

THE *Aircraftman*

VOL. 2 - NO. 1

AUGUST 1, 1941



THE
TECHNICAL TRAINING
ST. THOMAS **SCHOOL** ONTARIO

STATION COMMITTEES

* * *

Officers' Mess

S/Ldr H. J. Adkins (P.M.C)
F/O W. L. Marshall (Secretary)
F/Lt A. G. Vince
F/Lt E. D. Armour
F/Lt N. K. Skelton

Sergeants' Mess

S/Ldr N. McLeod (Officer in Charge)
W/O A. Holdsworth (Chairman)
WO/2 Arden (President)
F/Sgt Adair (Secretary-Treasurer)
Three Members

Corporals' Mess

F/Lt Cronyn (Officer in Charge)
Cpl. Symington (Secretary-Treasurer)
Cpl. Judge (Chairman)
President (to be elected)
Three Members

Airmen's Mess

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F/Lt V. P. Cronyn (Secretary)
F/Sgt Acton (Kitchen)
L/AC Doyle, E. & A.T.S.
P/O A. R. Little, 1 Wing
F/O E. Hendry, 2 Wing
AC/2 Friedman, 1 Wing
AC/2 Gallagher, 2 Wing
L/AC Dalzelle, Headquarters

Canteen

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F/O W. E. Tuer (Secretary)
F/O D. Armour
Two Airmen representatives

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F/O G. Ross (Treasurer)
F/O R. K. Armstrong
F/O E. Hendry
F/O A. R. Little
WO/1 Stubbs, M. B. E.
F/Sgt Harvard
F/Sgt McMahan
Cpl. Maybie
R. G. Gibson (Secretary)

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W/O C. Taylor
F/Sgt M. J. D. McGuire
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P. S. I.

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F/O T. C. Shore

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S/Ldr A. G. Vince
WO/1 Lowe
WO/1 Plumbridge
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R. G. Gibson, Y.M.C.A. (Secretary)

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F/Lt M. C. Davies (President)
F/Lt H. F. O. Smeaton
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Fire

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O.C. No. 2 Wing
S/Ldr H. S. Adkins
Mr. McLachlan (Station Engineer)
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War Savings

G/Capt R. Collis (Chairman)
S/Ldr A. G. Vince (Secretary)
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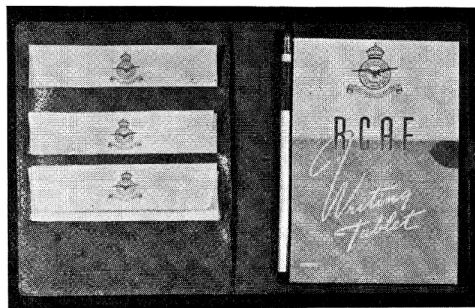
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F/Lt N. K. Skelton, No. 1 S. No. 1 W.
F/O G. Ross, No. 2 S. No. 1 W.
F/O A. R. Little, No. 3 S. No. 1 W.
F/O J. M. Harris, No. 1 S. No. 2 W.
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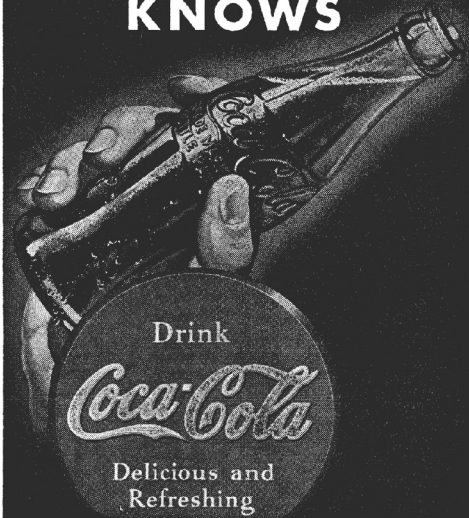
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THE AIRCRAFTMAN

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“PER ARDUA AD ASTRA”



*Hard work can surmount all obstacles,
Patient and persevering attention to duty can win any struggle.*

—Seneca.

« « EDITORIALS » »

DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL
DEFENCE FOR AIR

Office of the Minister,
Ottawa, June 28, 1941.

Dear Group Captain Collis,—

I wish to let you know that I was extremely satisfied with the general efficiency of your Station and with the smartness and bearing of the men on parade.

What I saw at your Station has left a most favorable impression and reflects credit on all ranks.

I also wish to thank you kindly for your hospitality to myself and my staff on the occasion of my visit.

Yours very sincerely,
(Sgd.) CHARLES G. POWER.

Group Captain R. Collis,
Commanding Officer,
Technical Training School,
St. Thomas, Ontario.

* * *

ON LETTERS AND LETTER-WRITING

Somewhere, at some time, I read an essay on the theme of "Soldiers and Letter-Writing." I shall always remember a conversation reported there which took place between two buddies at a railway station. Each was complaining about the perennial task of writing home. It appeared that they felt they had so little to say. About the grandest heights of eloquence to which they rose was "Give my love to Aunt Bessy and Uncle Bob, and be sure to give an extra bone to the pup for me." And that, said the writer, in spite of the fact that they were seeing one of the most colossal shows in history.

How easy it is for the majority of us to sympathize with this point of view of the soldiers. Letter-writing is still a good deal of a chore and a problem. True, censorship and the continual plea for secrecy being thrown at us from poster and memorandum prevent us from making many references to the details of "Show No. 2." We are also aware of the danger of writing too much to some people on some

subjects. Do you remember Dr. Rosenbach's famous quotation?

*"Lives of great men all remind us,
As their pages o'er we turn,
That we're apt to leave behind us
Letters that we ought to burn."*

And yet, in spite of the fences erected around us by others, we still find the business a sorry trial, a job to which we have to force ourselves, the completion of which always brings a sigh of relief. When we try to examine the reasons why we dislike letter-writing, the facts stand out clear enough. For example, all of us find it difficult to overcome the resistance of inertia.

Once we get down, "Dear Folks," the letter is more than half done. But to turn away from our studies (no sarcasm meant) to get out the pad and pen and write that opening salutation requires the will of a giant. Do you recall your High School Physics, and especially the fact that the friction which must be overcome to get a body from a stationary position into motion is much greater than the friction which must be overcome to keep it in motion? A further illustration of that principle is demonstrated every time the necessity to write a letter breaks through into consciousness.

Then we do often forget that it is the little things, not the big things, which really interest the folks back home. It is quite probable that they haven't the vaguest notion as to the difference between a Moth and a Fairey Battle. But they are interested in the progress of the sick lad from our bay. The subject "My thoughts when first I washed my shirt" is good for at least one full epistle. And think how your powers of expression would have their free flight on this theme, "The Terminology of Discipline." Two practical suggestions might be of value. If you have to save time, and if you feel that the re-reading of your letter consumes too much time, try this as the standard "P.S." at the close of each of your efforts:

*"I am afraid to think what I have said;
Look on't again I dare not."*

And, more seriously, it is a good thing to set aside a period each day, or week, in which to answer the letters you have received. Allow nothing to deter you from your appointed task. Mr. Churchill, they tell us, is always in utter

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misery if he knows of a letter which should be answered. If a set period is marked off for this task, allow nothing to interfere. "No man of letters is deserving of an eulogy who is scared by a detraction." Well said, Mr. Moore. It applies to Airmen as well as men of letters. Habits do help. A routine always makes a good batman for the will.

It would likely be easy to prove that, of all things offered for sale in our civilized world, a 3-cent stamp gives us the most value for the money. Use it, then, regularly and often, and watch its mates come sailing back to you, bringing you other letters that make life in the service a bit of an adventure.

* * *

« « SPORTS » »

C.O.'S TROPHY

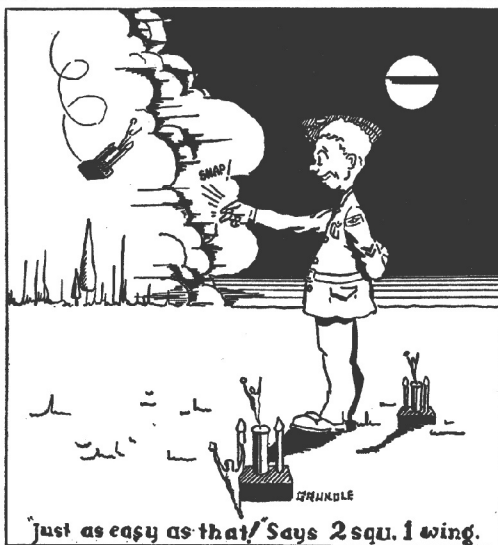
Number 2 Squadron, 1 Wing Make It 4 In a Row for C.O.'s Trophy

Quadruple congratulations are in order to the O.C. and N.C.O.'s and men of 2 Squadron. Four trophies in a row is no mean feat, especially as two or three Squadrons were Trophy bent right from the start of the month.

3 Squadron, 1 Wing and 1 Squadron, 2 Wing, who have never before been serious contenders for the Trophy, set a very hot pace and were nosed out only in the last week of play.

July's series has already been plenty hot, with many a close, hard-fought game of Lacrosse, Softball, Soccer and Tennis.

* * *



SQUADRON SPORTS DOPE

By A Square Deal

E. & A. T. S. have had a very smooth, well-balanced Tennis Team. Harrison was the ace.

1 Squadron, 1 Wing now have Cpl. Hardy as the Guiding Genius of Sports. This is a severe blow to the umpiring staff, but luck in your job, Corporal.

1 Squadron, 2 Wing turned out one of the classiest drill Squadrons ever seen on this Station. Nice going, Corporal White.

3 Squadron, 1 Wing now have Cpl. Kyles as Sports Promoter. He really has the boys on their toes.

Number 3 Squadron, 2 Wing, after losing one Soccer team, came right back to cop the Soccer medals in June.

2 Squadron, 2 Wing are once more Trophy bound, and do they play smooth Lacrosse!

2 Squadron, 1 Wing, comprised of Maybe and his babies—well, just what would you say? 4 in a row!

Headquarters now have an enthusiastic Lacrosse team and a wild and woolly Ball Club.

* * *

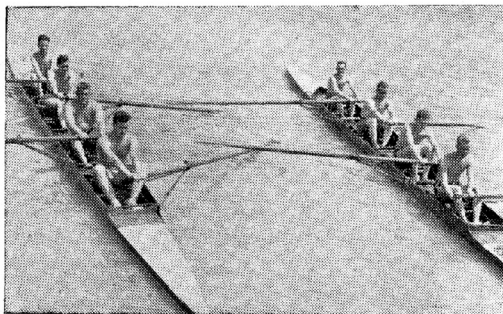
STATION SOFTBALL

The T. T. S. Softball team is still in the undefeated class. They now have 3 victories over Fingal to their credit. One of the victories was a walk-away, 16-4, but the other was a nip-and-tuck game which the Techs won 12-10. Games with the Army in London are in the book for July.

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ROWING

One of the best and oldest sports in Canada is now in full swing at T. T. S. Two four-oared shells are available at Port Stanley boathouse for the use of the Airmen. When members are sufficiently trained it will be possible to have inter-squadron races. All Airmen who are interested should hand their names into WO/1 Stubbs at the Drill Hall or to F/Sgt McGuire at the M. T. Section.



* * *

STATION SPORTS

DID YOU KNOW—

That during the month of June 1941 there were 17,464 articles issued on loan from the Station Sport Stores? And that these articles made play for approximately 70,000 Airmen?

* * *

That there are 6 softball and 1 hardball diamonds on the Station and that there is sufficient equipment available for all diamonds?

* * *

That the quarter-mile cinder track proper is now completed? The cinder path will improve with use.

* * *

That the most popular spectators' game is Box Lacrosse? There are four complete team outfits available.

* * *

That all team equipment must be signed for by an N.C.O. or sports representative and must be returned the next morning?

* * *

That the new Sports Committee Compound in the rear of the Drill Hall is nearing completion? This compound will be used for all sports material and will be a great help in the upkeep of the grounds.

That we have 10 crushed stone tennis courts in A1 condition?

* * *

That we have 72 racquets and plenty of balls? Tennis is the most played game on the Station.

* * *

That 12 new horseshoe pitches and 2 deck tennis courts have been constructed along the east side of 3 Squadron, 2 Wing?

* * *

That the Sports Stores are open daily until 2100 hours (9 p.m.)?

* * *

That all individual equipment drawn must be returned the same day?

* * *

That there are four complete Soccer team outfits?

* * *

Sports Medals



At the Commanding Officer's Commencement Parade in the Drill Hall, Bronze Sport Medals were presented to the winning teams in June's Trophy Series. No. 2 Squadron, 1 Wing was represented by a Lacrosse and Softball team. No. 3 Squadron, 2 Wing by a Soccer team. S/Ldr Adkins congratulated the winning teams on their splendid efforts, commending them on their all-round sportsmanship. These presentations to the Sports winners will be held on the second Friday of each month.

* * *

Recreation should sometimes be given to the mind, that it may be restored to you in better condition for thinking.—*Phædrus*.

STATION ACTIVITIES

TOURS

Late in the week previous to Sunday, July 6th, the Y.W.C.A. asked the Station "Y" to help them with a Niagara Falls trip. The boys, particularly from the West, took up the idea enthusiastically, and in twenty-four hours two busloads were booked. Arriving at the Falls, everybody scattered to see all they could during the afternoon and evening. No one, of course, wanted to miss the illumination, so the return trip did not get under way before 10 p.m., everyone arriving home tired but contented in having seen one of Nature's wonders. Following requests from a number of men unable to go on previous occasions, another trip was arranged for Sunday, July 13th. One large bus with several private cars pressed into service made the journey and back safely, with everyone having had a splendid day at the Falls, Queenston Heights, etc. Some discussion has arisen as to "when is a tour not a tour?" Apparently the answer is "when it's a trip." It might be well to make these trips into real conducted tours, taking in all the sights and including lunch at a cost price charge.

The "Y" would welcome expressions of opinion from the men on this point.

* * *

THE CAMERA CLUB

Are you aware that there is an organization at this School designed to meet the requirements of those beginners who are keen to learn the fine arts of the finest of all hobbies, photography? The Camera Club meets every Wednesday evening at 2000 hours in the lecture room of the Security Guard, 2 Wing Headquarters.

We have some very excellent subjects lined up. These are prepared for Camera Clubs by the Kodak Company. They include such subjects as this: "How to Take a Picture," "Photographic Pictorialism," "Colour Photography," "How to Make Up Christmas Photographic Cards," "Criminological Photography." Each one of these lectures is illustrated by special slides, supplied by Kodak, and one includes a reel of 16 mm. movies. These lectures, in themselves, are very much worth while. There will also be regular periods for print criticism, and the judging of enlargements.

The Club maintains a dark room for the use of members. The chemicals are supplied free

to club members. The equipment includes a printer, enlarger, tanks for the development of film, etc. The room is open to members every day in the week.

There is always on hand an advanced amateur who will gladly instruct the tyro in the fine arts of developing, printing and enlarging your own film. Everyone is made welcome.

* * *

FROM THE LIBRARY CORNER

Maybe it's the heat, or perhaps the humidity, but our choices for last month's reading did not go over so good as the previous month. Every one of them went out certainly, but they were not picked up nearly so quickly. The "Book of the Month Club" gave the short story fan a chance in July. Sixty-eight of the best that "The New Yorker" has published during the last fifteen years, all in one volume. For those idle moments when you want something short and snappy, this book will fill the bill ideally. No doubt there has been a time in your leisure moments when you have twirled the dial and a voice has come to you "This is Berlin, Bill Shirer speaking." A.P. correspondent in Berlin for many years, in close touch with all that went on in the diplomatic world, seeing the seeds of Hitlerism taking root and flourishing, continually warning his country and the world at large what the inevitable crop would be, Bill Shirer was warned that it might be better for him if he got out of Germany while there was yet time.

Here we have his diary. Read it and weep at the stupidity, if not worse, of some of the men who represented the democracies in Germany during the years following the last World War.

Road maps are now available in the Library of all the provinces of Canada. They may help you locate the Station, when the eventful day arrives, to which you are "posted." Of course, you are in this war business with the intention of winning. And you know quite well that it must be a co-operative job. The other fellow has to be as thoroughly informed about his work as you are if everyone is to do their share. One way you can help is to return the technical books promptly to the Library. This may seem a small thing to you but it may mean a lot to some other chap. Co-operation is the password.

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CALENDAR OF ACTIVITIES

(Newcomers to the Station can follow the following set-up for recreational and sporting activities from week to week. Special events or any change in any particular week can be noted in the Y.M.C.A. Daily Bulletins which are posted up in all Squadrons.)

* * *

SUNDAY

0910 Hrs.—R. C. Church Parade.
1000 Hrs.—Protestant Church Parade.

MONDAY

1900-2000 Hrs.—Scheduled Inter-Squadron Games.

TUESDAY

1900-2000 Hrs.—Scheduled Inter-Squadron Games.
2015-2200 Hrs.—Cinema, supplied by the Y.M.C.A.
2100-2430 Hrs.—“Bachelor” Dance (at the Y.W.C.A., St. Thomas).

WEDNESDAY

1900-2000 Hrs.—Scheduled Inter-Squadron Games.
1930-2030 Hrs.—Camera Club (in 2 Wing, Security Guard Lecture Room).

THURSDAY

1900-2000 Hrs.—Inter-Squadron Games.
1930-2030 Hrs.—Bible Discussion Group (in 2 Wing, Security Guard Lecture Room).

FRIDAY

2015-2200 Hrs.—Cinema, supplied by the Y.M.C.A.

SATURDAY

2015-2200 Hrs.—Cinema, supplied by the Canadian Legion.

* * *

War Services Club Rooms

The new club rooms of the St. Thomas Y.W.C.A. War Services were officially opened on Thursday, July 17th. Located in the basement of the Y.W.C.A., just off Talbot Street, the rooms are now available to all members of His Majesty's Forces, their wives and friends. The main lounge, with its easy chairs, radio and grand piano, is well furnished with books, magazines and writing tables. In the cream and red tuck shop, cigarettes, cold drinks and chocolate bars are sold and light lunches will be served at cost by the ladies in charge.

An office with information about rooms and apartments for wives and friends of Service Men stationed at St. Thomas is situated just off the main reading room.

All Service Men, their wives and friends away from home will find an informal, home-like atmosphere and a warm welcome in these rooms, which have been specially designed for their use.

* * *



KEEPING THE AIR FORCE FIT

* * *

Put not off till tomorrow, for the morrow never comes to completion.—*St. Chrysostom.*

The race-course at Ascot was laid out by Queen Anne in 1711.

AMONG THE SQUADRONS

1 SQUADRON, 1 WING

SPORTS

By Cpl. Hardy

With a new deal in Sports, 1 Squadron, 1 Wing are starting to go places, and promises to make things plenty tough for the rest of the Station teams this month. Plenty of thanks are due to the new entries who have turned out a fine bunch of sportsmen and have really injected some of the old-time enthusiasm in the Squadron. Now we would like to see a lot more

of the boys out to cheer the teams on when they are playing.

With a sterling battery such as Clemmett and Winsor and ably backed by a real infield, the Softball team will be a pushover no longer.

Our Soccer team has a new playing Captain, AC/2 Wolinsky, and he has turned up some real talent who, with a few more games under their belts, will really be clicking.

Our Tennis team, ably captained by AC/2 Bullock and assisted by such all-around athletes as AC/2 Gordon, have not lost a match so far this month and are really hot competition. Keep up the good work, fellows.

THE AIRCRAFTMAN

And last but not least, our Lacrosse team, captained by AC/2 Colclough, is making things hot for their opposition and, although they have lost a couple of games, they'll win plenty from now on.

When the Station track and field day rolls around AC/2 Inkster will bear some watching; he's a one-man team and no foolin'.

There seems to be one department that 1 Squadron, 1 Wing can't get any competition in and that's in the buying of war savings certificates. We have led the field by a large margin ever since they were introduced on the Station, so how about a little competition from some of the other squadrons in this department. Things are running so smoothly these days that Flt/Sgt Ard is going around with a grin on his face, like the cat that ate the canary, "Nuf said, eh what."

* * *

1 SQUADRON CHATTER

Another mouse is plaguing the inmates of the 64th Entry. Maybe it's the mate of the recently deceased finger-biting champion.

The 57th reports that Cameron from Glace Bay, despite considerable progress in the avenues of aero-engine mechanics, has one burning ambition—to get his name on a sardine can.

Romeo Cecil Carney of the 57th has promised to devote his heart and soul to soccer provided he can accomplish a pass.

"Hoppy" Hopkins of the 60th sneezed (so it is reported) so hard the other day that he is now sans his upper chinaware snappers. Hoppy, "don't use so much pepper in the stuff."

One Airman of the 63rd sat on a paint-wet park bench; advised by his running mates where to get the stuff he proceeded to 1 Squadron Orderly Room and asked them for some prop wash and elbow grease to clean his uniform. From here he was sent to Wing Orderly Room and so on to the equipment assistant. Old tricks still live.

Carrol (of the mouse fame) also flies a plane. Last week-end he took pal "Bud" Harvee for a flip over Port Stanley. Bud says "no more flips for me; I'd rather take my swimming the regular way."

* * *

POSTINGS

This month we bid farewell to the 56th and 57th Entries and hope they get good postings. Good luck, fellows.

* * *

2 SQUADRON, 1 WING

SPORTS

By AC/2 Doty

No. 2 Squadron wish to thank all the grand sportsmen as a whole for their great team work. They are all a great gang.

One Punch Kapusinski, our all-round athlete—boxing, softball and lacrosse—has gone to Ottawa. He will be long remembered by No. 2 for his sportsmanship.

Moir, Richards, Barkey, Rault, Herrington and Lofthouse all left with the good old 51st Entry.

The 51st Entry, along with the 53rd and 54th Entries, will all be missed plenty by everyone in general.

Congratulations to our Lacrosse team for winning the Station championship for the second straight month—Garland, Gallagher, Ludbrook, Whitehead, Partlo, Gregg, Mirchell, Handfield, MacPherson, Ferguson and Whyte—all fine sportsmen.

Congratulations to the Softball team for their effort.

Our Soccer team claim they will keep plugging until they get up in the medal class. Keep punching, gang; we can do it!

Corporal Wood, Wilson, Scheunaman, Moffatt and Newhouse will all be leaving this month. We are looking for as good a bunch of sportsmen as we are losing.

* * *



2 SQUADRON, 1 WING LACROSSE TEAM
*Hanfield, Whitehead, Gallagher, Partlo, Ludbrooke,
Ferguson, Gregge, Baker, Garland.*

* * *

We would like to know if Burke of the 61st Entry is trying to learn how to play the drums or trying to drive everyone from No. 2 Squadron.

Why do Dean and McNeil hide under the bed at 0700 hours? Could it be P.T.?

Why is it Handfield (Hammerhead) has a perpetual "Att. B"? He looks healthy enough to us.

It is rumored Dean's girl friend out West is taking a back seat. What has the East got that the West hasn't?

Is it true Jones A. (Spider) met up with an amazon last Monday night? "How is the Jaw?"

The cooks can't take a short course in basics. They seem to have tempering and annealing mixed. Do they use Casenite on the sausages?

The Sudbury Flash, commonly known to Bay 10 as Wrong Way Corrigan, managed to get back from his "48" on time. What have you to say, R. J.?

The former school teacher in 58th Entry who visits the hair dresser so often wears a hair net to bed.

Arizona of the 62nd says it was so hot in Arizona once that he saw a coyote chasing a jack rabbit and they were both walking.

* * *

WHY! THE 5 WONDERS

1. Why doesn't the Canteen start a bus service?
2. Why doesn't the Station Y.M.C.A. organize a "Want a Date Club" and publish photos and phone numbers of its members?

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3. Why doesn't "Corporal Perhaps" take some of the morning P.T. until he is "All Out"?
4. Why doesn't the Station build a swimming pool—"Free Admission to the Ladies"?
5. Why doesn't it rain every morning between the hours of 6 and 9, at least on the late shift?

* * *

Why was Shotter of the 58th Entry in all the hurry to get out of the Trade Board Office after he finished his trade test?

Who is the little milkmaid that has Tanasse (Bay A12 Senior) tied to her apron strings? Would that be the reason for him being so anxious to have a clean bay every morning so he can get a "24" every week?

B Floor, Bay 5 would like to know if it is the weather or the "24" that makes Arizona look the way he does on Monday morning.

* * *

3 SQUADRON, 1 WING

By Cpl. Stanley, W. M.

A FEW PLAIN WORDS TO THE PERSONNEL OF 3 SQUADRON, 1 WING

How does it feel to win the C.O's Trophy? I wonder!

So far this Squadron has never experienced that sensation, although we almost did last month.

We must take off our hats to 2 Squadron, 1 Wing for their unparalleled success in this field. But what has 2 Squadron got that we haven't got? Let us figure it out:

First—They have the *will* to win—that takes intestinal fortitude. Are we lacking in this respect?

Second—They use their backbone instead of their wishbone in their efforts, and surprisingly enough it seems to bring results.

Third—They are not individualists—they play unselfishly as a team. "All for one and one for all" is a good motto, and it wins trophies.

Fourth—No. 2 Squadron as a whole is interested in the results of the games, so far beyond the extra week-end home that winning the Trophy brings its members. In other words, they turn out in hundreds and cheer their teams to victory. It helps a lot and gives that added punch to a team that makes all the difference between victory and defeat.

As far as I can see, this Squadron has never tried this system, and it is apparent that we need all the help we can get, from every source, if the C.O's Trophy is ever to be our temporary property.

Think it over, men—only you yourselves can do it.

I feel that once the way is pointed out to you, you will soon tread the path of victory.

LET'S GO NOW!

* * *

SPORTS

The month of June saw us very near winning the Trophy, and I am sure we would have won it if our teams had had the support of the onlookers that they deserve.

While the teams are to be congratulated on their efforts, we must not overlook one AC/2 Penny, a lad

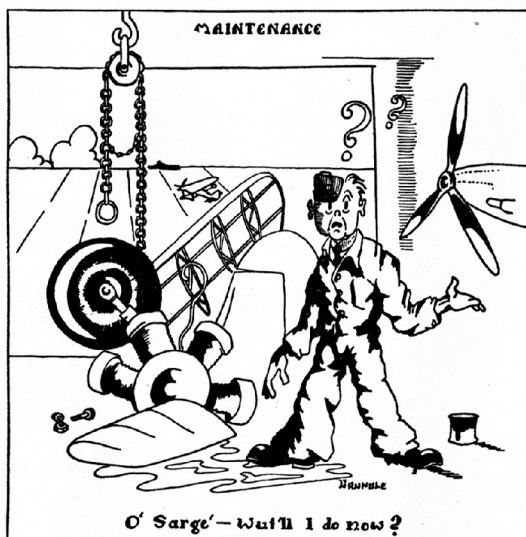
who has never missed turning out to every game. While he doesn't play himself, his full support was an inspiration and encouragement to the teams. We wish there were more like him and I am sure if there were we would have the Trophy in our Squadron when it is next presented.

Congratulations to all the players, and keep up the good work.

We would also like to congratulate 2 Squadron, 1 Wing on winning the Trophy. Next month we hope to beat you; in fact I know we will.

Special comment should be made to the Drill Team for, in spite of the setbacks, they placed third in their competition.

* * *



* * *

IT WAS STATED

By A. Trainee

There is a syphonic tube in a Clarkes Oil Viscosity Relief valve.

All airscrew blades have angels (I would like to meet the course one).

The quickest way to make anti-freeze is to lock her in the ice-box.

If one can't find any "cloud grease" they can use the pitch off a wooden airscrew.

The other day a certain merchant complained about the lack of business. On inquiring as to why, he discovered that the recent storm had removed two letters from his sign. It now stated that he was selling "Old Eats" instead of his regular butcher business of selling "Cold Meats."

* * *

FROM THE WEST

The R.C.A.F. have taken over the Normal School and three of the residences of the University of Alberta, and after the Edmonton Exhibition are going to take over the whole of the Exhibition Grounds.

The mothers of Airmen now serving away from Edmonton have entertained over 500 Airmen stationed

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there and have donated over \$500 worth of comforts to the Air Force Station there. This is exclusive of knitted wear for the Airmen.

* * *

WE WOULD LIKE—

- To hear the bagpipes playing Far, Far Away.
- To see anyone Drink Canada Dry.
- The bugler to be with Napoleon—he's dead.
- To know why there aren't more supporters at our games.
- To think that the contractors were finished fixing the hangars.
- To know the true facts about a certain fist-i-cuff the other day.
- To know when we will have a permanent Flight in the Squadron.

* * *

WORDS OF PRAISE

- To the Orderly Room staff for their splendid work in the face of the many changes in Flight Sergeants.
- To all the sportsmen of the Squadron on their splendid effort that nearly won for us the Trophy.
- To the few men who did come out and cheer our team on.
- To the Officers that were out at the games and did their bit.

* * *

WANTED

Items of personal interest for our page in THE AIRCRAFTMAN.

* * *

1 SQUADRON, 2 WING

SQUADRON TALK

By AC Falle

The "old-timers" have gone, apparently all of them satisfied with their postings. The "Trainees" of the 50th and 51st have gone. And we who remain behind wish them "good luck" and rapid advancement at their new Stations.

However, how strange will be the comparative (note the word comparative) silence now that those "soft-toned" voices are no longer heard. But I am sure the new entries will soon bring things back to "normal."

Anyway, everyone agrees that the 58th and 59th A.F.M. and 1-12 are "perfect angels" (or do they?).

On parade for the first time, the new Entry 69 A.F.M. was fully initiated into the "routine" procedure of the Squadron by "Flight Harvard."

We noted no detail was omitted. In barracks for the first time, they also were initiated into the "routine." Don't believe all you hear, boys.

Gleaned from one of the 58th Entry. I have a letter written by his sister, supposedly to him:

Dearest Oscar:

I am glad to hear you are in the Air Force. It will give you such an "uplift" in life.

I think I have figured out the meaning of A.C. in front of your name. I reckon it means "almost crazy" as your school used to be a mental hospital.

You said the officers have "special quarters." Can

they buy War Saving Stamps with them? I do with mine.

In your last letter you kept saying a Squadron "this" and a Squadron "that." Well, why don't they lock her up? Furthermore, I fail to see what a squaw can be doing in the Air Force.

Did you get that box of candy I made you? I am sorry to hear all the boys in the "bay" are sick. I almost forgot to congratulate you on your "confinement to Barracks." I feel certain that you worked exceedingly hard for the "honor" which has been bestowed upon you.

So your uniform is blue. Poor thing. Just rub it well and its circulation will return. If it is going to take such a long time to get "Wings" why don't you try "Chesterfields," they satisfy. How many "Air pockets" are in your uniform. It must be slightly draughty. Please write me and answer all my questions, but this time give some sensible answers. Imagine saying that the man who flies the Aeroplane is the pilot. Why, even I know that pilot was a man in the Bible.

Lovingly,

YOUR EUPHEMIA.

Thank you, "Miss Cranbrook," for your fine contribution to this magazine. We like it very much.

* * *

SPORTING CIRCLE

Hear those shouts, hear that chant,
No. 1 Squadron's on the rant.
Listen to our opponents breathe a prayer
For a victory against us is so rare.
Baseball, soccer, tennis, lacrosse,
In every sport we are the "boss."

Her eyes were like soft, limpid pools of liquid moonlight, softly growing—Hey!!! Hey!!! How the blazes did that get in. This is a sports article not an "ode to women." Pardon me, my mind must have wandered. I know that's a "bad" habit—but—No. 1 Squadron's teams have developed "good" habits, mainly that of winning and continuing to win. That's the "ole pepper," boys. Keep it up.

Cpl. White, who handles softball, lacrosse and soccer and myself, who is in charge of tennis, are more than satisfied with the "calibre" of our players.

In Tennis watch "Doug Thompson"; he is proving to be a man of "racquets" (in fact, you ought to hear him when everyone else is trying to go to sleep).

Doctor: Get my bag at once.

Daughter: Why, dad, what's the matter?

Doctor: An Airman just phoned up and said he can't live without me.

Daughter: Hold on dad; that call was for me.

May we ask:

Who the trainee of the 59th was who found out the "future" of he drinks is "he is drunk"?

Did the man who invented brain-teasers ever study Hydraulics?

What it was that the 51st put in Dubinsky's bed by mistake, thinking Fentiman still slept there, much to Dubinsky's discomfort? Slightly damp, eh?

Why Rodgers wanted a "build up" in the paper. Nothing could ever build him up?

WORK



SAVE

IS - 2W 25.27%

3S - 1W 27.85%

H. Q. ... 28.13%

2S - 1W 34.72%

2S - 2W 35.40%

CIV. ... 35.70%

3S - 2W 42.88%

1S - 1W 75.16%

E.A.T.S. 95.56%

LEND



W. E. Day



THE AIRCRAFTMAN

IN MEMORIAM OF AC/2 COLLING, V. L.

Late of the R.C.A.F., St. Thomas, Ont.

He was one of us, yet with the dawn
We woke to find that he had gone;
They told us he'd accepted a transfer,
The Eternal Squadron's Roll to answer.

He was one of us, yet it is true,
He was an Airman through and through,
And may we say that we are proud
To have had him in our little crowd.

He was one of us, held in high regard
By all of us who called him "Pard."
And though through fate our paths divide,
We'll meet again on the other side.

He is one of us, we all agree,
As much as he was, he will always be;
We live in him, he lives in us,
And we will all complete his trust.

—L. FALLE.

The 59th Entry, A.F.M., will always remember.

* * *

2 SQUADRON, 2 WING

TO "THE GROUND CREWS"

By F/Lt W. G. Cooke

In the epic story of "The Battle of Britain" which recounts the happenings that took place in the air over England between the 8th of August and 31st of October, 1940, a tribute is paid to the "Ground Staffs" of the Fighter Squadrons: "Their tasks were to service the fighting aircraft and maintain communications at any cost."

That this job was well done is proved by the fact that against overwhelming odds, the fighting men of the R.A.F. fought the Germans to a standstill.

The work of these ground staffs should be an inspiration to the men here in training at T. T. S. Some of you will be called upon to go overseas to take your place beside those men who fought the "Battle of Britain." Be worthy of this honor by applying yourself diligently to your studies here so that you may be adequately equipped to "Keep the machines flying."

* * *

When all the defaulters in 8A finish their "terms" the S.P.'s are going on a holiday.

AC/2 Kukurski has a broad smile now that his girl friend has put him back on her mailing list.

AC/2 Gregory has a new angle for sleeping when he is standing up during class—sore eyes, EH!

Last Monday, July 7th, at 0650 hours, Daylight Morrison time, the Squadron was rudely awakened by the familiar shouts of our beloved Sergeant, and apparently his 7 days leave has not changed his custom of calling us 10 minutes ahead of the bugle every parade.

Why did Corbett of the 57th Entry go to Ottawa on his last "48" taking his coveralls, a bunch of old newspapers and some ash trays in his kit bag? Was he going to finish his block at home? And why all the rumpus on discovering his bunk laden with hickory nuts?

"SHE'S A GREAT FLAG"

She's a great flag, fellows,
And plenty worth fighting for,
So it's up to us lads,
To get busy and win this war.

She's a great flag, fellows,
And we've got what it takes
To blast those square-headed buzzards
And make them eat their cakes.

She's a great flag, fellows,
Of red and white and blue,
And so it's up to us lads
To lick that Nazi crew.

After the war is over
And back to civies we go,
The "Blitzes" having been stopped,
Once again our flag is free to blow.

—By AC/2 Tinsley and the
Man From Vichy.

* * *

Exams are just like women
This statement is quite right,
They ask you silly questions
And keep you up all night.
—Confucius.

That which passes out of our mouth passes into a hundred ears.—Confucius.

Shave with a file if you like, but don't blame the razor.—Confucius.

Do not remove a fly from your chum's forehead with a hatchet.—Confucius.

COMPOSITION OF A NAZI

After the Creator had finished the rattlesnake, the toad and the vampire, He had some awful substance left with which to make the Nazi. A Nazi is a two-legged animal with a corkscrew soul and water-logged brain, and a backbone of jelly and glue. Where others have hearts, he has a rotten pineapple. No man has a right to be a live Nazi as long as there is a rope long enough to hang his carcass.

The staff of No. 2 Squadron, 2 Wing is still wondering when W.O. Birkett will be able to bring his golf score low enough to compete on even terms with the Great Ivan Pickleton from E. & A.T.S.

* * *

SPORTS

No. 2 Squadron, 2 Wing may well be proud of its sports teams. The Tennis team is really stepping out, as their 21 out of a possible 21 points indicates. Not far behind is the Soccer team with two wins in three games, and considering the opposition these boys were up against, their record is worth noting. The Softball team alone has had tough luck. Forging into an early lead in both games, they have seen victory slip from their grasp in the late innings but they're a fighting gang and promise to "deliver" the goods from now on.

We think our Lacrosse team is as good as any in the School and they'll be out there in their future games to prove the truth of our convictions. One thing sorely lacking is support from the Squadron. Surely the chaps who do not take part in the various contests

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could make an occasional appearance and lend a little vocal and moral support. After all, everyone benefits by the extra 24-hour pass that goes with the C.O's Trophy, so how about it, fellows; let's make ourselves heard at the games from now on.

* * *

3 SQUADRON, 2 WING

3 SQUADRON SPORTS

The 3 Squadron boys are in there again. In every way they are blitzing their way through all opposition and a look at the records on the C.O's Sports Chart is evidence of their objective.

In all phases of sport we have taken full honors. This has been made possible by the whole-hearted co-operation of the Squadron athletes led by their respective captains.

The Softball team has been, perhaps, the most effective in holding top place.

One of the finest batteries on the Station, Cpl. Bradley and AC Barry, have prodded their team to a perfect record of no losses to date.

Two other outstanding contributions to our softball victories are "Hutch" and Vickery, veritable "Dimagos" at the bat.

The popularity of Lacrosse found much talent and support here. Captained by AC Catto, this team also have an unbeaten record for the month. AC Goring and Goabe Stevenson have been outstanding in their team play, to say nothing of the other players—Black, Menard, Pearson, Gidding, Grundle, Cunningham, Phillips, Mackenzie and Short. With no losses to date, the Soccer team, with Maltin in charge, also have made a fine showing.

Much of the credit is due to the stellar playing of "Church" Gimmel.

Although the teams have had one or two setbacks, the boys are getting into the swing of things and very fine material is evident.

(I'm not a McLemore or a Parker, but I'd say watch 3 Squadron finish off the month.)

On to the Top Boys!

Note: We are losing a lot of players due to Entries going out. You fellows who have just come in, get into your favorite sport and boost our Squadron record.

* * *

FAREWELL TO THE FIFTY-SECOND

By AC/2 Sheperd

Farewell to the fifty-second,
 We hate to see them go;
 We've got so very friendly
 The past eighteen weeks or so.
 We've had some very pleasant times
 Here in good old T.T.S.,
 And though it had its disappointments
 We love it none the less.
 The days we spent in isolation
 Learning to clean and sweep and mop
 Or out in the dusty field
 Learning how to swing a prop.
 The yelling of our Sergeants
 As they give the planes the gun,
 And the unappreciated duty flight
 After the day's big job is done.

Yes, we had our good old happy times
 And lonely moments feeling blue,
 But I believe in giving credit
 To those to whom it is due.
 So here's to our Instructors and N.C.O's
 Who helped to put us through;
 May all life's joys and happiness
 Come to rest with you.

* * *

3 SQUADRON N.C.O'S

*(In order to recognize the following N.C.O's,
 note characteristics as listed below.)*

- Cpl. Jorgenson—
Favorite Expression: Is that a fact!—*General Occupation:* On leave in London—*Description:* Looking busy.
- Cpl. Hoffman—
"Censored"—Contacting St. Thomas—Sun tanned.
- Cpl. Winnett—
 Well, I'll tell ya—Blonde farewell—London's gift.
- Cpl. Gerard—
 Ri—Microbe Inspections—Scientific sense.
- Cpl. Burt—
 D'ya see?—Teaching French—Political.
- Cpl. Prust—
 Correct as (H—)—Mathematics—Quizzical.
- Cpl. McEwen—
 Hello Mabel—Seeing Mabel—Tall and dark.
- Cpl. Downes—
 Holy Smoke—Going somewhere—Winnipeg.
- Cpl. Fraser—
 Golly—Staying home nights—Depressed.
- Cpl. Courage—
 That's the way it should be—Figuring out where the cloth goes when his coveralls shrink—Best-looking married man.

* * *



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SQUADRON HUMOUR

Cpl. (to trainee): "You are twenty minutes late. Don't you know when school starts?"

Trainee: "No, they are always at it when I get here."

AC/2 Neol: "Have you seen my boots anywhere?"

AC/2 Richards: "Are you sure you had them on when you took them off?"

Cpl. Courage (to Senior N.C.O.): "I'm going to Stores and if by any chance I return during my absence keep me here till I get back."

Cpl. Shore (to class): "Nothing is impossible!" (several times).

Trainee at back: "Wonder if he has ever tried putting toothpaste in a tube."

Cpl.: "Give me an example of wasted energy."

AC/2: "Telling a hair-raising story to Cpl. Gerard."

* * *

Equipment and Accountant Training School

OUR GOLD MEDALISTS

Congratulations are in order to AC/2's F. A. Enfield and G. S. L. Matthews in qualifying for the Gold Medal which is presented at the conclusion of our courses to the pupils obtaining the highest average marks. AC/2 Enfield's average was 87.5 in the Clerk Accountants' Course, which embodies Accounting for Financial Services and Equipment Accounting. AC/2 Matthews, an Equipment Assistant, made 85 per cent. in the Equipment Course. These two Airmen have set a high mark for our new entries to shoot at, and the medal is well worth the effort.

* * *

NOTES FROM HITHER AND YAWN

By F/Sgt King, H. G.

In view of the fact that these notes are being compiled immediately after the Equipment Assistants "farewell" banquet, and immediately prior to the Clerk Accountants' "farewell" banquet, there will no doubt be a decided lack of continuity, if not material.

Yes, the 17th Equipment Assistants' course and the 8th Clerk Accountants' course are now history and the boys have all moved on to their postings to carry on the good work. That is, all except "Uncle Moe" Webster, who remained behind to catch up on a little sleep.

One could reminisce a lot about these classes after they go. There is the picture of "Two Gun" Reynolds climbing an apple tree in search of the forbidden fruit while on route march. At least, it turned out to be very, very forbidden. Then, we recall two of our pupil N.C.O.'s. Two of the biggest guys these old eyes ever saw. Their names were Lillie and Llewellyn. Cute, eh? No consistency at all! And then there is AC/2 Udell, a native son of St. Thomas, who was found weeping on a curb on the main street at 2300 hours. He said he was *lonesome*. What price nativity!

SPORTS



Our School is justly proud of the Tennis team, which, at the time of writing, haven't lost a set; either singles or doubles. As a matter of fact, they have hardly lost even a game in any set, and it looks as though they will make a clean sweep of this section of sport. The School is fortunate, however, in having such ranking players as AC/2 Harrison, who has played with the best of them all over Canada; AC/2 Stone and AC/2 "Grandpappy" Perry, the ole southpaw, who also rank high amongst the best. This "Terrific Trio" comprised our singles players. The doubles team of "Fat" Jackson and Joe Rowney have yet to lose a match, and the other team of "Gypsy" Simard and "Shrimp" Charnley have an equally clean sheet. It was a pleasure to watch these boys play and to have them represent the School.

* * *

BATTLE OF THE GIANTS

Small craft warnings were displayed on Monday evening, July 14th, as the School gathered to witness a boxing bout staged to settle minor infringements of the rights of Democracy. In other words, two heavyweights who have been getting in each other's "hair" decided to settle it honorably.

Scene: The Drill Hall.

Time: 1730 hours.

Referee: WO/1 Stubbs (M.B.E.)

Seconds: Who ever happened to be near.

Timer: Cpl. Bowen.

Red Corner: AC/2 "Killer" Kalef, former pie-eating champ of Kalamazoo, at 200 lbs.

Blue Corner: AC/2 "Tiger" Thompson, the present pie-eating champ of Kalamazoo, at 215 lbs.

This was a push-over for both fighters; at least, that was the impression the spectators got.

Round One: Boxers in centre of the ring; referee O.K.'s them, and the fight is on. The Killer pushed a hard right which wound itself around Thompson like a whip. Thompson retaliates with a hard left push which spins Kalef around, exposing the reason for his never having been knocked down. The Killer is as broad as he is high. Kalef comes back hard and the boys are toe to toe in the ring; now it is push, push, slish, slish, as these heavies go at each other. Thompson taking that old one-three. Kalef getting the "two." Thompson sinks his "pillowed" fist into what would

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be anybody else's mid-section, and the Killer goes down as the bell rings. It's hard to tell if Kalef is down or not, but the ref. says he is.

Round Two: Thompson has the "Killer" on the ropes, and Kalef retaliates—backwards. He comes off the ropes swinging at anything or anybody. (Friendly lad, Kalef.) He slips and lunges forward, luckily with his fist clenched, and puts his 200 pounds behind one blow which catches the "Tiger" below the ribs. There is a sound like gushing steam, and the fight is over. Killer Kalef the winner, and still champion of something-or-other.

Spectators' Comments:

Ripley: "I don't believe it. It wasn't real."

Joe Jouis: "Now I've Seen Everything."

Superman: "Any similarity to persons living or dead or to any other type of sporting event is definitely co-incidental."

Referee: "Ugh."

* * *

THE LAMENT OF 6 (B.R.)

The God-King sighed as he searched the Platte,
And the map of the earth below;
"I have given a place to every race,
In the belt from snow to snow.
I have given a home to each beast and bird,
And even the fox has its day.
I have given all land to the son of man,
But he had to choose Alliford Bay.
The seven days I toiled below,
When I built the seas and the land,
There was much to do and I didn't get through,
And one place, unfinished, stands.
It's known below as "The land of the rain,"
Or "The Station at Alliford Bay."
It stands apart by the Northern Pole,
Unfinished, forgotten, alone.
But no man's hand has won this land,
And no one calls it his own.
The country is made up of odds and ends,
Bald mountains, dank swamps and red clay.
Stuff that couldn't be used,
When the good earth was fused,
"The Station at Alliford Bay."
You may come this way in your travels, some day,
Though I can't for the life of me see,
An intelligent man, wasting life's rich sand,
Looking for "Alliford Bay."
The men there say they've been there since May,
Though they've forgotten the year and the day,
Yet when H.Q. remembers,
They'll send for the members
Of "The Squadron at Alliford Bay."

—ANONYMOUS.

* * *

HEADQTRS. SQUADRON

OUT OF THE DUSK

By Candlelight

Headquarters Squadron are slowly emerging from the darkness that has been shrouding their athletic abilities. There never has been any doubt about their artistic abilities; they are past masters at anything from this—to that. Up until the last few weeks, athletics have been a lost art with them. For a short period in the winter L/AC Dalzell had Headquarters

in the Sports Limelight, then came a period of darkness. The shadows began to lift in the early spring when after a sports rally WO Netzell began to carry the torch for Sports. Headquarters are now represented by a 7-man Tennis team under the guidance of F/Sgt Leishman. They have at least three Ball teams (a different team every game). Starling, Symington and Co. have organized a Lacrosse team and the horizon was really ablaze the night they won a Lacrosse game. This gang recently suffered a serious loss in the posting of their "do or die, don't come near me" goal keeper, Cpl. Keenan; luck to you, Jo.

We fully expect that by next fall the darkness will be completely lifted and bright sunshine will be the order of the day throughout Headquarters Sports.

* * *

FEET

By Sgt. Walker, J.

The care of the feet in war-time does not suddenly require any mysterious formula which differs in any way from the common sense methods used in civilian life.

When a man enlists one of the first things that happens is that he must discard the comfortable low shoes of civilian life for the Air Force issue boot, which to the average Airman is a most disagreeable change.

However, the Air Force issue boot instead of being a source of irritation and discomfort is actually a boot which will give for greater foot comfort than any other type of footwear that is made for use in the armed forces. The common sense methods of soap and water and clean socks is the first essential to foot health and if the Airman is fastidious in his personal hygiene, he is started on the right road to foot comfort and health. The commonest foot ailment which comes to plague the enlisted man is the ordinary scalded foot which is so often mistaken by many Airmen for "athlete's foot."

The burning scalded foot can be eased through soaking in hot water and salt, followed by the use of any drying agent of which there are many in the form of dusting powders.

Many Airmen blame the wearing of woolen socks for this particular form of foot trouble but actually the heavy wool sock is by far the most beneficial as it provides a certain amount of insulation, allowing air to circulate to some extent in permitting the foot to breathe.

Another point that the average person neglects when considering foot health is exercise. Most persons consider that walking or marching provides sufficient exercise. This is true to a small degree but foot exercises taken in bare feet are very necessary to strengthen and keep strong the intricate structure of the foot.

In the September issue an article on foot exercises will appear.

* * *

A man can be perfect — physically and mentally — yet be rejected by the U. S. army when his face is characterized by "extreme ugliness."—Reader's Digest.

A woman with her hair combed up always looks as though she were going some place, either the opera or the shower bath — depending on the woman.—Orson Welles.

« DO YOU KNOW? »

That though the corridors in these buildings seem endless, there are only eighteen miles of them.

* * *

That in Venezuela love letters can be mailed for half price provided the regulation red envelope is used.

* * *

That this Station was built and used for a short time as a Mental Hospital.

* * *

That any problem large or small is made easier by confiding in a friend. The Padres and "Y" men are always ready to help you in any way possible. Technical problems excepted.

* * *

That technical troubles can often be solved by visiting the Technical corner in the Library.

* * *

That Winston Churchill belongs to a trade union, being a competent bricklayer, and became a member of the union many years ago.

* * *

That writing materials are always available in the Library and "Y" Office. Stamps are extra, three cents without tax.

* * *

That before he got fat and lazy and involved in too many love affairs, Henry the Eighth was a first class tennis player.

* * *

That the newspaper rack in the Library carries daily papers of many cities throughout Canada. Ask if your home town is represented.

* * *

That the area of Soviet Russia covers $\frac{1}{4}$ th of the earth's surface, with a population of 180 million.

* * *

That if you have urgent need for taking an oath before a J.P., this can be arranged by enquiry at the "Y" Office.

* * *

That if you're bringing the wife and family to St. Thomas, the Y.W.C.A. will help you secure accommodation for them.

That you can cool off in the Y.M.C.A. pool in St. Thomas any night except Sunday.

* * *

That of Hitler's mistakes, the greatest has been in underestimating the temper of the common people of the British Commonwealth.

* * *



On September 15, 1940, hundreds of German planes invaded England. According to the British Air Ministry 185 of them never went back. From the same source came word that our losses had been merely 25 craft, with twelve of the pilots saved. These figures left doubts in many minds. Even the R.A.F. could not be that good. Perhaps there was just a little "tactical exaggeration." The score for this day was never revised. Today it still stands 185 to 25, and it is backed up by neutral observers from all over the world. That R.A.F. is that good!

* * *

AA shells scatter their splinters as far as three hundred yards.

* * *

The common German incendiary bombs are light metal cylinders about a foot long by two inches diameter, which weigh two pounds and a bit. They throw fire more than twenty feet.

* * *

One model of the American Douglas bomber has a tail more than thirty feet high, and has a range of 7,000 miles. Big it is, like America itself, and generally regarded as the largest being produced. It is not. According to Lieut.-Col. Moore-Brabazon, British Minister of Aircraft Production, England has three models larger than anything produced in the U.S.A.

* * *

The official score for the first year, September, 1939, to September, 1940, of the aerial war over Britain is 1,400 enemy planes shot down to 351 of ours.

THE AIRCRAFTMAN

English "Parashots" watch for more than men. A German land mine floating slowly down by a parachute is a worthwhile target, too. A harmless explosion in mid-air may save many lives.

* * *

Aerial warfare is much more deadly than any type that came before. Air raid victims number almost as many dead as injured.

* * *

Some of the bombs now being dropped on Germany weigh two tons.

* * *

In November, 1940, Flight Lieutenant J. B. Nicolson was awarded the Victoria Cross. It was richly earned. In the sky over the South of England Nicolson engaged a group of German bombers escorted by fighters. Four cannon shells crashed into his plane, parts of them into him. His craft started to burn, but he fought on. A Messerschmitt fell into the sea. Nicolson, burned and sorely wounded, bailed out. Another Messerschmitt approached him as he was floating down, but left him alone, perhaps thinking him dead. It has been estimated that when Nicolson hit the ground he already had fifty pieces of metal in him, but that was not all. One of our own home guards shot him, too, but even that did not finish him. The decoration was awarded to him in person, not posthumously.

* * *

"THIS AND THAT"

Logarithms were invented independently by Napier of Scotland, who published his findings in 1614, and Joost Burgi of Switzerland, who made his findings public in 1620.

* * *

The first automatic telephone exchange to be used in England was installed at Epsom in 1912. This venture was an experiment. Manual operation is now used.

* * *

The word "Sahib," used as a term of address in India, was originally an Arabic term meaning "companion of the Prophet."

* * *

The first practicable diving-dress was invented by John Lethbridge of Devonshire in 1715.

* * *

King Alexander I of Greece died in 1920 of blood-poisoning caused by the bite of a pet monkey.

Leland Jamieson, Eastern Air Lines pilot operating in Florida and writer of air stories with perhaps more readers than any other man, is dead. He died of illness in a Florida hospital at the age of 37. Mr. Jamieson's stories of the R.A.F. in *The Saturday Evening Post* were vivid, and surprisingly accurate for a writer so remote from the scene of action, even though he could, when necessary, enlist American pilots directly into the R.A.F. as squadron leaders. Air-minded people all over the world are going to miss him.

* * *

Steam, as motive power for aircraft, is not yet out of the question. George and William Besler in 1933, at Oakland, California, demonstrated a steam engine developing almost one horsepower per pound weight. The engine took less than a minute to warm up to working pressure. Condensation was effected with only one per cent loss of water.

* * *

In 1918 England produced 26,000 aircraft; for the same period France made 23,000 and Germany 11,000. Apparently Germany quit last time just in time to avoid an allied aerial blitzkrieg of 50,000 allied planes. Industrial production facilities at that time were greatly inferior to those available today. It is anybody's guess as to how many planes will be waiting for Germany at the close of this war.

* * *

The Braille system of writing for the blind was invented by Louis Braille of Paris who had been blind since the age of three. The first version of his system appeared in 1829.

* * *

The battle of Zela, in Asia Minor, in 47 B.C., was the occasion of Julius Caesar's famous remark, "Veni, vidi, vici," — "I came, I saw, I conquered."

* * *

Worrying is a thin stream of fear trickling through the mind. If encouraged it cuts a channel into which all other thoughts are drained.—*Reader's Digest*.

* * *

A million shells were fired in four hours at the battle of St. Mihiel in 1918 — the greatest concentration of fire in all history.—*Fact Digest*.

* * *

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TECHNICAL TOPICS

A DIVERSION

Turkey — Or Was It Lobsters?

When all the Stressmen and Draughtsmen and the Small Office Boy—who made tea whenever you wanted it—had gone for the night, the Designing Department looked huge and bare and forlorn. Long shadows appeared and dusk shrouded the corners.

Alone in his office, the Chief Designer opened a drawer in his desk marked "Secret" in large black letters, and drew out a long, official-looking document. It crackled mysteriously as he smoothed it out on his desk, and the abundance of red tape and impressive red seal showed that it was a paper of tremendous importance.

The Designer carefully read and re-read the contents of the document, and he stared at it for a long, long time, while the shadows in his office deepened.

"Boy, oh boy, OH BOY, OH BOY!" he grunted to himself at last. "Ten Brownings, five canons, service ceiling 40,000 feet, and a speed of 500 m.p.h.! Gee-wooz-i-phat-s! Ten Brownings and five canons—boy, oh boy, oh boy, oh . . ."

It seemed that the shadows lightened somewhat, and that something touched the Designer lightly on the forehead, so he looked up. A beautiful young lady, tall and slim, had somehow stolen into his office.

"Let me see," murmured the Designer dreamily. "You're not one of the typists, are you? No. But your face does seem a bit familiar. Ah! I know now. You're Miss Efficiency. We used to be close friends in the old days, but somehow we drifted apart. I must thank my lucky stars that you have come back to me. If ever a poor, blighted Designer needed someone to comfort him, it is I. There's a new Fighter to be . . ."

"Listen," said Miss Efficiency, belligerently. "I haven't come back to YOU. I've been sent! Apparently you have been neglecting the others, too. And are they mad! So you had better shake yourself and listen to what they say, or they'll refuse to Compromise, and you know what that means!"

The Designer paled.

"Refuse to Compromise," he gasped. "Why, they've just GOT to Compromise. If they don't, I might just as well go home. There won't be

any aeroplanes if there's no Compromise! And if there are no aeroplanes, who's going to take you out, may I ask? Not one of those dashing young pilots, that's a certainty. You'll become just another old woman."

Miss Efficiency snorted—if such a beautiful young lady could be said to snort.

"That," she replied, "is why I'm here. This time you're going to listen to all of us—especially me. So now you know!"

"Oh, I'll listen," muttered the Designer despondently. "But, you can tell the others that it is no use getting all hot and bothered about it. They must just state their needs and get out. Look what Lift and Weight did when they came here last. They got into a terrific struggle and ruined the whole thing, and we had to abandon everything. I tell you, I won't stand for any scrapping or quarrelling at all. You must tell them that!"

"I know which side my bread is buttered," murmured Miss Efficiency seductively, putting an arm around the Designer's shoulder. "Let them have their say and then WE'LL work something out—together, eh? But, say! I won't stand for any fooling around with Construction. Get it? I won't have my future boy friends killed off before I get a chance to know them." She patted the bald patch on the top of the Designer's head and tripped lightly, almost gaily, to the office door.

The Designer groaned.

"There's always trouble where women are concerned," he muttered.

It seemed almost at once that the door opened again, and two of the queerest objects you ever saw were being urged into the room by Miss Efficiency.

"Go on," she was saying. "There HE is. Tell him all about it. Get it off your chests. As far as I can see, there's no earthly reason why you shouldn't be pals. Just tell him."

The Designer stared at them miserably.

"I knew," he grunted, "that you'd be the first to come and bother me. If there is any groaning or grumbling to be done, it is always Aerofoil and Streamline. Why can't you agree for once? Well, what is it this time?"

Aerofoil was a most peculiar person. He was nearly straight on one side, but had a

THE AIRCRAFTMAN

beautiful curve on the other. Streamline, however, had a hole in him that was shaped almost to fit Aerofoil's figure, but not quite. Aerofoil stepped into Streamline and Miss Efficiency pointed an accusing finger at the Designer.

"And you call yourself a Designer!" she cried scathingly. "See what you did to them last time? Go ahead, Streamline. Give him all you've got!"

When Streamline began to speak, the Designer shuddered. It was as if a strong wind had suddenly begun to whistle about the office. Even the official-looking document on the Designer's desk crackled, and its supply of red tape looked to be in danger of blowing off altogether.

"You've simply GOT to make Aerofoil fit me exactly," shouted Streamline. "I can't stand the gap between us. Aerofoil can't, either. We just HAVE to be close together, and the faster you drive us, the closer we have to be. We're pals, we are. We depend on each other. Aerofoil! Say something!" And he shook himself violently so that Aerofoil, who was still in Streamline, shuddered for a moment.

"It's true," cried Aerofoil. "If there's any gap between us I just can't stand the tickling. Besides, if I tickle I can't please Lift and Weight begins to drag on me. I don't know how I stand it all. You've just GOT to make me fit Streamline!"

The Designer's brow was creased and wrinkled.

"I thought that I had made you fit," he said, showing the first glimmerings of real interest he had shown. "It must have been one of those French Curves we hear so much about. Couldn't have been true or something. Or maybe it slipped. Tell you what, we'll have another test and I'll see to it myself this time, I promise." He turned to Miss Efficiency. "I can promise that, can't I?"

"This once," nodded Miss Efficiency. "But, mind you, consult me in future before making promises. That's why I'M here, and don't you forget it!"

Aerofoil and Streamline slipped quickly out of the office before the Designer could change his mind, and he was alone with Miss Efficiency.

"That fellow Streamline gives me the willies," grunted the Designer. "I never did like him, but I suppose we have to put up with him for Aerofoil's sake."

Miss Efficiency nodded.

"To say nothing of Head Resistance," she added meaningly.

"What!" cried the Designer. "Is he outside, too? I had an awful trouble with him last time. He will not be 'built in,' as he calls it, but when the Engine will not co-operate, what can I do?"

"There's Tailplane and Fin with the Three Stabilities outside," said Miss Efficiency, dryly. "I think you'd better have them in next. They're fighting with the Three Controls, and it looked as if the Controls were getting the best of it. So you had better have them in—if only to separate them for a few minutes!"

"Well," said the Designer, in a resigned tone of voice. "What has to be, will be, I suppose. Let's get it over with."

There was a good deal of noise when the Three Stabilities came into the office arm in arm with the Tailplane and Fin crowding and pushing behind them.

"Hey!" shouted the Designer. "Quiet!"

Miss Efficiency lined them up carefully in front of the desk and prodded Tailplane with a slim finger. "You're first," she said.

Tailplane altered his Angle of Attack and bellowed aggressively at the Designer.

"What's it going to be this time?" he bawled. "That's what WE want to know. A Bomber or a Fighter? Not one of those army Co-op things, surely?"

"It's a Fighter," said the Designer. "And I know just what you're going to say. You think that it is about time that we gave you a rest, and did without you. Well, we'll have to see about that. If I can get the others to agree to call in a lot of Sweepback to do your job, we may be able to give you a holiday, and you can take those friends of yours, the Elevators, with you. I don't know what Aerofoil will say, though, having to do more work . . . Still, we can try."

Tailplane grunted.

"Hummm," he murmured. "Beginning to see reason, are you? After all these years, too! Well, things are looking up. If this comes off, I shall be able to devote more time to gliding."

The Fin took a step to the side and became Offset.

"Look here," he sneered. "It's about time, Mr. Designer, that you began to consider ME a little. You've GOT to put me out of the Way of Slipstream. I had a fight with him outside, and I'm not feeling too friendly. In fact, I demand that I go in front of everything. I'll take my friend, Rudder, with me. Besides, if you do that, everyone will think we're going backwards and we'll steal a march on the Ack-acks!"

THE AIRCRAFTMAN

The Designer took a deep breath. Miss Efficiency sat on his lap and smoothed his forehead with a cool, white hand.

"There, there," she crooned, "there's no hurry, Sweetheart. Take it easy, take it easy."

The Designer groaned. Suddenly, he stood up so that Miss Efficiency fell heavily to the floor.

"Go away!" he shouted. "Go away! Come back next week—next month—or sometime. But go away! I must have a consultation. Yes, that's it, a consultation. I've got to decide just what sort of aeroplane this Fighter is going to

be. So beat it, all of you!"

Miss Efficiency picked herself up gracefully. She shepherded the others gently to the door.

"Come on," she whispered. "Don't you see? It is too early for US. The poor man has got to figure our Costs and Materials and Production. Come on. We'll be back . . ."

The Designer looked about the deserted office in a daze. Then he saw the official-looking document.

"Boy, oh boy, OH BOY, OH BOY!" he cried. "I've been working overtime!"

* * *

ALL RANKS



REMEMBER – Never discuss military, naval or air matters in public or with any stranger, no matter to what nationality he or she may belong.

The enemy wants information about you, your unit, your destination. He will do his utmost to discover it.

Keep him in the dark. Gossip on military subjects is highly dangerous to the country, whereas secrecy leads to success.

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4.15 p.m.]	10.30 p.m.	4.00 p.m.]
4.40 p.m.	10.45 p.m.	4.15 p.m.
5.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	4.45 p.m.
5.15 p.m.	11.15 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
5.30 p.m.	11.30 p.m.	5.15 p.m.
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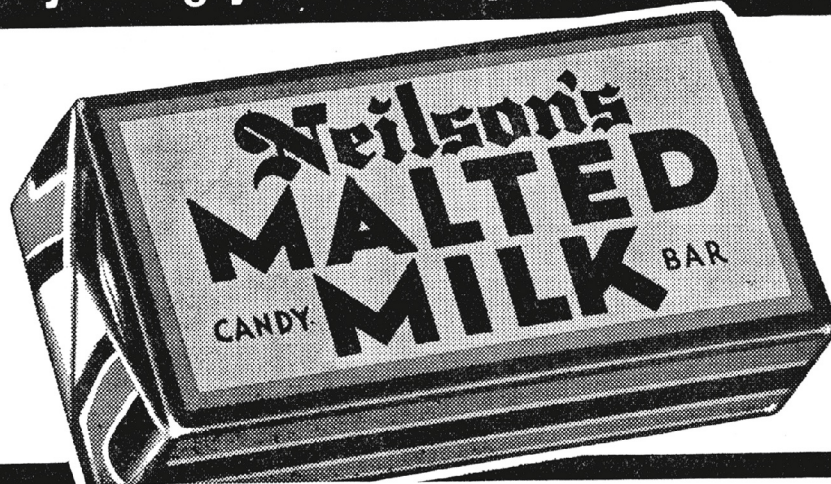
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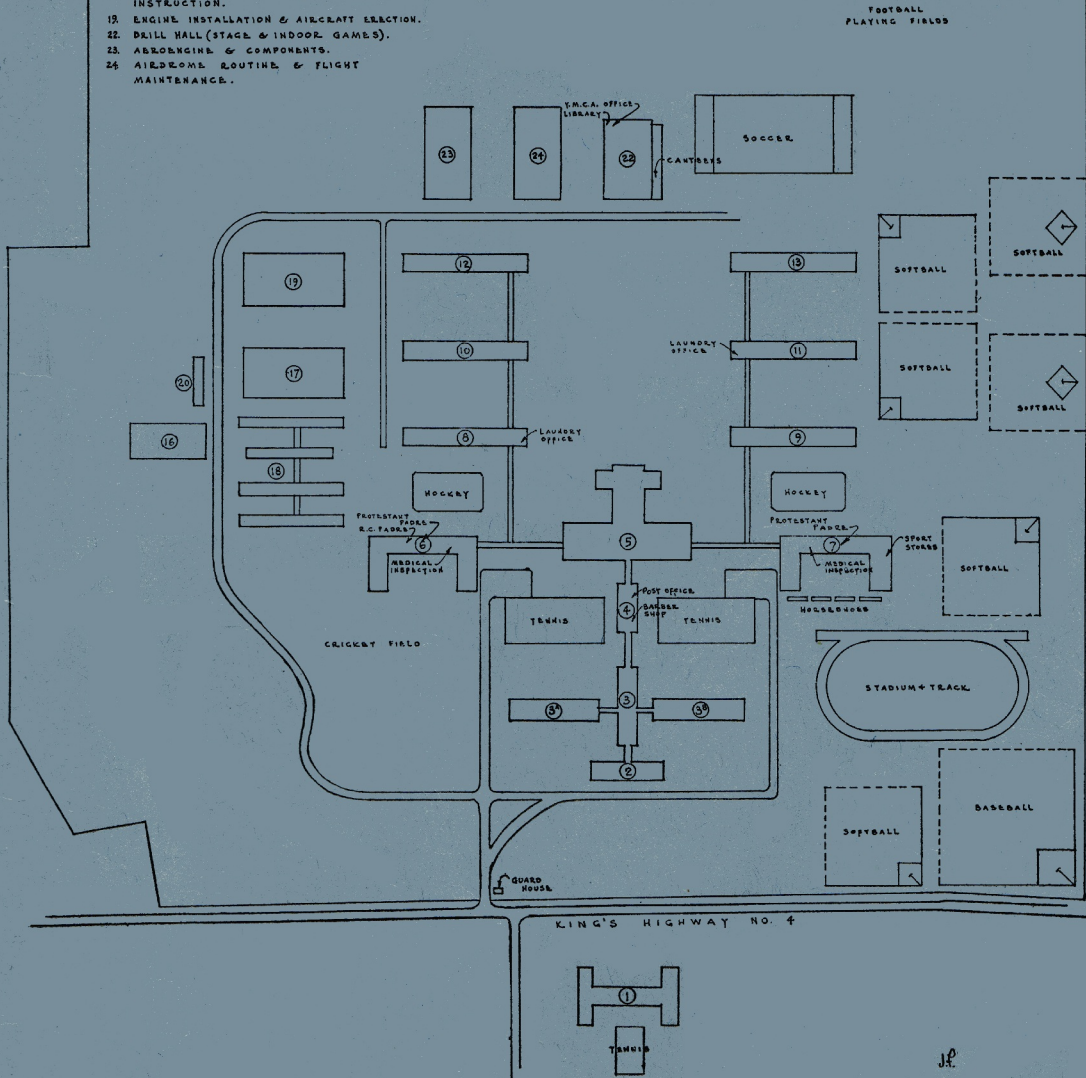


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