

Wings Over Borden

Vol. 3, No. 3

CAMP BORDEN, CANADA

April 1, 1941

DEFENCE AGAINST ENEMY AIRCRAFT

(By F/O Reynolds)

INTRODUCTION—

There are a number of methods used today for defence against aircraft.

The three main ones are, of course, balloon barrage, anti-aircraft guns and fighter squadrons. Other methods contributing to defence against aircraft are also in use, all these together making our defences very efficient.

BALLOON BARRAGE—

A balloon barrage prevents the enemy from selecting his target but they are not a positive defence against indiscriminate bombing, although providing obstacles which keep the air raider away from vital points and stopping his freedom of activity. In daylight they present a fine target for enemy aircraft, but at night and in fog they give their best service.

HISTORY—

A balloon barrage for forcing enemy aircraft to a greater height was tried out in 1918 to protect London. Swaying wildly, 5,000 feet up, 50 balloons carried a network of steel cables between them.

This network was heavy and pulled the balloons out of line pretty often. The idea for using balloons for defence was forgotten after the Armistice, and the subject was not raised again until 1938.

In May, the Air Ministry asked for 6,000 officers and men to man 1,000 balloons, which were each to trail 10,000 feet of steel cable.

In August, 1939, the appeal for balloon crews having been answered, 6,000 men manned 500 balloons and conducted a test. These silver-gray bags were raised over London while military planes tested their effectiveness.

These balloons strengthened public confidence, besides being able to wipe out any enemy invader who may get caught in the steel web of cables.

ORGANIZATION—

Like other departments of the R.A.F., the balloon defence has its own organization, "Balloon Command," with an Air Vice-Marshal at its head, which is responsible for the barrages throughout the country. The units are divided up into Wings, Squadrons, Flights, each having its separate Commander.

OPERATIONS—

The balloon formations have a large number of trucks and balloons at their disposal. Should a vital area need defending, the entire Squadron moves by road transport. They may have 100 or more trucks and balloons, with sufficient staff to man them. When they get to their destination the Squadron immediately goes into action.

Balloons must be inflated and positioned and protected. The Wing or Squadron Commander checks from his map the position for each balloon.

A number of factors will govern the placing of balloons. The enemy must not be able to dive bomb the target, and he must be kept high enough so that accurate bomb-

ing is difficult, also at a height for best anti-aircraft gun results.

Should the enemy shoot these balloons down, they can be replaced within two hours, thus, should the enemy send out planes to prepare a way for its bombers, they will find the balloons have all been replaced. Should the entire Squadron be shot down, it can be replaced within 24 hours.

DEFENCE BALLOONS—

These are large rubberized fabric-covered bags, fitted with stabilizing fins. The entire unit is filled with a hydrogen gas, which is delivered from large steel cylinders, and are attached to a steel cable which can be raised to a height of 10,000 feet. Air Commodore J. G. Hearson, Commander of the barrage, expects soon to be able to raise these balloons to a height of 25,000 feet in the near future.

Besides the main cable supporting the balloons there are eight more short cables or tentacles hanging from them. A truck is fitted with a winch for pulling in and letting out the balloon. Should an enemy aircraft strike any of these cables, it will shear off a wing or propeller, thus destroying the aircraft.

These big bags have an inner compartment to minimize the danger of coming down with punctures. Small and incendiary bombs have been known to bounce off these bags without causing any serious damage.

METHODS OF USE—

On Vital Land Targets—There are two methods of placing these balloons in a barrage. In one system they are moved 100 to 200 yards apart in a circle, at varying heights; in the other they are grouped all over the skyline, spaced so unevenly that enemy raiders have to zigzag furiously to get through.

When the enemy attacked the Firth of Forth bridge in Scotland with dive-bombing aircraft, the Bombing Command immediately sent a balloon Squadron to protect the bridge and since then no further attacks have been made.

On Convoy Ships—It has been found that ships passing through the channel and carrying a balloon for protection, cannot be attacked by dive-bombers, but are kept at a height so that gun fire and anti-aircraft fire can disperse them.

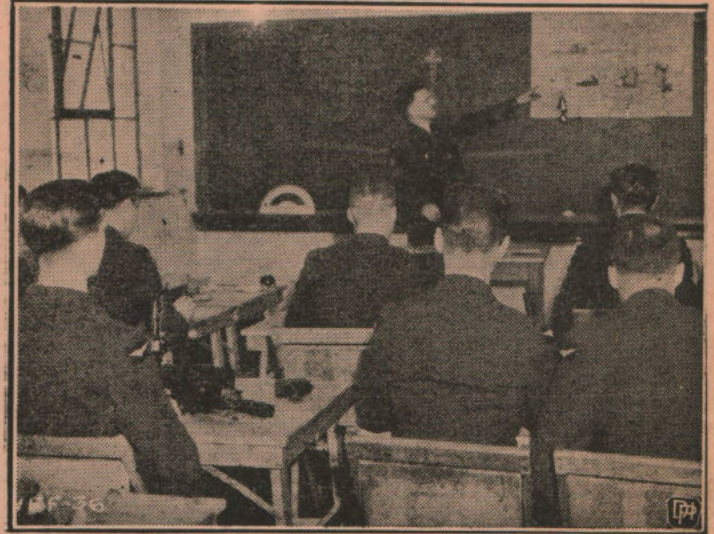
DETECTING ENEMY A/C APPROACH—

Before the present war, Britain had all about its entire coastline a special system of listening posts. Men were at these posts 24 hours a day. They knew the sounds of all types of aircraft and kept a record of their movements. These were compared to air-line time tables; thus a complete check-up of all aircraft could be made.

When war commenced, Britain had an organized method of detecting approaching aircraft.

Sound detectors are synchronized to anti-aircraft guns, this being discussed later.

LEARNING TO SHOOT HUNS



An instructor in the Royal Canadian Air Force, Trenton Air Base, Ont., explains the different parts of a machine gun and their function during a class period.

ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN DEFENCE (Land)—

In conjunction with balloon barrage, some other means of defence is required. Thus, anti-aircraft guns are mounted with the barrage. When the enemy flies over the balloons he is then in range of the guns and can be dispersed or shot down. It is also very difficult or almost impossible to select a target while under a heavy barrage from anti-aircraft guns.

A very effective means of stopping the enemy is to have heavy calibre machine guns with the anti-aircraft guns and balloon barrage. These will prevent the enemy from coming down low or shooting down the balloons at will.

ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN FIRE—

These guns are operated automatically, with the exception of putting the shells in the guns.

These are positioned away from the areas that have to be defended, but kept well within range of them. With the aid of range finders, sound detectors and searchlights, the guns can automatically focus on the point where the enemy is to approach.

With the aid of a predictor, which determines the path of the aircraft at a given time, also the automatic fuse setting for the height, the anti-

FOOL ON YOU!

Crackpot Jim banked his haywire
crane
Eight inches over the airport gate;
Outside-looped her hanging by his
knees,
Didn't listen to his engine's
wheeze
Then he let her spin and wham on
down;
Boy, did he kick that plane
around!
But this poem doesn't end with
Jim's ruin;
He landed neat and asked, "How'm
I doin'?"

aircraft guns can shoot down enemy raiders. New methods of barrage are being worked out, such as the "Box Method." Any new method of anti-aircraft defence barrage found to be successful is a closely guarded secret and would be difficult to obtain at present.

From present day reports, London, Malta and Gibraltar anti-aircraft defence must have proved very successful, as the enemy is having a very difficult time trying to raid these points, having been driven off time and time again, with heavy losses. Some, of course, may get through, but the great majority do not.

(Continued Next Issue)

"UP ON THE BIT"

Up on the bit, the sergeant said, as he fell us in on parade,
Up on the bit, he hollered at us, we thought, what an awful tirade.
He bellowed at us and blustered, and told us a thing or two,
And if you happened to miss the step, you'd bloody well wish you were thru'.
He'd march you up and down the square, 'till your feet were fit to pop,
And form you here and form you there, until you were ready to flop.
Oh, he was an awful man, I'll say, he never seemed ever to tire,
When doubling us 'round the square one day, somebody yelled, "Where's the fire?"
But just the same in spite of it all, if an Airman I'm going to be,
I've got to be able to do my stuff, before I go over the sea.
The better I'm drilled, the keener I'll be to blast all to Hell those Jerrys,
When back on leave and out with the gals, they'll chorus, "Ain't he the berries."

"AL PAT."

Regina, Sask.—19/11/40.



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This paper does not knowingly accept or print material of an objectionable nature and every precaution in the power of the editorial staff is taken to keep its columns clear of matter of this kind.

It is to be hoped that all ranks will accept this paper in the same spirit with which it is intended.

EDITORIAL

(By Flight-Lieut. Sharpe)

A few years ago I heard a story told by a well-known minister in Toronto to a number of young men. This story I have always remembered, because it points out to me an ideal and objective to aim at.

The setting was a monastery, in the centre of which was a small chapel. This chapel was open to any one who might pass along the way. One day, among the visitors to the chapel, was a poor tramp who earned his food and living daily with the few pennies which he would collect from an act of juggling. And juggling was his sole accomplishment.

Up the aisle to the front of the chapel came the juggler, and he came to a stop before a beautiful stained glass window portraying Jesus. Then he immediately took from his pocket four small balls and started juggling. It was really a sensational act, and a monk, who came in the door of the chapel, stopped and looked at him in amazement. The tramp would stop every so often for a moment, look at the figure in the stained glass window, and then put an increased effort to improve his former manoeuvres. Finally, with a climax that was remarkable, the juggling tramp put the balls back in his pocket and returned up the aisle toward the door. As this door was approached, the old monk stopped him and questioned him regarding his actions. The man told the monk that juggling was his finest and best accomplishment and that while in the chapel he had wanted to do his very best before the beautiful figure of Jesus. The monk understood.

Well, fellows, this simple tramp had one particular accomplishment, in which he was quite proficient and of which he was quite proud. He was a good juggler. In fact, no matter where he was, he put his whole heart and soul into his feat, for he was master of it.

And each one of us is an accomplished man in some particular field. Many of us were chosen for the R.C.A.F. because of our proficiency. Others have spent weeks, and months, and even years, in training. Some of us are in Stores; others are clerks in Headquarters; others are riggers, others are fitters; others are in the "Met" section; others are instructors, in wireless, in Link trainers, in navigation, in armament, in flying; others are on the kitchen staff; others are with the M.T.; in fact every man, no matter where he may be placed, is a thoroughly trained and fully qualified man for that job. Each has the opportunity of being an expert in his own particular branch. And every man fills in a vital part of the Empire Training Plan. Your job is one to be proud of, no matter what it may be, and no matter how small. For it is one of the necessary cogs in a machine that requires the complete and sincerest effort of every man who is within this grand co-operative endeavour.

Within the Flights, it is the co-operative work of each individual man doing his best, whether on the ground or in the air, that gives us the fine teamwork which at the end of the day is added up on a sheet of paper showing so many hours spent in the air for that day. The log sheets should be a fine tribute to a day's work well done. And each man should be proud of his effort in keeping the aircraft in such fine shape as to be able to record increase upon increase of times logged. Yes, every man has had a share. Each man has had a job to do. And he has done his conscientious best to make that—a job well done—not just done. Each man has been a juggler in his own right, and deserves to be proud as he comes to his N.C.O. daily and says: "My job is done." And his N.C.O. knows his best has been put into that job.

So, fellows, just like the juggler, who was so proud of his feat that he wanted to demonstrate it in the House of the Lord, let us be darned proud of our place up here at Borden. Let's put the enthusiasm of a man who is a master of his job into that job, and let's do our best to shoulder masterfully our task each and every day.

Let us remember the story of the juggler and take from that the example, that a job well done is acceptable even in the eyes of the Highest. So toward Victory, let's ALL work together—no matter what our job may be.

TO AN AIRMAN AFTER DEATH

We found you here, shot down by hostile guns,
(A representative of all the sons
Of Canada) and now we stand in prayer
Before we spade the earth and leave you there.

Your youth was strongly beautiful. And why—
Of what is beauty wrought, that it should die?
Of what is strength, that it should pass away,
Relinquishing your form to bleak decay?

Oh, what is love, to break implicit trust
And let you fall, unguarded, dust to dust?
And what is faith, to justify this strife,
And then to crush the heart that gave it life?

We ask these things, because we shared your smile,
Because we'll miss your voice an endless while;
And yet, within ourselves, we've always known
That honor does not fail to claim his own.
Our hearts are grieved that dust in dust must lie;
But souls that walk with honor do not die:
And so we mark your grave with one small cross,
And sense a greater gain, who suffer loss.

12 Humberview Rd., Toronto.

MARY FRANCES EDWARDS.

Yeah, we're tough, the coming of Spring means nothing to us except wet weather. The lovely morning sunrises we are having now, "Just another, why the heck do I have to get up." And any person who would venture a remark about a lovely morning is greeted with "So what?" Well, you fellows, if you couldn't see the sunrise, the flowers in the Spring or the beauties around us then you would have reason to squawk loud and long, but on the other hand, the young lady who wrote the above poem has been blind since very early childhood and yet with the eyes of her imagination she has soared to heights unknown to us and has seen the beauties that the majority of us have missed and are missing. So to you, Miss Edwards, thanks for your poem and we hope that we may live up to the standards set in our motto. —L.A.C. KRIBS, W.

TO THE FRENCH-CANADIAN A.T.P.

(With apologies to Henry
Drummond)
(By Sgt. R. Campbell)

I'm jus' one A.T.P.
In big Air training plan,
Don' know ver' much English me.
But try jus' hard I can.

Everyting goes ver' swell
At school call 'Elmentree,
I'm finish up my courses dere
An' go on one big spree.

Now when de leave is over
An' my head is ver' sick,
They take me out to Camp Borden
Way out der in de stick.

Right so soon I start to fly
At ver' high speed pace,
D'ose Link Trainer is fas'en down
An' don' go any place.

In Groun' school too, I learn to shoot
An' fly de Win'speed course,
In Armament and Air Frame
I work like one big horse.

I fly de loop an' slow roll too
To learn de Aerobat
And pretty soon I lan' d'ose plane
So soft, like jumping cat.

De course she's almost over
An' soon comes test for Wing,
I only hope for Canada
I pass in everyting.

Maybe I don't speak de English good
An' un'erstan like you,
But I would like to win d'ose wing
An' shoot de German too.

PER ARDUA AD ASTRA

Thro' peril towards the stars they
soar,
Thro' winter's wind, thro' tempest's
roar;
O Thou, who ridest on the storm,
With Godly grace their hearts in-
form.
Eternal Father, hear our prayer
For those who battle in the air.

So much the many owe the few;
With strength from Thee their arms
endue,
And let them feel 'midst war's
alarms
'Neath them Thy everlasting arms.
And ever in Thy watchful care
Keep those who battle in the air.

Their deeds are writ in glorious
flame
That puts the foeman's rage to
shame.

The sweets of victory let them
know;
Be Thou their guide where'er they
go.
Our Father, heed our thankful
prayer
For those who battle in the air.

But if the silver cord should break
And one Thou to Thyself shalt take,
Grant that he may not pass in vain
And give him rest from toil and
pain.

Thy peace, O God, be his to share
Whose fight is ended in the air.

—By J. C. Marlin, K.C.
Weyburn, Saskatchewan.

ESPRIT DE CORPS Pride of Unit

I'm proud to be an Airman, and wear the Airforce Blue,
I'm proud to be 'mongst youngsters, who always ring so true.
I thrill with expectation, when I see them marching by,
I close my eyes and see them soar, in Squadrons to the sky.
I revel in their smartness when off parade or on
And know these boys will always fight, until the battle's won.
I envy every parent, who's fostered such a son,
And know they'll take a big account of every blasted Hun.

Inspired by the "Friendly Chat" of Air Marshal Bishop, V.C., to the
Airmen of Manning Depot, Toronto, Ont., May 4, 1940.

"AL PAT."

READ IT OR NOT

(LAC Rorke, E.M.)

I've spun around three times and bashed my head against the wall in true Dog Patch style but still I can't woo the Muse to my aid. So this will have to be an uninspirational column and we'll let the chips fall where they may.

Sgt. Sheridan contributed this conundrum and it's rather good. Twins, a boy and a girl, were born to a certain family. One arrived at ten to twelve Saturday p.m. and one at 10 minutes after twelve Sunday a.m. Which was the girl and why? This will kill you. The one born at ten after twelve was the girl as there is no "male" delivery on Sunday.

It's awfully funny but it's true, that among human beings there are sometimes two ways of looking at a thing. For instance if you greet the "boss" with a cheerful good morning and a happy grin you are displaying courtesy. If the other fellow does it he's trying to curry favour. If you tell a story or make a wisecrack you are just revealing to the world a sense of humor that is invaluable in lifting the gloom of an otherwise depressing day. If you refuse a loan or a favour to someone you are just manifesting a judicial understanding of the other fellow's weaknesses and besides he doesn't need help anyway. But boy oh boy, if the other fellow refuses you, wow, he's just a tight fisted so and so. And so on far into the night. If you have such a biased outlook, and you are unwilling to give the other fellow credit for the things you credit yourself, for heaven's sake change and change fast.

Did you ever stop to think that you own a newspaper? This one? At home you pay 3 cents a day for your paper. You read it and whether you like it or not there is nothing that you can do about it. Except stop reading it. As a rule at home the only contribution you can get published is an obituary notice or an advertisement. At Camp Borden you pay nothing for your paper and if you don't like it you are free to make suggestions or submit material for publication to your heart's content. So fellows this is your paper and you write it the way you want to read it.

Just while I'm about it, here's a little secret I want to let you in on. This is the only place I can get a secret broadcast around as there are no ladies in camp. (I'm only fooling, dear). There is an idea buzzing around this old noggin that would suggest that in some not too distant issue it might be a good idea to run a spread of candid photo shots of interest to the personnel at this station. So camera fiends, if you have any photos that are of an un-military nature, let's see them and we will plan from there.

And so to bed. But before I go let's say that Walling Ruby is pitching a nice lot of oratory around this district in connection with the War Services Campaign now in progress, that was launched by Wendell Willkie at Toronto, March 24th. All of us here appreciate the work being done by these services and I suggest that we give this thing a boost wherever we may be outside this Camp. It's a certainty that if Wally puts the same enthusiasm and work into this campaign as he displays around this camp in connection with his "Y" duties, success is assured. Go to it, Wally.



"Aw—come on—just let me lead them down the next block—that's where 'me' girl friend lives!"

:- THE LETTER BOX :-

AN OPEN LETTER TO R.C.A.F. THEATRE PATRONS

Dear Sirs: It may not be up to us to bring this to the attention of those concerned but somebody should and we might as well.

During the past few stage shows, some of which have been good and some otherwise, there are a small minority who, when they think a show is "dragging", are of the opinion that some smart remark is forthcoming from them and immediately set out to start remarking in a subdued tone, which usually carries about 30 rows, that it's a "lousy" show, or, "why doesn't he sing something we can understand?" This is usually started by one or two. There is always somebody in any audience who sees a laugh in the smallest of things, and it will no doubt get a giggle from this type of person. As the first fellow in the minority got a laugh over nothing, the second fellow, thinking his humor is better, will no doubt try it out on the performers. This goes on until the minority are having quite a chinning bee amongst themselves and which is causing the rest of the audience no end of annoyance.

If it annoys the audience, how do you think it will react on the cast who are giving their time and energy free, so that Camp life won't be too dull on you and me?

If you don't like the show, wait until there is a change in the act and then leave quietly while the change is being made. Any other kind of demonstration shows only one thing—"ignorance" not "humor" or "intelligence" as some would like you to believe.

It was also noted, and this time the offenders were those whom we are told should know better, that in the middle of a curtain speech about

5 minutes or less before the show finished, a few of the inhabitants of the first 5 rows got up and quietly (Did I say that?) stamped down the aisle towards the exits. Gentlemen, it just isn't done in the best of circles.

It is suggested therefore, that in order to combat this disturbance, a couple of ushers be detailed to attend the show and put a few of our chronic disturbers on their best behaviour—or else! It is also suggested that if this doesn't do any good, a 5 minute lesson on etiquette be given before show time.

Don't get us wrong, we appreciate good fun as much as the next fellow, but we don't appreciate fun that causes embarrassment to someone who doesn't deserve it.

—L. CROWE, Sgt.

JOE

He's only a "General Duties" And the boys all call him Joe; No matter where the job is He's always on the go.

It's bring me this, or bring me that! 'Til his back is nearly broke; An hour or two on the Snowpile Is anything but a joke.

He's out for drill in the Morning And he guards you half the Night; He's the lad that gets the dirty work When the Camp's been on a tight.

So here's to the "General Duties" The man who's always Joe; What would we do without him When there's dirty work or snow.

—SGT. R. CAMPBELL.

Passenger: "I say, you're taking me in a roundabout way!"

Cab Driver: "Sorry, sir, but me name's Corrigan!"

ENTERTAINMENT REVIEW

(By L.A.C. Malcolm Stoba)

This is a new feature in Wings Over Borden and is written with the idea of giving a little more concrete expression of our appreciation of the artists who come here to entertain us. Most entertainers keep a scrap book filled with their "clippings" so that when the ring of applause dies in their ears they will have something to remember their "great moments" by. So it will be the duty of the writer of this column to see that copies of Wings Over Borden are forwarded to the sponsors of the entertainments that come into camp.

On March 15, the Maskers Revue played an excellent show in camp. There was an abundance of talent displayed and each member of the party showed marked ability in his or her own field of entertainment. A hilarious skit depicting the antics of a bachelor following instructions from the radio on how to bake a cake, was one of the high spots of the show. Particularly good was the boy and girl comedy team. The soloists of the evening were in very fine voice and rendered some very pleasing numbers. Outstanding among the songs was "I Am a Canadian." Another item that stopped the show was the antics of the knights who engaged in some highly amusing horse play (on horseback) accompanied by the strains of lively music.

On March 21, the personnel were invited to the Lee Theatre in the Army area to hear Lawrence Tibbett, the great baritone, but Mr. Tibbett was taken ill that day and was unable to appear, causing much disappointment.

One of the greatest thrills of the season was experienced by the theatregoers of the R.C.A.F. theatre when Mart Kenny and His Western Gentlemen, accompanied by Judy Richards, visited the theatre on March 25. The spontaneous applause from the packed theatre said more than words could ever say, the enjoyment received from their programme. It is felt by all that this orchestra is definitely on its way to the top and we say "Good luck and please come again."

F/O Jackson has been kind enough to submit the following information about the career of Mart. Kenny's Orchestra. This orchestra first saw the light of day in Vancouver and most of the players are Vancouver boys. Their success was immediate in Vancouver and it was not long before their fame spread outside of B.C. Their first move was to Waterton Lakes National Park, Alta., and played several summer engagements there. They've also played at Banff and Lake Louise. They moved east shortly and have played at the Chateau Laurier and Royal York, besides numerous other engagements. For several years now this splendid band has been broadcasting for C.B.C. and are now on a large network programme sponsored by a Canadian milling company. Mart Kenny and his Western Gentlemen are starting a western tour and will play at Banff this year. Judy has been with them about six months. The engagement at Borden was the first of its kind and Judy was really thrilled.

"DAWN" FLIGHT

A Smoker was held in the Simcoe Hotel, Barrie, one night a week or so ago. Some of you may remember when but I just can't to the exact day. Class 16 had sprouted their wings and this was their way of showing appreciation to the boys who chased wing tips for them during their stay with us. A good time as usual was had by all those attending and under the capital instruction from F/O Spencer, who was pinch hitting for F/L Reid. We might mention here that F/L Reid was missed by the boys.

Cigarettes and tea were served under the watchful eye of none other than Sgt. Major Henderson and our Flight Sgt. Harris. So Cpls. Waslyk and Maybee were kept right on their toes to see all were taken care of. The balloon blowing contest that followed was more of a test on the rubber used on the balloons that were passed around to all. Our guest, F/O McKenna from "A" Flight was the most successful in this endeavour, we often wondered why the wind blows so strong from the North.

We were later in the evening aroused by a disturbance at the door, on opening it were greeted by three of our Senior Officers, W/C Kennedy, S/L Priestly and none other than that tall wavy haired genial C.F.I. F/L Wilson. These were a help in keeping the evening quite lively. Thank you for dropping in and come again to the next affair. The smoker was closed by all wishing all those who have left our midst the best of luck and good flying.

Well fellows, the gang here are looking forward to summer like the rest of you, when they can get out and pound the old soft ball around again. We didn't fare so badly in this field of sport last year and are hoping to do better this year. We must congratulate Headquarters Squadron on their winning the C.O.'s trophy for sports.

—L.A.C. W. HATFIELD.

A FLIGHT

After all our talk, in the previous issue, about being intact we must now bid a fond farewell to two of our members, L.A.C. Swedburg and Sgt. Dunham, as well as one of our late members, Sgt. Romiens. We wish them every success on their new stations.

We would also like to say "Good bye and good luck" to all our student pilots who received their wings on Monday, March 17, and have since departed for parts unknown. May we all resume our acquaintance in the not too distant future.

—J. T. Gates, "A" Flight.

SECTIONAL NEWS

STATION HEADQUARTERS

It's been quite a brisk week around Station H.Q., what with getting the documents ready on time for Course 16 and having W/C Kennedy and F/L Dodwell on our neck making sure we did. So brisk, in fact, that a lot of people thought that that three day blizzard was caused by adverse weather conditions. Take it from us, it wasn't! The cause—why "Red" Traynor, Geo. Friend, Ken Peck et al tearing here, there and up to the mess and back again, actually working.

It's been quite a month for Geo. Hammond. Every chance he gets, he flashes his new Identification disc, which he won for being on the champion bowling team, in the faces of the hockey team. Ouch!

We don't know what it is that these Westerners have but Stan Aikens seems to do all right between Barrie, Toronto and Hamilton. If he could only borrow Fred Davis' limousine he could take all his girls riding at the same time—providing the seven passenger car was big enough.

We feel sorry for Geo. Friend though. Friend Friend has been bragging about how he was going to give the boys in the mess a treat this past Sunday by bringing his girl friend up for the day. Came Saturday. Same phone call. Girl no came. So Geo., we are told, drowned his sorrows on Sunday night.

What certain Sgt. has been trying to inveigle what other certain Sgt. around H.Q. to go to Hamilton with him and why won't said Sgt. go? Could it be that he has lost his nerve? Heh, heh, heh!

'Tis rumored about that "Red" T. called on a girl down in the Beach District of Toronto and took her to a show. After accompanying her home and indulging in some of the pater's old stock, Red departed for his home at approximately 00.15 arriving home around 0300 same morning. No, Red lives in the same city so it must have been the pater's old stock, or could the hour of departure have been exaggerated? Could stand investigation, Jake!

It's with deepest regret that we announce the departure of Sgt. Ed. Yaternick—"The Women's Choice"—who left C.R. for the wild and woollies of the West, namely, Saskatoon (the place that was named after a song). We hear from reliable sources that the Orderly Room out there employs girls, hence, lucky Yaternick. Good luck, kid.

SAFETY VALVE G.I.S.

Assoc. Ed.—Sgt. R. Campbell

In Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of things and stuff and believe it or not, in spite of the lovely artificial lakes that have sneaked up on us during the night, Spring is actually and officially here. You will notice yourself mentally criticizing the dirty looking colour of the other fellow's clothes and he is probably doing the same about yours, don't worry about it. It's only the new, fresh, clean Spring air that is giving you the super clean feeling.

Undoubtedly this feeling will even give men like Paget courage enough to come clean and tell that certain girl that he'd like to fly dual from now on.

We have lost two more of the men from the G.I.S. workshop due to a severe case of Transferitis. Hank Goudis has been transferred to the Embarkation Depot and L.A.C. Spry hit the trail to Fingal. Good luck to both of you.

Two new additions to the Armament Instructors Staff have appeared in the past week, Cpl. Magwood and Cpl. Edwards. We sincerely hope that you like our home here at Borden and extend a sincere welcome from the members of G.I.S.

It is rumored that a certain Cpl. in the workshop is definitely looking for shekels to fill a money belt he received recently. Object is obviously an intention to add to the Armament Section's already heavy married establishment.

This section has been haunted lately by a super-abundance of would-be Daniel Boones, who enquire with a wild look in their eyes, "When are you going to let me shoot, huh! When are you, I betcha." The list has been compiled for the station and as soon as your name comes up you will be called. Don't be impatient, we'll get you through as fast as we can.

Well I guess that is enough for now so I'll close with this parting shot, even though a certain Sgt. has a "car," it doesn't mean that he'll be able to make Toronto in one hop.

ACCOUNTS SECTION

(By A.C. 1 Willmot)

WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW:

If Corporal H. T. McAlear is really married or just afraid to tackle it. His latest weekend expense account proves that he is.

Why Corporal Kay still upholds the Gopher country when his wife says she loves the East.

Why Corporal Deegan has so many rugs in his car. Is it cold, or is it?

If Corporal Town is really paid by Vancouver to advertise. If so, he is decidedly underpaid.

If Tubby (or I am not fat Cunniffe) is getting fatter or have his shirts just shrunk.

If Alarm Clock Kribs ever overslept. We would be lost in the morning without him.

If Giggler Baskett took a bath in a washing machine would he laugh himself into submission.

Accounts Section badminton team enters the finals by defeating

ODDITY 734

It seems that the age old argument, West vs East, is at last about to be settled, with the boys from the East slightly in the lead. Here's the reason: Cpl. Van Town of Vancouver has been a staunch supporter of the West, yea, a fiery supporter of the Pioneer Pastures, finally tipped his hand and proved he was slightly confused. For Van appeared on parade this week with his West galosh on his East foot and vice versa.

—The Editor.

No. 1 Squadron Maintenance. The other semi-finalist are Headquarters and "A" Flight, who are not expected to cause the Accounts any trouble.

Why A.C. 1 Wilmot has so much he wants to know about others when there is so much could be said about him.

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SERVICE POLICE NOTES

(Cpl. Beaton—Assoc. Ed.)

THE AIR FORCE BARRIER

The Service Police could do with a little more cooperation with Airmen leaving and reentering camp. Most generally the Service Police hear, "Do we have to sign the book, too? — We have passes." Another one is, "I didn't sign out. Do I have to sign in?" The answer to that one is YES. The only time one doesn't have to sign out or in is between 1700 hours and 2230 hours. One favorite question is, "I'm just going down to the Hospital. Do I have to sign the book?" YES. Anyone going down for a swim or anywhere in the army area, or to Barrie, has to sign the book.

The purpose of having to sign the book is to keep a closer check on Airmen leaving and returning to camp. This situation was brought on by the Airmen themselves—because a few men were caught.

We, the Service Police, have had more work added to our duties on the barrier, so how about a little cooperation on the part of the Airmen on this station?

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Bill seems to be enjoying himself immensely these days.

The next time, Bruce, try to be back a little earlier.

Charlie and Earl seem to be enjoying their (48)'s regularly.

What's your favorite flower, Alex? How's the arm.

Jean sure likes to decorate himself. That fatigue shirt resembles a Christmas tree.

Cliff, have you become reconciled to being back?

Ranny is still able to sit up and take a LITTLE nourishment.

Herb is right in there plugging the same as always.

Our Sergeant is having the troubles of the young father in trying to get Junior to sleep.

Jack Dugan sure has his hands full these days doing all the work in the office.

Fitz and Moran must be enjoying themselves by the looks of the cards received by the boys.

DRAFTS FROM THE NORTH END

During the past few months the sectional hockey teams have been striving to gain the top of the heap but now we all know that the team of No. 1 Day Maintenance is the one that we must regard as the champions. Doubtless, many of the other competitors still think differently but we know that they will all join

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COMPLETE LINE OF Athletic Equipment

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SECTIONAL NEWS

DEDICATED TO "C" FLIGHT

Gentlemen:
From Men of Honour who have gone before,
The winged heroes of the last Great War,
From names inscribed in glories' hall
A torch is passed; it must not fall.
'Tis ours to bear, and carry high
To further heights in some foreign sky.
To follow this, our inherited course,
Down the glorious road of a gallant Force.

—M. W. ROWLEY, P/O

"C" FLIGHT

Spring has come to us, probably before all other flights, as there is a scene of activity in hangar No. 11. This sudden burst of energy, rarely seen in this vicinity, marks the opening of the "C" Flight Cafeteria. By the time that this bit of news comes into print, it is hoped that the cafeteria will be in full swing. There is a standing invitation open to all who wish to visit our tea-room, as we are sure that one call will lead to another (H.Q. and Accounts, please note).

This announcement is made with the sincerest regrets to P/O Rowley, on his recent transfer to Trenton. The boys of "C" Flight extend their heartiest congratulations on your new promotion. So the best of luck, sir, and happy landings to you.

At the time of writing, a transfer came through for L.A.C. Douglas, I.W. We will miss you Ian, but I am sure that you will be happy nearer home. Let us know when the happy event is coming off, too.

One of our boys has taken to flying very seriously, so much in fact, that the boys in Room 14 are patiently waiting for him to take off some evening. How about it, Sam? Give it the gun, and change it to fine pitch, so that we can all stay awake.

This will be all for this edition, so until the next, au revoir.

—CPL. SHLAKAT.

us in three rousing cheers for No. 1 Day Maintenance.

"A" Flight's team, along with the others, was in there with all they had but just not up to the job. Our showing was, however, above that of last year and we are proud of our boys, who made all their games well earned victories. For every game they played they had to rush down from work and then return after the game to finish up for the day. We do, here and now, announce our intentions for next winter's games. Sections beware the "A" Flight team of 1941 and '42.

I, on behalf of "A" Flight, extend to No. 1 Day Maintenance, our congratulations. Rest on your laurels, boys, you earned them.

—A. BROWN.

HE MUST STAND IN WELL!
The prospective son-in-law had just given little Willie, brother of his sweetheart, a sack of candy.
"Don't you think my beau is a good fellow?" asked the big sister.
"Huh . . . he's better than that!" said Willie.
"How do you mean?"
"Well, I heard Mama tell Papa that he was better than nobody!"

SPARKS FROM WORKSHOPS

It has been suggested by Sgt Longley, our sports representative, that we remain in the Borden sports league as a separate sports unit apart from our maintenance squadron, as was the case when we were attached to headquarters. In this way we may enter our own teams in the respective leagues. This seems like a very good idea, and with all the new men in the shop we have already organized our own basketball team, with prospects of other good teams for the spring leagues.

So here's a challenge to all sections. Station Workshops intend to enter their own teams in the leagues. We have plenty of men to choose from now and you can expect plenty of competition if our new gang are as good as they look.

The farewell party in Barrie for Sgt. Major Millar was sadly dampened by the news of the passing on of his son. The boys of Workshops extend deepest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Millar at Moncton.

The "ole contemptibles" welcome with open arms the arrival of several new "Joes" to Workshops. After attaining their A group in spark plug cleaning, they will graduate to the various departments of our shop under the capable supervision of Cpls. Crew-Cowlard and Reiber.

Only half an apple goes to Flight "B" on the arrival of a daughter. The cigars were good anyway, Flight—and here's for better luck next time.

Mr. (Snerd) Mortimer of the Inst section feels the call of spring. It is noticed lately that he is a frequenter of the bright lights. He claims it is only Canadian hospitality to an English evacuee. Mary's little lamb.

The boys of A70 wish to know if a private line could be put in to handle the calls of one L.A.C. Barr as no one else can get a call in edgeways. This airman being editor of above column, this is a special insert.

NO. 3 MAINTENANCE

It seems as though each week we miss a few more of the old originals transferred to other stations. This time we hardly had time to say au revoir to Sgt. "Bill" McCloskey of coke club fame, "Good Kid" Couch, "Sleepy" Scully and Jimmy Ness. They will all be missed by the rest of us; and we in turn welcome the new arrivals from Galt and St.

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FLIGHT SLANTS FROM "F"

It's been hello and goodbye
For ever so long,
We've lost a good many
Got a few, not for long.

Jeff Bolch and Fred Page,
The last of the gang,
Find number two entry
On their own with a bang.

Dunsdon, German, Shalthase, Barr,
Wickett, Ingram, Cox and Crook,
All good fellas, from far and near,
To fill and complete a darn good book.

To those of our circle who have
Gone here and there,
Vancouver, the Prairies, the East,
Or maybe "over there,"

Your friends and companions
Of good old "E" Flight,
Still carry on, wish you luck
Where'er you may light.

So "F" goes on and
Fore this fracas is over,
May be scattered afar,
Perhaps seeking cover.

But while we're together
Our fun we look after,
With a smile and a grin
And occasionally, laughter.

FLASH — Doc "Airscrew" Shalthase has announced his intentions of making the final leap. To whom, where or when we will try to find out for next issue.

—L.A.C. INGRAM, J. M.

Thomas, to whom we look and expect to carry on in Maintenance manner, to do every job well and to cooperate willingly.

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SPORT NEWS

FLYERS LOSE TO STRATFORD 40-29

(By L.A.C. H. W. Cameron, Sports Editor)

BORDEN WINS FROM BROADVIEW "Y" 55-38

(By L.A.C. H. W. Cameron)

Thanks are extended to the Broadview "Y" team in coming to Borden, March 13, on decidedly short notice, to play an exhibition game with the Flyers. They turned in a swell game, but finished on the short end of the 55 to 38 score.

The Flyers were clicking in all departments, with Bratt, Shecker, Lambo, Willis and Brand running up some nice high individual scores. Broadview were using some juvenile assistance and did not show to the good effect they would have had their regular team all been present. Bricker of the "Y" team took high scoring honours for both teams with a total of 13 points to his credit.

Broadview "Y"	Borden Flyers
Bricker13	Bratt12
Andrews 1	Crowe 2
Cooper 0	Meyers 4
Grant 8	Shecker12
Poulton 6	Lambo 6
Whalen 4	Henderson 5
Hitchen 6	Friedlanski 0
McDonnell..... 0	Harris 0
—	Brand 6
Total38	Willis 8
	Total55



In the second game of the play-offs at Stratford the Flyers found the strangeness a little too much to overcome and their shooting was decidedly off from their usual brand of marksmanship. Stratford during the first half showed definite superiority in the play. For Borden, Bratt, Willis and Shecker were effective in the scoring of the first half.

Score—Stratford 21, Flyers 18.

In the second half, Borden opened up and took the play away from Stratford, but ran into difficulty via the foul route and allowed their opponents some very valuable points. The Stratford team were very good in their shooting and were very effective in their play around the basket, especially on taking rebounds, to take the game and round.

Score—Stratford 40, Flyers 29.

The Borden team deserves considerable credit, for most of the lads gave up their valuable weekend passes to play. Sgt. Fuzz Henderson stayed over on his posting and A.C. Bratt travelled to Stratford while on leave to play in the game. They enjoyed the trip and the hospitality of Stratford and sincerely wish them success in the "B" group finals.

Stratford	Borden Flyers
Welsh11	Lambo 2
Burt 5	Henderson 0
Snieder 7	Shecker 7
Edmunds 2	Willis12
Haas 8	Bratt 3
Evans 1	Studholme 1
Goodyear 2	Friedlanski 1
Tomlinson 4	Brand 1
	Meyers 0
Total40	Total29

Enemy No. 1" by the winged horde. This will be enough for this week or our publishers will be charging me extra for taking too much space.

—H. J. LaGrave, W.O. 1.

DRILL HALL AND SPORTS

(By "Red" Wilson)

Now that No. 1 D.M. are hockey champs and Headquarters won top honours in bowling, spring must be near. This is the best season for conditioning. The gym is always open and running is the best conditioner for you fellows with a little surplus weight.

Next on the sports programme is an Intersectional Basketball league. The court and equipment will be reserved for any section who wish to practise. Select a good manager and with your support your section will be hard to beat.

F/L Hession's volleyball team is holding open practices and any players interested watch D.R.O. Ross, Plumb, Yate, Swindells, Em-

ond, Standing and Horobin are playing a heads up game under the doctor's coaching. Several other players are showing excellent team work. Wally Ruby has arranged some outside competition for our club.

No. 1 D.M. vs Accounts and "A" Flight vs Headquarters for the badminton finals. These teams are evenly matched so play offs will be worth watching.

The War Services campaign for a huge objective is in progress, we as sportsmen and Airmen know how these services are needed, so if you can't spare any money, spread the news of their great work to others. Words may be mere wind, but then so is a tornado.

Equipment Section

Well, here I am again, pinch-hitting for the Equipment Section. I must admit that I failed to contribute in the last issue. This can probably be attributable to the bad weather we were experiencing at the time. When the storm did abate, I had to fight my way from under a snow drift. It might be a good idea if plans were made for next winter in picking a suitable site for the erection of igloos.

Out of the storm came a new Equipment officer, namely, Flight-Lieutenant Charlton, who ably replaced Flight-Lieutenant MacGregor, when the latter left us on being posted to No. 1 Fighter Squadron. We all wish him the best of luck

over there. We also extend our best wishes to our new officer, although somewhat belated. This, in fact, is a much better time, as we have been working with him for some time and we know that he is capable of holding the position previously held by both Flight-Lieutenants Slemon and MacGregor in turn.

Another summer is fast approaching and also our old friends the mosquitoes. They never fail and you will see them winging around much thicker than Harvards and Yales, and making every bit as much noise, helping in no small way in arousing one's temper. Our old friend, W.O. 2 Drake, the mosquito exterminator, will be sorely missed as he knew every water hole for miles around and was known as "Public

PREPAREDNESS

Farmer: "Why have you always two pails with you when you go to milk the cow?"

Milkmaid: "Well, you see, she always kicks over one!"

R.C.A.F. THEATRE CAMP BORDEN

April 2-3—

"FLIGHT FROM DESTINY"
Thomas Mitchell

April 4-5—

"THE GREAT McGINTY"
Brian Donlevy

April 6—

"The Amazing Mr. Williams"
Warren William

April 7-8—

"Mr. Smith Goes to Washington"
James Stewart and Jean Arthur

April 9-10—

"SANTA FE TRAIL"
Errol Flynn and Olivia DeHavilland

April 11-12—

"CHAD HANNA"
Henry Fonda

April 13—

"PUBLIC DEB NO. 1"
George Murphy and
"GAY CABALLERO"
Cesar Romero

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Notes From Down Under

(By L.A.C. Lloyd Burley)

At least 43 persons on this R.C.A.F. Station at Camp Borden don't think the weather is everything it could be—for we have undergone a rather severe climatic change in the last month. Fresh from a land of sunshine, we have come to a land of snow. From Australia we have come to Canada. Admittedly we have had quite a grand run of sunshine since we've been here, but we'll be happier when the snow has done its yearly disappearing trick and we can tread once again on honest dirt.

That is something of a "moan" to start our story—but you will hear many who say that Australians are happiest when they are moaning. Take it as you will. Our crew is perfectly happy—despite the snow. Some who have tried their "skill" at skiing are pleased that winter is still here; but others, targets for well-aimed snowballs, may not agree.

We left Australia while summer was still there, but with something of its heat gone. Our last week in Australia—at Embarkation Depot—was an example of what Australian weather can be. Glorious sunshine every day and tons of opportunities to visit the nearby surfing beaches and cool off, or visit town and cool off in an equally effective manner.

Our ship sailed from Sydney Harbour on a perfect day (thank the heavens) passing a big ship (I don't think the censor would let me tell the name) swinging at anchor in the middle of the harbour, and going into the open Tasman—new experience for many of us. Soon we began to play "pitch and toss" with the ship, and the poorer exponents of the game did not appear on parades. Most of the sickness had entirely disappeared in time for the boys to let New Zealand know we were passing through. We had long enough in port there to have a look at the place and enjoy open hospitality of our Empire partner.

Not once on the trip did we strike really bad weather, and the second stage of our journey was perfect. A couple of days out of New Zealand we were in tropical dress and feeling the heat. Our time was partially filled with lectures, drill and P.T. periods, and though the confined space of the ship, naturally irksome to open-air men under blackout conditions, was not all we could wish, few had any real growls. We were traveling first class on one of the best ships in the Pacific Ocean, and certainly one of the fastest. It was comforting to us to know she had enough speed to leave behind any merchant raider in those waters. But that excitement was not for us, and no enemy put in an appearance. Alternate nights we could attend the pictures, New Zealanders having the other night.

From the equator (or thereabouts) to the morning we hit Canada we saw no sunshine, and it was a double pleasure to see land and sunshine. The third stage of our journey lasted a fortnight—with nothing to see but sea—and we were sick of seeing that.

Most notable evening on the boat (for most) was the evening of the concert by the Australians and New Zealanders. All the sketches were composed on board and drew upon the incidents of boat life for their stories and humour. Passengers came at their own risk—although the whole show was supposed to have been censored. It was a weak performance the boys put up in the final rehearsal before the two C.O.'s, for all the items had to be watered down to

make certain they would not be "scrubbed." But the show itself really did go off "with a bang."

At Victoria, which we struck on a Sunday, we were met by a Canadian Air Force officer and marched through the streets to stretch legs and have a glance at our first Canadian city. After leaving Victoria, we ran into the winds from the snow-covered mountains—and they were cold. Vancouver we struck at night, and saw nothing of the place, for we immediately went to our train and soon set off on our trip across Canada.

Canada was well hidden beneath snow, but you can talk about your Rockies and praise them as you will. We'll agree. They were a magnificent sight, and we were lucky to see them in daylight. Frozen streams (I almost said "creeks")—our Australian name—were becoming a common sight, and every chance the boys were out of the train and into the snow, hurling it with alarming accuracy. The air was keen and a relief from the stuffiness of the train.

At intervals we were able to get out and stretch our legs, and on two occasions—Saskatoon and Winnipeg—struck snow falling. Every place we did complain of cold, we were comforted with "You should have been here two days ago; it was cold then." That with the temperature hovering near the zero mark! And we had left a flying school where our flying dress had been shorts and shirt, and where two zeros, preceded by a unit, measured the temperature—or failed to do so.

Important thing—your "tucker" is good. Certain combinations surprise and intrigue us, such as maple syrup and bacon, but we're liking it.

As individuals we cannot claim many distinctions. We are something of a cross-section of Australians whom you will meet in the R.A.A.F. Four states of our Commonwealth are represented in this group, the Eastern states providing most of the men going overseas. Our two top-weights are "Mike" Stuart and "Tiny" McDonald. Mike has lived in Canada before and was able to tell us something of the place. Ted Anderson has "been around" and seen something of this country while gaining experience—for the dry-cleaning game.

In the crowd are several Varsity students, while two have their degrees. Fred ("Poppa") Madsen can write B.Sc. beyond his name, and Bill Sharpe has a right to the science degree plus the Diploma of Australian Forestry. He was our directory on timber on the way across (when we could see through the frosted windows). In the sporting world, none can claim outstanding honours, but Phil Adam has driven in some of Australia's big road races. Charlie Thompson—who hails from the real sheep country—can account for a few shattered clay pigeons. Bill Chrystal (better known as "Crystal Bill") has knocked out a lot of fun on the backs of buck-jumpers, and has lived the hard life of the Western sheep stations. Others of us hail from sheep properties scattered from north to south of the continent, and another group drew wealth from the soil in other ways.

Other walks of life are represented too. Clerks, an engineer, a wool appraiser, a motor tuner for an oil company, a journalist, a policeman, a picture theatre manager—some hailing from cities, some from the country districts.

Most of us have played cricket, and football, tennis and rowing, while those who have not enjoyed



"My mother told me to wear my most attractive costume when I applied for the position."

WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATE CAMPAIGN

(By F/Lt. A. V. Ashdown)

The R.C.A.F. campaign for subscription to the war savings fund is now well under way. The total number of pledges is well over two hundred and applications are coming in fast.

Some sections have already subscribed almost 100 per cent and it is hoped many others will do the same.

Daily results by Squadrons will be shown in our theatre for the information of all, and each Squadron is urged to make this campaign a success.

SAD CASE

"Has she 'gone Hollywood'?"
"I'll say! Why, she won't dance anything but reels!"

the thrill of surfing would (if there be any) be oddities. Each one could tell an interesting story of his life in Australia, and of Australia itself—for things are different over there. It is hard to tell you much about the boys, for they don't talk much about themselves, but you'll see us all about the camp, and the judgment be yours.

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AHA!

A very stout man was walking on the promenade of a seaside town when he noticed a weighing machine with the notice: "I speak your weight."

He put a penny in the slot and stood on the platform. A voice answered, "One at a time, please!"

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AEROPLANE MAINTENANCE

(By Sgt. Goldberg)

Upon writing this article, the writer has attempted to give you a brief and basic outline of the daily routine work being done in a Maintenance Squadron attached to No. 1 Service Flying Training School in Camp Borden. I would like to point out that the maintenance of aeroplanes plays a very important and vital part in the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan throughout Canada. A vast number of ground crews and maintenance staffs are daily engaged in keeping the aircraft in airworthy condition. Engineering officers, non-commissioned officers and other ranks have their jobs to do, no matter how small or large it may be (it is done); they all co-operate together and do their work in an efficient and effective manner. However, to get down to the subject of "Aeroplane Maintenance," I believe the most logical thing to begin with is the "periodic inspection" of aircraft. In a telephone conversation the other day, one of the senior N.C.O.'s spoke to the warrant officer in charge of Maintenance Squadron, with regards to having Harvard aircraft for a 240-hour inspection. I would like to mention that aircraft have a thorough going over for periodic inspections, daily, acceptance checks, 40-hour, 80-hour, 120-hour, 160-hour, 200 and 240-hours' inspections. This means that after the aircraft has flown a certain number of flying hours, it is time to give it a periodic inspection as just mentioned. The aircraft is then sent down to Maintenance Squadron for its 240-hour inspection. With the aircraft comes the aircraft and engine maintenance record sheets of previous inspections, repairs, modifications, etc., of Harvard. This maintenance sheet is a record showing what work was done on this aircraft, engine, propeller and instruments, etc., the date showing when it was done and the name of the mechanic who did the job, his trade, time, date, and signed by him, and signed by the N.C.O. as airworthy. The clerical staff in Maintenance Squadron keep all log books up to date pertaining to aircraft, engines and propellers. They obtain their data from these maintenance sheets I just mentioned previously, and copy from these maintenance sheets and record it into the log books. Therefore, inspections, repairs, modifications, renewal of parts, etc., are all recorded up to date in these log books. When aircraft is ready for its 240-hour inspection, the senior N.C.O. details usually one corporal engine fitter and two assistants and one corporal rigger, with also two assistants, of the same trade. As written now, a brief outline is given as to what must be done on this 240-hour inspection of aircraft by airframe mechanics.

All fairings and panels are removed, dust, dirt and dirty grease and other particles are thoroughly cleaned with a cleaning fluid,

"Varsol," operated by an air compressed spray gun. All lubricating points throughout the aeroplane are greased and oiled with the correct type and grades of oil and grease. Zink fittings are greased with cup grease, medium grade, and for hydraulic system, special type hydraulic fluid is used. Mainplanes are examined for signs of internal corrosion, rivets sheared, ribs cracked or buckled. All flaps checked for correct opening and closing by hydraulic control system; rods and other parts correctly locked with split-pins, brass wire and elastic stop-nuts, ribs cracked or bent, etc. Oil level in tail wheel, oleo leg checked, air in tyre. Remove tail wheel, examine axle and fittings for wear and damage, bearings to be re-packed with grease. Tailplanes, elevators, fin and rudder internally for corrosion. Pipe lines of hydraulic system examined for security, damage and loose clips. Hydraulic tank container examined for corrosion. Check movement of ailerons, control column, rudder, elevators and tabs. Examine wings and centre section root attachment bolts and nuts for security and tightness. Eyelets in bottom of elevator open for drainage. Ailerons, elevators and rudder checked for wear. Check all flying controls for correct movement and angle of degree. Fin attachment bolts to be secured for tightness, also tailplane bolts and fittings, as well as for corrosion, internally and externally. Jack up tail end of aircraft and check air pressure in oleo leg and valve is properly locked. Remove fire extinguisher and see that bracket is secured and extinguisher filled with correct fluid. Examine skin on fuselage and wings for internal and external signs of corrosion; rivets sheared, metal dented and buckled. Jack up front of aircraft and inspect brake lock linings for wear, drums for scoring, rivets sheared or worn, and deterioration. Remove tyres, examine rims of wheels for cracks, check axle and fittings for wear and damage. Test brake for correct operation, check operation of undercarriage, emergency lower gear, sound horn device and lights for undercarriage to be checked several times to see it functions properly. Pilot's seat, safety harness belts examined for correct locking and wear. Control cables properly locked and no strands broken, etc.; turnbuckles locked correctly, etc.

What I have just written is just a brief outline as to what airframe mechanics scheduled work is composed of as part of their daily routine job.

(Continued Next Issue)

DENTAL NOTES

Having lost our star reporter, Sgt. McIntyre, we are at a loss for words and news, but we wish to say goodbye to Capt. Johnstone, who has departed from this clinic to St. Thomas, Ont., and welcome in his place another good man, Lieut. Philp, fresh from Manning Depot.

For sale or exchange—one good (?) used Plymouth. Will consider a bicycle or what have you. See Anvil Johnson.

Ptes. Gunn and Jackson will challenge anyone in camp under 9 or over 90 to an exciting game of darts.

Two birthdays at the clinic this week. Our C.O., Capt. Butler, and that man about camp, Pte. Gunn. Congratulations, boys, may you have many more.



"You don't mind if we move over here? . . . We're on 10 days' leave."

DAWN AND OUT

Stewardess: Will you please throw the plane into a vertical at 5.59 a.m.?

Sky-sleeper pilot: What's the big idea?

Stewardess: Well, that passenger in Berth Ten told me to make sure he gets out of bed at 6.

Father: "Here, here! Why is my darling daughter crying?"

Daughter: "Oh, I picked out in the fashion magazine the dress for the party ball to wear when I get rich—and now Marie says she's going to have one just like it when she gets rich!"

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