

*A.C. Ward J.A.
T.T.S. St. Thomas Ont.*

THE Aircraftman

MAY 1943

FEATURE ARTICLE:
KITCHENS



See Reversed Cover

x HALIFAX.

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

- Hughes -

« PERSONS OF NOTE »



P./O. W. W. CHISHOLM

One who has returned from the living dead!
This is the story of a young man recently with us here on this Station who has had one of those war adventures that most of us would be glad to avoid.

Meet Pilot Officer W. W. Chisholm, of London, Ontario, who came to T.T.S. on April 3rd, for a short term of duty before returning to active flying.

P.O. Chisholm joined the R.C.A.F. in May, 1940, and received his wings as a W.A.G. in December of that year at Mossbank, Saskatchewan. Posted overseas late in December, he spent almost a complete year on operations in England.

He had completed 150 operational flying hours in R.A.F. Wellingtons and was looking forward to the leave in Canada that 200 such hours would bring him, when, in November, 1941, he was sent to Gibraltar.

And it was on December 6, 1941, that fate stepped in. He was on a ferry flight from Gibraltar to hard-pressed Malta when his aircraft came down at sea. He and the rest of the crew drifted for fifteen hours in the Mediterranean until picked up by a French fishing boat and taken to Algiers. Retained there for three days for questioning by French officials, he was finally transported to an internment camp at Laghouat, 400 miles to the south.

Conditions at the camp were anything but good, especially in regard to food and sanitation. Much illness occurred among the prisoners, whose number increased from a mere 50 at the beginning to 1,000 at the end of P.O. Chisholm's twelve-month stay. Most of these were Navy men who readily pitched in to help organize such entertainment as was possible—chiefly sing-songs around the one wobbly piano in the camp.

"I slept most of the time, or read books," said P.O. Chisholm, "and the Red Cross help in this and in the matter of food and comforts was absolutely 'tops'."

One of the small blessings of the situation at Laghouat was the possession of a small radio for which

(Continued on Page Twelve)



AC 1 WM. MEINZINGER

"Illustrated by William Meinzinger."

That is an expression that may greet your eye frequently after this war, when this young artist returns to the fields of commercial and fine art. Right now, A.C.1 William Meinzinger is a Hospital Assistant here at T.T.S., but not so long ago he was making quite a name for himself with his talented hands. And any of you who were among the many who admired his paintings and sketchings at the recent Armed Forces Art Exhibit here will acknowledge the bright future ahead of him.

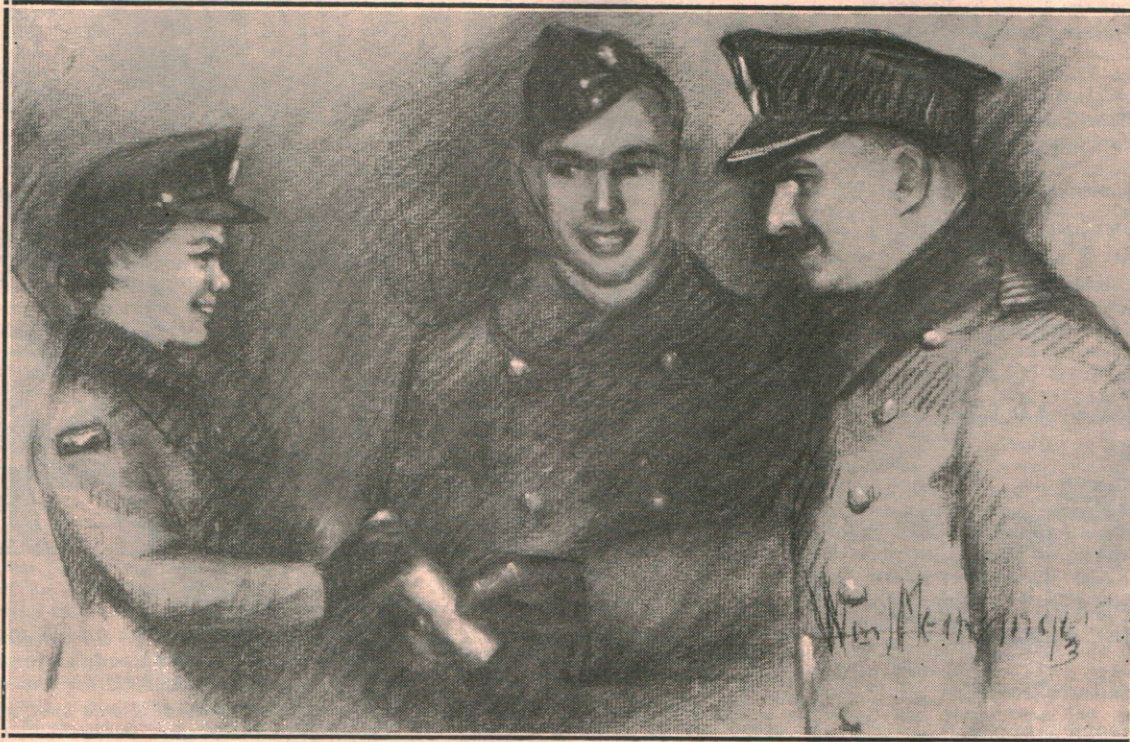
Born at Lacombe, Alberta, twenty-three years ago, he has since spent most of his life in Eastern Canada, living at Ingersoll and Chatham.

At an early age, William evidenced a liking and ability for drawing, later becoming so interested in art work that he decided to make it his profession. With this in view, he went to Detroit in January, 1937, and studied for almost six years at the Meinzinger Art School—an institution for fine and commercial art, established by one of his uncles.

At the end of his training, he went to Windsor, where he was engaged in drawing and sketching for Army Manuals put out by the Ford Motor Company. He was at this only a short time before joining the R.C.A.F. in December, 1942, and finally came to T.T.S. in February, 1943.

Most of William Meinzinger's spare time is devoted to fine art—particularly portrait painting, still life, and sketching. His latest works—portraits and floral paintings—for the most part remain in Detroit, all having been sold. Some of his best works, however, were on exhibit in the Armed Forces Art Exhibit, where we hope most of you had an opportunity to see them.

And should you be in any doubt as to this young man's ability, just glance at the feature picture on page one—that is the work of A.C.1 William Meinzinger. May his present and future works of art create for him an honored career.



OUR DILIGENCE WILL HASTEN VICTORY!

A.C.2 DEMAR, E. F. (R172267)
A.E.M., Vancouver, B. C.

A.C.2 REA, C. F. (R172457)
A.F.M., Watson, Sask.

A.C.2 FLINT, F. T. C. (R188216)
Electrician, Toronto, Ont.

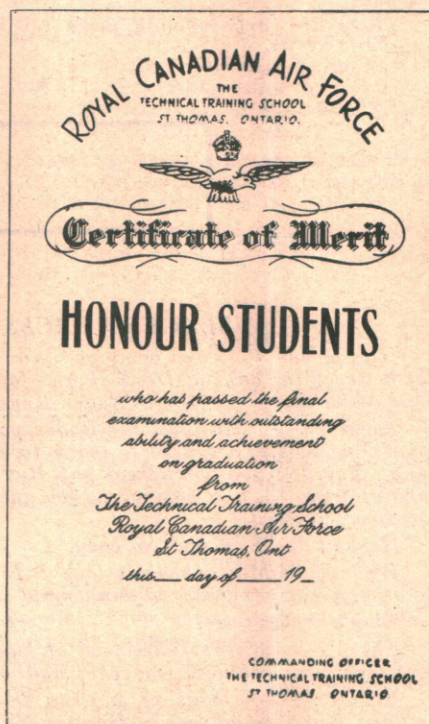
A.C.2 LIMBERT, J. L. P. (R197555)
I.M., Agassiz, B. C.

A.C.2 UNGAR, J. W. (R158485)
A.E.M., Maidstone, Sask.

A.C.2 BOLTON, P. C. (R188167)
Electrician, Toronto, Ont.

A.C.2 THORNDYKE, J. (R209186)
I.M., Millbrook, Ont.

A.C.2 CULLEY, H. G. (R182400)
A.F.M., Toronto, Ont.



A.C.2 MARONI, A. (R175482)
A.E.M., Toronto, Ont.

A.C.2 KELLY, F. W. (R173219)
A.F.M., Vancouver, B. C.

A.C.2 HADLEY, E. F. (R178679)
Electrician, Linaia, Alta.

A.C.2 CHARLEBOIS, J. L. (R207441)
I.M., Cornwall, Ont.

A.C.2 CAMERON, E. D. (R201632)
I.M., Springhill, N. S.

A.C.2 LEPINSKY, J. J. (R275765)
A.F.M., Vancouver, B. C.

A.C.2 BUCKLEY, F. J. (R173848)
A.E.M., Hamilton, Ont.

A.C.2 McKAY, J. W. (R185663)
Electrician, Calgary, Alta.

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GROUP CAPTAIN
J. H. KEENS, A.F.C.

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LOOK UPWARD . . . THERE
FLIES FREEDOM

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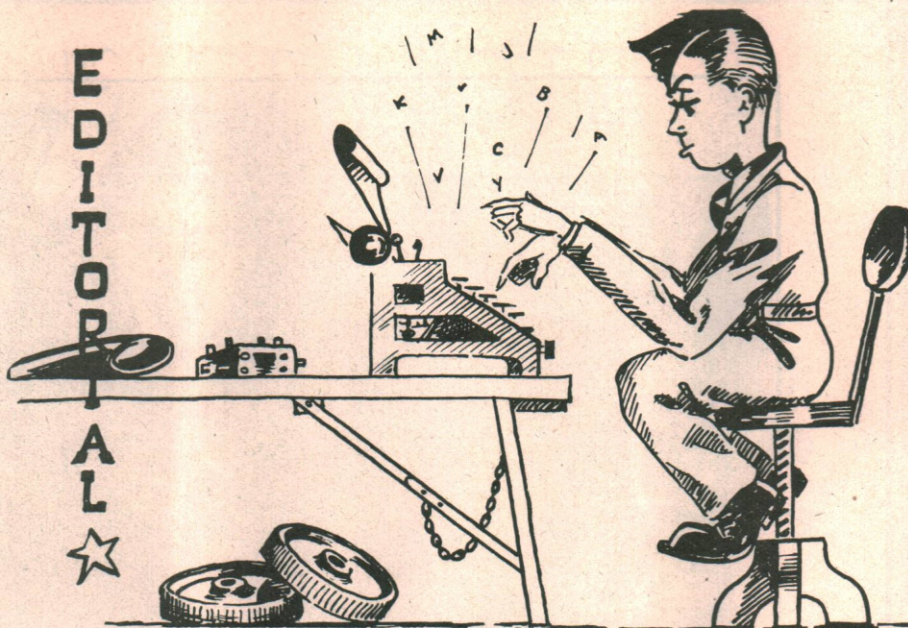
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AGAIN, TOMORROW!

A committee has been set up, by Order in Council of the Government to "advise it on international civil aviation." This is in line with Canada's stand in favor of international collaboration and co-operation in air transport after the war.

At the time of the April issue of *The Aircraftman*, this was spot news. We had gone "to bed" just as it broke. It was of vital interest to every keen aircraft technician and carried in the press of the country. It is no less vital now. It holds promise of the development of a field in which the best technical skill and brains of the country will be required and each ounce of Air Force experience applied will exert pounds of pressure in bringing Canada to the fore in the post-war air.

We are told, further: "Canada (through her government) has undertaken to design distinctive Canadian types of transport aircraft to aid in obtaining production of post-war needs from Canadian factories. . ."

The whole story is hopeful in extreme. Airmen from T.T.S. will help make the "Gabriel's harp" of tomorrow's air transport scheme, hum over Canadian and world fields; but it will require diligence and a great spirit of adventure!

Neither need efficient groundsmen (who have in many cases done their best to enter aircrew and fly against the enemy) show more than veiled appreciation for "Sgt. O'Lee's" cartoon on "Wings" last cover page, where the ground tractorman, accidentally airborne when the plane he tows takes off, shouts: "I'm aircrew; I'm aircrew!"

There are large enough fields for his enthusiasm and efficiency on the terra firma!

★ ★ ★

T. T. S. "BACKED THE ATTACK"
118% IN EIGHT HOURS!

★ ★ ★

BLACKED FACES AND MATLOCKS

"Out of boredom, and bondage," was a watchphrase in the Canadian Army overseas between the days of Dunkirk and formation of "devil-demon" Canuck commando corps under the aegis of Sir Roger Keyes in 1940.

There, in critical days, Sir Roger painted the Canadian face black, gave him a sailor's matlock and orders to learn to swim 300 yards with full pack. That takes doing! Try it if you don't think so! But the Canadians loved it, and the competitive spirit of doing the best commando job, initiative and imagination were at a premium! Boredom vanished!

Here at T.T.S. it isn't so easy.

We say, mildly, we don't love P.T. We don't like drill. And other things. We become easily bored and don't mind talking about it, at times.

Why shouldn't we?

There is no distant likelihood of marching against an enemy, although the efficient technical instructor marches against an elusive enemy every day!

But there are ways of putting that enemy in more tangible form. In, for instance, No. 3 Squadron, in Hangar No. 14. In approach to and attack on Station activity. Even in interest in, and contributions to, our "camp paper"!

In No. 3 Squadron the other day, the N.C.O. in Charge wants blood donors, as a case in point. He gathers his imagination and chalk and forthwith calls for a "better bloody record" from blood donors. He gets 94 out of 100 men!



One of these days this column is going to acquire a proper "stop-the-press" heading—it gets written nearer the last minute each month. This time we have been waiting for something more to happen as the station has been rather short on big events of late. However, there have been enough of the regular features, that with a few well-chosen comments about this beautiful Southern Ontario spring weather, we should be able to round out enough chatter to merit the space. Here it is:

DRILL TROPHY

Staunch followers of the drill art assure us that the competition for the Drill Trophy this past month, was one of the best ever. Drill was above par, an extra large crowd was in attendance, special displays were featured, and to top it off the W.D.'s won the prized cup.

Evidently the girls were full value for their win, for GROUP CAPTAIN J. H. KEENS, A.F.C., congratulated them heartily for their performance. He remarked also that the actual competition seemed to grow keener each month, while special demonstrations, as staged by the Air Cadets and a group from the precision squad of Lachine Manning Depot, definitely added to the proceedings.

In winning the trophy, the W.D. girls under SGT. HARBOUR barely nosed out CPL. N. LEE'S squad from land 2—last month's winners. Discussion as to the merits of the different squads raged back and forth following the judgement, with a few of the familiar "we-was-robbed" cries thrown in. However everyone conceded the excellence of the girls' performance and they are to be congratulated on their success.

BRINGING THE HOUSE DOWN

The applause that always follows so heartily a well executed number on our Drill Hall stage is a credit both to the airmen and the excellence of the shows that visit us. And the Tweedsmuir Victory Revue which was staged here early in April was definitely right up to the mark.

Produced by MR. G. WINTOUR of London, the show featured sparkling dances, smart songs, and some outstanding individual turns by comedienne ALICE DUNBAR and magician EVERETTE MIRES. And doubtless most of you will remember the brilliant drum and accordion playing of SONNY BRETHERTON and JERRY SLAUGHTER. This pair really "brought down the house," the crowd being loath to let them stop.

MARY B. WINTOUR, the capable Mistress of Ceremonies, was also responsible for the direction of all the dance routines. Interspersed smartly through the show, the dance numbers kept all the lads happy, and everyone was well pleased with the general effect. Chalk up the TWEEDSMUIR VICTORY REVUE as another entertainment hit.

The aviation instructor had just delivered a lecture on the use of parachutes. "And if it doesn't open?" someone asked.

"If it doesn't open?" repeated the instructor. "Well . . . that, gentlemen, is known as jumping to a conclusion."

MOAN

"OH! The flowers that bloom in the spring trala!" Yeah—not in this part of the country. One of the most popular spring past-times around here has been the pleasant strolling along country lanes of a warm evening, either soloing or 'a-deux.' Evidently there won't be much of it this year, unless one wishes to snatch the odd afternoon between snowstorms. Really this weather has gone beyond a joke.

Better it should happen to a dog!

Or maybe by the time you read this it will have warmed up—I hope!

ART EXHIBIT

We hope you managed to visit this during its April sixth to tenth showing here. Some of the paintings and sketches were really fine—others humorous. We may feel proud that T. T. S. was ably represented by the work of two or three of present personnel.

Some of the boys used the paintings as an opportunity to cook with gas along the introduction angle whenever a comely lass stopped to admire a work of art. Quite the experts were the lads then in pointing out this and that about the painting. However, everyone present evidenced a genuine interest in the many varied works, and we may assume that the exhibit made a big hit with personnel.

RAMBLINGS

Still plenty of AC's and AW's enjoying the Saturday night Recreation Hall dances. No particular gen about any one dance, but all evidently well "in the groove." See the Calendar for Events in this issue for the list of squadrons holding dances during May.

No romances, marriages, births, or what have you seem to have come the way of your scribe this month, so we shall have to waive Vital Statistics for this time.

There may be more doing in that department if ever spring weather comes this way to turn our young men's fancies.

And when you come back from your Easter weekend '48' let us know how you enjoyed the Easter Parade blizzard.

FINIS

Or, "there ain't no more, Bub!" We could use some news items about anyone or anything in any of the squadrons. If you have any such drop them in at the "Y" office. We certainly could use something. — Or maybe this poor column needs spring tonic—let's hope warm weather hurries up.

INDECISION

Indecision runs in the blood of many people. They never seem to be able to burn the bridges behind them. They always want to leave a way open for possible retreat. They do not realize that committing themselves unreservedly to their aims and depending entirely upon themselves would very soon develop a strong self-reliance and cure the vacillating habit.—O.S.M.

APRIL DRILL TROPHY

The evening of April 27th was a damp and rainy one, which served to hold down civilian attendance at the competition for the Drill Trophy in our Drill Hall. However, it did not dampen the enthusiasm of the various drill squads and other participants, and a bang-up evenings entertainment resulted.

The band was in excellent form, the drill was good, the crowd enthusiastic, and the novel idea of neatly interspersed displays by different groups, topped off the whole show.

The special displays were staged by different groups: The P.T.I. instructors gave calisthenic and rifle demonstrations, while a tumbling squad—CPL. HODGKISS, T., AW2 HAINS, S., AC2's SHEPHERD, G. and CALLAGHAN, M. — showed the crowd some very professional tumbling.

The T.T.S. Precision Squad definitely earned the crowd's approval with their smartly executed "V for Victory" theme. But, nevertheless, it remained for a group of fifty young W.D. girls—hospital assistant trainees—to really bring down the house and set the wolves to howling with a smart physical culture display. It was a novel and entertaining feature.

As to the drill itself, the verdict went to CPL. NORMAN LEE'S grand squad from NO. 1 SQUAD, 2 WING. Winners in February and runners-up last month. CPL. LEE'S boys left no doubt as to their right to the trophy this time with a very fine presentation. The W.D. squad—March winners—proved worthy second-choices.

In announcing the results of the competition, Group Captain Keens commended all the squads for the fine display, welcomed the brightening innovations, and promised more of the same for the future. He praised especially the W.D. Hospital Assistants for their sterling performance after but a minimum of practise.

Probable high spot of the evening for the winning squad was the announcement that they would be guests of the Capitol Theatre, St. Thomas, at a current feature — that's something to shoot for, so we shall see competition even keener next time.

MY DADDY

*Daddy, brave and full of fight,
Joined the fray to show his might.
With brave good-bys and kisses
He left. His darling son misses
Daddy, but it's fun
To know that Dad's no fool
And yet my Dad's attending school.*

*He's reviewing all the things he knew
Before he joined the Air Force Blue.
Arithmetic and Maths and Trig
And Killo Milli micro Meg
Keeps my Daddy busy thinking hard,
And Mother says that he'll be scared
In future days of this great war
Before the fighting's truly o'er.*

*Ma says learnin's good for Dad
And before this war is through
That Pop should be the smartest lad
That wears the Air Force Blue.
Pa will learn all about a plane
'Cause Ma says Pa is no one's fool.
But what gets me is, why Dad so sane
Should have to stay in after school.*

JOE AIRMAN VISITS NEW YORK

If you are an average Canadian airman, and especially if you are from any part of Canada normally far distant from the world's greatest metropolis, you have probably entertained serious thoughts of visiting New York while stationed in the east.

Be sure and do so! —

Because brother, it's worth it!

And because you may wonder as how best to utilize the time you spend there, we give you this story of what your familiar friend—Joe Airman, did and saw while in New York on a "48" recently. We hope it will give you

an idea as to what to look out for on your trip.

Having planned his trip to New York for some time Joe had gone to see his bank manager, and had obtained the necessary Form "H" which would enable him to travel in the United States.

Just what was needed in order to obtain this form had been set forth in D. R. O. entries from time to time, and, having perused these carefully, Joe had been well prepared. Armed with his kit bag, and an intelligent curiosity he boarded the evening train for New York.



BORDER CROSSING

The early part of the train journey passed quickly enough, as he chatted with a few airmen who were also bound—they hoped—for New York. The main topic of their conversation dealt with their chances of getting

across the border. Unlike Joe, they had not followed D.R.O. instructions and were without a regular "Form H."

And unfortunately their worst fears were realized when at Fort Erie, they were yanked unceremoniously off the train by Canadian Customs officials

all because their New York tickets were not accompanied by this devilish "Form H."

LAND OF THE "GIANTS"

Joe himself finally reached New York at about 8 a.m., after a night of rather fitful sleep on the train. The first intimation he had that he really was in this world of fantasy was a glimpse of the Polo Grounds—the New York Giants' home park—from the train window. He



knew then that the fabled "Bronx" was just across the river on his left, for the public prints had long since told him that Yankee Stadium was but a stone's-throw over the river from the Polo Grounds.

Finally the train stopped, and Joe pil-

ed out onto the platform. A few quick steps and he found himself in the tremendous rotunda of Grand Central station. To say that his breath was taken away by the sight that met his eyes would be putting it mildly, however, he had no time for idle contemplation. He hurried to the conveniently located servicemen's information desk, and soon afterwards was established in one of the large downtown hotels—the Roosevelt—just around the corner from the station.

RADIO CITY

Where would you head for first upon arriving in New York? — An even bet — Rockefeller Centre and Radio City! Joe did too, but it is worthy of note that his eager footsteps were shortly given pause when he stepped out on Fifth Avenue. He couldn't believe it, but here he was, on the sidewalks of New York! Just over there — down island — the spire of the Empire State Building poured itself into the sky, while close on his right, the towering magnificence of Rockefeller Centre paled the elegant structures of Fifth Avenue into a mere roseate setting. Joe was spellbound!

Joe, a little experienced in the ways of radio himself, thoroughly enjoyed his tour of Radio City. Never had he seen such an immense layout, with its multiplicity of studios, departments, control rooms, etc. He was fascinated by the Television apparatus, intrigued by the sound effect room, and completely enthralled by the size, magnificence, and beauty of the auditorium studio and the gold and silver theatres.

Radio City was certainly all that it had been reputed to be.

LOWER MANHATTAN

In the afternoon, Joe first visited the New York Defence Committee's Centre for servicemen on Park Avenue. Here can be obtained information and invitations about everything and to everything that would be of interest to any serviceman visiting New York. Joe, being short of time, contented himself with tickets to a couple of Broadway shows.

His next stop was the nearby Empire State Building, and Joe simply couldn't help gazing upward in open-mouthed awe at this magnificent creation of the hand of man.

Joe was whisked up the 102 stories to the observation roof in an express elevator which occasioned him some ear-drum trouble. Stepping out at the top of the tower, Joe was disappointed to find that the foginess of the day practically obscured the towers of the Woolworth Building and its satellites around the tip of lower Manhattan. Nevertheless the view of the street below and the many neighbouring famous spires was enough to occupy all his attention.

Joe spent the remainder of the afternoon at the Centre Theatre in Rockefeller Centre, enjoying immensely the ice show "Stars on Ice."

STAGE DOOR CANTEEN

His first port of call that evening was the famed Stage Door Canteen, and, pursuing his way there, he crossed the renowned Times Square.

The spectacle of this famous "crossroads of the world" — though lightless, was enthralling, and Joe was amazed at the crowds which jammed Broadway and 42nd Street at this before theatre hour.

The Stage Door Canteen is located in the basement of the 44th St. Theatre, and Joe, expecting something great and wonderful, was a bit surprised at the comparative smallness

of the place and its very ordinary appearance. He found himself looking at a small dance floor with an improvised stage at one end, surrounded by a close collection of chairs and tables. Along one side was a U.S.O. style lunch counter.

There was a large variety of uniforms in the place, mostly American, but with a fair sprinkling of Canadian Army, Airforce and Navy among them. There were even French sailors in tassled berets from the battleship Dunkerque.

The many women and girls in attendance were of the American Theatre Wing, and they certainly made everyone welcome. Singing and entertainment from the stage, and later on dancing, was the order of the evening. Joe did not stay long however, and after enquiring as to what Broadway shows might be best to see, he departed for the theatre.

He spent an enjoyable three hours at the Music Box Theatre seeing the "Star and Garter"—a musical revue. Later he stopped in at the Astor Bar, met some American friends, and enjoyed a merry evening seeing New York's night life.

STATUE OF LIBERTY

Next morning, Joe took a Broadway Bus and departed for lower Manhattan and the Battery. As he rode along, he was amazed to find out that the expression "canyons of Wall Street" was literally true — great buildings towered up on either side of very narrow streets in the heart of the financial district.

Getting off at the Battery, Joe walked past the old Aquarium and along the harbour at the mouth of the river. Far out in the Bay he could see the Statue of Liberty gleaming in the sunshine.

A convoy was being formed up, destroyers moving about, and tugs working ceaselessly. Great grey freighters had their decks piled with bombers for overseas. The whole presented a new and fascinating aspect of life for Joe — a prairie boy.

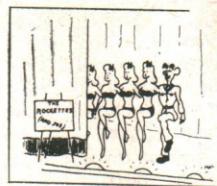
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

Joe had now only a short afternoon left before he caught his train for home. He used it to the full by visiting Radio City Music Hall and the roof of the RCA Building.

The day being bright and clear, his view from atop the home of Radio City was marvellous. New York and its environs stretched clear to the sea in one direction, and to the mountains and surrounding plains in the other. Close at hand the view of Central Park with its edging of skyscraper hotels occupied all Joe's attention, and he was able to identify many places he had often read about.

His visit to Radio City Music Hall — the largest theatre in the world — was a fitting climax to a grand weekend.

Never had Joe seen such a great and magnificent interior, never such a stage, nor such a chorus as the famed "Rockettes." He was truly sorry when time came to leave.



REFLECTIONS

Joe now had to hurry to catch his train, and later as it thundered through the outskirts of New York, he had time to think a little about his hectic two days. He was happy to realize that, though brief, his stay in New York had been utilized to the full, leaving him with many permanent memories. The late afternoon sun slanting along the Palisades of the Hudson added a final note of beauty, and Joe arrived home in the wee small hours completely satisfied with his New York trip.



WOMEN'S DIVISION

TO A STOREKEEPER

*Down in the stores there is a gal
Call her Sadie or call her Sal
When "C" Class stores maybe you need
A Sergeant's Sig or she won't heed
She's had her orders from the Ma'am
Two hooks my friend don't mean a damn
So in a pleasing pleasant way
Closes the gate and says good-day
She's kind of busy don't you see
And leaves the world to you and me
In History's annals we will write
Here's to a storekeeper, good and true
Who enlisted so that men could fight
And prove again that right was might.*

—Thom. H. Smith

AS I SEE IT

Eight of our W.D.'s were presented with scrolls by the C. O. for their work of representing the Girls' basketball team. Only member absent was ANN JOHNSON, who is recuperating in the hospital.

Sections represented on the team. The Hospital: NIN HATCH, the reason we on sick parade; ANN JOHNSON, Johnnie had a little tough luck at the start of the season when she broke her finger but soon was in the game again; AW1 FITZGIBBONS, one of our Southern cousins. Equipment Section: HELEN BROWN, one of the best sports-women on the station, works in Clothing Stores; MARGIE HARRISON from Tech Stores; E. M. FLEMING from E & I School. M. T. Section: represented by E. K. FLEMING, larks: CPL. ALICE SAVAGE and AW1 CARLESS.

were also members of last year's baseball team—and did you know that the girls' sports teams have never lost a game yet?

Ah me! it does the old heart good to see that miracles never cease to happen—at least that is the opinion of everyone, since the W. D.'s were victorious and won the March Drill Competition. After entering Drill Squads for the past ten months, the girls deserved to come out on top.

The Thursday Night At-Homes in the Girls' Canteen are really getting to be one of the best weekly events on this station.

—and for this month I will just say—

Adios for now,
ANONYMOUS

Dear Mom:—

Hello again, it will be fun to write you this time to tell you about the many and interesting things that have happened around here this past month. We are really outstanding if I do speak for the rest.

Most important of all, is the fact that we, as a whole group are holding two silver trophies, won through athletic proficiency, and keen, quick thinking, not only did we win them, but the fact was accomplished in one evening. The Drill Squad, under the capable direction of SGT. HARBOUR, put on an excellent exhibition of Drill the other night, in the competition between the lads and the lassies, and alas, for the lads, the lassies WON! Oh! yes they deserved to win, our girls are really good. And I know several lads who are yet tryin' to figure out why they didn't win, and I'm afraid they had better watch out the next time, too.

Did you hear the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) Radio Quiz Programme, the other night? Sure it was good, but that is only a sample. Those girls were out to uphold the intelligence of the W.D. and they did it bringing back to the station another trophy. Say, Mom, you should have seen FLIGHT BRYANTON'S face the next morning, as she stood looking at our "winnings"—she was as proud as punch, everyone was, and justly so.

We have a super basketball team here, too. The line-up includes CPL. SAVAGE, the FLEMMINGS, CARLESS, BROWN, FITZGIBBONS, HATCH, and JOHNSON. They too, brought glory to the camp, by winning, winning, winning all the time. They were presented with scrolls, for their fine work by the C. O. of the station, along with a firm, friendly handclasp, that in itself was worth a few cut, sprains, or even a black eye.

Some of our girls that ewhave learned to like so much, have been posted out to the west. By the way, Mom, when this war is over, we must go west again and find out what we missed the last trip. Down here the Westerners call the west "Canada!" Gee, I wonder where we are?

The new uniforms are here—they are streamlined to perfection. They are really smart looking, but, methinks their advent will occasion considerable elbow grease on the brass, I'm sure, but the results will be worth the effort. You may not see me in mine for some time, I'm not the streamlined type. I bemoan the fact because the girls en-mass are a military fashion parade this year.

Did you ever hear of the W.D. farmerettes? Well, I did, and before long a lot of folks will hear of us, as we are, as soon as the weather permits, going to begin growing things to eat and admire—that will be most interesting and fun, too.

Perhaps I didn't mention it before, but we are "at home" here every Thursday night to the boys across the street, dancing, games, and a lunch at the conclusion of the evening, in our own recreation room. It bids promise of becoming quite the thing, as the boys and and girls alike are all for it—another touch of home.

By the way, Mom, there is a touch of home waiting for me right now, that is cleaning the floor, so your Josie will go active, now, before it gets too late, and next month I will tell you more about everything which should be lots, as there are many plans afoot, for the Spring.

So-long, Mom,
your ever-loving
Josephine.



Sgt. A. C. Harbour, Brantford, Ont., who commanded the winning drill squad in the monthly drill competition at the T.T.S., St. Thomas. Sgt. Harbour is holding the Commanding Officer's Cup which was won by the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) Team.

The last days of March 1943 will long remain momentous in the annals of the Women's Division at T.T.S. The very same Tuesday eve on which we achieved one of the greatest ambitions, also gained for us a wholly unexpected honour. While the drill competition was in progress in the Drill Hall here three lonely and thoroughly bewildered W. D.'s were in Toronto engaging in a quizz contest "Battle of Wits" with a team of girls from Trenton. The Trenton girls were already in possession of the cup, having gained it in a former encounter and we were quite convinced that they would keep it. A chicken dinner attended by the program personnel, however, did much to restore our confidence which had fallen to a rather low point during a day spent in inspecting the studio and listening to recordings of former programs in which each participant emerged a veritable John Kieran! Inevitably the fateful moment arrived, the studio light flashed "On the Air" and so we were! Minutes went by in which we struggled manfully and then, almost before we could realize it, with the silver cup in one hand and a beautiful gold identification bracelet in the other, we were boarding the tram for the station and the journey home. A conference was held amid the unbelieving stares of fellow passengers who doubtless suspected larceny, and we straightened the matter out! Evidently we had come by the thing honestly and could take it back to T.T.S. with a clear conscience!

Seriously, though, we were most grateful for having the opportunity of meeting everyone connected with the programme and the kindness and thoughtfulness shown us made us all the more proud to be members of the R.C.A.F.—working toward a common end!

ALLEGED HUMOUR

"Should I marry a man who lies to me?"

"Lady, do you want to be an old maid?"

Edith: "Helen has been married six times!"

Janet: "Yes, the only way she could get a thrill out of Niagara Falls would be to go over it in a barrel."

BLASTED HOPE

Wife: "Dear, I've set my heart on a Rolls-Royce."

Hubby: "Yes! Well that's the only part of your anatomy that'll ever set on one."

Maude says: "The sudden entrance of a wife has caused many a steno to change her position."

"Your boy friend is said to be very talented in the athletic field."

"Yes, we park there every night."



BACK ROW: Left to Right—Flt. Sgt. McFarland, B. B., Sgt. Tackney, W. J., Sgt. Laskin, M., Sgt. Tammaro, F. J., Sgt. Stewart, G. R., F. O. Grabb, J. E.
FRONT ROW: Left to Right — Cpl. Moore, H., Cpl. Hart, J. M., Cpl. Galbraith, E. A., Cpl. Rabin, H., Cpl. Grivel, D., Cpl. Breen, S. A.

P. T.I.'s

Twelve Physical Instructors were selected to keep this station physically fit and mentally alert. And the venture has proven successful, and appreciated by all trainees and N. C.O.'s alike.

A little information now on the men who were selected to keep you in trim:

F. O. J. E. GRABB

Our P. T. Officer who hails from Toronto received his B. A. at Queen's University and then taught Physical Education at Albert Collegiate in Belleville for one year, Timmins High School four years and at Malvern Collegiate in Toronto for three years. He is very well known in Sports Circles as an all round athlete.

FLT. SGT. MCFARLAND, B. B.

Born in Scottdale, Pa., and worked in steel mills for twelve years, after two years at Delta Collegiate, Hamilton, Ontario. Majors in track and swimming.

SGT. STEWART, G. R.

Hails from Paris, Ontario, the town of many leading sportsmen, namely Syl Apps and Sgt. Stewart. He has been quite active in sports and specializes in baseball, badminton and swimming, and has played on several winning baseball teams.

SGT. TAMMARO, F. J.

Better known as "Tammy," is also a product of West Toronto. Starred in softball circles around Toronto and for the T.T.S. Station Team last year and which won the No. 1 Training Command Championship. Has done considerable boxing in Toronto and was assistant coach of the C. Y. O. boxing team '38-'39. Has also competed in weight lifting competitions. Coached boxing teams here at T. T. S. and instructed many of the boxers who took part in previous boxing meets.

SGT. LASKIN, M.

Home town is Hamilton. Has been a gymnast of the past fifteen years. Is also an accomplished weight lifter. Was a member of the Basketball Championship team from Central High School of Commerce in Hamilton in 1937.

SGT. TACKNEY, W. J.

Better known as "Barney." Comes from North Bay. Has played Pro hockey for Pittsburgh Hornets, in the American Hockey League. Also played for T.T.S. station hockey team in 1942-43, where he proved himself to be an outstanding hockey player. He was also captain of the T.T.S. Hornets. Is also a noted track and field man from his high school days.

CPL. BREEN, S. A.

Comes from Quebec City, and is well-known in Montreal as a Senior Hockey referee. He is also an accomplished baseball player, having played Senior Hardball in Quebec.

CPL. HART, J. M.

Hails from St. Catharines, Ontario. He has played on Dominion Basketball Championship teams and also four Ontario Championship teams. On top of his basketball ability he is also a star mile man and is willing to give instructions to anyone who cares for pointers in the art of basketball and the mile run.

CPL. GRIVEL, D.

Comes from West Toronto. Has played semi-pro hockey in U. S. A. He was also the top scorer for our T.T.S. Station Hockey Team in the St. Thomas and district league. He also stars in baseball and swimming and lacrosse.

CPL. MOORES, H.

Is a product of Toronto. Has played rugby in Senior O.R.F.U. for Balmy Beach. Member of Hurricane Dominion Rugby Champs in 1942. Is a very well-known athlete in Toronto and has been on three Dominion Basketball Championship teams. Also majors in softball. Played for Tip Top for five years in the Beaches Fastball League.

CPL. RABIN, H.

Hails from Montreal. Has played on two Basketball Dominion Championship teams. Has also participated in senior basketball and hardball. Is well-known in Montreal for his coaching ability in both basketball and baseball. Played on T. T. S. basketball team.

'P. T.' Has Become 'P. F.'

We stood there arrayed in our gym kit,
A picture of man in the raw,
Airmen, and corporals and sergeants.
And W.O.'s by the score.

The accountant officers were present,
And the squadron leader admin
In an effort to lessen their waistlines,
And remedy past years of sin!

Trunks turning and bending and stretching,
We were groaning and gasping for breath,
As we hung from the top of the wall bars.
Everyone prayed for quick death.

We ran, we leapt, and we vaulted,
Then proceeded to roll on the floor,
We tore each other to pieces,
And nearly broke one blighter's jaw.
Now this is the end of my story,

There's been nobody killed up to date,
But down in the Gym they've a motto—
Remember—It's never too late.
"It's never too late—to get fit."

—R.C.A.F. Mountain View

CPL. GALBRAITH, E. A.

Who's home town is Stratford, Ontario. He has had the experience of working for Fairchild's Aircraft Factory in Montreal, and also at De Haviland Aircraft, Limited, in Toronto, assembling Anson Bombers and Mosquitoes. He specialized in boxing and coached school children in the Stratford Y.M. C.A. and is an all round athlete.

Our best wishes to Cpl. Rozinsky who is at present recovering from a knee injury in the hospital. And we hope he will be back with us in the near future.

SPORTS HONOURS FOR APRIL

VOLLEYBALL

(1 S - 1 W)

Cpl. Marowitch, J.	R4224A	Tech Inst.
AC2 Williams, B.	R210755	E 75
AC2 Cousins, W. G.	R210601	E 70
AC2 Sinnott, J. C.	R190234	E 65
AC2 Sears, D. N.	R183137	E 70
AC2 Goldfinch, H. J.	R210601	E 71
AC2 Bigg, H. E.	R182837	E 62
AC2 Wright, F.R.	R207487	E 79

BASKETBALL

(2 S - 2 W)

AC2 Hoffman, I.	R182472	AFM 144
AC2 Cox, G. F.	R176956	AFM 149
AC2 Boone, A. E.	R183493	AFM 145
AC2 Wills, J. A. W.	R189405	AFM 152
AC2 Armstrong, F. C.	R191632	AFM 152
AC2 McDonald, A. J.	R176780	AFM145
AC2 M:Leod, D. S. N.	R179837	AFM 145
AC2 Podor, N.	R187884	I.R. 72
AC2 McKay, J. R.	R189146	AFM 152
AC2 Saunders, D. M.	R179969	AFM 145

BADMINTON

(2 S - 2 W)

Sgt. Rea, V.	R75066	Clerk Educ.
Sgt. Charlton, J. D.	R71855	Tech Inst.
AC2 Ramsey, W. S.	R185612	AFM 148
AC2 Rowley, R. M.	R173887	AFM 145
AC2 Ball, B. D.	R188325	AFM 145
AC2 Maitland, C. J.	R172027	I.R. 72

YOUR R.C. PADRES



The seated Padre in the above picture, Flt. Lt. Mulcahey, was born in St. Johns, Newfoundland, and migrated to Sydney, Cape Breton when he was very young and unable

to offer any resistance. Educated at St. Francois Xavier's, Antigonish in Nova Scotia, he later moved to Montreal to study Theology. On graduation

he followed the teaching profession in Nova Scotia for a few years. He has taught at Loyola College in Montreal and finally at Campion College, Regina. Flt. Lt. Mulcahey is a true member of the Air Force as he has travelled a good deal in Europe, spending some time as a priest in France, England and Ireland, and later in the U. S. A.

He enlisted in 1940 and his first posting was No. 4 S. F. T. S., Saskatoon; following Saskatoon he was R. C. Padre at B. & G. at Mountain View and for the last six months at T. T. S.

Your scribe has found this Padre most interesting to talk to and many of we Airmen know that he is a regular visitor to the Hospital and takes a keen interest in your personal problems.

Tenni, bowling and a good game of cards interest him a good deal. Confidentially, he is often on the short end of a bet.

FLT. LT. HEMOND

Is a native of Montreal and a graduate of St. Laurent College. On graduation from St. Laurent he studied Theology at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, and was later a student at the University of Montreal. He, like his brother Padre, followed the teaching profession for twelve years in Valleyfield, Quebec.

In 1942 he joined the Air Force and after a short period at No. 5 Manning Depot he came to T. T. S. in September 1942 and as he is a French Canadian he has well served the French boys who have visited T. T. S. over the past number of months, and he welcomes all newcomers with their personal problems.



OFFICERS' MESS



TOP ROW — J. Curtis, F. Nunney, G. Watts. CENTRE ROW — LAW High, I., V. MacKay, LAW Mallard, J., C. Edwards, C. Davies, B. Roberts. FRONT ROW — LAC Murray, E., Flt. Sgt. Brant, Cpl. Capbanis, B. White, B. Caldwell.

The rations for the Officers' Mess are drawn from the main kitchen. F./O. MILLS acts as Officer i/c Steward Stores, and Messing Officer. In other words, besides seeing that the Officer are well fed, he sees to it that the hospital gets the special foods it requires, such as fresh fruit, when it is obtainable. Unluckily, we didn't get him in our picture, but if you have ever been in the hospital you have without a doubt seen him, he pops around ever so often.

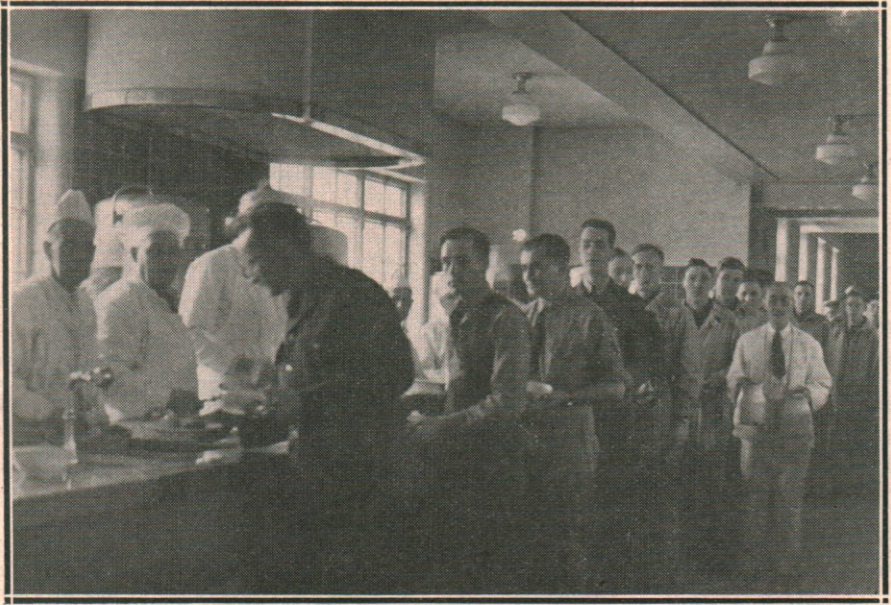
FLT. SGT. BRANT is the N.C.O. in charge of the Officers' Mess. Hailing from Sudbury, this hearty gent is one of the old timers at T. T. S., being one of the first group of cooks to come, early in 1940. He has been here ever since except for periods of temporary duty at Guelph and Clinton, at which latter place he organized the messing when the R.C.A.F. took this duty over from the R.A.F. He has been in charge of the Officers' Mess for ten months.

Ably assisting the Flt. Sgt. is CPL. KAPLANIS, who has been a cook all his life he says. He came to Canada in 1923 and during the Great War and before, served both in the Greek and Canadian armies. He was a civilian cook on an Air Force Station before joining up.

LAC MURRAY of Toronto, formerly of Liverpool, England, also works out here. He came to Canada in 1914, and at the outbreak of the last war joined the R.F.C. as a cook.

Two of our efficient Airwomen, LAW MALLARD of Provost, Alta., and LAW HIGH of Kelstein, Sask., complete the service personnel. Aiding and abetting the efforts of the above is a very able group of civilian employees. All together do a fine job of keeping our Officers well fed and contented.

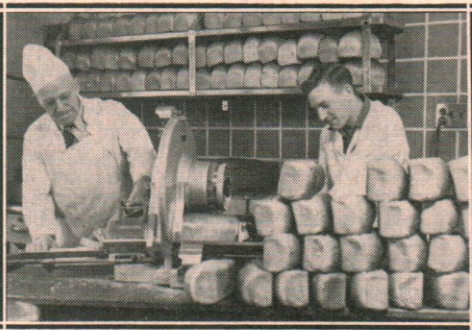
WHAT'S



LINE UP!

Well, well, what have we here? Oh, that's nothing but the line-up for noonday meal and some line-up it is too. But wait, have you ever thought of how much work there is behind the preparation of each meal? While we're here we may as well look around.

Now, let's see, we seem to be near the bread room, suppose we drop in there. "Say, is this a bakery?" We ask the jolly fellow behind the electric bread saw. "Oh no, this is just where we cut the bread. Keeps us busy too. You know you fellows eat over half a ton of bread a day,—and that ain't hay," he adds with a grin. Seeing the walls lined with bread and the piles of sliced bread we can easily see what he means.



BAKERY

Where next? Well there seems to be a busy hum coming from that direction. — let's investigate. We now find ourselves in the vegetable room, and busy it is indeed. Have you ever tried peeling a ton and a half of potatoes? Just in case you're worrying about having to sometime when you're on K. P., I'll tell you right now, they have machines for it. You'll notice them in the centre foreground of the picture. While we're here, LAC AYRES of Guelph, (left foreground) while feeding the chopper, tells us of the difficulties experienced while cooking for the Army in the last war. We also heard a word from LAC ADAIR, oldest LAC on the station, who stands beside him, and from SGT. PROSSER, a Londoner, who is one of the originals on the station, having come here in January 1940. In fact, we have had a word with almost everyone, so many that we can't remember all the names.

Out in the main kitchen again we wander along the row of electric ranges where we can hear the sizzling of the roasts cooking, until we come to the steam tables. "I imagine a fellow could be easily boiled whole in one of these," we quip. "Yes," replies LAW SYLVESTER, "Quite easily, they hold eighty gollons, you see." Meanwhile, JACK COOK, (and I ain't kiddin') plies a mean paddle in one of these kettles, while LAC RUSSEL stands by.



VEGETABLE ROOM

At this point we are interrupted momentarily by the news from FLT. SGT. WOODLAND, N.C.O. Acting i/c the kitchen, that A.S.O. KENNISH will see us now. Not that "the Ma'am is so inaccessible, but plainly and simply that the Messing Officer on a station of this size is a busy person. A.S.O. KENNISH who is assisted by A.S.O. MITCHELL, greets us with a smile and we are invited to sit down. After a bit of persuasion, we learn from the Messing Officer that although she is English she has been in Canada since she was a girl, receiving most of her education in Toronto. A.S.O. KENNISH attended Varsity there and graduated in Dietetics. "Shortly after that I went to Ber-

HICKEN?

ens, mixers, etc." Anyone who has eaten some of CPL. TROTT'S gingerbread will certainly appreciate his efforts, we can say that. We then took a picture of him and some of his assistants, namely, LAC'S FORTH and BAGUTTI and LAW CO-VIL.

Say, who is that overcoated individual coming this way, and on such a warm day too. Well, well, it's none other than CPL. HIPKISS who is in charge of the butcher shop. So we follow him through the refrigerator door. Brrr—, we should have brought our overcoat too, it's really chilly. Did you ever see so much meat? No, and many people in civil life haven't and won't for some time. We may be rationed,

but at least we're pretty sure of getting our ration as long as the other fellow doesn't take more than his share in the meal line-up. The civilian butchers standing by the Corporal are Messrs. MANNING, COLE, COLLINS and SHEPHERD. In the following picture you see meat balls in the making—only a few thousand are needed.

We end up our little pictorial tour with a picture of the night staff, SGT. BELL and his confreres. The Sergeant was an army cook in the last war. These are the boys who stay up to feed all the men on night duty, Service Police, Fire Fighters, etc.

We have only been able to cover the messing system very briefly, and inadequately. To do justice to the fine job done by these people we would need pages and we have but a measly centre spread at our disposal. We have touched but briefly on civilian help, whereas their number is well over the century mark, and they are spread throughout the messing system, in the kitchen, in the serveries, and the dining halls.

And we have only been able to introduce to you a few of the fine Airmen and Airwomen who do their jobs behind the scenes in the kitchens.

We shall end our humble attempt at journalism with a few appropriate remarks

— The cooks, and we can vouch for this, are some of the hardest working people on the station. They have long and irregular hours and on top of it do not get the credit they deserve in the main. Our messhalls are on "24-hours-a-day" basis. All rations for the station are drawn through the main mess, and the majority of the cooking, including most of that for the Hospital, Sergeants' and Corporals' Messes, is done in the main kitchen. Besides all this, those lunches provided at the Squadron and Section Dances on Saturday nights are prepared here; this is extra work too. So carry on you good people of the kitchens—we, the airmen, appreciate your work.



BUTCHER SHOP

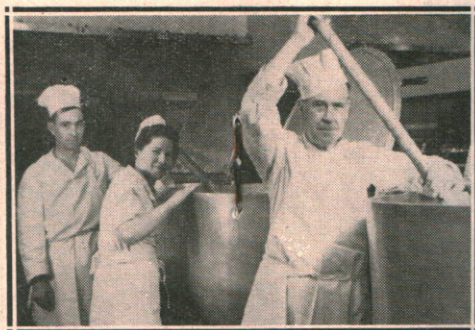


ROAST COOKS



NIGHT STAFF PERSONNEL

COOKIN' CH



SOUP COOKS

muda," she says, "Where I was a hospital dietician for six years before returning to Canada to join the Air Force in November '42." A.S.O. KENNISH has been on several other stations, among them Rockcliffe and Brantford, before coming here. "One of our big problems at present is procurement and supply," she continues, "But we have MAJOR WOOD, R.C.A.S.C., of the Supply Depot to thank, for his efforts on that score. Our menus are made only a week in advance and even then we often have to change them at the last moment."

After thanking A.S.O. KENNISH for our little talk, we turn aside to have a chat with FLT. SGT. WOODLAND. He is the N.C.O. in charge here, as W.O. CHIPPETT is away on tem-



KITCHEN PERSONNEL

porary duty. "Woody" is an Englishman too, but has been in Canada for many years, mostly in Saskatchewan. "Here we have proba bly the best equipped station kitchen of any station in Canada," says he, "And good cooks too." But that doesn't stop the boys from kicking," we add. "Oh, that's the Airmen's privilege," he replies.

Mmm! Where is that appetizing odour coming from? Smells like the bakeshop—let's take a look-see. Yes, we were right, and there's CPL. TROTT, our good Winnipeg baker, pulling some pans of gingerbread out of the ovens. "Say, Corp., how many of those pans do you make for a meal?" we ask. "About eighty," he replies. "But we have the equipment to handle it, electric ov-



BAKE SHOP

SERGEANTS' MESS

Who eats in the Sergeants' Mess? Well, a good many more people than the name implies. Everyone from a Sergeant to a W.O. 1 eats there, so you see, SGT. BRUNETTE, who is in charge here has a good many tastes to please. Most of the cooking for this Mess is done in the Main Kitchen and the Mess Members receive the same basic ration as the Aircraftmen. Anything extra such as relishes, extra milk, special desserts, etc., are paid for out of the Mess fees. This extra messing is looked after by Sgt. Brunette in co-operation with a Messing Committee appointed by the Mess members.

Sgt. Brunette himself is from Ottawa, and cooking is his trade. He has been in charge of the Sergeants' Mess practically since he arrived here. Helping him do a bang up job are Messrs. Minhiniuck, McIntee, LAW Morran, Phillips, LAW Covil, LAW Ross.

Assisting in the job of making the mess efficient is a capable staff of civilians, who wait on table, (yes, the Sergeants have it brought to them) take up the dishes and in general keep the dining room ship-shape.



TOP ROW — Messrs. Minhiniuck, McIntee, LAW Morran, Phillips. BOTTOM ROW — LAW Covil, Sgt. Brunette, L., LAW Ross.



CORPORALS' MESS

Who ever heard of a Corporals' Mess? Probably nobody, until they came to T. T. S. It is unique, being the only one of its kind we believe, in Canada. But then this is the only place in Canada where you'll find so many Corporals all in one bunch, so maybe there's a reason.

According to the Corporals, there are only two kinds of people: those who eat in the Corporals' Mess and those who want to; and they can be justly proud of their messing. This is in no small part due to the good management of the men in charge. First of all to SGT. "JIMMY" PROSSER, who was at the helm from the Messes inception until several months ago, then to CPL. SPARROW, an Edmontonian now posted back West, and finally to the present skipper, CPL. GREEN of Kenora, Ontario, who is keeping up the good work.

Rounding out the staff are AW1 Robison of Hamilton, LAW Kees from Sorrell, Quebec, LAW Langley of Weyburn, Sask., and LAW Dring from Simcoe, Ont., who cheer the boys with their sunny smiles from across the steam table. Very ably assisting the service personnel is a capable staff of civilian mess men.



FIRST ROW — AW 1 Robison, Cpl. Green, G., LAW Kees, M. SECOND ROW — LAW Langley Green, Cpl. Sparrow, D., LAW Langton, C. THIRD ROW — John Beattie, David Hollingshead, Verne Herrington, Morley Gowert.

SPORTS



TOP ROW — Left to Right: Sgt. Tackney, U. G., AC2 Roberts, S., Sgt. Charlton, J. D., Sgt. Sellors, AC2 Buttress, H. J., Sgt. Rea, V., Cpl. Rabin, H., AC2 Kidder, A. G., Cpl. Grivel, D., Cpl. Breens, AC2 Horbul, M., AC2 Nefsky, LAC Gillespie, H., LAC Pool.
 FRONT ROW — Sgt. Smith, D. H., AC2 Mustart, N. H., AC2 Culley, AC2 Thornhill, E. W., AC2 Wakelin, AC2 Harley, G., AC2 Stenbeck, W., AC2 Bolton, Cpl. Boyd, D. H., AC2 Thorndyke, J.
 CENTRE ROW — AC2 Ungar, Cpl. Moore, T. A., LAW Harrison, M., LAW Fitzgibbons, AW Carless, LAW Brown, H., F. O. McNabb, C. W., Cpl. Savage, A. E., AW Fleming, E. K., LAW Hatch, LAW Fleming, E. M., Cpl. Hart, J. M., Cpl. Moores, H.
 Members of Headquarters, Basketball and 2 Squadron, 2 Wing Volleyball Team. Members of W. D. Basketball Team.

The inter-squadron sports during the last seven months, October to April, provided hundreds of airmen with recreation in basketball, volleyball and badminton. Two or three nights a week six to nine games would be in progress at one time.

Besides the exercise, the boys were after the bronze medals or scrolls that go monthly to the top teams. Also for the C. O.'s trophy that goes to the squadron with the highest total in three sports. And earlier in the winter there was the added chance of being scouted and selected to represent the T. T. S. on station teams.

A resume of the list of C. O.'s trophy holders shows how 2 Squadron, 2 Wing dominates the sports scene. Holding the cup for four months, June to September, for the summer sports, they repeated in October for the fifth successive month. And except for a November trip to Headquarters and a January sojourn at 2 Squadron, 1 Wing, the cup has been at 2 Squadron, 2 Wing all winter.

BASKETBALL

The most keenly contested competition of the winter months has been in Basketball, which had very few defaulted games. The monthly results seem to show as monopoly by 2 Squadron, 2 Wing and Headquarters, but the other squadrons produced many good teams. 3 Squadron 2 Wing were the only ones to grab



a championship however. Their championship came in January with a team largely from the 134th A.F.M. entry.

Headquarters won out in December and March and have a chance as this is written for the April title. They have players with station and senior experience including SGT. SELLORS, CPL. MOORES, CAPT. NEFSKY, and LAC POOL. Two good players of earlier teams were LAC's DAVIS and GIBBS.

2 Squadron, 2 Wing have had a raft of good players come and go. Their October and November teams were pepped by AC BLOOM FIELD and AC ULRICK. Their other championship squad in February featured AC's HOFFMAN and MAZURICK. The addition of AC WILLIS to the April squad will likely give them a fourth title in basketball.

INTER-SQUADRON VOLLEYBALL

The volleyball situation was controlled by 2 Squadron, 2 Wing even more than the record of monthly winners show. They only lost two games in seven months. Unfortunately for them though their victors were unbeaten those months and took the honours. Headquarters in November and 1 Squadron, 1 Wing this month (April).

2 Squadron, 2 Wing had the decided advantage of having N.C.O.'s to draw from for their teams, besides getting many good players from the boys in training.

The champion November team from Headquarters had FLT. LT. SCOTT as chief threat, besides other worthys, but they only held together one month.

2 Squadron, 1 Wing provided the chief of position in January and February.

The April winners, 1 Squadron, 1 Wing, captained by CPL. MARKAWITZ had two

very good spikers in Williams and Cousins. In their game with 2 Squadron, 2 Wing, they won two 15-9 games after dropping the first 15-1.

INTER-SQUADRON BADMINTON

2 Squadron, 2 Wing, unbeaten in six starts won the badminton scrolls for April, their chief opposition being Headquarters. The best player of the month was AC2 Lam-ey of 1 Squadron, 1 Wing.

2 Squadron, 2 Wing also won out in October and December. In November, Headquarters had the top team. The best teams of the year were from 2 Squadron, 1 Wing in January and February; 3 Squadron, 2 Wing provided the March champs.

The calibre of badminton this past winter was ahead of other years, with many brilliant players performing. Your writer is going to invite controversy by ranking the players who were here over a period of seven months, an old badminton custom.

- (1) AC Mustart 2S-1W
- (2) AC McGregor 3S-2W
- (3) AC Lamey 1S-1W
- (4) Cpl. Moore 1S-2W
- (5) AC Fox 2S-1W
- (6) AC Letrace 1S-1W
- (7) AC Ramsey 2S-2W
- (8) Flt. Sgt. Godfrey Hdqts.
- (9) AC Freedman 1S-2W
- (10) AC Sweetman 1S-1W

Outdoor Season Sports in Tennis, Lacrosse, Soccer, Softball, opens first week in May. . . Consult your Squadron Orderly Room to play on your Squadron team of your choice.

Who's Who at T. T. S. - This Month

AW 2 LAMPMAN, M. M. E.

X-Ray Technician Hospital

Born in Rosetown, Saskatchewan and attended Rosetown High School for several years, later attended the Institute of Medical Technology in Minneapolis, Minnesota and after spending a year or more there returned home. She liked her schooling very much, however, she had to come down east for a job. She worked at the Laurentian Sanitarium in Quebec, and during her stay in the Laurentians she did some skiing, also speed skating which she enjoys very much, having taken several prizes in speed skating. Tennis is another one of her many accomplishments. She was there for three months when she decided to try something big such as joining the R.C.A.F. She was turned down at Saskatoon, but was accepted at Montreal, in February 1943, and likes it very much. She has a brother in Chatham, N. B. in the R.C.A.F. as well.

After the war she intends to move to the U. S. A. and continue with her X-ray work, and as yet she is single.



SGT. JERRY DESPRES

"Jerry" as he is called by all his friends, which are many, is one of our centres of attraction. He is a chap who everyone likes to keep on the good side of as long as possible. This pugilist is one that makes trouble for no one, but when anyone makes trouble anyway ask them about it. Jerry, Bangor's former middle-weight ace, however, is still throwing the mitts around even though he is now in the R.C.A.F.



Men, women and children all admired Jerry. Not because of his great ability as a pugilist but because he was a fine, clean, gentlemanly chap who was modest to a fault; no fighter ever enjoyed greater popularity. He fought them all, and when he felt like it, he bashed them out with punches that rated with the hardest hitters of his pounds in the game.

This hard-hitting gentleman could actually knock out his opponent with a left jab, but those that didn't actually hit the canvas looked awful silly. Jerry is a native of Moncton, New Brunswick, and lived for a time at Rumford. He then went to Bangor and there joined the boxing stable operated by Walter Johnston. Due to Jerry's terrific punching power, his rise in the ring career was swift and popularity was already his.

All of you that ever followed the fight racket have heard tell of durable Pat Grant; well any that are interested, will have to ask him for themselves because he just won't talk.

This ever-smiling man now is serving his time with the R.C.A.F. here at St. Thomas, and as a side line teaches the boys from all the squadrons few of the finer points about boxing. He is a disciplinarian, but has not got the reputation that seems to follow the rest of them in the same trade.

Besides being a very good discip. Jerry still takes an active part in the station boxing and against any outsiders that happen to get the idea that they have a better man than our Jerry. He has the reputation of never being beaten in the R.C.A.F., and you should have seen him the night that the army boxers tangled with our lads. It was a very good scrap, but they didn't have a chance with our good natured pugilist.

However, all this is beside the point right now because the only thing that Jerry is interested in is the fact that the war will be over very shortly and he can spend more time with his family.

CY LEONARD

Cy Leonard is known in the Radio World as "The Man with a Thousand Voices." His uncanny ability to imitate the celebrities has won him a place on many programs broadcast from CFRB, Toronto. So realistic was his rendering of Churchill's famous "Give us the Tools" speech, that indignant listeners wrote in to accuse the radio station of broadcasting the recorded speech under false pretenses!



CPL. COURAGE, C. G.

There has been much favourable comment about the "Technical Topics" of last month.

We present the writer, Cpl. Charlie Courage, of "Aircraft Hydraulics."

A model instructor, Cpl. Courage has been in the hydraulic phase since March 1941 and is showing no sign of weakening, still keeping the classes interested and absorbing hydraulic lore. With positive directness he makes his wide knowledge simple enough for all. Also, he can create many amusing moments with his Scottish wit and flowery language.

Coming to this country from Aberdeen, Scotland when fourteen years old, in civilian life, Cpl. Courage worked for nineteen years as a sheet metal worker in the C.N.R. shops in Winnipeg. Also instructing in that subject for several years at Technical night schools.

Joining the R.C.A.F. in Sept. 1940, he came to the T.T.S. with the 35th entry and completed his A.F.M. course as an honour student. Has been talking Hydraulic ever since, including seven months to classes of N. C. O.'s.

Strictly a family man, Cpl. Courage has a wife and son in St. Thomas. A former soccer player, he now plays a shrewd card game, is a profane billiard shot and a Friday night bowler.



AC 2 HARVEY BATH

Equipped with a Spanish Guitar, a tenor voice, and a genial smile, Harvey Bath has made a bit as an entertainer at various functions around T. T. S. and St. Thomas. Harvey comes from Montreal, and has recently been posted to Hagersville, Ontario.



T. T. S. "BACKED THE ATTACK"
118% IN EIGHT HOURS!

PERSONS OF NOTE . . . (Continued from Inside Front Cover)

power was supplied 15 or 20 minutes daily. The internees listened to the B.B.C. newscasts during this time, and it was through one of these that they learned of the invasion of North Africa. Three days after first hearing this news they were released under the terms of the armistice and trans-

ported to Algiers by the British authorities.

Returned to Gibraltar and then to England by boat, P.O. Chisholm was given 30 days' leave to be spent at home in Canada. And now, fit and well again, he is anxious to get back into active service. One might think that after such an experience a chap

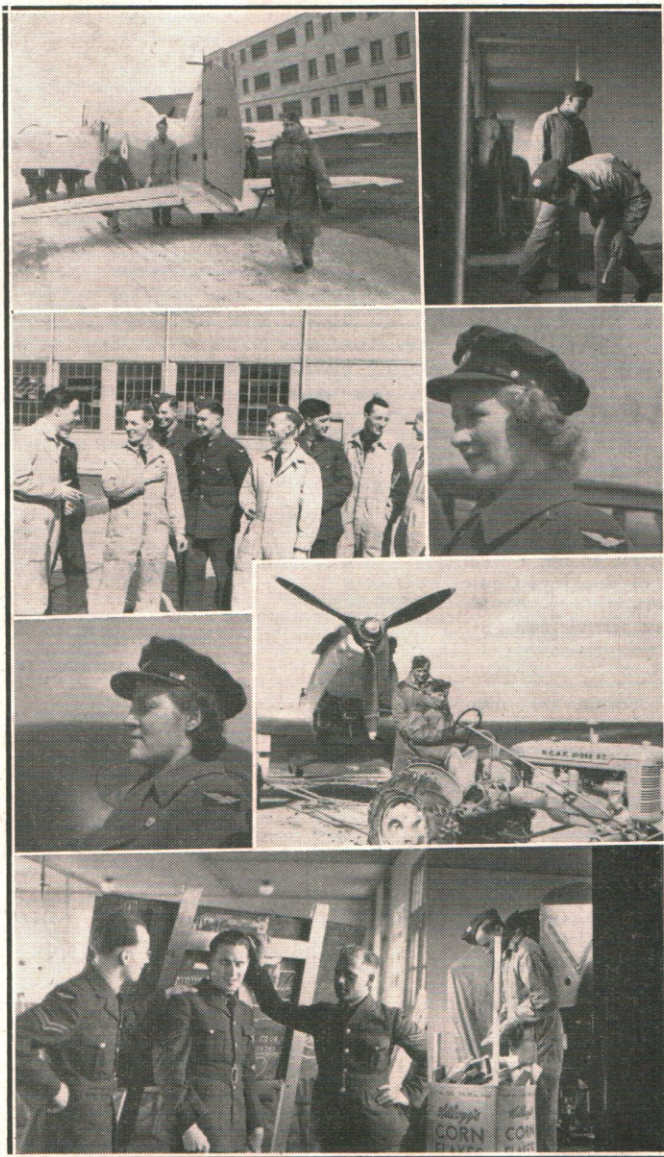
would be happy to take it easy for a while—but not P.O. Chisholm. This unassuming young man who speaks of his adventures as if they were an ordinary, everyday occurrence, is very set on becoming a pilot, and hopes to be excused his W.A.G. career long enough to learn to "fly 'em" as well as shoot them down.

AT THE CAPITOL, ST. THOMAS

- May 8-11—"DESERT VICTORY"
- May 12-14—"THE HARD WAY"
- May 15-17—"LUCKY JORDON"
- May 18-19—"CRYSTAL BALL"
- May 20-21—"CAT PEOPLE"
- May 22-26—"IN WHICH WE SERVE"

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!



AT THE GRANADA, ST. THOMAS

- May 6 - 8—"REVEILLE WITH BEVERLY"
- May 10-11—"MEN OF TEXAS"
- May 12-13—"ALMOST MARRIED"
- May 14-15—"GIVE OUT SISTERS"
- May 17-22—"COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN"
- May 24-26—"THE POWERS GIRL"
- May 27-29—"MOONLIGHT IN HAVANA"
- May 31 - June 3—"CASABLANCA"

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

DANCES

"Twin Triangle" dances every Tuesday and Friday evening at the Y.W.C.A., St. Thomas. Tickets can be secured from the Y.W.C.A. War Services Hostess in the Recreation Hall, your Station Library in the Drill Hall, and your Station Y.M.C.A. Office in the Drill Hall, at 25c.

SQUADRON DANCES

Date	Sqdrn. or Section
24th April, 1943	2 Squadron 2 Wing
1st May, 1943	2 Squadron 1 Wing
8th May, 1943	3 Squadron 1 Wing
15th May, 1943	Hdqtrs. Squadron

MOVIES

Movies are shown in the Drill Hall at 2000 hours every Tuesday, Friday and Saturday evening.

PRESS CLUB

The Press Club meets every Tuesday at 1930 hours, in your Station Y.M.C.A. Office in the Drill Hall.

CAMERA CLUB

The Camera Club meets every Monday at 1930 hours in the Security Guard Lecture Room in Wing 2.

GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club have a practice every Monday evening at 1930 hours in Building No. 1, Lecture Room No. 6 (below Officers' Quarters).

STATION CHOIR

The Station Choir practices every Thursday evening at 1930 hours in Building No. 1, Lecture Room No. 6 (below Officers' Quarters).

LIBRARY

The following technical, fiction and non-fiction books have recently been added to the Station Library:

TECHNICAL

- The Link Trainer.
- Aircraft Tower Plant Manual.
- Aircraft Engine Maintenance.
- Dyke's Automobile and Gasoline Engine Encyclopedia.

FICTION

"Blackout in Gretley," by J. B. Priestly.

NON-FICTION

- "Blood and Bouquets," by Bella Fromm.
- "The Song of Bernadette," by J. Franz Werfel.

To our readers who have not yet read the book we recommend "The Unknown Country," by Bruce Hutchinson. This talented Canadian has succeeded in his attempt to paint a clear-cut and revealing picture of his native land. Here is the essence of Canada—its people, its history, its virtues, its shortcomings, its joys, its sorrows. The book portrays a colourful national character, one which he understands and admires, but yet is able to criticize thoughtfully at all times.

To those who would know the unknown country and who enjoy good reading, this book will have an immense appeal.



The Bitter Curse Upon The House of Treeford

By ERIC R. MARSTON

At the death of Lord Treeford, the last descendent of a famous Sussex House, I, his dearest and best friend was yesterday enriched with a document so rarely peculiar, that only the knowledge of my long acquaintance with him enables me to believe that his mental faculties were truly sane. The neatly typed pages in front of me, have in themselves made me wonder whether there is a truth in spiritual faith of the crucifix over devils and demons, which were heard of so much in the bygone days; and as I think, the deeper comes my belief that the curse laid by Jordon Treeford four hundred years ago was no fantasy of Henry's mind.

The first page of notes held no title—only a verse of poetry; upon the right hand corner was inscribed a gold printed crucifix:

*"Thoughts within myself that I wish to tell,
Of uncanny things straight out of hell,
Believe them or believe them not,
These are the things I feared a lot."*

Henry Treeford

Many years before my time, when the House of Treeford was as great as of any in its day, a certain peasant, Abvail by name, was caught stealing and killing a deer, so that he and his family might eat. The deer belonged to Treeford Mansion; the penalty then might be said to be worse than death, though death were truly the only outcome. The torture chamber was even better equipped than the famous Tower and the tortures with their cruel operators were the most devilish of any age or day.

Today, you will find no torture chamber; it has been destroyed by myself for I burnt the whole castle to the ground when I became the successor to the Treeford Mansion, after my father's terrible death.

I ask none to believe me; I only wish to state what has gone before and what I fear will occur again. I am now in Canada where I have been waiting! I say waiting because I am, waiting and waiting for something so insanely impossible that even as I write a great fear over-shadows me. Oh, if God had but made me like other men, as poor he had willed, instead of the last of a fading line of members belonging to the cursed House of Treeford!

Though back to the legend—I must try if possible to keep to the point. The peasant was tied up to the roof beams by his thumbs, and there he hung all the night; he would have hung longer had not young Jordon Treeford entered and ordered the torturers to unstring him. But, the poor peasant was dead. He had struggled and screamed with agonizing pain till the blood gurgled from his parched lips.

At this moment Jordon's drunk father wobbled into the chamber, and so angry was he over his prisoner's being unleashed and even more so over his premature death; that he ordered them to string up his eldest son, Jordon. Jordon had always hated his father's bloody and horrible pastime of torturing, and his Lordship equally hated his son's love for his poorer countrymen.

Jordon was strung up upon the rack first and forced into the coffin of red hot spikes which burnt gaping holes into the flesh. Every time he fainted they revived him with

a fluid similar to brandy. After this he was tied up by his thumbs where, they, the torturers, amidst the father's brutal laughter, plunged pokers white with heat into the eyes till the sockets screamed with black emptiness. The body was rigid but the mouth sneered as the semi-conscious victim began to speak.

"Unto the morrow, I lay the curse upon the House of Treeford and that every generation upon this day will meet the same death as I....."

"Pull out his tongue," yelled the father frantically.

They did so, but still the mouth moved, and out flowed the words, in increasing volume.

"I lay the curse --recurring every twenty-five years-- till I have destroyed the rotten core, even the spirit so evil and vile within these gruesome walls. Till then I must walk in hell's fire; till then Heaven is far from my reach. But when I have stamped out every trace of the evil then may I sit with Christ the Saviour! Tonight you, too, father, must walk and feel that which you have made me feel."

Jordon's voice faded away in the last words and so did his body into a limpness, that means but death. The body was a rawness of curdled blood. Only He knew the pain Jordon bore, and what those would bear every time the curse was to be fulfilled.

I, Henry Treeford, am the last; this is the fatal night. But around my neck I will wear a crucifix; Christ will see that I survive, for it has always proved protection against the evil.

If something should happen to me, I wish only that my good friend of Rockford Castle will be forwarded this document, so that he may tell the world of these terrible and grotesque pages.

x x x x x

The night has passed; nothing has happened. Such foolish fears! How I should laugh at myself for wearing a crucifix! I have thrown the thing away. Such silly nonsense to place belief and fear in a story told through the family for nigh four hundred and fifty years!"

That was the document I received after Lord Treeford's body was found both charred and gored, strained and limply strung to the chandelier by his raw nailless thumbs.

It occurred last night in the hotel room he had rented. An inquest is being held today over his mysterious death, and between the accused but innocent murderer stands but this piece of mad evidence, and a crucifix with its small gold chain which had been obviously torn from the wearer's neck. It lay in the hearth of the fireplace.

Whether this had been God's wrath upon him over the evil irreverence shown to His only Son's mighty symbol, or whether this having been a leap year has made the curse one day later, we may never know. But we do know that God said, "Though ye walk through the valley of the shadow of death, ye shall fear no evil." When he threw away the great symbol of faith, he threw from him the power to walk safely through the valley of death!

THE END

TRUE or FALSE?

What's Your I. Q. ?

We suggest you keep the list below and subsequent lists 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. A dry cell is not dry.
2. Pinking shears are fractures are fractures caused by using low octane fuel.
3. Removing one wire from three phase makes it two phase.
4. Altitude mixture control, controls the air to carb's.
5. Reduction gears increase speed of the propellor.
6. Lean fuel-air mixture is used for cruising.
7. Ceramic insulation is a better heat conductor than mica.
8. The case of a suction gauge is airtight.
9. Loose transverse bolts would cause low oil pressure.
10. A magnet field is a magnet mine.
11. A third brush generator produces three phase alternating current.
12. A battery cut-out does not prevent the battery being overcharged.
13. The letters N.T.S. on a blueprint mean nickel—tungsten—steel.
14. The safety spark gap is fitted in the primary circuit.
15. A scriber is used to mark out aluminum sheet.
16. All A/C hydraulic systems utilize the same fluid.
17. The main relief valve governs the greatest pressure built up in the hydraulic system.
18. A balance cable is used to maintain equilibrium of A/C in flight.
19. A bias tabs is used for patching small holes in fabric.
20. Air brakes are used for slowing an aircraft in flight.

ANSWERS To Last Month's Questions

TRUE — 1, 3, 7, 8, 9, 11, 15, 16, 18, 20
FALSE — 2, 4, 5, 6, 12, 13, 14, 17, 19

RESULTS INTER - SQUADRON DRILL COMPETITION FOR APRIL

1. NO. 1 SQN.—2 WING
Cpl. Lee, N. O. 65.5
2. WOMEN'S DIVISION
Sgt. Harbour, A. C. 64.833
3. NO. 2 SQN.—1 WING
Cpl. Silmsner, P. A. 62,
4. NO.2 SQN.—2 WING
Sgt. Conner, R. A. 61.166
- NO. 3 SQN.—2 WING
Sgt. Despres, J. G. I. 61.166
6. NO. 1 SQN.—1 WING
Cpl. Crangle, E. C. 61.
7. NO. 3 SQN.—1 WING
Cpl. Sexsmith, C. W. 59.33

Army Doctor: "Weak eyes, eh! How many lines can you read on that chart?"
Recruit: "What chart?"

« TECHNICAL TOPICS »

EDITORIAL NOTE: The following article propounds and answers a question which not infrequently occurs to the enquiring Airframe or Aero-engine Mechanic. On the face of it there would appear to be no reason why more power should be required for flight at high altitude than at low altitude provided the drag of the aircraft (and hence the thrust or pull of the airscrew) remains the same at both altitudes. The article which follows explains this problem by means of familiar illustrations.

Possibly, however, an added word of explanation may not be amiss on a point which the article does not make clear.

In the first place it should be understood that the true airspeed and the indicated airspeed of an aircraft are not the same thing at all. The true airspeed is the actual relative velocity of the machine to the air through which it is passing, or the speed at which it is getting through the air; the indicated airspeed (A.S.I.) is the airspeed as read on the airspeed indicator. The two speeds will be the same only at that altitude for which the airspeed indicator is calibrated.

This difference is due to the fact that the airspeed indicator operates by reason of the difference in pressure between the static and the dynamic or pressure sides of the instrument. The former represents atmospheric pressure; the latter represents atmospheric pressure plus the impact pressure of the air through which the aircraft is passing acting on the open mouth of the pressure head of the instrument. This additional impact pressure depends not only upon the speed of the aircraft through the air but also upon the air density.

Thus if a machine climbs at a constant true airspeed, then as altitude increases the reading of the airspeed indicator will decrease on account of the decrease in air density. Conversely, if the indicated airspeed is kept constant as the machine climbs, then the true airspeed will increase.

It should also be noted that the drag of the machine depends for all practical purposes, on the indicated airspeed and not on the true airspeed.

Q. Why does an aeroplane want more power to fly at the same A.S.I. at a greater height?

A. The first answer is simply that for the same A.S.I. (and this means the same drag) the true speed is greater at the greater altitude, and to overcome the same drag or resistance of anything at a higher speed means exerting more power. This answer is correct but it does not appeal directly to the senses unless the simple mechanical facts underlying it have been noted.

An amount of work is generally expressed in foot-lb., a foot-lb. being the amount of work required to overcome a resistance of 1 lb. through a distance of 1 ft. ($\frac{1}{2}$ lb. through 2 ft., or 2 lb. through $\frac{1}{2}$ ft., or 1 oz. through 16 in. are all the same—1 ft.-lb. of work.)

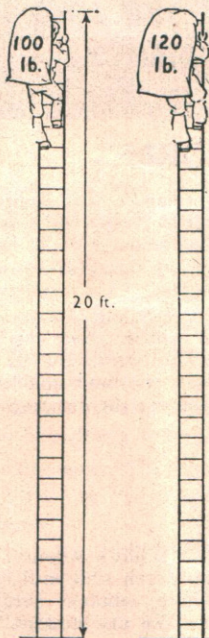


Fig. 1

A man carrying 100 lb. up a 20 ft. ladder in half a minute exerts 4,000 ft.-lb. per minute.

To carry more than 100 lb. up the same ladder in the same time means exerting more than 4,000 ft.-lb. per minute, and calls for a more powerful man.

This resistance would have to be overcome in lifting a 1 lb. weight through a height of 1 ft. (in that case the resistance is gravity), or in pushing a book across a table or pulling a truck along the ground (in those cases the resistance is friction), or in propelling an aeroplane through the air (in that case the resistance is drag). In every case the amount of work done is measured by the resistance in lb. multiplied by the distance covered.

Power is the rate of doing work. It introduces the time element. It denotes the amount of work done in, say, one minute. A man can do work (for a short time) at a rate of about 4,000 ft.-lb. per minute, a horse at 33,000 ft.-lb. per minute (the conventional horse-power is this figure, and was measured on brewers' dray horses).

To exert more than 4,000 ft.-lb. per minute would take a more powerful man, i.e., a man who could get a given amount of work done more quickly. To do more than 33,000 ft.-lb. per minute in pulling a cart would take a more powerful horse.

We can now come back to the aeroplane, presumed to be doing the same A.S.I. at, say 20,000 ft. as it was doing at ground level. The same A.S.I. means the same lift-drag ratio. This means that

the drag is no greater, since the weight and the angle of incidence are the same. But the true speed is nearly 1.4 times what it was. If it was 300 m.p.h. at 20,000 ft. then the true speed is about 410 m.p.h.

Thus the same thrust is being exerted through a distance of 300 miles in one hour at ground level, and through 410 miles in one hour at 20,000 ft. In the latter case a greater amount of work is being done in the given time, and that means a greater power output by the engines.

To put it another way, to fly the aeroplane 300 miles at ground level represents the same amount of work as to fly it 300 miles (at greater speed but with the same resistance or drag) at 20,000 ft., but that amount of work takes one hour at ground level and only about three-quarters of an hour at 20,000 ft. In the latter case the work is being done more quickly and as power is merely the rate of doing work it means that more power is being used because the time taken is less.

The difficulty troubling people who ask "How can it take more power if the resistance (i.e., the drag or A.S.I.) is unchanged?" simply results from their forgetting that power is the rate of doing work. Whether lifting a weight or pulling

—Continued on Page Sixteen

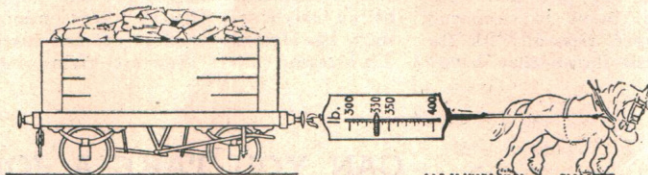


Fig. 2

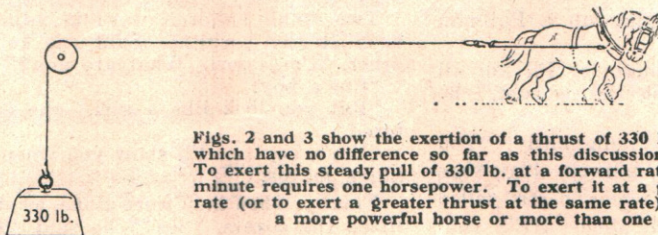


Fig. 3

Figs. 2 and 3 show the exertion of a thrust of 330 lb. in two ways which have no difference so far as this discussion is concerned. To exert this steady pull of 330 lb. at a forward rate of 100 ft. per minute requires one horsepower. To exert it at a greater forward rate (or to exert a greater thrust at the same rate) would require a more powerful horse or more than one horse.

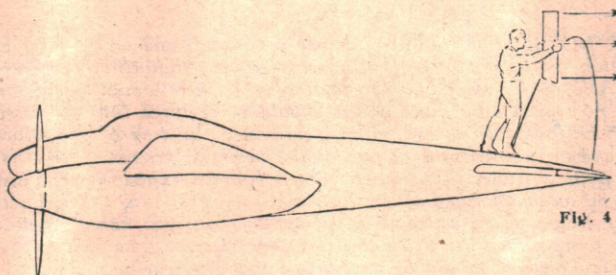
TECHNICAL TOPICS

(Continued from Page Fifteen)

a truck or propelling an aeroplane, if the resistance is constant, then to move it a certain distance is a certain amount of work, and to do that more quickly is to increase the rate of doing the work, and you need to be more powerful to do any job in less time.

How does the aeroplane know that it is requiring more power, the drag being the same? It knows through its propeller. The propeller is exerting the same thrust at 20,000 ft. as it was at sea level (the A.S.L. being the same) but is thrusting the air back a bigger distance per second. This demands either more r.p.m. or more pitch angle on the propeller blades—in either case the engine has got to turn out more power and consume fuel more quickly.

If this is difficult to grasp suppose that the air were pushed backward by a man holding a flat board.



At the higher altitude he would have to push no harder than at sea level (the A.S.L. being the same) but as the true speed was greater obviously he would have to push the board farther back per second—and what is the difference between that and carrying the load more quickly up the ladder or pulling the truck more

quickly along the ground?

This is one of a series of articles on technicalities sponsored by The de Havilland Aircraft Co., Ltd., in the belief that they will prove of interest and use to students and others in the Services and the aircraft industry.

LONDON LIFE TROUPERS



“ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE MEN IN UNIFORM”

That is the slogan of the London Life Troupers, a grand group of entertainers, who have been bringing laughter and good cheer to the soldiers and airmen of Western Ontario for the past three seasons.

Of the many fine troupes who bring excellent entertainment to our drill hall stage during the winter, we choose to commend the London Life Troupers especially for the long run of really swell shows they have

brought us. Season after season, the London Life show can be counted on as a certain success and is appreciated alike by new and old members of T.T.S.

Organized nearly three years ago by the Home Office people in London, backed by an able behind-the-scenes corps, and supported by an excellent orchestra, the London Life show has always been clean-cut and sparkling. This season alone they are giving twenty-

three performances. And considering the spare time and great effort that must be devoted by each one connected with it, we hope that all such are a bit rewarded by the appreciation of their work by the servicemen.

We at T.T.S. can always look forward to a new and brilliant show every time the London Life Troupers visit us — may their grand efforts continue, and let's hope we see lots of them for the duration.

CAN YOU TAKE A JOKE?

A robber was holding up a Pullman car.

“Out with your dough, or I'll kill all the men and molest the women,” he shouted.

An elderly man said indignantly: “You shall not touch the ladies.” Just then an old maid in an upper berth yelled out: “You leave him alone—HE'S robbing this train.”

Two small children were in adjacent beds at the hospital. Said one to the other, “I'm a girl. What are you?”

“I'm a boy.”

“But you look like a girl,” she countered.

“I'm a boy . . . I'll show you when the nurse leaves.”

Finally, when they were alone, he shyly lifted the covers, “See?” he said, “Blue booties.”

Adam: “What's wrong? Weren't you told to go forth and multiply?”

Two little snakes (blushing): “We can't, sir. We are adders!”

“Mama, why hasn't daddy got any hair?”

“That's because he thinks so much, dear.”

“Well, why have you got so much?”

“Get on with your supper, dear.”

LETTERS TO - THE EDITOR



No. 2 Wing Hdqs.,
T. T. S.,
29 Mar./43

The Editor,
"Aircraftman,"
Y. M. C. A.

Sir:-

Being, as I am, a newcomer to this School, but very interested in all sports, it is with a certain amount of trepidation that I make the following suggestion.

Knowing that you welcome ideas from all and sundry, I make same and give it to you for what it is worth.

It seems to me that all events contested by trainees in connection with the Commanding Officer's Sports Trophy should be limited strictly to trainees only. Far be it from me to discourage "Staff" athletes. From what I have seen so far, I think this School is extremely fortunate in the number and quality of our Staff performers who participate in sports events, many as "star" performers. But therein lies the trouble.

Whilst we expect these to lead and "show the way" to trainees—to stack them up in competition against airmen who may be just learning to play a game seems hardly fair to me. True, most teams have few of such to help them out. But from watching different events I think certain teams are over-endowed with the "staff" players which, as I say it makes it tough for beginners to make points. Hence to make it fairer for everybody, and encourage more beginners to enter, why not limit entries to trainees only. If necessary, inter-Squadron "staff" events might be run off, results of which could be added to Squadron's total pointage.

"More performers and less spectators" should, I think, be this School's watchword in sports.

Thank You,
J. J.

Editor's Note: Perhaps you have something there, J. J. What do the rest of you fellows think about it?

T. T. S. "BACKED THE ATTACK"
118% IN EIGHT HOURS!



Y.M.C.A. Staff,
Technical Training School,
St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada.

Many thanks for your much appreciated gift of cigarettes. It is sure great to receive the fags.

W. H. Bourne, Cpl.,
R.C.A.F., Overseas

Editor's Note: It is the least we can do for the boys Overseas.



T. T. S. "BACKED THE ATTACK"
118% IN EIGHT HOURS!

Dear Editor:

I am just dropping you this letter to let you know that I haven't forgotten you and your monthly publication.

I was posted overseas from T.T.S. last December 1942 and I wound up in a 430 squadron in an Army Co-operation squadron comp. It is all-Canadian here and we all enjoy it very well. The food is good and the barracks are fine.

Flt. Lt. Marshall of T.T.S. is our Adjutant here and is doing a fine job. A/G McNulty of T.T.S. is here and also LAC Paton.

I certainly would like to take this opportunity to say hello to all my friends I left behind at St. Thomas and also many thanks for what was done for me while I was there.

Thanking you again, I will say so-long for now.

Your friend,
Cpl. Tracey, T.C.

P.S. Please send me Aircraftman if it is at all possible.

Ed: Glad to hear from you; write again.

Dear Ed:

You asked for it, here it is—

What I Like About The Aircraftman:

The Editorials, Sports Page, Station Chatter, Joe Airman's Letter (But make it funnier,) Who's Who at T.T.S., and Technical Topics.

What I Don't Like:

Too many photos of PEOPLE I don't know, Calendar of coming events (a waste of space)

What I Want To See:

More cartoons. A page of humour, More contributions by the common garden variety AC 2.

Yours,
The Critic

Editor's Note: Thanks! We'll see what we can do for you.





AROUND THE CIRCUIT



This One

WOLVES ?

If he parks his little flivver,
Down beside the moonlit river,
And you can feel him all acquiver
Baby, he's a wolf.

If he says you're gorgeous lookin'
And that your dark eyes set him cookin'
But your eyes ain't where he's lookin'
Baby, he's a wolf.

When he says you are an eye-ful,
But his hands begin to trifle
And his heart pumps like a rifle,
Baby, he's a wolf.

If, by chance, when you are kissin'
You can feel his heart a-missin'
And you talk, but he won't listen,
Baby, he's a wolf.

If his arms are strong like sinew,
And he stirs the gypsy in you
So that you want him tight agin' you—
Baby, YOU'RE the wolf . . .
(Thanks to Bella Bella 'Roundel')



THIS STRANGE LAND

An American soldier in England wrote in a letter to his folks at home—

"This is a very strange country made up of four different races of people: the Scotch, who keep the Sabbath and everything they can lay their hands on; the Welsh, who pray on knees on Sundays, and on their neighbours the rest of the week; the Irish, who never know what they want but are willing to fight and die for it; and the English, who are a self-made race and worship their Creator."

*"Contact," Jan.-Feb. '43
R. N. Z. A. F.*



"GREMLIN PETE"

This is the story of Gremlin Pete,
With pointed shoes upon his feet,
He uses them, for such queer things,
As punching holes in Harvard wings.

Now I'll mention Widget Bill
Who never ever can stand still
He runs and jumps and skips and plays
While thinking of mischief for future days.

Next is Flipperty-gibbet Sal
Who really has'nt a single pal
Because she takes an intense delight
In dancing on the gyro late at night

And last is Finfella Grace
With a look of joy upon her face.
For she knows quite well as she sips the gas,
That a real forced landing is coming to pass.

So take good heed of what I tell,
Watch yourself or you'll go to H*!!—

Aylmer Airman, Feb. '43



WHAT IS SUCCESS?

It's doing your job the best you can,
And being just to your fellow-man;
Not making money, but holding friends,
And staying true to you aims and ends.
It's figuring how and learning why,
And dreaming little and learning much;
It's keeping always in closest touch
With what is finest in word and deed;
It's daring blithely the field of chance
While making of labor a brave romance.
It's going onward despite defeat
It's being clean and it's playing fair,
And fighting staunchly but keeping sweet.
It's laughing lightly at Dame Despair,
It's looking up at the stars above,
And drinking deeply of life and love.
It's struggling on with the will to win,
But taking loss with a cheerful grin.
It's sharing sorrow, and work and mirth,
And making better this good old earth.
It's serving, striving thru strain and stress,
It's doing your noblest—that's Success.

—Sixardee (Trenton) Feb. '43