

# THE *Aircraftman*

MARCH 1943



THE

- Hughes -

**TECHNICAL TRAINING  
SCHOOL**

ST. THOMAS

ONTARIO

## bled, sweated and cried

The Editor, "The Aircraftman",  
T.T.S., St. Thomas, Ont.

Dear Sir,—

On pages 4 and 5 of the February 1943 issue of your magazine you carry an interesting and somewhat informative article under a blazing headline: "25,000 in Three Years". You close the article with the supposition that you may receive some comments. I venture to submit the following as an entirely different article that could right worthily have been printed under the same headline: "25,000 In Three Years".

From nothing to 25,000 in three years is an accomplishment worthy of pride whether it be in the eating of breakfasts or the manufacture of aircraft or anything in between. In this case our pride is in the fact that we have graduated from this school 25,000 mechanics in several extremely vital R.C.A.F. trades. Of the 25,000 many have gone to the far corners of the earth to serve the Empire through the R.C.A.F. Some of them we salute as having paid the supreme sacrifice on the altar of Mars.

Consider the people concerned in this transformation of 25,000 recruits into 25,000 graduates of T.T.S. My thesis is that the onus for this transformation is on the shoulders of the instructors that have bled, sweated and cried over the 25,000. If then theirs is the onus, where else should the credit and approbation be placed? Who are these instructors? Where do they come from? How do they become instructors? How do they carry out their work as instructors? How do they transform recruits into graduates? Are the answers to these questions considered as having any bearing on the fact that we have graduated 25,000 in three years? I think so.

Let Jack Canuck, N.C.O. of the R.C.A.F., represent the instructors while we delve slightly into the background and backbone of T.T.S.

Jack Canuck is an average Canadian of service age and medical category with a background of civilian education averaging High School graduation or its equivalent, and he comes from farm, mine, forest, factory, office or any of the myriad of places that Canucks come from at any time.

He is a fine type of humanity and we are proud of him. Our Jack Canuck had no idea when he enlisted that he would become a "school marm" at T.T.S., but like each of the 25,000 he undertook to first become a graduate of this institution and was chosen to become an instructor because he made such an excellent record on graduation.

I suggest that in no R.C.A.F. community anywhere will you find such a high percentage of T.T.S. gold medallists as we have right here at T.T.S. itself. So here we have Jack Canuck, gold medallist, and now above the average and chosen to become a T.T.S. instructor.

How does his new job of work compare with the same position in civilian life? As a civilian he would now be required to attend college for a minimum of a full year to learn the "Trade of Teaching", providing that he could satisfy all other requirements. At T.T.S. he acquires this new "Trade of Teaching" on his own with what help he can get from whatever source is available.

One day he is a graduate trainee, the following two weeks he is a potential instructor; then he becomes an N.C.O., required to carry out all duties of his rank. There he stands with three trades to be responsible for and with training in one and experience in none. That is a terrific order for any average Canadian.

But, as we have seen before, he is not average any more but is exceptional.

Last of all, Jack Canuck interests himself in all kinds of Station activities—sports, Camera Club, music, Press Club, or wherever his particular interest may fall, and if he chooses the right one he may even get his picture published in your magazine, not because he is an instructor but because of a happy choice in hobby.

For your information, the writer of this is NOT an instructor at T.T.S.

—W. E. C.

\* \* \*

Editor.—We are in full agreement with the above letter. The part which the technical instructor plays in this training scheme can be neither denied nor praised too much. However, if W. E. C. could have sat with us as we planned the story, he would have seen that the content of his letter was just a little beyond the scope of the article. Maybe if we could have all worked together there would be no need of his righteous indignation.



**ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE**  
THE TECHNICAL TRAINING SCHOOL  
 ST THOMAS, ONTARIO.

**Certificate of Merit**

Awarded To  
 No. \_\_\_\_\_ RANK \_\_\_\_\_  
 NAME \_\_\_\_\_

**HONOUR STUDENTS**

*who has passed the final  
 examination with outstanding  
 ability and achievement  
 on graduation  
 from  
 The Technical Training School  
 Royal Canadian Air Force  
 St Thomas, Ont  
 this \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_ 19\_\_*

COMMANDING OFFICER  
 THE TECHNICAL TRAINING SCHOOL  
 ST THOMAS, ONTARIO

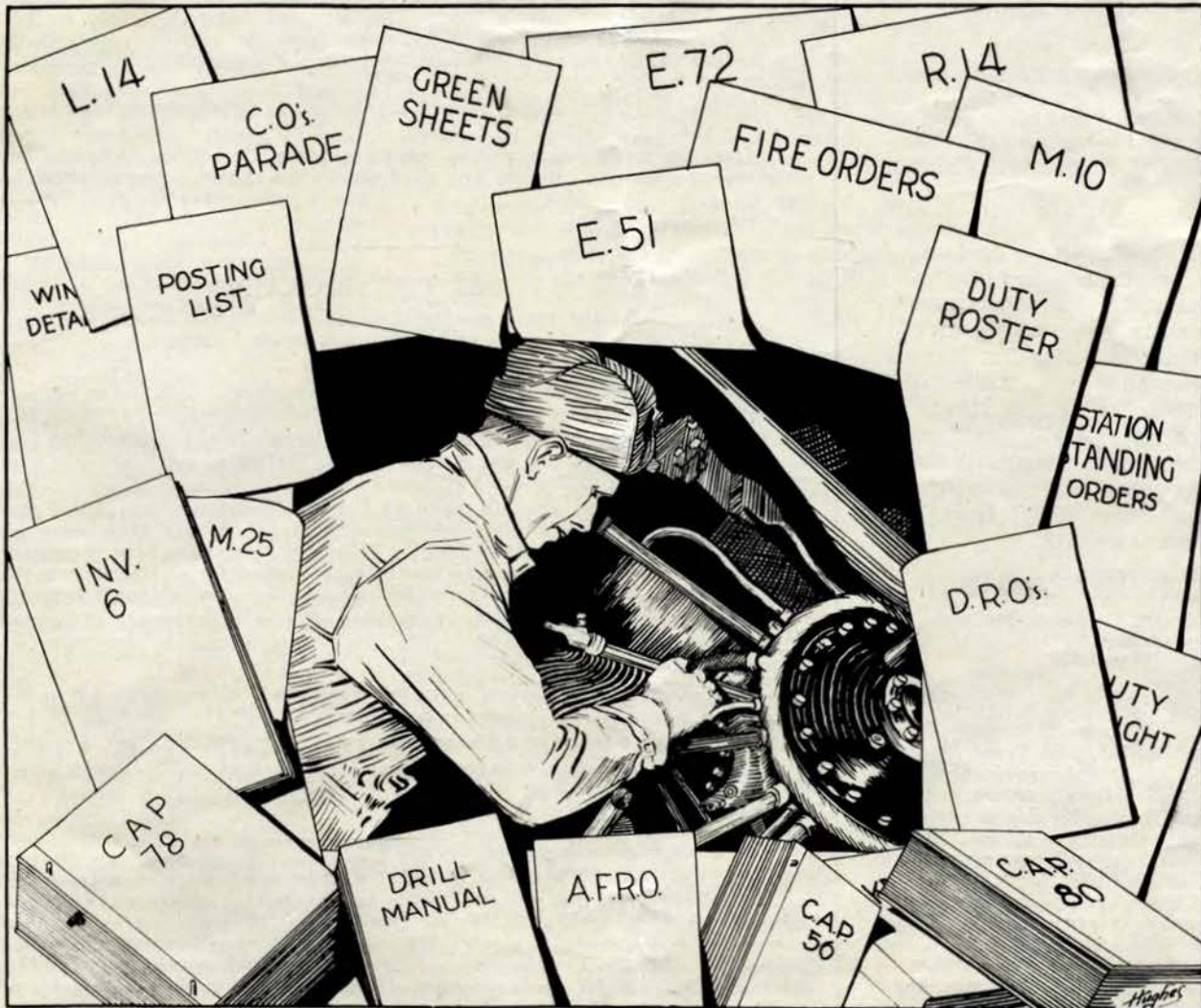


A.C.2 Walker, A. (R165965) A.E.M.  
 A.C.2 Kirby, H. J. D. (R764996) A.F.M.  
 A.C.2 Dion, J. A. R. (R136681) Elect.

A.C.2 Scott, R. M. (R180518) I.R.

A.C.2 Code, J. M. (R178689) Elect.  
 A.C.2 Frost, G. B. (R164170) A.E.M.  
 A.C.2 Lesnick, E. J. (R167337) A.F.M.

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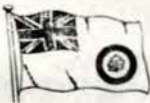
# The Aircraftman

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

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MARCH 1943



LOOK UPWARD . . . THERE  
FLIES FREEDOM

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THE PRESS CLUB meets every Tuesday at 1930 hours in the Press Room, Station Headquarters (entrance via tunnel). Membership is restricted to all who attend—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. For further information ask any of the above contributors.



## THERE IS TALK

Listen, the next time you are passing a bay and hear what the boys are saying. Yes, sometimes its about the Service, or about T.T.S., or maybe about the dance which was held last night. They may be passing around the latest yarn about the moron, or how many days are there in Sunday, these days, or who was out with whom and what happened.

Sometimes there is talk about Canada.

Listen. Yes, things are perking up in the "know" department. The boys are looking around in the outside world and considering deeply how the news of the African front, of Ghandhi's condition, of Churchill's latest speech, or of Roosevelt's last press conference affects them. They are reasoning . . . here at T.T.S. is a world in itself. But this world is not apart from the outside world. If there is a fire in Ottawa, a train wreck in Saskatoon, or a Mass Meeting in Victoria, WE are affected.

If there is an uprising in France, a sabotage in Czechoslovakia, or a shooting in Norway WE are affected.

After the war Canada will be rebuilt by energetic action, matured thought and inspired co-operation. Before any of these things can be achieved there has to be one thing.

There must be talk.

## "GET THE HOOK-UP?"

Wherever you find a community of organized life, you find debunkers . . . Men with a continual grouch. Some with only an occasional grouch.

T.T.S. is no exception.

"This business of dressing before going to supper . . . It is the stupidist thing . . . no sense." . . . Thus you listen to trainee talk in the aisles at eventide.

And that kind of talk is sabotage! It is certainly the opposite, at least, from a positive approach to the war and back here, settled in the peace of Canada, that is the least we can do for the war.

Dress regulations are laid down by the administration, and A.F.H.Q., for the purpose of introducing a more methodical approach to life than many a trainee brings with him when he comes here to T.T.S. . . . When you have to appear, in full dress, for supper, friend, there is a very good reason for it: the reason runs right down to the polish on your boots and buttons and tiepin, which must be in place.

And the whole thing is just a prelude to efficient maintenance of aircraft, which is your job on Station.

The analogy?

Well, chum, if you haven't a tiepin on or forget it, you can't get in to supper. . . . You get hungry and remember next time.

If you forget to inspect the undercarriage, the pilot can't get down to supper. . . . He doesn't get a chance to feel hungry . . . he cracks up. So does his ship, which is your responsibility!

Get the hook-up?

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 with which it is written. All material submitted—writing, photographs, art, cartooning or ideas—will be given the most careful consideration and used if at all presentable. "Letters to the Editor" require the initials or the name of the sender. THE AIRCRAFTMAN needs reporters. If you are an A.C., you are capable of getting the facts we most want. Enquire from any of our contributors for further information.

**STATION CHATTER**

Yeah! I suppose you've heard about the moron who put his best friend through the meat grinder? Well, if you haven't, I'm not going to try to tell you—there must be at least a thousand lads around the halls who know the answer.

Too bad morons have to creep into this column so early—it gets bad enough of its own accord soon enough.

What'll we have first on the month's bill of fare? Suppose we approach one of the more refined events in appropriate mein, thusly—

**Madame Huntley Greene**

"On Sunday evening, January 30, 1943, our Recreation Hall provided an atmosphere of cultured savoir-faire—an appropriate setting for the masterful piano artistry of *Madame Huntley Greene*, world-renowned pianist. *Madame Greene* catered to the purely musically erudite with a transcending selection of the more intellectual works of the great masters" . . . aw, nuts—that sort of tripe belongs in "Etude"—besides it wasn't like that at all. *Madame Greene*, a truly fine artist, interpreted the desires of her appreciative audience to a "T" and played a grand selection of the more familiar melodies that have done so much to make many of us begin to know and appreciate the works of great musicians. Really, it was a swell evening and the airmen and airwomen present thoroughly enjoyed it.

**Good Show!**

*It certainly was. Yes, the London Little Theatre group's variety show in the Drill Hall here on Tuesday, February 2, was generally opinioned one of the best of the season. Bevie's of beautiful belles, a couple of capable comedians, several very good individual artists, and Little Theatre players and their skits, all went together to provide a laughable and enjoyable evening. They'll be back again come spring, so keep open a spot in your "turning fancies" for the occasion—it'll be worth it.*

**Dancing**

Yes, there was plenty of it this past month—and good too! As well as the odd Squadron dance, there were Technical Section and Corporals' and Sergeants' Mess dances. The boys from Hangar 17, with their ladies and friends, had themselves quite a time in the Recreation Hall on the night of February 10. Had the place all decorated in a Valentine manner—the M.C. in the height of summer fashion, and gave away glorious prizes with gay abandon—altogether a "gay" evening.

People have been asking pertinent questions as to what kept the M.C. so "gay" all evening—hmmmm!

Same guy was M.C. at Corporals' Mess dance downtown in the Masonic Temple. Variety of dances, prizes, etc., made this a "gay" dance, too.

Sergeants had a dance also during February—it was probably a very fine affair with lots of happy people. Pardon lack of details—dance has not yet taken place at this writing, and we are not necromancers by profession.

Same swell T.T.S. Orchestra at all dances—boys really do a fine job. Much thanks and commendation.

**THUS SPAKE AUGUSTUS**

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28						

AND TUESDAY SHALL BE FRIDAY



A new game developed at T.T.S. during February, called "Name the Day, and You Can Have It Off". In order to co-operate with the railroads and relieve them of the usual week-end rush Sunday was made into Wednesday; I mean Thursday fell on Tuesday . . . or just how does it work? Anyway, "week-ends" fell on Wednesday and Thursday (one lad said, "This is all we need") and your normal Friday A.D. was on Tuesday.

Apparently the scheme is a success, though, and reports from the railroads show that we have done our bit. Also reports from the A.C.'s indicate that they consider the idea as O.K. in spite of the fact that in some cases wives and friends cannot get off work during the week. Also it is rather pleasant having two Saturday nights in one week, sort of solving the eternal question of getting more than twenty-four hours out of a day.

As one instructor explained it: "In a nutshell, it's like looking at the clock when you think it is six, and it strikes seven, and it happens to be eight".

Of course, in the final analysis we can only quote the announcement that passes on other services were curtailed during February, which is the biggest factor to consider.

**Band Concert**

*One more before we go! Ahhh! mmmm—that ale is really . . . HEY! What goes on here?—I meant one more NEWS ITEM!!! Oh yes, the band concert. 'Twas held in the Capitol Theatre on Sunday evening, February 7, with our Technical Training School Band out in full force. Concert was on behalf of St. Thomas Air Cadets League—which, incidentally, is doing right well in the matter of drill, P.T., etc., due to the help of several of the staff of this Station. Anyway, the concert was very well received, the band under SGT. LONG-STAFF'S direction performing very excellently fine concert band selections. CPL. J. TREMBATH ably assisted with his violin, and CPL. G. C. DAVIES handled the commentating end of the concert. More band concerts in aid of the Air Cadets are planned for the near future—the youngsters need every boost they can get, for their training should prove invaluable later on.*

One of these days someone is going to tell a moron story in which "crime" does pay.

And now the time has come! If this batch of blarney passes the critics, the censors, and 5,000 other guys—YOU may get a chance to read it. Yeah, I know, you hope it doesn't. Well, we have to fill up space in THE AIRCRAFTMAN somehow until you fellows start sending in stories, articles, poems, cartoons, etc. So let's hear from you.

**BUY WAR SAVINGS**





# PRESENTING 2 WING



Heavy, white-topped Flt. Lt. Eric Davidson, O.C. of No. 1 Squadron, is from the East. Having been with the Imperial Oil Company before the war, he came to the Service with an idea of what "postings" meant, as he has been in several cities for the company. Hailing originally from Bluenose country, he has taken residence in London. Although he is in the Administration branch, he has considerable knowledge of "hammer and saw" carpentry and threatens to design and build his own house after the war. (Possibly he has had difficulty renting around Air Force Stations). During his schooling (Ridley College) he played 14-man rugby and, although that was some time ago, he can still take pretty good care of himself.



"No. 1 Squadron is a merry-go-round", he says, "but there are no free rides or brass rings". Apparently this is the impression gained from having four shifts under him.

At present he is chairman of the enter-

tainment committee and says there are some bright lights scheduled for the future.

The merry men of 1 Squadron, 2 Wing are headed by smiling Bill Gadsden. Always irrepressible, the former Toronto Board of Education man is at home with all ranks from the highest to the lowest. The genial sergeant acts as the general fixer whenever the squad merry-go-round threatens to break down. In the veterans spot of the squad is Sarge Rogers who was discharged from the Service in the last war at the age of twenty with four years' service. Previous to this war he enjoyed his business and hockey in London, Ontario. Cpls. Lee and Shelton also occupy the hot spots in the front office, the former a cable man from Leaside, Ontario, and a star rugby inter-collegiate player. Shelton, of the Honeymoon City, is a member of the Phalanx fraternity and attended the international Co-ed Conference in 1940. He and Lee are both "sports men", the latter having had considerable experience in playing and coaching.

Although No. 1 Squadron is at present being keel-hauled by the rest of the Station in both the C.O.'s trophies, Lee is working hard on his Drill Squad to provide an upset, and on the strength of the showing last month he may do just that. Sgt. Tackney, formerly of the Squadron, will be missed on the managing end of the sports teams but, according to the boys, they still have a chance.



## I DREAM OF LIFE

I dream a life for all the world  
Where every nation's flag unfurled  
To show they're free, and proud to be  
That way.

Where guns and tyrants are not missed,  
Where wars and strife do not exist,  
The right for all to heed his call  
To pray.

I wake a moment to compare  
My dream so like a flower fair  
To worldly strife so full of hate;  
It's getting late,  
Good night;  
I'd rather dream a life.



F.O. G. W. Wilson hails from Perth, Ontario. Before joining the R.C.A.F. in 1940 he was a teacher at the Ottawa Technical School.

He was first assigned to the P. T. & D. section at Uplands, and then Summerside. Coming to T.T.S. in April of last year, he was transferred to Administration and Educational work.

F.O. Wilson is a graduate of Queen's University and took post-graduate work at Columbia.

He feels a justifiable pride in the fact that his squadron has won the Commanding Officer's Trophy for sports seven times in the past nine months. His happiness will be complete when they also win the Drill Competition.

Sports of all kinds are his chief recreational interest.



Flt. Sgt. May, J. G. E. (P.T.I.), born in Toronto, was educated in Toronto public and at Vaughan Road Collegiate Institute and was attached to the Toronto Zoölogical Field Research, making it a major study. Discontinuing this work, he started into advertising with the T. Eaton Co., Toronto, and the Chrysler Corporation. He left there to take up a position as physical director at Midland, Ont., Y.M.C.A., later returning to the Chrysler Corporation and staying there until joining the Air Force in August of 1940. Training for a pilot at No. 1 I.T.S. and at No. 1 E.F.T.S., Malton. Ceased training

# SQUADRONS - 1943



with over 50 hours flying time and continued physical training in the first course R.I.A.'s at Trenton. Graduating, he was posted to St. Thomas. Just recently has completed the course No. 26 of the Senior N.C.O.'s administration. He has taken part in nearly every sport going and his favourite, archery, has taken no little interest among his friends. Entertainments, etc., around the Station have his consideration and time but it is one of his hobbies. Just now he is attached to the St. Thomas Air Cadet Squadron for P.T. and Drill as an instructor.

Sgt. Cy Brennan, the Drill boss of the squad, hails from London, where he pushed a pencil previous to the war, sandwiching a western sojourn between hockey and football at Assumption College gave him a pretty complete picture of the West. He still is a local boy.

## THE STAFF, 2 SQUADRON, 2 WING

First and foremost on our list, that dashing young man from Ireland, Cpl. McComb, W. V. E. (P.T.I.) "Mac" as he is known in the O.R. was born in Belfast, Northern Ireland. Was educated at the Campbell College in Belfast (imagine "Campbell" in Ireland), where he majored in history and English. Played cricket and rugger on the alma mater's team and was attached to the Officers' Training Course for five years.

"Mac" left Belfast in 1938 to take up his business as a tobacco buyer for Phillip Morris in Virginia (this accounts for "Mac's" southern drawl). He stayed in Virginia in this business until 1941, when he left to come to Canada to join the R.C.A.F. Due to color blindness, "Mac" was forced to accept ground duties and took the P.T.I. course at No. 7. Was graduated and sent to St. Thomas, where he has been employed in the squadrons.

Our Clerk, A.W.I Jones . . . very quiet and a hard worker. When asked for an interview, she declined to the point of our having to ask a close friend of her's in the Service Miss Jones' past history. "Joe" was born at Ravenshoe, Ontario, attending both the local public school and Newmarket High. She later attended classes in a business course in Toronto and worked in an office after graduating there. She joined the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) on the 15th of August, 1942, and has spent the main part of her time on duty in two & two. Off duty, she likes to spend her leisure time dancing, playing Bingo and changing her hair do's.

Cpl. D. H. Boyd was born in Toronto. He was educated in Toronto schools, having graduated from Humberside Collegiate in his Senior Matriculation. He was employed by the Chartered Trust & Executor Co., Toronto, until his time of enlistment in July of 1942. He was on the 9th course, P.T.I. Dave Boyd is a newcomer to the Squadron and is interested in rugby, baseball and hockey. He is still single.

Trade Board examiner to himself while trainee is floundering with the answer: "Now what was that question I asked him?"



F.O. J. L. Rogers has a long record of service. He enlisted the day after the outbreak of World War I, and went overseas with the original 3rd Battalion of the Toronto Regiment. After serving in France and Belgium he transferred to the R.F.C. in 1917, took his pilot's training in England, and served with the R.F.C. and R.A.F. until the end of hostilities.

Since March of 1941 F.O. Rogers has served in recruiting, administration and link-trainer instruction. He came to T.T.S. in January of this year.

Last month he swore in his own son as an R.C.A.F. recruit.

Riding, hunting and fishing are his favorite pastimes.



Cpl. Newbold is another P.T.I. man who visits the Gymn on Sundays. Graduating from the first P.T.I. course at Trenton, he came here from No. 4 Manning Depot, Quebec City. Prior to enlistment he served with the Y.M.C.A. in summer camps and held several middle distance track records. "Says he feels at home here as every corridor reminds him of a half-mile track."

Our O.C., F.O. J. L. Rogers, enlisted with the original 3rd Battalion, Toronto Regiment, August 5th, 1914. Served in France and Belgium with this unit, 41st Brigade, Headquarters Staff. Transferred to R.F.C. in 1917 and trained in England. He re-entered the Service March 10th, 1941, seeing service at No. 1 I.T.S., Toronto; North Bay Recruiting Centre, and No. 1 I.C. Headquarters as Command Cadet Officer. Before coming to St. Thomas he was stationed at No. 5 C.F.T.S., Brantford.

His hobbies are riding, shooting, fishing, photography, and has a son 17½ years of age in the R.C.A.F.

Cpl. Roseberg, who comes from Montreal, held the Gymnastic Championship of the Province of Quebec. He takes an active control of the squadron sports programme. The fact that he has served in the whole three squadrons of No. 2 wing in the past two months is some indication of how his services are sought after.

L.A.W. Fosolan is the sweetheart of the squadron. An enthusiastic follower of the popular tunes and a tricky dancer, Norma makes the typewriter click to the rhythm of a rumba. She is a product of Vancouver. Too bad, boys, her heart sails with the Navy.

Shall we take a cross section of this collection of ground crew trainees? Starting down the hall we come to Bay 6B. Now, as one strolls onward they will immediately notice a change of atmosphere. Something distinctive! Yes, it is the beginning of Entry 140. You might meet Doug Sudbury, who in peacetime, remember?, was an International Champion on the West Coast as a yachtsman on the Pacific Coast. Ed Titley also boasts a Western Canadian roller skating championship. As one staggers on to 7B he is in grave danger of meeting Toughy Paul Hebert, welter weight boxing champ. of T.T.S., also, last but obviously not least, Harold "Gildersleeve" Nerenberg, who sang in the Montreal Baron Bing Choral Society. Across the corridor is 8B. There resides the table tennis champion who was undefeated in two months at No. 1 Manning. Bay 9B is rather crippled at the time of writing. Four of her members are studying the designs on the hospital ceiling.

Sgt. Connor, disciplinarian N.C.O., is the spark plug of the staff. A typical local boy who is making good, Sgt. Connor is the youngest sergeant in charge of a squadron. Prior to enlistment he worked for Johnson Bros. Garage in St. Thomas. He came to the Air Force as an A.C.2 after two and a half years' service with the Elgin Regiment, in which he held the rank of sergeant. It is rumoured that he is twenty years of age and single. W.D.'s take note.

Cpl. Craig is the sergeant's right-hand man, but takes no responsibility for anything the chief says or does. He hails from Goderich, Ontario, where he was a parachute packer. He quit the job when they asked him to test one of his own chutes. With a rifle he can pick the hairs off a cotton tail at 100 paces, and on the baseball diamond his reputation is well established.

## PERSONALITIES FOR MARCH



## POPULAR N.C.O.

Chubby, genial, Sgt. McCready's first name should be "Jack" . . . with an "of all trades" tacked onto the end. Charlie, as his name happens to be, can improve the tick on any mechanical instrument. Originally cast in the mould (and a fairly roomy one, too) of an Instrument Instructor, he has been called upon to do more and more fine repair work. At present in charge of the E. & I. workshop, he may find on his daily work list a typewriter to be repaired, a time clock to set working, a new mock-up of an instructional instrument to prepare or a P.A. system that won't talk. He is also responsible for the "explosion type" layouts which so graphically illustrate to the trainees the various instruments. In this technique the various units of an instrument are dismantled and mounted on a flat plane.

Charlie is better known at Church parade than the Padre, through his job of operating the P.A. system.

He also shares, with Sgt. Tom Salt, the responsibility for the movie presentations in the Drill Hall. Other "duties" into which he has volunteered himself are assisting in the tri-weekly news broadcast and being on the spot when visiting theatrical productions are performing. Two years and eight months ago, just before entering the Service, Charlie was with the Ontario Typewriter Co. as Vice-President and Service Supervisor, in Toronto, where he resided. His wife and two children are still living there, just across from Kimbourne United Church, in whose choir Chas. used to hold up the bass section.

He speaks reminiscently of the difference between the course he took here and the present E. & I. course. They managed to get along without all the aids to better teaching . . . sperry automatic, and instructional instruments, which the present course now takes as a matter of fact. With this in mind he says, "As far as this Station is concerned opportunities are 100% for the trainees".

Wanted — An interpreter of the Chinese language to translate the characters on the "Menu Board" in the Sergeant's Mess.



## L.A.W. HATCH

L.A.W. Hatch, Hospital Assistant, really gets around. Maybe her previous "adventurous journeyings" gave her the edge on other W.D.'s when she first arrived and stood her in good stead while navigating the legendary corridors of T.T.S.

Born in Montreal, the short, curly-headed blonde soon moved with her family to the States. Her early life, as is the usual case, was spent at school, with a return to Montreal to attend McGill University. Following this came MacDonald College for teachers and a position as school teacher in lumber camp country. She chose that particular terrain with intent, having little regard for city life.

On a tour with the Overseas Education League she journeyed over England and Scotland and stayed at the Universities of Glasgow, Edinburgh, Oxford and the University of London. During this time she was among a party to be received by King George V and Queen Mary.

Later she was present at a Youth Conference at Eastbourne where Ernest Thompson (the author) was director. Here she came in contact with Rudyard Kipling and John Masefield. On a tour of the continent she visited France, Holland and Belgium prior to returning to Canada. During her stay over there she did some exhibition riding, which is one of her hobbies.

Returning to Canada she graduated from the Parker School of Nursing in Montreal and took a position as nurse in Nassau, the Bahamas. Here she was also able to indulge in her hobbies, swimming, sailing and writing.

With a record such as this, Hatch sounds a little on the unapproachable side.

She isn't!

## STATION GLEE CLUB REHEARSALS

Mondays - Wednesdays - 19.30 Hrs.

On the Stage in the Drill Hall.

# « Servicing

For the past few months as everyone knows, the Maintenance system on this Station has undergone a major reorganization. As a result, we have what is known as Central Maintenance.

Under this system, Maintenance has taken the form of a wing. The Chief Technical Officer is the head of the wing comprising three Squadrons, namely, Headquarters, Maintenance and Servicing.

In this article it is hoped to give the reader a picture and understanding of the work and organization of Servicing Squadron.

Servicing Squadron, as the name implies, is an organization to service all flying aircraft on the hangar line. On the hangar line there are eight flights, each having an allotment of aircraft, the type and number being determined by the extent and nature of the flying done by each. Each flight is given a "handling party," headed by a Junior N.C.O. It is the duty of these "Handling Parties" to see that these aircraft are efficiently serviced during the day's flying, records pertaining to the aircraft kept, and to assure that their hangar is kept in good condition at all times. Each group of four Junior N.C.O.'s is under the direct control of a Sergeant, who in turn is supervised and assisted by a Flight Sergeant.

One section of Servicing Squadron only known to this Station is Servicing Pool. This is a small group of qualified mechanics under the charge of a Sergeant, whose duty it is to take care of all the minor unserviceabilities on the hangar line. These men form a mobile crew which travels from hangar to hangar making minor repairs to aircraft as the need arises. Besides this one function the Servicing Pool care for stored or visiting aircraft, carry out numerous modifications, special inspections, and routine daily inspections on night flying aircraft. In brief, this crew are the link between Maintenance and Servicing Squadrons and do a great deal toward maintaining a high standard of service ability.



THE "BUNNY RABBIT"

# Squadron »

The control of the whole system is effected from Servicing Squadron Headquarters, which is situated at the approximate centre of the Hangar line. By a system of boards, such as one would see in a brokerage office, a complete record of all the aircraft and flight personnel on the Hangar line is kept. From the aircraft charts, it is possible at a glance to determine how many aircraft are on the Station, the location of each, and the number of aircraft in each flight. On these boards you also find the number of hours each aircraft has on the airframe and aero engine, what inspections have been carried out, the number of hours to the next inspection, the condition of aircraft instruments and any information pertaining to special equipment installed. The charts for personnel show the strength of the squadron, where the men are situated, their trade, rank and grouping, and also information as to their duty watch and annual leave. From the board which is checked daily, it is possible to keep an even number of men in each Handling Party making replacements where necessary to compensate for sickness or leave. This office is truly the nerve centre of the squadron. It is from here that the efforts of each of the Handling Parties are combined and from here our combined effort is interlocked with that of the remainder of the wing.

The success of any organization lies in its ability to co-ordinate efforts of its many parts toward the one goal. Our goal is to keep the greatest number of serviceable aircraft in each flight and to assist the Training Wing in giving the students the most possible flying hours. This we have done at all times, though suffering many growing pains, and we shall continue to do so, as long as the spirit now prevalent among our men remains.

—FLT. SGT. GATES, Senior N.C.O. in Servicing Squadron.

### Criticism

I hate the guys  
Who criticize  
And minimize  
The other guys  
Whose enterprise  
Makes them rise  
Above the guys  
Who criticize  
And minimize  
The other guys.



THE "PORK PIE"

## PERSONALITIES FOR MARCH



○ ○ ○ □  
*Victory for the Allies*

### THOMAS WONG

There is always a very strong temptation to "write up" Chinese boys in the service. Tom Wong (Victoria, B.C.) doesn't consider himself an oddity. THE AIRCRAFTMAN thinks he's worth a column in civilian or Air Force life.

This young A.F.M. is interested primarily in aircraft design. Possibly this interest is carried over from his pre-war job, which was draughtsman with his construction company. In addition to his drawing board business, he also managed to find time to be the champion Chinese tennis player of Victoria, and also delegate of the Chinese Canadian Youth Council. Always interested in knowledge, he is a particular admirer of the Confucian school of thought of his race, and has studied various other Chinese philosophies. When asked why he admired the much-quoted philosopher, he spoke of an admiration of the peace and contentment which is the basis of that great man's thoughts.

Possibly the impression has been given that Tom is a rather quiet individual. The contrary is true. Wong is fighting two fights. His background with the Youth Council has determined him to be a Canadian in every way, mentally and physically. His studies of Chinese reading and writing have equipped him to serve, in the future, with possibly greater effect than he does now. He keenly realizes that to his race certain privileges are not now accessible. With the winning of these rights foremost in his mind, he is willing to give all his efforts, and when the day of victory comes he will be able to say, "I have done my share".



### NICK LAZORYK

We were talking about the big snowplow which was pushing last night's drifts from the road. Someone said something about the driver being as bad, or good, as Crash Annie, the local M.T. pusher. Nick Lazoryk snorted.

"Do you realize," says he, "that in the country where I was born there most likely isn't a machine which could even compare with that baby?" (Referring to the snowplow, of course.) "Back there, when winter comes, everything goes on runners." Nick comes from Poland. Someone asked him why he didn't go home. "Thanks," says the hunk of hunky. "I'll stay here. I kinda like this country. Been here since 1930, in Montreal. Somehow or other you seem to have more room to grow around here. Mind you, Poland is a big country, too. But somehow you always seem clamped down on. Maybe it is because there are so many different nationalities. You see, you've got Germans, Austrians, Russians, Ukrainians, Slavs and Poles. Its kinda hard for everybody to agree on just how the country should be run. Course the Germans didn't help any when they began their infiltration tactics five years ago and tried to take over the civilian government. They found out later that they could only get that by fighting for it. After the Huns came, there was no arguing about who was going to govern.

"I remember my father telling me, after he had been there in 1938, that you couldn't walk down the street without someone going with you." Nick stopped talking. I could have told the rest of the bull-boys that he was silent because he was thinking over what had happened since he had come to Canada. He always liked to fool around with electronics so he had been doing radio repairing before the war. After that he joined the service as aircrew, but was washed out because of his poor sight. Then came T.T.S.

The sandy-haired kid had always said he was staying in Canada, for the rest of his time, because there is freedom here.

**SAVE FOR VICTORY!**

# THANKS FOR A JOB WELL DONE - GOOD LUCK - SAFE RETURN!

## A JOB WELL DONE R.A.F. REFLECTIONS

The large drum, which operates at Air Ministry, had given a couple of violent revolutions about Christmas 1940 and out fell about 300 names. Through the usual channels these names filtered and all having run the gauntlet of maniacs with hypodermics and successfully passed an unusually stiff medical, the gaited 300 finally assembled at the Town Hall, Liverpool.

Previously, I had just returned from leave and concentration was a *trifle* difficult. I was having grave difficulty in convincing myself that the lone Hurricane on which I was instructing hadn't changed into a flying flight and the flight commander wasn't "power diving" on me with vulgar regularity.

Through the haze suddenly penetrated the Flight Sergeant's voice, "You are going to Canada". With a careless chuckle and a shrug of the busy shoulders I successfully evaded another power dive by the flight and remember thinking what a peculiar sense of humour Flight Sergeants have.

The clearance certificate was no joke, however, and a short visit home was all that was possible before I joined the throng at Liverpool. The "gen" flew thick and fast and the consensus was that we were going to Canada to assist in starting a Technical Training School which would take approximately three months. No man at Liverpool was a volunteer for Canada; in fact, everyone was inclined to believe that, as we had drawn tropical kit, the Middle East was probably our final destination, despite the Canadian warning.

The journey across the "pond" was uneventful and the quarters quite palatial. I suppose some credit must be given to the "gun's crew" if not for our safe arrival, then for volunteering (if for no other reason than to be excused guards). Their performance on the stern of the ship, which at times was pitching and rolling, was very creditable if not dignified, and they made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in knowledge.

A little, though not much, for fear of "digging up" three days and two nights of agony, about our journey across Canada.

### First Airman

Colonist coaches of the ancient type met us at Halifax and we entrained at 8.30 p.m. on Monday, 22nd of January, 1940. No one was allowed to leave the train in case it departed any time. We waited for movement of the train from this time until 12.30 a.m. Tuesday. Several of us sat up to watch the countryside covered with snow and bathed in moonlight. A few hours saw everyone in "bed" but not completely resting. Several stops were made, one being Mont Joli, and here we requested ham sandwiches and tea, but left because no one could understand our language.

At various places along the line we would leave behind a few of the party to proceed to some R.C.A.F. station nearby. The first airman I noticed was at Tren-

ton. This man was dressed in his uniform but with a fur hat, kid gloves and over-shoes, articles of clothing we had never seen an airman dressed in before.

### "13 Miles of Corridor"

On arrival at St. Thomas station, a few of Richard's streamlined, if not comfortable, buses conveyed us to the camp. We left our bags at No. 1 Wing entrance and proceeded to supper, which gave us the impression that even the cooks hadn't been organized yet. After supper

we were distributed to the various squadrons of 1 Wing. Two Wing was not occupied except for a few civilian and service instructors. I was placed in 3 Squadron 1 Wing, and loaded with kitbags. I thought the corridor was endless.

About 8.30 p.m. a friend and myself proceeded to St. Thomas to view the night life which we found out did not start till 11 p.m. We retired to the Grand Central and tried to enter the lounge, and found out that we must have the company of a lady, which is a different

procedure to England. This presented no problem to many of the "single" men.

Work was started and two shifts were run, as equipment was at a premium. The first shift was from 0800 to 1600 hours and much to be preferred to the second shift, 1600 to 2359 hours. As the last shift had access to the beer bar, opened to the first shift, instructions had to penetrate, in isolated cases, a kind of haze. This shift also adversely affected 48's which did little to recommend it to the trainees in general.

However, in spite of difficulties, a good show was put up by instructors and trainees alike and I personally still have a very soft spot in my heart for the boys of the first two entries. With the advent of buildings and better equipment, it was possible to go on to normal working hours and training gradually proceeded in the peculiar uneventful way that all training has. The ranks of the instructors were filled gradually by ex-trainees who have to their credit done and are doing an excellent job, and to them is

due a great deal of the credit for the 25,000 trainees passed through this school as mentioned in the last publication of THE AIRCRAFTMAN by "Pitchfork". He omitted, however, to stress their part, which I should like to do now.

### Again "Pitchfork"

It would appear after reading the write-up that "Pitchfork" is of the opinion that the higher the standard of education, the more difficult it becomes to realize the necessity for, and familiarity to, discipline. To everyone who has



INSERTS: Left to Right—Flt. Lt. A. H. Ward, Sqn. Ldr. C. N. McLoughlin, Wg. Comdr. B. H. Rolles, Wg. Comdr. N. McLeod, Sqn. Ldr. B. J. Abraham, Flt. Lt. J. T. L. Lowe.

GROUP: Left to Right—First Row: Sgt. Shell, Sgt. Ward, Flt. Sgt. Clements, Flt. Sgt. Hogan, W.O. Graham, W.O. Warde, W.O. Harris, W.O. Maynard, W.O. Tanner, Flt. Sgt. Hewitt, Sgt. Ruston, Flt. Sgt. Steer. Second Row: Flt. Sgt. Nicholson, Sgt. Norton, Sgt. Tuersley, Sgt. Frost, Flt. Sgt. Baker, Flt. Sgt. Lee, Sgt. Meen, Flt. Sgt. Wallace. Third Row: Flt. Sgt. Drew, Flt. Sgt. Armer, Sgt. Johns, Sgt. Wellburn, Flt. Sgt. Wilden, Sgt. Baker, Flt. Sgt. Balsom. Fourth Row: Flt. Sgt. Pavey, Sgt. Carter, Flt. Sgt. Young, Flt. Sgt. Reys, Flt. Sgt. Ireland, Flt. Sgt. Colton, Sgt. Doughty, Sgt. Hunt. Fifth Row: Flt. Sgt. Shaw, Flt. Sgt. Street, Flt. Sgt. Cooper, Flt. Sgt. Miller, Flt. Sgt. Watts.

## FAREWELL TO THE R.A.F.'S

Oh! to be in England  
Now that April's coming,  
With Spitfires on the tarmac  
And Hurricanes a-humming,  
While Boulton Paul Defiants  
Awake the midnight blue,  
Roaring through the darkness  
To down a Hun or two!"

So cry our English laddies  
Who are leaving T.T.S.  
To cross the broad Atlantic  
To that island of the blest,  
To where the Luftwaffe falters  
'Fore a well defended coast,  
Revealing all the bombast  
In Goering's empty boast.

They'll service mighty bombers  
For a mission to Berlin,  
And keep our fighters flying  
Above the battle's din!  
They'll capture all the Gremlins  
That sabotage the planes,  
And send 'em off to Munich  
To addle Hitler's brains!

But when the battle's over,  
And at last the peace is won,  
When the daddy of block busters  
Has flattened out the Hun,  
We hope they'll all remember  
And haste across the foam  
To dwell again in Canada  
And learn to call it Home!

—SGT. HAWKE, G. P.

had any experience at all, or any service, doing a "job of work", this outlook must take its place under the heading of "halderdash".

The difference in attitude noticed amongst the R.A.F. is not due to education in any large measure, but due to the length of time they have had to acquire this "habit of obedience to orders", as Lord Trencard chose to interpret discipline during an official function he attended as Marshal of the Royal Air Force.

We have no time or desire here to contrast or compare relative standards of education, but, having instructed trainees in both countries, a discussion could so easily be started.

It must be remembered that the majority of the R.A.F. instructors went from their schools into the R.A.F. training school at an age between 15½ years to 17½ years old, and there for a period of three years carried on their education, academic and technical, until finally considered fit to take their place amongst other tradesmen of the R.A.F. From that early age until now they have all improved their knowledge of aircraft and the service, on the ground and in the air, at home and overseas. The period since qualifying from the school varies with the personnel, fifteen years being a good average. We might then suggest that the opinion of "Pitchfork" might be changed a little with a little more experience.

Having wandered from the point, let us now return to the original trend of thought.

(Continued on Page 10)

## A. F. M. TRADE BOARD TABOOS

When you go before the trade board interm (your first time) don't:

Say "yes" when the Oleo and Hydraulics man, in a friendly discussion and questionnaire on the Bendix leg (fitted to the Harvard), winds up by asking:

"And you would fill the leg while it's fully extended?"

You will fill the Bendix leg, when you go to Shadyville, when it is fully compressed:

The reason is this: The Bendix leg gives Harvard aircraft a convenient advantage over others. . . . It doesn't have to be tressed when oleos are serviced.

But, remember, it's easy to say yes, just to be "chummy" with the Trade Board and agree with the man across the desk. However, it's his job to find out how keen you are: how quickly you register when faced with something a little different in maintenance problems.

The reason is that men's lives depend on your doing so, once on station!

Learn what a wrap splice is, when used, why. I didn't know! You can blame it on Y.T. But if you went to a "poor" Y.T., and unfortunately there are such to be found—the Trade Board only pities you but doesn't excuse you from knowing facts essential to efficient service.

Learn something about the parts of an ordinary Micrometer and how to read it, as well as a Vernier.

Don't get electro-plating (cadmium, etc.) mixed with anodizing. They're easy to differentiate: the job is on the anode in anodizing, with a graphite or stainless steel cathode (low potential) and the current flows from the job to the cathode, breaking down the aluminum plate and making it enter into combination with the hydrogen and oxygen in water, forming aluminum hydroxide.

This prevents corrosion by clinging to the plate after the anodizing process time is completed. Chromic acid (3%) is only a di-electric in the anodizing bath solution.

The job is attached to the cathode in electro-plating (cadmium plating, one of the commonest forms).

Don't put a stressed skin covering over a geodetic wing or body structure when the knowledge-full sergeant at the rigging desk puts up the hypothetical choice.

Geodetic structure was conceived, by its designer, to decrease structural weight while increasing structural rigidity. Stressed skin covering was designed to give some added semblance of rigidity to members, especially wings, hitherto held to their required shape by spars, and ribs or longerons is the non-geodetic type fuselage.

Don't think, when you reach the end of the phase on publications, that Unit Maintenance Orders, part 3, and C.A.P. 163 are one and inseparable. I left our class with that very definite impression.

U.M.O.'s part 3 is that section which deals with the General Repair Scheme applicable to each and every aircraft on

station, and made up of the Repair Scheme for each aircraft.

C.A.P. 163 is the appendix to the general repair scheme and may be added to each time an official addition is made to the repair scheme.

Don't get balled up between Fairey Battle oleo leg and the Vickers leg.

If you can't remember both, forget the Vickers leg (which is used principally, and as far as we are concerned, on the British Spitfire and Hurricane) and remember the Battle. The latter is distinguishable in cross section by its oscillating valve (principally) and by an annular ring-recoil prevention device which differs slightly from that used on the Vickers.

The Lockheed pneudraulic strut, carrying air in the bottom and hydraulic fluid above the flotation valve is used on the British Oxford aircraft, which you study during the final two-week maintenance period.

The Turner Faudi all-air strut is used on the Anson aircraft, also British, found at the end of the course. The only oil used in this leg is the oil used for lubrication: up to one-half pint of oil anti-freeze.

Don't look faint when Sergeant Hunt, or one of his rod-and-gun companions, puts a question on the probable antics of the flaps, and bomb doors, on a Battle, when the U/c circuit is already in selection immediately following an emergency landing.

The solution is simply that you (or your ground crew) has overlooked the little routine of tripping the emergency release valve.

When this is open it gives constant free circuit whenever the U/c circuit is opened to the rest of the system through the selector unit.

When there's no action in the flaps circuit of the Harvard system (at the same time as an U/c selection is made) the one-way valve which leads from the hand pump gravity line to the U/c down line is probably stuck.

This review of salient points, in different A.F.M. phases, will be continued and will cover questions which appear most often to be the concern of students of the course.

## A JOB WELL DONE!

(Continued from Page 9)

### Halifax to "X"

We came to assist in starting a Technical School and we are proud that it has turned out 25,000 trainees and we also find to our satisfaction that at least 95% of the present instructors were themselves trained here.

Departures of the R.A.F. have been many, and at the time of writing many more are in the offing. A few of our personnel have been fortunate to escort parties across Canada, and the reports received have shown that each one has been impressed by the scenery on either

## 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. Answer "True or False" and add 10 marks for each correct answer and subtract 10 for each incorrect answer. Last month's answers are at the bottom of the list, and this month's will appear in the same place next month.

1. Lead Bronze is used only on main bearings and connecting rods in R.R. Merlin engines.
2. Relief Valve has provision to prevent oil starvation at slow speeds on R.R. Merlins.
3. Three different Valve Settings are made on R.R. Merlin, viz.—025", 005" and 020" when timing camshaft.
4. Isolating Ratchet on R.R. Merlin is to protect the airman who cranks it.
5. Slipper Gears are used to prevent damage on sudden acceleration of engine.
6. Like Magnetic Poles repel one another.
7. Magnetic Flux is a soldering paste used on electric connections.
8. A Coulomb is a unit in an electrical system.
9. A Megohm is 100,000 ohms.
10. Glass will not insulate magnetism.
11. The step of a Seaplane is used to get in and out of the hull.
12. A Stressed Skin is one that is stretched tightly over the frame.
13. A 7' Roundel is the largest which can be used on mainplanes.
14. A Roller Thimble is used with standard straining cable for wrapping joints.
15. In obtaining the camber of a rib without blueprint we use an incidence board.
16. Reduction Row of the twin row wash is the planetary type.
17. The Thrust Bearing on T.R. wash is on the crankshaft.
18. The Master Rod is of the one-piece type on T.R. wash.
19. The No. 1 Cylinder is in the front row of T.R. wash.
20. The Lay Shafts of magnetos rotate at 1½ times engine speed.

## ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S QUESTIONS

True—2, 4, 6, 9, 13, 15, 18.

False—1, 3, 5, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 14, 16, 17, 19, 20.

side of the "Rockies" and the friends they have made during their sojourn in Canada.

It seems a long time ago — Liverpool — Halifax — the ghost train — the cold meal — and the attitude "here are the Limeys, come to teach somebody something". It will soon be Halifax to "X", the home of the Limeys,—our home, and the Flight Sergeant's whisper is again awaited.

**BUY WAR SAVINGS  
AND  
SAVE FOR VICTORY!**



**2-2 DOODS IT!**

After threatening the School for the past three months that they were still to be reckoned with, No. 2 Squadron, 2 Wing finally swept through the Commanding Officer's Sports Trophy battle to clinch the Ole Silver. With only one defeat to their debit the fighting squad, which last summer made the deed a regular habit, just edged out 2 Squadron, 1 Wing with a bare five-point margin. Out of the total possible of 180, the gamy little section of 2 Wing took 175 counters, dropping only one badminton game in the whole series.

A dazzling basketball team out-razzled the league leading Headquarters on their meeting and showed all that maybe the Station team (mostly Headquarters men), could stand a little reinforcing. A.C.s. Hoffman, Brown and Wright played bang-up ball, with Hazey Hazen and L. Carney aiding with some nice timing. A.C.s Mozurick and Storrey rounded out the competent aggregation.

In the N.C.O.'s delight (volleyball), Cpls. Charlton, Hodgkiss, Balcom and Leach upheld the Technical end with Sgt. Smith and A.C. Dempsey sneaking past the coach.

The badminton section for the month went to No. 2 Squadron, 1 Wing, whose players form the nucleus of the Station team. Fox, the B.C. boy, with the beautiful smash, and Mustart sparked an otherwise ordinary team past some pretty tough competition. Of course, Thompson and Thomson weren't there just to make set-ups . . . nor was Phillips.

**WEIGHT LIFTING**

In the past few weeks this body-developing sport has caught the interest of hundreds of airmen, the Drill Hall being fortunate enough to possess approximately 600 lbs. of York Bar Bell weights. They are the property of Cpl. LaPorte, who has allowed them to be used liberally by everyone. Being an expert at the game himself, he is always willing to help newcomers. During P.T. classes Sgt. Laskin is the instructor.

A.C.2 Len Ingham, one of the electricians, is spending most of his spare time throwing weights around and is developing a lovely body. He knows that by keeping his body in good physical shape his school work will be learned much easier and quicker. Hails from London, Ont., knows weight lifting thoroughly, and is always a willing helper for beginners.

**Results of Drill Competition**

Monday, February 22, 1943

Standing Team Points	N.C.O.
1st 1 Sq. 2 W. 74.833	Cpl. Lee
2nd H.Q.	74.00 Flt. Sgt. Holland
3rd 1 Sq. 1 W. 71.166	Sgt. Arrowsmith
4th 2 Sq. 1 W. 70.333	Cpl. Silmsner
5th 3 Sq. 2 W. 69.000	Cpl. Craig
6th 3 Sq. 1 W. 68.666	Cpl. Sexsmith
7th W.D.'s 68.166	Sgt. Edwards
8th 2 Sq. 2 W. 67.833	Sgt. Brennan

**HOCKEY**

A capacity crowd jammed the Granite Arena in St. Thomas on Monday night to witness the first of the play-offs in the St. Thomas and District Hockey League, when the T.T.S. Hornets, undefeated in eight previous games, bowed to the strong London Army sextette, in what proved to be a rather one-sided game. The 9-2 score was not an exact indication of the play, but the league leaders were far from normal. The second game of the series, an Intermediate O.H.A. game, was played in Stratford. The winner of this series of a best-of-five will advance in the Ontario Hockey League play-offs.

It was a tense game for both players and fans, with each team checking close. It was not till late in the first period that the break came, when a penalty to the Hornets paved the way for the scoring parade of the Army. The London five kept rolling until the bell sounded at the end of the first frame, when a commanding lead of four goals had been reached.

It was really an off night for the Hornets, not having played a scheduled game for two weeks, and the second period seemed as if it would be a replica of the first, with the Army once again scoring shortly after the face-off. It was then that the T.T.S. boys settled down and played man for man till the balance of the period. The front line of Grivel, Steinback and Tackney combined for a perfect goal in the latter stages of the period, a goal which put the fighting spirit once again back into the Hornets.

Trailing by four goals going into the last frame, the T.T.S. boys tried hard to even the count, but once again were hopelessly outplayed. Shortly after the face-off, the Army tallied another, with F.O. MacNabb and Wakelin retaliating for the Hornets. From then on it was once again a walk-away for the Londoners.

There was no doubt that the Army was the better team during that game, but it was only a case of being better conditioned, having played more games recently. It was the first reverse of the season for the Hornets, but one that will no doubt prove to be more of a benefit to the club than probably a win.

Sgt. Longstaff is now the Station Bandmaster. He is filling a very responsible position in a thorough and efficient manner. Sgt. Longstaff has also played a prominent part in raising the T.T.S. Band to its present position of high standing.

His musical career started at the age of ten, when his father presented him with a cornet. His first appearance was at a school concert one year later, where he played a cornet solo. The Sergeant played in various musical organizations in the City of Guelph. In 1938-1939 he conducted the Weston Silver Band, Toronto. He enlisted in February 1941 and has been a member of the Station Band since July 1941.

**JACK-ASS LABOUR**

Old Father Gremlin, the founder of the now famous family of Gremlins, sat at his long dining room table fingering a smashed aileron hinge in morbid reflection.

His face lit up of a sudden as he stopped his twiddling and addressed his multitudinous household whose ability to carry on his mischievous sabotage was to be assured, so far as he was able, by constant reference to his many years of experience.

"This," said he, "is a relic of one of my very first jobs. It was simple. A short promenade along the side of the main spar then back between two ribs to the aileron, a crescent wrench, a dexterous twist of the wrist, and the result was dynamic."

"But Father," said Fuel Stop, one of his more youthful but far from unenterprising offspring, "while I admit your method to be very successful, and the liquidation was no doubt complete, yet the period of satisfaction derived therefrom must have been very brief. Let me tell you of the hilarious experience my brother Brake Jamb and I had the other day. As you know, Brake Jamb is well qualified in radio, and as the big army transport in which we were riding to Montreal reached a point about one hundred miles from its destination, where there is a village, the lights of which resemble very closely those of St. Huberts, he got out his tiny transmitter and, contacting the unsuspecting wireless operator, informed him that St. Huberts was calling, that he was two miles east of the airport and that he had permission to land.

"Noww, Dad, this is what I mean. This is where the fun started. The pilot, congratulating himself upon having maintained such an accurate course but nevertheless being somewhat disturbed by his premature arrival, hastened to prepare to land.

"He switched on his identification lights, he lowered his undercarriage, he lowered his flaps, he checked his fuel, checked his mixture, set his pitch controls to "fine," wound in his trailing aerial, wound out his retractable tail wheel, wound in his radio compass and, in a desperate hurry, when but fifty feet up from the village thoroughfare, he made a last minute lunge for his landing lights only to discover his unfortunate mistake. Whereupon he opened up the motors in the nick of time and flew disgustedly away, winding everything in and out as he went.

"Now while Brake Jamb and I had originally intended him more serious harm, he had provided us with such excellent entertainment that we decided then and there to molest him no further. Upon landing at St. Huberts, however, the temptation was too great for Brake Jamb, who did just what his name implies, causing the plane to ground loop viciously and wipe out its undercarriage."

"Well," said Father Gremlin, "you young imps must have your fun; but in my day we did the job fast and got fast results."

## JOE AIRMAN'S LETTER

Dear Maw:

It's "bloody awful" language, Maw, but it's the language our Sgt. Connors (3 Sq.) used when he canvassed us for blood the other day.



"Boys," he said, "we're going to make this the bloodiest squadron in T. T. S." . . . he said. "You get a free ticket to the show for each pint of blood you give us."

And, Maw, it's high time we started to give a bit of our blood in Canada. . . You see, they've discovered so many uses for blood plasma at the front now. . . . (Maybe you heard Brig.-Gen. Meakins talking about it over the CBC?)

But more of that later. . . . So far, Maw, in three years of war, and though we've turned out over 23,000 trainees here, do you know we've only given away 80 pints. And that means we've had exactly 80 donors here in all that time.

Of course, the reason is that the station didn't start campaigning for blood (which is turned into the Red Cross depot in St. Thomas) until the first of this year.

And now that the campaign has started, a lot of our fellows are backing down, afraid of the business. Of course, they don't know enough about it, and that the body replaces blood, taken from it, in a very short time.

And there's no pain connected with it, Maw.

But when you give  $\frac{3}{4}$  pint of blood you give 420 cubic centimetres. This, dried in the new laboratories that the

Government is setting up (and have set up in Ottawa and Montreal) for the purpose, goes to the fighting front.

It goes to Russia. It goes to England. It goes to Africa. When pure, or distilled water, is added to the plasma it again takes on the properties of blood, Maw.

It can be used in a dozen ways, where people are really suffering, Maw, to save life and limb. . . . To buffet the effect of extreme shock or of hunger. . . . (And I can tell you, Maw, when Jerry starts laying eggs on London and East Anglia, or on the ships of our convoys, there's room for curing shock.) . . . They use blood to recover road accident cases on the blacked-out roads of England. They use it, Maw, to save the lives of riddled airmen. And, according to reports, there are plenty.

Plenty, who need our blood now, Maw.

They get it round, on the fighting fronts, they say, in transfusion kits. . . . I saw transfusion kits being used in a bombing in England, once, Maw.

You don't forget the feeling you get when you see homes, and youngsters, and even the family cat—even the cat—splattered over the street after bombings.

You don't forget the sight of bleeding merchant seamen, when you see them along the watery trenches that lead to Britain, these days, either, Maw. I told you about that before, but it takes on a new light when you realize lives can be saved by the blood we donate here at T.T.S.

So far, just one Entry a week is called on to give its blood. . . . Our C.O., Gp.C. Keenes, has given several pep talks, trying to bring out more of the men, get them enthusiastic about giving their blood (which they really don't need very much at all in this country). Flt. Lt. Armstrong and Mr. Birdsall of the St. Thomas Kiwanis War Services Club are great enthusiasts, too.

What do you think of the idea, Maw?

## THE MUSTER CALL

From all the corners of this broad land we hear

Echoes of plenty in a world of need. Yes, 'tis true this lavish stock may never disappear

From this, our home, with its indomitable breed

Of men who till the soil and sow the seed.

Consider, though, their efforts in a world of strife,

Bent on tasks that never crossed their mind,

On complex matters all must face in this new life

With firm resolve and courage of a kind

In Canada's History so frequently outlined.

Nor can these same factors in the lengthy fight

Lie dormant when the tyrants' heads are bowed,

Muster them we shall and claim unquestionable right

To live in Canada, so generously endowed

With gifts of which we justly can be proud.

Muster them we shall and make this country just as good

For those of us who ever had to face The problem of acquiring what is always understood

To be the inheritance of a Democratic race,

Muster them and make this land a better living place.

—F.O. F. F. PEASE



## WOMEN'S DIVISION

### Romancing

during February were a couple of people — past and present — of the T.T.S. Rather a cute story behind it, too. Seems that an attractive young woman was busy as a bank clerk in Halifax during the early years of the war, and at the same time a handsome young man was doing the same thing in a Vancouver bank. Came the urge to join the colours, and the young man finally ended up as a Clerk Accountant at T.T.S. In due course of time our young lady came here as a trainee in clerk accountancy, and upon completion of her course last August was posted to the T.T.S. Pay and Accounts Section.

Now here is the dramatic point of our story:

Our young lady—then A.W.1 Hicks—is working at her desk—in walks our young man — *Corporal Sowden*, back from leave. Their eyes meet, and bang, bang, they fall in love—just like that. From then on life was one sweet dream for seven (count 'em) days (and ni—I mean evenings) a week. But alas! comes the fell day in early December when *Corporal Sowden* is posted—to Trenton. Oh, anguish! Oh, tears! What to do?? Things are left as is until Christmas leave in Toronto. Absence must make the heart grow fonder, for they decide to wed! But when? The first convenient "48" in Toronto? And so our young *Miss Hicks*—now corporal herself—departs with happiness in her heart—and maybe a little trepidation—on the eve of February 5, and yes, they are married that week-end. With very little left of said "48" for honeymoon gayety. Nevertheless, both are wonderfully happy and so glad they are married. East is east and west is west, and never the twain shall meet—OH YEAH!

*Lads! Maybe this can happen to you, too! Are you lonely, sad, forlorn? Would you like to meet a lovely girl—objecter, well, shall we say matrimony? Write your troubles to the scribe of this column—I think I shall start a lonely hearts club! Think of the romances I'll lamp!—geez! (Use a Brooklyn accent on that last sentence—sounds better.)*

This should be the spot for Vital Statistics. But I am too so and so lazy to go down to the Orderly Room and plow through volumes of D.R.O. to find out who married who, and who won who in the month's stork derby. Anyway, I've given you one marriage this month—and a dilly too. That will have to suffice.



### IT'S BEEN A MILITARY SECRET

For the past few weeks the corridors of 2 Squadron, 2 Wing have been echoing to . . . Well, let's wait and see.

It started last July, when Cpl. G. Smith of Vancouver imported from that fair city a crate containing the Zipper. What is the Zipper? Well, it is a model aeroplane which was built by Cpl. Smith. It is designed to fly with a midget size gasoline engine developing one-sixth of one horsepower. After several days of impatient waiting the wind "lazed" down and the boys were off for the local golf links for the initial flight. After some minor adjustments, the ship was hand launched to check its gliding qualities. The test proved satisfactory and under eager, watchful eyes "Smitty", gassed her up and started the mighty midget which was to take his craft on a record-making flight from which it was not to be recovered until four months later. The Zipper took off into a fair breeze and in a matter of seconds had climbed to a dizzy altitude, and then headed west, to disappear from sight, flying in the general direction of Waterworks Park.

Now this may have resulted in a sad state of affairs, but our friend Smith, undaunted by his loss, headed for the local model shop and purchased a new motor and kit. Very soon he appeared with a 6-foot Buccaneer, which performs with a grace and beauty equal to that of the splendid aircraft used in the R.C.A.F. With the birth of this model plane there was born a new activity which will go down in the annals of T.T.S.



Now the foregoing may seem to have little to do with the hum and roar which takes place almost daily in 2 and 2. Well, the secret is out. Cpl. Smith resides on "B" Floor in 2 Squadron, and in the last eight months other N.C.O.'s have been bitten by the model building bug. Daily they meet to discuss their hobby. Consequently there is experimenting galore, which results in the test running of engines.

At Fingal they are fostering a model club and the following would be quite willing to organize the same at T.T.S. Among our model enthusiasts we include: F.O. Stabler, Flt. Sgt. Armer, Sgt. Parkinson, Cpls. Smith, Baron, Randall, Simpson, Mycock and Bowles. You will find that the above mentioned will be only too glad to give assistance to any who wish to take part in this new Station activity. So, fellows, if you are

interested let's hear from you. The place, the office of your local AIRCRAFTMAN; the time, the sooner the better.



"GABLE OR DAPPER DAN"

### ALEXANDER THE SWOOSSE

This story concerns the twists and turns Of an airplane known as the "Swoose"; A famous machine, and a cross-bred between The swan and the Canada goose.

P'raps never before in the annals of war Has a bomber made such a name, For himself and the crew, who flew it and knew Every inch of his all-metal frame.

They demolished the Huns with their thirteen guns, The Eyeties and Japanese, too, And the B-seventeens in the Philippines Were led by the "Swoose's" crew.

In Maccassar strait they flaunted fate, And when the yellow man fled Alexander the "Swoose" was as loose as a goose And his fuselage full of lead.

When Corregidor fell, they rang the bell, And hit for Australia's shore, And more you will hear of their checkered career For they're back to fight some more.

—F.O. F. Pease.

### AIR-FRAME MECHANIC

I'll win my wings for Britain With a rivet and a wrench; I'll beat my way to freedom With a hammer at the bench; I'll light the way to liberty, With blow-torch blazing high, To keep still bright, the birds of night, That guard the darkened sky.

In every job completed, I'm making history; My hands are shaping heroes Whose faith depends on me. With every job unfinished Death takes a solo flight And leaves; all unprotected, The hangars in the night.

I'm piloting Democracy To see that it survives; I'm grounded to a duty That holds ten million lives. My tools shall serve their purpose Among the best, no less; For I'm a ground mechanic Of the T.T.S.

### FROM A MODERN PILOT

Ahead of me, at last, was my objective. With a sigh of relief I switched off the automatic map feed. Leaning forward from my luxurious seat I switched off "George".

I faded out "Charlie McCarthy" and faded in the R.T. operator. Rapidly winding in the direction finder, I requested permission to land.

With speed that deceives the eye I switched over to "receive" and got the O.K.

Then:—

I turned on the infra-red landing light, wound in the aerial, wound out the telescopic wing section, and the retractable venturi.

I switched off the de-icer, switched off the cabin lights, the carburetor heat, and unlocked my slots. Quickly I lowered my undercarriage (both legs, I hope), wound down the retractable tail wheel, altered the set of my constant speed prop.

Because of the nearness of the aerodrome, the last four of these efforts were made almost simultaneously, as a direct result of which the aeroplane performed a quite outstanding manoeuvre.

Wiping the sweat from my brow, I switched off the cabin heater, wound down the flaps, wound back my tail trimmer, adjusted my rudder bias and mixture control.

Seizing a frenzied moment I closed the throttle and wound out my landing lights. Wound in my radiator. Finally, as the value of time increased sharply, I wound in my retractable oil cooler, leaned back and switched off the air-conditioner.

A moment later I peered out. It was the wrong aerodrome, so, opening the throttle, I flew disgustedly away, winding everything in and out as I went.

### ANTHEM

*Today we are so sure of life,  
Far from lands of war and strife;  
The things I see as we pass by  
Assure us we weren't meant to die.*

*I look above at the sky's blue dome  
Shielding the world, God's creature's  
home;*

*A mare with foal, a field of wheat—  
These are the things simple, sweet,  
That comfort us in times of strife  
And make us forget our little life.  
The fields about are fresh and green,  
The air we breathe is free and clean.  
All these things the Lord has given,  
The promise of life, the hope of Heaven.*

*So was it, too, in other lands  
Until defiled by vandals' hands;  
Now where hangs the smoke of war,  
Men such as we drew breath before.  
That quagmire there, that ruined church,  
You'll find in them if you but search  
Memories of days gone by,  
When happy men as you and I  
Lived and loved and then passed on,  
Unto the Maker's house beyond.*

*Remember these things . . .  
And see that you in your short span  
Make sure that this, our land so fair,  
This Canada that we all share,  
Comes not beneath invaders' eyes.  
Shake off your cloistered calm, arise!  
Drive the tyrant from Freedom's skies.*

—CPL. WARDEN, H. J.,  
1 Squadron, 1 Wing.

# « TECHNICAL TOPICS »

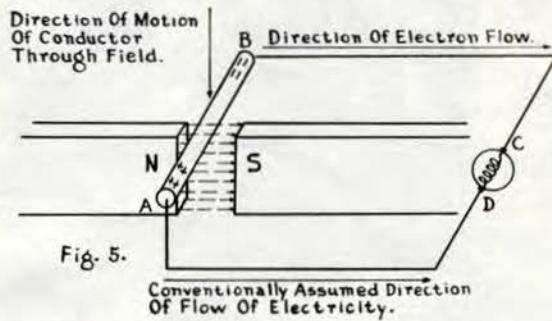
## THE NATURE OF ELECTRICITY

By SGT. G. P. HAWKE

(Continued from Last Issue)

### The Closed Circuit

Let us now refer to Fig. 5. Here the electrical circuit has been completed by connecting the conductor BC, the incandescent lamp CD, and the conductor DA, across the conductor AB. B to C to D to A now provides a path by which the excess electrons at B can return to A. As soon, however, as some of the electrons leave B, the potential difference between B and A is



lowered below the value of the applied E.M.F. and that force is able to move more electrons from A towards B. Thus, a continuous current of electrons is maintained around the closed circuit, A to B to C to D to A, the value of the current depending upon the strength of the applied E.M.F. and the resistance of the conductors.

We may define E.M.F. as the total force tending to move electrons in a circuit. An E.M.F. must exist before electrons can be moved in a conductor. As current flows along a conductor there is a drop in pressure at successive points due to the resistance offered to the flow by the conductor itself. This drop in pressure or voltage is known as voltage drop, or IR drop, because it is equal to the product of current and resistance, current being designated by the symbol I, and resistance by the symbol R. Potential difference (P.D.) is the difference in electrical pressure existing between any two points in a circuit. A potential difference can exist only after an excess of electrons has been established at some point in the circuit.

The sum of all voltage drops equals the applied E.M.F. If we connect a voltmeter across the terminals of a primary cell on open circuit, the reading will indicate the E.M.F. developed by the cell, as there is no current flowing (except the extremely small current through the voltmeter), and, therefore, no internal voltage drop. If, however, the external circuit is now completed so that current flows, the voltmeter will no longer indicate the E.M.F. of the cell, but will show a lower reading, the developed E.M.F. minus the internal voltage drop. The voltmeter may also be said to indicate the voltage drop in the external circuit, or the potential difference between the cell terminals.

The unit of E.M.F., P.D. or IR drop is the Volt, defined as the pressure necessary to force a current of 1 ampere to flow against a circuit resistance of 1 ohm.

### Resistance and Its Cause

Resistance is the opposition offered to movement of electrons, or flow of electricity, in a material body such as a copper wire or its insulating covering. It may be accounted for by the fact that the electrons in moving through the conductor must pass through the atoms. In doing so they collide with other electrons and with the nucleus itself. Each collision results in the evolution of heat, and accounts for the heat produced when current flows through resistance. All other conditions being equal, there will, naturally, be more collisions in a long conductor than in a short one. Hence the resistance of a conductor varies directly as its length. Again, if the same current is forced through a wire of small cross-section, there will be more collisions than in a larger wire, due to the restricted path through which the electrons must move. It will be found therefore that the resistance of a conductor varies inversely at its cross-sectional area.

Resistance is measured in ohms. The International Ohm is an arbitrarily established unit "represented by the resistance offered to an unvarying electric current by a column of mercury, at the temperature of melting ice, 106.3 centimeters long and having a cross-sectional area of one square millimeter".

The unit of current, or rate of electron flow, is the ampere, first defined as the amount of current necessary to deposit electrolytically .001118 gram of silver, from a certain specified solution, at a certain specified temperature, in 1 second. When current is flowing at the rate of one ampere approximately 6,280,000,000,000,000 electrons will pass any fixed point in the circuit in one second.

The reader will by now have grasped the fact that electricity is not a mere invention of man. It is, in fact, one of the elemental forces of nature, if not "the" elemental force. Its influence is not confined to the so-called electrical phenomena. It has its place in every chemical reaction, in the mental and physiological processes of all living creatures, in all phenomena involving magnetism or the radiation of energy, and even in the very motion of the spheres in space.

Man has merely learned to direct the forces of electricity to his own uses. He has discovered methods of forcing electrons to move in conductive circuits, and of confining their movements within those circuits, so as to produce the heating, magnetic or chemical effects which he desires.

The sum of our knowledge of electricity is still extremely limited, and is likely to remain so until we have obtained a more complete understanding of the nature of the elementary corpuscles of which all atoms are composed.



## 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!

**MARCH HITS!**

CAPITOL	GRANADA
Palm Beach Story 11 <sup>th</sup> -12 <sup>th</sup>	Talk of the Town 8 <sup>th</sup> -11 <sup>th</sup>
George Washington 13 <sup>th</sup> Slept Here 15 <sup>th</sup>	Feather Your Nest 15 <sup>th</sup> -17 <sup>th</sup>
Journey for Margaret 16 <sup>th</sup> -17 <sup>th</sup>	Lucky Legs 18 <sup>th</sup> -20 <sup>th</sup>
Life Begins at 8:30 18 <sup>th</sup> -19 <sup>th</sup>	Across the Pacific 22 <sup>nd</sup> -25
Pride of the Yankees 20 <sup>th</sup> -24 <sup>th</sup>	Invisible Agent 29 <sup>th</sup> -31 <sup>st</sup>

## CALENDAR OF COMING EVENTS

- Thursday, March 11th—**  
1930 hours—1 Squadron, 1 Wing vs. Headquarters,  
3 Squadron, 1 Wing vs. 3 Squadron, 2 Wing.
- Friday, March 12th—**  
2000-2359 hours—Twin Triangle Dance at Y.W.C.A. at St. Thomas.  
2015 hours—Movies in the Drill Hall, "I Live on Danger."
- Saturday, March 13th—**  
2015 hours—Movies in the Drill Hall; title announced later.
- Tuesday, March 16th—**  
2000-2359 hours—Twin Triangle Dance at Y.W.C.A. at St. Thomas.  
2015 hours—Movies in the Drill Hall, "The Saint in London."
- Wednesday, March 17th—**  
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.  
1930 hours—Small Games (No. 2 Wing Mess Hall).
- Thursday, March 18th—**  
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.
- Friday, March 19th—**  
2000-2359 hours—Twin Triangle Dance at Y.W.C.A., St. Thomas.  
2015 hours—Movies in the Drill Hall, "The Glass Key."
- Saturday, March 20th—**  
2015 hours—Movies in the Drill Hall; title announced later.
- Monday, March 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, March 23rd—**  
2000-2359 hours—Twin Triangle Dance at Y.W.C.A. at St. Thomas.  
2015 hours—Movies in the Drill Hall, "My Favourite Spy."
- Wednesday, March 24th—**  
1930 hours—Small Games (2 Wing Mess Hall).
- Thursday, March 25th—**  
2000 hours—No. 2 London Life Show in the Drill Hall.
- Friday, March 26th—**  
2000-2359 hours—Twin Triangle Dance at Y.W.C.A. at St. Thomas.  
2015 hours—Movies in the Drill Hall, "The Major and the Minor."
- Saturday, March 27th—**  
2015 hours—Movies in the Drill Hall; title announced later.
- Tuesday, March 30th—**  
2000-2359 hours—Twin Triangle Dance at Y.W.C.A. at St. Thomas.  
Movies in the Drill Hall, "The Shadow Strikes."
- Wednesday, March 31st—**  
2000 hours—Square Dance in Recreation Hall.  
1930 hours—Small Games (2 Wing Mess Hall).

# LETTERS TO - THE EDITOR



The Editor,  
THE AIRCRAFTMAN.  
Dear Sir:

May I be allowed to congratulate you on your excellent article "25,000 in Three Years" in your February issue. I am just new on the Station and it cleared up many questions I had in my mind, as well as showed me just where I fit in the scheme of things.

The only exception to the above compliment is in your handling of the R.A.F. Was it fair to say that the Canadian was more educated than the Englishman, in that he (the Canadian) questioned orders (implying that the Englishman was a mere uneducated robot)?

Yours,

B. C.

EDITOR: B. C. has read something into the article which was not there. The implication was not that the R.A.F. were "uneducated robots" but rather that their training and schooling had produced a maturity of thought which permitted submersion of idle curiosity to the end of getting the job done.



The Editor,  
THE AIRCRAFTMAN.  
Dear Sir:

Your feature picture for February contains a mistake. My sergeant would turn purple if I ever laid a monkey wrench like that on the motor.

C. H.

EDITOR: Oops, sorry.



The Editor,  
THE AIRCRAFTMAN.  
Dear Sir:

The improvement in the Station monthly has impressed me so much as to prompt me to write this letter.

It has often occurred to me why Bandsmen, P.T.I.'s, W.E.M.'s and W.O.G.'s are allowed to wear crests signifying their profession or trade, while other tradesmen, etc., are not permitted, or aren't provided with such crests. The crests I refer to are those worn on the right-hand sleeve of our tunics. Aircrew personnel are all awarded marks or wings showing their particular job on the aircraft, but the fellows mostly responsible for keeping the machine flying are not. I quite understand the cost of providing all personnel with these crests, etc., but why should some have them and others not? Such crests could be awarded to either airmen having L.A.C. classification or airmen having "A" grouping, if the expense was to be considered.

I would be pleased to hear something about this in your magazine or the ideas of other personnel.

Yours,

C. S. H.

EDITOR: This question has been entered on several times before. The last action we recall was the designing of suitable badges for each trade and their submission to Ottawa.



The Editor,  
THE AIRCRAFTMAN.  
Dear Sir:

What's the matter with our Press Club? I think it is too big for its breeches. Instead of writing all that stuff, which you see in the editorials, why can't we see more news and gossip of the Station? We want to know who is going out with who, and what they did.

Yours for a straight laugh magazine.  
C.M.G.

This month THE AIRCRAFTMAN tours "2" Wing. Naturally, only the top points can be touched in the two pages at our disposal.

But to have top points we must have underfooting. This basis is provided by the mass of men, trainees and N.C.O.'s who make this great vein throb, yet must be always anonymous.



Dear Sirs:

I am certainly glad to see that THE AIRCRAFTMAN has grown up and eliminated from its columns the usual type of guff found in most Station periodicals of its kind.

I refer to the kind of material so personal as to be dull; it generally takes a vein such as the following: What Corporal in 2 Squadron, 1 Wing was seen with that W.D. with the "rich mouse" coloured hair and a mole on her left cheek, three nights running? This sort of bosh can be thought up by anyone and I feel the Press Club deserves credit for its departure.  
J. P.