

GAS FUMES

CHRISTMAS NUMBER



NEW "Y" CENTRE TO OPEN DEC. 23rd.

"LINK TRAINER"

The opening of the recreation hall will take place at the City Hall, Dec. 23rd, which time his worship Mayor McKay will officially preside. Bob Taylor physical Director of the Y.M.C.A. has been appointed supervisor of the recreation hall and has lined up a program of entertainment for the opening night.

Some of the evening's entertainment will be provided by the Harmony Blue Birds of Galt, who have created a reputation, having performed for the R.C.A.F., and have put on shows at Camp Borden, St. Thomas, Brantford and other R.C.A.F. centres. The Y expect to have more equipment such as a reading lounge, table tennis, etc. It is also planned to stage moving picture concerts, and a modern sound machine has been ordered. The pictures expected to play will be relayed on here from other R.C.A.F. centres across Canada. (By the National Y.M.C.A. war services.) Other features will be presented at the hall including concerts, tournaments, dances. Also a boxing ring is being considered for any fellows interested in that manly sport.

G. A. S.

Students of the school have been watching closely the development of Mr. Henderson's "Link Trainer" in the rigging bay. The purpose of this unusual craft is to demonstrate to the students of the school the movement of controls, control surfaces and the resultant attitude of an aircraft. This little trainer has a rectangular fuselage of welded steel tubing. Complete stick control was duplicated in the cockpit but extensions protrude beneath the fuselage. These were connected to horns on the pedestal which supports the craft by control cable. Wings of wooden construction are wire braced internally. The two wing panels are bolted to the lower longeron and are supported by inverted "vee" struts to the top longerons. Tail surfaces are of all-metal construction and are bolted to the fuselage. The complete trainer with "pilot" will balance and pivot on a universal joint on top of the pedestal. This little "Link" will be a neat little craft when covered and doped and it will be fondly admired by all. We thank Mr. Henderson for his untiring efforts which will, no doubt, add a great deal to the education of the students.

Merry Christmas

from the Staff

"GAS FUELS"

Visit from St. Nick

PUBLISHED AT GALT AIRCRAFT SCHOOL

T'was the day before Christmas
When all through Galt
Every Aircrafter was stirring
With not even a halt.

DECEMBER 1940

Aero-engines were buzzing
Only hitting on two
The Airframes were ready
To bid all adieu.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS"

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	J. SHARPE

The wireless gang
All busy as bees
Hurried hither and hither
To be ready to leave.

At last came five
The time to dismiss
The bugler was worried
His bugle amiss.

All references or apparent sim-
ilarity to actual persons or places
is purely intentional and might
just as well be construed as such.

The streets all were crowded
With white uniforms.
With voices and laughter
The air was adorned.

Soon all was quiet
For near all had left
And Galt settled down
For a good night's rest.

THE AIR GUNNER

If I must be a Gunner,
Then please Lord grant me grace;
That I may leave this station
With a smile upon my face.

Early in the morning
Some not home yet.
Good old St. Nick
Was working, you bet.

I may have wished to be a pilot,
And you, along with me,
But if we all were pilots
Where would the Air Force be?

Each little aircrafter
All snuggled in bed
While dreams of airplanes
Danced in his head.

It takes GUTS to be a Gunner,
To sit out in the tail,
When the Messerschmitts are coming,
And the slugs begin to wail.

Christmas Day dawned
So frosty and clear
Everybody was happy
And full of good cheer.

The pilot's just a chauffeur,
It's his job to fly the plane;
But it's WE who do the fighting,
Though we may not get the fame.

Composer G. T. McCallum.

But we're here to win a war,
And until this job is done
Let's forget our personal feelings
And get behind the gun.

Dear Santa Claus:

If we must all be gunners,
Then let us make this bet;
We'll be the best damn Gunners
That have left this station yet!

I am four years old and live in
Galt. At present I am going to the
Galt Aircraft School.

Canadian Aviation.

G. A. S.

I have been a good boy for one
whole week and would like you to
bring me a folding cot for splicing
period.

The Kentish society wishes to
announce next meeting Monday, Dec.
23rd, and every week. New members
welcomed.

G. A. S.

I would also like a toy train and
some blocks. A pair of steel ski
poles would be very much appreciated,
not to mention filling my stocking.
Thank you.

Yours truly,

Sgt.-Major Armstrong

THE BOTTO LESS PIT

This is the story of Lady Swettenham. She is a lovely old lady, endeavoring herself to all with whom she comes in contact. She is now a resident of Galt. Lady Swettenham has had a very interesting life. She attended the coronation King George V, in crowded Westminster Abbey, one of the few, who enjoyed this privilege. During the war she was a member of the Ambulance De L'Armee. She also worked for the Military Hospital at Rouen, in connection with the Red Cross.

As the Nazis swarmed across France in June 1940, she escaped from Saint Jean de Luz, in a refugee boat, two hours before the Germans arrived.

Lady Swettenham has had a very interesting life. It was in Jamaica in January 1907.

"Had my friend Rachel, Countess of Dudley, been half an hour late in putting on her hat, we both should undoubtedly have been killed in the Great Earthquake which took place in Jamaica in 1907". "She, being impunctual, we started late for our shopping. Had she been punctual, we should have been in a part of the town of Kingston, where in the narrow streets walls fell on all sides, killing many people." "Personally, I believe the Almighty sends a guardian Angel to keep, and watch over us in all our ways. And we go on living in this world to fill some task."

"One day in August 1906, my husband the late Sir Alexander Swettenham, the governor of Jamaica and I were driving on a far away country road in Jamaica. Through lovely and romantic scenery, fields of high green grass, forests and ferns and vines covering rocky hills. These hills are of limeston formations. Eons of rain have worn many crevices in these gravel rocks, and they are honeycombed with large and small holes and caverns and underground rivers, which disappear underground and bubble up somewhere else. There are certain caves where you may walk for an hour with guides, to be certain, with torches before and after you."

"As we drove along, I saw, growing on a grey rock, some beautiful orchids with long yellow and brown sprays, the "Oncidium Luridum." I said to my husband, "Do let us go and get some of those orchids for the garden." We stopped the black groom and told him to wait as we were going to get the orchids growing on the rock.

As we got out of the carriage, the groom turned around saying, "your excellencies, please mind. There is a large big hole, very dangerous, near this rock." Hearing "Large Big" we thought little of it. I climbed over the stone wall edging the road and waded through the deep grass towards the orchid covered rock. Suddenly, we heard the most blood curdling yell, behind us. We turned around to see the groom had thrown the reins on the horses backs, and was taking a flying leap over the stone wall screaming and shouting, "Mind, Mind, You both of you dead." "You go down hole and no one see you no more." I had stopped and not six inches from my feet was a small hole, the bottomless pit we had been warned of. The opening was covered with grass and trailing plants. We entered our carriage, our nerves admitted quite strained, and continued our drive. On the way, the groom regaled us with many stories of people who had disappeared down this "sink hole," as they are called, to say nothing of cattle and horses, "and no one no see them again." The hole goes into the earth to such a depth the bottom can not be reached.

In the evening, my husband remarked, "Do you realize we had a very narrow escape this afternoon. "Yes," I agreed. I had also had an unforgettable lesson of the native expression "large Big," which means size in any sort or kind of language.

A gruesome story, which happened in the old days of the Eighteenth century is told of a sinkhole.

A man of substance, owning a large estate, house and many slaves, amused himself by sitting at an upper window and taking pot shots at men passing on horseback. Riderless horses returned home. No one could tell what had become of the riders, who had completely disappeared. One day, the homicidal maniac made a bad shot, and his victim escaped, wounded only. Then, it was remembered that those men who disappeared were to have ridden past the said house. A search and inquiry was begun, and it was discovered that the maniac had ordered his slaves to throw the bodies of his victims down a nearby sink hole. Such is the blindness of human nature that in these bad old days, no slaves could give evidence in court. Later, a better law came into force, whereby a slave could give sworn testimony, a very necessary reform.

**G. A. S. TRUMPET BAND
ONE OF THE BEST**

We are very proud of the School's trumpet band. It consists of forty pieces and the members take a great deal of interest in the practices. When you consider that they put in two solid hours every Tuesday night after a hard day of study they are deserving of credit.

It was a surprise to everyone when the band was organized and after only two hours practice was able to put in four parades the next day and they played like veterans. There is no doubt that the boys have talent and this coupled with co-operation from Capt. Billington, Sgt-Major Cooke and the other instructors will continue to help the band improve.

Mr. Ted Wicken of the school staff is the band instructor and before coming to the school band has a wealth of experience behind him. He has been with the Highland Light Infantry Band in Galt for twenty years. Three of those years were spent with the H. L. I. Bugle Band as Drum Major W.O.2. He has three sons, all musicians in the armed forces of Canada.

Sgt. Holmes in charge of the Band was the leader of the Guelph Trumpet Band sponsored by the Canadian Legion and also plays in an orchestra.

G.A.S.

**SCHOOL VISITED BY FLIGHT-
LIEUTENANT HEAVEN, M.C. R.C.A.F.**

Wednesday afternoon the Main School was visited by Flight Lieutenant J. Heaven M.C. of the Royal Canadian Air Force. Flight Lieutenant Heaven was in the Royal Flying Corps in the Great War engaged mainly in Army Co-operation work. During the past twenty years he has been on the staff of the Ontario Forestry Patrol, being a buddy of Capt. Billington. When war broke out in 1939 he was among the first to enlist and early in 1940, February to be exact, he accompanied the first squadron of the Royal Canadian Air Force ever to be sent to England. He was stationed with the 110th City of Toronto, Army Co-operation Squadron until he returned to Canada recently. During the first world war he was very highly thought of as he was awarded the Military Cross. Flight Lieutenant Heaven spoke to the students on conditions in Britain but

mainly in London, which has been bearing the brunt of the attacks of the Hun airmen. He told of some of the damage done by the Nazi Air Force and commented at great length about the moral of the English people. He asserted that with the spirit of the type possessed by the British people, they could never be beaten.

Flight Lieutenant Heaven stated that the civilians in Britain have been getting the worst of it so far. He pointed out that their homes were being destroyed, their churches and hospitals bombed and burnt, while military objectives in England and Scotland and Wales went practically untouched. Commenting on the black-outs in England he stated that they were terrible and that if you were out after dark in an English town or city that you had better know where you were going or you'd run in to trouble. Upon conclusion of



That's the way my head
Will feel tomorrow Prince!

his remarks he conducted a short question period during which the students asked various types of questions relative to England but mostly concerned with the various types of aircraft that have or are seeing use in the present conflict. The students greatly enjoyed Flight Lieutenant Heaven's talk and we feel sure that they will greatly enjoy serving under his command if they are ever fortunate enough to be placed in such a position. C. S. & J. H.

G. A. S.

MR. N. O. HIPEL: BRILLIANT
PARLIAMENTARIAN BUSINESS MAN, AND
SUPPORTER OF YOUR INTERESTS.

Your "Gas Fumes" reporter journeyed to Preston several days ago to see the Hon. N. O. Hipel. He was met with a disarming smile, and a cordial greeting. Mr. Hipel is a splendid looking gentleman, standing about six feet tall. Your reporter discovered that he is of a very friendly nature, and endowed with an obvious sense of modesty.

Mr. Hipel was raised on a farm. At the age of sixteen, he started to learn the carpentry trade, as an apprentice. While still a youth of 21, he formed his own contracting business, building barns, houses, etc. Since that time, Mr. Hipel's business has so expanded that he does work all over the province.

Mr. Hipel's public life started in 1921, when he was elected an alderman of the town of Preston. In 1922, he became Reeve of Preston. He also became a member of the Waterloo County Council, and the Galt Hospital board. From 1923 to 1924, he was the Mayor of Preston, and 1925 saw him as Deputy Reeve of Preston. Mr. Hipel was a member of the Preston Parks board from 1926 to 1930. For many years, he was also a director of Freeport Sanitorium.

It was in 1930 that he was elected M. P. P. for South Waterloo. Four years later he was re-elected to Parliament again, and also he was appointed speaker.

At the Coronation in 1937, he represented the Ontario Legislature. He was selected, at the same time, as delegate to the Empire Parliamentary Association Convention, which was held at the Houses of Parliament in London, England.

Again he was re-elected to the Ontario Legislature at Toronto in 1937, and again chosen as speaker. This is a precedent never before established. Mr. Hipel is the only man who has been appointed speaker twice. However, he was obliged to resign the speaker's position in order to take over the Portfolio of Minister of Labour.

During the past month, he took over the portfolio of Minister of Public Welfare. So it can readily be seen that Mr. Hipel is kept busy with these two jobs alone.

During the summer of 1939, the Dominion Government approached the provinces with a view to establishing schools to train boys as Aircraft Mechanics. Almost immediately, the Ontario Government, acting largely under the persistence of Mr. Hipel, swung into action. The Galt Aircraft schools was formed. Delegates from some of the other provinces have visited this school, and set up their own on a similar basis.

Asked if he believed the training obtained at Galt compared favourably with the training offered at any school, public or private in Canada, or the U. S. A., Mr. Hipel Replied, "Definitely." "The Air Force officials have been highly pleased with the boys." He added that it cost approximately \$550. to train each student.

C. S.

A MESSAGE FROM THE HON. N. O. HIPEL
TO THE STUDENTS OF THE G.A.S.

"When the Honourable the Prime Minister, Mr. M. F. Hepburn, asked me to accept the portfolio of Minister of Labour, one of the first things that I directed to the attention of the staff in my Department was the lack of opportunity for young people to be trained in the various skilled crafts."

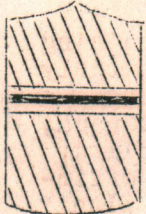
"I remember when I left school. At that time it was comparatively easy to find a job, but of course wages were very small. The training the average apprentice received extended over a period of years, and a boy was expected to perform many tasks that you are not called upon to do today. This is easily explained. Men had to earn their day's pay, and so were compelled to use the boys that were working with them to the best advantage."

The instructors in the Galt school, like myself, got their training in the hard way, but under the system we have set up, no production work is required of them, and they are available at all times during the day to direct your training."

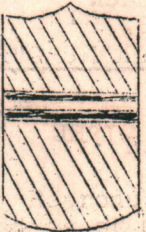
"I would say very frankly that your chances now are better than ours. In the course you are taking you have an opportunity to acquire mechanical knowledge in a far shorter time than we did. In view of the serious problem facing our country, I trust you will avail yourselves of every opportunity, so that you may be ready for any task to which you may be assigned. Above all, be accurate and painstaking in your work, and never let a job pass through Cont'd Page Four.

R. C. A. F. NOTES

Reproduced below are the rank badges of Commissioned Officers of the Royal Canadian Air Force. In a short while, we'll all have to salute these fellows, so it is with that idea in view, that we are re-producing them now.



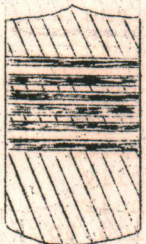
PILOT OFFICER



FLYING OFFICER



FLIGHT LIEUTENANT



SQUADRON LEADER



WING COMMANDER



GROUP CAPTAIN



AIR COMODORE



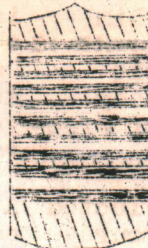
AIR VICE MARSHALL



AIR MARSHALL



AIR CHIEF MARSHALL



MARSHALL OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE



BEHIND THE EIGHT BALL
with the Editor.

The best way for a girl to keep her youth is not to introduce him to other girls.

8

When is Sergeant Richardson of "A" Flight #4 Squadron going to make use of the ring he gave her.

8

Dear June-"I cannot send you any money, so I am sending you a cheque for 1,000 kisses instead".

Dear George- "I gave the cheque to the iceman. He cashed it this morning.

8

Dear Dad- "No mon, no fon, your son".
Dear Son- "How sad, too bad, your dad".

8

What is the matter with "C" Flight #4 squadron. Nineteen pencils were missing at the close of drafting class the other afternoon. Is there a shortage of wood?"

8

Last week Don Johnson resumed his janitor duties at Victoria School.

8

And then too, there was a chap who had the nerve to dedicate a number to Aero Engines at the Air Frame dance. Now, now Scotty, did you learn tricks like that at Hong Kong.

8

We wonder why Nancy dropped into the Aircraft School the other night to find out what happened to Campbell.

Who was the instructor that was hitch-hiking along the Brantford road the other week?

8

The dance held at the Y.M.C.A. last Thursday night for #3 squadron and the wireless class was keenly enjoyed by all who were present. While the attendance was not up to expectations we feel quite safe in predicting that the attendance will be much larger.

8

We wonder what the big attraction in London is for Bill Meehan of HQ'S #4.

8

They tell me that Jack Cummings of the wireless squad can sure tickle those ivories. And we are not referring to a game of African golf.

8

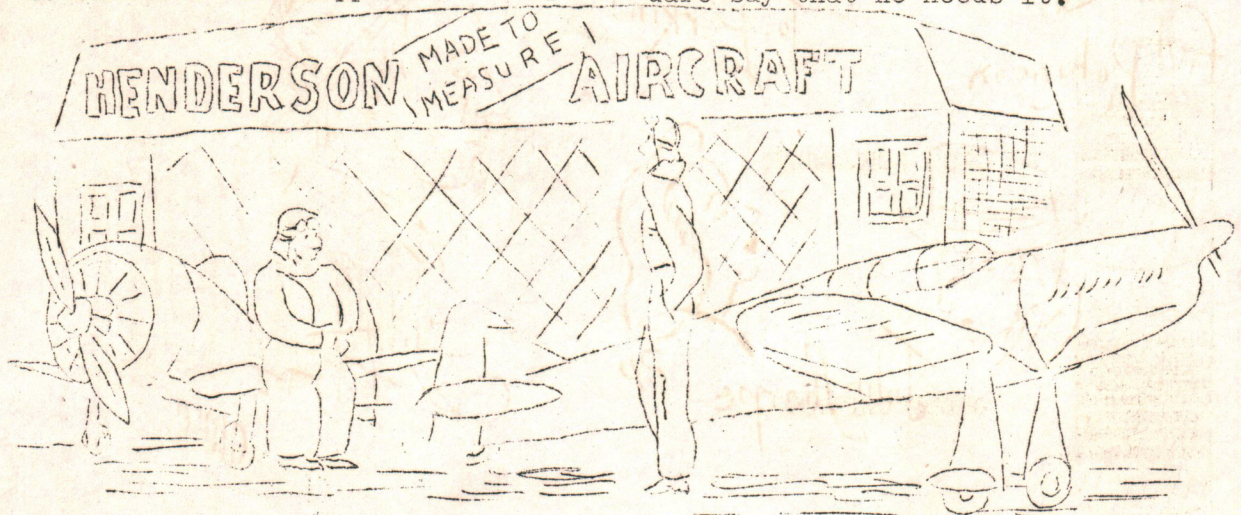
It is really funny to what length some people will go to get a laugh. If you don't believe me ask the boys of "C" Flight of #3 squadron.

8

This happened at Victoria School at least that is what they tell me. Instructor- "Why are you bringing me this piece of work. You can see for yourself that it is all crooked".
B.J.- "Aw, it's not the job that is out, the building is lopsided".

8

Just who is that flight sergeant in B-4-7 that he has to come to G.A.S. for a refresher course. We dare say that he needs it.



Meet the Staff

from Seager's sketchbook



Seager.



Bob Kleinschmidt.



The Editor.
W.M. HOGG.



George McCallum.



K.C. MacDougall.



Gray Jones



Al Robinson.



Joe Perkins



Who? K.C.



Clint Starr.

G.M.C.



John Sharpe

