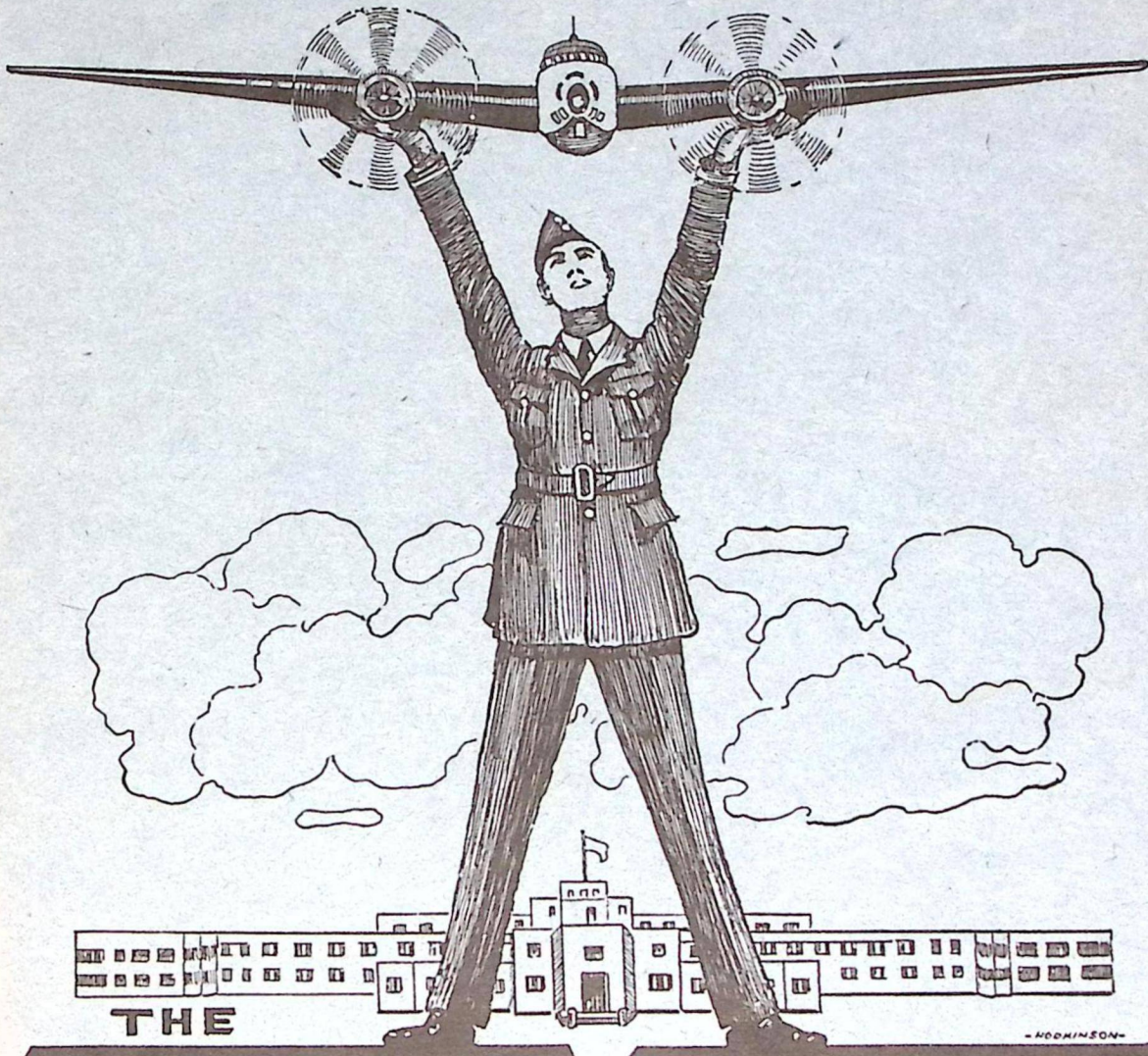


THE *Aircraftman*

VOL. 2 - NO. 10

MAY 1942



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

STATION COMMITTEES

* * *

Officers' Mess

Sqn. Ldr. C. S. Wilson (P.M.C.)
Sqn. Ldr. A. G. Vince
Flt. Lt. W. L. Marshall (Secretary)
F.O. W. H. Pooler

Sergeants' Mess

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W.O.1 J. O. Clarke (Chairman)
W.O.2 W. Ard (President)
Flt. Sgt. Barnard (Secretary-Treasurer)
Two Members

Corporals' Mess

Sqn. Ldr. H. N. C. Williams (Officer in Charge)
Cpl. Campbell (Chairman)
Cpl. Weaver (President)
Cpl. Sawyer (Secretary-Treasurer)
Two Members

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F.O. W. H. Pooler (Secretary)
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F.O. E. Hendry, 2 Wing
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2 Wing Headquarters Squadron

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F.O. T. H. O'Rourke
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Flt. Lt. E. Hendry
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F.O. A. R. Little
F.O. D. G. Kerr
Sgt. Goodmanson
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F.O. A. R. Little

P. S. I.

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Flt. Lt. W. G. Cooke
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Flt. Lt. W. Van Gorder
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One Officer member to be appointed

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Flt. Lt. G. H. Ross, No. 1 Squadron, 1 Wing
F.O. A. R. Little, No. 2 Squadron, 1 Wing
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One Airman Representative.

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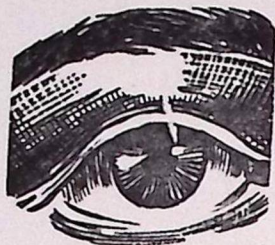
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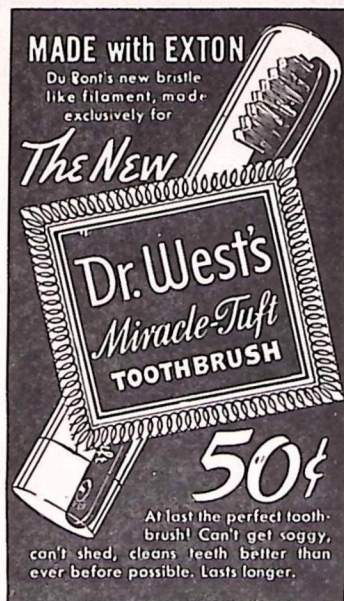
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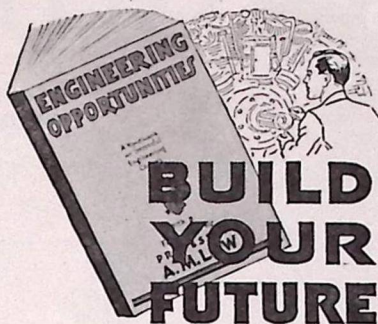
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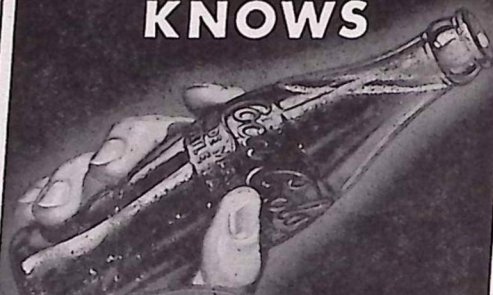


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THE AIRCRAFTMAN

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

VOL. 2 - MAY 1942 - NO. 10



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Sq. 2 - A.C.2 Scott, D. H.
Sq. 3 - Cpl. Jorgenson, G. E.
E. & A.T.S. - W.O.2 King, H. G.

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| III. STATION ACTIVITIES | VI. TECHNICAL TOPICS |

Subscription Rate is \$1.00 a Year - 50c for Six Months - 25c for Three Months
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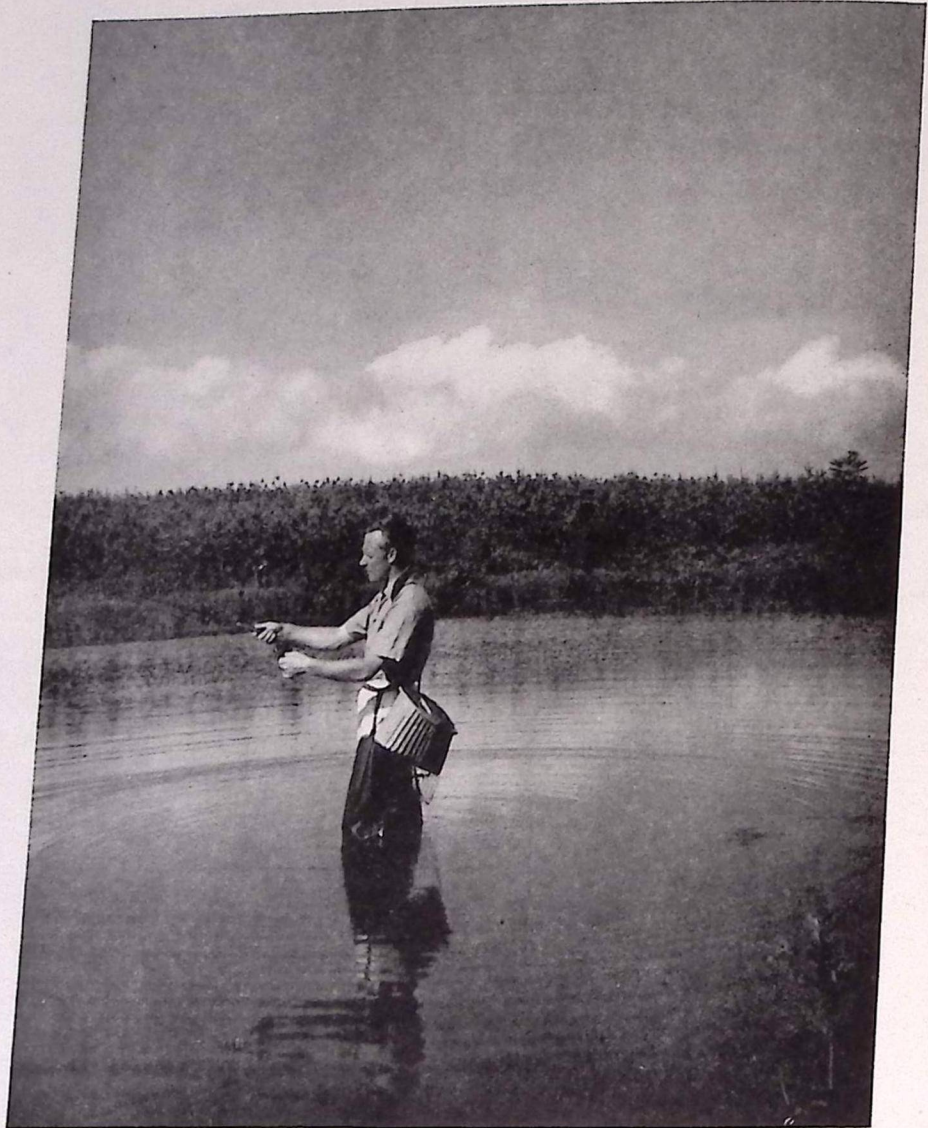
A Thought Passed On To You



*You who have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife
And trust that out of night and death shall rise
The dawn of ampler life,
Rejoice, whatever anguish rend your heart,
That God has given you for a priceless dower
To live in these great times and have YOUR part
In Freedom's crowning hour . . .*

—SIR OWEN SEAMAN,
in "The Voice" (M.D. No. 1)

The Picture of The Month



Fly Fishing

Sqn. Ldr. C. N. McLoughlin

« « EDITORIALS » »

REPORTERS WANTED

A few days ago this publication was criticized by a group of Airmen on the ground that it lacked material from the men themselves. Admittedly, such a criticism left us bewildered for the good reason that we have asked, coaxed, pleaded with and begged the personnel of this Station to submit articles, and for the most part have received nothing.

These Airmen stated, further, that they did not know that we desired contributions. Let us here say quite frankly and earnestly that this is your paper. If it is not it is because we, the editors, have to fill up the space you do not use. If you have ideas, write about them. The paper is not perfect and we know it. You can help us improve it. The editors will welcome your suggestions and ideas. We cannot, of course, print everything but we shall use the best of the material submitted. This is your invitation to join our staff.

* * *

LADIES' AUXILIARY

The Editors of THE AIRCRAFTMAN, on behalf of the Airmen of T.T.S., thank the Ladies' Auxiliary, who have so nobly assisted the Airmen, in many ways, during the past winter, in the Recreation Hall. The President of the Ladies' Auxiliary, Mrs. Peacock, has given both time and effort to make conditions in the Recreation Hall a little more pleasant for the Airmen. Mrs. Aldersley, who is the retiring Secretary, has arranged the roster for the ladies of the Auxiliary to act as hostesses. Mrs. W. E. Cayley, the new Secretary, has given us her assurance of the continued fine work.

* * *

CHECK YOUR FACTS

At the risk of repeating ourselves we wish to harp a bit. Do you remember the story of the woman who greeted her husband one morning and then asked him if he heard the cat fight in the night. He had not and she was surprised. "Why," she said, "there were about a thousand cats fighting in our backyard."

"How many cats?" asked friend husband.

"Well, there were at least five hundred."

"How many?"

"Well, about a hundred."

"How many?"

"Well, I saw two!"

There is a moral to that story. You can see it for yourself. The relationship it has to the

service is obvious. Often, too often, we hear mutterings, mumblings and grumbings. These in themselves do not bother us; indeed, they are healthy and in any democracy perfectly legitimate. What does bother us is that so often we know that the reason for the grumble does not exist.

Too often we try to get at the facts behind the many statements in circulation and the search ends in failure. What often happens is that someone has a real (or imaginary) grief. He makes a statement about it to someone who repeats it and often repeats it incorrectly. It is intensely human to do this and we are all prone to it. How careful we should be to be sure that the thing in question happened to us or that we have documentary evidence, or evidence of an infallible nature before we repeat anything.

Our idle gossip may harm the reputation of either an individual or an institution, or the service itself. A casual word spoken without thought soon travels far. A word spoken in malice travels farther and faster.

There is a story told of a woman who gossiped a great deal. A wise man rebuked her for it. She seemed regretful and wanted to atone for her sin. The wise man told her to pluck a sackful of feathers and go to the top of a nearby hill and scatter them in the breeze. When this was done she returned and he told her then to go and gather the feathers again. Impossible for her to do so, of course! So with our idle tales of gossip. The harm is done when the word is broadcast. We cannot bring it back. Let us watch our statements lest someone suffer. Have your facts verified before you speak and see that as far as possible others do likewise.

* * *

MADELEINE CARROLL

T.T.S. was honoured on Wednesday, April 15th, when the outstanding English-born star from Hollywood, Miss Madeleine Carroll, paid us a visit. The object of this trip was to select some Airmen and Airwomen to take part in one of her radio broadcasts. The following were chosen:

Sgt. Pavey, J. R., from England

Cpl. Conner, W. L., from U.S.A.

A.C.2 Neubert, K. F., from Czechoslovakia

A.W.2 Heseltine, A. R., from Japan.

THE AIRCRAFTMAN

A picture of one of our Airwomen presenting Miss Carroll with a corsage appears on the page allotted to the Women's Division in this issue.

* * *

MANSION HOUSE AIR RAID DISTRESS FUND

A year has now elapsed since the R.A.F. personnel at the T.T.S. decided to forward a monthly remittance to the Lord Mayor's Fund.

The vigor with which the Subscriptions Committee started the campaign of collecting from each individual has not slackened in any way. It will be seen from the statement below that the subscriptions are falling off. That is mainly due to reduction in size of the original body of R.A.F. Some have, for one reason or another, been compelled to withdraw from the scheme, but on the whole the promise to subscribe has been redeemed. So long as a reasonable amount is forthcoming each month, the committee feels that this direct way of contributing to such a noble cause should continue. It costs \$1.50 for each cabled remittance but the sterling remittances arrive in London before the end of each month.

Of course, a formal receipt has been received for each month, but in addition a personal note has been received from the Secretary of the Fund and on one occasion from the Lord Mayor himself.

This has been very gratifying and makes each member, in his small way, feel that the effort to give some measure of comfort to the homeless and needy is having a long-range effect.

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

* * *

RECEIPTS, 1941

May	— Subscriptions.....	\$ 115.00
June	— Subscriptions.....	124.00
July	— Subscriptions.....	130.00
August	— Subscriptions.....	102.50
	Penny Fund.....	20.50
September	— Subscriptions.....	105.50
	Penny Fund.....	21.50
October	— Subscriptions.....	92.09
	Penny Fund.....	12.00
November	— Subscriptions.....	66.50
	Penny Fund.....	6.50
December	— Subscriptions.....	62.00
	Penny Fund.....	7.00

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January	— Subscriptions.....	58.00
	Penny Fund.....	7.00
February	— Subscriptions.....	48.68
	Penny Fund.....	4.00
March	— Subscriptions.....	51.00
	Penny Fund.....	2.00

April	— Subscriptions.....	53.66
	Penny Fund.....	2.50
		\$1,091.93

EXPENDITURE, 1941

May	— By Sterling Remittance...	£ 25. 0.0
June	— By Sterling Remittance....	27.10.0
July	— By Sterling Remittance....	29. 0.0
August	— By Sterling Remittance....	27. 0.0
September	— By Sterling Remittance....	28. 5.0
October	— By Sterling Remittance....	23. 0.0
November	— By Sterling Remittance....	15.15.0
December	— By Sterling Remittance....	15. 5.0

1942

January	— By Sterling Remittance....	15. 5.0
February	— By Sterling Remittance....	11.10.0
March	— By Sterling Remittance....	11.10.0
April	— By Sterling Remittance....	12. 5.0
		£240. 5.0

The 12 Remittance Fees amounted to.....	\$ 18.00
The Sterling equivalent to £240.5.0 @ \$4.47...	1,073.93
	\$1,091.93

* * *

WE NEVER KNOW

In spite of all existing rules
A hitch-hiker can still get a ride,
And questions shot by the driver
Get under the airman's hide.

The fact that you're in the service
May lend some weight to your talk,
But some nit-wit might repeat it
So hide your pride and don't squawk.

To "How many aircraft have you?"
The answer is just "I don't know."
"How many students are there?"
And down the list he will go.

"There must be a lot of ground men?"
"How are the 'gals' fitting in?"
"How many hours does a student fly?"
"Do they all drink rum or gin?"

Not all innocent questions, these.
Depends where the answers go.
Look dumb and give this wise reply:
"Sorry sir, I don't know."

Your friend will grow unhappy
And grunt: "This's far as I go;
Think I'm a fifth column Nazi?"
The answer is still "I don't know."

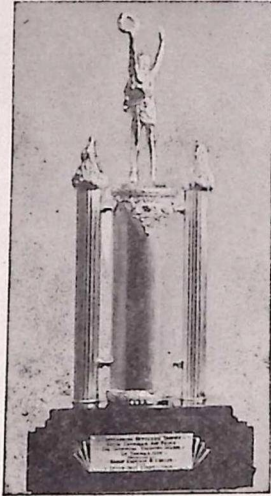
—E. C. H., in *The Airman*, Uplands.

* * *

The German people are frequently told
victory is in sight. They always were a far-
sighted nation.

« « SPORTS » »

COMMANDING OFFICER'S TROPHY



Many of our readers (at least two of the three) predicted that a dark horse would win the Commanding Officer's Trophy for April. We can hardly call Headquarters Squadron a dark horse for they have always been serious contenders, but it is some time since they actually held the coveted award. They repeat for the Basketball Medals.

The runner-up was No. 1 Squadron, 2 Wing (F.O. Boyes') being only two points behind the winners. Incidentally, they win the medals for badminton.

No. 1 Squadron, 1 Wing (Flt. Lt. Ross') came third in the race.

The surprise of this month was the winning of the volleyball series by No. 2 Squadron of No. 2 Wing.

F.O. O'Rourke states that Headquarters have only just begun and warns all other squadrons to be on their toes for the outdoor sports, which commence this month.

* * *

With the publication of this issue the indoor programme of sports, viz., basketball, volleyball and badminton, will have been completed and replaced by the summer schedule, consisting of

softball, tennis, lacrosse and soccer.

During the winter competition has been keen and the squadrons have really taken an interest in the various events. Squadron O.C's have shown a good deal of enthusiasm and have by their continued presence encouraged their teams. Generally speaking, the sports N.C.O's of the squadrons have done a thoroughly good job.

Now we begin a new routine and many who have not participated during the winter will be lured from hiding to take part in some activity which interests them more than the winter activities.

May we suggest, though, that there is more than *mere* pleasure involved here. We all know the importance of regular recreation and exercise. The programme of study and school at T.T.S. is heavy and little time is left for extras but it is important that we take our opportunities to keep in shape. Our sports will help us do this. By so doing you will accomplish two things. You will keep yourself fit and also help to place your squadron in an enviable position in the Trophy race.

There will be one major change in the sports set-up this summer. In the past we have given a different number of points for each sport. Now it is planned to allot ten points for each activity. A win will credit the full ten, a loss five and a default nothing. The idea is that the game is the thing. Win fairly and squarely if possible but if not the try is recognized by half points. Only for a default does a team get nothing.

* * *

BACK WITH VENGEANCE

"When I was a little child," the sergeant sweetly addressed his men at the end of an exhaustive hour of drill, "I had a set of wooden soldiers.

"There was a poor boy in the neighborhood, and after I had been to Sunday School one day, listening to a stirring talk on the duties of charity, I was soft enough to give them to him. Then I wanted them back and cried, but mother said:

"Don't cry, Bertie, some day you will get your wooden soldiers back."

"And believe me, you lop-sided, mutton-headed, goofus-brained set of certified rolling-pins, that day has come!"

STATION ACTIVITIES



AWARD OF MERIT—SILVER MEDAL

Flt. Lt. M. C. Davies

HONOR MEDALISTS

Entry	
89 A.E.M.	R143318 - A.C.2 Kerr, L. G.
89 A.F.M.	R142280 - A.C.2 Hamilton, W. C.
84 A.F.M. (MR)	R127200 - A.C.1 Hay, I. C.
20 Instr. Mkr.	R136014 - A.C.2 Jones, R. L.
90 A.E.M.	R140505 - A.C.2 Olson, E. E.
90 A.F.M.	R138430 - A.C.2 Dickout, F. L.
85 A.F.M. (MR)	R139527 - A.C.1 Laxdal, G. S.
91 A.E.M.	R138583 - A.C.2 Trenholm, M. W.
91 A.F.M.	R145589 - A.C.2 Wilkinson, F. A.
86 A.F.M. (MR)	R131987 - A.C.1 Warrington, G. H.
19 Elect.	R121184 - A.C.2 Corbett, G. E.
92 A.E.M.	R143346 - A.C.2 Talbot, J. M. G.
92 A.F.M.	R140605 - A.C.2 Hanna, J.
87 A.F.M. (MR)	R118417 - A.C.1 Amos, G. A.
21 I.M.	R132759 - A.C.2 Lemoine, R. E.
Course 1	W301496 McGee, M. T., Hospital Assistant
Course 2	W301246 A.W. Maclure, M. B., Hosp. Asst.

Boxing for the Month of March

A.C.2 Taraschuk, W.	R153554
A.C.2 Thomas, H. J.	R138223
A.C.2 Langevin, J. L.	R152144
A.C.2 O'Brien, M. T.	R152059
A.C.2 Williams, K. A.	R141277
A.C.1 Dileo, F.	R144379
A.C.2 Broddy, J. W.	R130875
A.C.2 Wright, A. W.	R150638
A.C.2 Eisenberg, M.	R141214
A.C.2 Brookes, T. E.	R152011
A.C.2 Christensen, C. A.	R147046

LIBRARY CORNER

By A. Askew

We have around a dozen or so good "customers" of the library; voracious fellows they are, who eat up a book overnight and are back

almost as soon as the library opens looking for more.

They get to be rather choosy about their literary fare, too, and they delight in challenging the Librarian with "Well, what's new tonight?" Just like that, as though books were like a baker's buns, fresh every day. Right now we have these literary epics thoroughly satisfied. We have, indeed, a feast of good things. Two hundred additions to the library were made this month. Fifty of these books are new, best sellers, just off the press. And to refer to our baker again, they surely are going out like hot cakes.

Something for everyone. Look at some of the titles! "The Sun Is My Undoing," "Leaf in the Storm," "Hill of Doves," "That Day Alone." This gives you an idea of the new batch.

Then for the Western fans, Zane Grey, Max Brand and Jackson Gregory serve up some real thrillers.

Something quite different, but not to be overlooked, if you claim to be a well-read man of the world, is a new edition of H. G. Wells' "Outline of History."

Here's something again quite different, but extremely interesting to students of history, the history of the common people of medieval times, "Medieval People," by Eileen Power in the Penguin series. She remarks about the antiquity of the expletive "bloody" so very popular among us moderns.

An old document dated 1392 is quoted as follows: "Forbid them to use ugly oaths, or words which are bad or indecent, as do certain evil or ill-bred persons who swear at bad bloody fever, the bad bloody week, the bad bloody day, etc."

This was so interesting I nearly forgot to mention your new technical books, "Applied Electricity," "Shop Mathematics," "Metallurgy" and "The Internal Combustion Engine." All good stuff.

* * *

Two Italian businessmen met in a street in Milan. "How's business?" asked one.

"Very much better," said the other.

"Better?" cried the first in surprise.

"Yes, very much better than next year," the other explained.

« T.T.S. Air Women's Section »



A.W.2 Campbell, J., presents a corsage to Miss Madeleine Carroll when the latter visited T.T.S.

* * *

The place that the girls of Canada are now privileged to take as members of the R.C.A.F. was not included in the original design of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. We girls are sensitive of the privilege, and honoured by the trust put in us.

To work side by side in the service, with service men who are giving their best, is an undertaking that will test our mettle. We therefore intend to be no handicaps. Rather, we are here to put our shoulders to the wheel of the great machine along with our fellow Airmen, and to realize our responsibility in assisting our part of the colossus to roll ever faster.

Those of us who have come to St. Thomas as our first Station are having the opportunity of seeing how a vital part of the gigantic "plan" functions. Here we learn to appreciate what "Air Force" means. We are fortunate in being trained in this remarkable Technical Training School, where we are so well prepared

for our respective job of work. Here we find organization and routine well established. Here we find discipline well maintained—and we know that the Officers and Instructors, in giving such able service, will aid us toward the goal we wish to achieve—namely, efficiency in our trade, added to respect for the service in which we are enlisted. Likewise important—they give us further inspiration to go forward with determination and confidence; determination to get ahead with the job, and confidence in the knowledge that we can prove our usefulness.

But T.T.S. gives something more. We are assembled from all parts of the Dominion and are all working—men and women together—for one cause. There is no place for cleavage of any kind—especially that between the East and West. Friendships are made regardless of geography—and the common hand cements them. We came to T.T.S. to learn to work for Canada—and T.T.S. has taught us that all of Canada is our home.

* * *

A W.D'S FIRST FLIP

'Twas a Harvard—a beaut—
And the pilot was cute
But my very first worry
'Case my "exit" meant—hurry!
Was how could I fall
If the darned thing should stall,
When about me were tied
Many straps, side to side.

When I asked what to do
If my fears should come true,
All around smiles appeared
So how could I be "skeared"?
Then below things got smaller
And I wanted to holler—
Guess I did once or twice—
But soon thought, "h-mm-nice!"

Yes even went brave
And this signal I gave,
"How about a few loops?"—
"Oh! Golly! Gee! woops!"
Gosh I felt awful dizzy.
Can't you straighten this "lizzy"?
Then he rolled, stalled and turned,
My poor tummy felt churned.

"Ooh—at last—solid ground,
But it's moving around!"

"No it isn't, it's you,
Come on kid, we're through,"
Said a voice close at hand
As I staggered on land.
"We're down—all is well."
But it really was swell.

—A.W.2 HELEN S. MUIR.

* * *

EQUIPMENT ASSISTANTS

The pioneering done by our predecessor lady birds of the first Equipment Assistant course is greatly appreciated by us. We are the first all-feminine group to invade the hallowed sanctum which formerly the masculine Equipment Assistants thought was theirs alone. This class is really well represented in species of bird life. We boast such important members as Drake, Pidgeon, White Swan, Fleming-o and a Hawk-in(s) our midst. With such a competent labour representative as Beaven an "all-out" effort will be right down our Alley. The only Bonar we can pull is by being too Noble(s) Orr to Cerswell. De boys (Dubois) will like us well if in the words of Michaud we do not Sin—"clair." In a Car-lyle hose can easily be changed to silk and on ninety cents a day our cake can lose its sauce for a Nicol ice cream. It is Wright for us while in Ontario to have an occasional Styan of beer and Wat-son would turn down the brew let's (Broullet) bake it while we may! In the Middlemass of the parade square you can see the Mac clans, assemble for their drill. We take our cue (Smith unaccustomed gusto) from men doffing (Mindorff) hats in public places. Whilst in this locality we shall see that "Mitch" will more (Michelmore) onions produce to feed the T.T.S. These are most all of the Boyds who come to Leicht in our Parliament of E. & A.T.S. but the Love of our feathered friends from Lee to Lake prevents Fowler abuse and Greaves amongst us.

A few changes have taken place in the Women's Division since our last issue. Assistant Section Officer J. Bristol of Toronto has been posted to T.T.S., coming here from Dauphin, Manitoba. Assistant Section Officer J. B. Atkinson of Embro, who has been here since the arrival of the Women's Division, has unfortunately been posted to No. 7 Manning Depot, Rockcliffe.

Cpl. M. C. Sinclair is a welcome addition to the Administration staff. Course 1 of Clerk Accountants has arrived from stations across Canada. Courses 2 and 3 of Equipment Assistants, Course 3 of Hospital Assistants are now enjoying (we hope) their sojourn at our School. Two Airwomen have been awarded gold medals

this month: No. 1 Equipment Assistants Course—W301485 A.W.2 MacLeod, H., from Winnipeg, Manitoba. No. 2 Hospital Assistants Course—W301246 A.W.2 Maclure, M. B., from Westmount, Que.

On Saturday, April 11th, the members of the Women's Division were hostesses at the first all service personnel dance ever held at this Station. The Station Band, which is in charge of Flt. Lt. W. L. Marshall, provided the music under the conductorship of Flt. Sgt. Greene. To vary the dance programme there were several novelty numbers, one of the most amusing of these being a contest in which three Airwomen and three Airmen, in turn, led the band. A.W.2 Kelly sang "The White Cliffs of Dover" very pleasingly. The Women's Division are greatly indebted to the Station Recreation Hall Committee for their excellent arrangements. The Airwomen's Committee included A.W.2 Poole, A.W.2 McMillan, A.W.2 Hamilton, A.W.2 Reid and A.W.2 McCaffrey.

* * *

My Impressions of T.T.S.

Imagine, please, a lot of ants
Running around in skirts and pants,
Scurrying after leaders bold;
That's what I saw, I must confess,
When first I looked at T.T.S.
It's now assumed a different hue,
Those ants are only me and you
Running around with vacant looks,
Acquiring knowledge from Thesis books.

* * *

INTERVIEWS

First Impressions

Webster (Aylmer)—The luxurious bathrooms. Oh for a bath!

Loutet (McLeod)—I feel right at home. Typical Vancouver weather.

Burkingham—What, cake and sauce for dessert—how nice!

Richardson (Dauphin)—6,000 men, 100 per capita, wow! When do we get "48"?

Douglas (Summerside)—Such luxury! I thought it was the wrong stop.

Dahlberg (Summerside)—Is this the Airmen's Club? I think I'll settle here. I always did like blue leather.

Saunders (Dunnville)—After Dunnville—Oh, what, hot water? How grand.

Berry (Claresholm)—How mammoth—I'm lost.

Mulligan (Uplands) — Imagine arriving wet, cold and bedraggled and being told C. B. for a week.

THE AIRCRAFTMAN

Poole (Toronto Depot)—Till I was otherwise informed I thought I had a suite at the Royal York.

Butter (Toronto Depot)—First hotel I have ever stayed in where I had to make my own bed.

Landry (Summerside) — Corridors, corridors and more corridors!

Purawn (McLeod)—Only two to a room—does one need a commission to continue in this style? No, just a posting to St. Thomas.

Muir (Aylmer)—Gee, a little privacy.

Saunder (Aylmer)—We certainly have a chance to work up an appetite by the time we reach the mess hall.

* * *

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

1. Where did Scoon get the Yuh-hoo-di doll in the first place?
2. Why is Poole so set on keeping a front seat in the lecture room; also, what is the attraction in the orderly room?
3. Whose picture has A.C.I Walters on his praecis? Would her name be Mary?
4. Has McCaffrey always been a doodler? We thought she came here for Accountancy. Could we be wrong?
5. How come the only point Reid knew about Financial Services was the tax a single fellow paid if he kept an apartment with a dependent?

* * *

Things We Like About T.T.S.

Our quarters
Our instructors
The band
The Airmen's Club
Route marches
Medals parade
The Commanding Officer's dog.

* * *

Wives and Mothers, Attention!

What do you know about first aid? How about training to meet the emergencies that arise in any home or the greater emergencies that are apt to arise in time of war. The T.T.S. Women's Auxiliary are now sponsoring a first aid course for the wives of Airmen, N.C.O's and Officers. Come to the weekly meetings of the Auxiliary in the War Service Room of the Y.W.C.A., St. Thomas, every Thursday at 2 p.m. The course is just starting. All are welcome. Come and join and be sociable. If you can be friendly you will soon find many friends and so make your stay in St. Thomas a happy one.

Hostess Office - Recreation Hall

If you want living accommodation in St. Thomas, the Hostess Office will supply you with a list of inspected rooms.

Housekeeping rooms, apartments or room and board, investigated and approved by the Y.W.C.A. Rooms Registry Service are available at any time.

If you are on duty the Hostess will meet your family at the train and see that they are comfortably settled.

Telegrams, current issues of magazines, time-tables and information are among the services that await you in the Hostess Office.

If you would like a dinner invitation in a St. Thomas home, leave your name and it will be arranged.

* * *

C.W.A.A.F. UNHEATED AS PLANE AFLAME

The C.W.A.A.F., so the story goes, was up for her first flip in an Anson.

Things were going smoothly, and she was having a wonderful time. Suddenly the port engine burst into flame.

The pilot went to town. He shut off the gas to that engine, opened the throttle wide, then when the engine stopped, closed the switch off. At the same time he slipped violently away from the engine, hoping to blow the fire out.

Perspiration rolled from his brow.

The C.W.A.A.F. looked on, interested but unconcerned.

Finally the flames went out, and the pilot struggled home on one engine. He put the ship down, thanking all his stars the flames didn't reach the wing and tanks. He was still a bit groggy at his narrow escape.

"You all right?" he asked the C.W.A.A.F., who stepped blithely from the aircraft. "Bet it scared you."

"Oh, no," she smiled, as the pilot continued to wipe away perspiration. "I saw that the other engine was turning over okay, and knew there was nothing to worry about."

Investigators are checking a report the pilot fainted.

—From "The Sky Line,"
No. 5 S.F.T.S., Brantford.

* * *

She (at the Sergeants' Dance)—"Let's sit down; that dance made me dizzy."

Sgt. French—"All right; I know a swell dark spot."

She—"Thanks just the same; I'm not as dizzy as that."

AMONG THE SQUADRONS

1 SQUADRON, 1 WING

By Cpl. Hardy, D. B.

Well, another month has rolled by and again No. 1 Squadron, 1 Wing wins the Commanding Officer's Trophy for Sports. Nice work, fellows, and we want to add a special vote of thanks to all those who turn out regularly for sports and make the winning of the Trophy possible.

For the new Entries that have arrived in the meantime we would like them to know that any man who would care to come out for sports will be welcomed. We don't expect to do too much in No. 1 Squadron this month. We'll be satisfied with winning the C.O.'s Trophy and the Drill Competition.

Well, our popular Flt. Sgt. Maybie has been posted, and we were really sorry to see him go, but wish him lots of luck at his new Station. At the same time we welcome back Sgt. Gutsell as our Senior N.C.O. Well, that's all for this month as we have a new baloney ration on tap for May.

Let's go, gang; keep No. 1 Squadron, 1 Wing on top.

* * *

3 SQUADRON, 1 WING

By Cpl. Longbottom

The staff of No. 3 Squadron wishes to thank all those who took part in the Station Sports this month. Owing to many of our players being absent, due to religious obligations, we got off to a bad start but managed to make a good showing in the finals.

Cpl. Conkey, our sports manager, wishes to extend special thanks to A.C.2 Fliss for his co-operation in the management of the basketball team.

Thanks go also to A.C.2 Bigger and A.C.2 Blackwell for their splendid co-operation in volleyball and badminton.

By the way, how about a little more effort in the two above sports? Come on, fellows, let's make it a good show.

Our drill team also deserves mention, having taken third place. Keep it up lads, try to make that first place this month.

AROUND THE ORDERLY ROOM

We are wondering who these characters are: Come on, my lucky lads, it's duty flight tonight. Get your hair cut or else. (He's measuring it, boys.)

Or: Come on now, fellows, I want all the volleyball and badminton players out.

Or: Why Cpl. Hateley dug out his pipe a while ago. He hasn't smoked it yet.

The month of April has come and gone, leaving behind the first signs of spring, such as the return of

the birds, the early flowers, maple syrup and the greening of the grass. But we haven't noticed much spring weather yet.

As spring comes in we are left wondering who the R.A.F. Sgt. was who thought crocuses bloom in the fall? (As a matter of fact, they do—autumn crocus.—Ed.)

There's a certain Discip. Sgt. here whom the boys of every Entry swear that they will give free swimming lessons to. I wonder if it will ever happen?

A SMILE OR TWO

A.C.2: "Drinking and love-making are the pastimes of fools."

A.W.2: "I suppose you're the intellectual type?"

A.C.2: "Oh no; I'm the biggest fool in the world."

First Airman: "Is that your new girl friend?"

Second Airman: "No, just the old one painted up."

A generation ago a boy would walk ten miles to see a girl. Nowadays if she doesn't come running when he honks the horn he changes girls.

LOOK, FELLOWS OF THREE SQUADRON! This is your column. If you don't send in any material to the orderly room we can't print it for you. Come on now, have a try at it.

* * *

2 SQUADRON, 2 WING

NEWS THAT'S HOT DISHED OUT BY SCOTT

Don't tell me what a swell girl you've got,
Don't tell me how lovely she is,
Don't mention her charms as she clings in your arms
Nor the thrill that she packs in a kiss.

Don't tell me how lovely she is from her feet
To the crown of her sleek, golden head;
Don't speak of the passion that lurks in her eyes
Nor the sweetness of lips—ruby red.

Don't tell me how tender and loving and kind
She is when you've turned down the light;
Don't tell me about all the nice things she says
When you're all cuddled up close and tight.

Don't tell me how gladly responsive she is
To your every touch and caress;
Don't spoil it all, brother—for crying out loud,
Just tell me her name and address.

Cpl. Kyles: "I want four volunteers—you, you, you and you."

A.C.1 Jones: "Why do you call them the Tonsil Sisters?"

A.C.2 Barry: "Oh, everybody's had them out."

THE AIRCRAFTMAN

And the English named their ships after jokes so the Germans wouldn't see them.

An Airman knocked at the Pearly Gates,
His face was scarred and old;
His time had come to ask
Admission to the "Fold."

"What have you done," St. Peter asked,
"To gain admission here?"
"I've lived in the East," the Airman said,
"For nigh on to a year."

The Pearly Gates swung open wide
As St. Peter touched the bell;
"Come in," he said, "and choose your harp,
You've had your taste of hell."

This letter was received by one of our boys, and he has given us permission to publish it:

"Dear Cousin:

"Your uncle has a job at last, the first time he has worked in 48 years.

"We are rich now—17:25 every Thursday, so we went up to Seers-Roebuck for one of them there new-fangled bathroom sets like you rich people out west have. It came and we had it all put right. You should see it.

"Over on one side of the room is a big long white thing like the pigs drink out of, only you can get in and take a bath all over at once.

"Over on the other side of the room is a little white gadget hangin' on the wall called a zink; this is for light washing, like hands and face. They also sent us a roll of riting paper, but it's kind of cheep I think; it rips easily.

"But over in the corner—wow—they got a thing you put one foot in and scrub until it gets clean, then you pull a lever and get fresh water for the other foot.

"Yers trooly,
"CUSIN ABNER."

P.S.—"Two lids came with the damn thing and we had no use for them in the bathroom so ma is using one for a bread board and we framed grandpap's picture in the other."

* * *

3 SQUADRON, 2 WING

By Cpl. Jorgenson, G.

"KEEP 'EM FLYING"
(Associated Press)

Canadian ground crews with the R.C.A.F. and R.A.F. overseas are building up a real reputation and making good the maxim that a fighting plane is no better than its ground crew. "Their anxiety to keep aircraft serviceable and have them in a state of efficiency to meet the Hun is not less apparent in the pilot than in the mechanic," says Air Vice-Marshal Robert Leckie, who returned from England recently. "Each mechanic takes a personal pride in the machine he services and if it fails to take off or anything happens to it he is heartbroken. The teamwork between pilot and his ground work is a fine thing to see.

"The ground crew is second only in importance to the pilot as the pilot's life and possible victory depend on his machine being in perfect shape."

The air vice-marshal paid a strong tribute to the men who went overseas from the Technical Training School at St. Thomas.

(A feather for your caps, fellows.)

BRIEFS FROM "3" AND "2"

Life in 3 Squadron now resumes its former atmosphere as we extend a welcome to F.O. Kerr, who returns after a lengthy absence due to ill health.

SOCIAL

Dan Cupid has taken a heavy toll in our Squadron as it seems the summer months hold matrimonial intents for "several" of our N.C.O.'s.

The following will do with careful observation during the coming weeks: Cpl. Fatum and Cpl. James of the Hydraulic Section; Cpl. Ferguson, Maintenance, and "our" Sgt. Hodgson.

The latter is the doubtful one of the group as he has yet to find a prospective bride—there's the rub—find a bride. (It is suggested that he try an ad to the Lonesome Hearts Club.)

Consider carefully, boys:

Singular joy,
The life of a bachelor;
How fortunate this is:
He has money to burn
And there's nothing he Mrs.

Unanswered queries of the month:

1. Actually just what the Squadron Discs do all day?
2. Why the Technical N.C.O.'s have not been better informed on the "y/c synchronization on the Fairey Battle"?
3. Where the "F Key" disappeared to?

SPORTS

We of 3 Squadron pay special honour to our badminton team of last month. They came through the series without a loss and deserved the medals presented to them by the Commanding Officer.

Three of the team, A.C. Kincaid, A.C. Cocks and A.C. Hawthorne, have now been posted away from the Station. It remains without saying that their leaving has left a rather gaping hole in our badminton ranks.

WISE SAWS

One's eyes are what one is; one's mouth is what one becomes.

Peace is a state of mind your own business.

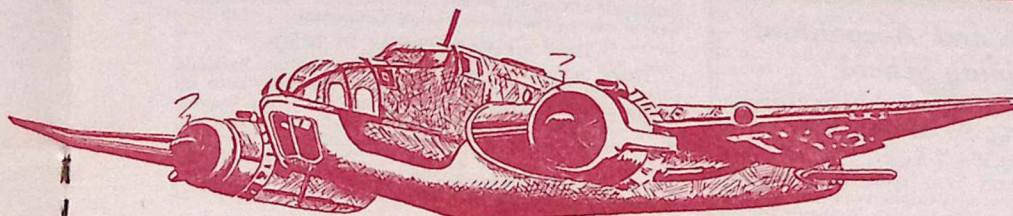
I said a stupid thing. I wish I could unsay it. But you alone can unsay it by not remembering my foolishness when you remember me.

So long for now.

SPRIGG SOGG

The winders sdo id dearly dud,
In fact, old winders on the bub,
The bud and dust bust sood appear,
The busy house fly's tibe id dear,
Whed the meadow with greed grass id spread,
Ad this dab code is god from my head,
Thed I'll be habby ad I'll sigg
About the gentle, gentle sprigg!

WORK



SAVE

E. & A. T. S.

2 Sq. - 2 Wing

1 Sq. - 1 Wing

2 Sq. - 1 Wing

3 Sq. - 2 Wing

3 Sq. - 1 Wing

Civilian

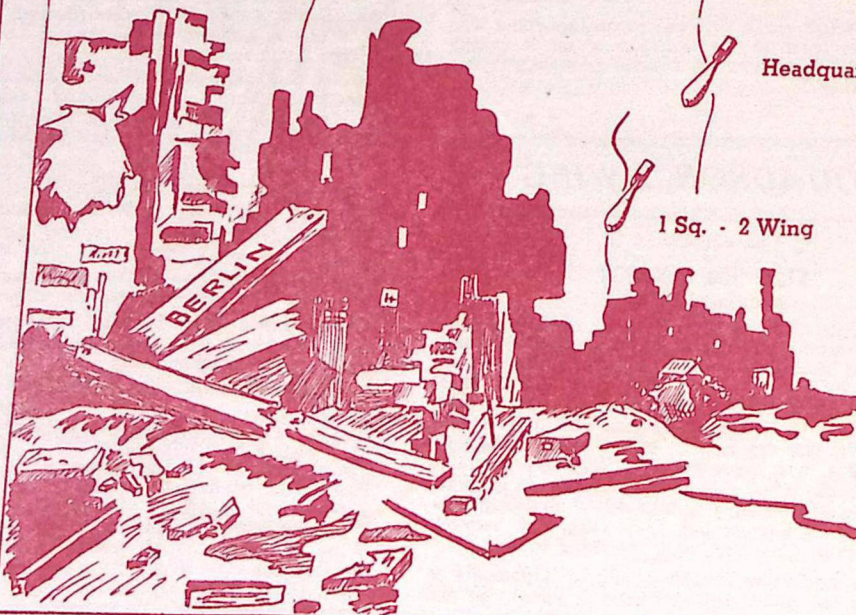
Headquarters

1 Sq. - 2 Wing

LEND

YOUR
SAVINGS
TOTAL
\$38,225
NOW

W. E. Bishop



**Equipment and Accountant
Training School**

THE BATTLE OF ST. THOMAS

By W.O. King

Being a little groggy from pedagogy and slightly maudlin over Madeleine, this might read like anything even, but here's a welcome to the new Women's Division classes who should arrive simultaneously with this issue. Good luck to the gals in their very difficult and exacting courses.

This is a little late, but our hat's off to our smoke-signaller, Cpl. Portman of the Equipment Instruction staff, who whipped our last remaining men's drill squad into shape to carry off the Commanding Officer's Drill Trophy. This makes a win, a second, and a win in three attempts at the new trophy. Not bad!

The Women's Division dance in the Recreation Hall was a very successful affair. Two-thirds of the "Waafs" were from our School and the remainder were the Hospital Assistants. The male "escorts" were from all the Squadrons except ours, and in spite of this, a good time was had by all. Flight Green's music was, of course, excellent.

Now I must go out and find a revival of "Bahama Passage." Maybe Miss Carroll hasn't anything that any other girl hasn't got, but on her it looks good.

THE BLITZ IS ON

Anonymous

Some of us instruct Equipment,
And some of us do Pay work too;
Some of our lads are potentials,
But they knew their stuff through and through!
Just look at our list of graduates, please,
An imposing roster of names,
'Twould lead one to think that we all knew our jobs,
But you never can tell just the same!—
No! No! a thousand times No!
We do not know what the score is;
No! No! a thousand times No!
Won't someone step up and say "Yes"?

We try our best to be helpful—
To pass on our knowledge to girls;
Experience is the best teacher,
You're welcome to give it a whirl!
We're clear and concise and really quite nice,
Our blackboards are always in use,
We strive and we plan, right to the last man,
But come in for a lot of abuse—
No! No! a thousand times No!
No interruptions in class, please;
Yes, Yes, just leave us alone,
And we'll Pass the Girlies with ease!

*(Apologies to composers of "No, No, a
Thousand Times, No!")*

All being quiet and orderly across the highway with no vital news in sight, we took to perusing the new R.C.A.F. mag. "CONTACT," issued at Trenton, and the following article caught our good eye:

SABOTAGE IN BLUE

By Cpl. Alex. Fredericks

No long-haired intellectuals; no fiercely bearded assassins; no lean and hungry Nazis are these saboteurs who steadily and relentlessly tear away to

destroy the Air Force effort. No Master Spy directs their operations, no secret radio tells of their destructive power to the Enemy High Command.

These are SABOTEURS IN BLUE

Every minute of the day, in Air Force Stations from coast to coast, their incessant gnawing goes on at the war effort like the persistent bite of the beaver. Their cumulative, combined destruction means more to the German than the blasting of a refinery, the sinking of a convoy. The Dragon of Defeat, clad in Air Force Blue, camouflaged in a careless smile, a bantering word, or the mask of nonchalance, tears away at the vitals of victory.

Who are these SABOTEURS IN BLUE?

They are the men who waste the Air Force time; the petty thieves of gasoline, metals, parts and equipment; the men who daily fritter away the valuable moments of the day and let the effort languish. The Saboteur in Blue is on the scrounge. He converts supply and stores to his own use. He destroys his own effort by late hours and dissipation. His careless attitude is an infection, spreading like rottenness among his fellows. He fiddles while a figurative Rome burns and he dances in the red glare of the holocaust.

Are YOUR a Saboteur in Blue?

Is HE?

Am I?

* * *

HEADQTRS. SQUADRON

By L.A.C. Hewlitt

MEDICAL SECTION

Double, double, toil and trouble . . . how aptly that fits the Meds. Section. Now that spring is here, here's hoping your colds will be less, your aches smaller, and your admissions fewer. The trouble of the above quote is postings. Sgt. "Mother Machree" Gibbs to Regina, which is a suburb of Windthorp. "Gawge" McLeod to Windsor (that's where Thomas' Inn is), and "Winging Sammy" Younger to the Grand Central for a two weeks rest cure. Of course we must not forget Flt. Lt. Demers, affectionately referred to a "Pappy," who has gone to Mt. Jolie, taking all our very best wishes for being a great man and a great officer.

Meanwhile Cupid continues his indiscriminate slinging of barbs. Don Stevenson is wearing the sheepish grin of a ring-giver. "Seventh Dwarf" Copeland has sent a letter to Ottawa for an extra train from Port nightly and "Slim" Stacey has polished his buttons for the first time since Michaelmas. Of course, romance has received a pat on the head by the presence of our beautiful WAAF assistants.

It is a little difficult to write lightly when we realize just what is going on down under. That hospital at Bataan must have taken an awful pasting. Sometimes our low mental tasks seem rather useless when we contemplate the comparative security of this berth. The Medical Staff can only hope that some day when we have the chance of being in the thick of it we can do our jobs with an equal courage to those of our predecessors who have stayed on their errand of mercy, in England's hospitals, in Russian field stations, at Far Eastern outposts in spite of hardships and dangers.

CONGRATULATIONS to L.A.C. James King, who was presented with a bouncing new baby (Doreen

THE AIRCRAFTMAN

Dale) by his adoring wife on March 26th, 1942 . . . we must not forget the well-known Service Policeman, Cpl. Wilkinson, better known as "Wilkie," who was also presented with a 6-lb. new baby (Marjorie Rose) by his young wife a little while back . . . Gee, just think, it was only 6 lbs.!

In regards to conservation of rubber and gasoline, snowdrifts and mud puddles should be avoided . . . ask "Doug," he'll tell you.

THE STATION MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Just a little follow-up on our Station Dance Orchestra. There have been a great many comments in regards to how well the boys play and yet it is surprising the number of lads who do not even know that such an organization exists. As mentioned before, the boys played with some of the best bands on this side of the line. Special mention should be made of Pat Riceo, famous sax player and arranger, to whom much of the credit of the band's sounding so remarkably well is owed. He has been in hospital for the past month, but is back on the job again.

They have hopes of playing odd outside jobs, but so far these have proved too few.

We as Airmen feel we have one of the finest bands in this part of the country, excluding none. Their library is very modern with the latest popular and jive tunes.

So, fellows, if you never have heard the orchestra be sure to do so now and with your help we will be able to put this band on the map.

Additional credit should also be given to the Station Band for they have just completed Franz Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," which is very difficult to master.

VOLLEYBALL TEAM

The less said about this the better.

However:

Headquarters volleyball has met many reverses in the past. Due to the many casualties from various reasons, sickness, men on leave, etc., it has been difficult to keep our team together. We are consolidating our lines though and coming through with a new spring offensive. Our O.C., F.O. O'Rourke, has shown us his fine fighting spirit by getting into the fray and helping us out when our strength was below par.

We miss the smiling face of Ivan "The Terrible" Morrison, who was always on the job and could be counted on to give a real "performance" on the volleyball floor.

After watching some of the lads cavorting around the various hotels it would appear that that kind of "steam" could be used to better advantage on the gym floor.

"FANS"

Now that Headquarters have read this article, we are wondering if there are some young "blades" who would like to offer their time and experience in helping Headquarters climb to the top in sports.

Last but not least—OUR DRILL TEAM! Or should we be so optimistic as to call it a drill team? There is no denying that we have 40 men good and true out on the drill floor—but what can 40 men do

without the necessary instructions and hours of drill needed to make a championship drill team? We were lucky one month—I can't exactly remember what month—we finished in a tie for fourth place. Since then we have been going up—up towards the bottom—the last display was a "duesey". However, now that F.O. O'Rourke has taken up the cudgels, look out for Headquarters Drill Team. We are definitely finished with being content to land in the lower brackets and from now on we expect and predict that we shall be up there amongst the first.

BADMINTON

Headquarters Badminton team, after a bad collapse in March, is coming back strong in April. Players include: Sgt. Godfrey, one of the ablest shuttle smashers on the Station; Cpl's Langton, Sawyer and McKee, L.A.C. Sowden, A.C's May and Ham. The present team isn't as strong as the group that won the Station championship in November and December, nevertheless they will win their fair share of games.

Headquarters Squadron have again produced a good Basketball team, due largely to the efforts of Cpls. Van den Brande and Elliott, L.A.C. Gourley, A.C.1's Davis, Black, Pool and A.C.2 Gibbs. These are the seven that have carried most of the burden for the past two months and even the loss of such stalwart players as L.A.C's Callahan and Bates has not kept them off the winning sheet.

Other players that have since strengthened the team considerably are A.C.1 Russell and A.C.2 Price and Broad. This fills out a well-balanced team. The forward line of Davis, Black and Pool have shown a great deal of class and if A.C.1 Davis can refrain from crippling his other leg and A.C.1 Black can manage to hold on to the ball without injuring any more fingers, there is a good chance of Headquarters coming out on top of the heap when the final game has been played. They are not by any means as good a team as others that have been produced by Headquarters, but they have plenty of fight and even in defeat show true sportsmanship. Last month we were without the services of two stalwarts, namely, Cpl. Van den Brande and A.C.2 Gibbs. Their return has added the scoring punch we lacked last month, so come on, Headquarters! We are sure Flt. Sgt. Park would appreciate a little companionship on his constant journeys to the Drill Hall if only to help him cheer on his team to victory. He is Headquarters Squadron's most ardent supporter and we are certainly looking for more like him around the basketball court.

FUN AND NONSENSE DEPARTMENT

1. Sgt. Lamplin of the Pay and Accounts, who recently escorted a draft West, was asked on his return that ever-present question, "How did you like the West?" His answer was: "The scenery around Lake Superior was wonderful." ANYBODY HERE FROM THE WEST?

2. It is reported that the Dorothy Dix of the Dependents' Allowance Section has been conducting intensive research work among a cross section of St. Thomas life. A highly commendable way of spending spare time—or is it?

3. Is that Sergeant in Pay and Accounts still rushin' the Russian?

4. Where was Cpl. Hoocy on the night of April 13th?

5. Will someone please call a taxi for Sgt. Peterson?

6. The morning route marches which were held by the Pay and Accounts are greatly missed by all, with the exception of a certain Senior N.C.O.—W.O. could he be?

7. N.C.O.: "Don't bother me, I am too busy." Toothache or stamps, Chuck?

8. Is it really true that Cpl. Arnold likes to run things?

9. Cpl. Grondin was reported seen in St. Thomas one night. Don't tell me!

10. Signs of spring. Bill Wells has been seen to smile twice in the last week.

11. Those well-known "golfers" (?) Flt. Sgt. Park and W.O.2 Reid are about ready to challenge Paul Runyan and Sammy Snead. Quote: "You should have seen me when I was playing every day," unquote.

12. What is it that keeps L.A.C. Sanham so sleepy every "other" day?

13. Conversations overheard: Cpl. Starling to Cpl. Elliot: "I don't eat half as much as you do."

* * *

PLANEFACTS

HARLAND

Henry Ford, whose new bomber plant is beginning to swing into production, is no novice in aeronautics. Ford, a practical machinist, is doubtless well informed on the technical aspects of flying. In 1926 he operated a commercial airline between Cleveland and Detroit. For more than two years this airline functioned without a fatal accident. The United States Government awarded Ford Air Transport the first air mail contract ever given to a commercial operator.

American commercial transport pilots are members of the A.F. of L. Well-established pilots earn nearly \$10,000 a year, which works out at something like \$10 an hour for actual flying. Co-pilots receive about half as much. During an official investigation a few years ago it became known that some pilots were working for as little as \$15 per week.

After the Armistice in 1918 thousands of war planes were made available for private purchase. Curtiss Jennies, often in good flying condition, could be bought for \$300. Ninety horsepower Curtiss motors frequently sold for less than \$100.

Hubert Latham, British pioneer flyer who held many early records, took up flying because he believed he had not long to live and might as well have some excitement in the meantime. Latham was supposedly a victim of incurable tuberculosis. After he took up flying his health greatly improved. He died from an accident not related to flying.

A few weeks ago the United States Government announced a plan to restrict commercial airline operations and warned that some of the transport aircraft and equipment might be commandeered for war uses. Because there are less than 1,000 modern commercial airliners operating in the country, this move seems unreasonable to many in the industry.

During the first world war Zeppelin Captain Boeker was forced down in England and interned. While imprisoned he was visited by an R.A.F. officer who had a surprisingly



"She claims priority, Colonel. Darn it!"

* * *

ECHOES OF T.T.S. AT I.T.S.

We may have been strangers in a strange place, but still we saw a few faces that we knew: W.O.2 Thomas, Sgt. Jackson, Cpl's Whelan and Ball and some others who had passed through St. Thomas.

Last but by no means least is Bill Craig, Y.M.C.A. director. Bill is doing a good job here in keeping the boys happy and keeping the Station humming with activity.

We have no regret in taking the step that made it possible for us to be stationed here at Toronto, and we pass on to the boys who remain at T.T.S. our very best wishes and hope that we will meet again.

We are: Welch, Blair, McEwan, Bates, Callaghan, Stanley (Sgt. Stanley, formerly of No. 3 Squadron, 1 Wing).

He: "I've changed my mind."

She: "Does it work any better?"

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intimate knowledge of Captain Boeker's affairs. The R.A.F. officer had done espionage work in Germany and was able to repeat some of Boeker's actual words spoken to companions in a German restaurant.

According to published official figures the German battleship Scharnhorst, which has figured prominently in the news since the beginning of the war, has been attacked by R.A.F. bombers at least 50 times.

During the invasion of Holland, Germany dropped parachute troops in Dutch, British and French uniforms, and in civilian clothes. This

move caused the confusion anticipated and desired by the Germans. Some genuine British soldiers were almost executed before being identified. The situation became so confused that the Dutch asked the British if they were landing parachute troops in Holland. The reply gave Holland authorities permission to shoot any "British" parachute troops they found.

When Germany invaded Poland, Polish flyers went up to battle the blitzkrieg flying planes capable of not more than 100 miles per hour. Small wonder these men actually enjoy doing battle when the odds are even.

* * *

FLY FISHING

By Sqn. Ldr. C. N. McLoughlin

Nearly four hundred and fifty years ago the first known work on fly fishing was published by Caxton's successor at Westminster. It was entitled "*Treatyse of Ffyshnge Wyth an Angle*" and was included in the second edition of the *Boke of St. Albans* attributed to Dame Juliana Berners, prioress of Sopwell Nunnery. Incidentally, if you come across this book in a secondhand shop, snap it up. It may cost you \$75,000 but it's worth reading.

It is surprising how little the basic principles of this type of angling have changed since the fifteenth century. They even used tapered lines and evolved twelve standard pattern artificial flies. True, the lines were of plaited horsehair and the same length as the rod, but the flies would undoubtedly catch fish today.

Broadly speaking, the main difference between the fly fishing of then and now is that where the fly was floated downstream, it is now cast upstream. I am speaking, of course, of rivers and streams; lake fishing from a boat, the fly is almost invariably cast down wind.

How is such a small, infinitely light object as an artificial fly cast fifty or sixty feet? Simply by the weight of the line. This is exactly opposite to bait and plug casting, in which all the weight is concentrated at the "business" end and its momentum strips line from the reel. But not even the line's weight is sufficient to overcome the check of a trout reel, so the line is stripped with the left hand and the resultant slack taken up by false casting or "shooting the line" at the final cast.

What is false casting? Let us suppose that the overhead cast is being used. The best way to describe the principle of this cast is as

follows: Imagine you are holding in your right hand a stick, on to the end of which you have stuck an apple. Elbow close to your side, try to hit the top of a small tree twenty yards behind you with the apple. The stick will now be slightly beyond the vertical position. Now imagine that somebody has very quickly replaced the apple with another. Right! When you hear the first apple hit the tree, still keeping your elbow close to your side, endeavor to hit a man standing twenty yards in front of you in the small of the back. By the time the apple strikes the man you have reloaded and his yell is the signal for you to have another shot at the tree, and so on until you run out of apples or the man knocks you down. Translated into terms of rod and line, that is false casting using the horizontal cast, the pause for the apple to reach its objective on the backward and forward movements being the time it takes for the line to straighten out. Only on the final cast are line, leader and fly allowed to rest on the water and this is achieved merely by dropping the rod point slightly instead of making another back cast.

The purpose of false casting is threefold. It permits greater accuracy, especially as to range; it allows line to be stripped from the reel with the left hand, thus gradually increasing the distance of the cast; and finally, the airing given to the fly on its frequent journeys back and forth serves to dry it so that it will float more readily. When fishing "wet," that is, when you want the fly to sink, do as little false casting as possible until you have mastered the switch cast, a slightly more difficult manoeuvre than the overhead, but one which does not flick the moisture from the fly.

[Continued on Page Nineteen]

GUEST OF HONOUR

A Talk by Eric Knight, Well-Known British Author—Broadcast Over CBC National Network on Sunday, March 1st, at 9.00 p.m. E.D.T.

(Used by Permission)

There is only one thing worth speaking over the radio in any land at any time—and that is truth. But truth is not a positive thing—it is not absolute. Each man brings his own truth, coloured by his own life, his own prejudices, his own prides, his own loves and hates. Tonight I try to bring you my truth—that you should like it or not like it—is a secondary matter. Only believe it is a truth as I see it.

I speak, of course, about the war. I have just come over from England—I am just freshly peeled off an Atlantic convoy. I suppose, then, I shall tell you something about England, about the people of London, how they carry on, but I think, perhaps, you are tired of hearing of the fortitude, the courage, the determination of the men and women and children of Britain who have stood up under the unkind and bloody rain from the heavens. You have heard it—it is old hat.

Let me tell you how you, the people of Canada—this great, rich land of Canada itself looks to us. I am not a Canadian. The only right I have to speak plainly to you is because I once came here and put on your uniform and served beside your own men and saw them die in another war.

And why not let's start talking plainly. One of the troubles of our democratic front in this war is that we are not one unit. We are several countries—and we have to be "diplomatic". We have to be careful what we say for fear of offending each other. Well, here take offense at what I say if you will.

But the plain truth about this war is that Democracy has not yet got down to the business of war. We all believe somehow, miraculously, that the horrors of war, by some special law of Divine Providence, can't touch us. The other fellow, yes—but not us. And each one goes on believing that, until the enemy is ten miles away, his tanks cutting through soldiers armed only with rifles; his planes bombing civilians who have no air raid shelters.

And so went France, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Norway, Greece, Crete, Hongkong, Singapore, Pearl Harbour—each one knowing intellectually that war was near, but each one somehow convinced spiritually that the blood and slaughter and screaming steel could happen somewhere else—but not here.

We must learn to understand that if we are a united front, when it happens to one of us,

it happens to us all. Remember the line of John Donne, from which Ernest Hemingway took the title of his well-known book:

"Do not seek to know for whom the bell tolls—it tolls for thee."

Remember that when a bomb falls and crushes the life from a British child—that child is your own small son or daughter who may be sleeping upstairs now. When a trapped soldier dies in a Malayan swamp—that is your own grown-up son. When a Polish civilian, treated like a slave, emaciated by hunger, falls finally into a mass grave—that is you—you who listen now in your fine, comfortable house with your good, lusty Canadian dinner under your belt.

Do not be confused by this war, Canada. Do not be deluded by goose-headed thinking! When the Nazi chiefs howl of Lebensraum, do you think they are talking of Britain? No,—there's no living room in Britain—that tiny island now overcrowded by its forty-four million people! When the paranoiacs of Berlin scream about colonies, do you think they are talking about some strip of banana land, or some unholy spot in a malaria-ridden jungle? Let us not be idiotic. When the thief smashes a plate glass window with a brick, he doesn't take a dollar watch—he grabs the diamond crown in the centre.

Germany and Japan don't want swamps and jungles. They want you—great, rich, sprawling Canada, rich with her endless wheat-bearing acres where a Herrenvolk could lord it over a slave population; Canada with its great and untold wealth of unexploited raw material. Those are the goals of Nazi war—Canada, Brazil, Russia, the United States—vast lands that lie amid untold resources, the lands with living room for the "Super Race" that will allow you to become a new sort of white native to carry out their orders.

It is true. Do not delude yourself. When you decide to rob the chicken roost of a settled order, would you steal sick chickens? Ask yourself that. No, if you're going to run the risk of being a criminal, you might as well steal the plumpest pullets and the fattest geese.

Do not think, because you are used to these things, you are not rich to the point of luxury here. You are rich with a way of living that is luxury—luxury while the war goes on. How shall I make you understand what your riches

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are—each one of you, sitting at home now? Perhaps I can do it through small things. Listen to me now.

Go to your window and lift your blind. That is richness; for it is an action that no man in Britain dare perform tonight. Now, look out of your window—and you see—lights. You are seeing what the richest Croesus in all Britain could not buy tonight. Tomorrow morning at breakfast, squeeze yourself an orange. You are doing what no grown-up in Britain will do today—for he has agreed that every orange in the land shall be reserved solely for the green ration books of children only.

For your child, cut a banana into a bowl of cereal. When you do it, say that you are cutting up what no mother in Britain could give to her child—she couldn't buy that banana, not for a thousand dollars—for there are no bananas. Not one—not if a thousand doctors declared that child's life would end if it were not fed bananas. Sit at a table and pour out a pint of milk and drink it. Then say to yourself that you've consumed your milk for three days. Put four pats of butter on your hot cakes. Then say that you can't have any more butter for seven days—your total week's ration of butter is finished at one gulp.

You men, as you go to work tomorrow, stop in a store and buy a packet of cigarettes. Know that you might have walked into ten tobacconists in London before you got one. When your packet is empty; throw it in the gutter. Think as you do it that if you were in London you would put it in your pocket, take it back to the shop so that it could be used again to pack ten more cigarettes in.

Walk into a shop. Buy yourself a suit—two suits—three. Buy warm underclothes and woollen sweaters for your children. Understand that in London you could not have bought them without counting your few ration tickets for the year—think that shoes and clothes and gloves and hats and shirts and even handkerchiefs are rationed. You housewives—go shopping in the morning. Walk into any shop you wish. And think that in Britain you could only go into the one where you are registered. Buy a can of salmon. Then say to yourself that you have used up your points coupons on canned goods for the next two weeks. You can't have any more tomorrow or tomorrow. Tell the grocery man to wrap your bundles! As you do so, think that you are getting what wealth could not buy in England, for to save paper you'd have to carry home every article exactly as it is—unless you took a piece of wrapping paper to the store with you to use again and again.

Tomorrow, when you go to the butcher's, ask him to show you twenty cents' worth of meat. No more—no less. Twenty cents exactly. Look at that piece of meat. Now imagine yourself going home to your husband and saying: "This is all you can have." That's his complete ration—not for just one meal. Not for one whole day. It is his complete ration for one entire week—and if he eats it all in one meal—he's eaten his week's supply at one gulp.

Get into your car, and say you will drive out into the country. Then stop and say: "No—there is no petrol—it is rationed and none goes for pleasure." Say you are tired and want to go to bed. And then say: "No, I cannot sleep for tonight is my duty night when, by law, I must sit on the roof until dawn, doing my turn at fire-watching."

Do you understand? *Do you see what wealth is? Do you not see that wealth is not money—but a way of living?* Do you understand that every ordinary, small gesture of life that you accept here as routine has died in other parts of the world—that when you say: "Give me two fried eggs"—or even one fried egg—you are doing something that people in other lands dream about but can't do?

Why, in Canada, you give away packets of matches. Give them away! Do you know you could walk into twenty shops in Britain today before being able to buy one box? Ah, but you say, you'll be smart. You'll buy a lighter—a cigarette lighter. Yes, you'll walk into one hundred shops and not be able to buy one of those even then—they're gone.

Do you understand war a bit better now? *Do you understand what wealth is—wealth is a way of life.* And I tell you these things not to make you feel sorry for the British—we do not want sympathy. We want to win this war. We shall not win it until we are all fighting it.

Not so long ago I stood in a training depot in England, where your Canadian boys are working in three eight-hour shifts a day at certain technical training phases—training like a factory on a clock-around shift. We talked about food. I saw the boys eating. Later, as a guest, I ate at the officers' mess. I wish I'd eaten with the men. They all had exactly the same food—but the men's food was better cooked. The officers said: "Yes, the men have to have good cooks. We have to get along with any kind we can."

Later I talked with the General. I said: "I'll be in Canada soon. Do you want me to say anything to the people there?"

He thought a while. Then he said: "Tell 'em Sansom's Rough-Riders want to get in

action. Tell 'em our hearts and our spirits are high. Say we are in good heart. Say we want to get out and meet the Hun on equal terms. Tell 'em we've got tanks—but tell 'em we want more Canadian tanks." I said: "Why Canadian tanks?" He said: "Why, damn it, because we're Canadian soldiers—and we want Canadian things. Yes, tell 'em to send us Canadian tanks—but tell 'em we're all right and—in good heart."

Those are your own boys, people of Canada. They will not get tanks and guns and planes quick enough unless you feel, each one of you, that it is your personal job to see that they get them. You will not feel it is your personal job if you are convinced that the war is something far across a sea that is never coming to your doorstep.

I tell you it can come to your doorstep. I tell you it is at your doorstep. So many people these days talk of rebuilding our world after we win this war. They seem to take it as a blithe matter of course that we shall win this war. Of course, for the sake of what is called morale, we should all get up and tell you that we are bound to win it. We are not bound to win it. The thing to get in our heads is that we can lose this war. By the Lord Harry, we can lose it as long as we think it is something that can touch other people—but not us. Many other lands thought that—until the enemy planes were overhead and his tanks ten miles down the road—and then it was too late.

It can be too late for us. We have to stop thinking of what we can do in 1943 or some date dreamily far over the horizon of time—and understand that it is what we do this month of March, in 1942. It can be too late if we go on supposing that because the common man and woman and child of Britain have stood up to blitz and fire and bomb—they will go on standing up for a couple more years until we get ready to really fight the war. Is it bad for morale to say that? I think not. Is it bad for morale to say what any soldier of the last war knows—that for 60,000 killed you always have an even greater number maimed, with arms, with legs, with faces torn away? I think not!

I think it will be good for morale if you know these things—and know that they can happen her, too, if Britain falls. For then you will understand that this is your war—yours, just as surely as if Japanese tanks and battalions of slant-eyed men were ten miles down the road from where you live, and Nazi squadrons of bombers were right overhead now. And that is the only way to think of this war. I say this, not spurning nor forgetting what Canada has already done. Only one who has

seen the splendid and generous work of the Canadian Red Cross in Britain, could say thank you as fervently as I do. Only one who has seen your men training and working in the armies, could properly recognize the gift of the men you have sent. Surely one who has lived under the protecting wings of planes flown by your own Canadian lads—who go up to face any enemy—could never fail to recognize their courage and their determination.

For all that Canada has given—her wealth, her manhood, her kindness—I say thank you.

If I attack complacency on this continent, I am not forgetting what has been done by your citizens whose eyes will turn to far horizons. But I am not asking anything more for Britain. I am asking you to do something for yourself.

I am asking you to understand a new and bloody kind of world conquest that threatens the free life of a Canadian and an American, just as surely as it does the free life of a Briton. See this great land of Canada, not through your own eyes. Try to see it as other and more greedy eyes see it.

Think of your wealth in Canada. Think of the wealth of your way of living—the only true wealth of this world. If you cannot understand that you live in splendid wealth, try to understand that to other peoples the way you live—the ordinary way of your life—looks like lavish and luxurious splendor.

Understand that when the Nazis talk of Lebensraum they mean you! Understand that by conquest they do not mean a treaty—but a gigantic, new, savage world policy which sees your splendid land as a place where they, the Herrenvolk, reap your riches, and you, the free-born Canadian, are a subject, slave race to work, or to be starved and shot—as the Poles are being starved and shot.

Understand that if we are truly united, a bomb in London is a bomb on every city in Canada. If the enemy were at this moment twenty miles down the road you would not live blissfully, as you do now.

The way to fight this war is to fight it here, as if any moment the enemy tanks were just ten miles away down your own road.

If you work and toil in this war in that spirit, then, and then only, shall we defeat this enemy. We shall defeat him if everyone in Canada truly believes that *this*, this land of yours, is the *colonies* the Nazi madmen are talking about—not a greasy spot in a jungle.

Only if you understand that Canada, no less than Greece or Norway or Poland or Czechoslovakia, can be enslaved; shall we work

and fight hard enough in this war to win it and ensure that she shall be free.

Only if you understand that your way of life here is so rich and full as to excite the envy of the ordinary citizens of Europe will you fight hard enough to see that this war is won and Canada can go onward toward an even fuller life, with a continuance of her growing social freedoms, her open spirit of thought, her flowering education, and her even greater economic strength.

I pray with all my heart that these things shall come true. I pray with all my heart that the people of Canada will have the clearness of vision and the firm resolve to make them come true. Only if you act in time can they come true.

* * *

FLY FISHING

[Continued from Page Fifteen]

The obvious question arises at this point: When to fish "dry" and when to fish "wet"? This depends upon many factors and has long been a bone of contention amongst anglers. There is, for example, a famous English chalk stream on which the wet fly is forbidden! But for the sake of argument let us assume that it is desired to catch fish and to do so by the more expedient of the two methods. The answer is simple. What do the trout think about it? If they're surface feeding, offer them a dry fly. If they let floating insects sail past unmolested, go down to them with a wet fly or a nymph.

Mention of a nymph is bound to be followed by an account of the life cycle of the *Ephemeridæ*, perhaps the most important insect food of the trout. There are others, of course: the *Trichoptera* or caddis flies, whose wings lie penthouse fashion along their backs; *Perlidæ* or stone flies, with wings set flat; and, with wings all over the place, the *Diptera*, to which motley crew belong the gnats, beetles, daddy-long-legs, ants and so on.

The *Ephemeridæ* are distinguishable by their upright wings and long setæ or tails. There are many members of the family, but as we have already become more entomological than we intended let us just take a typical one, the Mayfly, and assume it is now an egg which has just come to rest on the bed of a stream. In due course this egg hatches out into a grub or larva, which in its advanced stages is called a nymph, and starts burrowing into the sand or mud where it spends the whole of its underwater life of two and sometimes three years. When it is time for it to change to a winged insect it rises to the surface of the water, works a sort of zipper on its shoulders and, stepping

out of the nymphal case, which it uses as a boat, shakes itself and becomes a Dun. If the trout have allowed it to progress thus far it flies clumsily to the nearest dry land and takes stock of the situation. As it is equipped with neither mouth nor stomach and is unable at this stage to reproduce its species, the outlook seems bleak, but in a very short time a further change takes place. Once more the outer skin splits at the shoulders and out crawls the finished product, now known as a Spinner, looking rather surprised and still with no mouth or stomach but perfectly able to reproduce its species which it proceeds to do without any more messing around. If it is a male spinner it then flies aimlessly about for a few minutes until it hits something, where it dies then and there. If it should be a female spinner, it immediately flies upstream in a dipping flight, depositing its eggs at each dip and then it, too, dies, falling upon the water with outspread wings.

It's not a cheerful story, but it explains the various stages in a fly which are artificially represented. Nymph, dun, spinner and spent spinner. This representation does not, generally speaking, have to be so accurate in Canada as on the chalk streams of England, either as to shape, size or color. There are many reasons for this, one being that the native brook trout is basically a dweller in fast water and, when feeding, has to be on the alert for every likely looking object that comes his way and grab it on the off chance of it being edible, because if he doesn't, his friends behind him will get it or it will be broken up by the current. The brown trout of England, on the other hand, lives mostly in slow-moving water where there is an abundance of natural insect food and no hurry. He can slip the small upwinged duns from the surface having had plenty of time to examine them first. It is no exaggeration to say that if some of the lures successfully used on brook trout this side of the Atlantic were offered to the chalk stream trout in the Old Country, not only would empty creels result but the fishing would be ruined for many days afterwards.

Amongst anglers in Canada fly fishermen are very much in the minority. It is to be hoped, both for the sake of the trout and the added pleasure it affords, that more and more use will be made of fur and feather and that the earthworm will eventually be allowed to rest in peace in its natural element.

(The writer of the above article will gladly answer queries on any aspect of trout fishing or fly tying if they are addressed to the Editor. The answers will appear in these columns.)

TECHNICAL TOPICS

THE DEVELOPMENT AND CONTROL OF SUPERCHARGERS

Have you ever seriously considered how much the geographical importance of Canada has been increased by the introduction of the modern supercharger as a component of the aero-engine? At first glance there may not appear to be much connection between these two ideas. A little reflection, however, will show that they are definitely related.

The development of the supercharger has reached a stage which enables flights to be made close to, and even into, the stratosphere. "How does that affect Canada geographically?" you may ask. For an answer, try this little experiment with a globe of the world and a piece of string. Tracing in this way the shortest routes between important centres of population of the world; that is, finding the "Great Circle" route between them; you will find that a great number of such routes pass across Canada. For example, the shortest route between Detroit and Berlin passes over Ontario and the southern tip of Greenland; the shortest route from the Middle West to Tokio passes over the western provinces and through Alaska; the route from Los Angeles to Shanghai is over the western end of the Alaskan Peninsula, and the most direct route from Moscow to the western regions of this continent is across the North Pole, over the western provinces to the coast. Many other important routes pass across some part of Canada.

With the above facts verified, you may still be unconvinced that the supercharger is increasing the geographical importance of Canada. It may be argued that aeroplanes cannot be flown safely at all seasons of the year through the weather experienced in the northern territories of the Dominion. The answer is that the modern aeroplane, equipped with supercharged engines, can fly above the weather.

Weather — rain, clouds, fog and moisture, storms and winds — are confined to the troposphere. The troposphere is that portion of the atmosphere between sea level and altitudes varying from a little more than 40,000 feet at the poles to nearly 60,000 feet at the equator. In the middle latitudes the height of the troposphere is between these limits, and varies with

the seasons. For example, over Southern Canada, the depth of the troposphere may be little more than 45,000 feet in winter, while at the height of summer it may be as much as 55,000 feet.

Above the troposphere is the stratosphere. In the stratosphere there is no "weather." It is very cold—about 80 degrees below zero on the Fahrenheit scale, but there are no winds, no clouds, no moisture and no storms.

There is a good deal of misconception in the technical press concerning what are called "stratospheric flights." Man has penetrated the stratosphere both in balloons and in altitude record flights in the aeroplane. Most of the so-called stratospheric flying, however, is not yet carried out actually in the stratosphere, but in the upper reaches of the troposphere. In this region, at altitudes of around 40,000 feet, there is practically no cloud or moisture, and therefore no danger of ice formation. There is no fog, no rain or storms, but there is wind. These winds, which are quite strong, blow over any given point on the earth's surface and at any given altitude with a velocity which is very nearly constant both as regards speed and direction. They can therefore be used to a certain degree to assist aircraft flying in such regions. A course can be laid and kept very accurately. Moreover, at any given airspeed, parasitic drag is very greatly reduced owing to the decreased air density at these high altitudes. Objections to sub-stratospheric flying are that either oxygen or a sealed and supercharged cabin are necessary to preserve the comfort of crew and passengers, and that ice formation conditions may be encountered both in climbing to such altitudes and in descending from them. Both these objections have been, in large measure, overcome in the modern aeroplane. Flying in the upper regions of the troposphere, perhaps in the near future in the stratosphere itself, presents such marked advantages over flying at lower levels that the future of long-distance flying undoubtedly lies in these regions.

Functions of the Supercharger

Flying at such altitudes as those under consideration has been rendered possible by the use of the supercharger on aero engines. Without this device the horsepower developed by an engine at 20,000 feet is approximately one-half

its sea level horsepower. With the modern supercharger, the engine will develop its full sea level horsepower at this altitude.

The factor determining the power of an engine is, in the ultimate analysis, the amount of fuel it will completely consume in a given time. The amount of fuel a given engine will consume in a given time depends not upon the volume of air drawn through the carburetor, but upon its weight. That is to say, a pound of air will consume completely just so much of any given fuel and no more. At sea level a cubic foot of air weighs about .08 of a pound; at 20,000 feet it weighs only a little more than half of this. At any given engine speed the volume of air drawn through the carburetor will be the same. Hence, the weight of air at 20,000 feet drawn through the carburetor in any given time will only be about one-half the weight drawn through at the same engine speed at sea level, and as a result only about half the weight of fuel can be completely consumed and only half the power developed.

If an engine is fitted with a high-duty supercharger, such as that of the Rolls-Royce Merlin, the supercharger takes in double the volume of air at 20,000 feet that a naturally aspirated engine would take in, and compresses it to about sea level pressure. Hence in such an engine an equal weight of air, approximately, is delivered to the cylinders in any given time both at sea level and at 20,000 feet, an equal weight of fuel can be completely consumed at both levels, and an equal horsepower delivered by the engine.

Story of the Supercharger

The story of the supercharger is the story of a man's life. The man is Dr. Sanford A. Moss, an American. During the last war he carried on experiments with the supercharger in an effort to beat the Kaiser. He is credited with the invention of the centrifugal type supercharger and the further development of the principle into the turbo-supercharger.

A supercharger fitted to an aero-engine will give the following advantages to the engine:

1. Increased compression pressure at sea level, with resultant increase in power.
2. Maintaining this increased pressure and horsepower at altitudes, as it compensates for the decreasing density of the air encountered.
3. Lower power-weight ratio for the engine.

The centrifugal supercharger consists of the supercharger housing, an impellor, which rotates at from 7 to 10 times engine speed, and the diffuser vanes. The supercharger is placed

either between the carburetor and the engine in the induction system (internal supercharger) or at the air intake of the carburetor (external supercharger). Its principle of operation is simple. The air or mixture enters the housing at the centre of the impellor and the centrifugal force of the impellor causes it to be thrown off the outer ledge at a terrific velocity (10-12 miles per minute). Leaving the edge of the impellor, the air or mixture then passes through the diffuser vanes, narrow at their inlet and wider as they progress outwards. These vanes slow down the velocity of the air and thus increase the pressure (Bernoulli's Theorem). The impellor is driven by a train of gears from the engine (gear type) or by a turbine operated by exhaust gases (Turbo-supercharger).

Control and Operation of Supercharger

Let us discuss the operation and control of the gear-driven supercharger, as it is the one in most common use today. It is generally an internal supercharger. The capacity of the supercharger is great enough that it will maintain sea level pressures at altitudes up to 20,000 feet. This fact makes it necessary to control the output of the supercharger at lower altitudes, because if it was allowed to deliver its full capacity at sea level, the internal pressure of the cylinders would be too great. The output of the supercharger is therefore controlled by the position of the throttle valve. By keeping the throttle valve partly closed, the inlet pressure of the supercharger is reduced and therefore the outlet pressure is controlled.

The control of the throttle valve is either done manually or by means of an automatic boost control. The manual control of the supercharger is operated by the pilot's throttle lever. The position of the throttle lever determines the position of the throttle valve. If this system is used it is general practice to employ a gated throttle quadrant. This type of quadrant has a stop in the advanced position of the throttle, and the stop is so adjusted that when the throttle lever is up against the stop (engine at sea level) the position of the throttle valve is such that the supercharger is developing its maximum cruising boost pressure. The maximum cruising boost pressure is the maximum induction pressure permitted in the engine for continuous operation. This pressure is determined by the manufacturer of the engine and is based on the material strength of the engine and the pressure at which the fuel will detonate. The pilot is only permitted to move the throttle lever past this position at low altitudes for take-off and then only for a limited period of time. After the aircraft has gained

considerable altitude the lever can then be moved past the stop in order to maintain sea level pressures. This type of control is quite satisfactory for a civil aircraft, but for a service machine, the amount of attention to maintain the correct boost pressure would require too much of the pilot's time.

Better methods of controlling the boost pressure are either by the use of a variable datum or progressive type boost regulator. Both systems are based on the same principle with slight variations in mechanical detail. The automatic boost control contains a sensitive aneroid. The aneroid is enclosed in a chamber and the chamber is connected to the boost pressure side of the supercharger. Attached to the aneroid is a piston valve, and the movement of the aneroid caused by the variation in boost pressure is transmitted to a piston valve. The position of the piston valve determines the direction and amount of oil (variable datum type) and boost pressure and vacuum (progressive type) that is allowed to operate on the servo piston. The servo piston is connected to the throttle linkage and will control the position of the throttle valve. The operation is as follows: The pilot opens the throttle lever which will open up the throttle valve and at the same time a rod from the throttle lever and attached to the automatic control determines the amount of boost pressure that the pilot wishes for operation. If the throttle valve opening is too great and the boost pressure exceeds the correct amount, the automatic boost control will close the throttle valve so as to maintain the correct boost pressure. In this type of installation the movement of the throttle lever is performing two functions: it opens or closes the throttle valve and also determines the boost pressure at which the automatic boost control will limit the engine. The latter is done by varying the position of the aneroid in the chamber. Therefore a certain position of the throttle lever will always regulate the engine to a definite boost pressure.

Merlin and Cheetah Boost Controls

On the Merlin engine the take-off boost pressure is obtained by opening the throttle lever to its full forward position, thereby permitting the engine to develop its maximum boost pressure for take-off. On other engines, for example the Cheetah IX and X, the full forward position of the throttle valve will only permit the engine to develop $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of boost, which is maximum cruising boost. In order to obtain the take-off boost pressure the mixture control lever is drawn back from "automatic rich" to "take-off" position, engaging the override device. The override device is a mechan-

ism which readjusts the setting of the boost control; and, instead of limiting the boost pressure to $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., it permits the throttle valve to open and the engine develops $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. boost for take-off. The use of this additional boost pressure is limited to a period of three minutes. If the increased boost pressure is used for a longer period of time serious damage may be caused to the engine by the high compression pressures, excessive heat and detonation of the fuel. Once the pilot has set the throttle lever at a certain position, the automatic boost control will regulate the throttle valve to maintain the boost pressure constant anywhere between sea level and the rated altitude. The rated altitude is the highest altitude at which the engine can maintain permitted sea level boost pressures.

A later development of the gear-type supercharger is the two-stage supercharger. In this type the speed of the impellor, instead of being fixed at one ratio, has two speeds. The low speed is used for lower altitudes where the requirements of the supercharger are not as great and the high speed ratio is used at the higher altitudes. The advantage of this type is that while running on the lower gear ratio it does not require as much horsepower to drive the supercharger, thereby giving a greater available horsepower for take-off when it is most needed. The high speed ratio gives a higher rated altitude. The speed change is brought about by manually operated clutches on some engines, and on the Wright and Pratt and Whitney engines by a hydraulically operated clutch.

Turbo Superchargers

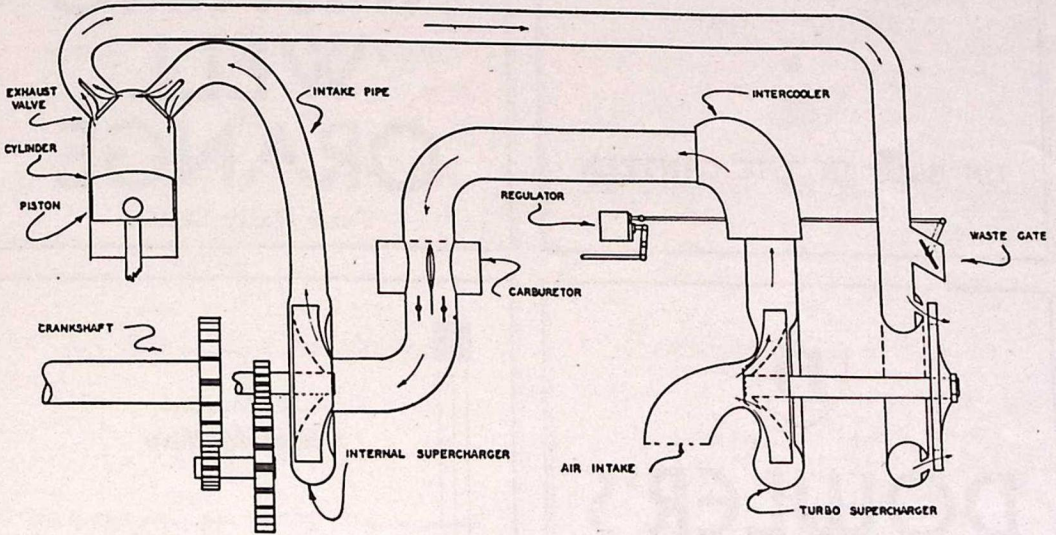
Dr. Moss fitted his first turbo-supercharger to a Liberty engine in 1918. The test was carried out on Pike's Peak at an altitude of 14,000 feet. The supercharger boosted the engine horsepower from 230 h.p. to 356 h.p. It is due to this experiment that we have the flying fortress of today, with its four engines fitted with turbo-superchargers. Dr. Moss retired in 1938, a disappointed man, although his idea of supercharging had been adopted in almost every aircraft, with the exception of elementary trainers and pleasure craft. The supercharger that was being commonly used at the outbreak of the war was the gear type supercharger, and not his pet, the turbo-supercharger. At the outbreak of the war, at the age of 68, Dr. Moss was called by the U.S.A. Government to continue his development of the turbo-supercharger and since that time has made tremendous strides in the development and production of the turbo-supercharger.

The turbo supercharger resembles the mechanical type in as much as the blower is of the centrifugal type. The difference is in the method of drive. Instead of using a train of gears from the engine to drive the impeller, the impeller is driven by a turbine. The force to drive the turbine is derived from the pressure of the exhaust gases. This may sound very simple but there were a lot of problems to overcome. First, the temperature of the exhaust gas is in the neighbourhood of 1,500° F. and it was necessary to find a metal that would operate at this temperature and to find bearings and lubricant to keep it operating. The turbine buckets operate at a speed of about 1,000 ft. second and exert a centrifugal force of 1,750 lbs. These difficulties have been over-

come and the turbo-supercharger is here to stay. The modern engine is fitted with a mechanical supercharger (internal) which will maintain sea level pressures up to 20,000 feet and above that altitude the turbo-supercharger (external) is brought into action, increasing considerably the altitude at which the engine can maintain its sea level induction pressure.

The output of the turbo-supercharger is controlled by varying the amount of exhaust gas that is permitted to pass into the turbine buckets. Fitted to the engine is an automatic control that regulates the position of the waste gate, thus determining the amount of exhaust gas allowed to pass into the turbine.

Below is diagram of a typical induction system of the modern aero-engine.



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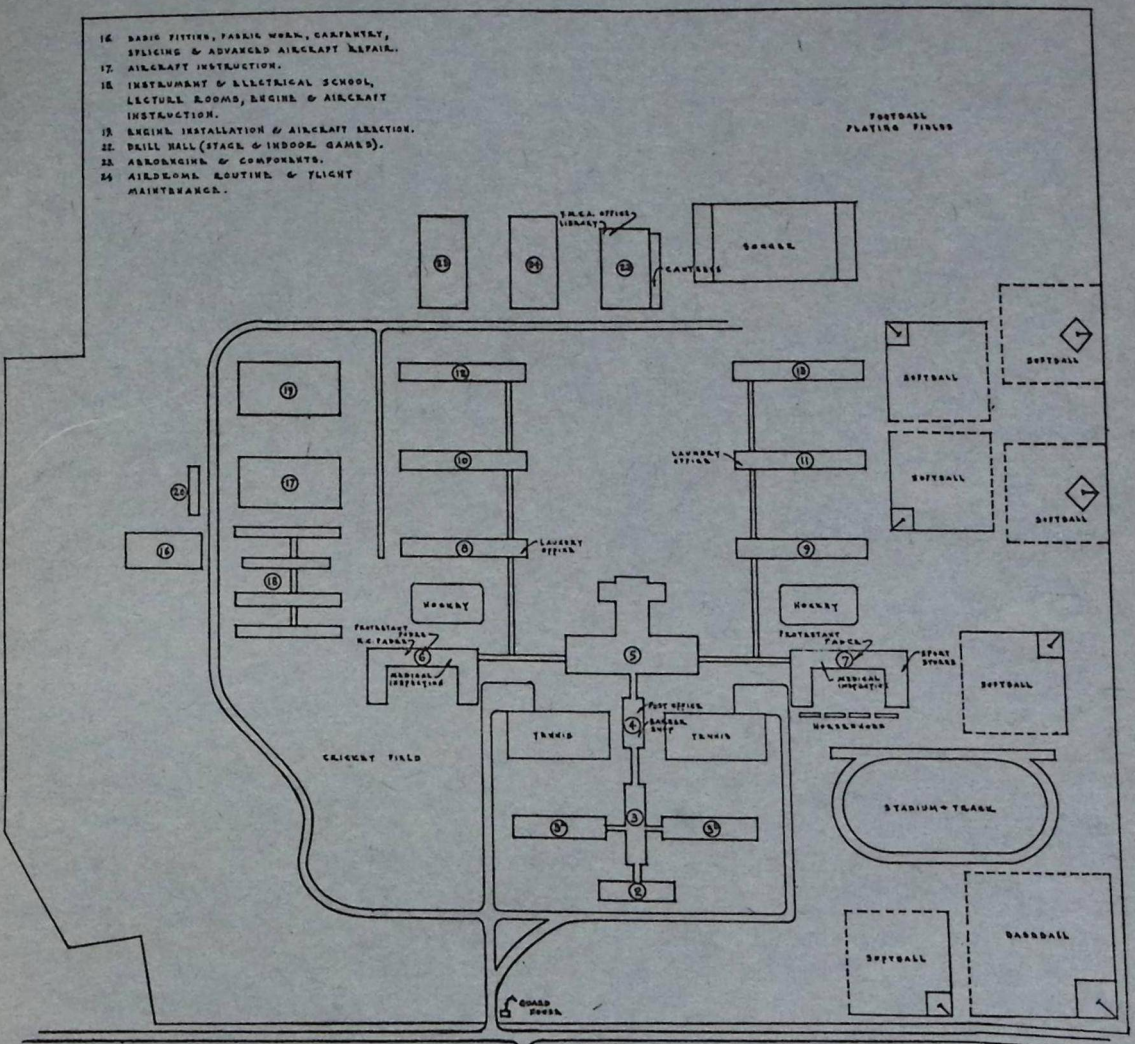
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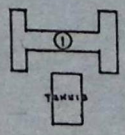


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