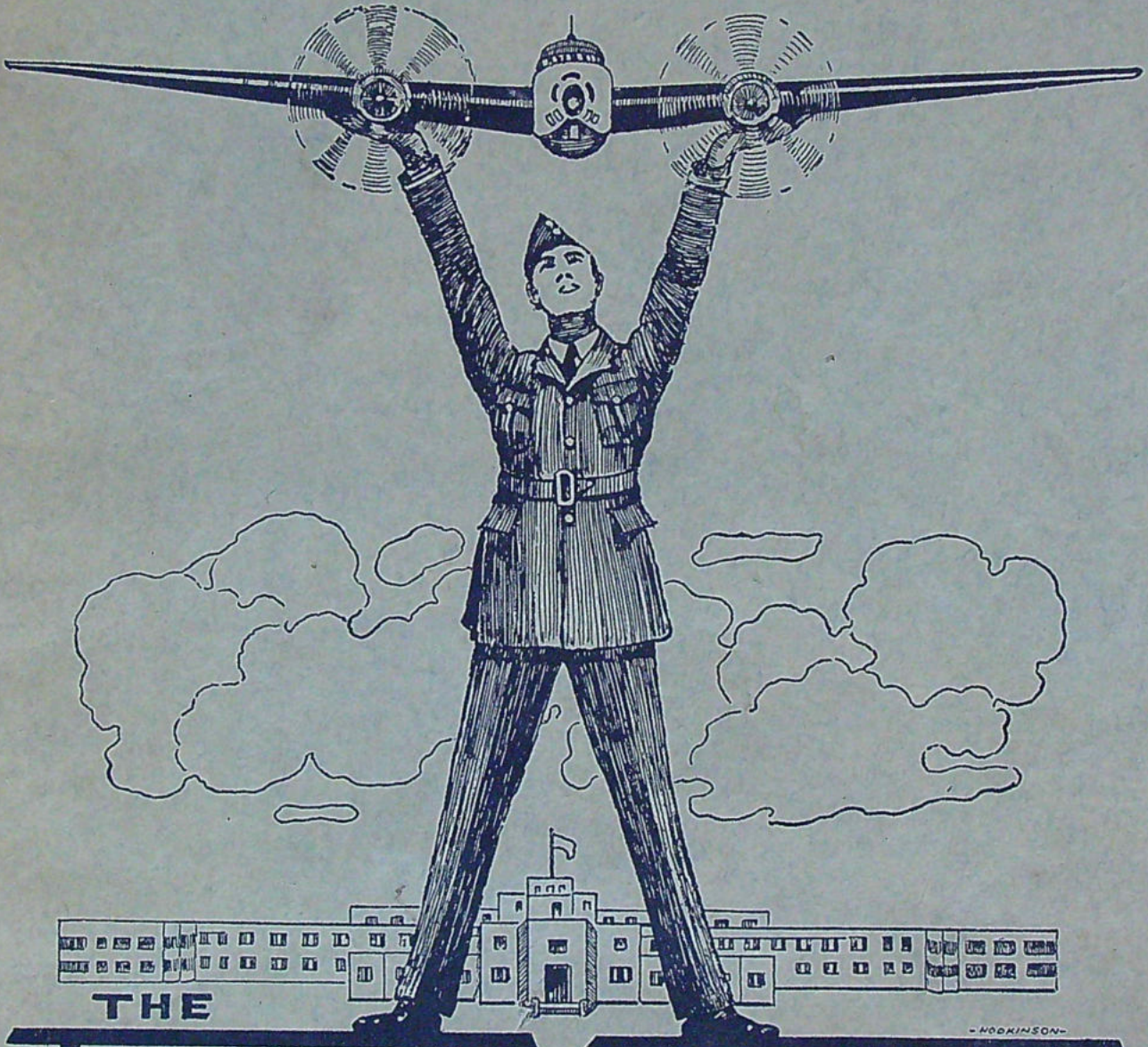


# THE *Aircraftman*

VOL. 3 - NO. 3

OCTOBER 1942



THE

TECHNICAL TRAINING

ST. THOMAS

SCHOOL

ONTARIO

## STATION COMMITTEES

\* \* \*

### Officers' Mess

Wg. Comdr. B. H. Rolles (*P.M.C.*)  
Flt. Lt. P. S. Morton  
F.O. W. H. Pooler  
F.O. T. H. O'Rourke (*Secretary*)

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W.O.1 J. B. Spence (*Chairman*)  
W.O.2 L. J. Giroux (*President*)  
Flt. Sgt. Clements (*Secretary-Treasurer*)  
Two members

### Corporals' Mess

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Cpl. Campbell (*Chairman*)  
Cpl. Filer (*President*)  
Cpl. Elliot, D. (*Secretary-Treasurer*)  
Two members

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Flt. Lt. W. E. Tuer (*Secretary*)

Use This Page — Familiarize Yourself With Your Committee

## The Picture of The Month



*Picture by Flt. Lt. P. S. Morton*

*Now by the brook the maple leans  
With all its glory spread,  
And all the sumacs on the hills  
Have turned their green to red.*

*—Wilfred Campbell.*

# THE AIRCRAFTMAN

A Magazine of the R.C.A.F. Technical Training School  
Published Monthly at St. Thomas

By Permission of The Commanding Officer, Wg. Comdr. J. H. Keens, A.F.C.

VOL. 3 - OCTOBER 1942 - NO. 3



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Headquarters - L.A.C. Pool, J. W.

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For Your Room on Earth*



# « « EDITORIALS » »

## CONFIDANTS

It is sound common sense to have a confidant. The experts on mental health say so. Our own hearts second the motion, and find it very comforting to have a friend to whom we can go and unload our troubles, our frustrations, and with whom occasionally we can even share our joys. Sometimes we want to ask questions, but more often we just want a good listener. At any rate, we feel better and much relieved after getting certain matters off our chests.

And now, distance has parted us from our old faithful confidant—the person whom we could trust with our hopes, our fears and our secrets. We had to leave him behind with our civilian clothes, our homes and our gardens, but, on the other hand, our little worries refused to remain behind with the cherished things of days gone by. They stick to us closer than a brother, so have a confidant we must.

To whom, then shall we go? We are at a loss, because now we are living among strangers. It is very easy for a person in an attractive uniform to make friends of a sort. People are generous with their time, their goods and their ears. Most people will listen to us, but all listeners do not make good confidants. Some cannot hold their tongues about personal matters. Some will make a wrong use of our secrets, and take advantage of us through them. Others are unstable souls themselves, and incapable of being either good counsellors or good listeners. To whom, then, can we go with confidence?

There is a branch of the Service which is designed to meet the need. It is the Chaplains' Service of the R.C.A.F. You will easily recognize its members by either their clerical collars or the cross-centered wings on the jacket lapels. These men have been picked and trained for this work. They are men of wide experience with life, and are well qualified to be your confidants. To whom shall we go? The answer is easy—go to your Station padre.

\* \* \*

## OUR ADVERTISERS

From time to time these pages are filled with congratulations, condolences, humour, satire and "pukha" gin; in short, the body of our magazine, THE AIRCRAFTMAN.

These brain children of our contributor and the labour entailed by them such as editing,

composing, etc., are all donated, and we gratefully acknowledge the assistance so generously offered.

However, let's not lose sight of the fact that all this effort would be in vain were it not for the support extended to us by those unsung, but surely not unknown benefactors—our ADVERTISERS! They truly supply the life blood of THE AIRCRAFTMAN—paper, ink, printing the essentials that cannot be had without expense.

To these people, let us extend our sincere thanks and appreciation for the support they have so generously given in the past. Fortunately, it is in our power to reciprocate and show our thanks in a more tangible manner than merely by the written word. It is so easy. Just patronize the finest folks in the land—our advertisers—and remember the sweetest music in their ears is: "I saw it in THE AIRCRAFTMAN."

\* \* \*  
"WELFED"

Nature has provided one of her bountiful harvests—but man has bungled things to some extent—to wit, instead of getting on with his ordinary business, he is fighting with his neighbours. As a consequence, labour is at a premium and the full harvest cannot be garnered as it should be in time. Canning, preserving, etc., are all behind and many of the winter foods will be late and hard to get—the price may go up as well.

Meanwhile, we back in the delights of harvest time—watermelons grown within a few miles of the Station have been on the menu.

One of our corporeal cooks has devised a new pudding named by the Commanding Officer, Technical Training Golden Special, or Technical Trifle, and approved of by the S.M.O. In addition to being a delightful concoction, it also solved one of our kitchen problems.

Fresh tomatoes have been procured from Port Stanley area and will be available for a week or so yet. This fresh tomato season always ends up with at least one good go of old-fashioned green tomato golosh—always makes our cold meat cuts more appetizing.

During the temporary beef shortage we were able to struggle along with such rougher fare as turkey and lamb. But our supply of beef seems now assured.

All of for which we thank the good Lord and the powers that be for providing same.

WHERE TOMORROW

The rising sun sends out its first stiff light. The shadows standing beneath the high window grope back, sullenly uncovering you four around the table. No sound is heard, not even the tense breathing of the boy on the far side. He looks like the others, pale, gaunt-eyed, cold. But then all France is haggard today. The fair man on the right has just warmed his lips with his tongue—a slow red circling. He is speaking.

"Ah . . . another day! It seems each time I see the first light I forget the night I have just passed, and ignore the one which will soon come. We are truly creatures of brightness, eh, Henri?"

"Yes, you are quite right, Georges. And this was worth waiting for. It has been a long time since I have sat as we have, too long. I have missed much, very much."

"I've heard", says the boy, "that in Japan groups get up early each morning in order to watch the morning glories open with the first sunlight."

"Yes, son, that is true, and it is strange. The effect of the sun seems to strike all, barbarians and victims alike. But I suppose they are like these Germans who like music, not because of the goodness in it but rather of the German in the piece. Some day they will see that music is above nationality, and then they will do to it as they did to the great works of art and literature, burn and destroy."

"I wonder what has happened to my books and music?" remarks Georges, who has now risen to his feet. He roots through the frayed pocket of his jacket until his fingers hold some papers and a tobaccoed sack. He offers it about but others have already begun the search. In France today you smoke your own only. "I had a complete library of Rachmaninoff work. Dum, dum, dum", he precludes the table. "Wasn't it odd, that man's fascination by Death?"

"Maybe", says Henri, hooding the last of the match. "But then that has been the case with most of our great thinkers. Possibly that is what makes them great. They see this life clearly and fully and are then ready for the next chapter. And once they think of it there comes a spell like of some narcotic, impossible to resist. Their work becomes full of those thoughts. . . . Have you ever stood on a low wooden bridge and watched a train engine come towards you? Until it is about a hundred metres away it seems to float along easily and slowly and then suddenly it is upon you, fierce, loud, pounding with fire and steam. You draw back even though you know that you are safe on the bridge. When it is passed, the railing is dank from your hands. That is what death

must be like for me . . ." His words die off into his thoughts. You can see ideas clouding and crowding through their eyes. In France today, such thoughts of Death are always close to you.

Georges begins to speak again. "I remember in our hospital, just after I had become an intern, the first fatality I had ever seen. They had operated as an emergency. This man had been walking around for two days with a ruptured appendix. He never stood a chance of recovering. When he was on the table he suffered acute shock and we had to give transfusions and intravenouses to try and save him. Finally he was stitched up and taken back to the ward. His head lay like a mass of putty on the bed . . . his mouth open, like a fish on land gasping with air. Then he died. A million processes stopped. I wondered what he must have been thinking . . . or could he think? . . . of his mother, or his girl or something trifling which kept buzzing through his mind like an irritating fly . . . or maybe he felt so tired that all he wanted was to be left alone. Down the hall someone was pressing the buzzer. He was dying and others wanted ice in their water jug. Only three people were concerned over his going, the doctor, the nurse and myself . . . it must have been so impersonal, so inconceivable. He seemed so surprised . . . I suppose I, too, shall be surprised when it happens to me."

Jules, the boy, has been listening with a faint disdain on his lips. The sun has now hardened the corners of the room, driving the damp darkness into the wall from where it will creep back later. When Jules speaks his voice is dull, flat.

"I will not be surprised, nor afraid. Of course, father, I realize that I am young and it could be said that I do not fully understand, but I have lived much in the last year, and seen much . . . Frenchmen tortured by the memory of their former pettiness, seen despair replacing faith and . . . I, too, have lost the power of believing. For seventeen years I have thought there were such things as honour and truth and God. Now there is nothing. So there can be none of those things for me in Death which you have said. There can only be an answer."

The door flings inward and a command comes: "All four of you stand up and begin to walk forward." Henri holds for a fraction.

"But the boy, an appeal has been . . ."

"The order is all are to be executed. As long as there are assassinations so long will this continue."

You hear the drums begin to roar as the door is passed . . . many drum rollings are heard in France today.

*By Charles Godfrey*

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\* \* \*

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## What a Life!



Seen from afar he pleased her eye,  
At closer quarters . . .  
MY, OH, MY!  
You can avoid his fate, my friend.  
You must perspire, but don't offend!

Bath tonight with LIFEBOUY  
FROM HEAD TO TOE  
- IT STOPS B.O.

FIRE FACTS

By Flt. Sgt. Anderson

We neglected to send anything in for the SEPT. issue of THE AIRCRAFTMAN and as a result we have had a number of inquiries as to why. We have no excuses to offer, but here we are again and hope that our article this month will prove interesting and instructive. To those officers, N.C.O.s and airmen who were kind enough to pay us a little compliment on our last write-up, we say thank you. We are glad that you appreciate our efforts.

We never know when we may be posted to another Station nor do we know where we are liable to be sent. With that in mind, though, perhaps a little write-up on incendiaries might be quite in order.

Incendiary bombs are generally classified in two types: the scatter type and the intensive type.

The scatter type bomb is one which, on impact, explodes with considerable force, scattering the incendiary material and starting numerous small fires.

The intensive type bomb is one which, on impact, does not explode but burns as a single unit. That is, it burns at one spot.

In the scatter type class we have the oil bomb and the white phosphorous bomb.

Oil bombs, to be effective, must be quite large. They are made in various sizes. A 250-lb. bomb is about 14 inches in diameter and about 5 feet high. It is intended to contain about 16 gallons of gasoline or other inflammable liquid. Of course, there are variations in the construction of these bombs. Sometimes the oil is solidified and when the bomb explodes, chunks of oil, rather than liquid oil, is scattered. This cuts down the scattering effect and there is a greater possibility of starting a fire.

Another variation is that sometimes pieces of metallic sodium or potassium are added to the solid oil. As you probably know, sodium and potassium will ignite spontaneously in contact with water. Commercially, it is stored in kerosene. Therefore, if and when you encounter such a bomb and apply water, you will intensify the fire and re-ignite the oil. Continued application of water will eventually extinguish the fire.

Now, as to the handling of this type of bomb. As I said before, these bombs are quite large and their principle use in warfare is, of course, on special targets, targets which are of importance from a military standpoint, such as an airplane base, aircraft factories, ammunition plant or other point which is vital to a nation carrying on a war.

It will penetrate a reinforced concrete roof 6 or 7 inches thick and explode with great

violence, wrecking the interior and at the same time scatter the burning oil in all directions for 50 feet or more, setting fire to the combustible debris caused by the explosion. You would have the same condition as if you threw 16 gallons of gasoline over a lot of combustible material and set a match to it. There is no incipient stage to this bomb. When it hits and functions as it was intended to, you have a good size fire. I might say that figures show that about 1 out of 12 of these bombs functioned as intended. While they exploded and wrecked the building, they did not catch fire. Upon examination, it was found that the bomb contained discarded crank case oil. This was probably used because of a shortage of gasoline or other oil of a low flash point.

White phosphorous bombs are also of the scatter type. White phosphorous is a pale yellow waxy substance, which ignites spontaneously on contact with air. It is stored under water or in air-tight containers. In contact with air it ignites and burns with an intense white smoke. The flame temperature of white phosphorous is very low, so low in fact that only very inflammable materials such as ripe grain fields, dry grass and leaves are ignited. It will not ignite heavy timber but may ignite a very dry shingle roof.

There is another type of incendiary which is not a bomb but which is used to start fires. That is the so-called "fire leaf." This is a small variously shaped piece of rubber containing benzol (about 70%) between two pieces of celluloid and a small piece of muslin with a little white phosphorous all stapled together. This is put in a tin container with water until ready for use. A bomber can drop tens of thousands of these over grain fields and forests.

White phosphorous is readily extinguished with water either in a solid stream or spray. However, a solid stream will cause it to scatter and there is a possibility of a person receiving a painful burn.

After extinguishing white phosphorous with water there is an added danger that upon the water drying off it will re-ignite. It is, therefore, necessary where white phosphorous is indoors to get it out in the open and allow it to consume itself where it will do no harm.

It is also necessary to take extreme precautions in handling white phosphorous as painful burns may result from contact with the skin. The fumes or vapours are also dangerous to inhale. To render white phosphorous harmless, a two to four per cent solution of copper sulphate sprayed on it will coat it with copper, thereby excluding the air. However, if this coating is broken, ignition will take place.

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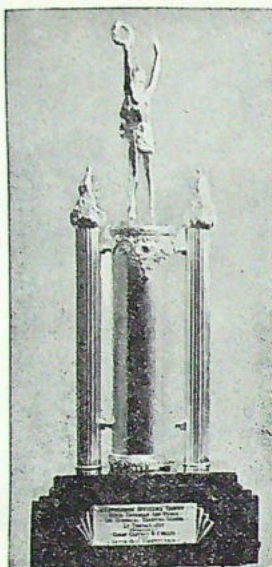
**THE COMMANDING OFFICER'S TROPHY**

The spotlight of the Commanding Officer's Trophy is shining very brightly on 2 Squadron of 2 Wing, who have won the Trophy so consistently that they are beginning to claim full ownership. Congratulations are in order to F.O. G. Wilson and the N.C.O's, who were his very able assistants, and in particular to the boys who have put forth the effort to bring this rather remarkable achievement to 2 Squadron of 2 Wing. They may well be proud; in fact, the entire School shares their pride.

Predominating in the softball section is, of course, 1 Squadron of 1 Wing, who have won this particular sport the greatest number of times during the outdoor season. Under the guidance of Flt. Lt. G. H. Ross and his expert crew of N.C.O's, the softball team of this Squadron have set up an enviable record, winning 18 consecutive victories out of 22 games played. This team formed the nucleus of the Station Softball Team that won the No. 1 Training Command Championship, and there can be no doubt that it will be a mighty fine baseball team that will ever better this record.

2 Squadron, 2 Wing are to be commended on the excellent performance they have displayed in winning the Tennis Trophy. Tennis

has been highly competitive in T.T.S. and to consistently win the Commanding Officer's Trophy in this section is an achievement of which F.O. G. Wilson and his men can well be proud.

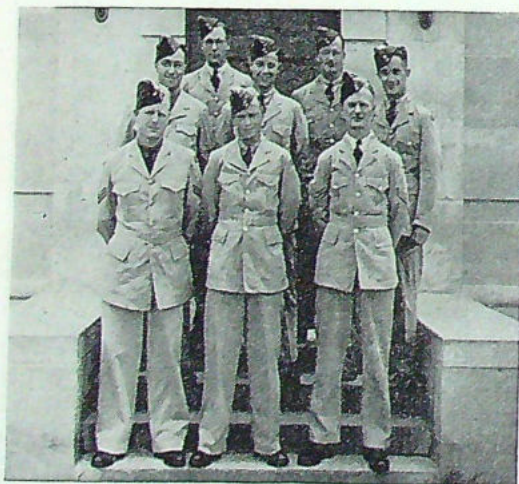


Lacrosse, contrary to popular belief, is Canada's first national game. Unfortunately, lacrosse has in the past lost some of its popularity. T.T.S., however, does not share this opinion and we are certain that no other R.C.A.F. Station in Canada can boast of a finer lacrosse league. An excellent example of the highly competitive lacrosse spirit found in T.T.S. was exemplified when the T.T.S. lacrosse team visited St. Catharines, whose team are the present holders of the Mann Trophy, symbolic of the Senior Lacrosse Champions. An exhibition game was arranged and the fine showing the T.T.S.

boys put forth received enthusiastic comment in and around St. Catharines for many days after the game.

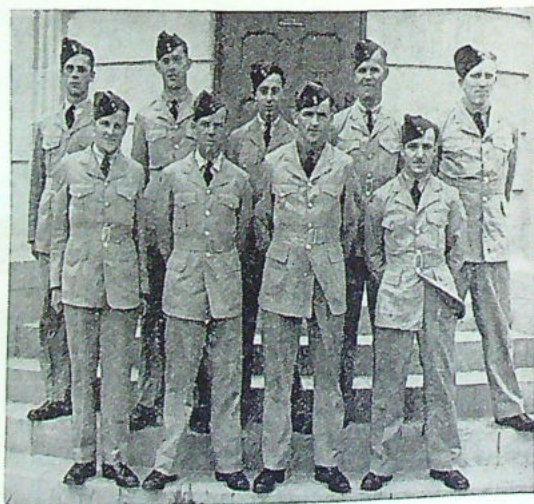
2 Squadron, 2 Wing succeeded in winning the season's championship in Soccer and we salute F.O. G. Wilson, who has directed this department in great style, with special mention for his N.C.O's and men, who co-operated so efficiently.

**SEASON WINNERS**



**TENNIS**

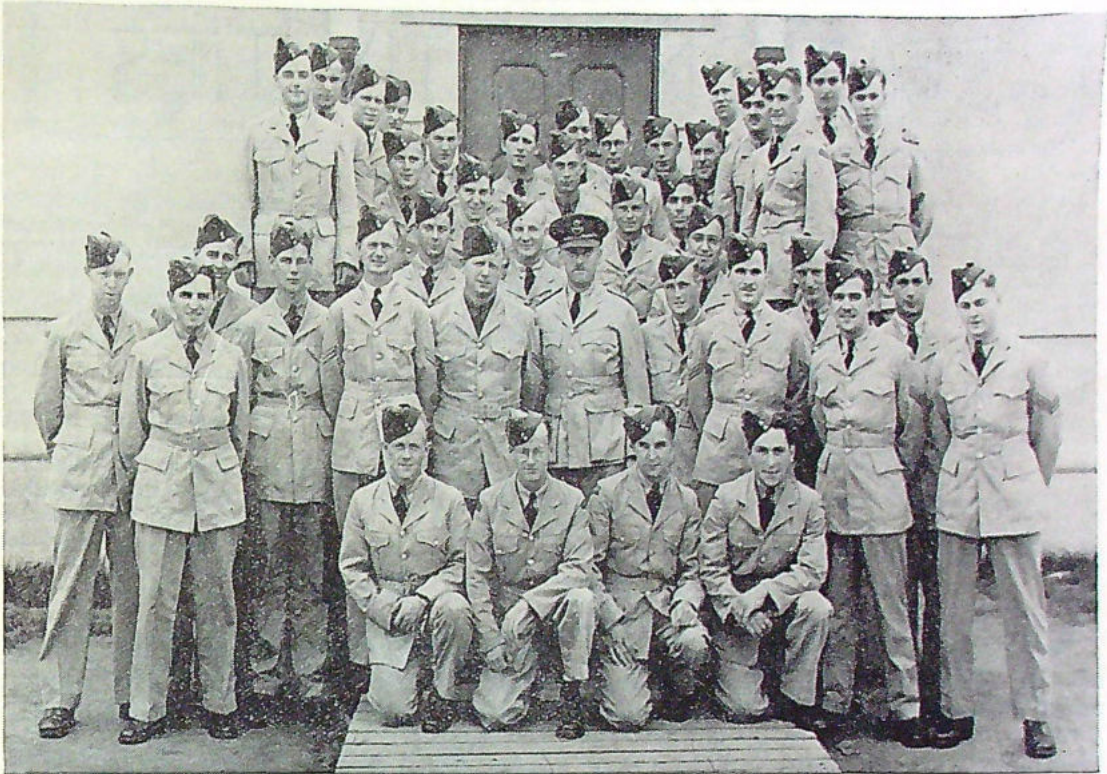
Front Row (left to right)—Cpl. Charlton, J.; Sutton, E.; Cpl. Bjork, M. Centre Row (left to right)—Canzer, A.; Schnoter, A.; Morgan, W. Back Row (left to right)—Logie, J.; Woodcock, A. Absent—Glass, E.; Tucker, A.



**LACROSSE**

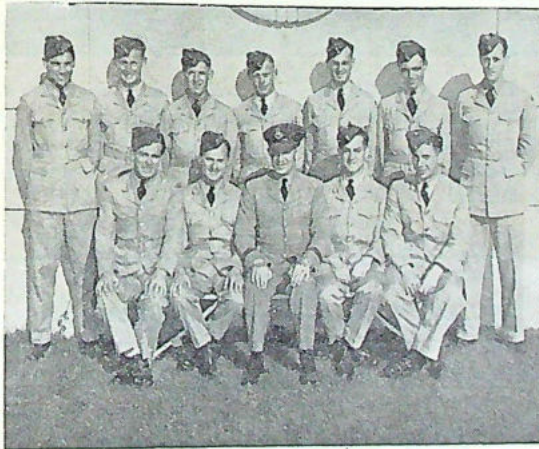
Back Row (left to right)—Powell, Stout (missing), Malman, Schmiedt. Front Row (left to right)—Saube, Hurley, Tackney, Lubert.

THE AIRCRAFTMAN



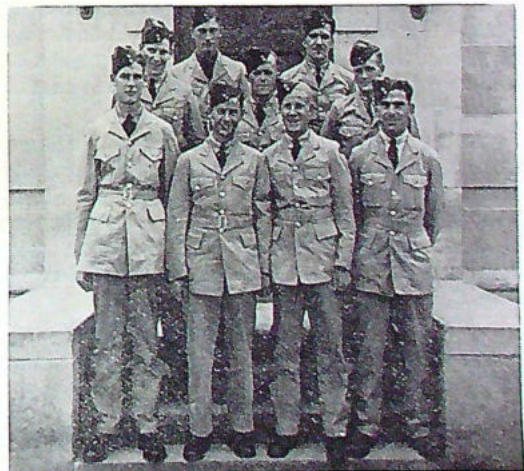
*KNEELING (left to right)—Simmie, M.; Woodcock, A.; Plishka, P.; Silver, H.  
STANDING —First Row (left to right)—Baker, A.; Glazier, P.; Hurlbert, E.; Henshaw, D.; Cpl. Bjork, M.; Cpl. Charlton, J.; F.O. G. W. Wilson; Hurd, E.; Cpl. Stewart, G. R.; Cpl. Rozinski, W.; Cpl. Bowles, E. Second Row (left to right)—Schnoter, A.; Domoney, R.; Canzer, A.; Wright, M.; Chellin, H. Back Row (left to right)—O'Connor, F.; Siegal, M.; Jones, R.; Hogg, R.; Ross, E.; Evans, W.; Rory, M.; Hewitson, G.; Logie, J.; Molter, J.; Diamond, M.; Clark, H.; Johnson, J.; Tucker, A.; Morgan, W.; Forgang, M.; Innes, R.*

\* \* \*



**SOFTBALL**

*Standing (left to right)—A.C.2 Briggar, A. H. (O.F.); A.C.2 Walls, A. J. (O.F.); A.C.2 Goring, F. E. (P.); A.C.2 Kolachynski, J. P. (O.F.); A.C.2 Hall, J. R. (O.F.); A.C.2 Fargher, T. A. (C.); A.C.2 McNab, V. S. (3rd B.). Sitting (left to right)—A.C.2 Herbold, J. B. (2nd B.); Cpl. Nezgor, M. (Coach); Flt. Lt. G. H. Ross (O.C.); A.C.2 Smith, W. (3rd B.); A.C.2 Derry, J. A. (S.S.).*



**SOCCER**

*Front Row (left to right)—Henshaw, D.; Schnoter, A.; Domoney, B.; Diamond, M. Centre Row (left to right)—Evans, W.; Simmie, M.; Hurd, E. Back Row (left to right)—Hewitson, G.; Glass, E.; Cpl. Rozinski, W. Absent—Churchill, J.; Glass, E.; Healey, E.; Shepherd, J.; Stout, G.; Willox, R.*

# STATION ACTIVITIES

## HONOUR MEDALISTS

A.C.2 Halek, W.	R157406
A.C.2 Cullis, H. W.	R160522
A.C.2 Bekaert, E. J.	R160141
A.C.1 Sabourin, C. W. L.	R158562
A.C.2 Hall, J. R.	R150817
A.C.2 Turnbull, G. H.	R157240
A.C.2 Ross, K. W.	R162532
A.C.1 Morien, A. F.	R158020
A.C.2 Harbottle, R. E.	R130782
A.C.2 Nelson, S. H.	R158080
A.C.2 Sutherland, J. D.	R158641
A.C.2 Sanderson, D. D.	R155615
A.C.1 Stoltz, A. A.	R151973
A.C.2 Elderkin, W. R.	R154607



A.C.2 Campbell, J. K.	R121642
A.C.2 Whitmack, G. F.	R159215
A.C.2 Humphrey, C. L.	R162738
A.C.1 Fox, G. E.	R159537
A.C.2 Raven, F. E. A.	R110903
A.C.2 McKeachie, I. Y.	R157873
A.C.2 Fryer, L. H.	R162695
A.C.2 Simmonds, W.	R162893
A.C.1 Millson, H. E.	R151971
A.C.2 Beerworth, S. S.	R141912
A.C.2 McGill, R. B.	R147962
A.W.2 Smith, M. L.	W301396
A.W.2 Sweeney, G. R.	W303381
A.W.2 Forbes, D. E.	W304210
A.W.2 Patterson, T. J.	W305951

\* \* \*

## LIBRARY CORNER

Now that we are getting into the Fall months, the Station Library is becoming more and more a place for the Airmen to gather. Although the place may be a little dusty at times, we are trying to remedy that. Thanks to the boys in duty flight, the Library is mopped out at least once a week.

It may be of interest to trainees to know that we have added several new technical books to our shelves within the last month. We have now the third book in the series by Assen Jordanoff, entitled "Safety in Flight". For the I. R. Entries, there is also a very excellent book, "Aircraft Instruments", by Irwin. We have also to thank the Sperry Gyroscope Co., Inc., for their splendid manuals and charts, which they sent us free of charge.

Recommended for your reading pleasure, we submit the following: "Glorious Pools" by Thorne Smith; "Grapes of Wrath" by Stienbeck; "Arise From Sleep" by Delahanty; "Escape From Freedom" by Fromm; "Of Human Bondage" by Maugham; "The Healing Knife" by Sava.

\* \* \*

Burton—When does a man think most seriously of marriage.

Marrier—After he is married.

\* \* \*



This is a corner of the well-stocked Library at T.T.S. Those in the picture are (left to right): Cpl. Sawyer; Robt. Chapman, Librarian; Flt. Lt. J. G. Sparling, M.M.; President; Flt. Lt. R. Ruel, Secretary-Treasurer. (F.O. D. W. Wilde, absent)

\* \* \*

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## THE AIRCRAFTMAN

### SPORT MEDALISTS FOR MONTH OF AUGUST

#### SOCCER

**2 Squadron - 2 Wing**

L.A.C. Barker, R.	R101857
A.C.1 Healey, E.	R158872
A.C.2 Churchland, C.	R162527
A.C.2 Glass, W. E.	R162528
A.C.2 Ross, D.	R162548
A.C.2 Shepherd, J. N.	R162541
A.C.2 Stout, I. G.	R162549
A.C.2 Willox, R. B.	R162542
A.C.2 Diamond, M.	R148065
A.C.2 Hurd, E. W.	R162430
A.C.2 Schnoter, A. D.	R162899
A.C.2 Baker, N. H.	R166523

#### LACROSSE

**1 Squadron - 2 Wing**

A.C.2 Baker, R. M.	R162729
A.C.2 Coates, N. E.	R162725
A.C.2 Neil, W. M.	R162547
A.C.2 Gilmore, D.C.H.	R166979
A.C.2 Metcalfe, R. W.	R166969
A.C.2 Tigh, J. F.	R144743
A.C.2 Fontaine, J.G.L.	R159827
A.C.2 Gault, W. A.	R166993
A.C.2 Shonteff, H. J.	R158911
A.C.1 Ross, G. N.	R113330

#### TENNIS

**2 Squadron - 2 Wing**

Cpl. Charlton, J. D.	R71855
Cpl. Bjork, M. R.	R85277
A.C.2 Glass, W. E.	R162528
A.C.2 Woodcock, A. E.	R164849
A.C.2 Schnoter, A. D.	R162899
A.C.2 Morgan, W. H.	R154314
A.C.2 Tucker, A. E.	R171081
A.C.2 Canzer, A.	R171086

#### SOFTBALL

**1 Squadron - 1 Wing**

A.C.2 Farghar, T. A.	R130037	Elect.	A.C.2 Genga, E.	R154487	Elect.
A.C.2 Lucki, L.	R152951	Elect.	A.C.2 Nicholson, J. K.	R173140	A.F.M.
A.C.2 McNab, V. S.	R151065	Elect.	A.C.2 Smith, W.	R159651	Elect.
A.C.2 Goring, F. E.	R156378	Elect.	Cpl. Nezgor, N.	R102940	P.T.I.

\* \* \*

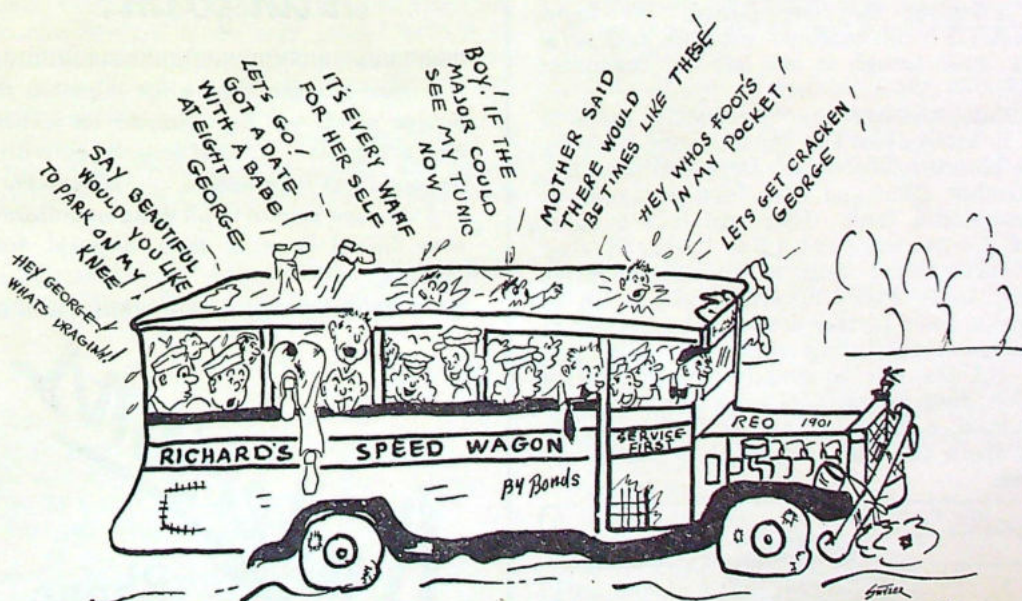
### MOVIES IN DRILL HALL FOR OCTOBER

Tuesday, October 6th—"THE STARMAKER"—Musical Romance. Bing Crosby, Louise Campbell, Ned Sparks.  
 Friday, October 9th—"APPOINTMENT FOR LOVE"—Universal. Margaret Sullivan, Charles Boyer, Eugene Pallette.

(Continued on Page 15)

\* \* \*

## Always at Your Service . . . RICHARDS COACH LINES - ST. THOMAS



" THERE'S ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE "



HOSPITAL ASSISTANTS

This is in honour of those of the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) whose motto is "Kill 'em or leave 'em"—the Hospital Assistants—with all due apologies.

Let's start with the O.R. Trotting (and I mean trotting) around up there you find Cpl. Delafield, claiming Rainy River as her native land. It's not out West; it's in Ontario—indignantly. Her chief duty is to hold the patient's hand during tonsillectomies, but when the Real Thing came along she managed to make herself very scarce, I noticed.

Sauntering over to 500, you find Cpl. Danio—at least you find her there when she isn't breezing around in the girl's M.I. Room—'tis said that her favourite indoor sport is soaking people's feet in potassium permanganate—could be only rumor, though. With her on 500 are Etches, who knew the hospital "way back when"; Kowalow of the delightful accent and Denbow, who "loves working nights".

From 500 to 400 is merely a step—well, a long step. There at any time you can see Mason—from Hamilton, Ontario—dashing up the hall with a bath basin, or et cetera, in her hand. On the same ward is Young, the softball star—a product of Regina, Sask. When she lets her hair down and gets out on that ball field she really means business.

You can't miss Henery, alias Johnson, across on 600—the reason for the alias being a certain Flight Sergeant who changed the Miss to Mrs. a few weeks ago on this very Station. With her are Chapple, a Westcoaster, and Shatford, from the Prairie West, who (and I have it on good authority) gives away candies, chewing gum, peanuts or cracker-jack at the movies, free of charge.

Downstairs, on 200, Cpl. MacMillan is located. She's from Inverness, N.S., and rumor has it that the R.C.M.P. uniform is tops with

her. Two Ontario W.D.'s are with her—Crawford with the dazzling smile and Best—ask her about her pastry some time.

Loping over to 300 now. You'll find Cpl. McLeod, at the moment enjoying her furlough just outside Montreal. Continuing along 300, you couldn't miss the beacon light which is Palmer's hair—the envy of so many of us females. Could it be that her friends and acquaintances refer to her as "Red"? Keays is on 300, too. I hear she likes working nights so well that she is going to put in for an Alaska posting (and don't anyone come out with "Guess I'll ask about that some time). T's said that Perry's main ambition in life is to spend a whole week, alternately eating and sleeping. Will all those in agreement with her kindly signify in the usual manner?

Now, if you'll come out of the Hospital limits and follow your nose Mess Hallwards, you can't miss A.W.2 Rice dispensing in the dispensary—she hails from the Land of Evangeline (Nova Scotia to you Western Wonders). Diagonally across from that in the E.E.N.T. East Coast meets West Coast, Blonde meets Brunette, Tall meets Short, in the persons of Logan and Salmon, who specialize in straightening crooked noses. Across from there in the Lab., Darley, the pricker of fingers, lingers, who, I understand, can tell with merely a glance the alcoholic content of the blood, and whether or not the quantity of beef in the diet is sufficient to maintain health and energy.

And now, geneltmen, the barrack phone number is zero 000,00, and the line is forming "on the left".

P.S.—H.A.'s, if you have any complaints register them with me any day between September 21st and October 5th; visiting time 1900 - 2000 hours. I'll be on my furlough, anyway.

\* \* \*

Congratulations are extended to Cpl. Mike Lavelle, proud father of a baby boy.

What A.W. in Clothing Stores has the big crush on a certain P.T.I. Corporal?

\* \* \*

AT ROCKCLIFFE

At Rockcliffe we were very green  
Because it was the first we'd seen  
Of Air Force life—  
Its joys and strife—  
We learned what "regulations" mean.

From Rockcliffe we arrived one day,  
All ready for some fun and play;  
We loved the WAFF's,  
Enjoyed our laughs,  
And really thought we'd like our stay.

We started our first week all right,  
And prospects for some dates looked bright.  
We looked around  
And thought we'd found  
A place where we'd have fun each night.

In very little time we knew  
That having fun just wouldn't do;  
So home we stay,  
All work, no play—  
I wonder why I joined, don't you?

POPULAR LETTER

Dear \_\_\_\_\_:

I am one of the fellows who made the world safe for Democracy. What a crazy thing to do. I fought and fought, but still had to go. I was called in Class "A". The next time I want to be in Class "B"—"B" here when they go and "B" here when they come back. I remember when I registered. I went up to the desk and my milkman was in charge. He said, "What is your name?" So I said, "Young man, you know my name." "What's your name?" he barked, so I told him "August Childs". He said, "Are you an alien?" "No", I replied, "I feel fine." Then he said, "When did you first see the light of day?" and I said, "When I moved from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh." He asked me how old I was. So I told him 23 the first of September. He said, "The first of September you'll be in Australia, and that will be the last of August."

A Veterinarian started to examine me. He asked me if I had ever had measles, smallpox, St. Vitus dance and if I took fits. I said, "No, only when I stay in a saloon too long." Then he said, "Can you see right?" I said, "Sure, but I'll be cock-eyed tonight if I pass." Then he listened around my chest and said, "I think you have a wart somewhere." I said, "Wart my neck, that's a button in your ear." The Doctor said that he had examined 140,000 men and that I was the most perfect physical wreck he had examined. Then he handed me a card. \_\_\_\_\_, Class "A".

Then I went to camp, and I guess that they didn't think I'd live long. The first fellow wrote on my card "Flying Corps". I went a little farther and the same guy said, "Look what the wind blew in." And I said, "Wind nothing, the Draft's doing it." On the second morning they put these clothes on me. What an outfit! As soon as you are in it they think you can lick anybody. They had two sizes: too large and too small. The pants are too tight; I can't sit down. The shoes are so big I turn around three times and they don't move. And what a raincoat; it strained the rain! I passed the Officer all dressed with a fancy belt and all that stuff. He said, calling after me, "Didn't you notice what I had on?" I said, "Yes, what are you kicking about. Look what they gave me."

I landed in camp with \$75.00. In ten minutes I was broke. I never saw so many 3's and 12's on a pair of dice. No matter what I did I went broke. Something went wrong even in cards. One time I got five aces and I was afraid to bet. A good thing I didn't for the fellow next to me had six kings. Finally I said, "This is a crooked poker game." The fellow next to me said, "We're playing Pinochle."

Everything is crazy. If you were a livery, you were put in the Medical Dept. And if you were a watchman you were made officer of the day. I saw a guy with a wooden leg and asked him what he was doing in the army. He said, "I'm going to mash the potatoes." Oh, it was nice . . .

Five below zero one morning and they called us out for underwear inspection. You talk about scenery—red flannels, B.V.D's—all kinds. The union suit I had on would fit Tony Galento. The Lieutenant lined us all up and told me to stand up. I said, "I am standing up—this underwear makes you think I'm sitting down." He got so mad he made me dig ditches. A little while later he passed and said, "Don't throw dirt up here." I said, "Where am I going to throw it?" He said, "Dig another hole and throw it in there." I was pretty mad by this time, so another guy named Jones and myself drank a quart of whiskey. Finally Jones acted so funny I ran to the Doctor and told him Jones was blind. He asked what we were or had been doing and I told him. So he asked me if Jones saw pink elephants. I said, "No, that's the trouble. The elephants are there all right and he *doesn't* see them."

Three days later we sailed for Australia. Marching down the pier, I had some more bad luck. I had a sergeant who stuttered, and it took him so long to say "Halt" that 27 of us marched overboard. They pulled us out and the Captain came along and said, "Fall in." I said, "I've just been in."

I was on the boat 12 days—seasick all the time. Nothing going down, everything coming up. I leaned over the railing all the time. In the middle of one of my best leans, the Captain rushed up and said, "What company are you in?" I said, "I'm all by myself." He asked me if the Brigadier was up yet. I said, "If I swallowed it, it's up."

Talk about your dumb people. I said to one of the fellows, "I guess we dropped anchor." He said, "I knew they would lose it, it's been hanging out ever since we left New York."

We had a life boat drill and when the boat was being lowered over the side of the ship it spilled some men into the water. Only the 2nd Lieutenant and I were left in the boat. The Lieutenant gave orders to pull the men out of the water by the hair of their head. I was struggling with one man when one fellow with a bald head yelled. "Pull me out." I said, "Go down and come up the right way."

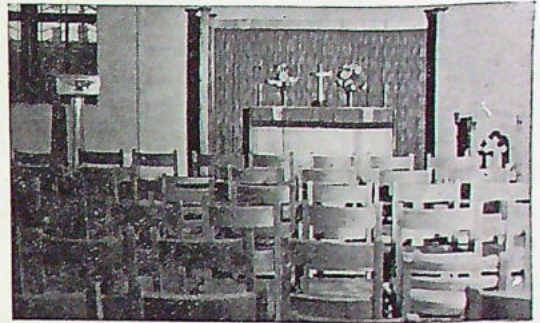
Well, we landed in Australia and were immediately sent to the trenches. After three nights in the trenches all the cannons started to roar, and the shells started to fall. I started shaking with patriotism. I tried to hide behind a tree, but there weren't enough trees for the

THE AIRCRAFTMAN

officers. The Captain came around and said, "Five o'clock and we go over the top." I said, "I'd like a furlough." He said, "Have you no red blood in you?" I answered, "Yes, but I don't want to see it." He said, "Where do you want to go?" I said, "Anywhere where it's warm." So he told me where to go. Five o'clock and we went over the top. Ten thousand Japs came at us. They all looked at me as though I had started this war. Our Captain yelled, "Fire at will," but I didn't know which one was Will; I guess the fellow behind me thought I was Will. He fired his gun and shot me, in the excitement. On the way to the hospital I asked the fellow where he was taking me. He said, "You're going to the morgue." I said, "There must be some mistake; I'm not dead." But he yelled, "Lie down, do you want to make a fool out of the Doctor?"

Finally, a pretty nurse came in—Oh! oh! but that's another story.

PROTESTANT CHAPEL



*You are invited to use this Chapel at any time for your private prayers and devotions. It is always open. The furnishings have war history connected with them. Ask the Padre about them. The Holy Communion is offered each week day morning at 0630 hours and on Sunday at 0730 hours. An enthusiastic Bible Class meets there on Wednesday at 1915 hours. All personnel are welcome.*

\* \* \*

DRILL HALL MOVIES

Saturday, October 10th—"UNDERGROUND."

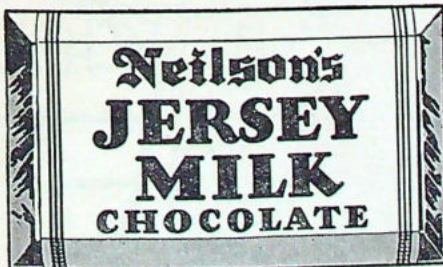
Tuesday, October 13th—"ONE NIGHT IN LISBON"—Comedy Drama. Madeleine Carroll, Fred McMurray, Billie Burke.

(Continued on Page Thirty)

\* \* \*



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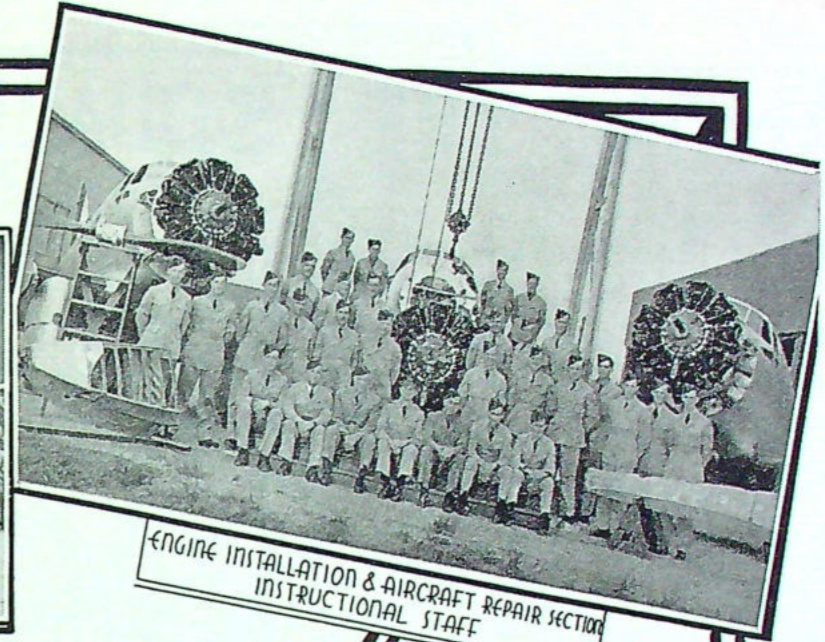
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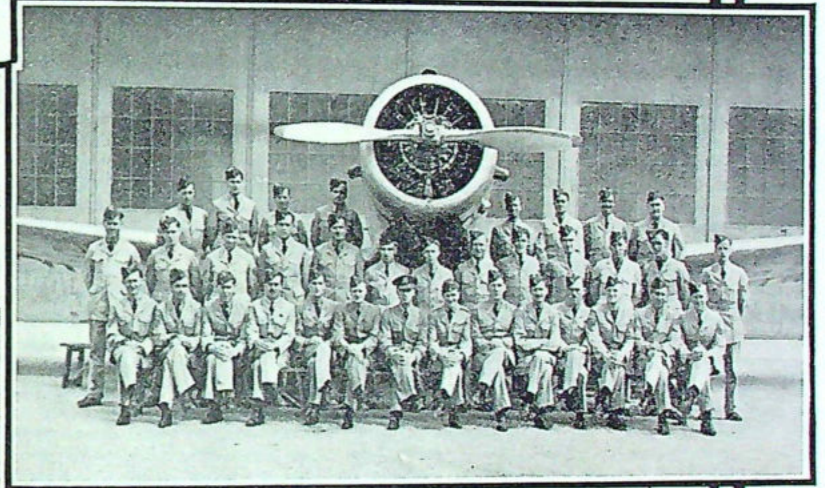
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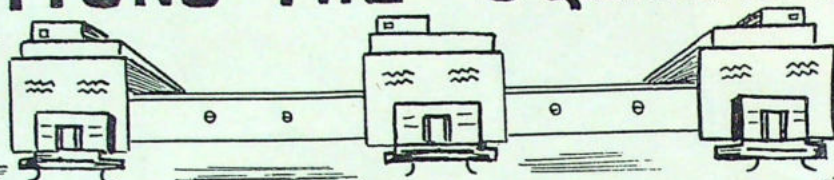
TECHNICAL TRAINING STAFF  
T. S.  
R. C. F.  
ST. T. MAS



RIGGING & HYDRAULICS SECTION  
INSTRUCTIONAL STAFF

Cpl. J. Hughes

# AMONG THE SQUADRONS



## 1 SQUADRON, 1 WING

By Sgt. B. B. McFarland

### SPORTS

With the passing of another month many changes have taken place, but somehow these changes never affect our ball team. They are the best on the Station and are on top as usual. Our thanks to the players and to Cpl. Nezgor for his able management of the team.

Lacrosse was about the same as usual, the team having a lot more ambition and enthusiasm than skill and experience. We like to see this as it is the game that counts, not the prizes won.

The tennis team did well; they didn't win the medals, but collected a lot of points for the Squadron.

Then last, though not least, we come to soccer. This team is Cpl. Crangel's pet and he did an excellent job. There were a lot of mighty fine boys out for this sport. They tried hard but once more it was a case of more ambition than skill.

Now we come to the men who play a good game at all sports. The arm chair variety. How about a few of you experts of the wind coming out and giving the boys on the various teams a little moral support. They sacrifice a lot of time and energy for the Squadron sports and a little cheering would help them a lot. It isn't a lot to ask and it might be the spur that wins games and the trophy for the Squadron.

We lost a good man the other day in Cpl. Breault. He remustered to W.A.G. Good luck, Corporal, and good hunting.

Now we can extend our greetings to Cpl. LeGrice, a new-comer to the Squadron, though not new to the Station. Good luck while you are with us.

Our congrats to Sgt. Neice. Lots of luck as a Senior N.C.O. and also as a newly married man.

Something your correspondent would like to know—how a certain Redhead broke his ankle? He's a lacrosse player at that. Well, well, one never knows, does one?

## 1 SQUADRON, 2 WING

Flt. Sgt. Morrison—Try to sell that pair of skates to the new Entry Corporal.

Sgt. Rogers—Ah heck, another mess bill.

Cpl. Shelton—Where is the favourite spot to meet W.D.'s?

Cpl. Lee—Don't mention half-day passes to me.

Cpl. Tackney—Who's got some money so that I can go on my forty-eight? (Ain't that wild.)

L.A.C. Gibson—Still no W.D. has shown up to assist him in his duties.

L.A.C. Churchill—Always on the job? He claims that he is.

### ORDERLY ROOM GOSSIP

While Flight Morrison is promoting the sale of a pair of skates, ask Cpl. Shelton about a certain Sergeant courting a beautiful W.D.; and we are still waiting for Cpl. Smith to explain about something. Maybe she is twins—eh, Smitty? L.A.C. Gibson is now giving the latest dope on burial methods (the one-time undertaker). When is Churchill going back to Detroit and why?

### SQUADRON SHENANIGANS

What's so nice about Leamington? Ask a certain man in Bay 10A. How is Scram and Mac getting along with their romance? May we expect bells and orange blossoms soon? Williams of the 115th may soon do some work (we hope). How does Goldberg, 107th, get all those late passes and why? Robinson of the 115th has learned to swim. Water was pretty cold, too. Cpl. Lee, the Wolf, is on the prowl; all W.D.'s take warning.

We welcome Flt. Lt. Hendry to our Squadron and hope his stay will be a pleasant one.

All kidding aside, fellows, we are going to take charge of the Drill Trophy for September, also the sports. Let's see all you boys doing your bit. Flt. Sgt. Bureau (the mad Frenchman) regrets just having only fourteen days' leave a year.

\* \* \*

### OUR HOME, CANADA

I've heard of many fights and arguments

Over Canada's East and West—

From Rockies to the Maritimes—

As to which is considered best.

The Prairies have their vastness,

With miles of golden wheat

Stretching afar on every side

'Til heaven and earth do meet.

The Rockies with their snow-capped fingers

Reaching toward the sky,

And perhaps the most inspiring sight

That could meet a human eye.

Ontario has its lakes and rivers

And countless little streams;

It reminds one of a wonderland  
Only seen in dreams.

Quebec with quaint old customs

Of a century or so ago

Is a beauty spot of nature

When winter comes with snow.

The Maritimes with their ruggedness,

To visit is quite a privilege;

There, friendliness is full abound

In every town and village.

So when you think it over

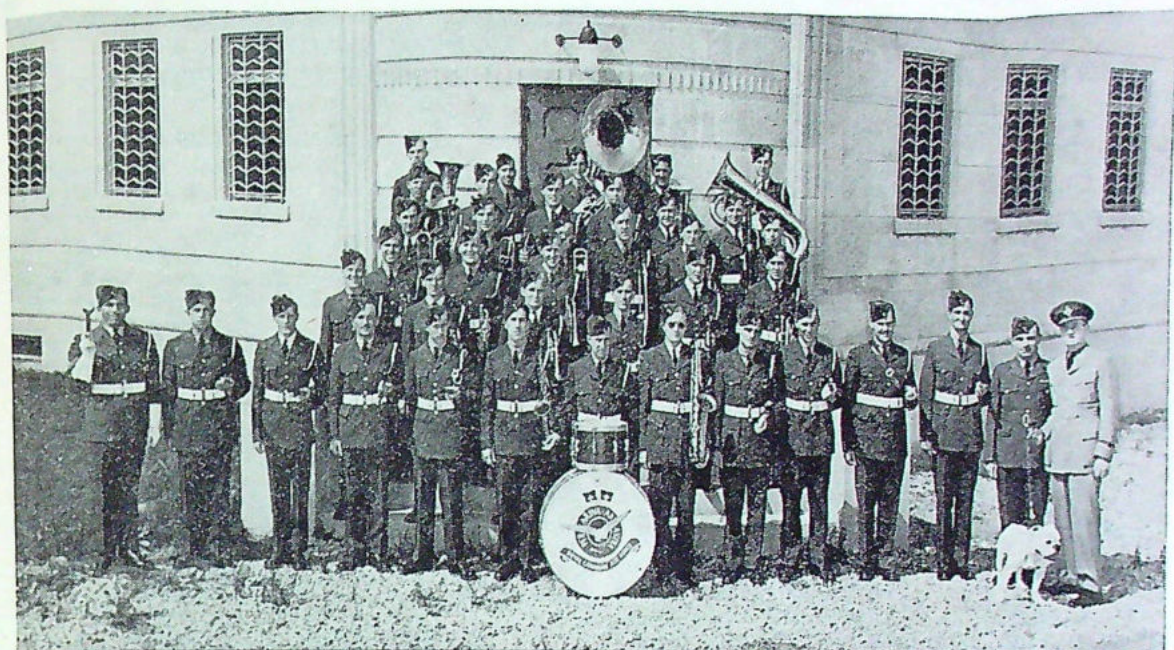
The arguments are quite in vain,

For East and West are Canada—

Our home and Fair Domain.

—A.C.I BRENNAN, G. W.,

OUR BAND



**FRONT ROW** (left to right)—Sgt. Arrowsmith, W. C., Drum Major and Disciplinarian, Markdale, Ont.; Cpl. Ford, J., Clarinet, St. Thomas, Ont.; L.A.C. Perdue, J., Clarinet, Clinton, Ont.; L.A.C. Nicoloff, G., Clarinet, Toronto, Ont.; L.A.C. Griffith, S. M., Clarinet, Toronto, Ont.; L.A.C. Riccio, J., Clarinet or Saxophone, Toronto, Ont.; L.A.C. Doyle, H., Bass Drum, London, Ont.; L.A.C. Seebin, G., Saxophone, Yorkton, Sask.; L.A.C. Hawthorn, R., Clarinet, London, Ont.; L.A.C. Phillips, H. B., Clarinet, Yorkton, Sask.; L.A.C. Hilton, D., Snare Drum, Oshawa, Ont.; A.C.1 Palen, F. O., Clarinet, Woodstock, Ont.; Flt. Sgt. Green, A., Bandmaster, Winnipeg, Man.; F.O. T. H. O'Rourke, O.C. Headquarters Squadron, Officer in Charge Band, Toronto, Ont.; Winston Churchill, Band Mascot.

Winnipeg, Man.; L.A.C. Carter, W., Cornet, Goderich, Ont.; L.A.C. Lambert, C., Cornet, Wyoming, Ont.; L.A.C. Lobban, F., Cornet, Owen Sound, Ont.

**FOURTH ROW** (left to right)—L.A.C. Bebbington, W. G., Trombone, St. Thomas, Ont.; L.A.C. Lee, E., Trombone, Winnipeg, Man.; L.A.C. Irwin, A. C., Trombone, Meyrome, Sask.; L.A.C. Palmer, C. P., Trombone, Hamilton, Ont.; L.A.C. Hornby, A. E., Horn, St. Thomas, Ont.; L.A.C. Spurling, P., Clarinet, Clinton, Ont.

**FIFTH ROW** (left to right)—L.A.C. Turner, H. B., Euphonium, Toronto, Ont.; L.A.C. Wigby, R. A., Horn, Shoal, Sask.; L.A.C. Bolt, D., Horn, St. Thomas, Ont.; L.A.C. Thomas, F. E., Cornet, London, Ont.; L.A.C. Cole, W. H., Baritone, Listowel, Ont.; L.A.C. Hodge, W., Baritone, Hamilton, Ont.

**SIXTH ROW** (left to right)—L.A.C. Taylor, Bass; L.A.C. Thompson, J. H., Bass, Petrolia, Ont.; Cpl. Mullens, G. E., Bass, Timmins, Ont.; L.A.C. Overall, C., Baritone, Ottawa, Ont.; L.A.C. Mackintosh, D., Bass, Kitchener, Ont.

\* \* \*

Trainees by the thousands will remember this fine Band of ours, which daily played them to their work, but this little chore does not constitute the Band's work day. They also put in tedious hours of rehearsals and lectures followed by examinations on musical subjects. Then to finish off a day's work they may give a two or three-hour concert, such as was the case when the above photo was taken or if time permits a spot of drill under Disciplinarian Sgt. Arrowsmith, the drum major. This Band has played concerts to appreciative audiences in numerous Western Ontario cities and towns, including St. Thomas, London, Aylmer, Yar-

mouth Centre, Brantford and Sarnia, and always acquit themselves with a perfect performance.

Incorporated in the Band personnel is a very fine orchestra, which ranks with the best. Our Squadron dances on the Station can attribute no small measure of their success to the fact that the Station Orchestra is always on the job to provide real dance music. Congratulations to Flt. Sgt. Green and each member of his Band for a swell job well done.

\* \* \*

Don't marry a girl because she looks sensible, because a sensible girl has more sense than to look sensible.

2 SQUADRON, 1 WING

By Cpl. Laskin, M.

Here we are again with a place in this paper. This is a new job for me, but with a little co-operation from you fellows I think we can make this an interesting and worthwhile contribution. It seems that it takes a time for anything to get started, so we trust that we will have more items for next month.

We wish to greet the boys in the hospital and hope that you will soon be out and around again.

Congratulations to the tug-o'-war team on their success of last field day.

We don't have to wonder now why A.C.2 Heary has been in such a strange mood now that he has got married.

Last month we came second in the drill competition. That was a good show, lads, and you can rest assured we will be all rooting for the members of this month's team, who are right "on the bit". These men are all from 116th A.E.M.; good lads from an unusually tractable Entry, who are a splendid example of "esprit de corps", with a distinct pride in 2 Squadron, 1 Wing.

May their efforts bring the Commanding Officer's Trophy to our O.C.'s office for the next month.

Needless to say, our Squadron has had very mediocre success in so far as sports are concerned, but actually we are only warming up for the winter season, so let's all get together and pull like our tug-o'-war team did on sports day. They showed the fighting spirit that has been lying dormant in 2 Squadron for the past month or so. Let's start the winter sports, namely, basketball, volleyball and badminton. Your P.T.I.'s are more than willing to co-operate in every way with you. So let's all get together and make a showing for 2 Squadron in sports.

2 Squadron lost a good O.C., Flt. Lt. Little, when he left us to go to the wing. He was a great sportsman, which was greatly appreciated by his men and staff. We were sorry to see you go, Sir; good luck in your new position.

We are glad now to welcome Flt. Lt. Tuer, another officer for whom the men will be happy to work for. He also is filled with sporting blood. A man of that calibre is usually good at everything so we have no fear of full support to our men who are interested in our Squadron becoming tops in the field of sports.

That, of course, includes becoming tops in cleanliness.

So, men of 2 Squadron, let's get behind our O.C. We also welcome to the Squadron P.O. Spriggs.

Tears are falling from the eyes of the O.R. staff of 2 Squadron and there is good reason—we are losing a good man, our own clerk, A.C.1 Jane, who really did a grand job of his work without complaining of working five minutes' overtime. We are sorry to see you go, fellow, so good-bye and luck to you from the boys.

We welcome A.C.1 Hanna to replace A.C.1 Jane and we are sure he will do as good a job. Won't you, Hanna?

Compliments are due to 2 Squadron. Their marching has been commended many times these past weeks by the Commanding Officer. Keep it up men, we are all proud of you.

Our marriages have been on the increase. Keep it up, men. We need a new generation to live in the free world coming after this present catastrophe.

2 SQUADRON, 2 WING

"NEWS THAT'S HOT  
DISHED OUT BY SCOTT"

By L.A.C. Scott, D. H.

THIS MONTH'S GOSSIP

This Squadron says farewell to Entries 110 and 113 and welcome to 122 and 125 . . . we hope you will enjoy your stay here in the "Quality Squadron" . . . L.A.C. Jim Wilson has gone overseas . . . one of the old veterans of two and two, Jim will be greatly missed . . . Cpl. "Curly" Stewart has straggled back after what must have been an enjoyable seven days' leave . . . that C.O.'s Trophy is still staying with us . . . the O.R. would look lost without it . . . keep up the good work, sportsmen, the Squadron is justly proud of you . . . the fishing season must be over as very few lads are going on farm leave . . . Cpl. Rozinski reports the girls in Sudbury are just as lovely as they ever were . . . Cpl. Stewart is said to be the favourite instructor with the W.D.'s . . . wait till Oshawa hears of that . . . "Mac" McComb is counting on a few weeks' leave early in October, we hear by the grapevine . . . going some place, Mac? . . . now that activity in Port Stanley is over, McComb and Stewart seem to find London interesting . . . always looking for new fields.

(Contributed by Flt. Sgt. May)

Last month we had the pleasure of reading in the Editorial Section of this magazine an article on "Hitch-Hiking". In its general theme there lurked the general policy that airmen must be advance scouts for future hitch-hiking of others. I had to drive into Manning Pool at the Exhibition Grounds in Toronto just about the time the troops were due back for Tattoo. On the last trip I had occasion to have my mother in my company. We picked up four airmen, one sat in front with us and three in the rear. When nearing the camp the boys got a little free with a few choice bits of language. My feeling of respect with which I'd held the Service took a desperate flop. I had to ask for some silence and we continued the journey quietly but with a definite sense of bitterness. Remember there lies in you a definite responsibility of courtesy to your benefactor. Be as courteous to him as you would be to your own mother . . . there is another chap behind you who wants a lift.

Much credit can be given to Cpl. Bill Goodmanson, who has done a lot for sports in the Squadron. His tireless task of keeping sports equipment and teams intact has been a big factor in bringing three successive months in which we have copped the Commanding Officer's Sports Trophy.

An orchid to our O.C., F.O. G. Wilson, who spends endless after-duty hours running between ball games and the various courts and fields to encourage the players.

We wonder where Cpl. McComb got a hold of that 1938 Chev. car? We wonder who the N.C.O.'s from No. 3 Squadron were who were giving an exhibition of drill manoeuvres at Wonderland one night? Know anything about it, "Sargie"?

We wonder where Scott gets the ability for the dope for this magazine. We know he was a newspaperman for HUSH?

A.W.2 McKenzie, in the W.O.R. calls P.T.I. Corporals "Electricians" because she can't refuse them.

Cpl. Goodmanson—"Give me a ticket from Toronto to New York."

Ticket Agent—"Do you want to go by Buffalo?"

Goodmanson—"Not on your life—by train only."

## 3 SQUADRON, 2 WING

### 3 SQUADRON HEADLINERS

#### SPORTS ROUND-UP

In the sports section there is little to report as proceedings have been held up pending the Toronto Field and Track Meet. However, we have new material in the Squadron and are looking forward to a good month.

Much credit is due to our sports representatives as they proved themselves the best on the Station by winning the Commanding Officer's Trophy at the Field and Track Meet held on the Station, August 23rd.

Great enthusiasm was aroused many times when our boys showed spectacular form in finishing on top. A.C. Hamilton, who took the mile with ease, duplicated by A.C. Shonteff in the 220. In the relay team, consisting of A.C.'s Dawson, Alsop, Coulson and Finch, Dawson was the sensation when he pulled away from his opponents in the last lap to win by yards. An unfortunate injury to our high jumper, A.C. Allen, cost us a loss in that entry. Allen was the only jumper using the western roll and he was making a good showing.

To climax the day, Cpl. Tammaro received the award for coaching the winning Squadron sports team. The consequence to this highly successful day we have the Commanding Officer's trophy to decorate our orderly room during the coming year.

Cpl. Roseberg has returned from 14 days' leave full of vim, vigor and vituperation and a "V" for victory as he expects his soccer team to go places this month.

We bid farewell to the 11th Entry, who were posted recently. They formed the nucleus of our crack lacrosse team and we are very sorry to lose them.

The N.C.O's and trainees of 3 Squadron bid farewell to F.O. Kerr, who has been posted from the Station, and wish him good luck in his new work.

We also extend greetings to P.O. Reynolds, who has taken over the Squadron.

Best wishes are extended to L.A.C. Sully, who was recently posted overseas. His successor is L.A.C. Katzman, who has had a great deal of experience in rigging out the boys.

It appears that Sgt. Connor had a date with some girl who was minding a friend's baby. To complete the story, the bottle in question was filled with gin and not baby food as one might be led to think.

Cpl. McDonough has an added Irish glint to his eye these days, and rightfully so. He is the proud father of a wee laddie born last week. Best wishes to all three of you, Mac.

#### FACTS

Kissing a girl nowadays leaves its mark on a man. She also leaves marks on cigarettes, glasses, towels and spoons. Wherever she goes she leaves a trail of used mouths. It takes the fine cutting edge off a man's romantic mood to come out of an embrace tasting rose-scented goose-grease and looking like a circus clown. I don't mind "goo" on girls; I mind it on me. Yet they use a strange substance which they can't keep on and a man can't get off. It's the real Red Menace.

—BOB HOPE.

## HEADQTRS. SQUADRON

Sympathy is extended to the family of L.A.C. Phaneuf, who was killed on active service. L.A.C. Phaneuf was attached to our M.T. Section prior to his posting to 13 S.F.T.S., St. Hubert, Quebec.

Our entry in the monthly drill contest was made up entirely of Security Guard under the direction of Flt. Sgt. Agnew and, although they didn't win the silverware, they made a fine showing and will be really heard from the next drill contest.

#### SPORTS

On Labour Day the St. Thomas Kiwanis Club staged their annual carnival and track meet at Pinafore Park. T.T.S. was capably represented by a strong team from Headquarters Squadron. Our team held up very well against stiff competition from Fingal, Aylmer and London, and with the final disposition of the prize money found T.T.S. getting a good part of it. Our tug-o-war team, composed entirely of Service Police-men, made a very creditable stand and lost a close pull to Fingal. Our running team was made up of the following: A.W.2 Hicks, Cpl. Tessier, L.A.C.'s Price, Black, Gibbs, Russel, Lee, Paton, Davis and Pool, with F.O. O'Rourke in charge.

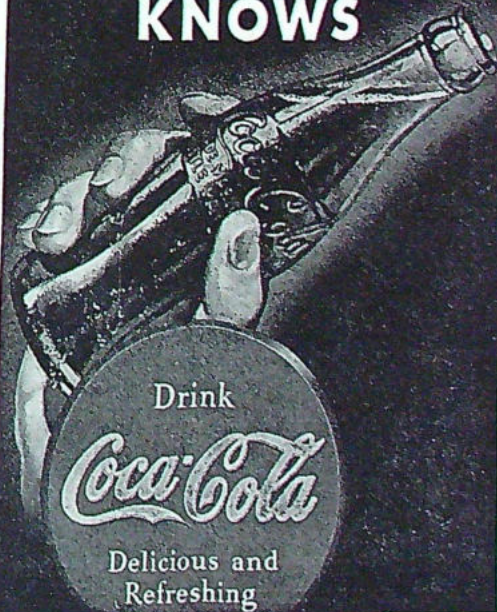
#### Things We Miss Around Headquarters Squadron

Wally Campbell, our orderly room clerk. Wally was posted to Toronto Manning Depot. He made many friends while attached to Headquarters Squadron and will be greatly missed by all. Best of luck, Wally, in your new work.

W.O. King in the sports field.

Our clothing expert, L.A.C. Katzman, from the Clothing Stores.

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FOR YOU ARMEN



E. & A.T.S. has moved  
Its quarters down to Trenton;  
Memories of its Equip Class  
Are too many to mention.

Clothing Stores did rate a break,  
So W.D's were sent in,  
And now we're filling in the forms  
Which in tests create high tension.

Of course the jobs are varied,  
And some of them are small,  
But there is one we all enjoy,  
And that's the volleyball.

In case you have ideas, tho',  
That Equips don't earn their pay,  
Just come and see the industry  
Displayed on a clothing parade.

All the Equips are happy, then,  
To see that work is done,  
And to make no slip about perfect fit  
Is the ambition of all and one.

We'll be glad to have you on one,  
But this we feel you should know  
That no parades are welcome here,  
Except when led by their N.C.O.

\* \* \*

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IN A JOVIAL MOOD

These boys appear to be in jovial mood as they board the bus for the city, and possibly a movie, even though their contemplated amusement will set them back a bit of kale. But if they drop into the Aircraftman Office and identify themselves, we'll give them each two tickets for the Capitol or Granada . . . and then they can pick up their "Sweeties" and enjoy the show "on The Aircraftman". Watch for this page each issue . . . there'll be more pictures, and MORE FREE THEATRE TICKETS!

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WILLIAM POWELL - HEDY LAMARR  
in  
"CROSS ROADS"

SAT., MON., - OCT. 17, 19  
JACK BENNY in  
"CHARLEY'S AUNT"

TUES., WED., - OCT. 20, 21  
ANNA NEAGLE in  
"THEY FLEW ALONE"

THURS., FRI., - OCT. 22, 23  
"TEN GENTLEMEN from WEST POINT"

Sat., Mon., Tues., Wed., - Oct. 24, 26, 27, 28  
ROBERT PRESTON in  
"WAKE ISLAND"

**GRANADA**

COMING ATTRACTIONS . . .

Oct. 5-8—"IN THIS OUR LIFE"  
— Bette Davis - George Brent

Oct. 9-10—"BLONDIE FOR VICTORY"  
— The Bumsteads  
"THE LAWLESS PLAINSMAN"  
— Starrett & Hayden

Oct. 12-13—"MELODY LANE"  
— The Merry Macs  
"ESCAPE FROM HONGKONG"  
— Leo Carillo - Andy Devine

Oct. 14-17—"TURNED OUT NICE AGAIN"  
— George Formby  
Oct. 19-21—"MISS ANNIE ROONEY"  
— Shirley Temple

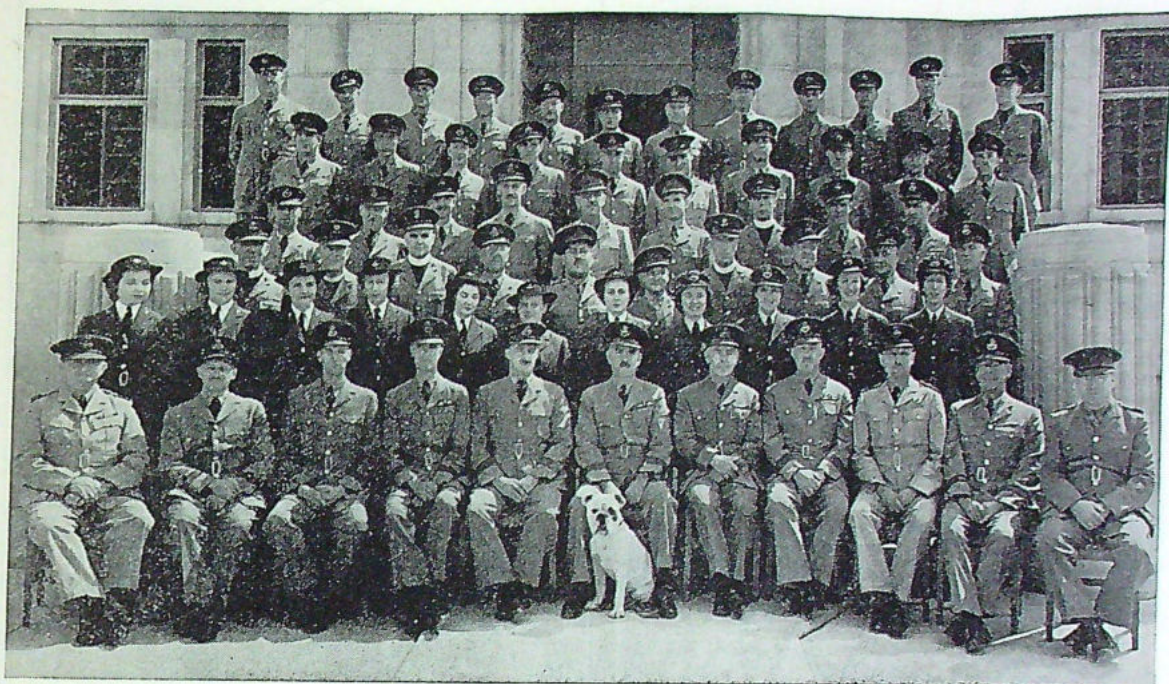
"MAN WHO RETURNED TO LIFE"  
— John Howard - Ruth Ford  
Oct. 22-24—"SHUT MY BIG MOUTH"  
— Joe E. Brown

"THE CARTER CASE"  
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*FIFTH ROW—F.O. M. H. Mills, F.O. G. F. Stephens, Flt. Lt. J. A. Rankine, Flt. Lt. W. E. Hutchinson, Flt. Lt. M. J. Settingington, Capt. J. E. Verth, P.O. H. O. Holroyde, Flt. Lt. J. G. MacKenzie, Flt. Lt. C. S. Barker, F.O. R. W. Barton.*

*FOURTH ROW—Flt. Lt. A. H. Ward, Flt. Lt. H. R. Brillinger, Flt. Lt. P. A. Waters, Flt. Lt. J. R. Ruel, Capt. J. C. Hurley, Capt. H. C. Thompson, Flt. Lt. F. T. Moyle, F.O. C. W. Macnab, Flt. Lt. W. M. Blackie.*

*THIRD ROW—Flt. Lt. J. G. Sparling, Flt. Lt. A. Nimmo, Flt. Lt. J. Scott, Flt. Lt. R. K. Armstrong, Capt. L. Shankman, Capt. G. K. Clarke, Flt. Lt. N. J. Gallagher, Flt. Lt. H. M. Coleberry, F.O. W. H. Pooler, Flt. Lt. V. C. Smeaton.*

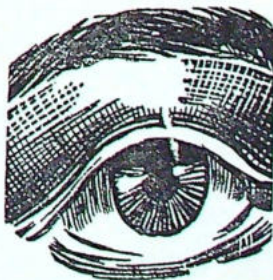
*SECOND ROW—N.S. R. A. Osborne, N.S. M. C. McArthur, N.S. M. G. Wilson, N.S. O. Barton, N.S. M. E. Giroux, N.S. J. F. Young, N.S. A. M. J. Y. Coupal, S.O. E. A. Collier, A.S.O. M. K. Milligan, S.O. D. E. J. Bristol, F.O. D. A. Newson.*

*FRONT ROW—Sqn. Ldr. B. J. Abraham, Sqn. Ldr. L. A. Rosenthal, Sqn. Ldr. J. F. Meakins, Sqn. Ldr. W. G. Cooke, Wg. Comdr. H. A. Peacock, Wg. Comdr. J. H. Keens, Wg. Comdr. B. H. Rolles, Wg. Comdr. N. McLeod, Sqn. Ldr. H. F. Lea, Sqn. Ldr. A. A. Peebles, Maj. J. A. MacGowan.*

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ACTIVE SERVICES ONLY



What does St. Thomas offer the airmen and airwomen posted to the schools in the St. Thomas area for service and training? That is probably one of the first questions which enters the mind of a young man or young woman upon arrival at one of the local stations. What recreational and entertainment outlets are provided in St. Thomas for the stranger in a strange community, who remembers with a touch of loneliness and nostalgia the civilian contacts and sociability of his or her own home community?

The Active Service Club has a commodious, well-appointed clubroom located on the third floor of the Strand Bowling Building, at Talbot and Southwick streets. Sponsored by the St. Thomas Citizens' Auxiliary War Services Committee, this clubroom was designed and equipped with the definite purpose of offering men in the active services a pleasant place to spend off-duty periods. It is equipped with an excellent canteen, where soft drinks and light lunches are served, and has ample facilities for musical interludes and games.

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**LAUD R. C. A. F. GROUND CREW;  
CONTRIBUTORS TO VICTORY**

London, July 21 — (CP) — Air Marshal Harold Edwards, air officer-in-chief of the Royal Canadian Air Force overseas, last night paid tribute to the ground crews of Canada's air force—the men who keep the planes flying.

"They Toil Without Glory", he titled a short-wave broadcast carried in Canada by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

"Without them this mighty island (Britain) might long since have been battered to its knees", he said. "They, no less than the men in the air, sent the Luftwaffe back to Germany to lick its wounds."

Action of Flt. Sgt. F. B. Lummis of Frankford, Ont., awarded the George Medal for carrying a flaming can of gasoline from a hangar crowded with planes, was cited by Air Marshal Edwards as typical of the spirit of the men in the R.C.A.F. ground crews.

Once burns forced Lummis to drop the can. He picked it up again and with blistered hands and the flames licking his face and chest, he carried it several hundred feet, suffering injuries which almost cost him his life. He was credited with saving twelve planes from destruction.

SHOOTING STRAIGHT



SERGEANT EARL W. WARD

T.T.S. was very ably represented by Sgt. Earl W. Ward at the Windsor Police Revolver Club Annual Matches, which were held in Windsor on September 12th. He won the High Canadian Soldier Trophy with a score of 251, as well as placing for prize money in other matches.

Sgt. Ward competed for this trophy in 1940 and came second, but this year he showed he meant business and outshot the other competitors to bring home the trophy.

Competing in the matches were members of the Windsor Police Department, who sponsored the matches, officers and men of the Essex Scottish Regiment, Canadian and American shooters and last but by no means least, our own Sgt. Ward, lone representative of the R.C.A.F.

Sgt. Ward lived in Winnipeg, Manitoba, and enlisted in August 1940 as an electrician, his civilian occupation. After completing training at T.T.S. he was retained here as an instructor, having been Gold Medalist of Entry No. 4. He is at present in charge of Lab. No. 2 in the E. & I. School, where the intricacies of wiring bomb control apparatus are gradually untangled for the struggling trainee.

Sgt. Ward seems to have a decided preference for explosive apparatus such as revolvers, bomb gear and magnetoes.

We can see now why the rat population around Port Stanley's "garbage disposal area" has been steadily declining.

PHONE 653

ST. THOMAS



Vair & Balkwill

For  
Smooth-Frozen  
Ice Cream



As Supplied To The Canteen

\* \* \*

Women's clothes are like a barbed-wire fence, they give her protection but do not obstruct the view.

\* \* \*

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES



FIELD and TRACK



On August 23rd T.T.S. held their Annual Field and Track Championships. The above picture is the group who represented T.T.S. at the No. 1 Training Command Field and Track Championships in Toronto.

Athletes from all parts of No. 1 Training Command assembled in Toronto on Saturday, September 19th. Those who attended these events reported that it compared in many ways with an inter College or University Field and

Track Championship. Each contestant was chosen for his ability in some particular sport and in many cases was the representative for his station.

Flt. Lt. Ross, officer in charge of the team that represented T.T.S., reported our boys did well. While they were not successful in winning any team or individual championships, they displayed keen sportsmanship and represented the Station in a noble manner.

\* \* \*

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THREE LITTLE PIGS "PENTRY"**

Food, Fun and Frolic

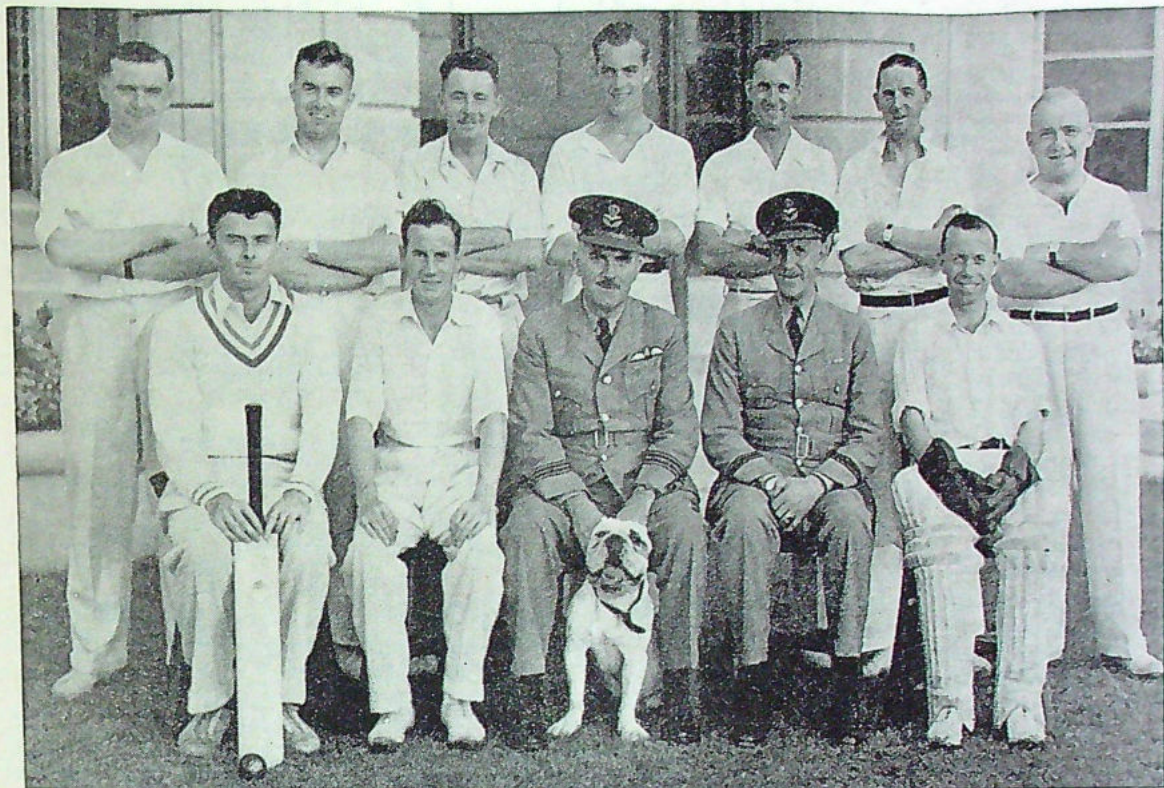
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## THE AIRCRAFTMAN

### CRICKET TEAM



FRONT ROW (left to right)—L.A.C. Bob Sowden; Flt. Sgt. Don Thompson (Captain); Wg. Comdr. J. H. Keens, A.F.C. (C.O.); Flt. Lt. G. H. Ross (Officer in Charge of Cricket); A.C.2 Joe Walker (Wicket Keeper).  
BACK ROW (left to right)—Sgt. J. Hunt; Sgt. A. Pudwell; Flt. Sgt. Mickey Drew; A.C.2 C. Roughton; Flt. Sgt. Reg. Ireland; Sgt. C. J. Holland; A.C.2 Gus Sweeting.  
In front of Front Row—"Winnie", Station Mascot.

\* \* \*

Despite the small number of cricketers on the Station, and the lack of moral support from spectators, the Station Cricket Club, under the enthusiastic presidency of Flt. Lt. Ross, and the able field leadership of Flt. Sgt. Don Thompson, has had a very successful season.

The opening game on May 31st was against London St. George's at the school ground. Don Thompson and Bob Watson of Vancouver, with 73 and 50 not out, gave the school an edge on the play, but the game was called before a decision was reached. The final score: T.T.S. 159 for 3 declared; St. George's 86 for 4.

The second home game was against the R.C.O.C. on June 7th, the school winning by 4 wickets. The score was: R.C.O.C. 61; T.T.S. 70 for 6 wickets.

Clinton R.A.F. were our guests on June 14th and T.T.S. again carried the honours 114 to 75.

The return game with St. George's at London on July 5th gave us our third straight victory—by 8 wickets this time: St. George's

69; T.T.S. 75 for 2 wickets.

On the 12th of July an all-day game with R.C.O.C. at London gave our boys their chance to really show their strength and the score of 220 for 6 wickets declared against R.C.O.C. 70 and 23 gave us a win by a full inning and 127 runs. Sowden 97 and Thompson 55 not out were the main run getters and Pudwell 4 for 6 did the damage with the ball.

On July 19th Clinton again visited our lovely ground and Sowden and Thompson again treated us to a magnificent battery display with 90 not out and 45 for a full score of 176 for 5 declared; Clinton replied with 55 all out.

Our only defeat of the season, for which we had our revenge later, was against Port Albert at our ground on August 2nd. The score: T.T.S. 78; R.A.F., Goderich, 84 for 5.

On August 30th we turned the tables on them and won by a score of 147 to 118 to win the league and first round of the Enterprise Cup.

(Continued on Page Thirty)

# TECHNICAL TOPICS

## SOME CONSIDERATIONS CONCERNING AEROFOIL EFFICIENCY

By Squ. Ldr. A. A. Peebles

(Continued)

In the last installment of this article the factors affecting lift, drag and the lift-drag ratio of aerofoils were considered, and the conclusion was reached that, as a rule, thin aerofoils are more efficient than thick ones. The next point to consider is the effect of aspect ratio on the efficiency of aerofoils.

The aspect ratio of an aerofoil is defined as the ratio of the span to the mean chord length. Most people associated with aeronautics know that for any given aerofoil section an increase in this ratio increases the mean lift and decreases the drag, thereby increasing the lift-drag ratio and the efficiency of the aerofoil. It is not always understood, however, just why this should be so.

To arrive at an understanding of this point, the first fact to be noted is that the lift of an aerofoil is due to the difference in pressure over its upper and lower surfaces. Air flowing over the top tends to be accelerated and, in accordance with a well-known law of physics, this acceleration causes a decrease in pressure over the upper surface. The air striking the under surface tends to be retarded, thereby slightly increasing the pressure. This difference in pressure between the upper and lower surfaces is very slight when compared to sea-level atmospheric pressure. With the highest wing loadings at present in use it amounts to only .3 lbs. per square inch, or 2% of a standard atmosphere, while in small light aircraft it may be as low as .07 lbs. per sq. in. None the less, these slight pressure differences spread over the main planes suffice to maintain flight.

Now just as a liquid will flow from a higher to a lower level, so will a gas, such as air, flow from an area of higher pressure into an area of lower pressure; and, since the pressure under the wing tends to be a little higher than that of the surrounding atmosphere, and the pressure over the wing a little lower, there is established a transfer of air from the lower to the upper surface around the wing tips. This results in a slight decrease of pressure under the aerofoil and a slight increase over it near the wing tips, thereby decreasing the lift over the area affected.

Thus, in the case of an aerofoil of rectangular form in plan, *i.e.*, as viewed from above, such as that shown in FIG. 2A, the lift is not distributed evenly across the span. The lift per

square foot of area will be greatest near the centre and will decrease towards the wing tip. Actually the distribution of lift is elliptical, as shown by the broken line KKK, FIG. 2A. Here

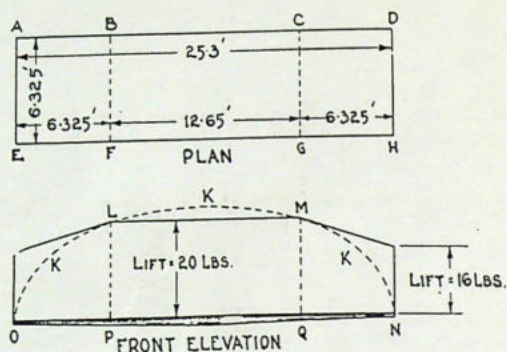


FIG. 2A.

the vertical dimension of the semi-ellipse at any point will be proportional to the lift at that point.

A close approximation to the actual lift distribution across the span, and one adopted by the Department of Commerce of the U.S.A. for design purposes, assumes that the lift is constant to within a chord length of the wing tip, and that from this point it falls uniformly to 80% of this lift at the tip. Such a distribution is shown in FIG. 2A, in which a mean lift over the centre of the span of 20 lbs. per sq. ft. has been assumed. This aerofoil has an area of 160 sq. feet and an aspect ratio of 4; that is to say, the span is four times the chord length. Between B and C, then, the lift would be 20 lbs. per sq. ft. From C to D and from B to A the lift drops from 20 to 16 lbs. per sq. ft., and averages over these areas 18 lbs. per sq. ft. A simple calculation of areas will show that this reduced lift of 2 lbs. per sq. ft. is effective over 50% of the total area of the aerofoil, or over 80 sq. ft. thereof.

The aerofoil shown in FIG. 2B has the same area of 160 sq. ft., but has an aspect ratio of 8. As in the previous case, the reduced lift is effective for one chord length from the tips. That is to say, the full lift of 20 lbs. per sq. ft. is maintained over the span from b to c and the reduced lift is effective only over the areas a, b, f, e and d, e, g, h. Calculation will show that these areas aggregate only 40 sq. ft. or

25% of the total area. It is obvious, therefore, that this areofoil will give a higher total lift than the one shown in FIG. 2A. Hence we arrive at our second conclusion: All other factors being equal, INCREASE OF ASPECT RATIO GIVES INCREASED LIFT.

In FIG. 2C a tapered aerofoil, also with the same total area of 160 sq. ft., is super-imposed on the aerofoil shown in FIG. 2B, which is indicated by the broken lines. The decreased

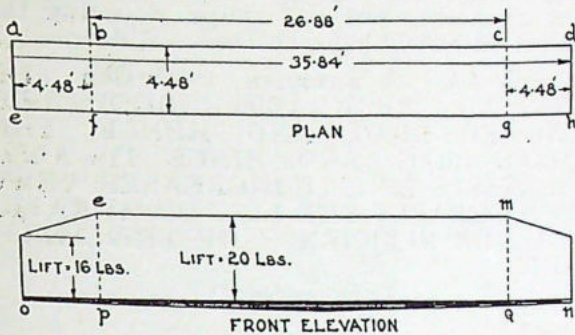


FIG.2B.

lift in this case is effective only over the shaded area. This is clearly smaller than the areas a, b, f, e and d, c, g, h of the rectangular aerofoil, and hence the tapered wing will give a little more lift than the rectangular one. This gives us our third conclusion: All other factors being equal, TAPERED WINGS GIVE MORE LIFT THAN RECTANGULAR ONES OF THE SAME AREA, CROSS-SECTION AND ASPECT RATIO.

**Induced Drag**

The total drag of an aerofoil is made up of two parts, the profile or form drag and the induced drag. The first is caused by skin friction. It is independent of angle of attack until the stalling angle is reached, and depends only upon the cross-sectional form of the aerofoil, the nature of its surface and, of course, airspeed and air density. The second is the

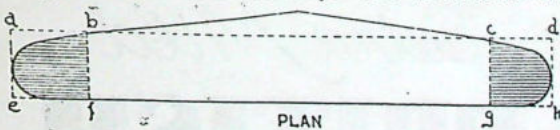


FIG.2C.

result of the wing-tip vortices, and depends upon the angle of attack, air speed and air density, and aspect ratio.

We have seen that, under any given conditions of airspeed and air density, the lift of any given aerofoil depends upon its angle of attack. Up to the stalling angle, as the angle of attack increases, so does the lift. This lift is the result of the difference in the pressures above and below the aerofoil, and as the lift increases with the angle of attack so must this difference in pressure increase. As the pressure under

the aerofoil increases and that above the aerofoil decreases, so will the outflow of air near the wing tips from below, and the inflow of air from above, increase also.

We have already seen how this transference of air near the wing tips reduces the lift over the affected area. It has a further and more important result. Except at or near the centre of the span, it deflects the airflow over the wing from the straight fore-and-aft path.

The air flowing outwards from under the tips causes an outward deflection of the airstream passing under the aerofoil. This deflection is most pronounced near the tips, and decreases as the centre of the span is approached. In the same way, the inward flow over the aerofoil deflects the airflow inwards. Thus the air passing the aerofoil, instead of flowing straight fore and aft, flows along the paths illustrated in FIG. 3, the broken lines indicating the flow below the aerofoil, and the full lines the flow above it.

The airstream flowing over the aerofoil, and that flowing under it, meet at the trailing edge. These two airstreams are flowing at an angle one to the other when they meet, and this causes small vortices to be formed along the trailing edge. These travel outwards along

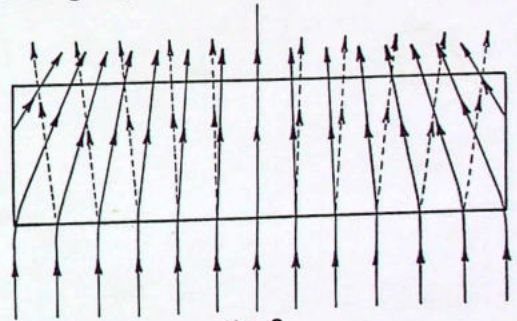


FIG. 3.

the trailing edge, and merge into two large vortices that break away from the tips. It is these wing-tip vortices which cause the induced drag. It requires energy to impart to air moving in straight lines the circular motion of the vortices, and this energy is obtained from the aerofoil, causing increased drag.

It is clear that, when the aerofoil is in the position of zero lift, there will be no difference in the pressure under and over the aerofoil. There will, therefore, be no transference of air from below to above the aerofoil, no deflection of the airflow such as that shown in FIG. 3, no trailing edge or wing-tip vortices, and hence no induced drag. As the angle of attack increases from the angle of zero lift, however, so does the lift increase. This increasing lift can be obtained only by increasing the difference in the pressures above and below the aerofoil, and as this pressure difference in-

## THE AIRCRAFTMAN

creases so more and more air is spilt out from below, and more and more air flows in from above. This causes a greater and greater deflection of the airflow both over and under the wing, and this in turn results in an increase in the trailing-edge and wing tip vortices, and hence in the induced drag.

It is therefore clear that, for any given airspeed and air density, the greater the angle of attack, *i.e.*, the greater the lift, the greater will be the induced drag.

### Effect of Aspect Ratio

We have already seen how increased aspect ratio decreased the relative area over which the decreased lift due to transference of air at the wing tips was effective. The same reasoning applies to the induced drag. The greater the span in relation to the chord length the greater will be the distance near the centre of the span where there is little or no deflection of the airstream, and the smaller will be the

distances near the tips where the deflection is greatest. Hence increased aspect ratio will, under any given conditions, result in less violent wing-tip vortices and hence in decreased induced drag.

Experiment has shown that the induced drag of an aerofoil varies as the square of the lift co-efficient and inversely as the aspect ratio. Thus for any given angle of attack, airspeed and air density, and for an aerofoil of any given cross-sectional shape, doubling the aspect ratio will halve the induced drag.

This leads to a fourth conclusion: INCREASED ASPECT RATIO REDUCES THE INDUCED DRAG, AND HENCE THE TOTAL DRAG; AND, SINCE IT ALSO INCREASES LIFT, IT INCREASES VERY CONSIDERABLY THE LIFT-DRAG RATIO AND THE EFFICIENCY OF THE AEROFOIL.

(To be concluded)

\* \* \*

### 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.

\* \* \*

### DRILL HALL MOVIES

Friday, October 16th — "HAWAIIAN NIGHTS" — Universal—Musical Comedy. Johnny Downs, Mary Carlisle, Constance Moore.

Saturday, October 17th—"STRAWBERRY BLONDE" —starring Jimmy Cagney.

Tuesday, October 20th—"MYSTERY SEA RAIDER"—Sea Story of the Graf Spee. Henry Wilcoxon, Carole Landis, Onslow Stevens.

Friday, October 23rd—"PARIS CALLING"—Universal. Randolph Scott, Elizabeth Berger, Basil Rathbone.

Saturday, October 24th—"EAST OF THE RIVER."

Tuesday, October 27th—"SKYLARK"—Comedy Drama.

Friday, October 30th—"TEXAS"—Columbia—Adventure Epic. William Holden, Claire Trevor, Glenn Ford.

Saturday, October 31st—"WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT" —starring Humphrey Bogart.

\* \* \*

### CRICKET TEAM - from Page 27

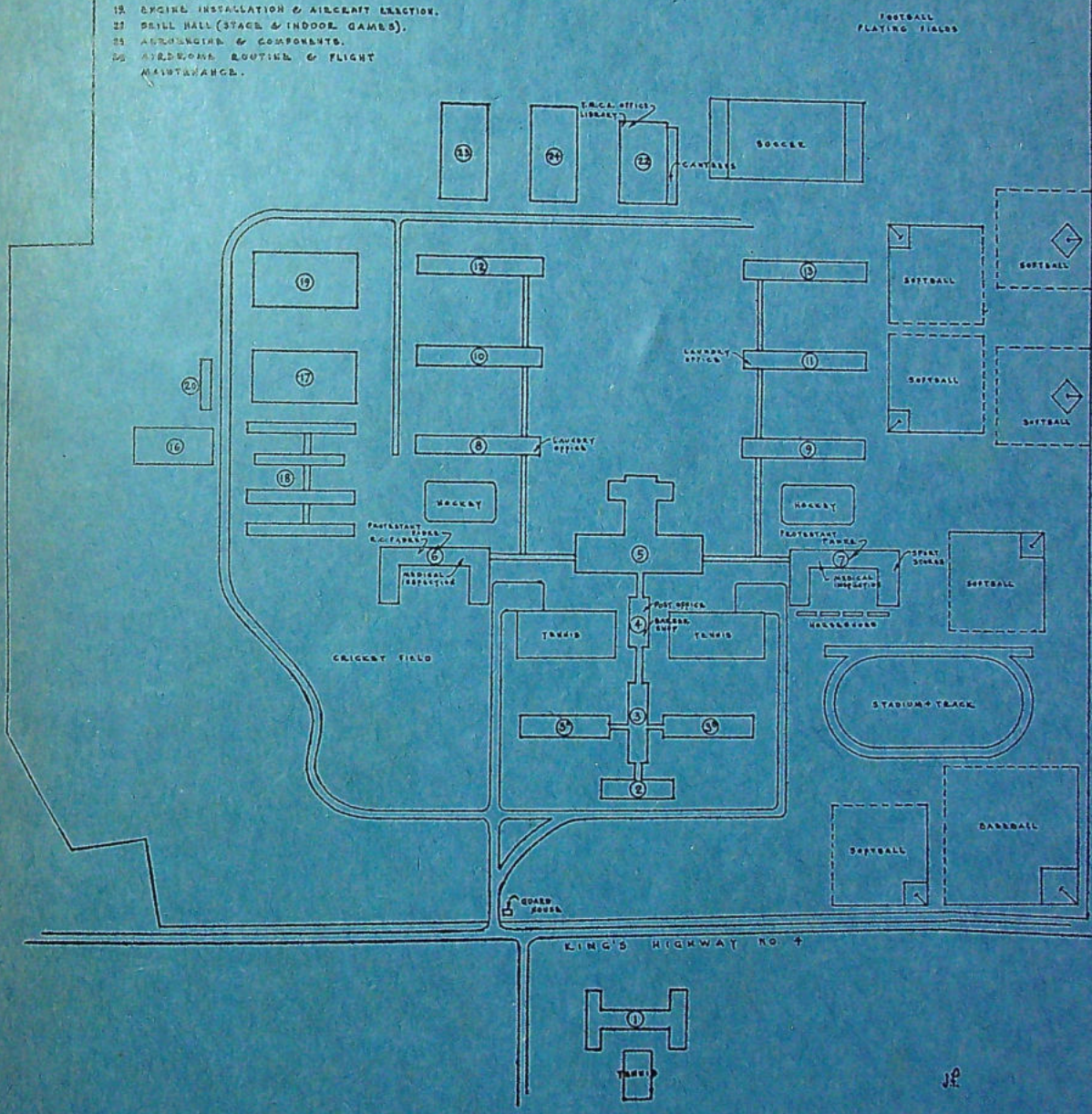
The final of the cup was played at London on September 13, when a most exciting game ended in a tie 66-all and we share the cup jointly for the next 12 months.

The final game of the season was played on September 20th at our ground against Brantford S.F.T.S., with the Seagram Cup as the prize, and after an exciting game in which Thompson for T.T.S. and Lucas from "Down Under" for Brantford scored 75 and 100 respectively, the honours falling to us with the score 182 to 181.



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