



Truth is Stranger Than Fiction

Accident Prevention Will Save Lives

By F/O Bruce Kennedy

Something Good! LAC Horner displaying all the good qualities we like to think our students have, force landed his Tiger Moth very neatly when the engine gave up the ghost at a low altitude. Good show Horner. "C" Flight especially appreciates your efforts in helping to keep the accident record clean.

If you don't think so, try and imagine some of the things you find in this corner. They are all true in spite of their apparent fantasy. If your short stay here is coloured by mention in this section, we hope you won't mistake the implication. There will be no mincing of words. If you are cited for exceptional effort that's good—if you don't understand the meaning of that word "effort" you will sooner or later find a summary of your misdoings in print here, but it won't be couched in pleasing phrases.

An "A" Flight student, with a whole 75 minutes solo under his belt was extremely mortified to discover that one of our most faithful Tigerschmitts didn't like his style. He did practically everything right except for a couple of very, very minor details. First, he tried to judge the height of a bounce on landing, then he trusted his judgment explicitly and didn't use throttle. The laws of gravity was working that day or he might still be going up. He might just as easily have decided he had discovered a better method to fly straight and level and probably ended up on Neptune. His new ideas on landing, reflected everything he had been told less than an hour before his experiment. The Oil Controller

(Continued on page 4)

RECENT INVESTITURE



Flight Lieutenant G. C. V. Hurren, newly appointed acting Squadron Commander at No. 20 E.F.T.S. Oshawa, was recently invested with the Air Force Cross by The Honorable Albert Matthews, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, at the first ceremony held in Queen's Park, Toronto.

IT'S TUES "D" NITE!

The forces of F/L Brown and Manager Bernardo will amalgamate to invade the "Rec" Hall on Tuesday Nite July 4th, en masse. The invasion nite has been known for some time by the Station Entertainment Committee — F/O Keith Bedford, Ed Stumpf, F/S "Nels" Schroeter, and with utmost secrecy all preparations have been made to ensure a real hot reception for the invaders. Boyd

Valleau and his 16 piece band will play all the calls (and a few new ones to boot) with the probability that by the 12 o'clock "last post", after a solid three hours of fun and dancing—not to mention eating, the "army" will retire in column of route by slow march and leave the "Rec" hall in its rightful hands.

Invasion busses will leave the

(Continued on page 3)

No. 20 CELEBRATES THIRD BIRTHDAY

Probably few of the personnel of #20 E.F.T.S. realize that this issue of the Tarmac is something in the nature of an Anniversary Number. Three years ago on Monday, June 23, 1941, the first intake of 70 students arrived at this station to begin their Elementary Training. The next day they began to fly; taking off from the only available surface, a little taxi strip not more than 200 feet long on the north side of the hangar. Circuits had to be done at Whitby Field as our present field was littered with construction equipment and piles of gravel.

Now we number our graduates in the thousands and each name brings back to some instructor memories of hours of patient toil and moments of joy and despair.

There was the student who, faced with an imminent crack up, shouted in the last available moment, "You have control Sir," and then when all the crashing and splintering noises had ceased, "You didn't make it, did you Sir."

There was the one who went into the lake and swam ashore (he was doing turns at 1,000 feet he said) and the one who changed his mind at 100 feet and decided to try for that field across the road. He saw his mistake before he hit the bushes but this was a "real" forced landing.

Hundreds of stories could be told, each of them a lesson in air-manship and most of them (including the student who spun in twice and walked away from it) are tributes to the inherent safety of the Tiger Moth.

(Continued on page 3)

FAREWELL PARTY FOR No. 20 OLDSTER

A farewell party was staged Sunday night, June 11th, in the N.C.O.'s lounge in honor of F/O Ken Ruppel, one of our former flying instructors at No. 20, who took off the following day for Active Service Overseas. Ken has gone a long way towards the top since leaving here and while on duty with Communications Squadron at Rockcliffe he had the privilege of piloting Prime Minister Churchill, Lord Halifax and several other leading figures. Our good wishes go with Ken as he takes his place "Over There" and we know the name of No. 20 E.F.T.S. will be well upheld by "Personality Plus." Good luck old boy and Good Hunting.

WHO'S WHO ON COURSE 106

We are wondering what happened to the two N.C.O.'s who paid \$2.50 for a \$1.00 cab fare and claim that they weren't short changed.

Who is that zoot looking trainee that is at present wearing tight shorts, but who will, we expect, after laundering, be wearing short tights.

Then comes the LAC who thought that ground loops had something to do with the circle of uncertainty in Nav. (For the correct answer ask our ground loop trio. They know by experience).

Anyone wishing to get to know any of the girls in the kitchen can do so by introduction through our own Nick, who apparently is in good standing with Juliet, (as mentioned in previous issue). Maybe he dried dishes like some 106 N.C.O.'s have been seen doing.

Then we have a certain trainee who claims (sometimes with a Scotch accent) to have more time on the top of a loop, than the average trainee has service.

What we'd really like to know is how some airmen are fortunate enough to meet girls with cars with enough gas to go to Toronto—just for a drive. How about it Tom?

Who are the two Sgts. arguing over the same girl in town?

Congratulations to "Jake" Hardman on his venture into Matrimony. Good luck Jake and Happy Landings.

Well "Gang" that's it for this issue. Maybe we'll be seeing you next issue and catch up on the boys we missed. Wilberforce

"Joodles"

Hi gang. Wee I go off on another month's rambling, with all the dirt and highlights. Something cooking in town cause Cpl. Sherritt and LAC Tissington (the political filibuster of Orillia) getting spruced up . . . LAC Orrell casting those kind of looks at the pretty new time shack gal . . . Mr. Woods little boy still blushing over the beauty contest at Ajax . . . F/S Squires, Prince, Sgt. Patterson and Bill Moore giving the gals a hand at drying dishes in the N.C.O.'s kitchen, what is the attraction fellas . . . we would like to know the attraction on Elgin Street of LAC Rogers tsh, tsh . . . Pat Burns new henna mustache is really something, gals . . . Who is the LAC that is spending all his nickels trying to date little Miss fix it, nuff sed . . . Helen Ross looking quite fetching in the recent yachting picture taken in pappas sloop . . . Bowling Mistress Blair deep in schedule arranging, bouquets Eileen for the good job . . . Don't forget fellows give the lassie's a break and get dates for No. 20 Big Dance July 4. Some party they tell me, get one for me to! . . . Who is the flying instructor that has C.B.'s picture in his locker, naughty naughty . . . Tall and debonair LAC of Course 104 who likes to go wading with the Squadron Stenog. . . What is Sgt. Gillespie's aversion to big taxi fares, about \$2.50 we hear, she must live quite a distance . . . Did the lassies from the M.T. section have fun on their weiner roast last week . . . and did you know Gladys, our Station Wagon pilot, got herself hitched to an Oshawa habitant a short while ago—loads of congratulations Gladie . . . Noticed a couple of beauteous chicks at the hop the other night. Vic and Lorraine of the Messing staff, having a wonderful time . . . Jack Cornish, local tic toc-master received a promotion, graduated to grandfather clocks his latest job . . . Wonder if a certain classie lassie misses LAC "Jerry" of Course 104 . . . Speaking of pictures see P/O "Les" Keeley.

E.S.—My feet are sticking out of the covers.

J.M.—Why don't you pull them in?

E.S.—I ain't putting those cold things in bed with me.

SPORT GOSSIP

By F/O Hitchcock

The spotlight was focussed on a variety of activities in June, and perhaps the most interesting events so far as local publicity is concerned were the boxing bouts staged at Oshawa Arena on Tuesday, June 20th. Four Airmen from No. 20 E.F.T.S., at present all engaged in Useful Employment, showed their form in three round matches as preliminaries to the Pucci-Brancetti fight. In the welterweight division LAC's Mendelow and W. J. Harris, both Toronto boys, exchanged punches in a lively session, with Mendelow getting the decision. The next bout was a hard hitting affair between two light-heavies LAC's Yolden-Thomson, from Zanzibar, and H. L. Harris of Jamaica. Each boy scored a knockdown, and Yolden-Thomson got the nod from the judges. Judging by the applause, this was one of the most popular matches of the evening and, in fact, all four airmen are to be commended for a very fine showing and an excellent display of sportsmanship.

A very successful badminton tournament was run off in June with 48 Instructors participating. Partners were drawn for, and each team played at least four sets to try to qualify for the play-offs. The contest was eventually narrowed down to four teams in the semi-finals, Woods and MacArthur eliminating Bowron and Lowrie, while Smith and Bond had to retire gracefully in favour of Carter and "Spuky" Edwards. Woods and MacArthur apparently had what it takes, for they finally emerged as tournament champions by turning back Carter and Edwards in hard fought games.

The next act takes place at Ajax, June 15th. Get the picture. Our ball team locked in a death struggle with Ajax nine. The score is 20-0 at the end of the eighth. F/O Wish Saunders, Manager of the Air Force team, is nervously taking stock of the situation, wondering if he yet has time to pull the game out of the fire. Aha! What's this? He's making some substitutions. Who is that going out on the diamond? Why, none other than pinch-hitting P/O "Pop" Wood and that ace in the hole, F/L "Buck" Rogers, our ball playing adjutant. Things start to look better immediately, and when the game ends the score is 24-2 in favour

Prince and Phelan Pack Their Bags

Late postings include two of our very popular Link Instructors. F/S Frank Phelan and F/S Charlie Prince to Deseronto, effective July 28th. Frank, the perfect husband and Charlie, our star athlete, will be sorely missed on the Station, however, "Time Marches On" and the postings in question will give both boys a grand opportunity to improve their efficiency as teachers of Instrument Flying, thereby enabling them to maintain the high standard required to give our prospective pilots the best training possible.

SPORT GOSSIP Contd.

of No. 20 E.F.T.S. a masterpiece of strategy has paid big dividends.

As a fitting climax to an evening of fun, eliminations were run off for the Toronto Police Beauty Contest. Once more F/L Rogers and P/O Wood proved their mettle by acting as judges. Hmm. Nice work if you can get it.

Once more the Harvard Step Test has come and gone, and the results in June were more pleasing than ever. Top score was turned in by F/O "Boomer" Woods, the man with the habitual cigar. (Cigars courtesy of the H. J. Habitual Cigar Co. Adv't.) F/O Woods turned in a sensational 116, the highest mark ever made at No. 20. All along the line the percentages showed an improvement over the previous test, with no failures at all, and three-fifths of the instructors classified as being in "excellent" condition.

News and Notes: Reports come to us that P/O Hallett played a terrific game at short the night our team defeated the Island Airport aggregation 11 to 1 . . . Plans are under way to obtain a trophy for competition between flights. Winners would be decided every three months — then everyone would start from scratch again . . . P/O "Moose" Calladine gave the rest of the bowlers a high figure to aim at when he rolled a 359 on June 8th . . . We understand that the badminton results might have been different if S/L Grant of the Visiting Flight had been playing . . . Prince and Cpl. Wycherly, of Headquarters, seem to be brushing aside all tennis competition . . . Don't forget Tuesday nights are open to N.C.O.'s and Officers' wives for bowling and badminton.

TAR-MAC

Published monthly for the personnel of No. 20 E.F.T.S., Oshawa, Ontario.

Editor

Flight Sgt. Jack Waite

Associate Editors

Flight Sgt. Nels Schroeter

Mr. Vic. Bartley

LADY BOWLERS RATTLE THE PINS

Every Tuesday night amid the cheers of onlookers (male) the gals of No. 20 show their ability on the alleys. At present the standing of the teams is as follows:

Fleets leading the league with 8 points, followed by Yales with 6 points and Cornells 4 points with Ansons in the 2 point section. Helen Small takes honours and a sweat shirt for her display of talent.

EARLY SWIMMERS

Apparently things must be getting quite hot for two gentlemen, namely, G. Burley and Howie Rowe. They were found taking an early morning dip before going to work. The odd thing about it is that both appeared to be carried in their sleep. Incidentally boys, it doesn't pay to oversleep these mornings—ask Howie and Gord.

TUES "D" NITE

(Continued from page 1)

four corners in good time for the first attack, but as a warning to the boys away from home—"you had better make a date before it's too late." For information on above, see or phone "Chief of Information", Ed Stumpf K. of C. representative at the "Rec" Hall.

This party is EVERYBODY'S show and we expect even a bigger turnout than last time—which was a mere 600. So what d'ye say gang—LET'S GO!!

Protect the birds. The dove brings peace and the stork brings tax exemptions.

Auntie—"But what has your boy friend's Airforce career got to do with his staring at every pretty girl he sees."

Niece—"Oh, he is an Observer."

LOST—Rolex oyster movement wrist watch. Please return to W02 Consaul.

SEQUENCE 15

By F.L. Jack Lambe

Once upon a time there was a young sparrow whose mother had given him exercises 1 and 2 in the nest, but due to his highly developed air-sense (his mother and father were both old flyers) she sent him solo without a check. As a matter of fact he did very well. His co-ordination was wonderful to behold, and it was a pleasure to fly with him. However, his mother didn't check with the control tower so she couldn't tell him that there was a wind of 50 m.p.h. from 235 degrees at 2,000 feet. He hadn't even had a lecture on map reading (This really doesn't enter into the case, since he didn't have a map with him anyway), so you can imagine his consternation (you know damn well you can) when he discovered he was lost completely. His stamina was running pretty low, so he looked around for a field in which to make a precautionary landing. You may easily conceive his extreme trepidation (you know damn well you can) when he saw nothing but forest below him. But he did experience a faint ray of hope when he saw a clearing with a newly felled tree stripped of its bark. To his mind this offered an ideal landing strip so he made a dummy run at 150 feet (don't ask me how he could judge 150 feet without an altimeter. Air sense I guess). It looked O.K. so he made a circuit but forgot his downwind check and didn't lower his feet. Even though it was a perfect approach he came in on his belly, so applying his brakes didn't do much good. The log was just terribly slippery so he didn't stop till he went "su-mahyash!" into the stump at the end of the log. This knocked him colder than yesterday morning's hot cereal. When he came to in a few minutes he said to himself "ickle-bickle!" Nothing daunted, he decided to try again so he took off and made his downwind check this time (you know damn well he did). But, sad to relate, he didn't lower his flaps, causing him to overshoot and hit the stump at the end of log "bang!" This rendered him "non compis mentis" to quite a degree. Upon return to consciousness he muttered "ickle bickle!!" Not willing to leave well enough alone he took off again, did his downwind check and lowered his flaps, but sequence 20 meant nothing to him (you know damn well it didn't) so he touched down with drift. He wasn't quick enough to change his tail into a rudder, so he couldn't keep straight and lost control, ground-looped, dug his starboard wing into a knot-hole, overturned and hit the stump "cu-rash!!!" Five minutes later as the forest spun dizzily into sight, he growled in a deep, awful voice "ickle-bickle!" which, when freely translated, means—"My shattered clavicle! What a sensation!"

"Moral: If at first you don't succeed, fly, fly, again."

P.S.—His mother's log book was endorsed, and her category removed.

A MESSAGE FROM AFAR

Pilot Officer T. J. Brehn (A.G.) put his feelings into this poem and it shows the thoughts of our fellow warriors at the battle fronts. P/O Brehn was killed in England on November 25, 1943, and this message was received by his mother after his death. Sgt. Brehn of Course 106, brother of the deceased, forwarded this to us, and we in turn publish it. The poem gives a deep understanding of the meaning of home and loved ones to our fighting men and women.

Separated! Yes, far from my loved ones,
Dreaming and thinking of home,
Wondering if ever I'll see them,
And my own little Home Sweet Home,
I know how far off they seem,
But actually, how close they are;
For deep in my heart, I can feel,
That "here" is where they really are!

Looking at pictures of loved ones,
Dreaming of home and of friends,
Praying, that all will turn out well,
If this war of wars ever ends.
Yes, thinking of home, and of Bernice,
Of Mom, and the children, too,
Of Herbie, Pop and all my friends,
Who are thinking about me, too.

It won't be very much longer, Mom,
'Till you see me coming back,
And when I return, it's for good, Mom,
To follow that well-beaten track.

An Interesting Demonstration Held

The station personnel were treated to a very interesting evening, which was both entertaining and instructive when a gentleman by the name of Mr. Long from the Bell Telephone Laboratories appeared at the Recreation Hall to put on a demonstration showing the developments made by the Bell Labs. on communications in wartime.

Mr. Long's presentation was masterful as his method of delivery was excellent.

He brought with him a great many instruments which had been developed since the outbreak of this war and many that had been developed during the last war. He used these latter instruments as comparisons and showed how communications had made such rapid advances.

Those who were present had an opportunity to hear the movement of molecules in a bar of "Permalloy". They heard a record play over a beam of light. They saw a metal bar defy the force of gravity, and many had an opportunity to record their voices on the latest tape recording machine.

Besides being extremely interesting, the boys had an insight into the new world to come; a world that few have ever dreamed of; a world of electronics that is destined to be a part of each and everyone of us.

IT'S A PLEASURE

Now that a bundle of Cornell lore has arrived in Publications, many feet will be tripping in that direction, doubtlessly the trips will become a fall when E.D. flashes them a smile, along with the manuals.

No. 20 BIRTHDAY

(Continued from page 1)

Less spectacular but equally significant are the students whose names are not so well remembered because they graduated inconspicuously without having scratched a wing tip or failed a Progress Test.

Altogether it has been a pleasant three years and though the immediate future for all of us is "delightfully" obscure we will not be amiss if we work and pray for the day when we can look back from a peaceful world on the "Good Old Days" at #20 E.F.T.S.

WITH THE K. of C.



Ed. Stumpf, Supervisor

The Recreation Hall keeps right on being the most popular spot on the station, supplying entertainment every day, in rain or shine.

Our Library is being patronized very well. If you haven't taken the time to look over the books on hand do so at the first opportunity. You will find copies of the latest books on hand. Both Fiction and Non-Fiction.

P/O Tom Calladine has set up a new bowling score to shoot at. In company of P/O Frank Woods and others he rolled the tidy score of 359. This is the highest bowled on our alleys so far. Come on fellows who is going to set up one for him to beat.

On looking over the Sports Board we find that "D" Flight Cadets are leading the parade, with Headquarters in second place. Come on "A" and "B" Flight Instructors to you at this writing goes the honor of being called the Cellar Dwellers.

On July 4th there will be another station dance. F/O Keith Bedford is working very hard to make this another of the best. Give him a hand. Don't leave it to the last minute. Arrange for your partners early.

To those of you who missed the Boxing Show at the Arena on Tuesday evening I must say you missed a good evenings entertainment. Our boys put on a very good show. The one bout was the best crowd pleaser of the entire card. This is very good on a Card of Ten Bouts. Nice going fellows.

To the Roller Skating Fans. Get your pass free of charge at the K. of C. office for any night of Roller Skating at the Oshawa Arena. A vote of thanks to Mr. Albert Hambly who made this possible.

For your Dance dates and for what is on at the Movies on Sunday and Wednesday evenings, watch your weekly bulletin.

"As You Like It"

By F/S Nels Schroeter

F/LT. G. C. V. HURREN, A.F.C.

Succeeding F/L C. M. Cawker as our new acting Squad. Com. F/Lt. "George" Hurren, is certainly not lacking in ability to step into one of the toughest and most thankless of all jobs on this Unit. His efficiency cannot be rebuked, for being awarded the A.F.C. as a WO1 in October, 1943, and although the actual citation may not be printed, his work must have been of a really high value to gain such recognition. A photo taken of F/L Hurren being presented with the A.F.C. is on the front page.

F/L Hurren was born in Canada but lived in the U.S. for 15 years, starting his flying career in Arizona. Shortly after the war broke out he came back to Canada and was accepted to the R.C.A.F. at Trenton and given an Instructor's Course there. While awaiting No. 20 to be opened he was sent to Malton in May 1941 as a civilian on indefinite leave and instructed there until this School started training pilots in June, 1941. He has been attached to "C" flight ever since—over three years in the same flight and on the same station is quite a record.

When the Airforce "took over" the elem. schools he acquired Service training and received his wings in December, 1942. July of the next year he was granted a Commission dated back to Wing's day. He continued on up the ranks and was made F/Lt a few months ago. In April 1942, he was made flight commander of "C" flight and has held that position until his promotion to Squadron Commander on June 22nd.

All of No. 20 congratulates F/L Hurren and wishes him all the success in the world in his new task.

LET'S MAKE HAY!!

I feel more than a word of praise should go to our U.D.J.'s (Useful Duty Joe's) who spend from a week to sometimes months awaiting pilot training—with surprisingly few beefs. Perhaps these chaps say this to the situation: "Well—what can we do about it?" but more likely they are so definitely intend on becoming pilots that they just take the attitude, "I'll wait, no matter how long, just as long as I can get in that thing and show 'em I can handle something besides a pitchfork." By the "thing" they no doubt mean our little belittled "Moth."

Irregardless of their future possibilities—a pilot, a navigator, a bomb aimer, or one of the many other aircrew trades, mainly they are, complacently cheerful doing their odd jobs and must not forget that the waiting stage they endure is to be compared with the waiting around Canadian troops encountered in England before the invasion, and the latter had complete training under their belts, whereas these lads have only started their obstacle course, without passing over the first hurdle as yet.

The jobs these airmen do every day—pitching hay, raking, building, office work and others too numerous to mention, are being carried out quietly, unobtrusively and in a manner which is a credit to Canadian youth. Today I passed by a group of them working on the field—sun-tanned to perfection, and extremely healthy, which has given me the impression that the self-titled German Supermen have nothing on our own Canucks.

So lads of the U.D.J.'s remember, that when you're finally on course, there will be thousands of others yet to take your place, and it'll be up to you to help them along by giving them a little of your own morale.

Remember for yourselves, that a buck-and-a-half a day ain't exactly hay, but that forkful of hay might hasten good old Victory Day!

HUMOUR??

Flight Sergeant—"Sure I wear electrically heated flying suit on my dates—my gal loves to sit on my lap after it heats up."

Guide: This castle has stood for 600 years. Not a stone has been touched, nothing altered, nothing replaced.

Visitor: Um! They must have the same landlord as we have.

Don't question your wife's judgment—look who she married.

ACCIDENT PREVENTION

(Continued from page 1)

assures us that there will always be plenty of gas available for this student to get the throttle on and go round again after a bounce. The fact that the A/C ended up on its back didn't prompt our friend to cut the switches. We still think **aero-planes** are safe.

High up on the Control Tower there is a varied assortment of signals. We like to think that everyone knows what they mean and puts them to use.

This "D" Flight Student thought the dumbbell was white lumber used to patch up the side of the tower. We explained to him that despite the fact that J. R. was forced to watch the moronic, murdering moths month after month he had never once been known to vent his wrath by kicking holes in his high office, although such action, would in cases of this sort, be entirely justified.

Our Hero taxied directly behind an A/C parked on the edge of the runway. The engine of the parked A/C just happened to be turning over at 2,000 R.P.M. Strangely enough the prop stirred up great gobs of air and mass multiplied by velocity produced a force of no mean proportions. The student suddenly found part of his A/C airborne in slipstream. The portion of the A/C which suddenly gave way to the urge to be off, happened to be the tail. This action quickly changed the propeller into a plough. One hundred and twenty-five horses under the hood turned up one square foot of sod before they knocked the blades out of the plough.

Der Fuehrer sees one bright spot in a dark sky these days. His acting saboteurs (unpaid) are still doing okay—unwittingly in most cases to be sure—but still doing.