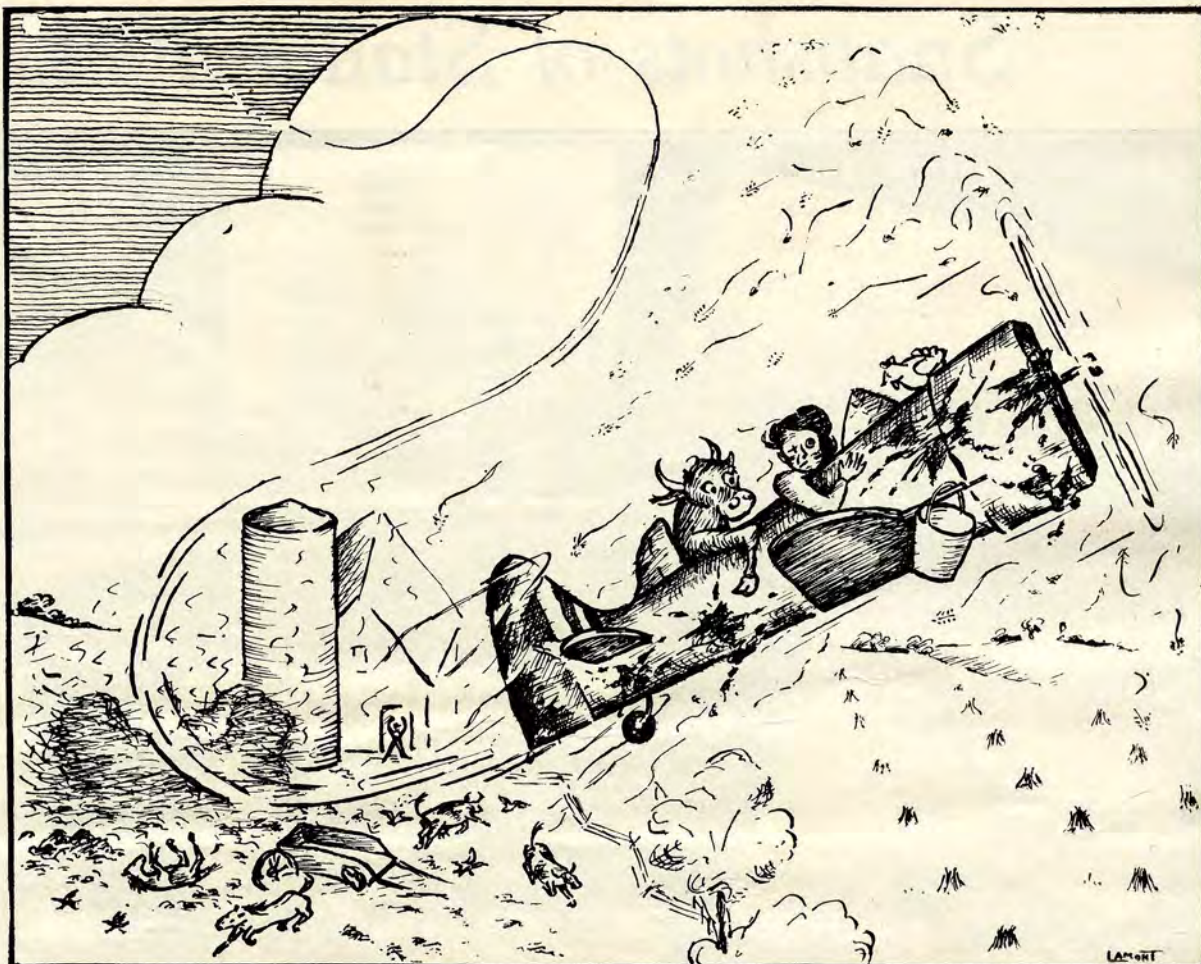
Nav. Ground Level

Well, ladies and gentlemen, the end is in sight, and how to write the last chapter at Aylmer presents many difficulties. Let others delight in funeral orations: be ours to carry to the end of our days, the happy memories of our stay here, and in days yet to come, to beguile many a pleasant evening with tales of the men of "Nav" Flight.

The latest bulletin from the Flight declares that we are holding our own in our war against the sparrows. Unfortunately our ammunition dump was "hit" before we ran out of sparrows, and now the outcome of the struggle is clouded in doubt. Can we get ammunition for the front line in this crisis? If so, victory is assured, as there is no shortage of volunteers to man the gun. If not, the cost of dealing with the affects, in brooms and wipers, will greatly outrun the cost of the ammunition.

A cloud of smoke issuing from our orderly room doorway announced the arrival of our new Corporal "Pop" Bernard and his pipe. The two are quite inseparable. We're right with you "Pop" and if your stay at No. 14 is not lengthy, we shall do our best to make it pleasant.

The art of sun bathing tends to extremes, both to the state of dress (or undress) and as to where the bath is taken. For instance: a certain young lady we know prefers to take her baths on the hood of her car. My goodness girls, what next?



Hazards of Low Flying



This is "F" flight back again with a little bit of this and that for the Aylmer Airman. The most important news is the posting of one of our old standbys F/O Bob Lynch—who after serving in the Aleutians is on the move again with a posting to the east coast on heavy transports.

Another important event is the addition to the family of our Deputy Flight-Commander, Fred Saunders, of a new baby girl.

As this will be our last signature in the Aylmer Airman, we express our sorrows on leaving the old stamping grounds and our many friends in Aylmer and district. Also we wish the best of luck to the new school, F.E.S., and its entire staff and hope when they leave they will have had the success and memories we have on our departure.

And now to our Poet's Nook:

"F" is the flight with a wonderful name
But prangs it still has, which is such a shame
The instructors work hard and say with a sigh
Teaching the Navy gets worse in the sky.

A young student pilot named J. Hunt
Complimented himself on some wonderful stunts
But whilst taxiing in on this fateful day
Flaps were left down and he had to pay.

Next on the list is dear little Jerry
Whilst formation flying felt a bit bleary

Manoeuvres he did that were never invented
And whilst on the ground sadly repented.

Now our Stan whose last name is Davis
Whilst force landings tried to clip daisies
But the ground was too near and stalks so short
And the RCAF lost what taxes had bought.

Now instructor Summerville who never groans
Puts up with the antics of our Boore and Jones
He just grits his teeth and says under his breath
Please God spare me from a horrible death.

Two of the best are Goldsack and Littlewood
Who Mr. Livingston says have improved very good
Only by threatenings with humorous wit
To batter their brains with the back cockpit stick.

MacDonald's the boy for our dear Fitz,
Who tells him to go off in full fine pitch
Now Mac always forgets to move up the mixture
And Fitz recommends an overseas fixture.

Now Bartman's log book is always in error
And whilst on the circuit Bradshaw's a terror
They always look smart and never scruffy
And so very proud of Instructor Duffy.

Messrs. Barton and Saunders in charge of the flight,
Say sometimes they will have a nice restful night,
All worries will go and they will be pleased,
When all A/LA's are sent back overseas.

Headquarters Chit-Chat

Again the portals of the Admin. Building are opened. All except the doors to Records and the Orderly Room, where everybody ends up all at one time and fights their way into the hall to get pushed and heaved around for an hour or so. Then you might find out from our Cpl. Thorne (newest addition to Records), whether or not you get your annual leave today (mostly not.) Amidst all this hubbub and commotion, one will hear the dramatic words "Get that Fly," and with a crash and a thump our Major triumphantly declares "Victory." Guess he must have got the fly. Beneath all the papers that have been flying around for the last minute or so, sits our "Corky" still deeply engrossed in the usual Nominal Rolls. D.R.O. Krzywy, assisted by J. C. Brown, are still bravely carrying on.

Moving to Kingston has certainly run the Records staff ragged. At any time at all you may see "Irish" McGarey, and P. R. Behm, beating their noble heads together "on account of" they don't know where and why who went (PMC or otherwise). Sounds complicated doesn't it. Of course there's always the bright moment when Sgt. Bob Harwood (every gal's dream man), comes over from C.R. to cheer us up. Just another problem for Cpl. Glanzer, who makes a brave effort to keep a motherly eye on all her staff.

We all eagerly await the return of our Sarge, Theda Norton, who is in leave in N.B. Hope she comes back laden with shrimp, don, lobster, etc. Who knows? Last, but not least, we'd like to mention the new staff, namely Cpl. Dot Taylor and her staff. They're really a swell bunch of kids—hope you like your new jobs, gals, 'cause we're glad to have you all. Looks like time has caught up with me, so must say bye-now for the time being. Be seein' you!

Snapshots of Station Field Day



... Sports Round-up ...

The sporting scene has seethed with activity since the last issue; at the moment it sums up to this: The Station Softball Team is champion of its league and waiting to meet the Northern winners. The Soccer Team was runners-up to Fingal, and the W.D.'s won the District Track and Field Championship, while the men came fourth.

MEN'S SOFTBALL

After an undefeated regular season our lads were downed 4-3 by T.T.S. in the first play-off game which put them on the well-known spot. The return game at T.T.S. came to us by the same score 4-3, and all depended on the third game. Played at Fingal, this game saw us take an early lead on their shaky infield play, but lost it quickly to trail the rest of the game, and we entered the last innings on the short end of a 5-4 score. The old battling spirit for which Aylmer is famous was there however, and

after Doug Grayer and "Little Moose" had stolen home and broken their hearts, we added two more for good measure, and won the game 8-5.

Exhibition games were played with Simcoe Army (tied 6-6 with eleven innings), and lost to Weatherheads 5-4 on a muddy field.

SOCCER

In the latter part of the schedule we won from Crumlin by default, defeated T.T.S. 2-1, and lost to Fingal 3-2. An extensive debate raged around the latter game as to whether it was an exhibition or league game, but as we lost the game we gave up the argument, though there was no doubt that both ends were being played against the middle. With the next two courses graduating, our team will be considerably weakened, and we can only look forward to the odd exhibition game. To those who have played consistently and well, and will be gone before the next issue, we say thanks

and good luck—to wit P.O.'s Morrow and Mills-Goodlet, A/LA's Oliver, Tewster, Worrall, Livemore, Payne and Miller, and to LAC Pascal who is also due for posting.

TRACK AND FIELD

Sgt. Trusler collected enough enthusiasts to put on a creditable showing at the meet in London, in spite of the lack of training facilities here. We finished fourth, our points being garnered by Sgt. Trusler, first in the pole vault, (he cleared 11 feet without any practice); LAC McPherson second in the 100; ALA Knight, second in the 220, (he actually finished first but was set back by the judges for being over his lane); ALA Wilson third in the 100, and the relay team of LAC McPherson and ALA's Knight, Wilson and Cult finishing third in that event. In addition ALA Knight was fourth in the 440, and LAC Rhodes fourth in the mile.

(W.D.'s)

The girls came through with fly-

ing colours. LAW's Benevides and Fitzgerald were first and second in the sprint event; LAW Erickson, second in the high jump and Benevides, Fitzgerald, Nesbitt and De-Sylva ran second in the relay event. T.T.S. were runners up to us and Centralia third. Congratulations to the team on their excellent performance.

SWIMMING

F/S Belanger is rounding out a strong squad to visit Clinton for the district meet. We hope that when this issue appears we will be congratulating the boys and girls. Meanwhile the pool is the most popular spot on the Station.

W. D.'s SOFTBALL

The girls have played several games amongst themselves and arrangements have been made to play exhibition games with both T.T.S. and Fingal before the season ends, games in which we hope to prove that we are much better than before.