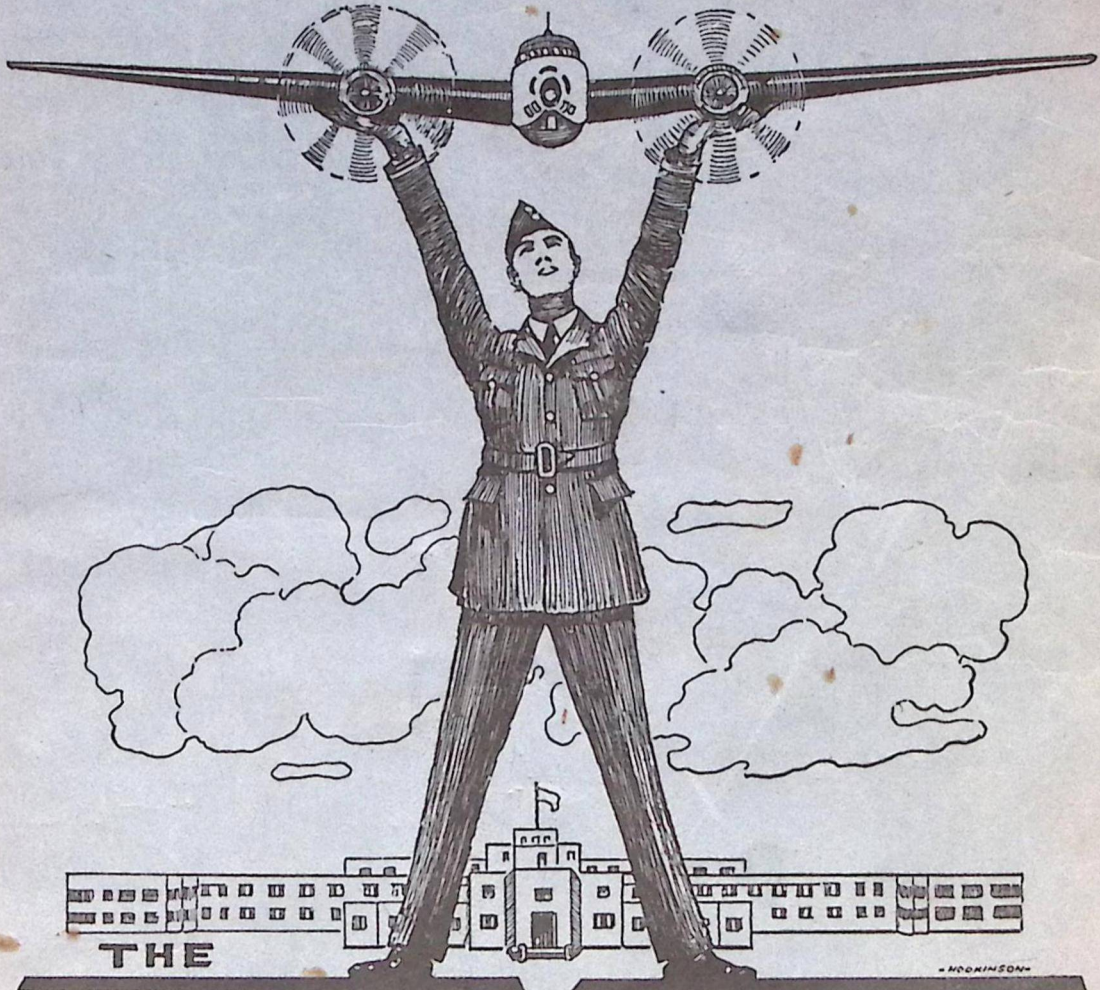


# THE Aircraftman

VOL. 2 - NO. 12

JULY 1942



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

B4 Sqn/St Thomas



## 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

Cpl. Campbell (Chairman)  
Cpl. Weaver (President)  
Cpl. Sawyer (Secretary-Treasurer)

### Airmen's Mess

Wg. Comdr. N. McLeod (President)  
F.O. W. H. Pooler (Secretary)

### Sports

Flt. Lt. G. H. Ross (President)  
F.O. J. M. Harris (Treasurer)  
S. M. McLennan, Y.M.C.A. (Secretary)

### Recreation Hall Committee

Flt. Lt. W. E. Cayley (President)

### P. S. I.

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

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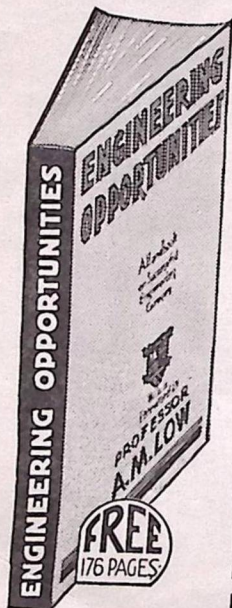
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# THE AIRCRAFTMAN

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

VOL. 2 - JULY 1942 - NO. 12



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Editor No. 2 Wing - R. C. Good (Associate Supervisor for Y.M.C.A. Services)

Technical Editor - Sqn. Ldr. A. A. Peebles

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E. & A.T.S. - W.O.2 King, H. G.

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What people think out for themselves  
they do not easily forget.





The Picture of The Month



*“ . . . While the Sun Shines ”*

*G. W. Burrell*



« « EDITORIALS » »

**"Welfed"**

Attention has been drawn to the fact that approximately 44% of the young men of Canada called for service with the armed forces have been found unfit by the examining boards, and also to the fact that on any one day there are as many as 50,000 Canadian workmen idle through sickness. This is food for thought for us all. To win this war it is essential that we all have vigorous health. Sickness is one of our most potent enemies. Let us therefore guard our health with every means at our disposal. Be temperate in all things and get sufficient rest to help rebuild your bodies daily.

One of the prime sources of the above-mentioned conditions is lack of proper nourishment.

It has been positively known that in this broad Dominion of Canada, which has such an abundance of various kinds of foodstuffs that a proportion of the population still suffers from malnutrition.

In some cases, perhaps, this is due to poverty, but in most cases it is due to ignorance of the proper principles of what to eat.

In every civilized country today attention is being paid to the health of the people and here in the R.C.A.F., as never before, every chance is given all ranks to study this subject. Food charts are posted up for study — discussion takes place from time to time — the R.C.A.F. medical service constantly are supervising the supply personnel, chefs, cooks, messing officers and staff, make this work their constant study.

Trained dietitians are now part of the R.C.A.F. messing organization and will play a still more prominent role as times goes on.

War at best is a bad business. If it is to be won and finished soon, a strong, vigorous nation — men, women and children — is demanded.

Furthermore, it is in the best interests of every living person, and especially farmers, to see that nutritional needs are met. This policy, if followed through, will rapidly cause the unsaleable farm products surpluses to disappear.

\* \* \*

Once upon a time there was a Ministry of Information carrier pigeon. And as it was flying leisurely to its destination it was jolted by a second pigeon, which bawled: "Get a move on. I've got the denial."

**The Visit of His Excellency the Earl of Athlone, Governor-General of Canada, and Her Royal Highness the Princess Alice**

June 13th will long be remembered at the Technical Training School for it was on that day His Excellency the Earl of Athlone visited the Station and made a tour of inspection. The guard of honour who received him certainly did a good job and we are proud of them. The band was in its best form and played during the parade and at lunch time. In fact, every feature worked smoothly and to perfection and we feel certain that His Excellency took away a favourable impression of our School. It was a great day for T.T.S. and our only regret is that our distinguished visitors had such a short time to spend in our midst.

\* \* \*

**The Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and Mrs. Matthews**

While fulfilling an engagement at Alma College, the Honourable Albert Matthews, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and Mrs. Matthews found time to pay a visit to T.T.S. on Friday, June 5th. Like that of our other distinguished guests, this visit was short, but permitted time for the Lieutenant-Governor to have lunch on the Station and to make a rather hurried tour of inspection. We hope that soon again they will be able to come back and stay longer. We have a great School here and we want everyone to know it.

\* \* \*

**"Share the Wealth"**

The T.T.S. was fortunate in having the famous programme "Share the Wealth" broadcast from here on Saturday, June 13th. The Drill Hall was well filled (why shouldn't it be with the prospect of \$300.00 for some lucky Airman) long before the programme was scheduled to begin. Lady Luck, however, apparently did not attend this particular broadcast as the Airman did not manage to share the wealth. However, orchids to the Airwomen who saved our faces and answered right up smartly and promptly and carried off their share of the loot. This is the first time we have had such a programme and now that we know what it is all about we hope to have more, and believe me the next time they will not take so much money away.



**In Appreciation**

(Can.) R71614  
 FLT. SGT. PATTERSON, D. B.,  
 ( ) Sqdn. R.A.F.  
 R.C.A.F. Overseas.

T.T.S. Girls and Y.M.C.A. Dance Committee,  
 Technical Training School,  
 St. Thomas, Ontario.

(Boy, that's a long address.)

Many, many thanks for the cigarettes received through the Y.M.C.A. man. I am writing on behalf of all the Canadians in this Squadron—about 35 of us. The "Y" man was around the other night to show us a movie. He left some softball equipment and a flock of cigarettes with the enclosed card. The boys greatly appreciate them.

When we became attached to the R.A.F. here instead of operating with our own squadrons, we thought at first we might be forgotten—but that has proved to be anything but correct. The folks back home really look after us—both through the "Y" and our own friends.

None of us come from St. Thomas—there is one from Windsor, three or four from Toronto, about five from Montreal, and the balance from the Maritimes and far West. I come from Owen Sound.

We fly in the big—really big—bombers, and to use Air Force slang—they are absolutely "wizard."

The boys have made several trips over "Jerryland"—and they are doing a swell job.

Again thanking you for the fags, we remain your pals for life,

THE CANADIANS  
 of ( ) Squadron

\* \* \*

**RIGHT IS NOT MIGHT**

One of the results of this war has been the scrapping of outmoded theories and practices. During the past two years many theories have been discredited, many fallacies exposed. Ideas that were considered practical five years ago are now regarded as unfeasible and unreal. Our enemies have made us think, have opened our minds, have made us ponder and contemplate the wisdom of concepts we once considered sound.

One theory, which fortunately we are getting rid of, is an obstinate belief that right will prevail, that virtue will triumph over all, that wickedness and viciousness haven't a chance. Such an ideal state is merely a possibility. It is not a reality. It is what the United Nations are striving for. In the not too distant future it may be attained, but so far in this

war we have no assurance that goodness and decency cannot lose. We have no proof yet that right is might. On the contrary, there is unmistakable evidence that the jungle law of survival of the fittest is the one that has prevailed up to now.

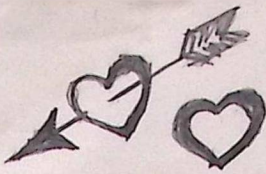
Righteousness applied judiciously can be a tremendous spur to effort. The conviction that one is right can make a fighting demon out of an habitually peaceful man. Righteous indignation, properly controlled, can be useful, but untempered with zestful purpose it can be a millstone. It can too easily be substituted for genuine effort. Many, perhaps far too many, words have been spoken about the virtue of our cause. Too many people, organizations and individuals alike have been and are yet imbued with the stubborn conviction that decency and morality will come out on top, whether we struggle fiercely for our existence or not.

Luckily, that viewpoint is on its way out. Slowly the trend is turning toward a realization of the cold, hard fact that this war can only be won by violence. Platitudes might bolster the courage of some, principles and convictions may sometimes fire determination, but it will take work to win this war. One good pilot who has the skill, the weapons and the will to kill is worth countless words on the subject of who is right or wrong. One Aircraftman who can keep his fighters safely in the air is worth his salt whether he has any views on world morality or not.

The world is upset. A great upheaval is in process which no one understands. Precepts of philosophy and morality are no longer easy to apply. Some of our kindly notions are in direct conflict with nature itself. Many of our ideas, and some of our principles may yet turn out to be impracticable. One thing, however, is certain: this war will be won by action, not by words. If each fighting and working man concentrates intensely on his particular job, then, with what energy he has left, throws in a little righteous indignation for good measure, he will be doing his best. And no one asks for more.

We are right. For the duration we shall be constantly and insistently reminded of this by speakers and writers. Not many will doubt it. Fewer still will forget that bloody days lie ahead, that fierce blows must be delivered, that many thousands must yet die before justice is done. The platitudes, the thoughtless conclusions, the fast disappearing wishful thinking, will all be appraised and considered according to their true value. Good intentions, which we know we have, will not win this war. Good work, good flying, good fighting will.





## THE AIRCRAFTMAN

# STATION ACTIVITIES



### MEDALISTS FOR MONTH OF MAY

#### Silver Medal

FLT. SGT. MAYBIE, J. E. (R60314)  
Awarded for sports promotion.

#### Honour Medalists

Entry	
98 A.E.M.	R156594 - A.C.2 Heer, D. H.
98 A.F.M.	R156658 - A.C.2 Burnham, W. D.
93 A.F.M. (MR)	R128332 - A.C.1 Neubert, K. J.
21 Electrician	R131455 - A.C.2 Fisher, J. E.
97 A.E.M.	R145679 - A.C.2 Stewart, R.
97 A.F.M.	R156661 - A.C.2 Graff, J. E.
25 Instr. Mkr.	R150613 - A.C.2 Morrison, N. W.
99 A.E.M.	R142920 - A.C.2 Haas, H.
99 A.F.M.	R156626 - A.C.2 Bornhold, R. F.
94 A.F.M. (MR)	R145530 - A.C.1 Gilpin, W. W. R.
27 Instr. Repairer	R142429 - A.C.2 Davies, G. C.
100 A.E.M.	R154540 - A.C.2 Rasmussen, H. H.
100 A.F.M.	R152082 - A.C.2 Thorpe, S. B.
95 A.F.M. (MR)	R146218 - A.C.1 Harmon, D. W.
Course	
4 Hosp. Assist.	W303336 - A.W.2 Magee, C. S.
3 Equip. Assist.	W303320 - A.W.2 Fulton, G. E.

#### Sports Medals

##### SOFTBALL

##### No. 1 Squadron, 2 Wing

Entry	
97 A.M.W.	R156663 - A.C.1 Grayer, D.
97 A.F.M.	R156666 - A.C.2 Gillet, J. C.
103 A.F.M.	R158581 - A.C.2 Wetherup, N. O.
103 A.F.M.	R157209 - A.C.2 Langner, A.
97 A.F.M.	R156669 - A.C.2 Graham, H. W.
97 A.F.M.	R152095 - A.C.2 Weale, R. E.
97 A.F.M.	R156678 - A.C.2 Hickey, J. R.
93 A.M.W.	R134995 - A.C.1 Dunn, M B.

94 A.M.W.	R152023 - A.C.1 Dowell, J. T.
Discip.	R105359 - Cpl. Jay, G.

#### TENNIS

##### No. 2 Squadron, 2 Wing

Entry	
Tech. N.C.O.	R85277 - Cpl. Bjork, M. R.
Discip.	R122501 - Cpl. Brown, R. W.
Tech. N.C.O.	R71859 - Cpl. Charlton, J. D.
101 A.F.M.	R118493 - A.C.2 Sibley, C. A.
101 A.F.M.	R151702 - A.C.2 Perry, J. C.
107 A.F.M.	R158880 - A.C.2 Irwin, G. R.
107 A.F.M.	R158887 - A.C.2 Marcellus, K. C.
105 A.F.M.	R158011 - A.C.2 Cook, G. E.

\* \* \*

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

#### TUESDAY

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

#### THURSDAY

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

#### FRIDAY

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

#### SATURDAY

- 2000 Hrs.—Movie, Drill Hall.



**Drill Trophy**

After sundry vicissitudes No. 1 Squadron, 2 Wing was successful in winning the Drill Trophy for the month of May. Congratulations, F.O. Boyes and No. 1 Squadron, 2 Wing.

\* \* \*

**Women's Auxiliary**

The Women's Auxiliary of the Technical Training School are approaching the end of a very busy and happy winter and spring season. Under the able leadership of their President, Mrs. H. A. Peacock, much has been accomplished in cementing friendship and co-operation among the wives of the Airmen, N.C.O's and Officers of the Station.

The chief activity of the Auxiliary has been the preparation of layettes for the wives of Airmen in less fortunate circumstances. The ladies have also found time to give voluntary service at the Refreshment Canteen in the Airmen's Recreation Hall. This Canteen has become so busy that it has been necessary to double the number of members who are on duty during the first shift. In like manner, profits at the Canteen are increasing favourably. These are used for the benefit of Airwomen and Airmen through the P.S.I. The Convenor, Mrs. W. E. Cayley, wishes to thank all the old members and the twenty-six new members, who have volunteered, either for regular duty or substitute duty (and in many cases both) for their splendid co-operation since her recent appointment. The Convenor hopes that the members will continue in this loyal support of the Coffee Bar, especially during the coming summer months, when so many go on leave.

Many of the members of the Auxiliary have also availed themselves of a First Aid Course under the able tuition of Wg. Comdr. H. A. Peacock, ably seconded by Mrs. D. Dunning, R.N.

During the summer season the chief activities of the Auxiliary will be carried on by its Branch Organization at Port Stanley. Members may continue to use the War Service Room on Thursdays at the Y.W.C.A. for a friendly get-together, the business meetings having been dispensed with for the summer.

\* \* \*

**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.

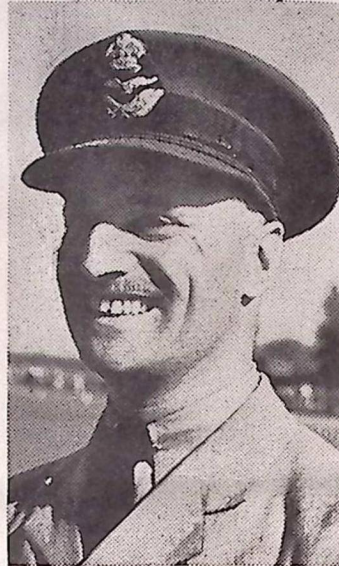
If you are on duty the Hostess will meet your family at the train and see that they are comfortably settled.

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.

\* \* \*

**SO LONG, SIR!**



*Sqn. Ldr. H. N. C. Williams, the Officer longest on the Station, was posted to Trenton on June 1. Officers give him a send-off.*

\* \* \*

- At present in Canada the Y.M.C.A. operates in
- 52 permanent Y.M.C.A. buildings
- 24 Red Triangle Clubs
- 161 Forts and Outposts
- 34 Army Camps and Barracks
- 12 Army and Air Force Hospitals
- 18 Naval Bases
- 99 Air Schools

A total of 400 points of operation. Since September, 1939, a total of 29,604,790 services have been rendered in this country and in Newfoundland.

**BERLIN BACKCHAT**

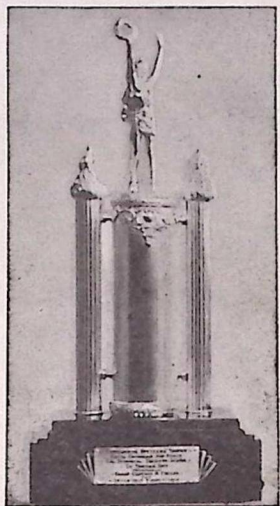
A neutral, visiting Berlin, was curious about the food situation. He turned to a native, who was acting as his guide, and asked: "Is it true that Germans are eating horse meat?"

"Ah", reminisced the Nazi, "those were the good old days!"



« « SPORTS » »

COMMANDING OFFICER'S TROPHY



Never has the race for the Commanding Officer's Trophy Series been as keen as it was in May. After getting off to an extremely bad start, due to so much wet weather, the competition really settled down and became a struggle right to the last night. No. 1 Squadron, 2 Wing finished off the schedule in first place; hard on their heels came No. 2 Squadron, 2 Wing, which won tennis. The lacrosse remained unfinished, but when the schedule was completed it was found that the same two teams were tied both for the lacrosse and for the trophy. A sudden-death game had to be played to decide the winner. That game was a battle royal. Finally, No. 1 Squadron, 2 Wing came through to win the game, the Commanding Officer's Trophy and the Lacrosse Medals. Congratulations to No. 1 Squadron, 2 Wing.

\* \* \*

Cricket

Cricket in this area is for the most part played under the auspices of the Southwestern Ontario Cricket League, of which our Commanding Officer, Wg. Comdr. Keens, is a patron.

Though the number of men actually participating in the game may be small, there are quite a number interested, so we point out that

games will be played at T.T.S. as follows:

- July 5 — St. George's
- July 12 — R.C.O.C., London  
(Ont. Hosp. Grounds)
- July 19 — Clinton
- July 26 — Woodstock

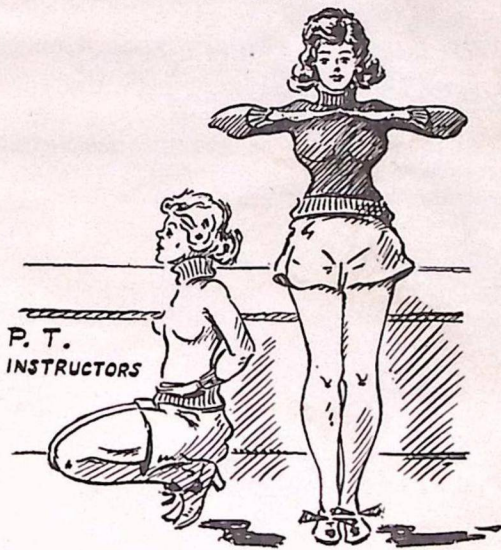
\* \* \*

On one occasion President Roosevelt returned to the capital after a whirlwind tour that would have knocked out most other men. It didn't even fatigue him. His new aide, looking at him in awe, asked: "Mr. President, how do you accomplish so much without getting weary?"

The President stared out the car window in silence for a few moments and then said: "You're looking at a man who spent two years trying to learn how to wiggle his big toe again."

We all make mistakes, of course, but we don't have to respond to an encore.

\* \* \*



P. T. INSTRUCTORS

*K. Dyball*

THE SOLUTION TO THE  
P.T. PROBLEM. NOTE (FOUR  
AIRMEN KILLED IN THE RUSH TO  
GET ON P.T. PARADE.)



« T.T.S. Air Women's Section »

OUR STAFF

Miss Ward, our officer, so trim and sedate,  
She cancels our passes whenever we're late,  
But she does it so nicely, with such a sweet  
smile,  
That we have to forgive her, although it's a  
trial.

Miss Bristol, assistant, our joy and our pride,  
Thro' the mazes of drill forms she has been  
our guide.

She's pretty and charming—to us it's alarming  
How all A.C.2's want to be her prince charming.

Sergeant Magoon, so dark and vivacious,  
Although stern she's really quite gracious;  
She inspects all our rooms and drops notes on  
her way;

We'll think of her often, thro' many a day.

Sinclair, our corporal, we all think she's grand;  
Whenever we're stuck, she lends us a hand;  
She waits up at nights to turn out the light,  
So give her a cheer with all of your might.

Corporal Robertson, so small and petite,  
Whenever we're late her smile is so sweet;  
You'd think she was shy, but you should just  
hear her yell:

Read the notice board or you will get *the  
dickens!*

To our Ma'am and corporals and sergeant too  
We all say "good-bye" to each of you.

Our instructors are swell, we'll miss them too,  
But we all must go—we've a big job to do.

\* \* \*

Good-bye, T.T.S.

Good-bye to this Station we call T.T.S.,  
The drill hall, the blue room, the mess;  
We're posted this week, wherever it be  
(I can just feel it coming—Mossbank for me!)  
Gone will be luxuries of two to a room,  
Those yellow-tiled showers, gone all too soon.  
This time next week I'll be wishing I knew  
A few of the lectures I calmly dozed through;  
When I'm muddling thro' Pay or Equipment  
I'll be

Wishing I were just a care-free G. D.

—A.W.2 TAYLOR, M. L.

Exclusive to Equipment Assistants

"Voucher" looking so pained for?

"Issue" not happy in the service?

After getting one look at the Equipment précis and the folder of voucher forms, we all started to hum the Equipment Assistants' theme song "Somebody Else Will Be Taking My Place." There's one thing about living in barracks with a large group of girls: you get a new slant on sleeping habits. There are the chin-in-hand type who slump forward in a sudden nose dive as Morpheus overtakes them; then we have the forehead-on-wrist-watch type (this method is inclined to interfere with regular breathing as a précis page is liable to be sucked up by the intake). These sprawling beauties usually can be identified as they come to by the large gash across the forehead. The most subtle sleeping is done by the "inner aislers" who camouflage their unconscious condition by propping one shoulder and corresponding ear against the wall. On reacting to any loud noise or obvious nudge the only movement necessary is the raising of the eyelids, which can be done rapidly enough to give an appearance of starry-eyed alertness (later diagnosed as glassy-eyed). If you think these slumber routines look grotesque in a double bunk, you're right. They don't take place there! It's something about the soothing atmosphere of the lecture room that lulls us into the void. But "void" am I talking about? Who wants to sleep with such a fascinating instructor on the podium? Hands off, girls; he's exclusive to E. Flight, and besides, he's got to concentrate on his diet.

No snoring, please!

—A.W.2 FRASER, E. G.,  
Equip. Assist.,  
E. Flight.

\* \* \*

Favourite Sayings:

Cpl. Sinclair: "Hurr-ay up, 'D' Flight."

Cpl. Robertson: "Don't you *ever* read the notice board?"

A.W.2 Ford: "Were you talking to me?"

A.W.2 Avery: "For gosh sakes settle down."

A.W.2 Barnhardt: "How did you find that out?"

A.W.2 Greer: "I don't get it."



Cpl. Axford (meekly): "Shall we have a 15-minute study period now?"

W.O. King: "I reckon I wouldn't be knowing that."

A.W.2 Guterson: "But Flight, you asked me a question already."

\* \* \*

### Flight 5 Clerk Accountants

- C — is for the corporals who guide us in our way
- L — is for Leduc whose moustache curls each day
- E — is for the end—it got here on the double
- R — is for the registers that gave us all the trouble
- K — is for King who taught us pay accounting
  
- A — is for ambition—steadily amounting
- C — is for the naughty clerks who went out every night
- C — is for the other clerks who worked with all their might
- O — is for our Officers, they're hard to beat it's true
- U — is for the undone things we always meant to do
- N — is for the notes we took down by the ream
- T — is for the tables we must leave nice and clean
- A — is for answers we never seemed to know
- N — is for neatness that never seemed to show
- T — is for our trade, learned at T.T.S.
- S — is for St. Thomas, and here's to its success!

\* \* \*

An article in the May issue of *Reader's Digest*, quoting from *Time Magazine*, reads as follows:

"After painstaking research in the medical history of George Washington, Dr. Frederick A. Williams and Librarian Thomas E. Keyes of the Mayo Clinic revealed that, in the course of his 67-year life, Washington suffered from measles, diphtheria, smallpox, an infectious disease of uncertain 'nature', dysentery, malaria, rheumatism, pneumonia, a carbuncle, influenza, conjunctivitis, recurrent headaches, bad eyesight, a tremor of the hands, decaying teeth."

What a subject for sick parade! We wonder what category they would put him in today and we have read somewhere that he was by way of being somewhat of a soldier.

\* \* \*

### "D" Flight, Clerk Accountants

THE AIRCRAFTMAN must not be deprived of the latest Do's of the W.D. So amid the well-known jitters of postings and games we are making the supreme if not somewhat feeble effort to give you the last-minute flurry of news of "D" Flight—so here goes.

First, we all wish to say good-bye and good luck to S.O. Ward and know that wherever she goes it will be their gain and T.T.S.'s loss.

Flight "D" has a number of minor casualties to date, due to the "service before self" efforts of our Airwomen, e.g., one A.W.2 MacDonald trying to take a short cut from the upper bunk; result, one perfectly good broken wrist. Demonstrating how the W.D. throw themselves wholeheartedly into their work, one A.W.2 Newnham met her Waterloo in a rousing game of baseball; result, one perfectly good limping leg. Not to be outdone, one A.W.2 Greenfield, deciding the car isn't stopping soon enough, steps gamely out, off moving running board into one perfectly good hole, in fact too good; result, another perfectly good game leg.

The W.D. now have their life and belongings divided into two main categories, namely, issue and civilian, so the big problem now for one A.W.2 Good, B. (alias Red) is to decide what to wear, my issue of civilian raincoat (sh) my issue or civilian bathing cap, issue or civilian tooth brush, etc., until this gruesome orgy has even ranged to haircuts, we now have our own issue coiffures.

As you were previously warned, this is penned in the middle of posting jitters and, oh my, our poor shattered noives. The burning question now rushing through our befuddled minds: where are we going and with whom? Oh me, I am in such a stew I think this will be finis. So long, T.T.S. See you in Teeswater.

We noticed Flt. Sgt. Leduc insisted on calling the roll the other day. Could it be that the answer "Flight" sounded new to him? Congratulations, *Flt. Sgt. Leduc!*

\* \* \*

Sgt. Orhn—"Your a liar."

Sgt. Skidmore—"What did you say?"

Orhn—"Didn't you hear me?"

Skidmore—"If I had, I'da socked you in the jaw."



# AMONG THE SQUADRONS

## 1 SQUADRON, 1 WING

By A.C.2 Sutherland, Cecil

Getting back into the swing again, we are up on the top of the list for the Commanding Officer's Trophy. This compensates for the showing we made last month. Soccer has been added and the sports now number four.

To the new Entries, you are asked to give your full co-operation so that this Squadron may keep up the good work it has already done. Be sure to see Cpl. Breault and let him know what you are able to do and you will be given your chance to do your bit for the honor of the Squadron.

Our Senior N.C.O., Sgt. Gutsell, has just been posted to No. 1 Wireless School in Montreal. In the meantime we have secured two new P.T.I. men—Cpls. Crangle and Nezzor.

Sgt. Holland has just told us that P.O. Stirling has come to our Squadron to learn the rudiments of Squadron Routine. He certainly came to the right place!

### WE LIKE

—the way Sgt. Holland runs around like a wet hen on a hot johnny cake trying to keep everything running like a well-oiled machine. He's just like a mother with a big family who tries to do everything for her family.

—the easy familiarity with which that "little brown puppy" scampers around our halls.

—to see Cpl. Niece waxing the corridor floors. (He's a Discip., so you boys from the Pools take special note!)

\* \* \*

## 3 SQUADRON, 1 WING

### SQUADRON CHATTER

By A. W. J. Carroll

A welcome hand to Sgt. Sheercroft, Cpls. Powers and Levy, who have joined our Squadron as P.T. instructors and, as expected, they will handle all sports. We should have a nice showing this month, what with plenty of material to work with and a willingness to get into the game. Let's go, lads; we have a spot already picked out for the Commanding Officer's Trophy.

The staff's best wishes to Cpl. Hateley, who has been posted out West.

The past few weeks have seen several of our better-known Discip. N.C.O.'s posted; the remainder await their turn.

The Squadron's congenial clerk and an old-timer on the Station, A.C. Milot, took the leap and up and married himself off to a London lass. We figured for some time that this would be the outcome of those frequent visits to the neighbouring city. Everyone's best wishes!

THE AIRCRAFTMAN will be missing one of its oldest contributors in L.A.C. Bill Harland, who has been posted to Guelph Wireless. Bill was a charter member of the original AIRCRAFTMAN staff during its organizing stage, and has been a continuous contributor of "Plane Facts" and even the odd editorial. In the June number we noticed the well-known M. W. H. attached to that very good bit of fiction "Lead Swinger."

In passing, I might add that Bill was posted here with the originals in the fall of 1939 and we find his name on the nominal roll of this Squadron when it was first organized under the now W.O. McMasters.

To you from us, good luck to you, Bill. (We still hope to have Bill's contributions—Ed.)

Congrats are in order for the now Flt. Sgt. Maguire, Senior N.C.O. i/c of this Squadron.

I'm sure the personnel of No. 3 Squadron, and in fact the Station, will be pleased to know that A.C. Smith, who was seriously injured at the same time that Cpl. Shand was killed, is progressing nicely. However, he will be confined for some time yet to the Station Hospital. Keep your chin up, Smithy.

### The Lighter Side of Things

Back quite some time ago we reprinted a few extracts from letters received by the Ministry of Pensions. Here are a few more:

"Sir, you have changed my left arm into my right leg. Will it make any difference to my pension?"

"Sir, I am glad to tell you that my husband, who was to attend board next Friday, died last Wednesday."

"Sir, I have been in bed three weeks with Doctor Brown and I don't feel any better. Can I try Doctor Smith?"

"Sir, you asked me in your letter if I was born in Wedlock. No, I was born in a little Southern Ontario town."

Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
Who never yet has turned his head—and said,  
"Boy! What a blonde!"

### Add Corn

Calling the St. Thomas bus "TEXAS" because it Texas there and Texas back.

### Homespun

A fool there was who thought that he  
Could play with love and still be free;  
But alas alack the fool has lost  
And now forever he'll be bossed.  
(Those that win can take it as well.)

### Bay Gossip

A.C.2 Moore just out of the hospital being seen with a girl in white. Going from bad to nurse, Moore?

A.C.2 C'Shea blasting his theory for an easier working week. School from 1200 hours to 1300 hours and an hour off for lunch.



## THE AIRCRAFTMAN

A.C.2 Zone telling us that he is having trouble with his driving lately.

Flight Maguire saying: "Anyone here wanting a '48' just step forward."

Cpl. McLean saying: "Well lads, don't get up until ten if you are tired."

Doc Brown wondering about the bars (on the windows).

### ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

R Reach up and high into the sky,  
O O'er land and sea, take wing and fly;  
Y Your courageous heart will never die  
A As long as freemen are still alive;  
L Let our planes our fate decide.

C Come, ye men of British soil,  
A And hearken to a battle royal;  
N Never let the good flag down,  
A Alert and upward fighting on.  
D Down them with your bombs and guns,  
I Incessantly torment the Huns,  
A And let them know we're out to go—  
N Neath the clouds we'll steal the show.

A Away then, for bugles are calling,  
I In battle we'll see them falling;  
R Rise, oh birdman, with speed appalling.

F Fly then fast, oh mighty Airman,  
O O'er land and sea, plunge and attack them;  
R Reach up and high into the sky,  
C Count not the cost to do or die;  
E England expects . . . and we know why.

### THE LETHARGIC NINETY-NINTH

When those in high places threw up in our faces  
This Commonwealth Air Training Plan,  
They coughed up the strongest and seemingly the longest  
Training course yet sprung on man.

They gathered up bakers and candlestick makers,  
Parsons and butchers and such;  
There were some fresh from schools, some plain damn  
Together they didn't seem much. [fools,

They split them in sections, at each one's elections,  
Called for Aero Engine, Accountant or Cook,  
Shot them the schooling and made them quit fooling,  
And learn everything in the books.

They thought of it all, details great and small  
Were thought of and labelled with care;  
From censure they're free for could they forsee  
An Entry like Ninety-nine there.

Some learned it quickly, some learned it thickly,  
The progress some made was quite small;  
But nobody reckoned the Ninety-ninth  
Would make just no headway at all.

Their dihedral angles, just became hopeless tangles  
And incidence, so they seemed to think,  
Was some kind of event, not something that's meant  
To help an aircraft rise and sink.

The corporals go crazy and swear they're just lazy,  
And use words of inferior grades;  
The ignition instructors held nightly musters  
And marched them around the parade.

They'll soon hydraulics with hangover colics  
Mix with a subject as deep,

With the corporals' worst billet they'll try to instill it  
Or to keep them from falling to sleep.

But some day they'll get it and none will regret it,  
The corporals to see them get clear;  
And we'll do our cheering when orders come clearing  
The road that leads well out of here.

And we hope Mr. Churchill can just hold the fort till  
The old Ninety-ninth gets loose.  
We'll give him fat licks and one of the drum-sticks  
Of Hitler's much publicized goose.

—A. W. J. C.

### Sports

Once again the N.C.O. in charge of sports has been changed. We were handicapped by the recent illness of Cpl. Powers who had just got nicely into the run of things when he took sick. Our report for last month has not been very cheering, but we are going to be heard from this month, so watch our headlines.

Here's a tip for the duration: If you have any information about troops or planes or munitions, KEEP IT DARK.

Lives are lost through conversation. If you have private information, KEEP IT DARK.

Once again we bring this column to a close. We'll be back next month, we hope, with more news and doings in the Squadron. Until then, Happy Landings.

\* \* \*

## 1 SQUADRON, 2 WING

### RIGHT OFF THE LID BY THE THE HAIR-CUT KID

By L.A.C. Gibson

A lot of farewells and hello's have been the common talk in the Squadron in the past month, as we welcome a host of newcomers such as Pilot Officer Craig (a real sportsman), the return of Sgt. Brown, plus 4 new corporals, namely, Cpl. Shelton and Cpl. Rogers of the P.T.I., and Cpl. Crockett, another new Discip., also Cpl. Groff of the Equipment Section. "Come on in, men," and join the Squadron full of born leaders.

Sorry to see such good men as Cpl. Caruso and Sgt. Hodgins leave us, but best of luck to you, men, in your new surroundings and may all your worries be promotions.

### Around the Orderly Room

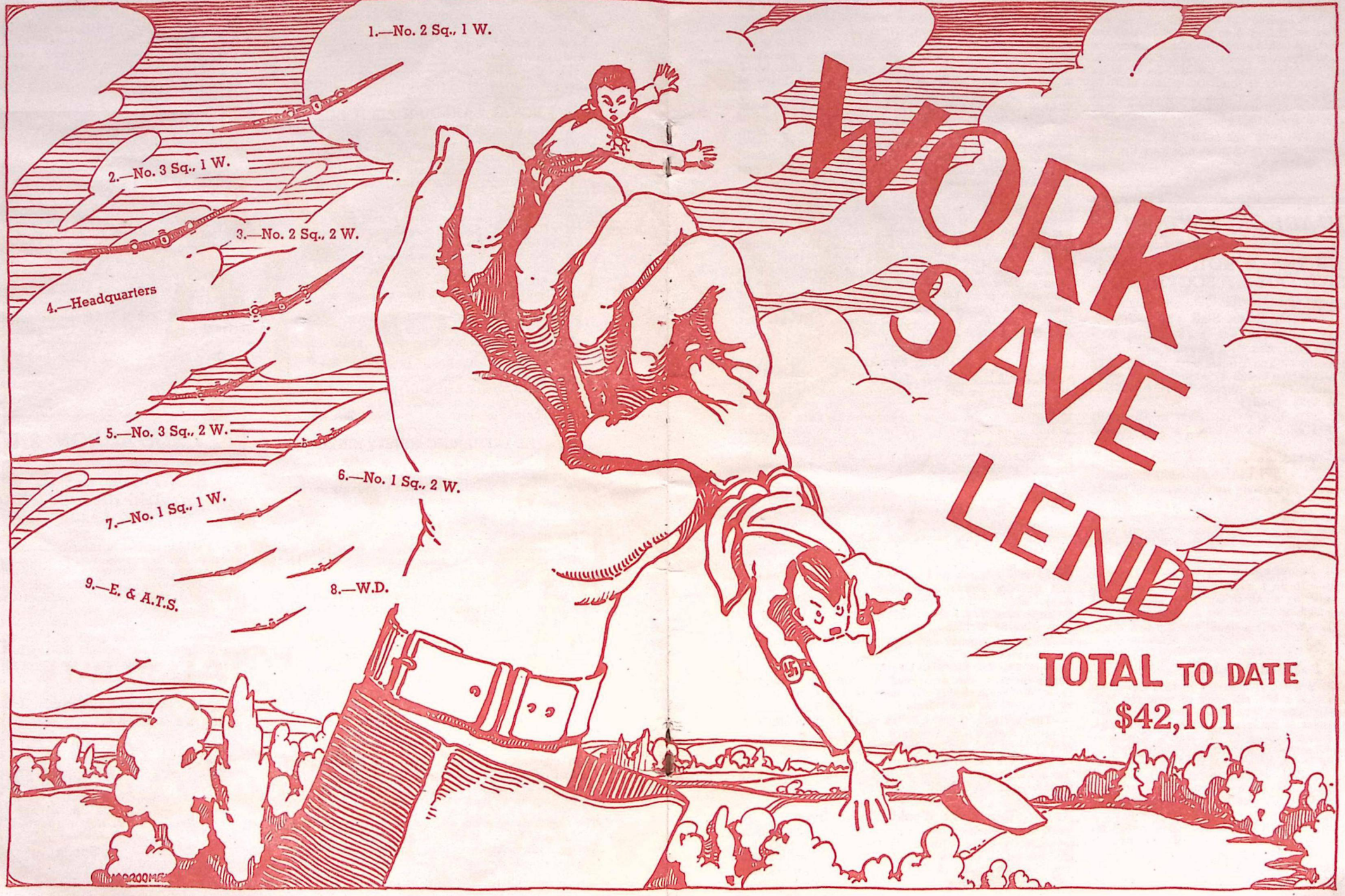
Ft. Sgt. Morrison—A keen veteran.  
L.A.C. Gibson—The mad typist.  
Cpl. Smith—The roaring corporal.  
Cpl. Shelton—The modest Airman.  
Cpl. Rogers—The strong, silent type.  
Cpl. Jay—The hard man of the Squadron (DRILL).  
Cpl. Crockett—"What's that, Daddy?"  
Sgt. Brown—The mad photographer.  
Cpl. Groff: "What, another round!"

### Sports

Hurrah! hurrah!

This is what the boys from F.O. Boyes' Squadron deserve after marching off with all the silverware that





1.—No. 2 Sq., 1 W.

2.—No. 3 Sq., 1 W.

3.—No. 2 Sq., 2 W.

4.—Headquarters

5.—No. 3 Sq., 2 W.

6.—No. 1 Sq., 2 W.

7.—No. 1 Sq., 1 W.

9.—E. & A.T.S.

8.—W.D.

# WORK SAVE LEND

TOTAL TO DATE  
\$42,101

2000



## THE AIRCRAFTMAN

is available in T.T.S. They did a right smart job of capturing the Drill Trophy again this month and congratulations are in order for Cpl. Jay and his lads and to add to the collection if they didn't up and capture the C.O.'s Sport Trophy. A real bouquet should be handed to all the boys who took part in all the sports of the month. So with another month at hand we will be in there pitching harder than ever to keep the glossy stuff in the Squadron. We might add that the vocal support of the Squadron on the whole, including Flt. Sgt. Morrison, was very encouraging in all the games.

Best of luck to the boys who helped us in winning the trophy and have since graduated, and may the new Entries fill in to perfection.

\* \* \*

### 2 SQUADRON, 2 WING

#### "NEWS THAT'S HOT; DISHED OUT BY SCOTT"

By L.A.C. Scott, Don

##### Orderly Room Staff

FLT. SGT. MAY—A newcomer to this Squadron. Welcome, Flight; may your stay be a pleasant one.

SGT. GOODMANSON—"The trouble with people today is that there is far too much drinking. This world needs more teetotalers like myself." (P.S.—Who's going to buy the next round?)

CPL. BROWN—"Oh boy, do the girls in Dunnville ever go for me! I guess it's because I'm that strong, handsome type."

CPL. KYLES—"When are we going to Sarnia next?"

CPL. GOSNEY—"I wish I had another gas coupon."

CPL. ROZINSKI—"Everybody here gets lots of passes but me."

CPL. HOLSTEAD—That strong, athletic type—the world's gift to the iron lung. Holstead is the only man that ever had a cheque bounce back from a blood bank marked "No Funds."

L.A.C. SCOTT—In love again—third time this month.

A.C.1 UPTON—"Have I ever got a nice easy job here! Hardly anything at all to do. Why, some days I only work about 22 hours."

L.A.C. TOLMIE—Without a doubt the hardest working man at T.T.S.

##### Doin's at 2 and 2

There have been a lot of changes in this Squadron in the last month . . . We are glad to welcome F.O. Wilson (an ardent sport), who is the new O.C. of the Squadron. He comes to us from 1 Wing . . . Flt. Sgt. T. N. Hunt has been posted to St. Jean's, Quebec—everyone seems to miss his wonderful vocabulary . . . Another man who is missed a great deal in the Squadron is Cpl. J. D. Walker, who is now at I.T.S., Toronto—everyone misses you, J. D., and best of luck at your new station . . . We also lost two Technical N.C.O.'s this month: Cpl. Detheridge and Cpl. Belcher . . . Newcomers include Cpl. "Clark Gable" Rozinski, Cpl. "Silent" Stewart, and Cpl. Moriarity.

##### Heard Around the Squad

We wonder why "Uncle Herb" Gosney looked so worn out one morning about 7.30 after a trip to Sarnia

. . . Kyles and Scott had that same look . . . Cpl. Brown's favorite saying: "I don't see why I can't get more than three half days a week" . . . They say you are quite the jitterbug, Brownie; of course your dancing would give anyone the jitters . . . What about three "gay young blades" who ran out of gas about a mile out of St. Thomas one night . . . Cpl. W. J. Kyles has just returned from a two-week leave at Hudson Bay Junction, Sask., and says he saw an Eskimo lass up there who looks just like Hedy Lamar . . . Just what attraction has Scott got in the Town of Mitchell? Competition is pretty tough, too, we hear, Scotty . . . Why does "Curly" Gosney make these frequent trips to London? . . . and how well does "BUS" Kyles know the City of Sarnia? . . . He's a great friend of Sammy's, we learn . . . but who is Sammy? . . . Uncle Herb is going "all out" for the war effort these days since he sent his aluminum girdle out to be welded . . . Who is that certain Corporal that's killing 'em with his jiving at Wonderland this season . . . and is Cpl. Kyles ever a reformed man? . . . the other day while hitch-hiking he was picked up by a lovely pair of American lasses who wanted to drive him with them to New York . . . but he said "No" because he realized things at T.T.S. just couldn't go along without him . . . We hear Sgt. Goodmanson is now an honorary member of the W.C.T.U. . . . along with Flt Sgt Morrison, no doubt . . .

##### Sport Sparks

Three cheers for our sport team last month who finished right on the top of the heap tied with No. 1 Squadron, 2 Wing. Both Squadrons ran up a total of 180 points, which is nice going, boys. Fate dealt us a bad hand, however, and in a sudden-death game two and two lost out. The sudden-death lacrosse game was one of the best seen at T.T.S. and we want to be the first to say to No. 1 Squadron, "Nice playing."

At the same time here's fair warning to one and all. Just watch our smoke next month. For two and two is out to get the C.O.'s Trophy, so look out!

Top sport team was the tennis squad, who came through with flying colors and snagged the medals for last month. Sparked by such racket swingers as Cpl. Bjork, Cpl. Charlton, Sibly, Marcellus, Irvin, Cook, Perry (no relation to Fred Perry, but just as good), and also Cpl. Brown, who played (when not on a half day). Most of the tennis team will be on hand again in June and they have every intention of keeping up that winning stride.

With Cpl. Bowles and Cpl. Thomas on the defence, the lacrosse team turned in a nice effort during the last month. Cattermole, Hartney, Ludbrook, Clayton, on the forward line, were good. With additional players from the 110th Entry the lacrosse team is hitting a new high so far this month.

The softball team was so good last month that three of the players, Goddard, Logan and Bunk, were picked from the Station all-star team.

Despite a rather bad start, the soccer team is making a nice comeback and with A.C.2 Sheridan in goal they are not "hot stuff."

##### Things We Would Like to Know

Which is more important to Cpl. Bjork, squadron tennis or that switchboard gal? . . . Who that new lacrosse goalie is with four arms and six legs? . . . We hear he "Neils" on shots now and then . . . We also hear that Sgt. Goodmanson is such a good lacrosse goalie because he leads a good, temperate life . . . If



## THE AIRCRAFTMAN

it's true that Cpl. Brown's girl friend can really play tennis? . . . Of course, just because she beats Brownie doesn't mean anything . . . so does everyone else.

\* \* \*



I DON'T WANT TO WALK  
WITHOUT YOU "WINNIE."

\* \* \*

### HEADQTRS. SQUADRON

By L.A.C. Hewlitt, A. W.

#### AN AIRMAN'S FAREWELL

Headquarters Squadron is more fortunate than most squadrons at T.T.S., due to the fact that our personnel generally have a longer stay on the station. This lends itself to the making of friendships in a way not enjoyed by the other units on the Station.

It is only natural under these circumstances that when we lose some of our members through posting to other stations, far and near, their leaving is felt more keenly by us.

Friendships of a year or two, real pals (as only can be found in the service), say good-bye with a hope that some future date will be the occasion of a reunion.

Some will meet again, others scattered to the far corners, will be saying "So long" to their pals for the last time.

What memories these partings bring to mind. Remember the time we swiped the sergeant's beer? Remember those two swell blondes at Port last summer?

Remember, remember, remember, and so on till the time comes to give that solid handclasp and pat on the shoulder with a good luck wish. There is real regret on the part of both those leaving and those wishing them "Happy Landings."

So it's "So long, chaps"; don't forget to drop that pal of yours a line occasionally and tell him all the swell times you are having. We will all be interested in reading over his shoulder to find out how you are

Take

1 t

Caulkin

Cpl. Whelan, R. J.—He won the C.O.'s Trophy even if he had to camouflage a bit but he won and lost.

Band—W.O.2 Everson, R. W., our bandmaster. He could tell what instrument you played by the way you walked.

Pay and Accounts W.O. Reid, J. J.—Everybody's friend, especially around the 15th and 30th.

L.A.C. Parkes, J., and A.C. Mansfield, D. H.—These were the boys that could succeed in getting all of Headquarters on parade at one time.

A lone member of our Security Guard Staff, Cpl. Rawlings, J.

L.A.C. Harland, M. W., Paintshop—His handiwork remains throughout the Station to guide wandering feet through the right door. What a mess of oatmeal and Brown Betty. The following dished up while at T.T.S., all members of the Messing Staff:

Sgt. Tolen, C. G.	L.A.C. Jackson, A. F. W.
Cpl. Thomas, K. V.	L.A.C. Macdonald, J. J.
Cpl. Thomas, T.	L.A.C. Sanderson, S. E.
L.A.C. Arnold, H.	L.A.C. Snider, C. C.
L.A.C. Colwell, R. M.	L.A.C. Turnbull, W.
L.A.C. Doerfling	L.A.C. Tardie, J.
L.A.C. Funstein, J. E.	L.A.C. Tait, N. F.
L.A.C. Hollingshead, J.	L.A.C. Waghorne, H. E.
A.C.2 Adams, J. F.	L.A.C. Rowan, B. J.
A.C.2 Benson, S. V.	A.C.1 Dawson, L. W.
A.C.2 Southam, J. S.	A.C.1 Knott, V. A.

#### The Control Tower

It stands, a sentinel of light  
For those who fly aloft to fight;  
Alone it lords above the field,  
The airmen's one and only shield.

A turning beam, it shines o'er all,  
Across the plain, 'gainst mountain wall;  
It guards, it guides, with grave concern  
That our protector safe return.

Through the fog, or through the hail,  
Its steady message shall not fail;  
That grey and stationary tower—  
A symbol of the Unseen Power.

#### The Grammar Lesson

You see a pretty girl walking down the street; she is, of course, feminine. If she is singular, you are nominative. You walk across to her and as a result she becomes dative. If she is not objective, you are soon plural. You walk home with her and her mother becomes accusative. Then you enter and sit down where her little brother is the definite article. Next, you talk



## THE AIRCRAFTMAN

of the future and she changes to the past. You kiss her (vous l'embrassez) and her father becomes present. Things are tense and soon you find yourself the "past participle."

Instructor: "Cpl. Yates, you understand mechanics. What is an attachment?"

Charlie (drowsily): "Love."

Sgt.  
es.  
inning  
the new

Officer: "What is wind?"

A.C.2: "Air in a hurry."

Sgt. Beard: "Work fascinates me; I can sit and look at it for hours."

### Security Guard

On my beat I stand all day,  
To toil the weary hours away;  
And if my lot should be a tower,  
No softer job could be in flower.

The sergeants and the corporals dear  
Never work, as you shall hear;  
For them 'tis but continual bliss,  
On honour still, a day to miss.

And if there happen floors to sweep,  
Sergeants and corporals fast asleep;  
You and I, as we well know,  
Still as ever little Joe!

Of course as punchy we may be,  
A Hun or Jap "we'd love to see";  
These rifles here, I'll make it clear,  
Are not to play with, never fear.

Below I see the waving grass,  
Above the stars are near,  
And in my tower I'm standing guard  
E'en tho' the night be long and hard.

### FIRE LIGHTS FROM THE FIRE DEPARTMENT

By Flt. Sgt. Anderson

A lot of people have for years regarded their fire department as a necessary evil. They laboured under the impression that the fire-fighter had nothing to do but eat, sleep and play checkers. In years gone by the people couldn't be blamed for thinking along this line. In those days when firemen went to a fire as soon as they saw smoke they hooked up their hose lines and poured water into the building indiscriminately. In many cases the water damage far exceeded the actual damage from fire. In those days fire-fighting was just a job. Today it is different.

The modern fire department is a force of well-trained men who are capable of carrying out their duties in an efficient manner. Fire-fighting has now become a profession. The fireman today has to study all phases of fire-fighting, fire protection and fire prevention.

He has and will continue to educate the people to the hazards and dangers of fire. He makes frequent inspections and impresses upon the public the necessity of practising fire prevention.

The fireman today commands the respect of the municipal councils and of the population in general. Why? Because the modern fire department chief has realized that if he and his men are to have the respect of the citizens, he has to train his men to a very high degree of efficiency. He must keep fire losses down to a minimum. Fire losses are a national waste and one of the chief concerns of the well-trained fire department is to reduce these losses, thus paying dividends to the taxpayer.

The firemen have been the heroes in the Battle of Britain. They have done a magnificent job. The firemen of this country stand ready to do their job under the same circumstances should the need arise.

The fire-fighter in the Air Force, while he may not have as many fires to fight, stands ready to do his duty.

His job is just as important as any other job. The danger of fire on air stations is always present. The danger is great.

On the average station all buildings are of frame construction, which is a hazard. Quantities of gasoline are used, which is a great hazard when improperly handled; cigarette ends, matches and electric irons are all hazards, which each year cause millions of dollars' damage throughout the country.

It is the duty of all personnel to practise fire prevention in their daily habits.

Be careful of your cigarette ends. Use safety matches. Don't go away and leave electric irons plugged in. Be careful when handling gasoline or other inflammable liquids.

Know the different classes of fire and the different types of extinguishers and how to use them.

Be careful at all times. Don't be the cause of a fire. Remember, we are at war. We cannot afford to have a fire. Every fire that occurs on air stations where planes or valuable tools are lost and training interrupted is a help to our enemies.

Loss by fire cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents alone. Let us unite to keep our station or any station we may be posted to free from fires by being alert and careful at all times.

Your N.C.O. fire-fighter is always willing to assist you along these lines. He is ready at any time to meet you either as a class or individually to give you talks on the dangers of fire. Just get in touch with him.

Flt. Sgt. Anderson (giving a lecture): "Can anyone tell me the locations of the fire plugs on this Station?"

One of the Fire Piquet: "Gee, Flight, I didn't know they had fire horses on the Station."

L.A.C. Nichols (Fire-fighter) was in London the other night and, feeling pretty good, stopped a girl and wanted her to go out with him. This is what was said:

L.A.C. Nichols: "I've been trying for aircrew, but they tell me I am colour blind."

The Girl: "Brother, you sho am."

Congratulations to Bob Yule on his promotion to Corporal.

L.A.C. Humber got married June. 20. Congrats!



## THE AIRCRAFTMAN

Why do the A.W.2's go for L.A.C. Hepburn?  
Some fun, eh Headquarters.

### Station Orchestra

With the exception of the regular Saturday night dances in the Recreation Hall, the dance band has had a comparatively quiet month. However, rehearsals go on regularly and the fans are really going for the new arrangements that Pat Riccio keeps doing.

Among some of his latest versions are "Blue Skies", "I Bought You Violets for Your Furs", "Sleepy Time Gal", two new medleys and a waltz medley.

The band also boasts a ball team and are willing to take on all comers. Any opposing team would soon discover that "Ricci" can put as much into his pitching as he can into some of his arrangements. What about it, "Meds"?

### Sport

**LACROSSE**—Our lacrosse team made a very creditable stand last month and even greater things are expected next month. Davis, Pool and Gibbs form a smooth working line, with Flt. Agnew, Cpl. MacLeod, Sgt. Godfrey and Archer holding up the defence, with the old reliable Corporal starring in the nets.

**SOCCER**—The June competition finds soccer added to the list of sports. Headquarters is represented by a strong team and great things are expected of them. In goal we find capable Willis, who so far has only one goal scored against him in two starts. On the defence we find Cpl. Bennett, L.A.C. Brooks, while on our half line are such stars as Cpl. McLeod and Bob Sowden. Up front we have Cpl. Binge, Pool, Hodge, Gourley and Sgt. Drummond all rounding out a formidable team managed by Cpl. Elliot.

### Service Police

Our old friends the Service Police, sh—

Sgt. Thomson, C. F.                      Sgt. Graham, A. H.  
Cpl. Harman, R.                         L.A.C. Wallace, W. J.

Gee, we nearly forgot Cpl. McLeod, N. G., a good sport, who will be missed by our soccer and lacrosse teams. He played hard but fair. (Who said so?)

From the Poultry factory goes Flt. Sgt. Mason, H. F. The E147 graduates include Cpl. Ibbotson, W. L. Tech stores, amongst other equipment, shipped Cpl. Peel, J. G.; Cpl. Dawson, L. K.; Cpl. Granskoski, F.B., and A.C. Gourley, E. D.

From M. T. (no hitch-hiking if and when the girls take over):

Sgt. Sparling, A. J.                      Cpl. Rupert, J. J.  
L.A.C. Rutherford, T. S. B.            A.C.1 Collacott, N. R.  
A.C.1 Macdonnell, D. J.                A.C.2 McCance, D. E.  
A.C.2 Newman, E. E.

Quite a list, but we wish each and every one good luck in whatever endeavour you are now engaged. It was swell knowing you.

\* \* \*

### THE BUTCHER'S LOVE SONG

I never sausage eyes as thine,  
And if you butcher hand in mine  
And liver round me every day  
We'll seek some hamlet far away,  
We'll meat life's frown with life's caress,  
And cleaver road to happiness.

—WAG SIGNAL, No. 2 Wireless School.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS COLUMN

(From "The Fly Paper," Jarvis)

Dear Editor:

I have been having some difficulty with the cost of heating my house, and after taking the advice of a number of people I find the following results:

7 tons of coke at \$12.00 cost.....	\$84.00
Take out coil, put in hydro water tank, 1 ton saved.....	12.00
	\$72.00
Caulking windows and doors, 1 ton saved.....	12.00
	\$60.00
Metal weather strip on windows and doors, 1 ton saved.....	12.00
	\$48.00
Storm doors and windows, 1 ton saved.....	12.00
	\$36.00
Rock Wool insulation, 1 ton saved.....	12.00
	\$24.00
Install Blower, 1 ton saved.....	12.00
	\$12.00
Standard Fuel advertise their coke will take 1/3 off the bill, 1/3 off.....	4.00
	\$ 8.00
Reduced fire hazard and cancelled fire insurance policy .....	15.00
	\$ 7.00
Credit.....	\$ 7.00

Mr. Editor, will you please advise me who owes me the \$7.00 and how can I collect it?

I also have 7 tons of coke for sale. Can you get me a buyer, please?

YOU NO ME, AL,  
Accounts Office.

\* \* \*



"MOON LIGHT COCKTAIL"



## THE AIRCRAFTMAN

### PROLOGUE

*By Charles Godfrey*

"I am a killer. It is my instinct . . . it is my training. No, do not move; you tempt this gun too much. You see, we killers often enjoy a change from our regular method. You are the innovation I have looked forward to, ah, meeting. You will notice that I adopt a sardonic tone. That is part of my instinct, too. I envy a cat her thoughts when she has captured a mouse. I am very interested in thoughts. It isn't often that I am permitted to talk with those whom I intend to exterminate. You look more amazed than ever. Perhaps it is my diction which so startles you. It does seem out of place with this uniform I am wearing. But then you must remember I have long prepared for such an occasion as this. I have even counted on the stupidity of your guards. They have very ordinary minds.

"And now let us answer your question. My name is of no importance to you . . . just as yours is of no matter to me. But wait, I think I would like to know your name. I have killed hundreds without any idea of whom they were . . . hundreds; I don't say that in a boasting manner, rather strangely I am thinking of them . . . for the first time in this way. I think it was not knowing their names which has prompted me. But it doesn't matter; I knew their nationalities, and that is more important than mere names . . . there were all kinds—Finns, they were real fighters, and Norwegians, poor fools, they never knew what had happened. They struggled so desperately against us when they should have been executing some of their own people. There were Dutch and Belgians . . . they were easy to kill . . . why at Rotterdam alone . . . There were Czechs and Poles and Greeks . . . you might call me a League of Nations nemesis . . . Laugh, you fool.

"You see, I am very short tempered. Non-operation jars on my nerves. Stand up and

give me a good look at you. Oh yes, I've killed British; my appetite is very easily satisfied. You don't look as strong as the others, excepting the women and the children, of course. You don't compare with one of our infantrymen . . . you couldn't last a month on our front. However, I shall not be too complaining. You at least are something. You have no idea how my blood cries out to pull this trigger. All those months in camp with the guards watching every thought. It is like placing a full-grown lion in a cage and then letting deer graze outside his bars. I wonder what I will do after we have conquered the world and I cannot kill as I wish. Of course, I could stay with the Gestapo, but that is a very dangerous life—too many changes. I could not settle down again to a home and business; we Germans will never do that again. I only know how to kill; that is the only thing I live for. It is the most exciting madness in the world. To feel the supreme last moment when I can make the thousands of processes in you stop short. When I can black off the thoughts that go through your head and render you into nothing. And now for what I live, you shall die.

"Have you prayers or something that you say? Well, it doesn't really matter. Look straight at the barrel of this gun. It isn't a very good gun; I had to take it in a hurry. You were a fool to take this road home and find me waiting on it. You are a fool to let me shoot you without asking mercy. Of course, that is what I want you to do. Beg for mercy. They wouldn't at Warsaw; they wouldn't at Trondheim. Beg for mercy! They wouldn't at Coventry! Beg for mercy! Beg! Beg! Beg!"

" . . . I only know he suddenly put the gun up to his own head and fired . . . and that's all I know about him, sir. Poor devil . . . may I go now, sir?"

\* \* \*

### IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

He liked summers at the beach, even for all the work and worry. He liked meeting new people and seeing the changes develop in his old friends. He'd watched many a friendship grow into something deeper and, too, had watched many another crumble to nothingness. Human nature changed so often.

For that reason he had watched this couple very closely. They had been coming into the booth for quite a few summers now. He remembered when the boy, tall and loose-limbed,

had first come in with a gang of boys and he had immediately liked the frank face and polite manner of this bright-faced youth in his early 'teens.

One night he brought the girl to the booth with him. It was a Tuesday night, he remembered, and the boy brought her there every Tuesday night that summer. She was of the same open-faced nature as Terry, frank and laughing. Pop learned to like this girl, as the boy, for her joyous laughter and complete zest



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for living. They were so obviously wrapped up in each other, so completely in accordance with one another's wishes that he couldn't help singling them out from other young couples that came to the booth. He wondered if it would last.

It did last. The second and third summers were exact duplicates of the first, except that the two were together more than ever. They called in almost every other night for something and the look on their faces as they talked and laughed with each other made him feel that here was something great and beautiful.

The fourth summer arrived. He opened up, as usual, for the first dance of the season and looked for his young friends. One Saturday night, a month after he had opened, they came in. It was the same old thing. The same happy companionship existed between them. This time, however, he detected something a little deeper. It was shown in the way the young man looked at her, rather gravely, and the way he talked and answered her questions. This year he wore the blue uniform of an officer of the Royal Canadian Air Force and proudly displayed his "Wings" above the breast pocket of his tunic. In a way he seemed more mature, but the same old joyousness of being alive and with her remained. They shook hands with the old man and his wife and said they were delighted to see them again. What a lift the old couple got from that meeting! It put new life into an otherwise dull evening and they beamed for hours after the youngsters had gone.

Late one rainy evening when he was about to lock up they walked in, dripping rain. Their faces were radiant and he knew something special had happened. They ordered and looked at each other. They both seemed about to burst with excitement.

"Shall I?" she breathed.

"Of course, we'll let him be the first to know." Through a sudden torrent of words

that they couldn't seem or want to suppress an instant longer, he pieced together the facts that they were going to be married on the fifteenth of that month and had just decided tonight. Wasn't it wonderful! The old man agreed with them wholeheartedly and, after a look at their flushed and smiling faces, remarked to his wife, "Remember the day when we, too, said that?"

That was the last time he saw the two of them together. The fifteenth passed and he wished he could have gone to their wedding. They seemed so much in love. September came and the crowds became smaller. The dance hall closed and he began to think of closing also.

One bright moonlight night, a few days before he closed, the girl came in. Her companion was an elderly lady, presumably her mother. The old man received a sudden shock when he saw the girl's face. What a change! There was no sign of the bright laughing girl of last summer. He saw tears and sorrow here and a lasting anguish. She ordered coffee and, without a word to him, drank it and left.

He wondered what was wrong. Here was something strange which bothered him and made him wish to find the answer. Where was the boy? Had they quarreled?

He was soon to find out. Packing up the next day he stopped for an instant to glance idly through a months-old newspaper that he had had no time to read during the busy summer months. Turning over the sheets he came upon two pictures which seemed to stare at him. Their pictures! He read the headlines and his head swam. Now he knew!

### TO BE MARRIED TOMORROW, YOUNG FLIER KILLED IN CRASH

Pilot Officer Terry Andrés, Popular  
Young Man, Dead.

—C. R. V. L.

\* \* \*

## FLY FISHING

(Concluded)

Sqn. Ldr. C. N. McLoughlin.

Is fly-fishing restricted to trout and salmon?

Certainly not! Very few fresh water fish will consistently turn down a properly presented fly. I have even caught a pike in this manner, though I must confess he was a rather small and foolish pike and, I believe, even more startled than I was.

Bluegills go wild over a dry fly and frequently, when the water is around eighty

degrees and the chances of a worthwhile catch are consequently so small that you shouldn't really be there at all, these little fish provide a lot of fun on light tackle. It doesn't seem to matter what fly is used as they go for anything small that floats, but a size 15 Coachman will continue catching bluegills well after dusk even if it's practically torn in half.

To the fly fisherman who cannot get far



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afield after sizeable trout, the opening of the bass season is a joy, for the bass has the reputation of being, pound for pound, the hardest fighting fish in the world!

Special tackle? Not necessarily. Let me recount a personal experience which took place a few days after the present trout season opened. I had been invited to fish a private lake where, I was led to believe, some good-sized brook trout were to be found. I made my way to a small spit of land so as to command a fairly wide area, and started fishing. My rod was seven feet long and weighed two and a half ounces, my leader was tapered for thirteen to seven-thousandths of an inch and I had tied on a No. 11 Dark Montreal. The first cast was made fairly close inshore and produced no results, but the fly sunk a little more readily with the second cast to the same spot and was perhaps six inches below the surface when suddenly the water boiled, the rod tip bent and I could hear the hiss of the leader cutting the water thirty feet away. Any doubts as to what fish I had on were quickly dispelled when it left the water with a bulldog shaking of its head. I know of no fish that does this quite so wholeheartedly as a small mouth black bass and had I not dropped the rod point each time it happened I would have been minus at least half my leader, to say nothing of the fish. But as it was, ten minutes later saw him in the shallows at my feet. Luckily, though my experience with bass is limited, I have learned some of their tricks during the last couple of seasons and was prepared for what happened next; one moment he was lying on his side, beaten, and the next he had taken out twenty yards of line and was still going strong. It was fully another ten minutes before that seven-thousandths of an inch had persuaded him, protesting vigorously, into the net. And here I was faced with a problem. Should I anticipate the first of July by nearly two months or put the bass back to continue its diet of brook

trout? My host, who is rather proud of his lake, solved everything for me by knocking the fish over the head very hard and, I thought, giving it a rather nasty look as he did so. Incidentally, eating a bass during the first week in May is like having oysters in July—absolutely out of order but very palatable. Perhaps I have made this one appear larger on paper than it was in fact, but it made a meal for four people, which is not bad on the lightest of light trout tackle and serves to show that extra equipment for bass fishing is not vitally necessary to the fly fisherman.

To get complete enjoyment out of fishing for bass with a fly rod, however, a nine-foot, seven-ounce, fairly limber, powerful rod should be used. This is ideal for "bugging"; that is, casting small floating lures of cork or deer hair long distances, letting them remain motionless for half a minute and then imparting a "twitch" with the rod tip. Many bass have been caught by this method when plug casting and even live minnows and frogs have failed to attract them. A double tapered line is preferable; the torpedo head variety is very nice for casting but, even if well greased, is liable to start sinking after ten minutes' use. Why doesn't someone invent a leak-proof, hollow line that can be used all day without constant drying and greasing? I became so exasperated with sinking lines last season that I went to the expense of buying two spares. Changing lines is a nuisance, but it's nothing compared with trying to lug a sodden dead weight out of the water and execute elaborate, carefully placed casts with it.

A seven-foot Nylon leader, tapered from .016" to .011" and a few bass bugs complete the ideal outfit for this most exciting form of bass fishing. Once it has been mastered—and it is not difficult—the erstwhile plug-caster or live-baiter will wonder what he ever saw in any other method.

\* \* \*

## NEW DE-ICING SYSTEM IN THE U.S.A.

*By Sherman B. Altick*

(In the R.A.F. Journal, December 27th, 1941)

What may prove to be the long-sought solution to icing of planes—aviation's biggest winter problem—is still being studied by civil and military air authorities.

It is an adaptation of Gerritt Van Daam's remarkable new element, Black Heat, to de-icing equipment, not only for wings, control surfaces and propellers, but for glass in the pilot's compartment as well. It was developed

after ten years of research.

Black Heat is woven on great looms, with electric filaments of sub-glow temperature, spun glass and other insulating materials comprising the warp and the woof. The resulting substance is a veritable "tapestry of heat" with elimination of fire hazards that precluded use in the past of conventional electrical heating appliances for the de-icing of planes.



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This Black Heat tapestry is lightweight, flexible as rubber, immune to short-circuit by foreign matter and moisture, and is of greater efficiency than other electrical devices. It seemingly is more positive than the pulsating rubber appliances now used on wings and stabilizers, and it should prove more efficient than the non-freezing liquids adapted to propeller spinners.

Mr. Van Daam's adaptation for the wings and stabilizer fins consists of a tapestry of the finely-woven element pressed against the inner surface of the wing wall. Heat generated by the electric current passing through the resistance is communicated directly to the wall, preventing the forming of ice in any appreciable quantity.

Use of the new element does not prevent use of the conventional pulsating rubber "boots", as de-icers on the leading edge of the wings are called, as double surety against ice. Since the element operates at a low temperature it will not damage the rubber.

Application of the element to the propeller spinner eliminates use of liquids which constantly must be replaced and might not be available when needed most. Since the element melts away the ice instead of dissipating in large pieces, as is the case of the present device, the chances of large pieces of ice being hurled into the controls, or even through the glass of the pilot's cock-pit are eliminated.

Application of the element to the glass provides clear vision at all times. The element becomes a part of the glass. Some planes today have windshield wipers, while others depend on a heating unit to insure visibility in icing weather.

The flying branch of the military is just as interested in the development as civil aeronautics authorities because use of the element will permit operations when war planes normally are grounded.

A number of other uses for Black Heat in aircraft are being studied, including its application as a pre-heating element to maintain oil and engines at temperatures that would make starting of engines easier in frigid weather. At the Buffalo plant of Heat Elements, Inc., work is progressing on a removable crank-case and oil tank covers for this job.

A pre-heated engine is virtually a necessity for military planes in combat zones subject to attack at a moment's notice. British planes, ready for an alert must be ready for the pilot to jump into them and be on his way after the raider. A pre-heating element of this kind may

affect a tremendous saving in time and fuel, which is important in an emergency.

Application of the element to the gunner's turret, to radio, equipment, and to the bombardier's control room also is significant, because it will enable these operators to keep warm in sub-zero temperature at high altitudes.

The new element has a lot of possibilities. It may be the answer to the silent prayer of flying men, not only here but in Britain, Iceland and in Russia. It should do much to increase the safety of flying on scheduled air transports.

\* \* \*



*Flt. Lt. Rabbi Jacob Eisen, a recent visitor to this Station. He has just been appointed a chaplain in the R.C.A.F. and will work among the Hebrew personnel in the service. Other Hebrew chaplains will be appointed shortly.*

\* \* \*

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;  
The Soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar;  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God Who is our home."

—Wordsworth.

\* \* \*

### SHUTTERBUGS

#### Did You Know

—that you can take snaps instead of time exposures by using "photoflood" bulbs for indoor lighting?

—that indoor portraits look better when taken with lights placed higher than eye-level?



# TECHNICAL TOPICS

## AVIATION FUELS

### Introduction

During the last decade tremendous strides have been made in the aircraft industry. The cruising speed of the transport plane has risen from about 100 miles per hour to 200; transoceanic flights have developed from perilous adventure to routine operation; racing speed records have increased to over 400 miles per hour. Yet there are comparatively few who realize the important part that fuel improvement has played in these developments. We hear much of streamlining, of new and powerful engines, but few of us appreciate the fact that the most modern planes could not even get off the ground without load if it was necessary to utilize the aviation fuels which were generally distributed ten years ago.

This paper will discuss, briefly, some of the properties of fuels which are important for use in aircraft engines; will outline the properties of present day fuels; and will indicate probable trends of the future. The discussion will be limited to fuels for use in spark ignition engines, since experience with compression-ignition engines in the aviation field is too limited to warrant a discussion of their fuel.

That fuel might have a considerable influence on aircraft performance was first realized about 1917. Gasoline supplied to one of the Allies had been made from an Asiatic crude oil, and when the supply was switched to fuel made from American crude, knocking and power reduction were experienced. Another of the Allies suffered crankshaft breakage in one type of engine and the engine maker proved that this could be eliminated by removing the higher boiling fractions from the available supply of gasoline. These, and other facts developed by research, led to a realization of the importance of fuel in relation to aircraft performance, and the literature of the last ten years is filled with discussions of the developments in this field which have been continually made.

The properties of a fuel that relate directly to engine performance are: (1) volatility; (2) heat of combustion; (3) tendency to knock. In addition, the fuel must be stable in storage, must not contain excessive amounts of gum or sulphur, and must be free from suspended solid matter.

### Gasoline—Volatility

Gasoline is a mixture of a large number of compounds the boiling points of which vary over a wide range. Thus, in a standard distillation test of an average American aviation fuel, 10 per cent of the fuel will have boiled off into the condenser of the still at a temperature of 160° F., 50 per cent at 212° F., and 90 per cent at about 250° F. The temperatures at which 10, 50 and 90 per cents are recovered in distillation can have large effects on the behaviour of the engine and complete aircraft. With 10 per cent recovered at 200° F., the engine would be difficult to start, since an explosive mixture would not readily form. With 10 per cent recovered at 90° F., the fuel would boil too readily, thus choking the fuel system with gas bubbles, a phenomenon known as "vapor lock". Thus, both tendencies are controlled in aviation fuel specifications by requiring a maximum temperature at which 10 per cent shall be recovered and specifying that the tendency to boil shall not exceed a set limit (Reid Vapor Pressure Test).

The temperatures required to distill 50 and 90 per cent control the ease with which the majority of the fuel becomes a gas. When the fuel is completely gasified it can be made into a homogeneous mixture with the air supplied to the engine cylinders. The fuel is rarely completely gasified and the cylinders are thus usually receiving a mixture of air, fuel vapor (gas), and liquid fuel. If any great amount of liquid is present, all cylinders will not receive an equal amount, the engine will run irregularly and some cylinders may even misfire. For smooth running, quick pick-up on the throttle and minimum fuel consumption, the temperatures at which 50 and 90 per cent are distilled are not allowed to exceed certain maxima (usually 212° F. and 257° F. respectively). On the other hand, if the temperature at which 50 per cent is recovered is too low, the fuel will evaporate so rapidly that some of the older carburetors will freeze the water in the ingoing air and will form ice on the venturis and throttles. This is generally controlled by specifying that the sum of the temperatures at which 10 per cent and 50 per cent, respectively, are distilled shall not be less than about 320° F.



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### Heat Content

Other things being equal, the weight of fuel burned in the engine to produce a given power output will be proportional to the heat content (heat of combustion or calorific value) in BTU (British Thermal Units) per pound. Fuels on which current gasoline engines may be operated, have approximate heats of combustion as follows: gasoline 20,000 BTU, benzol 18,000 BTU, and wood alcohol 10,000 BTU per lb.

### Stability in Storage

Fuels may be extremely stable in storage and others may slowly decompose, forming objectionable products.

Aviation gasolines are generally made by distilling the crude oil and removing the gasoline which was originally present as such when the crude was in the ground; this is known as straight-run gasoline. There is insufficient straight-run gasoline to supply the demand for liquid fuels and, in consequence, the crude oil remaining after the straight-run gasoline has been removed is treated to decompose it into gasoline. This process, known as cracking, results in breaking down the heavy high-boiling molecules into lighter low-boiling molecules. The cracking process is always conducted at high temperatures and usually, but not always, at high pressure. The process is sometimes assisted by "catalysts" which serve to facilitate change of one compound into another compound without being themselves changed.

Automobile gasolines of the cracked type are less stable in storage than the straight-run fuels, but the former are normally made to be stable in storage for about 12 months. When cracked fuels are stored too long they begin to develop gummy, resinous material in solution in the gasoline. On evaporation of the gasoline in the carburetor, etc., of the engine, the gummy material, which is not volatile, accumulates and clogs the carburetor, intake pipes, and often sticks the intake valves. No test is known which entirely predicts the tendency of a gasoline to form gum in storage, but all specifications for aviation gasoline contain a test designed to eliminate gasolines unsatisfactory from this standpoint.

### Knocking

Every driver of an automobile is familiar with the sharp metallic sound known as "knock" or "ping", which occurs when the throttle is opened wide, particularly on long hills or during acceleration, if low grade fuels are being used. In the case of the automobile the driver can usually control the knock at some sacrifice of performance, by shifting gears or retarding the spark. In the case of the aircraft

engine, the knock is much more serious, as more than momentary knock will usually cause the engine to overheat, and this may cause severe damage, often melting the pistons and causing complete failure. It is essential that knocking be entirely eliminated if satisfactory performance is to be achieved.

The exact nature of "knock" cannot be discussed here; it is sufficient to say that it is an abnormal combustion of the fuel, resulting in abrupt increases in pressure and temperature, and if knocking is allowed to continue pre-ignition (ignition before the spark occurs) is apt to happen, and this produces extremely destructive effects which may cause complete engine failure in as little as 30 seconds.

Furthermore, the tendency of fuel to knock limits the power which can be obtained from an engine of a given size, and also limits the efficiency with which the heat of combustion of the fuel can be converted into power. For this reason, the knocking tendency of fuel is by far the most important property of an aviation fuel.

The amount of power that will be obtained from any given engine (at constant engine speed) is determined by two chief factors: (1) the amount of fuel and air which are admitted to the cylinders, and (2) the extent to which the fuel charge is compressed by the upward movement of the piston before the charge is fired. (The ratio of the volume of the charge before compression to that of the charge after compression is known as the "compression ratio"). Increasing the amount of fuel and air, for example, by opening the throttle or by forcing the charge into the cylinders under pressure (supercharging) increases the power for a given size engine but does not change materially the proportion of the heat of the fuel which the engine converts into power (thermal efficiency). Increase in compression ratio increases power, and at the same time, increases thermal efficiency. However, increasing the total amounts of fuel-air charge and increasing the compression ratio both increase the tendency of the fuel to knock, so that the latter definitely limits what can be done to increase both total power and thermal efficiency.

For a given fuel, experience has shown that more power can be developed from a given size engine by using a relatively low compression ratio, and increasing the fuel-air charge by supercharging. On the other hand, increasing the compression ratio gives increased fuel economy (particularly important in an aircraft engine for long flights), and also results in less waste heat to dispose of. For this reason, the



## THE AIRCRAFTMAN

aircraft engineer usually prefers to increase both supercharging and compression ratio as fuels of less and less tendency to knock become available.

For a variety of reasons, which cannot be discussed here, it is difficult to measure and express the tendency of a fuel to knock in terms of engine behaviour. Some method of measuring and expressing resistance of a fuel to knock is obviously necessary if fuels having a minimum resistance to knock are to be purchased. It has been found best to express resistance to knock in terms of mixtures of two pure fuels. One of these fuels is heptane (normal) and the other octane (iso-octane, one of 18 octanes which can be made). Heptane knocks very

readily and octane much less readily. These two fuels are mixed and a mixture found which has the same tendency to knock as any fuel which it is desired to evaluate. If the knocking tendency of a fuel is the same as that of a mixture of 10 per cent heptane and 90 per cent octane, the fuel is said to be 90 octane number. Ten years ago fuels of as low as 50 octane number were generally used in this country, but today 73 octane number is the lowest that is generally distributed and 100 octane number fuel is widely used. Standard commercial specifications for aviation fuels are given in Table I. It will be noted that the distillation specifications are identical for the different grades, the only essential difference being in octane number:

TABLE I.  
Simplified Specifications for Five Commercial Fuels.

GRADE	73	80	87	90	95
ASTM octane No. (minimum).....	73	80	87	90	95
Tetraethyl lead, ml.:					
maximum.....	0	2.0	3.0	4.0	4.0
minimum.....	—	—	—	3.5	3.5
Reid vapor pressure at 100° F., lb.....	7.0	7.0	7.0	7.0	7.0
Sulfur (maximum), per cent.....	0.10	0.10	0.10	0.10	0.10
Gum, accelerated, with catalyst (maximum), mg.	6	6	6	6	6
Freezing point, initial formation of solid (maximum), deg. F.....	-76	-76	-76	-76	-76
ASTM Distillation, in deg. F.					
10 per cent point (maximum).....	158	158	158	158	158
50 per cent point (maximum).....	212	212	212	212	212
90 per cent point (maximum).....	257	257	257	257	257
Sum of 10 and 50 per cent points (minimum).....	307	307	307	307	307
ASTM acid heat (maximum), deg. F.....	15	15	15	15	15
B.T.U. per lb. minimum low value (optional requirement).....	19,000	19,000	19,000	19,000	19,000

(To be continued)

\* \* \*

### SO THAT'S HOW IT STARTED

(Reader's Digest)

I learned how the term "hitch-hiker" originated from an old man I met in Ohio in 1890.

When two men, with only one horse between them, went on a journey, one man would mount and ride an allotted distance, dismount and hitch the horse to a tree or fence and proceed on foot. The other man would walk until he came to the horse, then ride on until he caught up with the hiker.

—OSCAR AMERINGER

"If You Don't Weaken" (Holt)

The hitch-hiker does very little walking today, but the idea as outlined above is still in use by our modern army. A section of troops start on a march, another section goes in trucks a certain distance, then de-bus and start marching. The trucks return for the first marchers and pass through the second section for a certain distance, then de-bus their present load and return for the other troops. This is called leap frog today.



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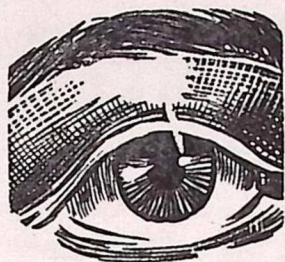
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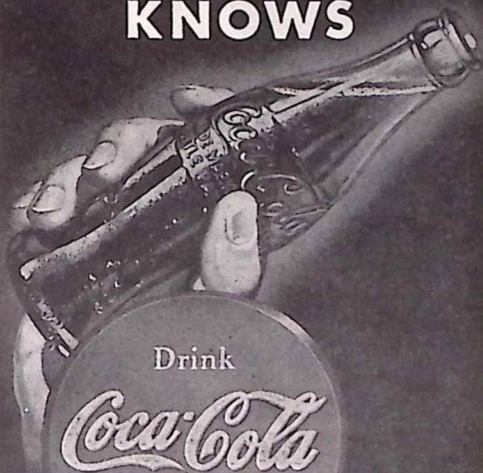
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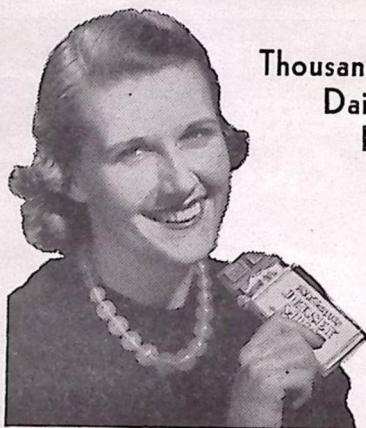
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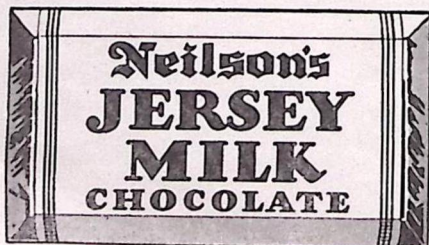
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*In enemy hands this information inadvertently disclosed in most cases, seriously endangers the lives of members of the armed services crossing to the scene of battle; and in other cases delays and disrupts plans of the Allied forces. Much of the information leaks out in ill-advised letters and telephone conversations, officials state.*

*Personnel proceeding to embarkation points have been advised of restrictions on correspondence. Photographs at sea or at port are forbidden, while any reference in letters to port or date of embarkation, route of travel, name of ships, size of convoy, enemy attacks or losses sustained, naval escorts, nature of cargoes, number of personnel or the port or date of embarkation is prohibited.*

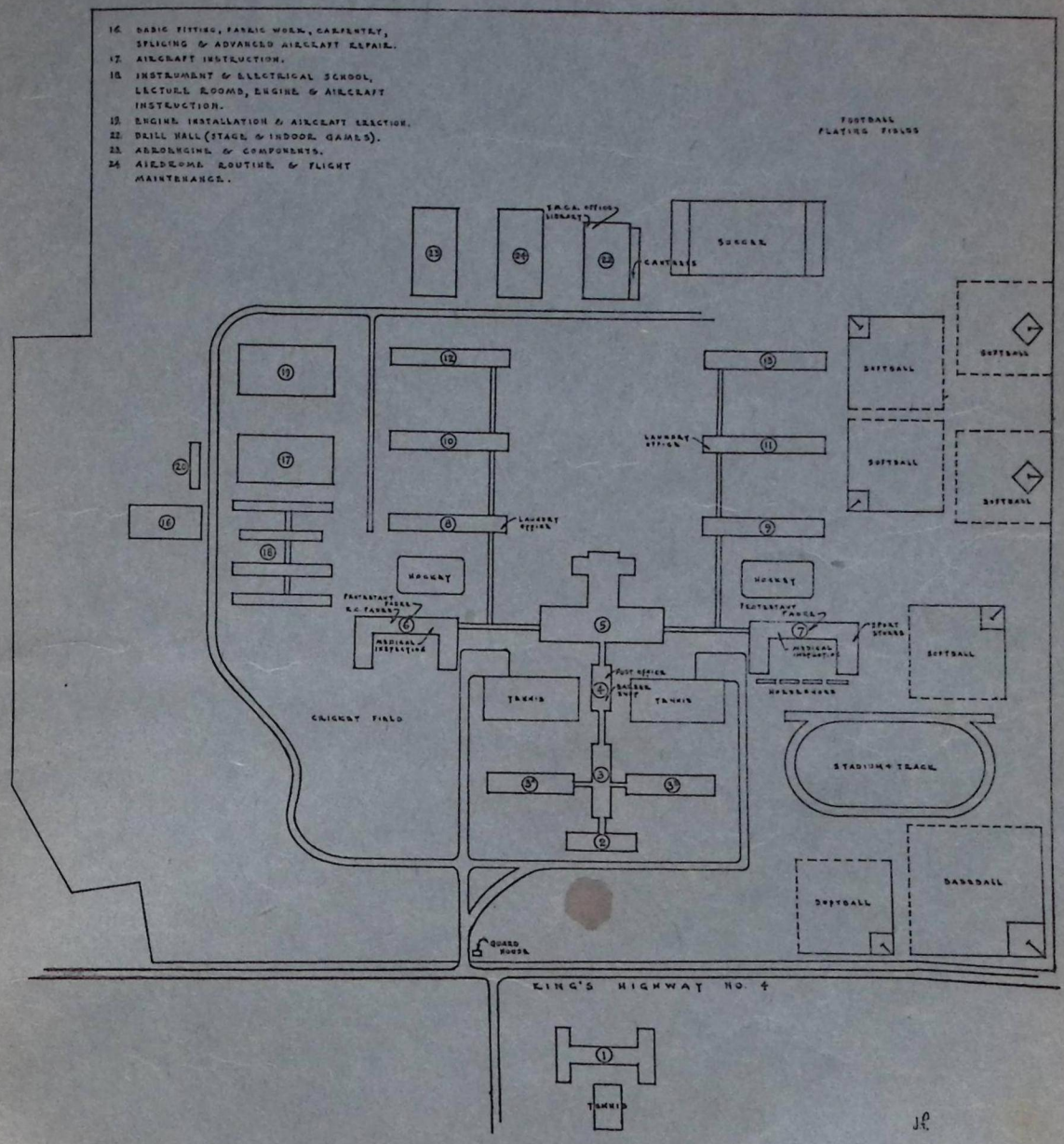
*Telephone conversation should be watched accordingly, and no information of any nature should be imparted to undisclosed questioners. In any case, official information can be issued only by those in authority. Penalty for breaches of these regulations, authorities state, is destruction of correspondence by censors, and may result in charges being laid for disobeying an order, a court-martial offence.*

—"WINGS," YORKTON, SASK.



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