

THE Aircraftman

FEBRUARY 1943



THE

- Hughes -

TECHNICAL TRAINING SCHOOL

ST. THOMAS

ONTARIO

THE AIRCRAFTMAN WALLPAPER?

Failure to appreciate the blessings with which we are endowed is more or less definitely a common human weakness. Far be it from us to attempt to moralize on this theme when so much has already been written by more capable hands. However, a news item we came across in a Canadian daily a short time ago, conveyed a message applicable to personnel of the Technical Training School.

The news article dealt with the "Wall Newspapers", of the British forces — a new idea which has gained widespread favour among the troops. It seems that troops all over Britain, disgusted with the flood of official and private journalism, which did not reflect their own thoughts and feelings, started this new enterprise — wall newspapers, written by soldiers, for soldiers, about soldiers.

"The Wall newspapers, published usually once a week, are stout sheets the size of an average kitchen table. The matter is typewritten. Cartoons and pictures are originals.

Pasted on Large Sheets

"All the news matter, editorials and pictures are pasted on the large sheets or old ordnance maps. The whole thing is stuck up on any convenient wall.

"Some even have a blank column, like the 'stop press' column in an ordinary newspaper, on which the troops are invited to write their grouses.

"No one knows who may have written any particular grouse, but they are there for every man in the camp to read. They reach the C.O. without red tape, without anyone breaking disciplinary rules about direct approach to officers. In short, 'without any 'broken bones'."

Some thirty-odd wall newspapers are now published in different camps. They are stimulating, bringing to light first class talent, and are well supported by the officers. Produced for as little as thirty-five cents a week, the wall newspaper of one unit alone "circulates" among between two thousand and three thousand people.

The wall newspapers — which first originated with the Russian army — have the enthusiastic support, unofficially, of the army education authorities, who firmly believe — despite the trepidations of some C.O.'s — that wall newspapers are doing a lot of good for morale and education.

Thoughts, Viewpoints, and Beefs

And we here may well take a lesson from these wall newspapers! Over there we have Canadian and British troops so anxious for their own medium in which to express their views that even the serious shortage of newsprint, type-metal, inks, etc., with which Britain is faced doesn't stop them. Over there, troops want their own newspapers so badly that everyone pitches in and contributes to make it a success — no stimulus is needed. And the fact that even such a newspaper as the wall newspaper is benefiting them so much is realized and **appreciated** by all troops. . . . They wanted their own newspaper — their own medium of expression for their feelings,, thoughts, viewpoints, and "beefs"; and nothing — shortage of materials, inexperience, opposition — could stop them. And they certainly achieved their goal.

Over here, we have everything necessary for a successful newspaper — abundance of newsprint and other necessary materials, no financial worries, plenty of experienced personnel, and certainly multitudinous feelings, views and "beefs" that we'd like to air. The one thing we appear to lack is co-operation — brought about through lack of appreciation for the facilities at hand. Here at T.T.S. your new "Aircraftman" is waiting to serve you — waiting to step in and fill that spot occupied by the wall newspapers in the lives of the troops overseas. Why not get behind it and help? Co-operate and contribute. Your "Aircraftman" can become one of the best agents for your future welfare and that of the station — let's get together and make "The Aircraftman" the "wall newspaper" of T.T.S.



GOLD MEDALLISTS

A.C.2 Palin, G. W. (R167049) I.R.
 A.C.2 Bryce, G. A. (R167894) A.E.M.
 A.C.2 Johnson, M. T. (R159117) Elect.
 A.C.2 Jordon, W. E. C. (R173404, A.F.M.
 A.C.2 Hassett, A. E. (R177767) A.E.M.
 A.C.2 Girouard, A. H. (R175649) A.F.M.



A.C.2 Carron, R. C. (R178875) I.R.
 A.C.2 Leach, A. A. (R180354) I.R.
 A.C.2 Nelson, A. L. (R170266) A.E.M.
 A.C.2 Manzer, D. G. (R172371) A.F.M.
 A.C.2 Scodellaro, D. J. (R178089) Elect.
 A.C.2 VanWinkle, H. B. (R168855) Elect.

The Aircraftman

A Magazine of the R.C.A.F. Technical
Training School

Published monthly at
St. Thomas

by permission of

THE COMMANDING OFFICER,
GROUP CAPTAIN
J. H. KEENS, A.F.C.

Volume 2 Number 7
FEBRUARY 1943



LOOK UPWARD . . . THERE
FLIES FREEDOM

Editorial Staff

Managing Editor,
SID McLENNAN, Y.M.C.A.

Advisory Committee
PRESS CLUB

Technical Editor
SQN. LDR. A. A. PEEBLES

Photography
Courtesy G. W. BURRELL, Y.M.C.A.

Contributors

SGT. NEICE L.A.C. BARKER
SGT. HEATH, C. A.C. WOODHAMS, G. G.
CPL. DAVIES, G. A.C. MEIKLE, J.
CPL. LASKIN A.C. SIMMONS, F. E.
CPL. SELLORS A.C. HUTCHINSON
CPL. SELMAN L.A.W. WEISS
L.A.C. POOL CPL. T. SAWYER
CPL. JORGENSEN CPL. McCLURE, M. B.
CPL. LEVY, L. }
L.A.C. SCOTT, D. } now Overseas

The Press Club meets every Tuesday at 1930 hours in the Press Room, Station Headquarters. Membership is unrestricted, and all are invited. Please address all communications and contributions to "The Aircraftman", and deposit to the Squadron correspondent in your Orderly Room, the Y.M.C.A. or into any local letter box.

EDITORIALS

"IN WAR THE FIRST CASUALTY IS TRUTH"

This is an oft-quoted phrase. Most people are unconscious of the demise of truth. It often takes them a few years to realize it. The process is generally a slow one—a gradual choking. Of course, the "exigencies of the service" contribute to some extent in this fatality. The enemy has his ear open for our truths. But it is possible there is another cause. Truth, according to our scholars, is the composite product of the constructive thinking of all the people. You may possibly argue the definition. The thought is essential. Truth is not killed—it commits suicide! As long as we continue to live in our velvet-padded rut, so long will this self-destruction be evident. Actual research shows that there is a very low percentage of public enlightenment on this Station.

Approximately three hundred papers are sold here, daily. The only other sources of news, the carriage of truth, are the local film theatre and the tri-weekly news broadcast in the Drill Hall. This is indeed a meagre supply. We are not selling newspapers. No, we are selling Democracy . . . a living, breathing thing. It is not enough to fight for Democracy—we must also foster it. For if you stifle Democracy, if you let truth die by ineffectiveness or complacency, you are more than just lazy. You are a traitor!

"WE'RE A BUNCH OF . . ."

It's all very well so sing the song, but there is no obligation to live up to it. Amazing, indeed, are the capabilities of men, when released from the restraining bonds of home environment, in the matter of good taste and manners. At home you would no more think of crowding into a bus and hang the man behind you than you would think of sensibly taking your time and leisurely stepping aboard the Richards on this Station. It just doesn't occur to you that this is anything else but a war in all senses of the word and thus you resort sometimes to almost-lethal means of securing transportation. Oddly, this manifestation of the brute is indulged in only when in the company of others in blue, for when you are alone normaley returns. Of course, this crowding may be said by some to be good for the morale, takes the place of Commando training, and generally fosters the Horatio Alger spirit. We think it reflects on the name which boys, who really cared, have created for the R.C.A.F. and, besides, it adds to the general discomfort of every-day life.

THE GROUND CREW—GOD BLESS 'EM

Pilot Officer in the sky,
Whatever keeps you up so high?
Is it the type of crew you choose,
The wonderful Octane Gas you use?
Or could it be you're feeling fine
Because your girl-friend dropped a line?
Or is it that you're flying light
And try to keep up out of sight
To make the public wonder why
Or how you stay up in the sky?

We've got your number, Pilot Boy;
We'll tell you why your little Toy
Never misses, never fails
As through the sky she smoothly sails.
It isn't the Pilot, the Gas or the Plane,
But the Ground Crew that Does it time
and again.

Pilot, Navigator, Sparks and Gunner,
All of you can easily run 'er.
We hand it to you shiny and bright,
You bring it back an awful sight.

Shot full of holes, a broken wing,
An engine gone—the poor old thing
Has earned for you a lot of Glory.
Did you read the Papers' Story?
But we're glad to see the old Crate back,
To know you're safely thru the Flak.
What did keep you up so high?
Ah, never mind, the Ground Crew Sigh.

FROM THE BOYS OF BAY 8,
2 SQUADRON, 1 WING.

BUSY MONTH AT CRAFTS

TWEEDSMUIR SHOW SUCCESS

Our 1943 entertainment season got away to a flying start on January 12, with the presentation of a bang-up show in the Drill Hall. The show, under the auspices of the Tweedsmuir Branch of the Canadian Legion, No. 279, and the London Citizens' Auxiliary War Services Committee, provided a two-hour medley of songs, dances and laughter which did much to relieve the post-holiday dol-drum descendent upon the Station hand in hand with flat pocketbooks. The assembled lads seemed to appreciate particularly the terpsichorean versatility of the chorus, whose dance routines ranged from an Irish jig to a military precision affair. The assisting individual artists were very good, with top-spot possibly going to the drums-accordion combination of Jerry Slaughter and Sonny Bretherton, which really set the place rocking. After the spirited finale, Group Captain J. H. Keens, A.F.C., appropriately thanked the cast for their sterling performance, and the whole evening was put down as a marked success.

LET THERE BE MUSIC

Saturday night dances in the Recreation Hall continued to be very popular during January, and the month saw Squadron No. 1, 2 Wing staging enjoyable evenings. In addition to these, the new Technical Section Dances got under way with the Aero-Engine Section, and the Maintenance and Flight Routine Hangars holding enjoyable get-togethers. As usual, the jollity of all these occasions was abetted by the excellent music of the Station Orchestra. The Technical Section dances were additionally merried by the careful planning of novelties and entertainment by the committees in charge. Here's hoping they all continue in like manner!

DAN MCGOWAN PLEASURES

There's a new scheme afoot to help while away, in a pleasant and worthwhile manner, those long winter Sunday evenings. And if you were one of the fortunate 650-odd airmen who were present on Sunday, January 24, to hear naturalist Dan McGowan, you'll agree that the idea is really fine. Mr. McGowan, well-known Canadian lecturer and nature lover, served as guide to the King and Queen in 1939 on their tour of the Rocky Mountains, and his illustrated lecture on the birds, flowers, Indian lore, etc., of the Canadian Rockies was extremely interesting, enjoyable and informative. If the entertainment planned for subsequent Sunday evenings comes up to the standard set by Dan McGowan's lecture, then, it will be well worth your while to plan to take in a few—and that's for sure!

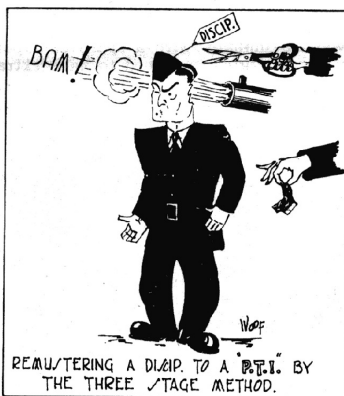
M.O.: "Wait a minute, you are too quick; I didn't tell you to say 'Ah'."

A.C.2: "I know you didn't. I just caught a glimpse of your new nurse."

BUY WAR SAVINGS

CONTACT!

By the way, we'd like to draw your attention to a very worthwhile off Station activity that not many of you may know about. We refer to the "Contact Club"—an organization of the wives of airmen of this Station, whose purpose is to promote social life and activity for many young women far from home in strange surroundings. The club was originally conceived in 1940, and was to be a national affair, providing contacts for the wives of airmen in any part of the country to which their husbands might be posted. The national idea never did quite work out as originally intended, but the local club started in St. Thomas has carried on with flying colors. They meet regularly at the Y. W. C. A., have a full organization of officers, committees, etc., and do much in the way of filling usefully and pleasantly the great amount of free time that airmen's wives in strange surroundings are faced with. The club sees that sports, worthwhile activities, dances, etc., are regularly indulged in, and has even gone so far lately, they tell me, as to provide a service for the looking after of babies of wives who choose to work or who have to be away from home for any reason. Keep up the good work, girls—it's a real war service.



ADDITIONS - TRANSITIONS

Speaking of babies naturally reminds us of our Vital Statistics service, the "gen" for which we gather by painfully thumbing through volumes of D.R.O. Anyway, it seems this month that many of the airmen decided to begin the new year properly by getting themselves married, among them being Flt. Sgt. J. A. Agnew of the Security Guard, who wedded Miss Dorothy Bolton of London at St. Thomas on January 15. Births this month were not very numerous, but the good old bird did bring a couple of beautiful daughters to the homes of airmen in St. Thomas—first, a daughter (Patricia Ann) to A.C.2 Nelson on January 2, and, secondly, a daughter (Diana Carol) to Sgt. W. E. MacDonald on January 7. And that's the score for January.

C.O.'S TROPHY

One of the highlight features of any month on the Station is the regular Inter-Squadron Drill Competition for the Commanding Officer's Trophy, and January's affair—held on the 26th in the Drill Hall—was really outstanding. A large and very enthusiastic crowd of airmen and civilian guests witnessed some especially fine drill climaxed by the most excellent exhibitions of the No. 2 Squadron, 1 Wing and No. 1 Squadron, 2 Wing teams. The former squad, under the direction of Cpl. Laskin, barely edged out Cpl. Lee's boys of 1 and 2 by 73 points to 72.8. The evening was pleasantly rounded out with the staging of some high-class comedy by "Fifi the Clown", who had the crowd in stitches for minutes on end with his mad antics.

Pardon the digression re "Fifi"—but being unbounded by any hard and fast literary rules, we relish a little wandering from any fixed topic. To return to the Drill Competition, Group Captain Keens, A.F.C., remarked at its conclusion that he was very well pleased at the way in which the trainees had co-operated with their instructors on their own time, and devoted so much effort to their drill as to provide such an excellent showing. The Drill Trophy received by Cpl. Laskin of No. 2 Squadron, 1 Wing was won for him and his Squadron by a team composed of old and new trainees—Entries 132 and 140 A.E.M. Cpl. Laskin, a Hamilton, Ontario, lad, has spent the past 12 years of his life doing physical training and gymnastic work. On this Station for the past six months, this is his first drill squad venture. Incidentally, he and his Squadron mates succeeded in winning the Commanding Officer's Sports Trophy for January as well, thus making the rather unusual clean-up of both trophies in one month. Congratulations to Cpl. Laskin and No. 2 Squadron, 1 Wing for some fine work, and to all the squads in the Drill Competition for excellent performances.

DULCY DOIN'S

Swingyer partner high or low—yipee, yipee, here we go! That's probably far from the authentic square dance calls that fell upon the ear of your observer out of the welter of sound and movement in the Recreation Hall January 27, on the occasion of the great square dancing session. However, it may serve to give you an idea of the fun that was obviously being had by all. Yes, one could almost imagine themselves back in the little rural schoolhouse with everyone aswingin' and awirlin', the old hay-loft crew sawing merrily away, and the walls just arockin' with the rhythmic beat. There must be something about that old-time music, for the boys and girls seem to forget all about the exigencies of the service and thoroughly let themselves go in the enjoyment of an old-fashioned hoe-down. This was the first square dancing session of 1943 and, judging by its success, the others following should be well attended, so watch for the Wednesday night dates.

(Continued on Page 13)

25,000 IN THREE YEARS

This is about Pitchfork J. Huggins: a true story.

Officially, Pitchfork was the 23,927th trainee to be graduated.

Huggins had never been away from Shadyville before the Air Force sent him to school. When he came to St. Thomas he wore a slightly wide open look, like the prairie. It was raining. It was raining heavily when the train crunched to a stop at Crafts. He and his companions tumbled off. It was no use asking the Corporal at the train where the Huggins kit-bag was, for everything was a jumbled mass. The huge sprawling pile of gray stone buildings laid his mind open to a thousand thoughts and conjectures. So this was it. So this was the nightmare of all Y.T. trainees. Here, in front of his eyes, stretched the subject of every ground crewman's conversation.



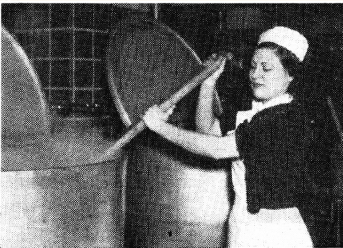
T.T.S. . . . the spawner? . . . the factory of men? It didn't look so bad. Surely this wasn't the place he had heard so much about.

A new phase of Pitchfork's life opened as he entered the building—waiting. He waited in line for his medical inspection; he waited for his meals; he waited for his pay, his laundry and his passes. Of course, he soon came to realize that waiting was becoming a habit everywhere these days.

To say the least, the Mess Hall impressed him. Long strips of red-lino topped tables, dotted with white cups, steaming silver cauldrons and modern equipment everywhere amazed Huggins. He had heard the quality of the food varied greatly. It wasn't so bad, Pitchfork decided. Cookee must be in a good mood today.

"13 Miles of Corridors"

All through his stay at T.T.S. the endless corridors never ceased to intrigue him. He estimated about thirteen miles of box-car like halls, but then he was no mathematician. Pitchfork's life here was going to be full of surprises, he decided,



as the Corporal halted the squad to peer down a hallway "looking for several trainees who have been missing for three days".

Sleeping quarters were a revelation after Manning. Tile walls, chromium showers, baths and terrazo floors contrasted with his previous outdoor plumbing experiences. After collecting sheets, blankets, etc., A.C.2 Huggins, P. J., in company with the remainder of E. 160, began the evening bull session, trading comments with the old-hands in the next bay. The first sour note in the rosy picture came about with his introduction to . . .

The Scrounger

Bert King didn't look to be much different from the other lads in the "old" bays. Of course, he was an L.A.C. Washed out of aircrew eight months back, and his first words bemoaned the fact. Huggins realized, as his visitor lounged on the bunk and reached for the H. cigarette box, that here was a man of wisdom. As a matter of fact, King modestly assumed that he himself was unique . . . gone through eight Stations, knew Wing Commander—"you know the guy at Yorktown"—like a book . . . and should have been given his wings.

The Air Force owed him something, seeing as how it had denied him the privilege of a glory-spot. Two hours of this sort of stuff began to pall on even innocent Huggins before Bert King indicated he was going . . . his leave-taking was in company with a spare two-spot, which Huggins happened to have extra.



The Dawn

Reveille.

The business of tying one's boots after taking them off, and leaving them stored, taxed Huggins' patience to the boiling point. So did the immaculate bay corporal . . . what was his name . . . "Seaweed, Seaweed Jeeves". Plainly a fungus to Huggins; one that clung to his leisure hours, forever demanding order and cleanliness. Jeeves kept him awake long after sundown, too, and even after lights out, with raucous stories of his latest bat, things in which Huggins never indulged. The day started with being told off for fatigues. He was introduced to two companions with whom he spent much future time, a broom and a mop.

While lining up for breakfast he heard the roar of motors and searched in vain for the aircraft which would be taking off. During the day he wandered about the Station, amazed at the largeness and confused with the air of unconcern. He felt an exceedingly small pebble. Every other man seemed to be wearing stripes,

the corridors seemed endless, the glass, brick and tile uncountable, and the grounds stretched illimitable. Passing the Orderly Room, he was hauled in and sent to the next Squadron for some white paint for the last post.

He was some time catching on.

That night Huggins visited the canteen. Here, in a welter of sound from the movie projector and the rearing juke box, he heard the voice of the Air Force . . . twenty hours flying time . . . when the induction coil cuts out . . . she's her other sister . . . this guy says, you can bring back only one carton of cigarettes . . . thirteen miles west of my home. Regina is . . .



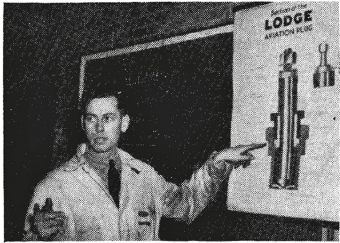
On Sunday there was Church Parade. The Drill Hall was filled with troops, as the living out personnel was also obliged to attend. The Padre, his speech heavy with brogue, spoke a manly sermon and the band played the hymns. Huggins was impressed.

The Grind

On Monday Huggins was let in on what goes on at St. Thomas . . . training. He was an Air Frame Mechanic. This meant two shifts . . . and disturbed his winter hibernation more than ever. Morning parade was held in the semi-darkness. Huggins was very much let down. Later, however, things pick up a little. The Padre gave the boys a heart-to-heart talk . . . course Pitchfork realizes that some of it is propaganda, but the Holy Joe seems to be a pretty sincere guy. The "do's" and "don'ts" of the School are read for his approval or, rather, enlightenment. He learned on this Station his uniform was his overalls, and blues were dress. Six days does he labour, and on the seventh he goeth to Church Parade. Some of the regulations strike him as being petty, some sound pretty tough. He gets a ten-minute smoke period twice a day, and goes outside for it; if it is raining, well there's a war on.



And so he lives, from day to day. The longer he stays on the Station the more he wonders about the many seemingly opposite things which seem to keep cropping up. The course wasn't too hard. If it had been, there was extra tuition for the slower pupils. If he wished to study, he did so in bed. Sometimes this was a pretty noisy spot, so he went to special rooms set aside for studies. An austenite steel no longer remained a mystery to him nor, like two-dollar wheat, with no organic meaning.



As the moving finger wrote his fate, so did the hand of his instructor shape his destiny. Examination, tests, weeklies . . . studies, parades . . . duties . . . drunks, shows, laughs . . . men everywhere with the occasional glimpse of a W.D., or, if he went off the Station, town girls. Gradually a change was coming about in Pitchfork. He was hardening. He still kicked at the discipline imposed, but more from habit than any purpose. He knew better than the latter.

Like the steel that puzzled him in aircraft, Huggins tended to be slightly non-magnetic. He remained so until cooled from the first fluster, and until in the right homogenous combine with other (men of) metal.

"To Berlin on Buttermilk"

Slowly he becomes adjusted to the food needs of the well-regulated student's diet. Previously, Huggins had need of more fuel for his gaunt six-foot frame than he did now . . . and he finds for the first time in his life he can concentrate on the difference between Eutectic and Eutectoid, in metals, when he is fed properly, and so heavy foods do not normally clear his brain. The food isn't bad. There is just too much of it.

In the Blue Room he picked up an Air Force journal, with a leading article by Bernard Shaw, telling the boys in the R.A.F. how he'd (Shaw) fly from Berlin to Tokio on buttermilk with more accuracy than on steak.

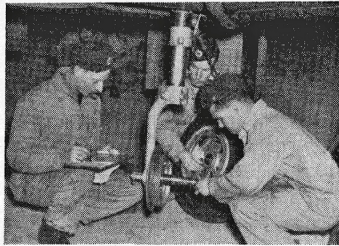
There is a discussion on it.

Huggins hadn't heard of Shaw before—never mind the intricacies of a vegetarian's life—but the argument is kept alive by a R.A.F. N.C.O.

Royal Air Force

You can usually tell the R.A.F. by the way they wear their caps, or by the buttoning of their uniforms. Among the first on the Station, and the originals of the Training Scheme, most of them were in the Service some time before the war began. They seem to be nice fellows, thought Pitchfork; too bad they are foreigners . . . well it was true; their walk, talk and manners were totally different . . . they paid more attention to trifling detail. The basic difference

was the way the R.A.F. took orders. Pitchfork began to realize that the



Canadians had just enough knowledge not to accept commands without restraint. Possibly a little too well educated for their own good, which resulted in their wanting a reason for everything. The R.A.F. was not necessarily so. Then, too, the R.A.F. have more reserve, grumble about different things, insist on ceremony . . . one day one of them was called to the phone, spoke there for a few moments, then came back and resumed teaching his class. Later the boys learned that his whole family had been blown up by a bomb. That was the telephone message.

They are different.

So Huggins came to the conclusion that they weren't so bad, singly . . . but in a group . . .

Science to Omniscience

Suddenly a whole new world opens, as Huggins laboriously prepares to become an efficient groundsman in the vast technical training scheme, of which he is a part.



T.T.S. changes from a city of the dead, which Huggins admittedly took it to be when he first woke at five, farm time, on his first morning there . . . it produces for him an ordered approach to living. He graduated.

For East Is East

There are three magic lists at St. Thomas . . . the pay list, the little red book, and the posting list. You may get your first choice of a posting, or you may not. Huggins thought it a bit ironical as he indicated his preference . . . he asked for an Eastern posting in hopes he would go West. It reminded him of the old story of the S.M. who wanted volunteers, you, you and you. It would, at least, help him realize there was a war on. It didn't seem right that he should worry about a posting, while somebody in Africa was looking for a quiet spot in which to die.

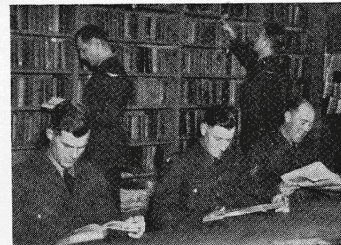
Never win the bloody war this way, he thought.

He draws Bagotville. "Bagotville, the dark hole of the earth, the forgotten

land" . . . somehow the words have a familiar sound.

Perspective

It was the night before he was leaving the Station. The medals had been awarded to the best students. He didn't get one. The grounds as he looked over them for the last time appeared almost beautiful in the searchlight's glare. Snow had covered all the barren spots . . . the rest of the Entry were out celebrating. He recalled his thoughts of his first day in the Air Force. Those ideals seemed so silly now—they lay before him stripped of protective colouring and whimsical make-believe. He wasn't any



more conscious that there was a war on than he had ever been, yet, by the mere denial of any glory to his job, he admitted he was willing to slug on. He squinted through the window at the red and white lights of an Avro—I should say by the sound—which droned above . . . keep 'em flying . . . he realized, for the first time, what that meant. Perspective . . . realization that people don't count; that results do. The toughest part was to train in a dirty job, and then do it. What did it matter where the credit went, or who was small enough to hog it? He knew the answer, but did the rest of the men?

Pitchfork J. Huggins was not an egotist. He did not believe that only he held a key which could unlock a great human mystery. He only wondered.

Pitchfork J. Huggins, the 23,927th trainee, went to sleep.

* * *



You will undoubtedly have some comments to make on this article. Please address them to "Letters to the Editor, c/o THE AIRCRAFTMAN".

«

PRESENTING 1 WING



I Will Go Down . . .

A sailor in the Air Force! Strange as it may seem, that's what it looks like. For F.O. Spriggs of No. 1 Squadron, 1 Wing has as his favourite pastime the Navy. Of course, it isn't quite as traitorous as it sounds, because the main activity is building ship models. He started when quite young building scale models of the British battleships and has won several honours for his handiwork. Possibly this pastime fitted him for future work as his pre-war position in a travel agency would indicate. Coming from England to settle in Canada at an early age, the Officer Commanding 1-1 now considers himself a Canadian, even though he plays cricket a great deal. He is also a badminton player of no mean ability, as well as being an oarsman. Joining the Air Force in October 1940 as an A.C.2 (he couldn't wait for the Navy to call him), F.O. Spriggs

has just recently come to this Station from Dunnville. He speaks knowingly of sulphur water and dust. At present he believes his Squadron to be one of the tops and will argue heatedly with anyone disagreeing.

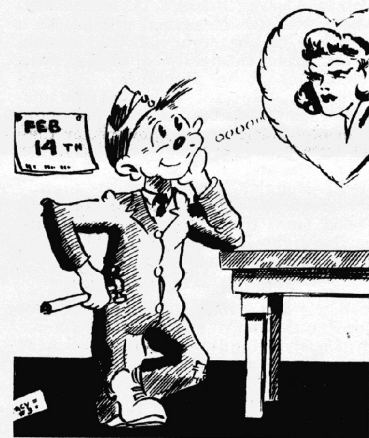
Sgt. Arrowsmith, W. C., from Markdale, and Sgt. Eacrett, R. W., of Brantford, share the Orderly Room throne. The former, a real outdoors man, is due to acquire another layer to that lovely coat of tan he carries, any sunny day now. He is a keen fisherman and knows particularly well the streams around Borden. Sgt. Eacrett is the sportsman of the Squadron, his particular love being hockey. Cpl. Crangle, E. C., from Georgia is the slim, drawing lad who takes over each incoming and outgoing Entry. Before the war he was especially interested in dog racing and owned a good stable. Cpl. Legrice, M. M., the short, chunky



I Will Go Up . . .

Flt. Lt. Junor was born in Canada and received his wings from the last war. He returned to the Service in October 1940, being attached to No. 1 Initial Training School and No. 4 I.T.S. at Edmonton, Alberta. Hobbies are gardening and a little golf. He was a member of the Vancouver Flying Club.

Although new to No. 2 Squadron, he apparently has it well sized up, as he forecast a win in the Trophy last month (see January AIRCRAFTMAN) and lo, they have won. While giving a great deal of the credit of the efficiency of his Squadron to his N.C.O.'s, he nevertheless places the bouquet where it belongs, to the trainees in the Squadron, who have worked hard to make their squad the top of the Station in sports, drill and general deportment.



I Will Stay Here . . .

Big, bluff Flt. Lt. Harris has one important hobby—his family. It is quite possible his children occupy most of his spare time and his profession of lawyer comes in very handy whenever he plays the answer man to the four of them. For the last year Officer Commanding No. 3 Squadron, he has been very pleased to see this Squadron advancing and threatening the rest of the School in the matter of the Drill Trophy. His other pursuits, hunting and farming near his home at Brantford, kept him well occupied in peacetime, but he joined the Air Force and eventually ended up at the end of No. 1 wing hallway. Although his tennis game is not of championship calibre, he derives much sport from it. His theory regarding the Squadron seems to have caught on. They don't have to win the C.O.'s Trophy every month . . . just so long as their bays and halls are the cleanest in camp.

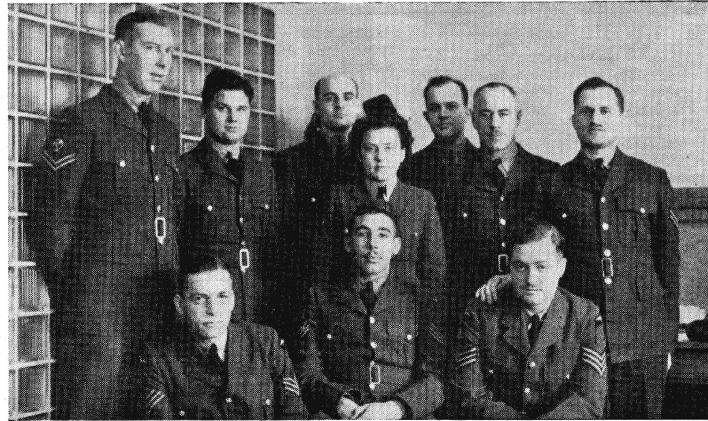
Sgt. Neice, Windsorite, is i/c O.R. He has kept his assembly line production methods, learned at Ford, to keep rolling out an impressive record. Assisting are Cpls. Seligman from Toronto, who was a dress cutter before enlisting, and now, being P.T.I., excels at all sports; Rothman, M., ping-pong champion of Quebec, hails from Montreal; J. M. Hart, from the same town, as his O.C., a tall, thin, black-haired lad who was this month's Drill N.C.O., and Cpl. Conkey. Conkey is practically a fixture around the Station, having come when THE AIRCRAFTMAN was but an ink spot on a blotter. He has successfully piloted many teams to wins, as well as made himself liked and remembered by trainees through his fairness and consistency. Cpl. Sexsmith, interested in sports and also hopes to be married very soon.

SQUADRONS - 1943

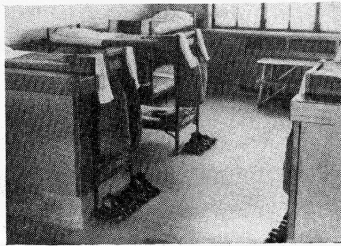


P.T.I. man, looks after the boys on "C" Floor, between times of thinking about the Station softball team, on which he was one of the heaviest hitters. On "A" Floor is Cpl. Nezgor, M., the popular fight ref., who also is an ex-semi-pro softball pitcher. Trusler and Silmsler, P. A., two more physical jerkers, also make their home in 1-1. The former in civilian life was a foreign language teacher and won the intercollegiate pole vault championship a short time back.

L.A.C. McCarthy, P. E., holds down the Equipment spot and, being married, knows how to cope with most emergencies. L.A.W. Cowley, K. R., of Quill Lake, Sask., is the only woman in the Squadron and holds her position well. She goes for reading and amateur dramatics, and can generally be counted on to give forth a little solace on a post-48 Monday.



Napoleon: The Backbone . . .



Sgt. Bayliss is the senior N.C.O. in the Orderly Room, which at present is fairly filled with reflection from the gleaming Trophy in the corner. Drawly Cpl. Marrs, the former Long Lac assayer, joined the Service in '41 as aircrew, but his eyes wash'd him out. He is a P.T.I. man along with Cpl. Laskin, M. P., Cpl. Galbraith and H. Rabin. The former a slight, moustached little pepper box, is the spark for most of the Squadron's esprit de corps, with Rabin and Galbraith doing jobs of coaching different Station teams.



of the Army . . .

Also in the O. R. are L.A.C. "Cos" Costen, from Kent, England, previously worked in the advertising department of a large department store; A.C.1 Dench, from Winnipeg, the Squadron Orderly Room, and L.A.C. Miller, R., from Toronto, an accountant; handball specialist, and also, incidentally, intends matrimony in the near future.



is the N. C. O. . . .



T.T.S. Hornets Clinch Berth in Play=Downs

HORNETS WHIP LONDON ARMY 2-1

That sparkling team in the Commanding Officer's eye recently met, caused by victory over the London Army 2-1 in the National's entry in the St. Thomas and District Hockey League.

The C.O.'s enthusiasm is reflected by all personnel as hockey interest mounts to a fever pitch over the record of the Hornets.

At press time the Hornets have an unimpaired record of four wins in the same number of starts, having met every club in the five-team league once to complete the first half of an eight-game schedule.

A great deal of credit for this outstanding record must go to P.H. L.A. B. Reid, officer in charge of Station hockey. A hockey lover from away back, P.H. Reid takes a personal interest in each player and game he is able to attend.

Another popular figure with puck fans is Coach Harry Lantier, former professional star, well known in Canadian hockey circles. Capt. Lantier has had a tough job wedding out a team from more than sixty players, but he has turned in a magnificent job. The record of Hornets on this special for itself—Marty knows his business and goes about it accordingly. The players swear by him.

However, the team has a long hill to climb yet to reach that championship. Major difficulty confronting them is the problem of players, competing their training and automatically being posted to other Stations. First such was "Duke" Scodellaro, best netminder in the league. Duke's sportsmanship and personality, both on and off the ice, are popular with all. He carries the best wishes for continued success in his future career from everyone at T.T.S.

Following is Hornets' record for the first half of the schedule:

Hornets 3—London Army 0
Hornets 4—London Old Mill 2
Hornets 11—New York Central 0
Hornets 3—Fitzgerald Brothers 3

Players will continue to come and go with the hockey season, but we would like to introduce the team that gave us the excellent record above.

Here they are:

Goal—Scodellaro, P., age 29, height 5'8", weight 145 lbs. Career in goal for Trail Smoke Eaters in the Alberta-British Columbia League for five seasons. During Scodellaro's career with Trail they won the Allan Cup in the 1927-28 season and travelled Europe to win the world championship in 1930. His play this winter has been outstanding, showing he has lost none of his old form.

Goal—Irwin, B. E., age 18, height 5'7", weight 144 lbs. This youngster is destined to step into Scodellaro's spot between the pipes. A Toronto boy, he has played for the past five years in various leagues in that city. He has a big edge to fill, but followers mark him as the right lad for the job.

Defence—Gosnell, G. J., age 20, height 5'10", weight 170 lbs. This husky airman played Junior with Ottawa St.

Pats College for the past three years. Tried out with Montreal Canadiens of the N.H.L. last season. A tower of strength behind the blue line and a great playmaker.

Defence—Corbett, J., age 25, height 5'10", weight 180 lbs. Well known in Western Canada leagues, having played for the Kimberley Dynamiters for three seasons. A good all-round player with plenty of ability, whose presence on the ice is soon known.

Defence—McPherson, G. M., age 24, height 6'1", weight 160 lbs. Played in Western Canada coast leagues for past five seasons. Has played on three championship teams. This lad is a stiff body checker and very popular with fans. His play has been outstanding.

Pat's College for the past three years. Tried out with Montreal Canadiens of the N.H.L. last season. A tower of strength behind the blue line and a great playmaker.

Defence—Corbett, J., age 25, height 5'10", weight 180 lbs. Well known in Western Canada leagues, having played for the Kimberley Dynamiters for three seasons. A good all-round player with plenty of ability, whose presence on the ice is soon known.

Defence—McPherson, G. M., age 24, height 6'1", weight 160 lbs. Played in Western Canada coast leagues for past five seasons. Has played on three championship teams. This lad is a stiff body checker and very popular with fans. His play has been outstanding.

Right Wing—Gravel, D., age 25, height 5'10", weight 170 lbs. Played for three years with Riverview in the Eastern American League. Very fast and an excellent stick handler. His performance to date marks him a great player, whose absence would be sorely missed.

Centre—Winn, age 22. Height 5'7", weight 125 lbs. Played for Hamilton for the past two seasons in the Intermediate League. Slight, he makes up for his size

in aggressiveness and speed.

Left Wing—Ferguson, J. D., age 20, height 5'11", weight 172 lbs. This youngster suits and sleeps hockey, showing improvement each time out. Hasn't the experience of the majority of the team, but learns quickly.

Right Wing—Burtrand, R., age 21, height 5'7", weight 145 lbs. Played for Ottawa in the Senior City League. Plays reads on hockey and has a hard, accurate shot, works hard every minute he is on the ice.

Centre—Walsh, J., age 24, height 5'10", weight 160 lbs. Has a long hockey career behind him, having played in the Junior B.H.A. League and later in the Senior Commercial League. A good playmaker and a steady performer.

Right Wing—Lander, J., age 20, height 5'11", weight 185 lbs. This husky lad had from Edmonton, where he played Junior hockey for the past several seasons. He can be counted on for good performance.

Centre—Newson, B. G., age 19, height 5'10", weight 155 lbs. Comes from the I-city hockey centre of Regina, where he played for that city's Abbott-Generals Junior team. The youngest player on the team, he is always in the thick of the

action, and is always in the thick of the action.

Wing—Marrash, age 28. Height 5'8", weight 150 lbs. Flying Officer Marrash was one of the team's early experimenters as coach, later transferring this duty to a smooth working outfit of Moore, Robinson, Bulby, Phillips and Elymer. These lads should place well in the next month's list.

Sphere-Heavers
In the old boys game, the squad excelled, missing the medals but displaying some nice form. Capt. Rubin (c) formed a smooth working outfit of Moore, Robinson, Bulby, Phillips and Elymer. These lads should place well in the next month's list.



The photograph shows the T.T.S. Hornets hockey team. In the front row, from left to right, are Goalkeeper G. J. Gosnell, Defenders G. M. McPherson and D. Gravel, Centre G. M. Winn, and Right Wing J. D. Ferguson. In the back row, from left to right, are Defenders B. E. Irwin and P. Corbett, Left Wing J. P. Walsh, Right Wing J. Lander, and Coach H. Lantier. The players are wearing dark jerseys with light-colored accents and dark pants. The coach is wearing a suit and tie.

Shuttle-Showers
A.C. Mustart, N. T., one of Canada's star administrators, who coached in the West, sparked the formation team to victory. A.C. For, J. E. Tommy Thompson and A.C. Phillips, former provincial stars, scrambled out some splendid victories. Capt. M. Larkin, captain of the team, although new to the game, filled the position with the greatest of ease. The youngest player on the team, he is always in the thick of the action.

Sphere-Heavers
In the old boys game, the squad excelled, missing the medals but displaying some nice form. Capt. Rubin (c) formed a smooth working outfit of Moore, Robinson, Bulby, Phillips and Elymer. These lads should place well in the next month's list.

Pushball
The volleyball team, under A.C. Fison, came through with a record of only one loss and that one was a heart-breaker. Fison formed a nice set-up and a spike-in aggregation. When Fison sent the ball it practically dents the floor.

3,000 FANS SEE SLUG-FEST
Before a crowd of three thousand cheering airman and airwomen, the first boxing show of the new year got underway in the big drill hall on January 28th. A card of nine bouts and a wrestling match provided a full evening of entertainment for the enthusiastic audience, among whom were Group Captain Koons, A.P.C., and Group Captain Irwin of Aylmer.

POSTIE BROWN TAKES HIGH CROSS
The Sergeant's Mess Bowling League is one of the few organizations in the Mess which is going over in a big way. Every Thursday at the Strand Algea identified N.C.O.s let down their hair and do their terrible best to mow down the five number sticks. Tossing the bowling ball seems to keep them in shape for their more strenuous mess duties. At present the Marauders, with Mike Davidson as captain, are leading a hard fighting field, closely followed by the Hospital team in second place, under Johnny Walker, the Milwaukee keeper. The smoothest bowler on the floor is Sgt. Brown of the C.P.C., who holds the high average in "A" group and also the high cross. Lucky Warty of the Dental Corps has carried over his charm from the masters-toe to the smooth alley to hold the high single in his bracket.

POSTIE BROWN TAKES HIGH CROSS
In the "B" group, Sgt. Tony, "the beef" Fillard of Montreal is the current holder of the high cross honour, with Ron Innesproun with the high single rating.

Postings, the bugbear of all Station sports, has cut down considerably on the bowling strength, but a good turnout was had at the bowling league last week. Twenty-three spoons were awarded to the high singles and cross winners of the past week.

POSTIE BROWN TAKES HIGH CROSS
The boys who spend their time in the mess, always dangerous player, Vajlov, Gough, Madigan, Herby, Miller, the Guard from the Broadview "Y" team, and Stu Topp in Toronto, and Able.

At present Charbonneau is in the pill factory with a bad ankle and Soliers is limping—and not to mislead.

The boys who spend their time in the mess, always dangerous player, Vajlov, Gough, Madigan, Herby, Miller, the Guard from the Broadview "Y" team, and Stu Topp in Toronto, and Able.

POSTIE BROWN TAKES HIGH CROSS
The boys who spend their time in the mess, always dangerous player, Vajlov, Gough, Madigan, Herby, Miller, the Guard from the Broadview "Y" team, and Stu Topp in Toronto, and Able.

At present Charbonneau is in the pill factory with a bad ankle and Soliers is limping—and not to mislead.

The boys who spend their time in the mess, always dangerous player, Vajlov, Gough, Madigan, Herby, Miller, the Guard from the Broadview "Y" team, and Stu Topp in Toronto, and Able.

POSTIE BROWN TAKES HIGH CROSS
The boys who spend their time in the mess, always dangerous player, Vajlov, Gough, Madigan, Herby, Miller, the Guard from the Broadview "Y" team, and Stu Topp in Toronto, and Able.

At present Charbonneau is in the pill factory with a bad ankle and Soliers is limping—and not to mislead.

The boys who spend their time in the mess, always dangerous player, Vajlov, Gough, Madigan, Herby, Miller, the Guard from the Broadview "Y" team, and Stu Topp in Toronto, and Able.

POSTIE BROWN TAKES HIGH CROSS
The boys who spend their time in the mess, always dangerous player, Vajlov, Gough, Madigan, Herby, Miller, the Guard from the Broadview "Y" team, and Stu Topp in Toronto, and Able.

At present Charbonneau is in the pill factory with a bad ankle and Soliers is limping—and not to mislead.

The boys who spend their time in the mess, always dangerous player, Vajlov, Gough, Madigan, Herby, Miller, the Guard from the Broadview "Y" team, and Stu Topp in Toronto, and Able.

POSTIE BROWN TAKES HIGH CROSS
The boys who spend their time in the mess, always dangerous player, Vajlov, Gough, Madigan, Herby, Miller, the Guard from the Broadview "Y" team, and Stu Topp in Toronto, and Able.

At present Charbonneau is in the pill factory with a bad ankle and Soliers is limping—and not to mislead.

The boys who spend their time in the mess, always dangerous player, Vajlov, Gough, Madigan, Herby, Miller, the Guard from the Broadview "Y" team, and Stu Topp in Toronto, and Able.

MORE FREE THEATRE TICKETS

If the Airmen and Airwomen in these candid shots will identify themselves at the Y.M.C.A. Office, in the Drill Hall, they will find some FREE THEATRE TICKETS waiting there for them. Drop in, folks, and pick them up!

Coming Capitol Attractions

Feb. 6-9 "HERE WE GO AGAIN" with *John H. Hays & Molly, Edgar Bergen & Charles M. Corley*
Sonny Tuessley in "THUNDER BIRDS" Feb. 10-12
Orson Welles

Feb. 17-19 "ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON" starring *Gene Lockhart & Eddy Grant*
Robert Taylor in "STAND BY FOR ACTION" Feb. 20-24
Charles Laughton

Feb. 25-26 "SEVEN SWEETHEARTS" with *Don Ameche & Katharine Hepburn*

A Month of Hits at The Granada

Ronald Russell in "MY SISTER EILEEN" Feb. 8-13
Brian O'Hara & James Cagney

Feb. 15-18 "NOW VOYAGER" starring *Paul Davis & Paul Muni*

Feb. 19-20 "PRIVATE BUCKAROO" with *Andrew Sisters - Tommy Dorsey & Orchestra*
Added - "JESSE JAMES JR." with Don (Red) Barry

Feb. 22-27 "WHO DONE IT" with *Paul Robeson & Lew Carroll*

CALENDAR OF COMING EVENTS

- Wednesday, February 10th—**
 2015 hours—Small Games (South Wing in Airmen's Mess Hall)
- Friday, February 12th—**
 1930 hours—C.O.'s Sports Trophy Games in Drill Hall:
 1 Squadron, 1 Wing vs. 3 Squadron, 1 Wing
 2 Squadron, 1 Wing vs. 3 Squadron, 2 Wing
 2000-2359 hours—Twin Triangle Dance at Y.W.C.A., in St. Thomas
- 2015 hours—Movies in the Drill Hall, "Ships With Wings"
- Saturday, February 13th—**
 1930 hours—Bingo in the Recreation Hall
 2015 hours—Movies in the Drill Hall, "Henry and Dizzy"
- Sunday, February 14th—**
 1930 hours—C.O.'s Sports Trophy Games in Drill Hall:
 1 Squadron, 1 Wing vs. Headquarters
 3 Squadron, 1 Wing vs. 3 Squadron, 2 Wing
- Tuesday, February 16th—**
 2000-2359 hours—Twin Triangle Dance at Y.W.C.A., in St. Thomas
 2015 hours—Movies in the Drill Hall, "Forty Thousand Horsemen"
- Wednesday, February 17—**
 2015 hours—Small Games (South Wing in Airmen's Mess Hall)
- Friday, February 19th—**
 1930 hours—C.O.'s Sports Trophy Games in Drill Hall:
 1 Squadron, 2 Wing vs. 2 Squadron, 2 Wing
 2 Squadron, 1 Wing vs. Headquarters
 2000-2359 hours—Twin Triangle Dance at Y.W.C.A., in St. Thomas
- 2015 hours—Movies in the Drill Hall, "You'll Never Get Rich"
- Saturday, February 20th—**
 2015 hours—Movies in the Drill Hall, "Night in New Orleans"
- Sunday, February 21st—**
 1930 hours—C.O.'s Sports Trophy Games in Drill Hall:
 1 Squadron, 2 Wing vs. 3 Squadron, 2 Wing
 2 Squadron, 1 Wing vs. 3 Squadron, 1 Wing
- Monday, February 22nd—**
 1930 hours—C.O.'s Sports Trophy Games in Drill Hall:
 1 Squadron, 1 Wing vs. 2 Squadron, 2 Wing
 3 Squadron, 2 Wing vs. Headquarters
- Tuesday, February 23rd—**
 2000-2359 hours—Twin Triangle Dance at Y.W.C.A., in St. Thomas
 2015 hours—Movies in the Drill Hall, "Sweetheart of the Fleet"
- Wednesday, February 24th—**
 2015 hours—Small Games (South Wing in Airmen's Mess Hall)
- Friday, February 26th—**
 2000-2359 hours—Twin Triangle Dance at Y.W.C.A., in St. Thomas
 2015 hours—Movies in the Drill Hall, "49th Parallel"
- 1930 hours—C.O.'s Sports Trophy Games in Drill Hall:
 1 Squadron, 1 Wing vs. 3 Squadron, 2 Wing
 3 Squadron, 1 Wing vs. Headquarters
- Saturday, February 27th—**
 1930 hours—Square Dance in Recreation Hall.
 2015 hours—Movies in the Drill Hall



WOMEN'S DIVISION

Evidently the spirit and sportsmanship, which is the aim of all good Stations, has invaded the W.D. sports teams to stay.

On the night of January 28th T.T.S. basketball team played and trimmed Fingal 45-8.

Their record so far remains secure. Every competitive game they have played they have won. The personnel of the team has changed continually, but the results remain the same—SUCCESS.

A great deal of the credit for their record rightly should be attributed to their two coaches, Cpl. Rozinski and Cpl. La Graisse, P.T. instructors, who have given unstintingly of their time. Actually the girls have had comparatively few practices, little chance to learn each other's game, but through their genuine interest have developed good passing technique, rapid footwork, and their guarding—well, if you can get the ball from them it really is a feat.

A.W.1 Fleming, E. K., of the renowned M. T. Section, made a veritable star at Fingal. Of the four periods played she was out for only one, and during thirty minutes on the floor scored nine baskets.

A.W.1 Carless, Clerk General in No. 1 Squadron, 1 Wing Orderly Room, continued her good work with another three baskets.

A new acquisition to our team is A.W.2 Ford, a trainee on the Hospital Assistant Course. At Fingal she did some brilliant passing, working with Carless. It was really great stuff. Among her other laurels should be mentioned the fact that she toured the country with the first W.D. Precision Squad—therefore she knows what timing means.

Perhaps this sounds too boastful, but we really do want to give the team all the encouragement possible. I hope in future more supporters will turn out to show their appreciation of the excellent work these girls have accomplished in developing a name in sportsmanship and good spirit for the girls at T.T.S.

Many of you probably do not know the team line-up.

Fleming, E. M., of the Equipment Section, played centre, with L.A.W. Johnson subbing for her. The latter broke a finger in the last game with Aylmer but literally begged to get out again—making another good showing—but this time no casualties.

Fleming, E. K., our star of the game, hails from Prescott, where she says she learned basketball from playing on the local High School team. Hope Prescott nigh hears of this and that we get more such girls from them.

Harrison (you all know the girl with the song "I Don't Want to Walk Without You") played guard, getting three baskets and also winning the free shot. Vancouver High School deserves the credit for the ground work of her excellent game.

Hatch, the Hospital Assistant you know from Sick Parade, when in shorts someone always asks "how does she keep that tan"—subbed for Harrison. Hatch, to tell her secret, lived in Nassau, the Bahamas, for years—therefore that enviable tan is not artificial.

Brown subbed for Carless, playing left forward, and chalked up four baskets to her credit. Her home is in Davin, Saskatchewan, but she played for both the Normal School team of Regina and the Scott Collegiate. Incidentally, in those days she played guard—just another instance to prove how versatile our girls are.

We missed Cpl. Savage last night but hope she will be with us for our next game, being "raring" to go after her furlough.

THE MECHANIC

We all wish to be pilots,
You, and him, and me,
But if we were all pilots
Where would the Air Force be?

It takes skill to be a mechanic,
To repair a crippled crate
When slugs rip open the fuel tank
Or the wings begin to shake.

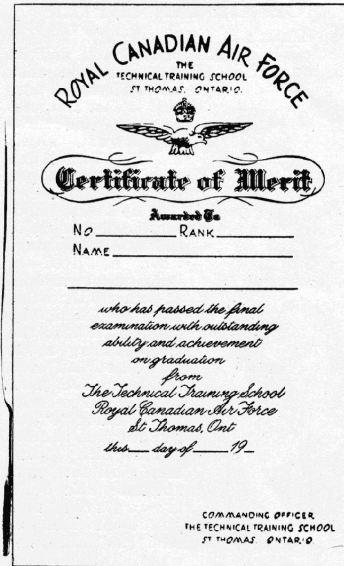
The pilot's just a chauffer,
It's his job to fly the plane,
But it's we who do the fixing,
Though we may not get the fame.

But if we must all be mechanics,
Then let us make this bet:
We'll be the best god-darned mechanics
That have left St. Thomas yet.

E. T. COLE (R173388)
A.F.M. Entry 129,
3 Squadron, 2 Wing.

AIRMAN'S PRAYER

The Air Force is my shepherd,
But I am in want
Of someone to tend my uniform;
And though I am led into the company
of "W.D.'s"
They unsettle my soul;
And leadeeth good airmen, often, into destruction,
For their prankish satisfaction.
Yea, though I walk in the valley of this war,
I anticipate no recovery
Without feminine help;
And I wait for the day when my groupings
Bring me, with money, increase,
Even in the presence of mine enemy;
For now, with the Victory Loan and Z grouping
My expense runneth over.
Surely, until these days of pauperism pass,
My non-magnetism will remain
All the days of my life,
And I shall dwell in the shadow of sterility,
and the day-after-pay day,
All the days of my life.
—By "INVAR."



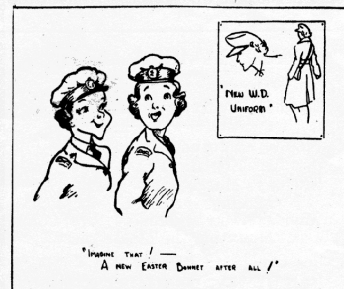
Possibly the shell case which will act so effectively in just one instance in the Battle of Germany will come from the metals which could have been presented to our Honour Students. In order to insure this possibility the Board of Munitions and Supply has suggested that the Station adopt other means of recognizing graduates and trophy winners, rather than with medals of the all-important bronze. That is why, in the future, there will be no more bronze medals, but rather a scroll as pictured above.

GUESS WHO?

"Bouncing Betsy",
The Belle of the boulevard,
Rattled and crashed
And struggled onward.

The road ahead,
Two ribbons of steel,
Led on through the night
And nothing looked real
When seen by the light
That flashed overhead.

Though old and tired
She was game to the last,
And staggered along
As the landscape rolled past,
Until with a shudder
She drew up at Crafts.



JOE AIRMAN LETTER

Dear Maw:

Somewhere in Kipling you'll find it: the comparison between east and west, which runs "and east is east and west is west, and ne'er the twain shall meet". The lines came from his pen in "Mandalay".



If he'd come north to St. Thomas (in the little-known days when he lived in Connecticut) instead of going to the wilds of Indo-China, he might have said the same thing about Canada! He even might have run across Joe Props sitting in Class "C", of a certain recent T.T.S. Entry, pondering his fate, now that he had been moved from the peace of Podunkville (in Saskatchewan). This, to take A.F. training in "this land of heathens".

Yes, "land of heathens".

That is what Joe Props, of Saskatchewan, called Ontario!

And he didn't tell me with fore-finger to lip!

"But why, Joe?" I said, striking up talk while the Corporal i/c continues to breath "sweet nothings", as Joe calls them, about Flight Publications.

"Well", says Joe, "look at that corporal. He comes from the east and I can't stand him".

"You sleep well for him", I said.

"I still can't stand him", maintained Joe. "He's got a different outlook from us fellows out west. That is, when he gets 'outlook'."

"Yes?" says I, egging Joe on.

"For one thing, they haven't got as far to look here in Ontario as we have", says Joe. ". . . 'More people, less pioneers; more cities, more selfish—instead of selfless—living . . .'"

Joe went on: "You see", he says, "the east is more secure because it's older and it doesn't like us out west. They fix things 'proper', as it were, with the right kind of fixtures. Out west we still use haywire".

* * *

"But that doesn't make you better or worse than the corporal up in front of the

class", says I. The corporal, who came from Green Hollow, Ontario, was now telling the class something of his own happy days before the war.

"Just makes us better", grumped Joe. "The dust has blown away all class distinction out west". And here his voice trailed off. Behind him stood the monstrous stripes of the corporal; let us call him "Corporal E. Shark".

Joe became a little red. Corporal Shark emphasized that the dust certainly had blown away *distinction* in western climes and added that Joe and I had better *stand up* so that we could listen better to his, the corporal's life story (which concluded the bit on Publications).

* * *

I saw Joe the other day. He had stripes, like Corporal Shark had had. He was talking to a certain Group "C" of Entry "X" about flight publications and a little bit about Joe at the same time.

Joe's cousin (who comes from Toronto) was sitting in on the lecture. He was sitting at the back of the class because there was also a wall at the back of the class. I sat down beside him (which was handy for me, too, the wall being broad enough for both of us).

"Joe's a real stubble-jumper", says Joe's cousin, confidential like.

"I didn't even know he was my cousin till Mother wrote to say Joe was here and had traded hooks for spurs. Not much of a lecturer, though, is he?"

"Too much to do with horses and dust and haywire to be good on airplanes".

* * *

Now then, I've told you something that really happened. Some people would say it was "coincidence", but it isn't "coincidence" to me any more. It's happened too often!

* * *

For both Joe and his cousin have stripes now and are out on station "keeping them flying", and, according to reports, doing a mighty good job. In fact, both are up for promotion. Joe works a little harder than his city "coz" but he's happier that way.

Joe's posting? He wrote me from Moncton the other day: "These eastern people are swell; I never knew till I got moved in amongst them."

Joe's cousin got sent back to Podunkville, out west. His "mutual disappreciation" disappeared, too, after the first week and his second, western farm, turkey dinner.

But then, as Joe said when he wrote last: "These wars are a good thing sometimes".

That's all for now, Maw.

Your loving

JOEY AIRMAN.

T.T.S. CAMERA CLUB

Programme of Activities

Monday, February 8th—

"Processing the Film"

Monday, February 22nd—

"Making the Prints"

Monday, March 8th—

"Making the Enlargement"

Monday, March 22nd—

"Mounting the Masterpiece"

SAVE FOR VICTORY!

When the sand runs low in the hour-glass
And it's time for us to go,
When we wait outside for the judgment
On the life that we lived below;
The things that we said;
The things that we did;
And the things that we didn't do—
What will the Great Judge think of me
And what will He think of you?
Will we be on the side chosen of God,
Or damned to the regions below?
For we cannot escape from the reaping,
So we ought to take care how we sow.

FLT. SGT. WALKER, J.

WHAT'S YOUR

I. Q.?

We suggest you keep the list below and subsequent lists to be published, to gain a complete knowledge of any question you could possibly be asked by any Trade Board. Add 10 marks for each correct answer and subtract ten for each incorrect. You'll find the answers on this page next month.

1. **Trammels** are tracks for seaplanes to run on.
2. **Taper Reamers** are measured for size by their diameter half-way from the small end.
3. **Anodizing** is a form or process of hardening copper.
4. **Impact Tubes** are used on the Stromberg Injector Carburetor.
5. **R. R. Merlin** reduction gear ratio is 4.77 to 1.
6. **L.14** is the name of the aeroplane Maintenance Form.
7. **Plumb Lines** are used for hauling planes.
8. **Continuity Tests** are made by using a high tension magneto (boost).
9. **Case Hardening** is applied to low carbon steel to give it a higher carbon content to the surface.
10. **Magneto Switch** is always "grounded" while the engine is running.
11. **T.C.T.I.** means Technical Command Training Instructions.
12. **Dihedral Angle** is the angle of the undercarriage to the fuselage.
13. **C.A.P. 90** is the Drill Manual.
14. **A Salt Bath** is used to harden steel.
15. **5%** is the **Maximum Angle** at which a cable can pass through a fairlead.
16. **A Grummet** is a carrier-based aircraft.
17. **A Sutton Harness** is used for towing gliders.
18. **Left-hand Circuits** are always enforced unless signalled to the contrary.
19. **An Alcad Fuselage** is an armoured fuselage.
20. **The Chord Line** is used to control the ailerons of aircraft.

Your Joe Airman Again

There are times when I feel the necessity for seriousness. Not that this is a characteristic likely to be permanent, since by nature I'm a happy person. Strange it is too that this thoughtful attitude comes in the midst of much frivolity. Here is the situation: This business of preparing myself for efficient service in my branch of the armed forces is one which demands careful preparation. My quarters do not always lend themselves for study purposes. That crooner a la Crosby is hot stuff—sure. I like Gershwin on the mouth organ. There is something fascinating about a shoe suspended in the air having for its objective an unsuspecting airman's head. But here is the rub. I can't concentrate in that atmosphere. There's a solution for this problem though and I am going to pass it on to you. Fellows like-minded may go to rooms six and seven, building eighteen. These rooms are ours for study purposes Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday from 1845 to 2100 hours. Be seeing you there.



One of the seven experienced airmen who made the first trans-continental flight from Halifax to Vancouver in 1920 is an instructor on this Station. Sgt. Charlie Heath, the gentleman in question, is a landmark to all trainees passing through, and bears his past experiences with dignity.

Looking like Santa Claus, without a beard, rotund little Charlie is the popular man of the Station, inasmuch as no favour is too hard for him to do, and no trainee is "not worth the bother" of a few extra hours' attention. Charlie came from England to Canada at an early age. He asserts he is a Canadian. He served throughout the last war in the R.F.C., R.N.A.S., R.A.F., successively. Being disabled by wounds, he was discharged at the end of the war and took up a position with the Aeronautical Inspection Department. He later was with the Canadian Air Board as engineer. This was at the time he made the cross-country trip mentioned above. His companions on this epoch-making flight were the present Air Vice-Marshal Leckie, A.F.C., and G. O. Johnson, A.F.C. The flight was made in a Fairey seaplane designed for a transatlantic crossing, was temporarily halted at Fredericton with a crack-up. The trip continued to Riviere du Loop, Quebec, in an H.S.-2L flying boat and an F3 flying boat, thence to Winnipeg. Sgt. Heath joined the Air Force again in June 1940 and for a time was with the travelling trade test board. In October 1940 he came to Crafts and has taught in A.E.M., Maintenance, Flight Routine and Components.

At present he is the Mess Chess champion and has in the past held several local cups. His "retreat" is in London, where Mrs. Charles and his daughter reside.

Charlie Heath is getting on in years. He has seen this country at war twice and at both times has stayed in contact with the ordinary man. Today his greatest satisfaction is his service to his country through his service to his trainees. His heart is in his job.

The lads and lassies of the Station are once again in the thick of the mad week-end dash in search of relaxation, glamour and adventure, now that 48's and 21's have resumed their regular cycle. And not a little of said glamour and adventure, etc., is sought—and

LIBRARY

Most of us, when we wish to read, say that we want a good book. We emphasize the word *book*.

Out of curiosity, we delved into the dictionary for the meaning of the word. In its concise language, the dictionary simply stated: "n. printed, written or blank sheets of paper bound together inside a cover".

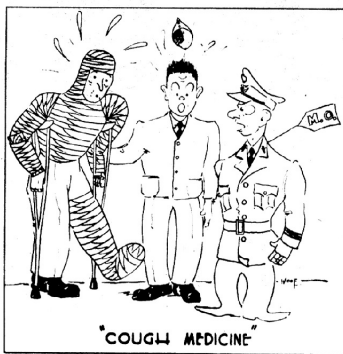
We often wonder why people seldom ask for a good story. Which is literally what they mean. If you asked for a book, you could be given a bound sheaf of blank paper with a cover on it and the giver would be correct. People are essentially interested in the story, not the book. So why do they not ask for a good story instead of a good book? But who are we to change their habits.

In the February MAGAZINE DIGEST an interesting article appeared, entitled "The Super-Empire—Every Nation's Enemy", by Guenter Reimann, who is a former German economist. By reading this article you will gain an insight into Hitler's secret weapon. Several other articles well worth reading are included in this magazine, to which the Station Library is a subscriber. Photography fans may be interested to know that we also subscribe to the magazine POPULAR PHOTOGRAPHY.

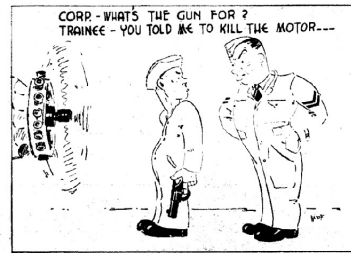
F.O. Wilde is the Officer responsible for all the new technical books in the library. He spent a good many hours selecting a long list of them, with the help of some of the technical staff.

We have the following new books in the library:

- "Only the Stars Are Neutral"—Reynolds
- "The Unknown Country"—Hutchinson
- "Thorn Apple Tree"—Campbell
- "Signed With Their Honour"
- "The Robe"—Douglas



found (if all reports be true)—at the U.S.O. in Detroit, and at the Active Service Canteens in London and Toronto. The boys and girls are constantly coming back to the Station with highest praise for the swell treatment they receive at the U.S.O. and, judging by the number of Air Force blue uniforms seen on a Detroit street on a Saturday night or Sunday, they keep going back for more. Seems that they like the friendly co-operation of the handy London Active Service Club, too, for many of them make it a week-night rendezvous as well as a week-end centre. Toronto's very



Williard Jack definitely looks the outdoor type. His close-cropped blonde hair, ruddy face and heavy build give him the appearance of a man able to take care of himself in a scrap. Maybe that is one of the reasons why he has won the title of the world's champion guide. He took this honour in Nova Scotia last year against a wide field of contestants. The competition includes all forms of woodsman'ship, including canoe-racing, log-birling, fly-casting and shooting. Altogether the games go on for a week and Jack made a clean sweep. His modesty in talking about it sits well with the classical picture of the strong, silent type. Right now he is in the I. & R. Section, having put his civilian life away for the duration. Of Acadian descent, Jack has always lived out of doors and his best relaxation is a little hunting trip or a little trap-shooting, for which he also holds several awards. After winning the world's championship he went on tour with a show through the States. The performances were held in arenas, where large water tanks were installed so that each of the performers could show off his talents. Usually there was a log-rolling contest, but Williard generally managed to miss a ducking. He joined the Service in Halifax, after travelling across the continent from San Francisco, where his show was playing. One night he flew from Chicago to Philadelphia in a zero-zero snowstorm to put on his act. He would like to get into aircrew, but wants to finish his course first. His only complaint so far is that anybody can roll a log but it takes a real man to know what makes a Link tick.

smart Active Service Canteen offers the best in entertainment, food and pretty girls, and appears to be very popular on Sunday nights while the boys are putting in those last few hours before their train leaves. Actually, we all owe a great deal to these service centres, for the friendly good times that they provide really fill in what might otherwise be a very lonely week-end far from home. So we'll be seeing you at one of them very soon.

Well, it's just about time for us to sign "30" to this bit of diatribe, but we'd like to remind you first to keep in touch with Joe Airmen. You'll see Joe's efforts in print in his monthly AIRCRAFTMAN letter to his "maw", and you can hear him three times a week dispensing the news of the day over the Drill Hall P.A. just before the movies. Drop over and give a listen—it's much easier than reading a newspaper.

BUY WAR SAVINGS

THE BOY'S THAT KEEP YOU WARM

The Station powerhouse is everything the name implies. Mr. McLoughlin, the Engineer, compares with Vulcan, inasmuch as he controls just as much of the thunderbolt and sudden-death poten-

tialities. Approximately 55-60 tons of coal are consumed daily in cold weather, and a head of 50,000 lbs. of steam is the hourly pressure. He estimates that there is a mile and a quarter to be tra-

versed before the steam comes to its irradiation point, in some cases. Next month THE AIRCRAFTMAN will take you on a tour through this magnificent plant.



FIRST ROW—N. Hepburn, E. Duncan, J. Luxton, F. Stevson, T. Connors (Assistant Engineer), J. McLaughlin (Chief Engineer), B. Wayley, B. Haggith. SECOND ROW—J. Darrah, F. Kenady, Kingston, F. Straub, W. Sanders, K. Hawes, T. Locke, G. Barbe. THIRD ROW—R. Payne, B. Firsette, J. Lewis, C. Beattie, Middlebrooke, A. Campbell. FOURTH ROW—C. McNeil, N. Weir, B. Weir, R. Mills, F. Cook. FIFTH ROW—Donalson, K. Ames, A. Jewel.

SPORTS - Continued from Pages 8 and 9

Sports Medallists for January

BADMINTON

2 Squadron, 1 Wing

A.C.2 Fox, J. E.	R172156
A.C.2 Thomson, J. R.	R166844
A.C.2 Phillips, R. E.	R166853
A.C.2 Mustart, N. T.	R166903
Cpl. Laskin, M.	R114190

VOLLEYBALL

2 Squadron, 2 Wing

Cpl. Charlton, J. D.	R71855
Cpl. Hodgkiss, J. A.	R84081
A.C.2 Young, J.	R165779
A.C.2 Leach, A. A.	R180354
A.C.2 Storey, E. H.	R183534
A.C.2 Dempsey, D. C.	R180674

BASKETBALL

3 Squadron, 2 Wing

A.C.2 Vljakov, S. P. (Capt.)	R173761
------------------------------	---------

A.C.2 Currie, G.	R166905
A.C.2 Charbonneau, H. J.	R166935
A.C.2 Boone, A. E.	R153493
Cpl. Newbold, J. R.	R97232
Cpl. Grivel, D. W.	R179965
A.C.2 Shaver, C.	R173439
Sgt. Conner, R. A.	R116960

GOODWILL

The most precious thing in the world is goodwill. It is something as fragile as an orchid, and as beautiful. It is more precious than a gold nugget, and as hard to find. It is as powerful as a great turbine, and as hard to build. It is as wonderful as youth, and as hard to keep. It is an intangible something, this goodwill of others, yet more to be desired than much gold. It is the measure of a man's success and determines his usefulness in life.

The Station Badminton and Volleyball teams continue in their winning streaks and haven't as yet dropped a game. The second half of the schedule, which is just beginning, looks like pretty tough sledding, but the only team to be afraid of, according to the boys, is Fingal . . . and we can take them any time.

BOXING TOURNAMENT

In the Drill Hall
Wednesday, February 24
1930 HOURS

« TECHNICAL TOPICS »

THE NATURE OF ELECTRICITY

By SGT. G. P. HAWKE

Many scientists and pseudo-scientists have attempted to define electricity, but a complete and satisfactory definition has yet to be evolved. The reason for failure is easily understood, and casts no reflection upon the scientists concerned; for the answer to the riddle lies in the construction and ultimate nature of the electron, that infinitesimal scrap of matter and storehouse of energy which the master minds of the scientific world find so absorbing.

Now the author of this little article does not pretend to know the answer. This is merely an attempt to arouse a lively curiosity in the minds of a few of his fellow airmen who are at present struggling with the fundamentals of the science of electricity.

In order to gain a sound understanding of electrical phenomena we must first obtain at least a superficial conception of the construction of matter.

The generally accepted theory of the present age assumes that a molecule (the smallest part into which a substance can be divided and still retain its physical and chemical properties) consists of one or more atoms. Molecules consisting of only one atom are comparatively rare, and are confined to the inert gases, helium, neon, argon, xenon, krypton and radon. If all the atoms in a molecule are exactly similar to each other, the substance is an element. If some of the atoms constituting the molecule are dissimilar in structure, then the substance is a compound of two or more elements. All the atoms of a given element are exactly similar in structure, while atoms of any two different elements are always of different construction.

Although only 90 elements have been discovered to date, it is believed that there are actually 92 in all, and therefore 92 forms of atoms. All the known compounds are composed of various combinations of two or more of these elements. For example, the elements oxygen (O) and hydrogen (H) readily combine to form the compound water (H_2O), a molecule of water being composed of two atoms of hydrogen and one atom of oxygen.

A compound must not be confused with a mixture. In a mixture of two dissimilar materials the atoms of the different materials do not re-combine to form a new substance. Thus you can mix peas and beans and all you get is a mixture of peas and beans; but mix hydrogen and oxygen in the proper proportions, under the proper conditions of temperature, etc., and you will produce an explosion caused by the extremely rapid combination of the hydrogen and oxygen atoms to form the compound water, an entirely new substance.

Of course, the combination of two or more elements to form a compound is not always accompanied by an explosion. Oxygen combines with iron very slowly to form a compound known as rust (iron oxide).

Now for the construction of our 92 different atoms. Here we enter an almost purely theoretical field, as an atom is much too small to be detected with any microscope so far produced by man; and, until recent years, the only clues we had as to the construction of any of the atoms lay in the physical and chemical properties of the elements concerned, and of the various compounds produced when they were combined with other elements.

Structure of the Atom

According to the modern theory, supported by the results of many experiments, the atom consists of a central nucleus containing one or more minute particles (protons) each having a definite positive electrical charge, while around this nucleus smaller negatively charged particles rotate with high angular velocity, each in a definite orbit. The negatively charged particles, which are called electrons, are found to be identical in all atoms, but atoms of different elements have a different number of electrons, and different arrangements of electron orbits.

The hydrogen atom, which is the simplest of all the atoms, has a nucleus consisting of only one proton, and there is only one electron circling around it. The atoms of the heavier elements have nuclei consisting of more than one proton as well as several neutrons, which have the same mass as the proton but carry no electrical charge. The mass of a proton is about 2,000 times the mass of an electron; thus it is really the construction of the nucleus which determines the weight of an atom. (See Fig. 1.) As for the size of the atom, scientists

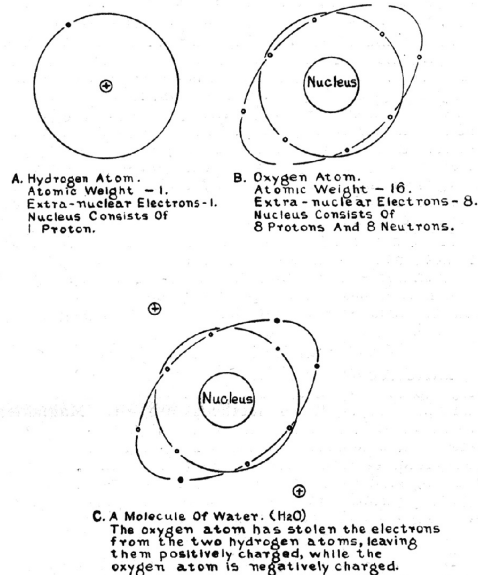


Fig. 1.

have determined that it has a radius of the order of $1/10,000,000$ of a millimeter, while the nucleus has a radius approximately $1/100,000$ of this, so we can see that the atom is largely composed of empty space.

If the 90 known elements are classified according to the number of their extra-nuclear electrons, we have a table of "atomic numbers", ranging from 1 to 92 with the numbers 85 and 87 missing. These missing numbers belong to two elements which are believed to exist but which have not as yet been discovered. In all normal (uncharged) atoms there are as many protons in the nucleus as there are electrons circling around it.

Controversy rages in higher scientific circles regarding the construction of both proton and neutron, particularly since the isolation by Anderson in 1933 of the positron, a particle which has the same mass as the electron but carries a positive charge. The positron evidently has an aversion to being alone, and is, therefore, rarely detected as a separate entity. It was first discovered during an investigation of the effects of disintegration caused by cosmic rays. It appears to play an important part in phenomena connected with the nucleus.

As for the nature of the electron and positron and their electrical charges, even the theorists are forced to admit failure. Louis De Broglie, the French physicist, says that the electron has definite magnetic properties, that it spins about its own axis, and that it has

a wave motion in addition to the movement in its orbit around the nucleus. Uhlenbeck and Goudsmit have suggested that the electron should be represented as "a minute sphere of negative electricity, rotating on one of its diameters, the rotation generating both intrinsic angular momentum and magnetic moment".

Positively and Negatively Charged Atoms

In any normal atom it is found that the sum of the negative charges (electrons) is exactly equal to the positive charges (protons) of the nucleus, and there is no tendency to attract or repel other bodies. If, however, we forcibly remove an electron from the atom, the positive charge of the nucleus will be greater than the combined charges of the remaining electrons. The atom will then have an attraction for any negatively charged particles (electrons) which may be in the vicinity. Similarly, if we force an electron to combine with a normal neutral atom, the atom will be negatively charged and have a tendency to give up an electron to any positively charged body which comes near it.

It is believed that in any body of matter there is always a number of "free electrons" which have been separated from the parent atoms, leaving them positively charged. They move about until they come into the field of attraction of positively charged atoms and are drawn into their systems. This exchange of electrons between atoms is continuous and haphazard in all parts of an uncharged body; but, as the sum of the negative charges in any part of the body equals the sum of the positive charges, there is no external indication of this movement.

If we apply a force which causes the free electrons to move away from one end of the body towards the other end, it will be found that the end from which they have moved has become positively charged, while the end towards which they have moved is negatively charged.

Electro-motive Force and Current

There are four well known methods by which we may upset the electrical balance of the atoms in a material body. These methods are:—1. Magnetic; 2. Chemical; 3. Thermal; 4. Frictional. Any such force which tends to move electrons from atom to atom is termed an electromotive force. (Note: In some substances, such as selenium, an E.M.F. may be induced by the application of light.) The movement of electrons in a body, caused by the application of an electro-motive force, constitutes a flow of electric current.

In some substances many electrons may be moved from atom to atom with a relatively weak application of electro-motive force. Such substances are known as conductors. In other materials, known as non-conductors, or insulators, a strong E.M.F. must be applied to move even a few electrons. The conductors are said to have a low resistance to flow of electricity, whereas the insulators offer extremely high resistance to electron flow. There is no such thing as a perfect conductor or a perfect insulator. All materials offer some resistance to movement of their electrons, and it is possible to produce a flow of electricity in any material if a sufficiently high E.M.F. is applied.

It will doubtless have been noted that it is the negative portion of the atom which moves when an electric current flows in a conductor. The probable reasons are twofold: first, the inertia of the electron is much less than that of the proton, due to its lesser weight; second, the electrons form the outer portion of the atom, and are thus more susceptible to the action of the electro-motive force. Indeed it is now known that only the outermost electrons are actually detached from the atom by such a force.

This fact is in direct contradiction to the assumption of early investigators of electrical phenomena, such as Volta and Faraday, who assumed that an electric current must flow from positive to negative in external circuits. This erroneous assumption has survived till the present day, and even though it has been definitely proven that the negative terminal is the point of high potential, we still speak of the current in external circuits as flowing from positive to negative (See Fig. 3.)

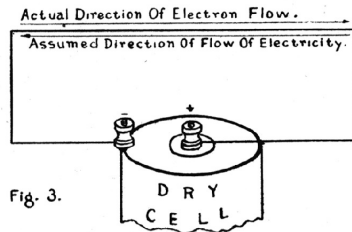


Fig. 3.

The direction of movement of electrons in a conductor depends upon the direction of action of the applied electro-motive force. In order to have a continuous flow of electrons we must have a continuous application of E.M.F. and a completely closed electrical circuit. This will be more clearly understood by referring to Figs. 4 and 5.

In Fig. 4 a section of conductor AB is moved through a magnetic field which, due to the magnetic properties of the electrons, constitutes an electro-motive force acting on the conductor in the direction A to B. The atoms at A are robbed of some electrons, which are moved through the body of the conductor towards the end B. This movement of electrons continues until the applied E.M.F. is exactly opposed by the attraction of the positively charged atoms at A for the excess negative electrons at B. As soon as this balance of forces is achieved, all movement of electrons along the conductor will cease. As the speed of electricity is approximately 186,000 miles per second, the time required to reach a balance is extremely short.

We now say that a difference of potential exists between the ends A and B of the conductor, with the point of high potential at B. In order to upset the existing balance and cause a further flow of electrons, we must do one of two things. We must either change the value of the applied E.M.F. or provide a path by which the excess electrons at B may return to A. If we increase the value of the applied E.M.F. by increasing the speed of movement of the conductor through the magnetic field, we will cause more electrons to move from A towards B until a new balance is reached with a higher difference of potential between B and A. If we decrease the value of applied E.M.F. by slowing down the motion, there will be a movement of electrons back from B to A until the applied E.M.F. is again exactly balanced by the potential difference between B and A.

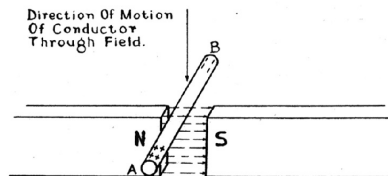


Fig. 4.

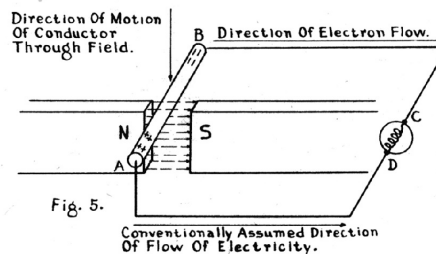
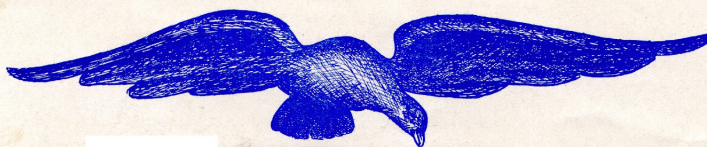


Fig. 5.

(To be continued next issue)



The Editor,
THE AIRCRAFTMAN:

The January issue is one that you may well be proud of. The entire magazine shows careful planning to make every article of interest to all on the Station.

I am sure everyone will agree the cover is particularly striking and will set THE AIRCRAFTMAN out in front of all other Station papers.

I feel certain there are many at T.T.S. who will enjoy reading this issue and yet will not be aware that it is quite different from previous issues. The colourful cover, the new page size and layout and the use of many pictures in my estimation makes our magazine compare favourably with many high class periodicals.

Yours sincerely,
F. E. S. (191701).

This Space
for
Your Letter.



Send It to Us.

The Editor,
THE AIRCRAFTMAN:

Dear Sir:

Congratulations on the new cover of the January issue. The calendar and the map of the Station will be very useful. The new colour scheme of the front is also a great improvement.

But how about "brightening up" between the covers? For example, I note that, in this same issue, a measly half page is allotted to pictures of the airmen and airwomen—all candid shots. All other pictures are mainly officers and N.C.O.'s.

This is O.K. but hardly reasonable, when, after all, THE AIRCRAFTMAN is reputedly the "airmen's" book and is read far more by the trainees than anyone else.

So how about more pictures of airmen and airwomen—with names?

Sincerely yours,
A.C.2 J. B.

The Editor,
THE AIRCRAFTMAN:

THE AIRCRAFTMAN improves. Let us have a heavier cover paper to keep the magazine in good condition because some of us want to preserve it as a record of the Station.

I suggest more articles on the civilian background of the interesting persons who pass through the Station from time to time, such as athletes, entertainers, newspapermen and other professional men, etc.

Yours for continued improvement.

Sincerely,
G. M.



The Editor,
THE AIRCRAFTMAN:

Congratulations! The January issue is a decided improvement on preceding publications.

In connection with your article "Station Chatter", I suggest that trainees be encouraged to send items in from the Squadrons. There must be some very interesting people in the Entries whom the rest of us would like to hear about.

Best of luck for '43.

D. S., L.A.W.



The Editor,
THE AIRCRAFTMAN:

Our magazine is improving slowly, but unfortunately there is still that tendency to bring in maudlin sentimentality. I refer particularly to the third editorial referring to medals. We in the Air Force may be pretty soft, but we're not cream-puffs.

Do the Station a break by painting us as we are . . . as men.

Yours,
C. M. G.

THE AIRCRAFTMAN is distributed free to all Service personnel. It does not knowingly print any mis-statements and hopes that all will take it in the spirit in which it is written. All material sub-

mitted—writing, photographs, art or cartooning—will be given careful consideration and used if at all presentable. "Letters to the Editor" require either the name or initials of the sender.