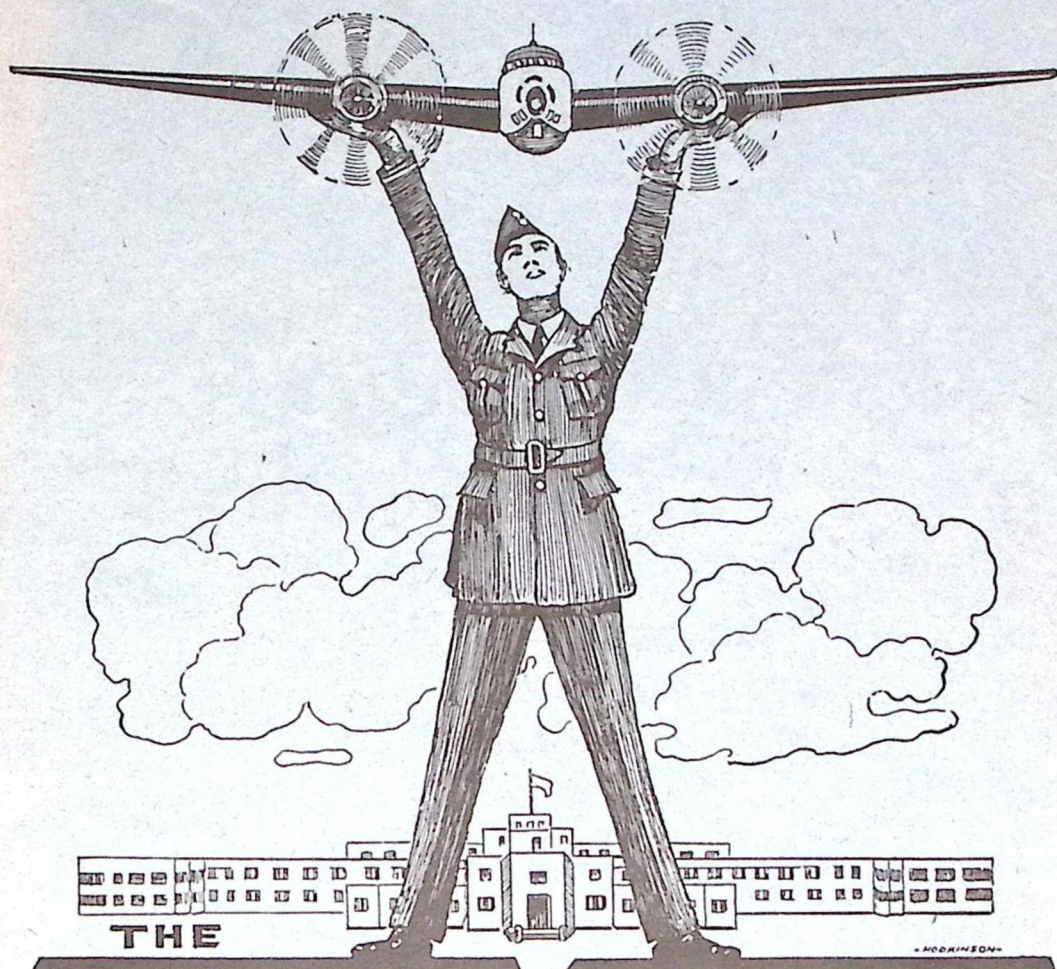


# THE *Aircraftman*

VOL. 2 - NO. 11

JUNE 1942



THE

# TECHNICAL TRAINING

ST. THOMAS

# SCHOOL

ONTARIO

## STATION COMMITTEES

\* \* \*

### Officers' Mess

Sqn. Ldr. C. S. Wilson (P.M.C.)  
Flt. Lt. W. L. Marshall (Secretary)

### Sergeants' Mess

Wg. Comdr. N. McLeod (Officer in Charge)  
W.O.1 J. O. Clarke (Chairman)  
Flt. Sgt. Barnard (Secretary-Treasurer)

### Corporals' Mess

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

### Airmen's Mess

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F.O. W. H. Pooler (Secretary)

### Sports

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F.O. J. M. Harris (Treasurer)  
S. M. McLennan, Y.M.C.A. (Secretary)

### Recreation Hall Committee

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### P. S. I.

Wg. Comdr. N. McLeod (President)  
Flt. Lt. W. L. Marshall (Secretary)

### Awards

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Sid McLennan (Secretary)

### Welfare

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Mr. McLachlan (Station Engineer)

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Sqn. Ldr. A. G. Vince (Secretary)

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Sid McLennan, Y.M.C.A. (Secretary)

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Sgt. Alguire (Secretary)

### Band

Flt. Lt. W. L. Marshall (President)  
F.O. T. H. O'Rourke (Secretary)

### Library

Flt. Lt. R. M. Cockburn (President)

### Canteen

Sqn. Ldr. W. G. Cooke (President)  
F.O. W. E. Tuer (Secretary)

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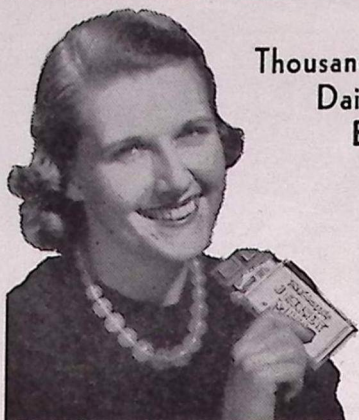
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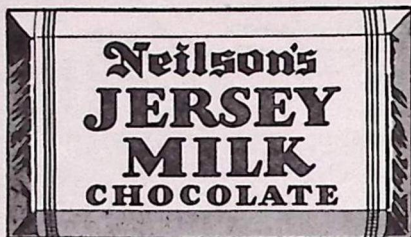
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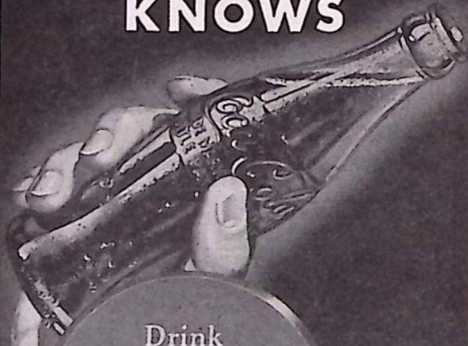
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Wings 1 and 2

# THE AIRCRAFTMAN

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

VOL. 2 - JUNE 1942 - NO. 11



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Editor No. 1 Wing - G. W. Burrell (Associate Director of Y.M.C.A. Services)  
Editor No. 2 Wing - R. C. Good (Associate Director of Y.M.C.A. Services)  
Technical Editor - Sqn. Ldr. A. A. Peebles

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Sq. 2 - A.C.2 Pike, H. A.	Sq. 2 - A.C.2 Scott, D. H.
Sq. 3 - Cpl. Longbottom	Sq. 3 - Cpl. Jorgenson, G. E.
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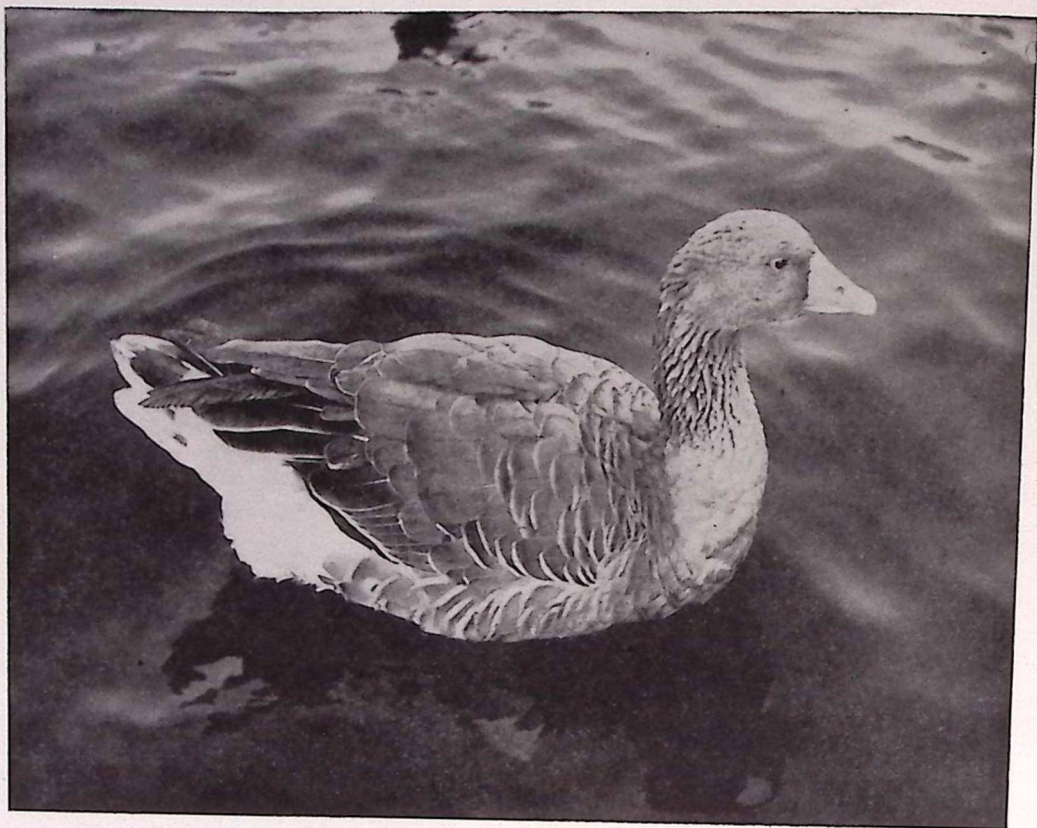
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| II. SPORTS              | V. RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT |
| III. STATION ACTIVITIES | VI. TECHNICAL TOPICS        |

Subscription Rate is \$1.00 a Year - 50c for Six Months - 25c for Three Months  
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A Craftsman is one who does a thing a little better  
than the other fellow thinks worth while



The Picture of The Month



*Goose Feathers, and How!*

*A.C.2 Moscovitch, A.*



« « EDITORIALS » »

**"WELFED"**

Canadian Service Men have every reason to be thankful for circumstances that permit them to be among the best fed men in the world; both in quality of food and quantity.

Every item of food is subjected to the closest official scrutiny before it is accepted by the Department of National Defence. It is only No. 1 quality and has to comply with every Pure Food Law and standard before it can qualify for purchase. Added to this is the care and scientific skill employed in its preparation—all with one thought.

A well balanced diet to produce a healthy body and a proper outlook on life, to bring about the ultimate defeat of our enemies.

Effective June 1st, such items as:

- 1—An Orange
- 2—Grapefruit Juice
- 3—Salad Oil
- 4—Vinegar
- 5—Fresh Milk
- 6—Fresh Green Vegetables
- 7—Spaghetti
- 8—Ham
- 9—Fresh Rhubarb
- 10—Maple Syrup

will be added to the daily scale of rations to further increase their efficiency and variety.

It is often thought that the above-mentioned facts are not fully appreciated by us all.

The standard being aimed at is a high one. It is only by constant effort—full co-operation of all hands and a sense of appreciation of facts concerning food problems in the world of today that any one can know what is going on around them.

Many lessons can be learned here with regard to foodstuffs that will benefit you in ordinary life and perhaps save the odd dollar in buying for your family.

Let us all be duly thankful for what:  
*"The gods Provide."*

\* \* \*

**WAR SAVINGS CHART**

The new design of the War Savings Chart which will appear in this issue is by one of our own Airwomen, A.W. 1 Broomfield. There is certainly plenty of talent among our Airwomen and we will gradually discover it. Congratulations to A.W. 1 Broomfield.

**THE SMARTEST STATION**

*From "The Sky Line"*

"No. 5 Service Flying Training School—our Station—has the reputation of being the smartest school in No. 1 Training Command, and one of the smartest in the whole British Commonwealth Air Training Programme.

"Some people have heard it is, we know it is!

"The reputation of any station is the reflection of the spirit of its personnel. A station completely devoid of enthusiasm, ambition or personal pride among its personnel is a hindrance, not an aid, to winning the war.

"You can tell such a place as soon as you see it.

"Similarly, one can easily recognize a station where everyone is, shall we say, 'happy in the service,' keen, eager to make it a better place in which to live and work, anxious to have it known and recognized as the best there is.

"Therefore, it is up to us."

Brantford may well be proud of its station but what have they got that we haven't? "The reputation of any station is the reflection of the spirit of its personnel." That is a fact—and a challenge. This station has many fine qualities such as permanent buildings, location, equipment and accommodation. The technicians have been classified as the finest in their field and to be a trainee and a graduate of T.T.S. is an honour and a privilege. All this entails a duty and responsibility. For instance, there are about 43 acres of land sown in grass seed. Need we say more. It won't grow if you walk over it. This is only one suggestion. You will be able to think of many others.

\* \* \*

**LADIES' AUXILIARY**

An interesting organization has been formed at Port Stanley by the wives of the officers, N.C.O.'s and men at T.T.S. It will be known as the Port Stanley Branch of the St. Thomas T.T.S. Auxiliary. Mrs. A. A. Peebles is the president, with Mrs. S. J. Olliver as secretary-treasurer and Mrs. T. Lowe as social convener. There are at present about twenty members and all the wives of T.T.S. men who reside in the village will be welcomed into the membership.

The Auxiliary meets each Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the Community Hall and the work undertaken consists of Red Cross knitting

and sewing of garments to be sent to Britain. Old clothing will be made over as well as garments from new material and the members will welcome donations for this purpose. Parcels of clothing or material may be left at the Y.W.C.A. War Service rooms in St. Thomas or at the T.T.S. Recreation Hall and will be collected by the Auxiliary members.

\* \* \*

**THANKS FROM OVERSEAS**

The following card has been received from Overseas:

*"412 Squadron R.C.A.F. appreciate very much the gift of cigarettes you so kindly sent. They have been enjoyed by the men of the Squadron."*

*Sincerely,*

*G. Howe, F.O.*

The cigarettes mentioned were sent by the T.T.S. Dance Club (our civilian girls) which in conjunction with the Station Y.M.C.A. runs an airmen's dance each week at Pinafore Park. Though these dances are operated at a small charge, profits do accumulate from time to time, and these are used for sending smokes to R.C.A.F. personnel overseas and for odd jobs on the Station such as the repairing of radios for the hospital.

Our girls give up much of their time to this effort and they surely are doing a good job.

\* \* \*

**L. A. C. Crymes, S. E.**

*The war came home closely to T.T.S. this month when we heard of the death of L.A.C. "Tex" Crymes.*

*"Tex" was killed in a plane crash in Newfoundland on his way back to Dartmouth, N.S., where he was posted about a month ago.*

*Anyone at T.T.S. connected with sports will remember him. He refereed more games of softball and basketball than any other man on the Station. His decisions were always strict but scrupulously fair and any game he handled could be depended upon to go properly.*

*He has been missed here since his posting. He was a "right guy" and we salute his memory. Our sympathy goes out to Mrs. Crymes and other members of his family.*

**FIRST Y.M.C.A. SUPERVISOR  
OF T.T.S. PRESENTED TO KING**

Keen interest in the work of the Y.M.C.A. with the R. C. A. F. was expressed by His Majesty the King during a recent visit to a Royal Canadian Air Force Station in England.

At a dinner arranged in the Officer's Mess for His Majesty, Mr. E. R. McEwen, Senior Canadian Y.M.C.A. Supervisor with the Air Force, was formally presented to the King by Gp. C. Campbell.

His Majesty, Mr. McEwen reports, had numerous questions to ask about the work of the Y.M.C.A. He wished to know Mr. McEwen's occupation in civil life, and was particularly interested in the manner in which the Y.M.C.A. supplied equipment for Canadians in England. On his tour of inspection to various centres he had noticed this equipment in use and wondered about it.

At his request Mr. McEwen explained the methods and objectives of the Y.M.C.A. and their experience in both the present and the Great War.

Mr. McEwen also reports that following his meeting with His Majesty he was so nervous that it took him several days to return to his normal self.

\* \* \*

**COURAGE**

*Courage is the price that Life exacts for granting peace.*

*The soul that knows it not knows no release  
From little things;*

*Knows not the livid loneliness of fear  
Nor mountain heights, where bitter joy can  
hear*

*The sound of wings.*

*How can Life grant us boon of living,  
compensate  
For dull gray ugliness and pregnant hate  
Unless we dare*

*The soul's dominion? Each time we make a  
choice, we pay  
With courage to behold resistless day  
And count it fair.*

—By AMELIA EARHART.

\* \* \*

**ONE FOR THE BOOKS**

A young seaman asked his C.O. for special leave as his wife was about to have a baby.

"Young man," replied his officer, "it was absolutely necessary for you to be present at the laying of the keel, but at the launching your presence is superfluous."

# STATION ACTIVITIES



## HONOUR MEDALISTS FOR THE MONTH OF MAY

Course 1 W300827 A.W.2 Fenton, H.R.L., Clerk Accountant.

Course 2 W302497 A.W.2 Lee, D. M., Equipment Assistant.

Course 3 W303165 A.W.2 Delafield, L. J., Hospital Assistant.

### Entry

93 A.E.M.	R124134	- A.C.2 Percy, R. C.
93 A.F.M.	R134977	- A.C.2 Hood, D. C.
89 A.F.M. (MR)	R145513	- A.C.1 Campbell, R. B.
94 A.E.M.	R133057	- A.C.2 Ekins, W. N.
94 A.F.M.	R146273	- A.C.2 Hughes, E. E.
90 A.F.M. (MR)	R123354	- A.C.1 Williams, D. J.
20 Elect.	R134745	- A.C.2 Allan, J. G.
22 Instru. Mkr.	R143036	- A.C.2 Hawksworth, J.
96 A.E.M.	R149247	- A.C.2 Farnham, R. D.
96 A.F.M.	R132152	- A.C.2 Zelinski, H. H.
92 A.F.M. (MR)	R143393	- A.C.1 Robertson, D. J.
23 I.M.	R143232	- A.C.2 Ruttle, R. H.
95 A.E.M.	R133084	- A.C.2 Taylor, G. A.
95 A.F.M.	R152074	- A.C.2 Scott, J. S.
91 A.F.M. (MR)	R145582	- A.C.1 Urquhart, W. S.

## SPORTS MEDALS

### VOLLEYBALL — APRIL

R71855	.....	Cpl. Charlton, J. D.
R147900	.....	A.C.2 Olson, O. K.
R151562	.....	A.C.2 Wilson, G. E.
R151501	.....	A.C.2 Kernaghan, R. H.
R151561	.....	A.C.2 Slozberg, M. J.
R151557	.....	A.C.2 Morley, D. R.

### BASKETBALL — APRIL

R66183	.....	Cpl. Elliot, D. A.
R83025	.....	Cpl. Van Den Brande, R. A.
R103135	.....	A.C.1 Gibbs, F. J.
R141200	.....	A.C.1 Davis, R. E.
R141259	.....	A.C.1 Black, T. F.
R153684	.....	A.C.2 Broad, J. H.
R143798	.....	A.C.1 Russell, J. F.
R83031	.....	A.C.1 Gourley, E. D.
R139379	.....	A.C.1 Pool, J. W.
R139346	.....	A.C.2 Price, C. R.

## BADMINTON — APRIL

R118483	.....	A.C.2 Hockley, A. S. T.
R152003	.....	A.C.2 Andrews, D. G. A.
R156663	.....	A.C.2 Grayer, D. J.
R156655	.....	A.C.2 Hergott, W. J.
R156669	.....	A.C.2 Graham, H. W.

\* \* \*

## DRILL TROPHY

Congratulations to No. 1 Squadron No. 2 Wing on winning the Drill Trophy for April.

\* \* \*

## CALENDAR OF ACTIVITIES

*(Newcomers to the Station may follow the following set-up for recreational and sporting activities from week to week. Special events or any change in any particular week may be noted in the Y.M.C.A. Daily Bulletins which are posted up in all Squadrons.)*

### SUNDAY

0910 Hrs.—R. C. Church Parade.

0915 Hrs.—Protestant Church Parade.

### MONDAY

1900-2000 Hrs.—Scheduled Inter-Squadron Games.

### TUESDAY

1900-2000 Hrs.—Scheduled Inter-Squadron Games.

1900 Hrs.—Camera Club (in Wing 2, Security Guard Lecture Room).

2015-2200 Hrs.—Movie, supplied by the Y.M.C.A.

### WEDNESDAY

1900-2000 Hrs.—Scheduled Inter-Squadron Games.

1915-2015 Hrs.—Bible Study Group in the Chapel in Wing 2.

1930-2030 Hrs.—Camera Club (in 2 Wing, Security Guard Lecture Room).

### THURSDAY

1900-2000 Hrs.—Inter-Squadron Games.

### FRIDAY

2015-2200 Hrs.—Movie, supplied by the Y.M.C.A.

2100-2430 Hrs.—“Bachelor” Dance (at the Y.W.C.A., St. Thomas).

### SATURDAY

2000 Hrs.—Movie, Drill Hall.

# « T. T. S. Air Women's Section »

## WOMEN'S DIVISION

Since the last issue of THE AIRCRAFTMAN the ever changing, ever growing population of W.D.'s has increased further. Always we have newcomers who can be distinguished by a slightly dazed and bewildered expression as they gaze on the phenomena that is T.T.S.

Of our old-timers, there are only a few left—equipment assistants all—now almost completely submerged in a great sea of lectures, exams and worries! May we wish them luck in their final exam next week and express our certainty that they will all come through with "flying colours".

During the last month we said good-bye to Sgt. Kennedy who with S.O. Ward bravely pioneered the unknown vastness of T.T.S. We were sorry to see her go and hope that she will be happy in her new job at the recruiting centre in Hamilton. After her departure, Cpl. Willson—also a pioneer—was made Sergeant and has done an excellent job for the past two weeks. However, now we are fated to lose her as well. Our regret at this is counteracted by our pleasure in her promotion; she is—effective 15/5/42—an Assistant Section Officer! The very best of luck, "Ma'am" Willson, and don't forget T.T.S.

Our new N.C.O., Cpl. Robertson, has distinguished herself during her fortnight here by being a veritable dynamo as far as salvage collection is concerned. Many are the boxes, artistically decorated, which confront you in the hallways inscribed with the plea "Save for Victory", and woe betide any airwoman who mistakes one of these boxes for a garbage container!

Well, this just about covers our news to date. Although so far we have not won the drill competition, we are not through yet—NOT NEARLY—so, beware, boys, there's nothing like a determined woman—particularly an airwoman!

\* \* \*

## IMPRESSIONS OF T. T. S., ST. THOMAS

*A.W. 2 Barnhardt*

### D.R.R.'s Before Arrival:

Still marching, drilling and saluting under the ever present name of "Rookie" my impressions of T.T.S. at St. Thomas before the eventful day of my arrival were vague. During a lecture far away in a class-room at Rockcliffe

I was told of the many wonders I would be met with and what a very lucky person to be able to continue my course in this fabulous but real place. I heard of tiled ablutions rooms, real honest-to-goodness bath tubs, beautiful quarters, large new buildings complete with bars on the windows, and men, men and more men. Miles and miles of underground tunnels to prevent one from spending too much on laundry bills via rain, mud, etc.—escalators to take you from floor to floor, thereby saving all your energy for studying purposes (?), even moving sidewalks to prevent blisters. With all these foregone conclusions, what more could a poor "Rookie" expect!

### D.R.O.'s, S.S.O.'s and Just Plain Facts:

Upon arrival the first impression was overwhelming, to put it mildly. A city within a city—everything complete, even shows and dances to prevent one from wandering away to the big city. The rumours of ablutions, bathtubs, quarters, building and bars (steel), even men, were all true—but the escalators and moving sidewalks, I was bitterly disillusioned! Along with others who are "happy in the service" I parade for miles above ground to mess—go on a route march to attend services on Sundays—roll out of bed before the dawn has had a chance to crack and to top it all am issued with reams and reams of mimeographed notes which have to be memorized within two weeks. I must walk along in parade with my head high and my eyes to the front—despite the whistles and chance remarks, regardless of how distracting the source may be. I know I looked once!

Recreation Hall built for studying purposes: Beautiful furniture in traditional blue—tables supplied for writing and studying purposes—canteen bar with the ever present "pause that refreshes". First impression: Gracie Fields yodelling "Sally in My Alley" to quieten the nerves of the harassed airmen. Books for education purposes, i.e., Thorne Smith's "Three Decker", etc.—truly an educational centre living up to its original intent.

Mess Hall: A new term has arisen—coffee or tea either black or white. If you are a milk-sipper here, you have to be very nonchalant and brave—the milk counter is over in the Men's Section.

Great critics after lengthy and detailed discussion have decided that first impressions generally hold—being an A.W. 2 and a very

small part of a very large organization I guess my impressions wouldn't count for much—but I think the place and personnel are tops!

\* \* \*

**ANOTHER NEWCOMER'S VIEWPOINT**

A.W. 2 Good, B.

Probably those of you who are old-timers at T.T.S. will have become a trifle tired of hearing the rookies' reactions to the place, but be tolerant and remember your own urge to tell everyone who'd listen all about what you thought and felt when you were raw and new yourselves.

We piled off the trolley on Saturday afternoon, very tired and hungry, with our hair hanging forlornly in forbidden "wispy bits", and were trailed through miles and miles of tunnel to have our throats examined (no, not our heads, that will no doubt come after we've written our exams). Finally we saw food again and felt like new women after getting outside it, and were able to sit up and take an interest in our new surroundings and, boy, oh! boy, it was a sight for sore eyes! Soft beds! Dressers! Writing tables! Baths! Tiled bathrooms! Doors on the rooms! Privacy! Real luxury, no less!

It's a little disconcerting for us, fresh from a Manning Depot chuck-full of women, to see so many men suddenly! It's hard to try and look deaf and blind when you can hear distinctly all the cracks about your personal appearance and especially hard for us Vancouver people not to rise to the old bait, "Who's from the West?"

Yesterday we went on a route march, complete with band! Big thrill! And we ignorantly thought it was all for us until we got started and realized we were just there to take the bulldog for a walk.

We had our first lectures today and it looks like good-bye to the outside world from now on, though. We've just started to realize all we've got to know to get through our course and have a horrible suspicion we'll never emerge except for meals, but will be glued to our notes trying to absorb a little knowledge for the next six weeks! So good-bye now while I study!

\* \* \*

**GUESS WHAT?**

A.W. 2 Norbury

"No talking on parade!" the Sergeant sternly calls,

And promptly falls a hush all down the line, For it's C Flight on parade, it's C Flight on its way,

C Flight, C Flight, marching down to dine. Slow down the pace in front there. Dressing by the right.

(There's Winnie at the corner standing guard.) The hospital's above—I'd wave, boys, if I dared; This keeping eyes to front is really very hard! Oh! Goodness but I'm hungry. "Halt!" At last we're here—

I'm standing in a puddle, darn the East! "To the right dismiss! Hold on, there, don't you run!"

(But, Sergeant dear, we're starving for the feast!)

Ah, now we've reached the mess hall,—thronging through the door,

Oh, hurry, hurry, hurry, girls, because We're having, yes, I'm sure we're having it tonight—

T.T.S.'s specialty—good ol' cake and sauce!

\* \* \*

**THE HOSPITAL ASSISTANTS' IMPRESSIONS OF ST. THOMAS**

- S — is for St. Thomas, so far it's been fun
- A — is for the Air Force, or asylum, either one
- I — is inoculations, one thing they don't forget
- N — is our nursing sister, the nicest one we've met
- T — is for our training, could one month be enough?
- T — is for more training, we'll never learn that stuff
- H — is for the hospital, where we're anxious to begin
- O — is for the orderlies who sort of wander past and grin
- M — is for the miles and miles we have to walk to eat
- A — is for the airmen, who are pretty hard to beat
- S — is for the service, where we're very proud to be.

The whole thing is St. Thomas, R.C.A.F. (W.D.)

\* \* \*

**SO THERE!**

Other girls in trailing tresses,  
 Other girls in high-heeled shoes,  
 Make us miss our painted toe nails,  
 Make us miss our vivid rouge,  
 Other legs pass by in silk,  
 Our's strut their stuff in lisle,  
 But a shapely leg, though darkly clad,  
 Can still, we note, beguile!

\* \* \*

An airwoman having recently arrived from Rockcliffe where men are at a premium was heard to remark: "Don't look now, girls, but at last we're being followed!"

A.W. 2 READMAN.

# AMONG THE SQUADRONS

## 1 SQUADRON, 1 WING

### SPORTS

By Cpl. Hardy

Well, here we are in the middle of May and once again No. 1 Squadron is among the leaders for the C.O.'s Trophy. We just missed last month, being beat out on the last night by a few points. Now that summer sports are here we intend to win the trophy oftener because No. 1 Squadron is chuck full of athletes—you should see them on morning P.T. "Oh, yeah."

The writer would like to take this opportunity of saying Au Revoir to the many friends that he is leaving behind here at the T.T.S. and hopes to see them all again, probably on some other station. I have enjoyed my stay on this Station, and in having men like Sgt. Gutsell, Cpl. Holland and Cpl. Lindsay to work with it makes a fellow regret having to leave. So good luck, fellows, we'll be seeing you all some time. Whooppee, Trenton, here I come.

### ORDERLY ROOM "DOO-DADS"

Sgt. McDonald, just married and posted; poor Mac. Sgt. Gutsell, rushing like mad here and there busier than a one-armed paperhanger with the itch.

Cpl. Holland, the old salt, gives the boys the low down on how it was done in the Army.

Cpl. Niece telling the men all about discipline.

Buck Ramsay, the hard-to-find equipment assistant, peeking around the corner.

\* \* \*



AIRMEN'S NIGHTMARE.

## 2 SQUADRON, 1 WING

We are glad to welcome Cpl. Bayliss back after swinging the rifle around at Fingal for the last three months.

We are also glad to welcome to No. 2 Squadron P.T. Instructor Cpl. McKee. Just another Joe for the Squadron.

Why is Cpl. Brooks going around the Squadron in a daze gazing skyward. Is it aeroplane or the Stork?

Why is Sgt. Gutsell, formerly of No. 2 Squadron, raising a mustache? Is he thinking seriously of matrimony?

We are also glad to welcome to the Squadron Sgt. Gadsden. Just another good discip.

Some people would like to find out what is so important over in London that it takes the equipment assistants of No. 1 Wing there every time they have a half day off.

FLASH! Who is the aged jitter bug corporal of No. 2 Squadron No. 1 Wing, whose favourite hang-out after hours is across from the Grand Central?

When is No. 2 Squadron going to win the C.O.'s Trophy again? Come out, fellows, and play some of the games and win for your Squadron.

\* \* \*

## 3 SQUADRON, 1 WING

### IN MEMORY

By L.A.C. A. W. J. Carroll

In loving memory of Cpl. T. G. Shand who passed away suddenly and violently on May 5th, 1942, at St. Thomas, Ontario.

*Somewhere back of the sunset, where loveliness never dies;*

*He lives in the land of glory, with the blue and gold of the skies.*

*And we who have known and loved him,  
Whose departure has brought sad tears,  
Will cherish his memory always,  
To brighten the passing years.*

We, the entire Squadron, join our Squadron Commander, F.O. J. M. Harris, in this our final salute to you, Corporal. We shall miss your cheery presence, the pleasure of working with you; we shall remember that you personified the true Airman.

We have sounded "taps" for you, Gordie, and with heavy hearts wish you Happy Landings on that last long flight "West".

The winter sports, basketball, volleyball and badminton have made their seasonal demise. Many and interesting were the keen competitions as provided by 3 Squadron, especially the basketball. Those who took

part and gave their own time to co-operate with Cpl. Conkey are deserving of the highest compliments. Owing to a change of personnel the sports section is to be conducted by Cpl. Powers of the P.T.I. staff henceforth. Corporal is a fully qualified instructor in this line and will devote all his time to this very necessary activity. We of 3 Squadron certainly wish him all the success and will give him the co-operation that was given to Cpl. Conkey who for many months has had charge of the sports in this Squadron. We sure have a honey of a softball team, and pass on a bit of a tip to our opposition—hunt up your best scroungers and place them in the infield and concentrate on first base.

Three Squadron welcomes Cpl. McLean back from the Discip. Course. A pleasant co-worker, we are pleased that he was posted back to this Squadron.

**95th ENTRY**

Cpl. Hateley says "he has a promising looking Drill Team for this next month." "But he won't make any promises."

He says he is sorry to lose the 95th Entry. "I wonder."

Some of the boys in the 95th asked Cpl. Hateley why he was so glum looking during the past week. Ask any corporal who has an outgoing entry on his hands.

The other morning a certain sergeant arrived at Crafts in style, namely, the caboose of an L. & P. S. freight. They didn't charge him a fare. Too bad the freight only runs once a week, Sarge.

It would seem that this last week since the 95th left school, that they haven't been having enough exercise. So a certain sergeant gave them "Full Pack Drill" Friday morning. How about a nice "May Shower Bags."

I notice that some of the Western boys in the 95th have asked for Eastern postings. What is it, boys? Blondes?

Then there are a few Eastern boys who, after hearing wild tales of the West, have decided they want to see the land of Wide Open Spaces. "Go West, Young Man."

**CARD OF THANKS**

The 95th outgoing Entry wishes to thank the Officer and Staff of No. 3 Squadron for the many things they did to help make our stay at T.T.S. a pleasant one.

Exams are just like women,  
This statement is quite right,  
They ask you silly questions  
And keep you up all night.

—Confucius.

\* \* \*



**1 SQUADRON, 2 WING**

Congratulations to Cpl. Crook, A. H., and his outstanding drill team which captured the coveted Drill Trophy last month, in the face of such stiff competition. The Airwomen deserve a word of praise for their good sportsmanship and ability to outclass at least two of the Airmen's teams.

Our sports team was once again nosed out by the narrowest of margins by Headquarters. Hence, congratulations to Headquarters Squadron. This month the boys have vowed to win both Trophies. "So says Sgt. Hodgson." With L.A.C. Sullivan bouncing 'em and Love scoring 'em, our Lacrosse team is about tops and will certainly make a showing in the near future.

In Tennis and Softball what the boys haven't got in ability they are providing in the old Squadron fight.

**MUTTERINGS AROUND THE ORDERLY ROOM**

Cpl. "J"—"Cancel this pass."

Cpl. Keohane—"One Squadron 2 Wing, Cpl. Keohane, SIR."

L.A.C. Gibson—"Is this right?"

Flt. Sgt. Morrison—"Another Round?"

Congratulations are in order to Cpl. Caruso who has taken over the training of Junior N.C.O.'s.

We also wish to welcome Sgt. Hodgson who is a newcomer from 3 Squadron. It will be their loss and our gain.

**THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW**

Just what Corporal wrote to Dorothy DIX?

Why our Equipment Assistant bought a diamond ring?

How our Clerk can be so smart?

The Staff of the Orderly Room regret the loss of Cpl. Keohane and Cpl. Jones who have been posted to Trenton, on the No. 12 Discps. Course. These two corporals have been very efficient and capable and will be greatly missed by all, but more power to them and best of luck.—No. 1 Squadron Staff.

Cpl. Caruso, manager and coach of the Softball team, wishes to thank No. 2 Squadron No. 1 Wing for the softball practice on Wednesday, May 13.

Who is the sergeant in No. 1 Squadron 2 Wing who is considering turning professional after the hot one-handed pick-up on first the other night? Ask Hodgson. Is his face red?

Who knows where Cpl. Jay is going to throw the ball after a fast pick-up?

No. 1 Squadron No. 2 Wing welcomes Cpl. Smith, P.T. Instructor, and wishes him the best of luck.

\* \* \*

**HEADQTRS. SQUADRON**

**ORDERLY ROOM**

L.A.C. Hewlitt

To the other side of the Dominion, Headquarters lost Flt. Sgt. Park, our unexcelled sports organizer. It was a real body punch to Headquarters sports when Flt. Park left, as he was the one man mainly responsible

for the fine showing of this Squadron in Sports in recent months which culminated in our winning the Commanding Officer's Cup last month.

A personality which got things done, cheerfully, he will be difficult to replace, but our loss is their gain.

Good luck, Flight, we know you will do a good job at your new Station and we will always be in there battling with the old Park spirit.

It's a long way from Sea Island on the Pacific to "Y" Depot on the Atlantic but Headquarters Squadron, T.T.S., now has a real connection with both.

We knew a week ago that W.O.2 Whitehead was leaving for the salty air of "Y" depot but that did not lessen the regret we felt when he came in and said "I'm leaving now."

Stan, as he is known to all his friends and this practically includes all the T.T.S. permanent personnel, is no more with us, but we all join in wishing him the best of luck and happy landing.

"So long, Stan!"

We wonder who is the corporal that is always shaving when the bugle blows.

We wonder who is the L.A.C. from Teck. Stores that always keeps his boots so bright.

At this time we are sorry to hear that our senior N.C.O., W.O.2 Whitehead, S., has been posted. Headquarters will miss you. Best of luck on your new posting.

We have lost another sincere friend, A.C.1 May, W.D., who has been posted to Air Force Headquarters. Look out, Ottawa of the female class, there is a red head on the way.

## LACROSSE

Headquarters lacrosse team started out on the right foot by winning their first game by a score of 12-4 and were very impressive in doing so. Several games have been rained out but when the end of the month rolls around we expect to be right at the top and we will contribute our share toward holding the C.O.'s Trophy for good old Headquarters.

## TENNIS

We still think that Headquarters has the best tennis teams on the Station, although rain has cancelled several games so far. What we need, and badly, is a little more co-operation and the points will be a set-up. What about it?

## SOCCER

Headquarters soccer team expects to be stronger this year than last. While we are bound to feel the loss of "Sandy" Gordon, all the rest of the regulars from last year are still available and judging from inquiries received considerable new talent has been added to our strength.

## STATION ORCHESTRA

When Joe Sanders' band from Chicago opened the dance pavilion at Port Stanley a rush call was sent up for our own Pat Riccio to fill the position of third sax left vacant due to their man having "border-crossing" trouble. Of course, Pat filled the bill in his own inimitable way, taking his share of the "licks" as only a player like Pat can do, which prompts us to go on to say that the Station Orchestra is now using many of his arrangements, which are fast becoming popular with the dance fans. The lack of a P.A. system prevents the boys from putting on more novelty numbers

especially at the Saturday night dances in the Recreation Hall.

Due to more rehearsal time, the band has developed into a fine organization and it is hoped that in the near future it will be given a chance to really show its talent to the outside public.

Flt. Green, their wand-waver, may feel proud of the fine collection of musicians he has gathered together. Carry on, Flight—the more we hear them the better we like them.

## WARD 700 ISOLATION

O-oo-oo, that awful lump—incidentally I mean mumps. If you so desire a rest of not less than sixteen days, complain to the medical inspection room that your jaw hurts and you very promptly land in Ward 700.

At ease, fellows, you are very well taken care of by three very capable "medico's"—Archer, Brown and Denison, but here's a tip when you join the club: steer clear of our famous "Lacrosse Star" Jerk Archer. Why? Well, he is always out of tobacco for his pipe or cigarettes—boy, does his face beam when a new member joins the gang! "Poor sucker."

Ah! But that's not all—approximately 7 o'clock every morning comes that terrible "Jerk Archer" to break the silence with a terrific beller, "Show legs, sho-oo-oo-w legs," which naturally means get up. Oh! My! and we are supposed to be sick.

On the other hand we must not forget Ken Denison, who pays a special visit to everyone on arrival to the ward with a small glass in his hand and a smile. He says: "Welcome, chum; here's your initiation." Patient, looking up bewildered like, asks, "What is it?" "Oh, just a chaser." And, oh! how truly spoken—it was Epsom Salts—o-oo-oo, there is no justice.

\* \* \*



"WEDGES"



## FIRE DEPARTMENT

A fireman's life is considered by some people to be a life of Riley. This is not so because of his responsibility. It is true that he has his odd moments of leisure, but his work is just as important as any other person in the Air Force.

When a fire breaks out it is his duty to extinguish it quickly and with as little damage as possible. If a hangar, building, plane or tools are destroyed there is not only a loss of money but also a serious hindrance in training, which is very important now.

We must all co-operate in keeping down the fire hazard so that our war effort will not be hindered in any way.

## WE WONDER? ? ?

Why the tall, handsome(?) "Westerner" from Bield, Manitoba, makes such a hit with the Airwomen?

How the fireman and his "cigarette girl" from Montreal and also the girl from "Deep in the Heart of Texas" are getting along? (The heart-breaker.)

Why Cooke was so sleepy on Monday morning after his week-end?

What is on a certain fireman's conscience that makes him walk and talk in his sleep? (Girls? ? ?)

Who kissed the Airwoman on the dance floor at the Recreation Hall?

(Pretty bold N/oe! ! !)

## MEDICAL SECTION

Oleo Riccini . . . no matter how you say it, it's still oil. Following on their tremendous showing of the gala 41-42 season, the T.T.S. Meds baseball team hereby throws the gauntlet of challenge in the general direction of the Pay and Accounts and the poor Dentals. It is to be hoped that soon again the diamond may resound with the applauding cheers for Rabbitt Millie's super-human drug-therapy catches, with the questionable sounds for the "Stylish" syles technique and with the huzzas for another Meds victory. . . . What with the advent of sunshine several members of our worthy cohorts have come forth from the environs of sawdust fans and the scent of brew.

Among those who have made the emergence are "The Green" Archer, who sleeps with a lacrosse stick in his hand; Big Town Stewart, nature's gift to the Palm-olive adds; Battling Boulanger, the Barrage Balloon; also to be noted "Harward Happy" Christie, who leaves for Aircrew; Tony, the Beef Filiatrault, just returned from a good will tour of Albany, N.Y., and "Hark, the herald angels" Page, who has finally returned from hospital, praise allah.

So much for the credit side; now the debits—Nursing Sister Frances Oakes leaves for yonder. She takes with her a good deal of the quality which makes life anywhere worth living. Noted for that something for which many people strive, but few have, she has filled a place here that would ordinarily require the services of any four you would care to mention. Room attention . . . and drink a long one for the sister.

Also leaving is Sqn. Ldr. Kemp . . . one of our best ball catchers; with him, too, goes our very best.

And now permit us to digress for a moment. Word came through that Tex Crymes had gone on his biggest solo flight one morning in Newfoundland. We knew Tex . . . and to others who also shared that experience it is enough to say just that . . . We knew Tex.

## TWO AIRMEN ON A FISHING TRIP

They had been fishing all day, and had caught absolutely nothing. Suddenly one of the men got a tremendous strike; he fought the fish for nearly fifteen minutes, then it got away. So they decided to row home—it was getting late. As they were rowing along one of the men said: "Gosh, I hope we can get out tomorrow and get that big fellow." And the second man said: "I sure hope so, did you mark the spot where we hooked him?" "Yes, I did," said the first. "While you were playing him I learned over the side and put a great big X on the side of the boat right where your line was." Then the other fellow said: "You what! Why, you're crazy! How do you know we're going to get the same boat tomorrow?"

An A.W.2 was driving along a country road, when she spied a couple of repair men climbing telephone poles. "Fools," she exclaimed, "they must think I never drove a car before."

Mrs. B.—Have you 'eard from your son overseas lately?

Mrs. G.—I have that and, just fancy, they've promoted him for hitting a sergeant! They've made 'im a "Court Marshal!"

## SMILES

A smile is quite a funny thing,  
It wrinkles up your face,  
And when it's gone you never find  
It's secret hiding place.

But far more wonderful it is  
To see what smiles can do;  
You smile at one, he smiles at you,  
And so one smile makes two.

He smiles at someone, since you smiled,  
And then that one smiles back,  
And that one smiles, until in truth  
You keep in smiling track.

And since a smile can do great good,  
By cheering hearts of care,  
Let's smile and smile, and not forget  
That smiles go everywhere.

—Author Unknown.

First G. D.: "What are you doing here?"

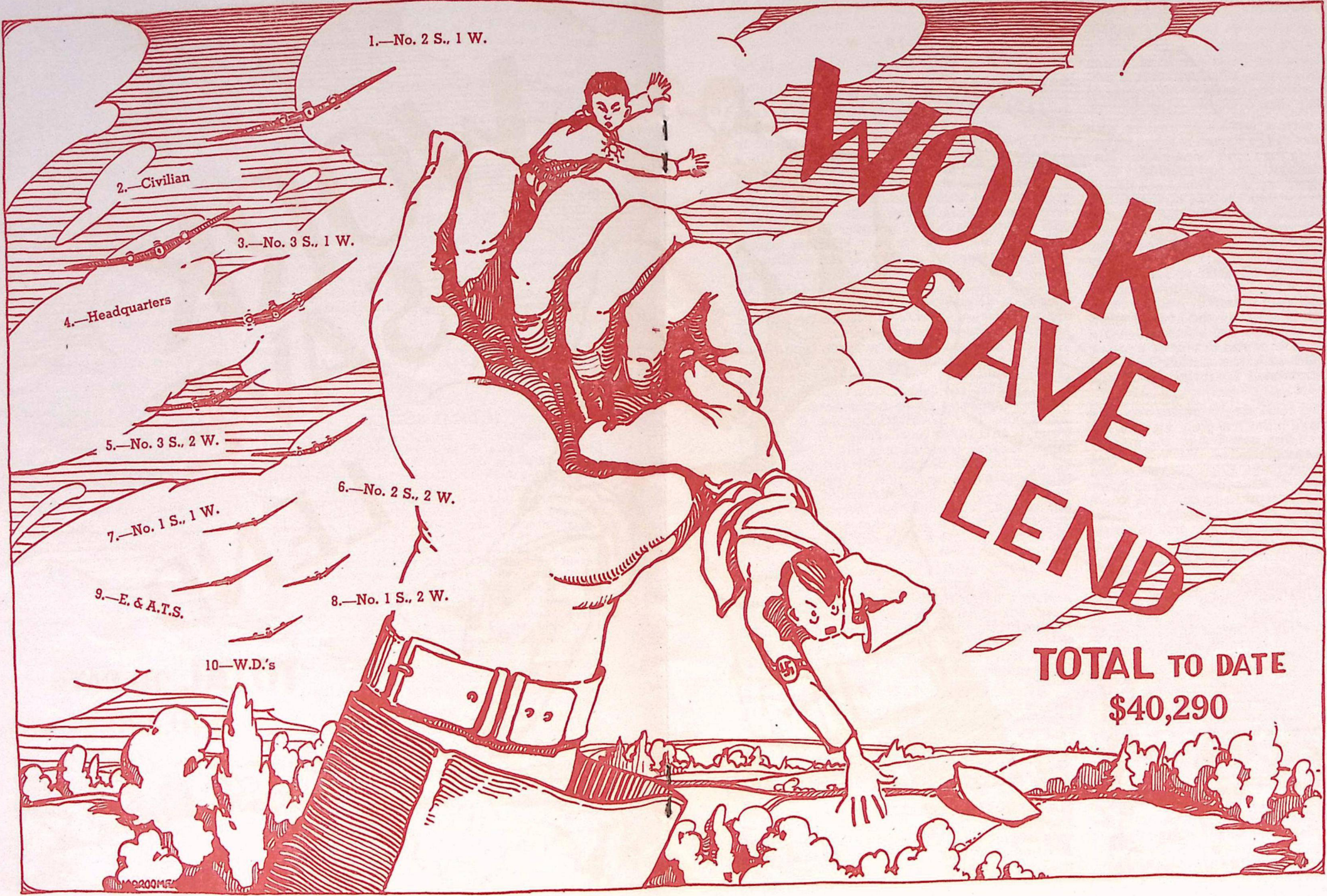
Second G. D.: "Looking for work."

First: "Then you better look some other place, there is plenty to do here."

\* \* \*



FARM LEAVE.



1.—No. 2 S., 1 W.

2.—Civilian

3.—No. 3 S., 1 W.

4.—Headquarters

5.—No. 3 S., 2 W.

6.—No. 2 S., 2 W.

7.—No. 1 S., 1 W.

9.—E. & A.T.S.

8.—No. 1 S., 2 W.

10.—W.D.'s

# WORK SAVE LEND

TOTAL TO DATE  
\$40,290

## FLY FISHING

(Continued)

*Sqn. Ldr. C. N. McLoughlin.*

Several interesting questions have arisen from last month's article, all of which it is proposed to deal with in the form of a general discussion rather than a Dorothy Dix column.

There is a certain section of anglers with the fly whose time by the stream is taken up less with actual fishing than with tying knots. That is, they are satisfied after a few casts that their offering is not welcome, so off comes one fly and on goes another until at the end of the day, if their creels are empty, they claim that the trout were not feeding because every fly in the box was tried and ignored; so the following day will usually find them in a tackle store feverishly buying more flies. As a matter of fact, this is great fun. Personally, I gave up fly collecting only when I started to tie my own flies. Often I look back with pleasure to the hours I spent peering at rows of trays and selecting with a pair of tweezers dozens and dozens of more or less useless additions to my already excessive stock. I was captivated by them—unhappily, the trout were not.

A well-known chalk stream angler once said that the success of a day's angling depends not on the variety of flies used but on the manner in which one fly is presented. He went so far as to confine himself to a single pattern, a Red Quill, for a whole season and did not fall below the previous year's total in trout. This would seem to be a strong argument in favour of the barest minimum of artificial flies and, in a way, it is, but remember that it could be done only by an expert with unlimited time at his disposal. The average fly fisherman's visits to the water are not frequent enough to allow for such experimenting and if he is wise he will quickly ascertain if the trout are feeding, and if so, what they're feeding on; after that it's up to him and the extent of his catch will be governed by his skill with the rod and by the care with which he approaches likely looking spots. And there you have one possible answer to the failure of the knot tier and the fly collector. I have watched otherwise respectable members of society approach a stream about as quietly as a bulldozer and proceed to lash it to a foam in the belief that they were fly-fishing. They will refer to "shy" fish if they fail to catch any, and would be offended if it were pointed out to them that the fish were not so much shy as petrified with terror. You can talk as loudly as you like on the banks of the stream or even while wading; you can clap your hands if you feel so inclined and laugh or even sing, and none but the most neurotic trout will budge an inch,

but be careless with your feet and you're in for a dull day.

I have been asked why so much attention is paid to detail in the tying of certain flies. Let's take the salmon variety. I have just finished tying a Silver Grey salmon fly for a friend in New Brunswick and in dispatching it to him I gave him the following particulars of exactly what went into the wings: White, yellow and green swan, bustard, floricane, golden pheasant tail, summer duck, brown mallard, teal, jungle cock and macaw. That is apart from the tag, tail, butt, body, hackle and shoulder hackle which are composed of three different kinds of silver tinsel, ostrich, herl, silk floss, golden pheasant crest, widgeon and a feather from the neck of a silver-laced Wyandotte. That is the approved recipe for that particular fly and has been for perhaps a hundred years, and a very beautiful creation it is, if properly tied. Why go to so much trouble and expense (for some plumage is literally worth more than its weight in gold) when the salmon won't notice the difference, especially as he never feeds in fresh water and is only attacking the fly either through annoyance or playfulness? Chiefly, I think, because tying salmon flies is an art, a study and an engrossing hobby and it is as well to have standard ingredients to prevent confusion. Also, in a way, it's a mark of respect for the salmon. You could kill more foxes if you pursued them in a Bren Gun carrier, but instead, you get into a hard silk hat and a pink coat and ride a horse.

The same applies in a lesser degree to trout flies, though most dry flies are dressed to imitate a natural insect and as a general rule a cock's neck hackle is used because of its floating qualities; on the other hand a fly intended to sink is best tied with a hen's hackle which is softer, sinks more easily and has a wavy, life-like motion in the water.

My reference last month to fishing upstream invariably, has been the cause of one or two interesting letters to the Editor pointing out that on certain fast rivers, especially in the North, the upstream method is never employed. The reason for that is simple. Upstream casting in fast water is about fifty times more tiring than downstream casting because the line is brought back by the current a very few seconds after it has been cast, when it must then be cast again. Thus, a certain amount of downstream fishing is allowable and even preferable, but it must be for the most part "across and down", that is, the line must be

cast towards the opposite bank and allowed to swing around to the near bank, at which point it can be retrieved. Incidentally, the start of this retrieve is a "hot spot" in most Canadian rivers if properly executed and should bring many trout to the net. But for all that, downstream fishing is not strictly fly-fishing except when the fly is being tumbled unhindered through the water; once the line and leader

start to pull, what was a life-like object helplessly waving its legs becomes a small, compact nothing swimming upstream for dear life, and a fly never lived who could do that.

*(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.)*

\* \* \*

### BUSES ACROSS THE DESERT

One of the very interesting personalities in the recent class of E. & A. T. S. Officers is F.O. Peter V. Lumsden. F.O. Lumsden is a veteran of the last war and is now in the service again.

Going overseas with the 13th Battery, Royal Canadian Artillery, shortly after arrival in London he was given a commission in the Imperials (R.F.A.) and attached to a draft of gunners instructed to proceed to Bombay, India. From Bombay he was posted to Hyderabad Sind, then to Basra (the port of Iraq), from there to Amarah and there was attached to the 13th Division, the only British Division situated in that part of the world, and under the command of General Maud. This force was sent to the relief of Gen. Townshend, who was then surrounded by the Turks at Kut-El-Amarah on the left bank of the Tigris—this was in September, 1915. After the fall of "Kut" this Division crossed from the right to the left bank of the Tigris at Shumurand Bend in attack on the Turks and proceeded to Tecephon Arch, to which point Gen. Townshend's force was obliged to retreat.

The next major event in which he was a participant was the capture of Baghdad on March 11th, 1917, after which the force proceeded some fifty miles north on the Tigris and held the Sindia Windia line. At this point he was placed in command of a battery attached to the Russian Cossacks, under the command of Gen. Barratoff, directly under the command of Gen. Dunsterfell, commander of the British troops in that sector.

F.O. Lumsden is a typical soldier and we had to resort to our most painless form of extraction to get the above brief record between those days and the present partner in a motor transport business operating across a desert from Baghdad to Damascus; which brings us to the commencement of our story.

You see it was like this: In 1923 he took on the managing agency of the Nairn Transport Company operating between Baghdad, Damascus and Beirut, the latter being a port on the Mediterranean. The business then was

carried on in ordinary motor cars but now the company operates a large bus which, by the way, is manufactured in Indianapolis, U.S.A. It is the largest in use in any part of the world, the same size as a railway pullman car, and is equipped with a bar and kitchen with Frigidaire, has two washrooms and smoking room and carries 36 passengers. It is operated by a Diesel engine. The total distance covered between these three points is some 740 miles, being entirely desert country from Baghdad to Damascus, where there is no road and where even the trail is a great deal of the time obliterated by sandstorms, necessitating travel by compass. In contrast to this the country from Damascus to Beirut in Syria is hilly, the road being over the Lebanon Mountains.

Until inauguration of this travel service with an actual running time from Baghdad to Damascus of only 29 hours the former round-about route was from Port Said through the Suez Canal, the Red Sea, Gulf of Aden, Indian Ocean and Persian Gulf to Basra, which journey took 21 days!

F.O. Lumsden's Company is under contract to carry mails, officers and men of the Royal Air Force, and certain others, as well as casual passengers coming to and from India and Iran (Persia), representing practically all nationalities of the world. The Company also has an agreement with the Iraq Government for the transportation of Mohammedan pilgrims *via* Beirut and Jedda to Mecca and return. None but Mohammedans may enter the walled city of Mecca and 8,000 to 9,000 Indians, Afghans, Persians, Turkomans, Turks, Kurds, Mongolians and Arabs are transported from Baghdad annually by Mr. Lumsden's Company to visit this "holy of holies for Mohammedans," where Mahomet was buried. A visit to Mecca by a Mohammedan, their "hadje" lasting nine days, assures his pass to heaven! To acquire this Mohammedans must make their pilgrimage at the appointed time of the "hadje" and this involves the Company's chartering five ships for the journey by water from Beirut, which represents the greater part of the trip. After

the pilgrimage a Mohammedan is known as a "hadji" and wears a white turban to show his distinction. A Mohammedan's highest ambition is to go once on the hadje and the average man carries approximately £100, representing usually his life savings, and when he can afford it he takes along his wives, concubines and children! The return journey usually takes a whole extra day crossing the desert; at every stop the pilgrims insist on getting off and praying to Allah. A British officer, St. John Philby, well-known author on Arabia—a political officer of distinction in Iraq during the world war, and who has now become a Mohammedan and is the only British subject resident in Jedda, takes charge of the pilgrims from that port to Mecca.

Previous to protective measures there were several hold-ups by bandits, who usually rove in bands to the number of 30 or 40. They are armed with rifles and their rendezvous was a mound known as Jebel Tenf. They were not out to kill but to loot. Now, however, passengers may travel in safety as during the past four years the Iraq Government and the French controlling Syria are maintaining in the district armored cars manned by soldiers patrolling the desert. It may be interesting to state that half-way between Baghdad and Damascus in Iraquian territory there is a fort called Rutba Wells. This fort consists of police camel corps and armored cars and maintains a wireless station, electric light, Frigidaire (which is very essential in this hot country) and can accommodate with meals and in sleeping quarters 30 guests. Here is the only drinking water that can be obtained on this desert route.

An amusing incident occurred a while ago when a wealthy Scotch judge resident in Baghdad wished to motor in his new Buick car to Damascus. He went to the Transport Company inquiring what they would charge for attaching him to the convoy. On being informed it was £30 he protested and even though they reduced the amount to £15 he still thought this excessive, maintaining that as his car was brand new he needed no assistance and refused to pay anything. Realizing that if anything happened to the judge the company would be bound to see him through, they implored him not to go on. He determined to do so, however, and the company furnished him free with a map and bearings. At that time the law in Iraq was "Drive on the left" (same as in England), while in Syria it was "Keep to the right." In the middle of a desert, after doing some 400 miles, the judge noticed in the distance another car coming towards him. As they closed in he played safe by keeping well

to the left, while the other driver also obeyed the law, keeping well to the right. With over 3,000 miles of country to pass each other they crashed head on. The question then arose as to what territory they were in and it was found the judge had passed the border. His car had to be towed in by the Transport Company and his "opponent's" as well and this, with repairs, cost him £276.

F.O. Lumsden lives at Baghdad, situated on both sides of the Tigris River, which is about 300 yards wide at this point. The city has a population of about 470,000. Here there are very interesting bazaars, a good museum, mosques and hospitals and the new palace of King Gazi of Iraq is about two miles out of the city. Owing to the various religions, Mohammedan, Jewish and Christian, there are at least three holidays every week. The river at Baghdad is crossed by two pontoon bridges which in the spring rise about 30 feet from the summer level. The surrounding country is noted for its wonderful ancient ruins and for its oil wells. The distance from Baghdad to Basra by river is 640 miles; by rail it is only 300 miles, and the flier (?) makes this journey in 24 hours. Sport consists of polo, tennis, golf, pig-sticking, horse racing and hunting—the game including duck, partridge, goose and bustard (wild turkey) and gazelle (deer). There are six British clubs and dancing is very popular. The British Royal Air Force maintaining a headquarters here, quite a number of Canadians with the Force report from time to time, which certainly adds to the interest of living.

While Mr. Lumsden's domicile seems very remote to us, the truth is it takes only 29 days to come direct by a modern ship of the American Export Line from Beirut on the Mediterranean to Boston or New York.

\* \* \*

### ALL-OUT PANHANDLER

Beggar—"Say, Buddy, could you give me two bucks for some coffee?"

Businessman—"Two bucks? I always thought you fellows asked for a nickel for coffee."

Beggar—"Yeah, I know, but I'm putting all my begs in one ask-it."

### IMPORTANT!

"And what is the first thing you do when cleaning your rifle?" asked the sergeant.

"Look at the number, sergeant," replied the guard, smartly.

"Look at the number," snorted the sergeant in surprise. "What for?"

"To make sure I don't clean one for some other fellow."

## LEAD SWINGER

— Fiction —

Innkeeper Bert Thatcher placed his two heavy arms flat on the bar and glared with extreme distaste at the young pilot officer.

"I'm afraid, young feller," he said, "you're carrying this a bit too far. What's your game, anyway?"

The very young man creased his pink cherubic face into an apologetic smile and walked awkwardly to the bar. "I'm awfully sorry," he said evenly. "If I'd known I was going to be a nuisance, I shouldn't have bothered you."

"I'm not above going to a bit of trouble," Thatcher said. "What all of us can do for the R.A.F. is damned little, considering what they've done for us."

"I'm sure none of us feel that way about it."

"The boys in the 'ospital specially," continued Mr. Thatcher. "The best is little enough for them. Most of 'em, anyway." He glared again at the young flyer.

"All of them," the young man corrected.

The early afternoon autumn sunshine streaming through a stained glass window cast a spot of color on the young man's wings.

The innkeeper stared at the highlighted spot. "Instead of being 'ere swinging the lead you could be out getting yourself a Jerry or two."

The young officer blushed till all of his face became the color of his cheeks. "I'm afraid you don't understand," he said, smiling faintly.

The innkeeper leaned a bit farther over the bar. His manner became a little more sympathetic but none the less firm. "Listen, son," he said, "I've been waiting to catch you alone to 'ave this talk with you. Why don't you square up? Why don't you go back to the 'ospital today and toss the bloomin' wheelchair back at 'em?"

"I'm afraid that's impossible for now. I wish . . ."

"Wishing won't win wars, young feller. Do as I say, now. Be a man. Take that blasted wheelchair and toss it in the river or something. And when you do, come back 'ere and I'll treat you to the best in the 'ouse."

Thatcher held open the backroom door while the boy wheeled himself out. "Think over what I said, son," he said, not unkindly. "We all get the wind up at first."

"Thanks," said the flyer. "There's something to what you say. I will think it over."

Mrs. Thatcher entered the taproom the instant the young man left. "Yer do like to bully, don't you, Bert?" she chided. "Why 'e's just a baby."

"'E's not as innocent as 'e looks," Bert commented. "I've been watchin' 'em. Sneaks down 'ere from the 'ospital, 'e does, leaves his blasted wheelchair 'ere, then skips off."

"He limps," she said.

"And a rum limp it is too," he snorted. "Anyone can see what 'e's up to. I wasn't a company sergeant-major in the last war for nothing."

"We can't all be as brave as you," she remarked dryly, "or as wise."

"I'm not afraid to do me bit, anyway," Bert growled. "If I was twenty years younger . . ."

"There yer go! Talking about yerself again. Well, if you ask me, I think that boy's all right. You wait and see. Why, you don't even know his name."

"I know 'e's a fakir. That's what I know. Sheepish guilt written all over 'is face!"

During the winter of 1941-42 the little town between London and Liverpool was quiet as peacetime. Only once or twice did anyone see a raider and then he was scooting home as fast as his wings could carry him. Except for the absence of able-bodied young men, and the shortage of things, and the presence of disabled young men in the hospital on the hill, the war seemed remote.

The sheepish young man with the wheelchair was not the first to park his wheels at the Oak Tree and set out for a trial spin on unsteady legs. Nor the last. Wounded lads who had reached the stage of convalescence and were let out to get their bearings again were all too anxious to dispense with crutches and other embarrassing aids. So the backroom of the Oak Tree, halfway into town and just out of sight of the hospital, became the spot where eager youths started out on their own feet again. And among them all, Bert Thatcher's observing and experienced eye spotted no more lead swingers, since the one he had set back on the right track months ago. A sight to gladden an old soldier's heart, those young men, straining at the bit to be off into the clouds again and into the thick of it. And good company, too, when they stopped in for a spot of ale on their way back in the late afternoon. Thatcher reveled in their stirring tales. He never tired of listening.

The late afternoon spring sun carved the taproom into sections with its pale yellow

shafts. At five o'clock most of the flyers had reclaimed their belongings and turned in for the day. Bert Thatcher was busy straightening up for the night's business when the three officers walked in. When one of them detached himself from the others and walked haltingly to the corner of the room where he was, he paid no particular attention. But when the young officer held out his hand Bert for an instant gaped at him, then shook hands.

"I have the advantage, I see," smiled the flight lieutenant.

"You have, sir. I'm sure I—I'm sure . . ." Thatcher leaned forward and peered into the officer's face. "Well, by gum!"

The cherubic expression was gone. In its place was a drawn, tense look of maturity which lent added interest to the still youthful features. The shy smile was unchanged.

"The patch on your eye, sir," Thatcher inquired. "Did they . . ."

"They did. I'm afraid this time I'm grounded for good."

The innkeeper looked at the two colored ribbons under the wings. "You've been busy, sir, since I saw you last," he said.

"I managed to do a bit of good. After that-er little prompting you gave me."

"I can't tell you 'ow sorry I am, sir."

"Not at all. Your little lecture was just what I needed."

Thatcher looked at the ribbons again. "Not you, sir," he said. "Not you!"

"Oh, but it did," the young man insisted. "I'd given up. That prodding you gave me was just the thing. I was ready to quit."

The other two officers were chatting near the door. The innkeeper cast a warning glance in their direction. "They needn't know, sir. Bygones are bygones. It can be our little secret. Anyway, I'm glad you got over it. You've got spunk, son."

"The hardest point was getting back into the air again."

"I'm sure it would be, sir! But I knew you'd manage it. Have much trouble?"

"Trouble?" The young flight lieutenant winced. "Never had so much trouble in my life. You know I had the very devil of a time convincing the M.O's that if Bader and Carlin could fly without two legs so could I."

—M. W. H.

\* \* \*

### . . . AND THUS TO EACH

*By Charles Godfrey*

"They've been advancing steadily all day."

"But Dave, surely there is some way to stop them. What about our army, our men?"

"Oh, we are in there fighting. But somehow there seems to be a lack of something. Individually the men are brave, or rather were, but as a battalion there seems to be such a spirit of rebellion and dissent. They fight among themselves as to whose fault this is. I saw two of them directly under Jap fire, arguing like hell whether King was right or wrong."

"Why did you say they were brave, aren't they any more?"

"Now they are more dazed than anything else. Three weeks fighting against machines, the best tanks, dive bombers, gas . . . they couldn't stand that forever, so now they fight automatically."

"Does that mean we are going to be beaten, then?"

"I can't say. And even if I did guess we would lose that wouldn't matter very much. This land around here isn't very important and any defeat would just be in a local area. His plan is apparently to cut Canada in half, that's

why this drive has begun on Regina from the north. If he can get Regina then I don't know what will happen."

"But surely we can still stop them . . . look at what they did to the armies in Russia!"

"They fight differently. Over there they burn everything as they retreat. I've seen barns and elevators left standing, partly from stupidity and partly because our farmers will not destroy their own property. I'm afraid this talk of a new feeling in Canada has started too late. The soldiers are just starting to feel it but the people . . . it'll take much longer for them to realize what must be done if we are to win. Even if the Japs do conquer the country they could never conquer the people if only we could overcome this sense of selfishness, this what-do-I-get-out-of-it. Oh hell, we're sunk, dear."

The slim dark girl at his side put her arm around his drooping shoulders. Her eyes shone with half-formed tears. The years of happiness which she had spent with him trooped through her mind—the glorious first days when there had been little time to think of anything save their wheat crop and their freshly built house, the children, first Doreen then

Richard. It had been hard to send them away. The last letter they had had from her sister down in Quebec had said the children were only slowly becoming used to the fact that their own Mummy and Daddy weren't there to put them in bed. Then the war and the quarrels she had with Dave convincing him his job was to stay at home and work the farm. Of course, she hadn't been thinking of the country solely when she had argued so violently. And now invasion, through Alaska, Dawson, Prince Rupert, Edmonton and yesterday only four hundred miles away. It seemed so hard to understand. She knew why the soldiers were dazed and overwhelmed. How can a man fight when he doesn't know where his wife is, when his children may be lying still and quiet on the floors where they once played and lived?

Dave straightened and, gently putting off his wife's arm, walked to the sink and picked up the water bucket. The sun dashed into the room as he opened the door and went toward the pump. Its patient complaining squeal cut the stillness that lay over the land. Even the hens were stolid in the dusty heat and Rusty must be away somewhere barking down a gopher hole. The icy water brought up from the darkness sparkled crisply and then suddenly shot out from either side of the pail, half-way down. He stopped. Not until the crack of the shot came did he grasp that there was a bullet hole through the pail. Then dark swarms over by the fence, down by Turner's, through the trees on Mayberry's lane, all around as far as you could see.

He slammed into the room and, yelling for Rene, boosted the table against the door. She came with that white look on her face and eyes which said she knew. The frame sides of the room flecked blue as the air became charged with singing nothings. His Ross cracked desperately and the fumes mixed with his "bastards," while the windows shattered inward. He stopped shooting.

Rene pulled over to him, her small face

\* \* \*

## WINGS ON DUTY

The undulating beat of twin engines droned through the giant bomber far over the Atlantic. The bomber and crew of four men had left their base some three hours earlier and the crew were relaxed, for this was an early morning patrol and the time was only 9 o'clock. The air gunner was lying on the couch, the "sparks" and navigator were dozing in their chairs and even the pilot was flying on "George." The wireless broke suddenly into life. A coded message was coming through. In

quietly begging.

"There's nothing we can do. There are about three hundred men out there and all I've left is a magazine full in my service revolver. They're all over the plain. There's no help!"

She just sat there. Her eyes dull, not even wincing as a ricochet tore the shimmering dustiness in its crazy course. The rifle fire increased.

"Give up and surrender," she breathed.

"We can't; that would be useless . . . as useless as staying here with no bullets. The minute I stuck my head out the door I would be dead."

"Let me go out with this tablecloth." She moved as if to stand.

"No, honey, wait. You can't surrender. These are Japs! . . . Remember Hongkong and Chantung and Manila . . . these aren't men, humans . . . they're Japs; I'd rather shoot you first than . . ."

"Then . . . shoot me." Her lips flickered as she looked at the cords of his hand bunching around the butt of the gun. "It was a nice life. Funny the way that comes to me . . . a nice life. If we could only have had our dreams come true . . . but I guess it just wasn't to be. Strange all the words we've said to each other; they've formed a mist that keeps those outside away from us. Oh Dave, please, please be quick."

She stepped close to him. Her arms lay on his shoulders like sunlight. How small she looks, he thought, and how wise. Like the time when he had been beaten by Carter when they had both been trying to be elected. How she had said, "Don't worry, Dave, the things you stand for have not been beaten. Men like Carter can't always run this country." Yet they had . . . men like Carter . . . The soft of her cheek rested against the rough cloth that was his baggy tunic. He put his arm around her as she sagged against him and the warm, smooth blood flowed gently from her.

a sleepy manner the pencil of the operator traced out a short sentence; another — then — end of message. This was not a routine message which the wireless operator knew by heart, so the next few minutes were spent in turning pages and decoding the message. The bomber meanwhile roared onward. The air gunner dozed, the navigator who had been momentarily awakened, again slept.

"Hey!" the "Wags" yell of surprise and excitement woke the crew to a sleepy alertness.



In a trembling hand the message was passed to the pilot. Reaching down he pulled the alarm bell. "To action! Stations!" How often had the crew rehearsed gaining their positions for action, how slow their legs moved, how clumsy their actions seemed, now that real battle was imminent, for the message read: "Aircraft 863—a German battleship reported near your position; spot ship if possible; report position and follow. Watch for enemy aircraft."

A fierce spirit of elation burst over the bomber's crew. Underneath in the bomb bays the bomber carried two 1,100-pound bombs, semi-armour piercing. Follow the raider? To a man the crew immediately resolved that, sighting the surface marauder, a dive bombing attack would follow. Headquarters had not forbidden them to bomb. Of course they might fail and the chances of escape were very slim, for modern battleships were very well equipped for aircraft defence, but as the air gunner put everyone's thoughts: "We are the North Atlantic Squadron."

First, the German "Scourge" must be found. While the navigator checked the aircraft's position and plotted a circular course between the suspected raider and the convoy, the remainder of the crew swept the vast expanse of ocean to the horizon for a glimpse of unfamiliar ships. The pilot, an irascible Scotchman, cried: "The drinks on the chap who first sights the devil," for he knew how the victor would love to set up the drinks and brag, and being Scotch and the pilot, he knew he wouldn't be the person.

The vast carpet of ocean swept below—how peaceful it seemed; no one could guess death hung suspended in the water below, one type above, one under the surface. Suddenly an exclamation broke from the air gunner: "I see it!" A long, sleekly-cut shape appeared on the horizon; the air gunner had seen the smoke earlier but being rather stoic had not reported before. The pilot also saw the object. In a moment the giant aircraft was swung into the new course and altitude was tossed overside as the nose was pushed down and literally sweeping the waves, the bomber crept up on the unsuspecting ship. The camouflaged aircraft could scarcely be seen against the dirty brown sea, for the day was dull and the wind roared its song to drown engine sounds. When but a short distance away, too short for anyone but the pilot it seemed, the captain pulled up the aircraft's nose, opened the throttles wide and rose over the battleship in a zoom that the crew afterward swore could not be duplicated by any fighter. As the aircraft bucked over the two bombs were released in salvo. Immediately on releasing the deadly missiles the captain again

nosed down his aircraft in a full power dive, to escape, if possible, in the same manner as he had approached.

What pandemonium broke out on the ship! The first bomb fell short, but the second deadly cargo fell, not down the funnel where fiction would have it but, nevertheless, in a vulnerable spot, not to actually harm the ship but to injure her steering gear, so vital, so necessary. As the aircraft rose, engines screaming, the battleship's guns rose yammering, anti-aircraft pompoms, all armament possible to train on the destructive force on wings. But the time was too short, the aircraft was gone; there were no direct hits. The attack had been too sudden, for it had been across the ship and there were too many angles for training the guns. However, the machine guns did better for they were more easily managed.

With many bullet holes in her, the aircraft wallowed away. The aircraft on the ship was not damaged but the catapult was jammed, being on the rear of the ship. How seriously damaged was the steering gear? One control was blown away, the ship would not answer her wheel and she began to wheel, slowly at first, but then more quickly, a great wide circle. Repairs could be accomplished, but would take a half day and the time couldn't be spared for even now she was being hunted and a direct report of her position would bring her enemy down like a pack of wolves—and a direct report would certainly be sent by the escaping aircraft. The Commander cursed his gunners, cursed his luck, cursed the enemy, even thought of cursing his fuehrer, his God. The ship swept in great circles.

The aircraft wallowed. The pilot had received a wound, a machine gun bullet through his right shoulder, and he felt sick. The navigator had escaped unscathed as had the rest of the crew, but how had the aircraft fared? No controls shot away? No—all controls worked. The damage was there; the captain knew it. Suddenly the odor of raw gasoline was wafted into the ship. Everyone's eyes shot to the tank gauges, the fuel pressures. Fuel pressure O.K. The gasoline gauge? That much fuel had not been used; there was half a tank left. The navigator switched to the other tanks. My God! Three wing tanks were emptying! Was one tank left? The bomb bay, of course, had been badly punctured, but yes, one tank was O.K.! Truth was indeed stranger than fiction. Quickly the navigator computed the amount of gas left in the tank, the consumption of engines and the distance from home. Hurrah! enough gas, with a little to spare; no emergency landings at the nearest airport, the giant bomber could proceed to its home base.

Rapidly batting the key, the Wag sent a signal to Headquarters reporting the position of the enemy ship and its condition. The convoy was over the hill and in no danger from interception from the message. Then with a last look at the crippled boat, the aircraft left for home. The navigator was flying the ship now; the captain had been removed to the couch and had received first aid from the air gunner and was resting quietly. With time for reflection, the air gunner felt elated; he had used his guns to excellent advantage and had probably prevented much more serious damage to his aircraft. Very well had he fulfilled his heritage from his brothers-in-trade on flights over Berlin.

With steady flight, using gasoline from the punctured tanks until nearly empty, and finally the uninjured tank, the bomber droned home. Every man, including the injured captain, would have loved to stay with the battleship to see the finish which must come soon. However, all realized the tremendous ovation each would receive on return home, and the envious thoughts of crews left at home, there, that early morning.

Then came the final step in the epoch-making flight. Home base lazily swung below as the giant bomber flew low over, waiting permission to land. The crew could see, below on the ground, the ambulance awaiting the wounded captain and the men, like ants scurrying, to be the first to welcome the heroes as they hit the deck and taxied home. Permission to land, and down swung the bomber; and with several bounces and scruffing of braked wheels the navigator brought the huge machine to a stop in front of the hangar—not a crew man moved. They were home, yes—but once again each was a mere earthling. Each remembered leaving the field that early morning on a mere routine job, a boring journey. How futile this seemed, leaving their beds so early. Then came the action—where each became a hero, where each had an important part to do, a part indispensable to Britain's freedom and freedom for people to live as individualistic as they wished. Now the crew had returned home, where once again life would assume a monotonous existence until the Beast be driven out of the world as Beasts must be from time to time while time exists. Each man would be a hero for several days, for memory is a fickle mistress. The moment passed—the captain was gently moved and laid in the ambulance. The air gunner, the wireless operator and the navigator were assisted from the machine, each to make his report to his Commanding Officer—the remainder of the day became history. The Station, to a man, exam-

ined the aircraft, poked fingers in the bullet holes, used their imagination to re-live the battle. Senior officers hinted at medals for the crew, which later became a fact. Later in the afternoon reports came in of a gigantic naval battle in which the German boat had been sunk. That night a celebration was held in the Squadron Canteen at which the crew, minus the captain, became guests of honor, to tell their story. Later came congratulations from Headquarters; and from England for Canada's part in the destruction of the enemy. So ends the great epic story. Patrol bombers had flown many tedious miles, were to fly many more, to no seeming purpose, but on this, their great day, events had proven their usefulness and purpose. So hats off to the North Atlantic Squadron.

—J. S. W., in *The Gander*,

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### Daily Routine of Equipment Assistants as Told by a Few Well Known Hymns

- 0600 Reveille—"Christians Awake."
- 0645 Roll Call—"Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid?"
- 0700 Breakfast—"Meekly Wait and Murmur Not."
- 0740 Inspection—"When He Cometh."
- 0800 Lectures—"Here We Suffer Grief and Pain."
- 1100 Drill—"We Plough the Fields and Scatter."
- 1200 Dinner—"Come, Ye Thankful People, Come."
- 1315 Roll Call—"Abide With Me."
- 1330 Lectures—"Tell Me the Old, Old Story."
- 1700 Dismissal—"Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow."
- 1715 Supper—"What Means This Eager, Anxious Throng."
- 1800 Duty Watch—"While Shepherds Watch Their Flock by Night."
- 1815 Weekly Passes—"Oh, Lord, How Happy We Shall Be."
- 2000 Return to Barracks—"Lead, Kindly Light."
- 2005 Tattoo—"All Are Safely Gathered In."
- 2030 Lights Out—"The Day Thou Gavest, Lord, Is Ended."

—Submitted by Course No. 2 (Equipment)  
—now dispersed.

\* \* \*

"You cannot prevent the birds of sorrow from flying over your head, but you can prevent them from building nests in your hair."—A Chinese Proverb.

# TECHNICAL TOPICS

## RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT IN AIRCRAFT

### COMPRESSED IMPREGNATED TIMBER

(The following article, by R. M. Lloyd, is reproduced in condensed form from "The Aeroplane")

One effect of the war has been to focus attention anew upon wood construction for military aircraft, upon the disadvantages of natural wood and upon the recently developed material which seeks to overcome these—compressed impregnated timber.

The following notes deal briefly with the advantages of the improved over the natural material, and summarize experience gained in the design and construction of spars, bulkheads and other components for an actual aeroplane.

The material used was "Compregnated Timber," manufactured by Saro Laminated Wood Products Limited, and was chosen from the several similar products available as having the most suitable mechanical properties for the project in view. A.M. Spec. D.T.D. 370 covers this product, which is made from Canadian yellow birch, cut into veneers approximately  $\frac{1}{16}$ " thick, saturated in a solution of urea formaldehyde resin and compressed under heat to a specific gravity of 1. Design strength figures, together with those of natural spruce and walnut, are set out in the table, Fig 1.

FIG. 1

	Spruce (DTD 36B grade "A")	Compreg. Timber (Saro)	Walnut
Specific Gravity.....	.4	1.0	.6
Weight per cubic foot (lb.)	.45	.62	.62
Tensile strength, along grain (lb. sq. in.).....	10,000	23,000*	14,400
Compression strength, along grain (lb. sq. in.).....	5,000	19,000*	7,000
Compression strength, side grain (lb. sq. in.).....	600	7,000	1,700
Shear strength, along grain (for bolted joints).....	800	2,000	1,000
Young's modulus "E".....	$1.5 \times 10^6$	$3 \times 10^6$	$1.5 \times 10^6$

#### Some Properties of Spruce, Compregnated Timber and Walnut

\* Experience suggests use of a slightly lower figure for Tensile strength, but that a higher Compression value may safely be used.

These data show that its chief advantages over spruce are greater tensile strength (although there is little gain in specific tensile

strength) and substantially better specific compressive strength. In addition there can be virtually no shrinkage under any conditions, side grain bearing strength is greatly increased and there is a corresponding improvement in bolt bearing values.

Against these advantages must be offset the chief disadvantages of reduced tensile strength at bolt holes (to about 65%), of the greater care required in making glued joints, and of more difficult working qualities as compared with those of teak. Tensile strengths as high as 30,000 lb. per square inch are quite com-

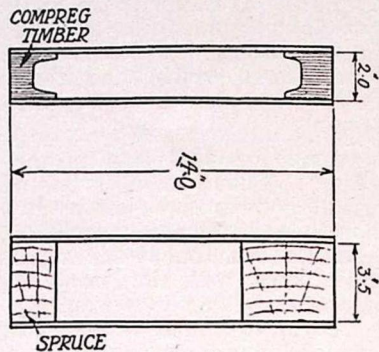


FIG. 2

monly obtained with this specification, but these cannot safely be used for design purposes, as there is at present a variation of strength through the thickness of the block.

#### Spar Design

The common box form of spar would appear to be as satisfactory as any, the compressed wood booms arranged with the veneers parallel to the plane of the spar webs, as this gives the best conditions for gluing to the webs and for the insertion of joint bolts which are then perpendicular to the veneers. The webs are normal birch ply manufactured with the usual Bakelite film glue.

A further gain in structural efficiency, beyond that caused by the superior mechanical properties becomes quickly apparent when a spar is schemed out to carry a relatively high bending moment. It is then evident that because of the small boom areas required the centroids are farther apart for a given spar depth than in the corresponding spruce spar. A hypothetical comparison is given in Fig. 2;

the relative weights per foot for the booms would be 2.5 lb. (compressed timber) and 3.8 lb. (spruce).

In general a reduction in width to 66 per cent of the width of the equivalent spruce spar could be made—a valuable economy where space is required for installation of wing engines or the housing of fuel and oil tanks.

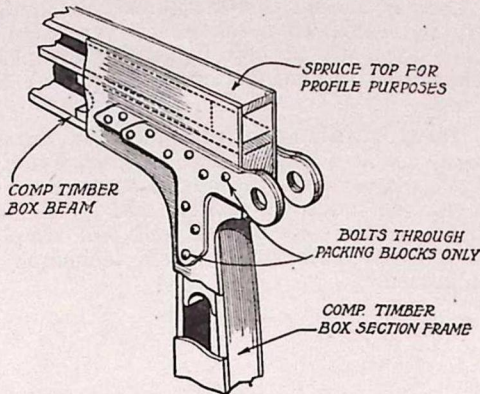


FIG. 3

The main bulkheads of a fuselage, where wing spar and undercarriage attachments occur, are points where compressed timber can be used with advantage, and Fig 3 shows a typical application. Here the main joint pin is unavoidably offset outside the vertical side member, resulting in a high bending moment in the cross member. This is easily dealt with by a box-beam having compressed timber booms and ply webs. The side member through which the wing-shear is balanced by the shear in the outer skin is similarly dealt with. Note the absence of bolts through the booms.

Apart from its use in the design of main components, there are numerous points where a compressed wood packing can profitably be used as a substitute for walnut and where economy will result because of its superior properties. The attachment of an aileron or flap bracket to the face of a spar would be a case in point. Here high bolt bearing values are often needed, together with a good side grain bearing strength to deal with the compression force of the shear couple. The block must, of course, be thick enough to spread the load adequately over the ply and spruce.

#### The Use of Glue

On the grounds of chemical similarity and because it is unaffected by moisture, the best adhesive for the attachment of ply to compressed timber would appear to be a synthetic resin glue. A series of tests covering every likely combination of compressed timber to

spruce and plywood with casein glue and with a number of resin glues gave consistently satisfactory results, some of the resin glues exceeding 1,500 lb. per square inch.

Unfortunately, in the present state of its development, the technique of application is so exacting in regard to mixing of the hardener, surface preparation, spreading and clamping, as to render it unsuitable for use on large components under production conditions. In view of this a casein glue appears preferable, pending developments in resin adhesives. The adhesion between the timber and plywood with casein is generally satisfactory, but under critical conditions, such as the formation of tension-fields in the webs under test, it is not quite so good as when used with spruce, the resulting pucker tending to cause separation of the webs and booms. If the usual 250 lb. per square inch is kept in spar design there is no evidence that any trouble will occur.

#### Workshop Points

Machine tools designed for use with natural wood—circular saws, band saws, planing machines and spindle moulders—can be used equally well on compressed timber, although generally the tool edges will require more frequent attention. Extra care is needed when spindling to see that the timber does not “take charge” near the end of the cut, resulting in the loss of the operative’s fingers.

The normal hand tools can also be used, but the work is more laborious.

If a complete spar or bulkhead employs compressed timber booms and shear blocks, together with spruce posts, glue fillets and soldiers, then hand planing of the complete assembly before gluing on the webs is not satisfactory. The reason is that, however careful the operative may be, the plane iron will invariably bite more deeply into the spruce, and the result will be bad gluing at these points. When conditions permit, the ideal way to prepare an assembly of this nature is to hold the boom skeleton in a strong jig which leaves one face free and to pass it through a rotary sander. This gives a perfectly flat surface ready for gluing, and it is also a very quick process. Where this method is not applicable the best compromise is to hand-finish by scraping the whole assembly to a common level.

Another most important point when mixing compressed timber and spruce in one assembly is the thorough drying of the spruce before gluing. If this be neglected the spruce will subsequently shrink, and where it is adjacent to the compressed timber, which does not shrink, bad gluing is almost bound to result.

Drilling is best done with ordinary metal twist drills (not centre bits or twist bits) run at a good speed. The resultant hole is free from the raggedness found in drilling spruce and bolt holes need therefore only be .005 inch to .010 inch above nominal diameter where an important attachment occurs. Reaming may be employed at critical points, but this is a luxury generally dispensed with.

### Summary

Undoubtedly there is a wide field of usefulness for compressed resin-impregnated timber in the design of aircraft structures, and this will be broadened as development tends to give the material improved and stabilized mechanical properties. For spar design the production of a material of slightly lower specific gravity might be desirable, provided it would give similar tensile and compressive strengths of around 20,000 lb. per square inch.

\* \* \*

The chief gain would appear to lie in giving a much neater and denser solution to spar design problems, with a definite economy in weight and space where high bending moments are present. Its secondary advantage is economy in bolts at mechanical joints and at all points where high bearing strength is required.

Care is needed in its application, particularly in regard to notch effect, reduction of tensile strength at bolt holes, non-shrinkage (when used in conjunction with spruce) and gluing.

There is little doubt that the most suitable glue to use is a synthetic resin glue, but here there is also room for development work to provide an adhesive which will give more latitude in the workshops, and will simplify the present rather elaborate technique of application.

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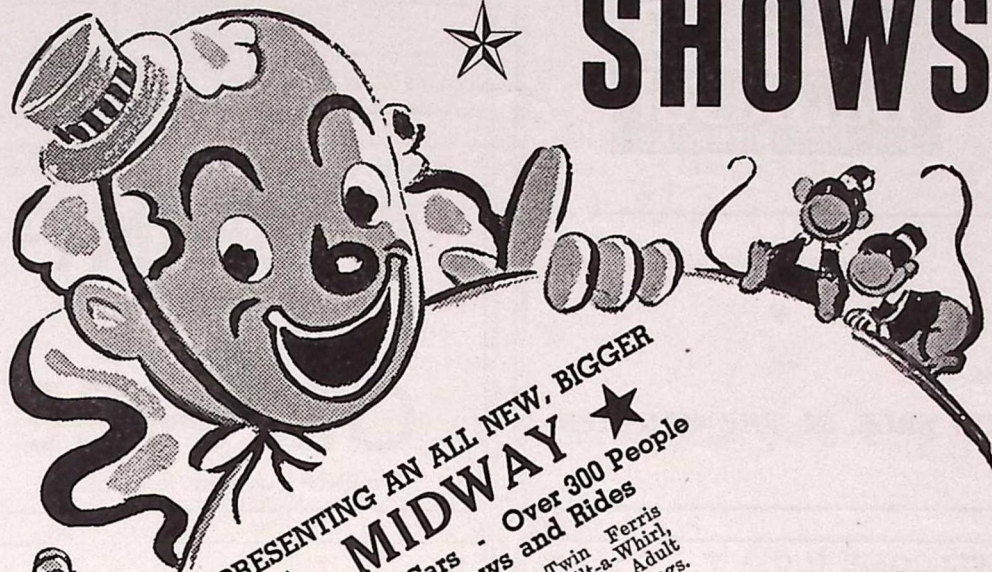
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—"WINGS," YORKTON, SASK.

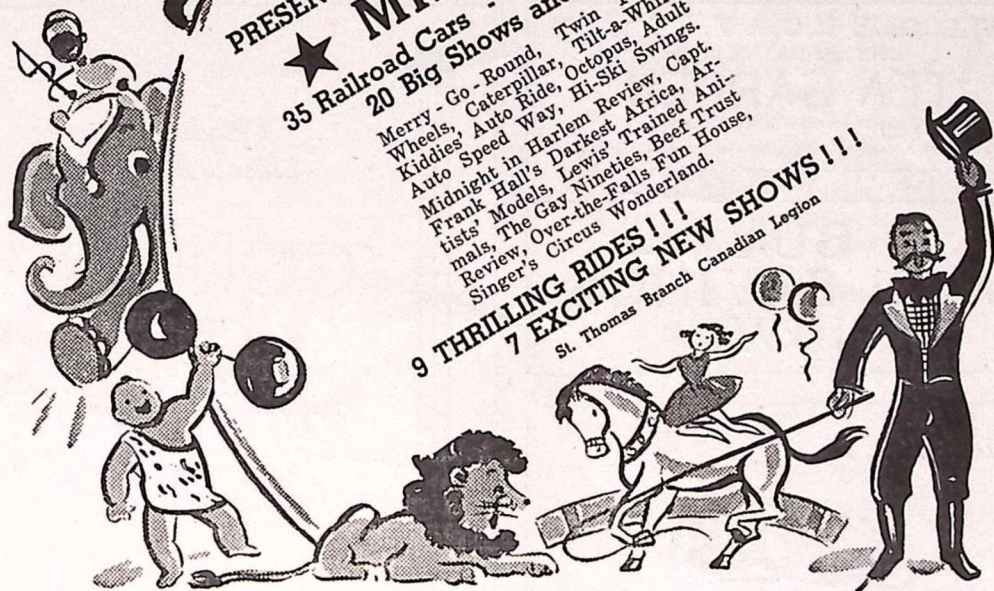
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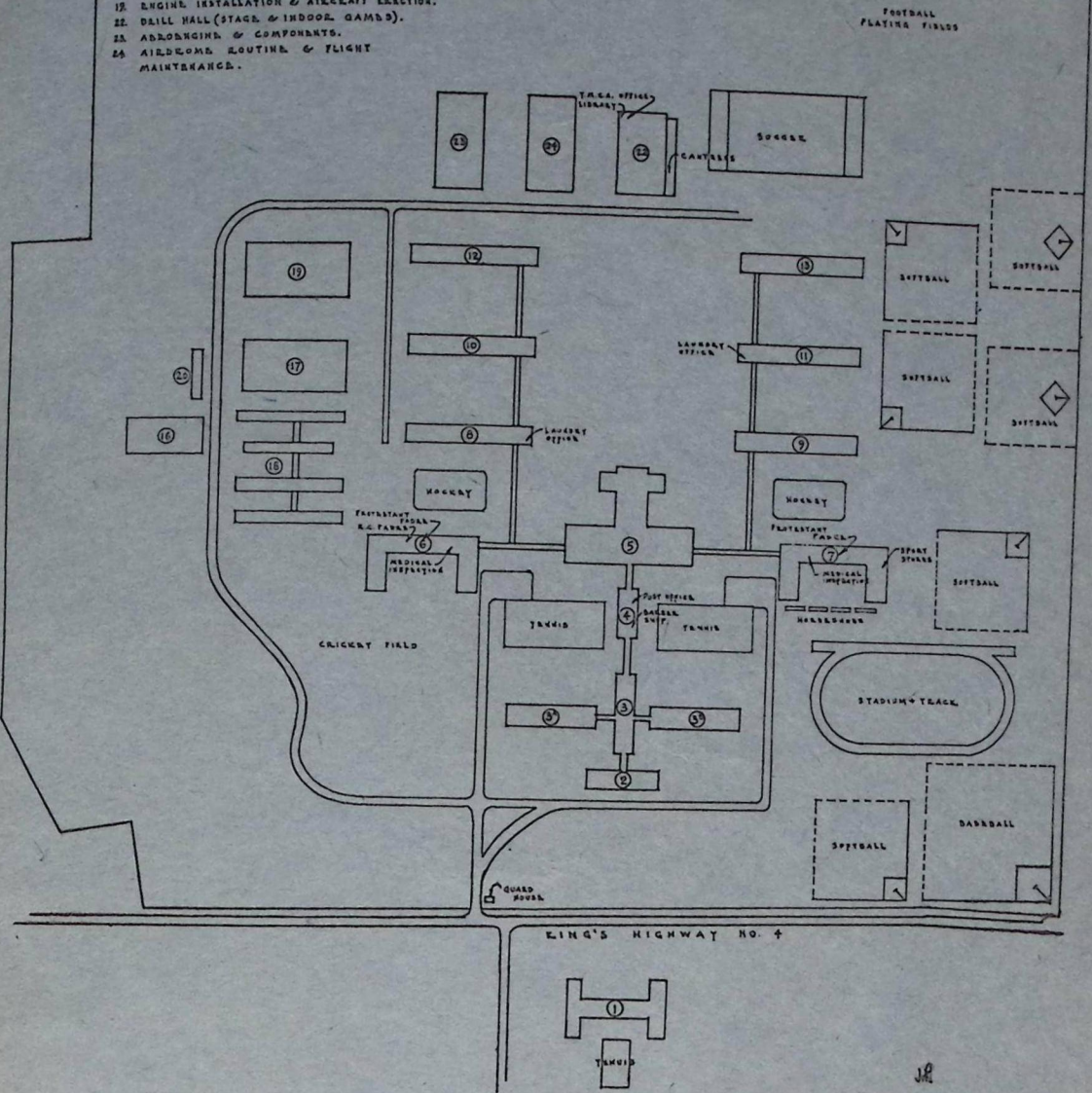
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