

**THE**  
*Aircraftman*



VOL. 2 - NO. 5

**December 1941**

**THE**

**TECHNICAL TRAINING**  
**SCHOOL**

ST. THOMAS

ONTARIO

## STATION COMMITTEES

\* \* \*

### Officers' Mess

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

### Sergeants' Mess

S/Ldr N. McLeod (Officer in Charge)  
WO/1 T. E. Foran (Chairman)  
WO/2 Vail (President)  
F/Sgt Andrew (Secretary-Treasurer)  
Three Members

### Corporals' Mess

S/Ldr H. N. C. Williams (Officer in Charge)  
Cpl. Welleton (President)  
Cpl. Sawyer (Secretary-Treasurer)  
Cpl. Campbell (Chairman)

### Airmen's Mess

S/Ldr N. McLeod (President)  
F/O Pooler (Secretary)  
F/O A. R. Little, 1 Wing  
F/O E. Hendry, 2 Wing  
Airmen representatives

### Canteen

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

### Sports

F/O G. Ross (President)  
F/O J. M. Harris (Treasurer)  
F/Lt E. E. Aldersley  
F/O R. K. Armstrong  
F/O E. Hendry  
F/O A. R. Little  
WO/2 Netzel, H. H.  
F/Sgt Whitehead  
Sgt. Bryant  
Sgt. J. Maybie  
R. G. Gibson (Secretary)

### Entertainment

S/Ldr H. N. C. Williams (President)  
F/O E. Hendry  
R. G. Gibson (Secretary)

### Recreation Hall Committee

F/O W. E. Cayley (President)  
F/O H. G. Plumbridge (Secretary-Treasurer)  
F/O A. R. Little

### P. S. I.

S/Ldr N. McLeod (President)  
S/Ldr H. N. C. Williams  
F/Lt W. G. Cooke  
F/O W. L. Marshall (Secretary)

### Awards

S/Ldr N. McLeod (President)  
S/Ldr A. G. Vince  
F/Lt M. C. Davies  
F/O Lowe  
F/O Plumbridge  
R. G. Gibson, Y.M.C.A. (Secretary)

### Welfare

F/Lt M. C. Davies (President)  
F/Lt H. F. O. Smeaton  
F/Lt H. Cotton  
Mr. R. G. Gibson (Secretary)

### Fire

S/Ldr N. McLeod (President)  
W/C H. J. Adkins  
F/O R. K. Armstrong (Secretary)  
O.C. No. 1 Wing  
O.C. No. 2 Wing  
Mr. McLachlan (Station Engineer)  
F/O M. H. Mills

### War Savings

W/C J. H. Keens, A.F.C.  
S/Ldr A. G. Vince (Secretary)  
S/Ldr A. R. Sinclair (Treasurer)

#### Members:

S/Ldr H. N. C. Williams, No. 2 Wing  
F/Lt W. G. Cooke, No. 1 Wing  
F/Lt J. E. Corrigan, E. & A.T.S.  
F/O R. K. Armstrong, O.C. H. Q. Squadron  
F/O G. Ross, No. 1 Squadron, 1 Wing  
F/O A. R. Little, No. 2 Squadron, 1 Wing  
F/O J. M. Harris, No. 3 Squadron, 1 Wing  
F/O J. Boyes, No. 1 Squadron, 2 Wing  
F/Lt Drummond, No. 2 Squadron, 2 Wing  
F/O W. G. O'Sullivan, 3 Squadron, 2 Wing  
F/O H. F. Morris, E. & A.T.S.  
Mr. Oliver (Civilian)

### Library

F/Lt M. C. Davies (President)  
F/Lt R. Cockburn (Secretary)  
Two Airmen representatives

Use This Page — Familiarize Yourself With Your Committees

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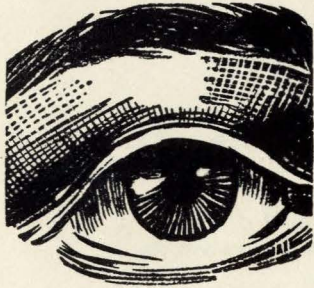
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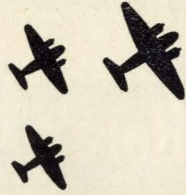
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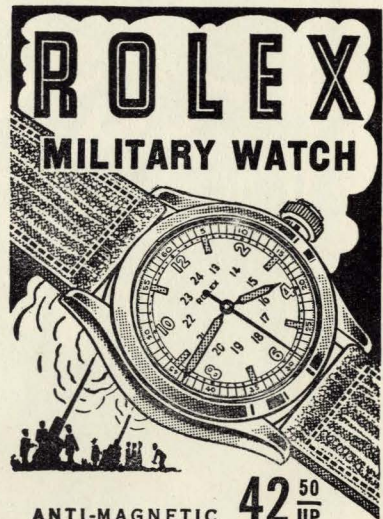
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ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO

# « « EDITORIALS » »

## So Christmas Comes Again



To thousands of people the celebration this year of the anniversary of the birth of the Prince of Peace will seem strangely ironic and inept.

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, goodwill toward men"—yet war and suffering, pain and death, suspicion and fear, lies and hatred, hunger and cold, deprivation and desolation mantle the world this hour, and Christmas comes again!

Christmas, indeed! The cynic and pessimist hold high carnival these days, and well they might with the tenets of the Prince of Peace flouted and ridiculed, mocked and abandoned.

So Christmas comes again . . .

Yes, Christmas is here again, bringing to mankind its starlight message of promise fulfilled, of hope and joy and peace.

Christmas has come again, in this our world of Dec. 1941, and perhaps never more timely has this holy anniversary come. Yet we must remember, for all our present sky's dark foreboding, that it was into just such a world as this that the Christ-Child first came. Because the world is what it is, Christmas happened. Because the world is what it is, Christmas comes anew every year on a winter's night to heal men's hearts again and make them glad and strong and new.

This is not a day for Christians to despair. Rather, it is a day in which to test the validity of our religious convictions, a magnificent opportunity to demonstrate to the world the reality and the vitality of our profession as followers of Jesus Christ, as members of that fellowship which alone nowadays transcends all national and racial frontiers and binds all men everywhere into one visible and invisible brotherhood in Christ.

This is not a day for Christians to lose heart and faint from fear and fall into despair. The Church comes to life when attacked, the Church thrives when opposed. This is the great day for the Church to stand.

There is room for hope, if we lay hold upon the reality of the sovereignty of the living, righteous, loving, controlling God. God has not ceased to reign because men refuse to do His righteous will. His laws of moral retribution

are as certain, as unbreakable, as the laws of gravitation. His spiritual laws are as abiding as any physical laws. Whatsoever a nation soweth, that, we may be confident, it will reap.

Upon the solid foundations of sure faith and trust in the eternal God, who, in his own mysterious, silent, steady and untiring way, slowly, but surely, is working out his foreordained good purposes for mankind and for the world of men, we urge you to base your thought and your conduct these days.

There is room for hope, if in these dark days we obey the ancient prophet's injunction: "Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope."

There is room for hope, if disputation about Christianity ceases and dedication to walking in Christ's way of peace takes its place.

In times of so-called prosperity, fair weather days, so to speak, we are prone to look upon the sublime idealism of Jesus of Nazareth as something beautifully poetical, rhapsodical and unattainable, good for Sunday, but not for Monday. We allow ourselves to luxuriate in dialectic and discussion about Christianity, but feel no impetus to do anything about it.

Today, times have changed. The moment has come, not for talk about Christian faith, but for concrete, definite action, in faith, in Christ's holy name.

There is room for hope, if disputation ends and dedication marks the celebration of the anniversary of the birth of the Prince of Peace in this Year of Grace.

There is room for hope, if we who call ourselves by Christ's name stand together, labor together, suffer together and pray side by side.

Divided Christendom is exhibiting at long last the sort of forbearance and mutual understanding that presages a new type and spirit of Christian unity. Today when fanatical, belligerent nationalism is tearing the civilized world asunder, the divided members of the Church, the Body of Christ, are drawing close together. The visible unity of Christ's Church is nearer today than it has been for centuries past.

So Christmas comes again . . . Yes, Christmas, the happy festival is at hand!

There is yet room for hope if Christians, girded in strong faith in the righteous, eternal God, act together and stand together and pray

## THE AIRCRAFTMAN

together side by side, and, if need be, suffer together as he who was born at Christmas suffered and died for us all.

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." May this be our Christmas prayer, and, as disciples of the Prince of Peace, may this be our Christmas resolve!

—FREDERICK W. KATES  
*In the Southern Churchman.*



### FLIERS' HYMN MARKS BATTLE

The following is a reprint from the columns of *The Montreal Star*. The hymn so caught the fancy of at least two Airmen on the Station that they requested that it be reprinted in *The Airman*. Here it is, with the comments in *The Star* concerning one occasion when it was sung in every Station in Britain:

#### Air Force Pauses to Commemorate Gallant Deeds

Throughout the British Isles on Sunday, September 21st, there was a pause in the almost ceaseless coming and going of members of the Royal Air Force and Royal Canadian Air Force—for they stopped awhile to join in a commemorative service to their gallant comrades, who, a year before, had fought and won the Battle of Britain in the skies. In every camp and airport there was a drumhead service, when those who had fought in that great fight and those who, coming after them from all parts of the Empire, sought daily to emulate their heroic deeds, reconsecrated themselves to the service of their King and Country.

And at every service was sung, to the tune of Rudyard Kipling's Recessional "Lest We Forget," the special hymn written for the Airmen, entitled "Great God of Eagles, Hear Our Prayer." A copy of this hymn has been received by *The Star* from a Montreal Flying Officer, who wrote that the impressive inspirational service was one that he would never forget. The words of the hymn are as follows:

#### Great God of Eagles, Hear Our Prayer

Great God of Eagles, hear our prayer  
For airmen speeding through the air,  
Uphold their wings, direct their flight,  
Maintain and bless them, day and night;  
Great God of Eagles, hear our prayer,  
And bless our airmen, everywhere.

O God of Pilots, pilot them  
Through storm and gale, the tempest storm,  
When in the darkness flying blind  
May they in Thee their guidance find;  
O God of Pilots, hear our prayer,  
And bless our airmen everywhere.

When in the battle they must fight,  
O God, protect them by Thy might,  
Pour down Thy grace on friend and foe,  
All mothers comfort in their woe;  
O God of mothers, hear their prayer,  
And bless our airmen everywhere.

When fight is o'er and danger past,  
Give them a landing safe at last,  
Secure in Thee from every harm,  
Depending on Thy mighty arm;  
O God of Heaven, hear our prayer,  
And bless our airmen everywhere.

Then, when the Bird of Peace doth wing  
Its flight o'er lands where war did fling  
Her crimsoned mantle, sodden still,  
O link the nations by Thy will,  
From land to land Thy airmen send  
As messengers from friend to friend.

Soon, may the Dove of Peace wing forth,  
From East to West, from South to North,  
So that the world may blessed be,  
All nations, brothers, one in Thee;  
God of the whole earth, hear our prayer,  
And bless all peoples everywhere.

—From "The Airman," *Uplands.*



#### HE CAME A BABE

He came a Babe so glorious and tender  
That all earth's cradles glow with  
inward grace;  
The fashion of His face doth somehow  
linger,  
Till everywhere He leaves some  
subtle trace.

'Twas in a night when earth was dark  
and restless,  
And man was torn with fevered hate  
and wrong,  
That Mary bore Him in the oxen's  
manger,  
And shepherds came and welcomed  
Him with song.

But that was long ago, and in a  
manger;  
He grew a Lad, a Man, this Mary's  
Son;  
God help us follow on the way He  
leads us,  
God bring us where He is, when all  
is done.

—PASCAL HARROWER.

# SPORTS

## SPORTS

No. 2 Squadron, 1 Wing are on top once more having won the Commanding Officer's Trophy for November.

It turned out to be a race between No. 1 and No. 2 Squadrons of No. 1 Wing and Headquarters.

Not so long ago Headquarters took no interest in the Trophy games and always ended up with a total very close to zero.

But Flt/Sgts Park and Nielsen have changed the picture completely and Headquarters placed third this month. They also promise to come through with a win in December.

However, Cpl. Doug Hardy may have some-

thing to say about that after coming within a point or two of winning this month.

But when it comes to Volleyball, No. 1 Squadron, 2 Wing have something to blow about. They have yet to lose their first game—a perfect record for October and November.

No. 2 Squadron, 1 Wing had no easy time winning the Basketball for the second successive month. There was a three-way tie for second place with the two other Squadrons of the same Wing and Headquarters.

In Badminton, Headquarters sailed through without a loss.

Who will win in December? Your guess is as good as ours.

# STATION ACTIVITIES

## MEDALLISTS FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER

\* \* \*

### SILVER

Group Captain R. Collis  
Sergeant P. L. Barling

### GOLD

Entry 63 AFM (MR)—R97744 AC/1 Ford, J. F.  
Entry 64 AFM (MR)—R97742 AC/1 Frost, M. C.  
Entry 66 AFM (MR)—R92647 AC/1 Askew, D. L. G.  
Entry 69 AEM —R103900 AC/2 Froehler, A. J.  
Entry 69 AFM —R102321 AC/2 Grimsen, M.  
Entry 70 AEM —R99910 AC/2 Johnson, B. H.  
Entry 70 AFM —R102308 AC/2 Madge, A. E.  
Entry 71 AEM —R110345 AC/2 Love, A. S.  
Entry 72 AEM —R89416 AC/2 Hamilton, R. V.  
Entry 72 AFM —R111469 AC/2 Riddell, J. C.

◆ ◆ ◆

## STATION VARIETY TROUPE

### November 3—

Troupe entertained members of Broderick Memorial Baptist Church in St. Thomas, on the occasion of the anniversary celebrations. The programme took the form of a sing-song and musical selections.

### November 7—

Troupe journeyed to Sparta to put on an

evening in the United Church. A sing-song was followed by novelty numbers and a dancing doll act was introduced. Musical numbers were interspersed.

### November 10—

Five Airmen put on an entertainment for the Lions Club Ladies' Night. The party was held in the Grand Central Hotel, St. Thomas. The evening took the usual form of a sing-song, novelty numbers, vocal and instrumental selections.

### November 11—

At the invitation of the Canadian Legion the troupe provided the entertainment for the evening of Remembrance Day in the Legion Hall, St. Thomas. A sing-song and musical numbers made up the programme.

### November 12—

Red Cross entertainment at a small school outside St. Thomas. Some new novelty songs and features were introduced.

### November 14—

Took part in a joint meeting of the London District Kiwanis Clubs held in London. Put on one-half hour of entertainment prior to feature items of the evening.

### November 21—

Five Airmen provided programme for the

## THE AIRCRAFTMAN

Dexter United Church entertainment.

\* \* \*

These concerts are always well received and the fact that more invitations are coming in than can be handled indicates that the news is getting abroad that T. T. S. really has something when it is a matter of providing a good show.

### MEMBERS OF THE TROUPE

#### No. 1 Squadron, 1 Wing—

AC/2 Welch, C. B.  
AC/2 Sobisky, J.  
AC/2 Greenfield, F.  
AC/2 Abernathy, G.  
AC/2 Trembath, J.

#### No. 2 Squadron, 1 Wing—

AC/2 Cameron, T.  
AC/2 Fawcett, W. T.

#### No. 3 Squadron, 1 Wing—

AC/2 Berry, P.  
AC/2 Banting, C. G.  
AC/2 Neil, W.

#### No. 1 Squadron, 2 Wing—

AC/2 Stone, J.  
AC/2 MacPherson, M.  
AC/2 Martin, W. J.

#### No. 2 Squadron, 2 Wing—

AC/2 Simpson, A. C.  
AC/2 Younge, G. D.  
AC/2 Stewart, J.

#### No. 3 Squadron, 2 Wing—

AC/2 LeBlanc, A.  
AC/2 Smith, E.  
AC/2 Foster, A.  
AC/2 Labelle, A.  
AC/2 Shearer, D.  
AC/2 Harris, J.  
AC/2 Marshall, P. J.  
AC/2 Scanlon, H. W.  
AC/2 Rogers, F. C.  
AC/2 Lacey, N. E.

#### E. & A.T.S.—

AC/2 Greene, M.

#### Supply Depot—

Pte. Chalmers, I.



### LIBRARY CORNER

By A. Askew

Men frequently ask "What is the best book you have in the Library?" That's a hard question to answer without knowing what is in the mind of the reader. If I were given the choice of one book, and only one, that choice would be "Keys of the Kingdom," by A. J. Cronin. For a story that ranges through the whole gambit of human experience, I have read nothing for

a good many years that equals Cronin's new novel.

For those who want stark realism, life in the raw, with little display of the gentler emotions, the best book we have is undoubtedly "Turning Wheels," by S. Cloete. Gripping, searing, rugged individualism at its worst—and finest.

While we may deplore much of the sexy stuff that is turned out today, no one surely regrets the passing of the sickly, sentimental slush of forty years ago.

Literature should represent and interpret life. To the extent that it does that, it is good literature, even though it may be unpleasant.

Life today is cruder, ruder and coarser than a generation ago, but much more honest.

So with present day novels. Realistic, slangy, extravagant, leaving nothing to the imagination, most of them quite honest, but not a few definitely unpleasant. But for sheer popularity, Zane Grey takes the medal on this Station. His books are read and re-read till most of them are in tatters.

Technical Books.—If technical books are not returned more promptly we shall regretfully have to revert to the old system and allow no technical books to leave the Library. This restricts their usefulness, but there seems no alternative, unless we get better co-operation from those who borrow them.



### CHIME, CHRISTMAS BELLS

Chime, joyous Christmas bells,  
Though sad our day.  
Shine, bright and morning Star,  
Point out the way.  
Though powers of evil fight,  
We know the Lord of Light  
Will come in glorious might  
To end the fray.  
In nations' hearts and minds  
Show what is wrong.  
Come, blessed Christmas Child;  
Love makes us strong.  
Cast out greed, pride, and hate,  
Things that contaminate;  
Come in Thy kingly state  
For which we long.

—F. G. W.



"Why are you sobbing, my little man?"

"My pa's a millionaire philanthropist."

"Well, well! That's nothing to cry about, is it?"

"It ain't, ain't it? He's just promised to give me \$5 to spend for Christmas provided I raise a similar amount."

—CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD.

## THE AIRCRAFTMAN

### CALENDAR OF ACTIVITIES

(Newcomers to the Station may 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.  
1930-2030 Hrs.—Bible Discussion Group (in 2 Wing, Security Guard Lecture Room).

#### TUESDAY

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

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

#### 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.—Public Speaking Club (in 2 Wing, Security Guard Lecture Room).

#### FRIDAY

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

#### SATURDAY

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



# AMONG THE SQUADRONS

## 1 SQUADRON, 1 WING

### SPORTS

By Cpl. Hardy

Well, another month has just about rolled by and we are still in the thick of the fight for the Commanding Officer's Trophy. What we need now is a garrison finish, so come on “gang,” let's go. Everything considered, No. 1 Squadron is doing remarkably well, for after losing all our old Entries we had to start at scratch, and much of the thanks is due the fellows that dug right in and kept us up near the top, where, of course, we rightfully belong. So now it's time for us to predict that December will be *our month* to bring home the bacon, and just about New Year's Day that extra “24” will look pretty fine.



*Ships of state for even keel  
Need tons and tons of corset steel;  
The die is cast, and Fate has written:  
Women now must bulge for Britain.*



### IN ANSWER

The torch from failing hands we take,  
It burns—we hold it high;  
The dead shall sleep in Flanders Fields,  
For we their foes defy.

Long years have passed since last they fought,  
And now our turn has come;  
For twenty years we've lived and grown—  
Now we defend our home.

Our Motherland is now at war,  
The fight's for life that's free;  
They try her might, they test her right,  
For Freedom of the Sea.

We'll fight as they did years ago,  
Our Homeland we will save,  
Our enemies we will destroy,  
Or follow to the grave.

And to each man who lies in France  
Beneath a wooden cross,  
Our answer comes: We'll take the torch  
As you did once for us.

—ANONYMOUS.



## 2 SQUADRON, 1 WING

### STAFF NEWS — No. 2 SQUADRON

By Pike, H. A.

I was walking behind Flight Rowley the other day. He dropped a paper, I picked it up, and as I was handing it to him I noticed it was a snap of himself dressed in a cute sailor suit. He was sitting in a boat, BUT NO WATER.

\* \* \*

The other morning we awoke to the sound of an awful din; sounded like steam pipes bursting, a fog horn, and someone shouting women and children first. A shipwreck? No, Cpl. Crockett giving boat drill.

\* \* \*

FOR SALE—One set of false teeth, guaranteed to fit a horse, scare little children, and bite the toughest mother-in-law. Apply Cpl. Brooks.

## THE AIRCRAFTMAN

Yesterday I saw Cpl. McNulty standing in the hall, flapping his arms like a crow.

"How come," I say, "P. T.?"

"No," he says, "just practicing for Air Crew."

\* \* \*

We are sorry to notice Cpl. Docker stammering slightly. He says he is being transferred so much lately that repetition of the places just make it sound as if he were stuttering.

\* \* \*

We understand Sgt. Maybie got a parcel from out West containing his old hat, a sort of a ten-gallon affair. But we can't figure out just which it represents, cowboy (?) or Boy Scout!



### 3 SQUADRON, 1 WING

*By Cpl. Stanley, W. M.*

Once again we welcome a new Officer to this Squadron; this time it is Pilot Officer J. M. H. Langford. All the N.C.O.'s and men of 3 Squadron welcome you and hope that your stay with us will be a pleasant one.

\* \* \*

#### THE ORDERLY ROOM

Flt/Sgt St. Laurent and his efficient staff are to be congratulated on the running of the Squadron, and especially in view of the fact that we were voted the cleanest Squadron of this Wing. Keep up the good work, men, and I know that wishes for continued success come from one and all.

\* \* \*

Move and movement seems to be the theme around the Squadron for the past while, and the changes are still taking place so fast one has a job to keep up with them.

\* \* \*

#### FROM THE ENTRIES

76th—Is it Exams and Christmas, or vice versa?

78th—We came! We saw! And we shall conquer!

82nd—Flights, Sgts., Cpl., Morning, noon and Night.

83rd—They are changing the system, with us the last of the old.

\* \* \*

#### FROM THE HANGAR

We see old faces leave and new ones come to take their place. Long will we remember the old fellows (R.A.F. and civilians) and may the bond of friendship that was built stand fast in years to come. I would like to quote a few lines written by one of the R.A.F.: "Hoping that the circumstances which make it possible for me to write in this book will contribute in a small way to greater unity, which will win for us all greater freedom, greater dignity, and an understanding which cannot be undermined."

\* \* \*

#### WHO?

Is the Sgt. on B floor that not only puts the trainees to bed, but also puts their greatcoats to bed?

Is JOE?

Is the Genii who concocts the horrible brew of rumors?

Will send in some news for THE AIRCRAFTMAN?

Will be the next N.C.O. to be posted?

A short time ago the technical N.C.O.'s of the Component Section of Hangar 19 held a grand "get-together" and banquet. It was voted a highly successful affair and it is hoped that in the near future there will be a similar event.



The T. T. S.,  
St. Thomas, Ontario,  
November 4th, 1941.

MRS. SILAS MCKEE,  
Spdbusters Corners,  
Ontario.

Dear Mother:

Am so sorry that i aint written sooner, but I have been very busy since i got here.

I never seen such a place. Always somebody yelling at somebody else; worse than the old man yellin' at the team of mules.

Me and the gang got up to the camp around haffas-eight at night. Some fellow with a lot of stripes on top of his shoulders met us at the station; he hollered "fall in" but there werent nothin to fall into so we just moved into a line instead; he said an nco will take you to your billet, but i couldnt see any nco just a airman witha couple of pieces of cloth things sewn onto his sleeve, V shaped things that they call stripes or somethin. I dont know how a V can be a stripe—a stripe is a long mark.

We walked down a road to a lot of buildings something like our hen house only longer. The guy taking us there kept yellin left left left, but we hadnt left anything at the station.

In the morning I woke up early sos to get the milkin' done early only i remembered i didnt have to, being in the Air Force not on the farm, so i climbed back into my bed only it aint a bed, its a cot and is on legs with Joe Smith sleepin on the bottom and me in the air on top, and went to sleep again until somebody outside started blowin some kind of a horn, sounded like the old black cow bawlin for her calf, only louder. Some guy down at the end of the shed started to yell roll out so I rolled out and fell onto the floor from the top where i was sleepin. A heck of a way to have to get up i says, and if we have to fall onto the floor every mornin im goin to sleep on the bottom.

I guess the feller was mad cause we had slept in to 6.30; he should live on a farm. Paw would have a fit if he was here, we have to shave every morning and ma, the toilets are all in a long shed, aint seen nothin like them since i went to the Church social over to Smithersville, all white and shining, gosh ma, and real toilets paper, i guess they dont get any catalogues.

The fellers in charge of us lined us all up and we all walked over to the mess hall, but it want in a mess but nice and clean and he kept yellin left, left, left again, but we was all there and hadnt left anyone at the shed where we sleep.

After breakfast we hiked over to another shed where we got our uniforms, gee Ma it was like Christmas time, some feller asked me if i had a house wife, but I told him no and i didnt want one on account of you tellin me to watch for bad women.

After we was all rigged out we was taken to see some other feller, they called him a F/Lt, but i aint fooled a bit, cause F/Lt are on boats.

He asked me a lot of questions, did we have any vehickes on the farm; i told him we were real clean and only once i found some in my mattress and paw poured coal oil on them, you should have heard them

## THE AIRCRAFTMAN

laugh; aint nothin funny about havin them in your bed.

November 12th, 1941.

Dear Ma.

I got a good job today the nco said it was the runner for the orderly room, only i DONT RUN, I JUST WALK; when i went there the sergeant said attention so i stood listenin and he yelled gettin red in the face, attention and i says i am, he says am what and i said payin attention, he said good somethin or other and he nearly choked, i told him to get some goose grease and rub on his neck if he had a cold, just then the fellow that runs the orderly room (it dont look orderly to me) came in and said, runner take this to the M. T. Garage and gave me some papers so away i went and it took me an hour to find an empty garage i don't know why he wanted the papers left there as there was just some old junk lying around. You never can tell what these guys are thinkin. When i got back he asked me if i had enjoyed my furlow i guess its a new name for breakfast so i said yes thanks, only ther aint no cream. He gave me a funny look.

Then he gave me a parcel and said q.m. stores, or some think like that, so i says will this parcel stop him what, and i said snoring, somethin must have bit him cause he let out a yell and started to tear his hair.

November 15th, 1941.

Dear Maw:—

I got another job in the kitchen washing the pots and pans the cook said i was a pearl diver but how can you dive into a tiny pan of water.

At dinner time some more guys came into camp and the cook said we'll have to put some more water in the soup, so when he wasnt lookin i poured in a pail full. He was real mad on account of the bar of soap that fell into it. gee all that fuss over a little piece of soap. Good thing he didnt know till after dinner.

There wasnt nobody in for supper tonight and all the fellows look kind of white and shaky lookin, i guess there just home sick or somethin.

Well i guess you must be pretty proud of your airman son gettin so many important jobs. I am goin to go on sanitary fatigue tomorrow.

Love to all,

AC/2 SILAS MCKEE,

No. 2 Squadron, 2 Wing.



### 1 SQUADRON, 2 WING

No. 1 Squadron has attained the brightest place in the Sports Light. The Trophy now rests with the Squadron, and we intend to keep it for a long time.

\* \* \*

Despite Daily Routine rumors, the writer would like to state here that there are no ghosts in the Squadron—those white figures which rove the stairs during the early morning hours are the cooks which have moved in to enjoy our hospitality. Hang up your bonnets and stay awhile!

\* \* \*

The 69th Entry, A.F.M., have left us and are scattered to the four winds. May we say Cheerio and may we cross paths again.

## AROUND THE ORDERLY ROOM

Flt/Sgt Morrison—A new arrival to our Squadron from No. 2 Squadron.

Cpl. Ball—O sleep, 'tis a wondrous thing!

Cpl. Burnett—The strong, silent type.

Cpl. Davies—A conscientious, hard-working clerk, always on hand.

Cpl. Jones—A junior daddy.

Cpl. Colley—The diplomat.

Cpl. Jay—Hang on to those teeth!

\* \* \*

No. 1 Squadron, 2 Wing unites with the other Squadrons of the T. T. S. in extending to our new Commanding Officer a hearty welcome.

\* \* \*

Somehow No. 1 Squadron fought its way to the Commanding Officer's Trophy, in spite of the fact that good athletes were hard to find. If it can be done by the few who were coaxed out, how much more could be done by reversing the situation, so that the organizers' task would be one of selecting the best rather than having to seek and often sometimes finding themselves short handed? Anyway, to those actually participating in the various events, the Squadron owes its thanks for that extra 24.

\* \* \*

## OVERHEARD IN THE SQUADRON

Cpl. Jones: "It's a boy."

AC/2 Rusling: "When I get to be Wing Commander you boys will have steam-heated parade grounds."

AC/2 Healy: "I'd just like to see a stray rooster try to cross the parade ground some of these days."

Unknown: "Hey! The fellow who swiped one of my socks, come back and get the other!"



## SPORTS

Winning the C.O's Trophy last month was a big event for all concerned. The winning of it this month will be a miracle, due to the fact that the 69th Entry has been posted and we lost the majority of our valuable players.

In spite of such breaks, the Volley Ball team is holding its own by winning every game to date. However, with the new Entries, plus the few remaining Entries, we hope to have the best teams on the Station. Come on, fellows, get behind our teams and help them with your cheers. We all cannot play but we can do our share by giving our support.

We regret the loss of Sgt. White, T. P., who has been posted to Camp Borden. Best of luck, Sergeant; Borden's gain is our loss.

Many chaps wonder how to get on the teams. The place to report is the Squadron Orderly Room. Leave your name with any one of the N.C.O's and he will make sure that you learn all about the games.

Come on, No. 1 Squadron, 2 Wing and prove to the other Squadrons that we've got what it takes.

\* \* \*

Little six-year-old Harry was asked by his Sunday School teacher: "And, Harry, what are you going to give your darling little brother for Christmas this year?"

"I dunno," said Harry; "I gave him the measles last year."

**2 SQUADRON, 2 WING**

*"News that's hot,  
Dished out by Scott."*

**FIRST DAY IMPRESSIONS OF THE ORDERLY  
ROOM STAFF**

*Flt/Sgt Whitehead*—Truly a hard-working N.C.O., very energetic, with a rare sense of humor.

*Cpl. Cassidy*—The "Sport" of the O. R.

*Cpl. Mouldley*—The R. C. A. F's gift to St. Thomas "gals."

*Cpl. Tinsley*—We'd like to know where he goes at night.

*Cpl. Saussereau*—Now there's some man!

*Cpl. Newton*—The main reason the O. R. runs along so well and so smoothly.

*Cpl. Keohane*—We think he's with us.

*AC/1 Holstead*—Another Trenton graduate who is in the happy position of having an able-bodied, hard-working young assistant.

*AC/2 Scott* (Clerk, so he tells us)—Authority on how they do things at Trenton. (This should have been censored!)

\* \* \*

Two and Two welcomes two new discipis this month. The new men are A/Cpls Walker and Brown. Also new is our "boss," Flt/Sgt Whitehead, along with a new, good-looking clerk, AC/2 Scott. Welcome!

\* \* \*

This month we say "good-bye" to Flt/Sgt. Morrison, whom we're sorry to lose.

\* \* \*

Something we would like to know is what kind of a "mixture" it is that our new discip, A/Cpl Brown, packs away in that weirdly-shaped briar of his?

\* \* \*

The O. R. has a MUCH more dignified appearance these days now that a certain calendar with a certain picture has been removed from the wall.

\* \* \*

**THE SAGA OF SPORT**

"Sport Doings at 2 & 2."

When it comes down to a question of snappy and snazzy basketball we doubt very, very much if any team in the circuit can so much as hold a candle to the 2 & 2 Squad. Right now the team is headed straight to the top and there doesn't look as if any opposition can stop 'em. They are aiming for Victory this month, so look out. To say the least, there is some assortment of players on the team. For instance:

*Segal*—Shoots from any angle.

*Birrell*—An all-round star.

*Stranges*—Yes, he plays, too.

*Millar*—Our Yankee star.

*Fitzgerald*—Ditto, nobody's knocked him down yet.

*Smith*—FLASH!

*McKee*—How did he get here?

\* \* \*

The staff and airmen of 2 Squadron wish at this time to extend their deepest sympathy to Silas McKee (Pea-Souper) in his recent unfortunate accident. Any names, dates, or charatcers mentioned have no relation to anyone living or dead.

**CHEERIO, T. T. S., 68th ENTRY**

*By AC/1 Holdstead*

When we "lads" arrived at the T. T. S. it was the general opinion that we were really in for something. True, we were, but it has been contrary to what we had expected. Flight Morrison (then Sgt. Morrison) was the first member of old 2 & 2 that we encountered and we all thought that he was "harder than an old meat axe." This just goes to show that first impressions are not always what they appear to be. It is to be admitted that we didn't know the score then—we still don't.

It is not necessary to go into details as to our training, for those who read this little article are either nearing the point of graduation or have a lot of surprises ahead of them.

Some great feats have been performed behind these bars such as stuffing a complete "Issue" into one kit bag—it certainly gives you the latest wrinkle in shirts. We also wonder how Martin of 9C is able to wear his issue underwear upside down. Complications must set in somewhere—WONDER WHY? Cpl. Cassidy (Cass, as we know him) never thought to look under the bunks of Bays 8 and 9C for scroungers from P. T.—TOO BAD!

\* \* \*

The staff of 2 Squadron would like to know why Sgt. Archambault is expecting to proceed to Belleville, Ontario, on his next "48." Did he like the course (Administrative course at Trenton) that much, or did he fall for one of those pretty "lassies" from Belleville? Be careful, Jimmie.

\* \* \*

We hear that Gibson, formerly of 2 & 2, likes marcelled fenders.

\* \* \*

Since Tolmie of 2 & 2 has been married he has become very efficient and the staff wonders if it would be beneficial if more of its members followed his example.

\* \* \*

Cpl. Cassidy has become such an efficient Volleyball player that since he turned up as an active player the Squadron has been losing all his games. We would suggest that he remains on the outside line.

\* \* \*

During the past few months this Squadron has contributed many outstanding teams to battle it out with other Squadrons for possession of the C.O's Trophy. These teams have fought hard and clean, in an endeavor to lift that coveted piece of silverware and even though unsuccessful in reaching their goal have always forced the opposition to produce their very best, in order to retain or win the championship each month.

With the splendid talent available in our Squadron and a little more co-operation all around there is no reason why we shouldn't capture the championship soon. One big drawback in the past was the lack of enthusiasm shown by the personnel of this Squadron, so how about it, fellows? Let's make up our minds to give just a little bit more; that is all that is necessary.

It is a known fact that everyone can't win, somebody must lose; success only comes from defeat and in due time a strong winning team is bound to develop. Certain people are doing yeoman service to provide sporting equipment for our enjoyment; it is only fair that we use these facilities for our benefit and to encourage sportsmanship and team work that is essential for a winning combination. In conclusion, always remember it is much harder to lose than it is to win.

So let's go, 2 & 2!

## THE AIRCRAFTMAN

Where does (Gentleman Jim) Archambault get all his new ideas about running an Orderly Room? From Trenton, we wonder?

\* \* \*

Which one of our N.C.O's spends so many of his evenings off in Port Stanley? We understood Port was closed for the season (Cpl. Tinsley).



### 3 SQUADRON, 2 WING

By Cpl. Jorgenson, G.

After holding the C.O's Trophy for three consecutive months No. 3 Squadron have somewhat loosened their grasp and in so doing failed to break the record for consecutive wins.

The change to winter sports is perhaps the reason for our sudden drop on the board.

How about it, you Badminton, Volleyball and Basketball players? Let's make the top again this month!

A little support on the sidelines goes a long way towards a win.

\* \* \*

### SQUADRON GOSSIP

Who is the Airman in 2 Wing who displayed such lack of manners at the supper table one night some time ago, when someone asked him for a half-filled bottle of catsup?

\* \* \*

Cpl. Poppit to Class: "There's nothing to it. It's just like shooting fish in a barrel."

\* \* \*

We understand that Cpl. Rea and Cpl. Solmundson spent a week of their annual leave touring Quebec.

Was it History they were studying?

\* \* \*

The supervisor called in three of the most promising trainees to his private office.

"I have a good position for the smartest trainee in the class. You three have been recommended for the position. I shall select the trainee who can answer the following problem first:

"On my desk I have two boxes. In one box there are white stickers. In the other there are black stickers. I shall blindfold each of you and you will sit opposite each other at my desk. On each of your foreheads I shall put one sticker. It may be black or it may be white. Then I shall remove the blindfolds. You will look at both men opposite you. If you see a black spot you will proceed to tap my desk. And when you have figured out the color of the spot on your own forehead you will stop tapping and stand up."

The Instructor blindfolded the three trainees. On each forehead he put a black spot. Then he removed the blindfolds.

The trainees all began to tap. They tapped and tapped. Suddenly one stopped tapping and stood up, saying: "I know the color of my spot—it's black!"

How did he figure it out?



### AIRMANSHIP EXAMINATION

By Sqd/Ldr Mc. F.

Q.—What is the procedure after a forced landing?

A.—The pilot, after extricating himself from the

wreckage, should summon the nearest onlooker, borrow a cigarette, and inquire his whereabouts. If he has landed in an onion field he should fill his pockets with this rare and exotic fruit, explainning that A.F.H.Q. will pay for everything. He should then ask to be transported to the nearest house containing a telephone, a well-stocked cellar and a pretty daughter who has not yet met the Air Force. It is well to ring one's C.O. the morning after, to have a car sent round.

Q.—What is the procedure when landing at a strange aerodrome?

A.—Dive within 20 feet of the control tower to wake up the duty pilot and pull out in a climbing roll. (NOTE: Twin engine pilots may execute a stall turn; it will have the same effect.) Carry out an opposite circuit to let them know you are a visitor and land as near the mess as possible.

Q.—What is the best way to descend through a cloud?

A.—In an aeroplane or attached to a parachute.

Q.—You are flying above the sea, at an altitude of 20 feet, visibility nil, the nearest land 400 miles away to starboard. You are suffering from cramp, suddenly both engines fail and the port wing drops off, what is the immediate action?

A.—Make out in triplicate a request to be granted six days compassionate leave.

Q.—What action should the pilot take prior to take off?

A.—First of all, you ask yourself if you really wish to fly that day or not. On deciding to do so, or having it decided for you, having chosen the aeroplane you must ask an airman to be good enough to wind the thing up while you sit yourself in the cockpit. By the time you have your parachute harness adjusted, the airman should have the engine primed and be winding like a mad thing, casting occasional reproachful looks into the cockpit. Choose a moment when he is not looking to turn on the switch. When the engine starts, throttle back to prevent running into the hangar and tie a knot in your rip-cord to remind you the next time to use the chocks. Do your cockpit check by casting a rapid glance round your instruments to make sure that they are all there and wave the airman away. (You do not know, of course, that he fell when the engine was started and is now struggling out from under the tail wheel.) Having surmounted the obstruction offered by his writhing legs, you taxi smartly into wind and take off, and the sky is yours.

Q.—You are doing stall turns in a Harvard aircraft at an altitude of 100 feet in order to impress your girl friend who lives just below. The aircraft suddenly drops its right wing and goes into an inverted position. What do you do?

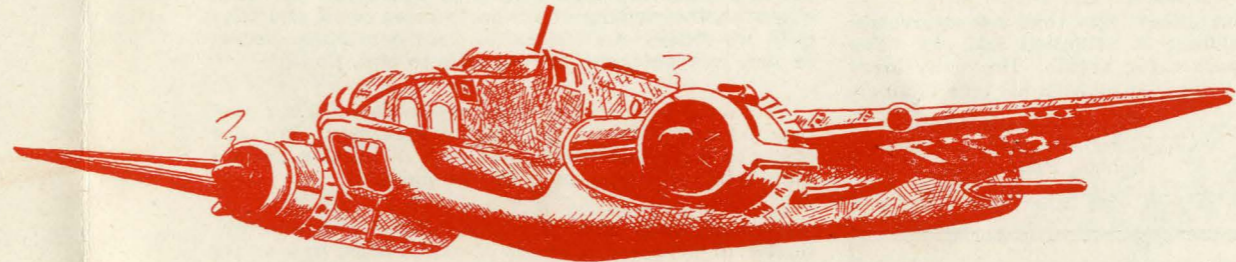
A.—Nothing. A salvage crew will pick up what is left of the aircraft and a Committee of Adjustment will settle your affairs. Your girl friend will transfer her attentions to a farmer.

Q.—Your instructor—who is an old fogey with 5,000 flying hours—tells you that you are not to do aerobatics below 5,000 feet, and that you must not dive at cows, barns or trees, or do steep turns close to the ground. What is your reaction?

A.—Pay no attention to him; everybody has to die some time.

Q.—After executing a series of intricate maneuvers (many of which have not yet appeared in published form) in the vicinity of the aerodrome at a low altitude, you make an excellent landing—only three bounces—and on taxiing smartly to the apron at 30

# WORK



# SAVE

E. & A. T. S.

3 Sq. - 2 Wing

2 Sq. - 2 Wing

1 Sq. - 2 Wing

3 Sq. - 1 Wing

1 Sq. - 1 Wing

Civilian

Headquarters

2 Sq. - 1 Wing



# LEND



H. E. Bishop

## THE AIRCRAFTMAN

*m.p.h. you find your Flight Commander walking to meet you. What should you do?*

A.—Be nonchalant. Show him that you appreciate the courtesy by standing at attention and say "Yes Sir," whenever he pauses for breath. He really loves you, and only bawls you out to conceal his true feelings.

"WINGS" MAGAZINE  
No. 31 R.A.F. Bombing & Gunnery  
School, Picton, Ont.



### Equipment and Accountant Training School

#### THE SMIRCH OF TIME

By WO/2 King, H. G.

CONGRATULATIONS are in order to two graduating students who have qualified for the Commanding Officer's Gold Medal Awards! AC/2 Walker, R. M., Clerk Accountant, and AC/2 Purse, A. J., Equipment Assistant, the airmen who led their respective courses with admirable marks, and should be an inspiration to the new Entry. AC/2 Purse is being retained as a potential Instructor. Lucky Pursey!

\* \* \*

LA DANCE—Three flights from our School proudly took part in the Armistice Day Parade in St. Thomas and made an excellent showing. Our men marched as one man and 139 mirrors while being led by Flt/Sgt Green and his splendid band.

\* \* \*

SPORTS—Well, November Sports are over, and heh, heh, heh, somebody else won the Commanding Officer's Trophy, as usual, heh, heh, heh. In future we just aint sayin' nothin'. We're going to surprise ya! (It says here.)

\* \* \*

BUNDLES FOR BRITAIN—AC/2 Reed, the mighty atom from the Orderly Room, has been posted, and it is rumored that he may be Yule-tideing himself all over jolly old Lunnon. He'll get along. He hid away once for 3 weeks in a Busby!

\* \* \*

GUESS WHO?—Now that the Storks have finished explaining to their children about who brings Baby Storks, they have gone back in business, and we expected to announce a new arrival around these here parts, but were sworn to secrecy. The potential Papa threatened to "Rumble" the entire journalistic staff if the secret got out. And who are we to invite any nasty old red stars against our names. After all, a physical "going over" is one thing, but to be "Rumbled," my stars, not that! Anyway, that's a privilege extended only to the Accounts Section.



### HEADQTRS. SQUADRON

#### FAREWELL TO GROUP CAPTAIN COLLIS

By Carroll, A. W. J.

Farewell Sir, the best wishes of this Squadron to you. No more need be said, the warm-hearted demon-

stration by Officers and men of this Station is an indication of the very high esteem in which you are held, but, alas, the parting of the ways must come, and thus it is, we convey our wishes for your continued success in your new post, and our respects to Mrs. Collis.

\* \* \*

To Wing Commander J. H. Keens, A.F.C., our new Commanding Officer, we extend greetings. We are proud to serve under a man of such distinction and we hope that his service here will be pleasant.

\* \* \*

For the first time in many months Headquarters Squadron produced a series of real teams, and as we all knew, when the lads really got down to brass tacks, they could do the trick and come through with a good number of wins. Some cracker-jack players turned out for every game, and the pleasing result is the fact that at the moment we hold second place in the competition for the Commanding Officer's Trophy. To the coaches, players and supporters we say: Keep up the good work, fellows, the Squadron is backing you for a win.

\* \* \*

Now that the winter months are almost upon us and the hockey season and indoor sports will be getting under way, we call once more for active participation by Headquarters Squadron. A Squadron Hockey Team is needed and don't forget there is always a chance for a place on the Station team, who last year set up a peach of a record. If talk turns to facts, we should be right on top this year. Even if you don't play any of the winter sports, try at least to get out there and back the teams. This moral support will go a long way towards helping the lads win.

\* \* \*

For the others who find the rougher games a bit tough, we recommend the Camera Club, Public-Speaking Club, Bible Discussion Group and Library Corner. Many interesting and instructive hours may be spent in any of these activities.

\* \* \*

We are told that Cpl. "Jerry" Despres, famed boxing instructor on this Station, has his schedule completed to get things started this fall. Jerry knows his business and many of us would be wise to contact him and ask to be given instructions in the manly art of self-defence. They tell me it comes in handy down the waterfront way.

\* \* \*

The Motor Transport Section makes the print this month, telling us that one of the lads (Barney Oldfield) will take off from his 24 hours duty and submit a little dope for THE AIRCRAFTMAN next month. We welcome this good news, and while on the subject would suggest that each section attached to Headquarters Squadron appoint a reporter and submit his material to the Orderly Room. Co-operation of this nature will assure us a sufficient quantity of interesting material for our column each month. How about it, fellows?

\* \* \*

The Station G. Men should be in a position to furnish this column with some spicy news, which, of course, we would not print. But seriously, though the Service Police Section is a very large one, we call upon WO Giroux to appoint a reporter for his section.

\* \* \*

We are anxious to know how the Senior N.C.O. Bowling League turned out. Won't someone put us wise?

\* \* \*

To the forty or so lads who have left our ranks and the loving care and protection of this Squadron, we who have been left behind wish you plenty of luck, and a speedy return to your families and friends.

## THE AIRCRAFTMAN

Now that the Squadron Orderly Room staff have moved into bigger and better quarters we suggest that you lay your little and varied problems on our desks and we assure you of our utmost co-operation and undivided attention. No fooling, we mean it. If you are in doubt, give us a try.



### Do You Know?

That Martin Luther is credited with having introduced the Christmas tree in the way we know it?

\* \* \*

That Christmas has not always been a definitely Christian festival?

\* \* \*

That a spray of the palm tree, with 12 shoots on it, was used in Egypt at the time of the winter solstice as a symbol of the end of the year?

\* \* \*

That in 1659 the General Court of Massachusetts enacted a law "that anybody found observing Christmas in any way" should be fined five shillings?

\* \* \*

That Christmas Cards were first used in the United States in 1874?

\* \* \*

That Australia and New Zealand have enlisted over 200,000 Airmen for this war?

\* \* \*

That the most densely populated state in the world is Vatican City. With an area of 0.16 square miles it has a population of about 1,000; i.e., 6,500 per square mile?

\* \* \*

That Liberia, in Central Africa, is a free republic, but that no white man is allowed to vote?

\* \* \*

That it is impossible to tell the age of a horse by its teeth (or any other means) after it is nine years old?

\* \* \*

That the four queens in a pack of cards are supposed to represent Cleopatra, Queen Esther, Queen of Sheba and Boadicea?

\* \* \*

That men in the Royal Navy are privileged to drink the toast to the King while seated? This is a carry-over from days when cabins in the ships were not high enough to permit people to stand.

\* \* \*

That the word "khaki" is from Hindustan? It means dust-colored.

That the three balls over a pawnbroker's shop come from the Armorial bearings of the Lombards, the money-lenders of the Middle Ages?



PLANEFACTS  
HARLAND

Hugh O'Connor, overseas reporter for the American magazine, recently was permitted to see the inside workings of the R.A.F. In the November 1941 issue of his magazine, Mr. O'Connor says that the greatest British fighter has in two years downed 35 German aircraft. According to this observer, the R.A.F. during the first two years of the war, brought down 5,367 German planes, the R.A.F. losing almost exactly half as many, 2,700.

\* \* \*

In 1930 American commercial airlines had one fatal accident for every 4,000,000 miles travelled. By 1938 the ratio had improved to one fatality per 12,000,000 miles.

\* \* \*

Along with many others who never saw an airplane and saw clearly into the future was Roger Bacon, English Franciscan monk, scientist and philosopher. He said:

*"We will be able to construct machines which will propel ships with greater speed than a whole garrison of rowers, and which will need only one pilot to guide them. We will be able to propel carriages with incredible speed without the assistance of an animal. And we will be able to make machines which by means of wings will enable us to fly like birds."*

\* \* \*

Before he was an airman, Air Marshal W. A. Bishop, V.C., was a horse soldier — a member of the Canadian Mounted Rifles. His greatest rival, Baron von Richthofen, was also a horse soldier before becoming an airman.

\* \* \*

Georges Guynemer, famous French pilot of the first world war, literally disappeared into thin air. One day he climbed into his machine and went aloft, presumably to look for his 55th victim. He never returned. Not a word was ever heard of him again, either from his own or the enemy side.

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Experts investigating the recent airliner crash near Fingal did not overlook the possibility that wild fowl might have been responsible for the accident. There have been numerous cases of flying birds disabling aircraft. In October 1941 a sea gull wrecked an American military training plane piloted by B. A. Martin with Tom George as crew. The aircraft crashed into the Pacific Ocean and sank; the crew was rescued.

\* \* \*

In the 12 months preceding this war England exported more than 600 airplanes.

\* \* \*

Scientists are beginning to make headway against another problem. Henry G. Horton, Jr., research worker for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has found a way to disperse fog. In a few minutes he has cleared the air on a half mile airfield. The experiment was considered only a partial success because of technical obstacles and other difficulties.

\* \* \*

During the first 30 years of airplane history, the United States produced 60,000 airplanes.

\* \* \*

Early in the first world war British pilots collected a prize of one thousand dollars each for every German Zeppelin brought down. The prize was donated by Lord Michelham.

\* \* \*

Airplane travel has become so safe that insurance companies now sell air travel insurance at the same rate as for ground travel: \$5,000 worth at 25 cents a trip.

\* \* \*

Much has been said about how much speed humans can stand. It is now claimed that there is no limit to the speed to which the human body can become accustomed. Bodily distress, it is now understood, is not caused by speed but by rapid acceleration and sudden reduction of speed. We are, without being conscious of it, travelling around the sun at the rate of 65,000 miles an hour. In addition to this we are spinning diurnally at 1,000 miles an hour.

\* \* \*

Capt. H. C. Gray, world-famous balloonist of the United States Army Air Corps, lost his life because he did not know what time it was. On a balloon altitude flight Captain Gray reached a height of 40,000 feet. Somewhere on the way up his only time-piece froze and stopped. There was only enough oxygen to last a certain length of time. Gray miscalculated his time and could not get down before he suffocated. The balloon landed in Tennessee with a dead pilot.

The first woman to fly in Britain was Mrs. Maurice Hewlett, wife of the famous author. She also conducted one of the first air schools and taught her son to fly.

\* \* \*

Nearly all the big men in aviation succeeded in spite of heartbreaking difficulties. Sir Henry Royce, partner of Rolls, was a poor boy. He left school early, sold papers, had numerous odd jobs and worked as a railway apprentice, before he made a name for himself in aeronautics. A. V. Roe, early English aviator and aircraft manufacturer, also had his troubles. On one occasion he was taking two of his planes to an air meet in Glasgow. The planes were being transported on open railway cars. When a spark from the funnel of the locomotive set fire to them and destroyed them. A contemporary of these men was S. S. Cody, who was released from what was then known as the kite section of the British army because of his supposed inability. A short time after his release he carried off a prize of five thousand dollars offered by the war office for airplane design.



### WE SEE FROM

*THE ST. THOMAS TIMES-JOURNAL THAT*

The call of the soil proved too strong, and Aircraftman William Roberts, Jr., took time off recently to go home on leave from St. Thomas long enough to take second prize in tractor class at the Oxford Plowing Match. AC Roberts, farmer before enlisting last July, played hockey for the Bethel Community League champions of 1939, and softball for the Innerkip O.R.S.A. champions in 1933. He has won many prizes for his plowing. His wife and their four children now reside in Woodstock.

\* \* \*

*THE AIRMAN, UPLANDS, THAT*

Mr. Hindquarters,  
Canadian Army.

Dear Mr. Hindquarters:

My husband was induced into the army long months ago and I aint received no pay since he was gone. Please sent me an elopement as I have a four months old baby and he is my only support, and I kneed it every day to buy us food and keep us enclosed. Both sides of my parents are very old and I can't suspect anything from them as my mother has been in bed with a doctor for thirteen years. My husband is in charge of a spittoon. Do I get any more than I am going to get? Please send me a letter and tell me if my husband made application for a wife and child and send me a wife form to make out.

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Yours truly.

P.S.—My husband says he sets in Y.M.C.A. every night with the piano playing in his uniform. I think you will find him there.

\* \* \*

### THE EDMONTON JOURNAL THAT

Manning School issues a newspaper. Joining other publications of a similar nature, "The Airman," issued by students at the No. 3 Manning Depot at the exhibition grounds, is being distributed. Its editor is AC/2 Harry Saltzman; those assisting include AC/2 Ted Cohen, AC/2 J. A. McCaugherty and AC/2 Howard Chenoweth.

The mimeographed paper reviews "The War Today," tells of R.A.F. raids, carries a message from Wing Commander J. C. Malone, head of the Depot; and many "personals." It even has a question and answer column which advises "It is against regulations for airmen to smoke pipes or cigars outside of the Depot grounds" and "it is contrary to regulations for an airman to hold a girl's arm or to allow a girl to hold his arm when on the street."

\* \* \*

### "THE SKYLINE," BRANTFORD, THAT

A special permit has been issued to a husband by his wife: This is to certify that I, the legally wedded wife of \_\_\_\_\_, do hereby permit my husband to go where he pleases, drink what he pleases, and where he pleases, and I furthermore permit him to keep and enjoy the company of any lady or ladies as he sees fit, as I know he is a good judge. I want him to enjoy life in this world, for he will burn for a d—long time.

(Sgd.) \_\_\_\_\_

\* \* \*

### THE FINGAL OBSERVER THAT

George Greason, the dyed-in-the-wool bachelor, has discovered the following facts concerning the average woman:

Marries at the age of 24.

Darns 4,837 pairs of socks.

Is five feet, four inches tall.

Buys 369 hats and 582 dresses.

Has a baby weighing 7½ pounds.

Spends four years washing dishes.

Listens to 18 radio serials each week.

Lives five years longer than her husband.

Spends 8,784 hours (five years) gossiping.

Occasionally wishes she'd married someone else.

Quarrels at least twice a month with her husband.

Spends \$312 in beauty parlors and \$387 on cosmetics.

Never learns to drive a nail without hitting her thumb.

Attends 5,027 movie matinees, many of them double features.

Never learns to play a golf game that satisfies her husband.

Spends three years and eight months talking on the telephone.

Is positive that her child is better than the brat next door.

Weighs 128 pounds—until she becomes careless about her figure.

Threatens at least eight times to go home to her mother—but never does.

Devotes the best seven years of her life to attempting to make her husband over—but without success.

And makes a fairly good wife in spite of it all.

\* \* \*

### "THE SKYLINE," BRANTFORD, THAT

(ED. NOTE: The following is clipped from the column "Read It . . . or Not," by Cpl. Rorke, E. M., Editor of "Wings Over Borden," to which we add "All this . . . and Heaven too!")

Little did I think that I would ever cast an admiring glance at a Sergeant's ankle as I was strolling up the Hangar road.

"Wings Over Borden" is going to look different with an Advice to the Lovelorn column and perhaps a Recipe corner. Let's have a sample:

"Dear Lucy Lastic: I am a blonde, blue-eyed, Flt/Sergt, just five-foot-two in height, and some folks call me pretty. I am madly in love with an AC/2, but he claims that he must be my equivalent in rank or higher before we can be married. What will I do? It's got me so worried that I can't keep in step while marching down to work.

(Sgd.) ANXIOUS FLT/SERGEANT.

Or how would this look:

"Notice: My wife, Flt/Sergt Jones, having left my bunk and mess hall, I advise that I will not be responsible for any debts hereinafter contracted in my name.

"WO/2 JONES."

Well, as Mr. Rabbit said to Mrs. Rabbit, all this worry is giving me gray hares.

Seriously, fellows, it's a great gesture on the part of the women of Canada to volunteer to do their part for their men folk and we are grateful to them. Not wishing to detract at all from that statement, we do not wish to let this

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matter pass entirely until we've said this.

There are still too many young fellows hanging around dance halls and pool rooms and working at non-essential industries that should smarten up and quit hiding behind women's skirts. What are they waiting for, anyhow? Maybe it's to see their kid sisters get out of kindergarten and go and defend their family name on the field of battle?

*"THE FLY PAPER," JARVIS, THAT*

To let his employer know what he thought about his alleged salary, a young New Yorker carefully wrote above his signature when he cashed his check: "Any resemblance between this and a living wage is purely coincidental." —Rockefeller Center Magazine.



## NEWFOUNDLAND POSTING

*By Sqd/Ldr C. S. Wilson*

Toward the end of December 1940 the air (as usual) was full of rumors of a possibility of one's being transferred. On this particular occasion it was the Station Adjutant who finally put rumor to rest, and casually handed out the information that one had been posted to Newfoundland.

So it was that, during the first weeks in January one found himself in what our newspapers so aptly term "an Eastern Canadian port." There the realization that our country is at war is ever present. All the services of our own country, as well as those from allied countries, are represented in the streets. Of these perhaps the most interesting are the young sailors with downlike beards in from patrol or convoy duty.

To one who has always lived inland the arrival of convoys with escorting war vessels was of intense interest. The first sight of proud warships — corvettes, destroyers and submarines — was one not to be forgotten.

When the day of departure came we took off in a huge bomber from the Coastal Command and headed for Newfoundland. The day was clear and the sun made everything bright. The flight along the coast was uneventful. For many miles we travelled at an altitude of ten thousand feet, well above the clouds. Finally as we left the coast of Canada we dropped down for a look, but icing conditions became severe and we hurried back and up into the sunshine.

Our first glimpse of the Newfoundland coast came after one hundred miles or more of ocean and was a welcome even if a somewhat stern sight. This shore is made up of mountain ranges reaching to a considerable height. These are interspersed by innumerable streams running down to the sea as well as picturesque lakes of various size. The growth on these slopes is quite heavy. The part of the country over which we flew is very sparsely settled and from time to time trappers with their dog teams could be seen moving over the snow-

covered ice of the lakes. These lakes are scattered all over the country and cover almost fifty per cent of the area of the land.

At last the Newfoundland Airport came in view, and as the temperature in the air was twenty degrees below zero, this was a welcome sight. The pilot dropped one wing and put the plane into a steep dive, but from that angle the sight of parka-clad men standing near huge drifts of snow was far from reassuring. However, our landing was perfect, and once on the ground we found ourselves very welcome, chiefly as bringers of news not yet a day old. (Later, before leaving Newfoundland, it was my privilege to read a London newspaper which had been published in the morning and perused on the Station that evening.) On the day of our arrival it was necessary to go on to St. John's, the capital. The trip had to be made at night and it was quite eventful. The train arrived at the airport several hours late — a record as the winter developed and we measured it in days rather than hours.

The Newfoundland Railway is an experience even for natives. It is a single line, narrow gauge track. Its builders must have had a horror of a straight track, with the result that one on the rear of the train watching the rails slip by gets the impression of an animal wagging its tail. A cynic at home told me that the train was stopped at meal times, but the natives indignantly deny this allegation, but my feelings make me think that it should be done. But when evening comes the fun begins. The gymnastics required to get into a berth in a Canadian train are mere kindergarten stuff compared to what is required in the much smaller space of the Newfoundland Express. Rolling stock was at a premium and the greatly increased war traffic caught the authorities unaware.

During this trip many spots of interest were seen — the bay where Italo Balboa put down after his flight over the Atlantic — the bay where our King and Queen disembarked

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for the drive to St. John's, as well as many other landmarks. The scenery there is beautiful and must be seen to be appreciated. St. John's is an old city and passing through it is possible to see the progressive stages of building through the years. The harbor is really landlocked and around it the cliffs rise for about six hundred feet and seem to form a huge bowl. The city is built on the side of the hill and the angle of ascent and descent is often acute. All traffic keeps to the left and for strangers this is a bit of a problem and often results in some confusion.

A tour of the city proved most interesting. We saw part of the fish packing industry and in one warehouse saw more dried cod than we could count. Two minutes there and one's friends knew of it for two weeks. The dry dock proved worth a stop—two of the sealing boats were in it for overhaul prior to leaving for the ice-fields. A lottery is run in the country on the bag of seals each ship will take, and the cash prizes in this lottery are quite good. The newspapers print the score. These are wired to various points where they are awaited eagerly.

In the harbor ships of many countries were loading lumber, paper and cod, to be taken to all points of the globe. We ascended the winding incline to the coastal defence area and were promptly shooed away as we did not possess the proper permit.

During the course of another tour we visited Newfoundland's largest dairy company. There we found tons of margarine being made. This is now a very scientific substitute for butter, as an examination of the various ingredients showed, and from an economic point of view it is solving a problem, for in the outlying parts the cost of butter is almost fantastic. Milk, while readily available in the city, is also hard to secure in the rural areas, and if obtained is hard to keep fresh. To solve this problem powdered substitutes are used a great deal. The less said of this the better.

Our return trip to the airport was *via* a caboose. All one's worst experiences rolled into one could not compare with this. A red-hot stove, a kettle of boiling water, one trainman, one conductor and oneself being threatened at each stop or start to be thrown in a heap or from one end of the caboose to the other. As if the anticipation of scalds and burns were not enough, the conductor talked continually of the five wrecks in which he had been until one felt he had been absolutely nowhere and seen nothing. As a sort of climax to the proceedings the two engines on the train kept getting separated about every ten miles. Each time this occurred it set the emergency brakes—

result, a chattering of the teeth and a snap in one's spine.

This seems the place to say a bit about the people themselves. I challenge anyone to produce a more hospitable folk. They continually go out of their way to entertain visitors. No effort to make strangers feel at home or to care for their comfort is too great. Everywhere and in all walks of life these people possess this very desirable characteristic. Life on the Station at this time was anything but pleasant. The airport is located in the country just far enough from the nearest city to make it questionable whether or not it was possible to get there and back on a forty-eight pass. For a long time the men had no leave at all. This condition lasted till personnel became sufficient to make it possible. There were no roads in any direction beyond the limits of the camp, except one down to the lake, a distance of about one and one-half miles.

Apart from a little volleyball and skiing, sport was almost unknown. The former was played on the floor of the hangar, that is when it was not all cluttered up with aircraft, and this, we might say, was very seldom. In order to enjoy the latter activity it was necessary to cross the long, level runway to the hill which dropped down to the lake. It was almost impossible to enter the woods on account of the thickness of the undergrowth. There was a rink, but it was an almost super-human task to keep it clear of the snow which fell day after day and which on account of the frequent and high winds kept piling up in huge drifts.

We who are stationed at St. Thomas, where we have so many conveniences, would find it difficult to imagine the quarters in Newfoundland in those early days. Men lived three in a tiny box-like room—a space where we would shudder at permitting one man to be quartered. The only consolation was the huge fireplace at one end of the building, in which a fire was kept burning day and night.

Rations were a continual nightmare, but to live one had to eat. The rolling stock of the railway was most inadequate and as transport was on no definite schedule, variety of diet was almost unknown. At one time the only vegetable on the menu (for two weeks) was turnips. While censoring mail this remark was noticed, "Well, we have had turnips every day now for fourteen days—but they were different tonight—they were on the right-hand side of the plate instead of the left."

Being stationed in a place where there was little or nothing to do (even though time was available) made one tend to become disgruntled, especially when there was not even

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the prospect of a good meal in the offing. Fresh fruit, other than apples, was not to be had. Greenstuff did not exist.

During our stay in Newfoundland the one event for which we waited expectantly and with keen anticipation, was the arrival of mail. This happened at irregular intervals most of the winter and was always a pleasant surprise. Papers a week old were read and re-read and passed from hand to hand. Perhaps the most welcome objects were the parcels of food which arrived from home and which lasted far too short a time. There was never any trouble in getting help to put them out of the way.

Our real excitement occurred on those days when one of our planes would arrive with mail and the current newspapers. Radio reception was far from good except by short wave, and

even this varied in different spots.

It was always a great thrill to watch the arrival and departure of the bombers for Britain. This traffic increased greatly as time passed. We saw and met many of aviation's great men and their distinguished passengers on these trips. So many men who were formerly merely names in the newspaper became real living beings and even friends.

For the benefit of any who may be trembling at the thought of being posted to Newfoundland, we hasten to add that these remarks deal with a development period now past and gone. Present conditions, quarters, rations and comforts are of the best. Aside from its somewhat isolated position, Newfoundland airport may be one of the most intensely interesting spots on which to serve our cause.



## THE ALBATROSS

By AC/2 Williams, S. H.

*"At length did cross an albatross,  
Through the fog it came;  
As if it had been a Christian soul,  
We hailed it in God's name."*

—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

\* \* \*

It was the sailor's ancient superstition that inspired Coleridge to write his famous poem. The sailors believed that the albatross which followed their ship for days and weeks of its voyage, swooping and spiralling behind it in the sky, and diving low to snatch from the surface any bit of food that was thrown from the galley, was a symbol of luck, and as long as it stayed in the presence of their ship they would reach port safely. It was a convoy.

And so, symbolically, the albatross is a convoy to the peoples of the British Empire today. Many of these great British birds are employed at sea near England, to guide merchant vessels safely into port. The smaller craft with which we Canadians are familiar have missions similar in purpose if not in course of action. Much as the superstitious seamen look to the albatross for protection and safe guidance at sea, our people, the ones we left at home, and the people of many frightened countries all over the world today, look to these British birds for protection and safe guidance through the course of this war.

As a symbol of protection and power the albatross is well chosen. It is one of the largest of sea birds, and is undoubtedly larger than any land bird known. A 17-foot wing span is

usual, while birds with a 24-foot span have been found. The average body length is 4 feet, with a weight of 25 pounds. The feet are large and completely webbed, with only three toes. The bill is 4 inches long, with the upper section hooked over the end of the lower, is very powerful and presents a vicious weapon to an enemy. The wings are extremely long and pointed, the tail short and round, the body streamlined and powerful. The Wandering Albatross (*Diomedea Exulans*) of Coleridge's poem has a white body with dark stripes on the back, and dark wings. This is the largest type and the one most common. There are 19 other species.

One of the most remarkable things about the bird is the length of time it can fly. It may follow a ship for weeks without once lighting on the water, only nearing it occasionally to seize food. It is truly a bird of endurance.

A native of the Antarctic, it is rarely seen in the North Atlantic. On the lonely islands of this southern ocean it goes to breed and rear its young. The first living creatures that the large round eyes of the baby albatross behold are clumsy, honking sea lions rolling in the surf of the bays, and stately, pretty little creatures, the King Penguins. Over its head wheel many other species of Antarctic birds, many of which would swoop to prey upon it if it were not for the constant presence of its parent. If you should wander near these rocky wastes to watch the albatross in its home you would see some amusing and amazing sights.

In the breeding season the wooing of the females by the young gentlemen of the colony

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would strike you as being much like the habits of human beings. We apologize if this sounds like satire.

An unattached female usually finds several males trying to attract her attention. These young swains will gather around her, throwing out their chests, stretching their long, beautiful wings, strutting and dancing, and screeching in their best imitation of a love song. Occasionally they squabble and swear at each other like chipmunks, never fighting but definitely protesting at each other's presence. All this time the female is coyly wandering among them, giving each a little attention and being very sweet,—the Scarlet O'Hara of the Antarctic. When finally she chooses the mate with whom she will wander off the others walk slowly away hanging their heads and swaying their bodies from side to side. With doleful backward glances at the lucky male they cast throaty noises at him, grumbling their disdain or lament, and disappear among the rocks and weeds.

The newlyweds then are faced with the task of selecting a site and building their home. They, too, have domestic duties and obligations. First they gather bundles of tussock stocks and twigs. This is mixed with mud from the edge of the ocean and is then shaped into a truncated cone with a shallow hollow on top. An odd and homely nest, but a practical one for the district. Living in the suburbs of the world, the mother albatross cannot be too insistent on having a beautiful home.

In this moss-lined hollow she sits, and her mate squats before her on the ground. If you have the effrontery to stay and watch the albatross making love to his wife you will see him sitting there, profoundly proclaiming his affection and loyalty and demonstrating with motions of endearment. They cross bills, stroke each other's neck, chatter with their bills together until you can only see a blur. Then they point their bills skyward and squeal like little pigs. With a resounding clap they strike their bills together, gobble, caterwaul and chatter. Then the male rises, struts about like a general, poses head held high and wings outstretched, and thus calls her to come down. This she does and he takes her place, bowing and declaring his love.

A single white egg, 4 inches long, and smoothly shaped is laid on the dais-like nest. Then begins the long incubation period. One of the pair stays with the nest, never moving from its position, while the other flies away to sea. It climbs to the top of a hill, and racing down the slope, wings outstretched like a glider, takes off into the wind. Mother Nature,

like man, seems to have found that to make a large ship which could fly long distances, she must compromise with a long and tedious ascent. To fly from the surface of the water, the albatross must first taxi 70 to 80 feet on the surface, propelling itself with its paddle-like feet.

The holiday from duty may last from 6 to 10 days, and in the time the bird will travel many miles across the ocean. On its search for food it will probably convoy a ship on part of its voyage. If the offal from the ship is not enough to satisfy its appetite it will swing toward shore and feed in the inlets and bays or around the islands. Mollusks, fish spawn, carrion and small marine animals make up the diet. Then, heavy with food and barely able to take off into the air, it wings back to the other parent, who has been patiently waiting at home. The two change places and the free bird flies away to take a holiday and fill its stomach. The new guardian of the nest is then able to digest its meal. Piles of indigestible bones of the creatures it has eaten, beaks of cuttlefish, etc., regurgitated in a circle around the base of the cone, are proof of the fact that it never leaves the nest.

Hatching from the egg, the young albatross sits on weak, gangling legs and waits to be fed just the same as a young robin nestling. It is covered with a coat of snow-white down from its head to the tips of its awkward, pointed wings. This color it keeps till adulthood. For the first few weeks it stays in the nest, crawling frantically back up if removed from it. Later in the summer it becomes more bold and ventures out to play with other young. At the end of the summer it is big enough to fly away. This is a great occasion for the youngster, who finds himself suddenly left alone by his parents and obliged to protect himself. Unceremoniously he is given his wings. Mystified by his inexperience he flies away from his island training school and over the adventurous ocean. High in a gray and white sky soars this graceful gray and white bird—quietly making his way into the world and its criss-crossing shipping lanes.

Into these vital shipping lanes upon which the world depends so much for harmonious living go the young and the old albatross. Wings from the blue protect them. Wings that rise from the ground with the throaty roar of man-made motors. Wings which dive and climb, turn and twist, and fight with furied and vicious movements of revenge. Wings which climb to the sky at dawn to circle and patrol, and return in the blue of the night satisfied that nothing has been harmed.

# TECHNICAL TOPICS

## SOME NOTES ON STUDYING

Most of us have had to do a certain amount of studying in our lives, but too often we have not been studying efficiently. We have not formed correct habits of mental work; and, indeed, we very often do not even know how to go about the development of an adequate plan for undertaking such work. Most of us would be glad to increase our efficiency in this respect if we only knew how to do it. It is, therefore, perhaps worth while to consider the means whereby this increase in study efficiency can be achieved.

\* \* \*

### Surroundings and General Physical Conditions

Studying should never be attempted when lying on a bunk. A straight-backed chair and table serve the purpose best. This arrangement may not be quite so comfortable as a mattress, but it is an aid to efficiency. It has a tendency to keep the mind alert instead of encouraging drowsiness.

In order to study effectively correct habits should be formed. We are all good or bad, failures or successes, largely on account of our habits; and to study effectively we must cultivate correct methods of work.

One important habit to form is that of studying in a certain place and at a certain time every day. Environment counts for a good deal; and if you form this habit you will find that, after a little while, when you take up your accustomed place at the accustomed time the mood of study will come to you. In addition to this, unless a definite study period is set aside, and rigidly adhered to, there is a danger that no studying will be done at all. One evening a ball game will be a good excuse for neglecting work; the next an opportunity of driving to St. Thomas with a pal; and the following evening, oh heck! you just don't feel like studying. So it goes on; the examinations come around, and the day before you are due at the L. E. B. you try to pack three months' work into one evening, and finish "Standard." If, however, an hour or so is set aside each day for studying, and if your programme is so arranged that you may still be free to indulge in other activities and recreations, you will be surprised at the amount of knowledge that you will gain and at

the confidence with which you will face the Examination Board.

A very important point to keep in mind is that mental efficiency depends upon the efficiency of the central nervous system. This system will suffer, as any other part of the body will suffer, from lack of exercise, insufficient sleep, ill-digested food, confinement in ill-ventilated rooms and excesses of all kinds. Regular exercise and fresh air are essential to successful study. "A sound mind in a sound body" is the ideal that the student should strive to attain.

Authorities on sleep state that an adult requires eight hours sleep out of the twenty-four. Insufficient sleep may become a serious detriment to efficient work. Have you never felt that way yourself after a particularly strenuous "Forty-eight"?

Outdoor games are valuable not merely for acquiring strength and skill but also for keeping the physical condition tuned up and as an agreeable relaxation from mental work and from monotony.

### How to Concentrate

Successful study depends primarily upon concentration. It is not always easy to concentrate, or to find surroundings where one is free from distracting influences.

In order to concentrate the first thing to do is to place yourself in the attitude of one intending to do serious mental work. Sit up straight; open your book at the proper place; go through the motions of getting down to business. Remember that beginning is the hardest part of the task; once you have begun you can keep on with much less effort. Say to yourself, "This is the time for study; let's get right down to it." Think of the job before you as a real opportunity to accomplish something, to acquire added skill and knowledge, to take another step forward.

Get rid of the idea that you are studying for the benefit of an Instructor. Realize that you are doing it for your own advancement. Try to understand that what the School and the Instructors are doing for you is to supply the materials, guide your application and test your performance, not for the Instructor's sake, but for your own. Remember always that you are really working for yourself when you are studying.

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### General Rules for Procedure in Studying

Definitions, formulæ and rules are statements that condense important information into brief space. They are likely to appear often, and to be used again and again in your work. Students often waste much time in trying to understand the solution of a problem before they understand the terms used in the problem itself. Definitions should always be memorized, the meanings of all terms thoroughly known and basic principles understood.

As a general rule it is best to do your studying alone, as this will assist concentration. At times it may be advantageous to study with others because, by discussion and the answering of questions, one learns to put definitions and replies in his own words. Discussion and study groups can be very beneficial, but they should not entirely take the place of individual work but be used to supplement it. In such study groups the aid of an Instructor, to act as a referee and to guide the discussion, should be obtained when possible.

Experiments show that more rapid progress is made in the attainment of knowledge if the studying is done in two periods of thirty minutes each, with a short break between, than in one period of sixty minutes. This rule should be observed particularly by the trainee who is tempted to defer studying until the final week or so of his course and then to try to acquire in the last few days knowledge which should have been gained day by day throughout all the preceding weeks.

In all your work you should endeavor to apply your knowledge as much as possible and as soon as possible. In order to insure the correct memorization of a thing do something with it. Try it, use it, put it into function, tell it to somebody, go to almost any length to express yourself what has been impressed upon you. Even so ordinary a task as the remembering of some good story is best accomplished by telling it to somebody as soon as possible after hearing it. An excellent plan for any student who desires to master a topic is to seek to explain it to another person.

### Learning in Class

When listening to lectures it is advisable to take a moderate number of notes, using a system of abbreviations. Re-write these rough notes in full, the same day if possible, so as to reproduce a reasonably complete outline of the topic. When doing this locate the key sentence in every paragraph and underline it. The observance of this rule leaves your notes in good shape for review later. The same thing can be done with advantage when studying from your text books or other material. You

can then run your eye over a page and perceive at once what are the essential sentences and ideas.

When committing to memory, if the ideas to be associated together seem to have no obvious or necessary connection, some artificial scheme for connecting them may be adopted. Suppose, for example, you are asked to remember, in their correct order, the colors in the spectrum—violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red. You may take the initial letter of each color and remember the resulting word—VIBGYOR. Or suppose you want to remember the difference between warp and weft threads in a piece of cotton. When unrolling this material you usually take hold of the edges, one edge in each hand; the weft threads are those running from “weft” to right when the roll is held in this way. If you use mnemonic devices, as these schemes are called, it is usually better to invent your own rather than adopt second-hand ones. You are less likely to forget them on account of the effort required in their construction.

### How to Prepare for and Take Examinations

It is foolish not to review at all in preparing for an examination. It is equally foolish to attempt to go over everything in the course—to read every line of the text and to try to memorize every detail. It is wise to follow a mid course, concentrating attention upon the main points. If these points have been underlined in each paragraph of your notes this selective reviewing will be quite simple.

This final review should be commenced at least two weeks before the examination. Last minute “cramming” is usually worse than useless. If you have done a certain amount of studying each day throughout the course, however, a final two weeks should be sufficient for review work.

When you appear before the Local Examination Board do not be nervous; the examiners are not there to confuse you or to make things difficult but to test your knowledge. Consider each question carefully before giving your answer. Then make your reply as clear and concise as possible. Do not attempt to pad your answer in an effort to substitute quantity for quality.

\* \* \*

**Author's Note:** A number of the foregoing suggestions have been taken from a more comprehensive and authoritative work entitled “How to Study Effectively,” written by Guy Montrose Whipple, Ph.D. It is recommended that this book be read by those who wish more information on the subject.




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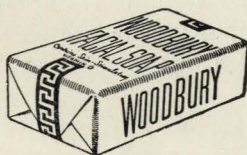
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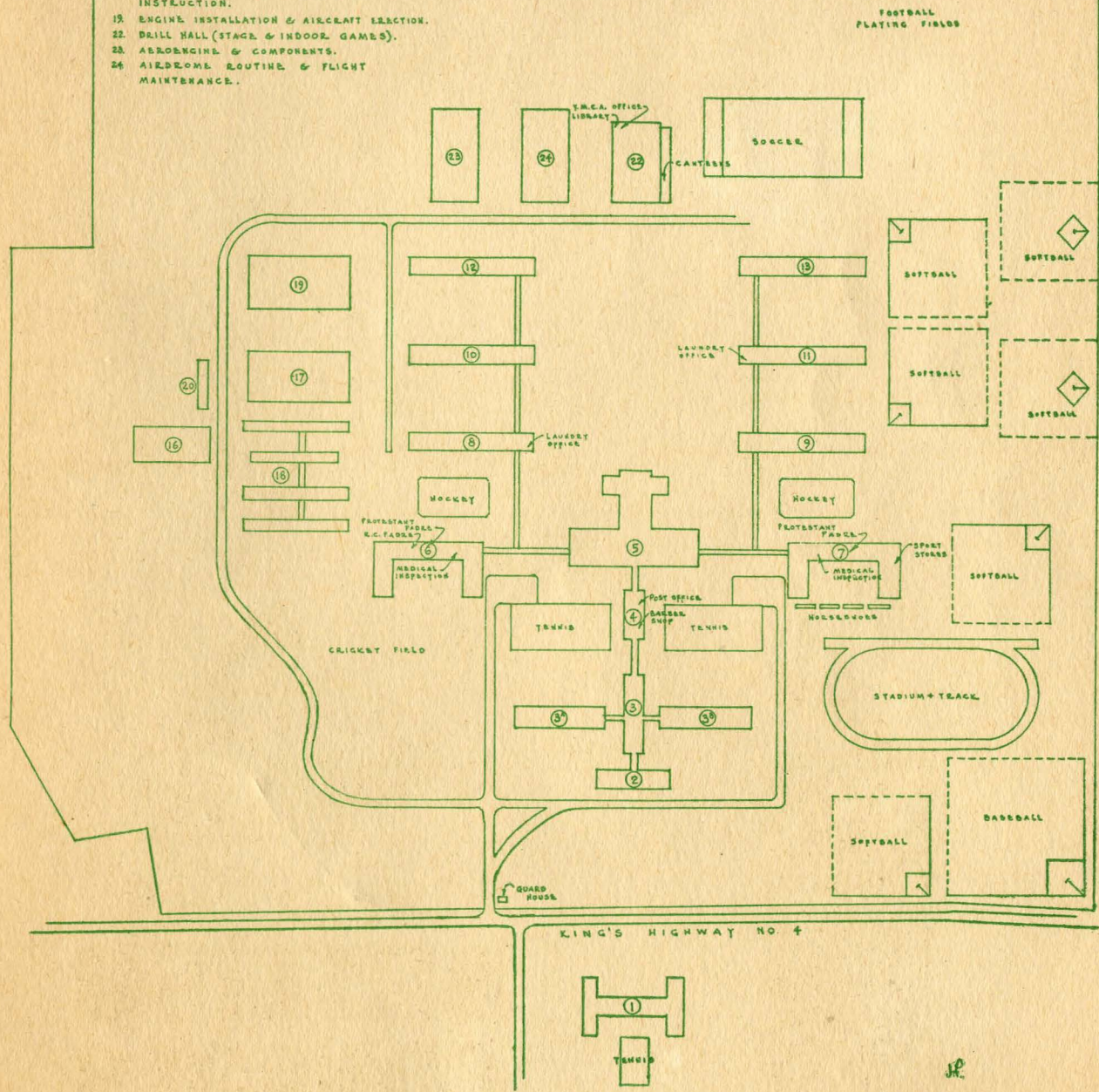
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